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The
ALLEGHENY MAGAZINE

VOLUME I. NO

IN THIS ISSUE

RETROSPECT IN SEPIA	3	Editor and Staff
COLLEGE UNION	14	Ann Aronson
BRING ME GIANTS	18	William Horne
MORNING ON THE PENNSYLVANIA	21	William Horne
SPAIN	22	William Crofut
INTERLUDE	24	Judy Waters
POETRY	26	Mary Jane Hillstrom
SPORTS	27	William Faber and William Sumner
CREATION OF A PART	36	Robert Quinn
ALLEGHENY SINGS	40	Sandra McLaughlin
A TAPESTRY	41	Mary Jane Gillam
THE TRIP	44	Phyllis Efimoff
THE QUARREL	47	Pat Van Olinda
THE BOY FROM HAWAII	50	Amy Kanemitsu
GREEKS	53	Glenn Gardinier
EDITORIAL	64	James Sandford

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... James Sandford

GENERAL FEATURES ..... Suzanne Treadwell, Editor
Goodkin, Kopanic

FICTION AND POETRY ..... Paul Yurica, Editor
Hillstrom, Horne, Waters

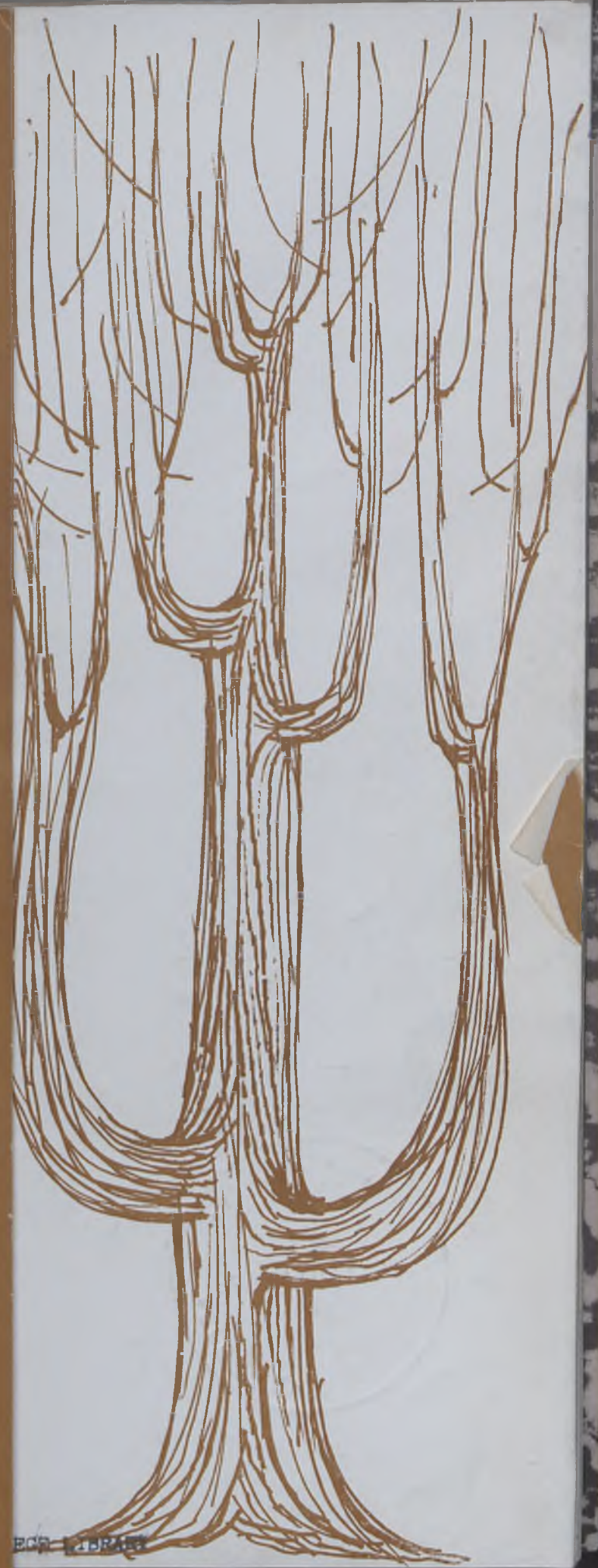
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RETROSPECT IN SEPIA

James Sandford

When President Loomis spoke to his students who had formed the Allegheny Company in 1861 to fight in the Civil War, he delivered a line which might not be matched today with the same air of patriotic determination; a line which rings of history books and legends, of ancient Greece and Rome, of Livy and Sallust:

> "Come back with the flag boys, or come back in its folds."

But perhaps nothing captures the spirit of early Allegheny better than the lively "yells and cheers":

HICA PICA, DOMA NICA
HONG PONG TIBI TICA
BALAGHAH, BALAGHAH BA
ALLEGHE, ALLEGHE, RAH! RAH! RAH!

Or maybe you prefer:

SISS — — — — — — — — BOOM-AH!
CUCKOO!
ALLEGHENY!

Old Allegheny was also enthusiastic about its trees, and most students today are aware of some scenes which are traditional on the campus. There is the Lyre Tree near Ruter Hall doorway. It is an Elm and the earliest tree on record. The Circle of Pines between Ford Memorial Chapel and the observatory was originally made up of fifteen pines, planted by the class of 1873 in which there were fifteen students.



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If Allegheny today is not the same in spirit as it used to be, it is not so much that there has been a loss, as that custom has changed, and the college spirit has found new means of expression. President Loomis spoke when rhetoric was a mark of taste. Men still fight for their country but they are apt to feel a fuss about it is in poor taste, or just down-right corny.

The cheers and yells of the present are vivid, but are adjusted to make sense as well as noise. The modern student has been given the right to express himself in better ways than the cheer. This is not to say old Allegheny did not have color—in abundance, but a look at the rules governing student conduct in the period 1840 to 1855 makes it clear that expression of some sort was badly needed:



ART. III SECT. 5. Students are not permitted to loiter about taverns, stores, or any other place of public resort.



SECTION 10. No student shall possess or exhibit any indecent picture; nor shall any one be allowed to purchase or to read any lascivious or immoral book, nor any romance or novel, while he continues a student of this institution.

SECTION 11. No hallooing, loud talking, whistling, jumping or other disturbing noise or act shall be permitted at any time in the college building; and any student conducting himself disorderly in the town will be punished according to the nature of the offence.





Smoking was not allowed. The students were required to attend prayers every morning and were made to help preserve the order of the college when the president or his officers asked for assistance, which probably means that the maintenance crews of 1850 were made up of students.

Who would throw the first stone at the students who shouted "fire, fire", one Sunday evening in June, when the Brick Church was filled by the Colonization Society, because the congregation, when they had hastily emptied the church and were on the hill, discovered an old outhouse in flames?

Look carefully at the photograph of Allegheny's faculty before the turn of the century, study the picture taken in the library of the clock, the Roman bust, the candelabra to the right, and the line: The Truth Shall Make You Free. Here is the spirit of neatness, order, profoundity, propriety, formality. Can you find in the faculty a trace of pride, of mental discipline, of conscious self-importance, or the awareness of noble values? If they escape your notice in the photographs, look for a moment at old Allegheny's entrance requirements, and at the curriculum of study.

The college-aspiring student of the past was required to have:

> "An ability to construe and parse Tully's Select Orations, Virgil and Greek Testament; to write Latin grammatically, and perform with promptness any examples in common arithmetick; a sufficient testimonal of a blameless life and conversation and a bond for the payment of college dues."

The curriculum of 1829 was not much changed until after the Civil War. In 1829 science and mathematics courses were added to the program, but emphasis was still on the classics.



Fireplace in the Octagon Room of Reis Library, now the Kirschner Room, standing where the stairway now leads to the Main Reading Room.

FRESHMAN: Latin, Cicero de Officiis, Horace, Latin prosody. Greek, Xenophon's Anabasis, Homer's Iliad, Greek exercises. Hebrew, professor Stewart's works. Algebra. Geometry, plain and solid. Natural philosophy (a popular course).

SOPHOMORE: Latin, Cicero de Oratore, Horace. Greek, Xenophon, Homer. Hebrew. Logic. Higher Algebra. Logarithms. Plane Trigonometry. Surveying. Ancient Geography. History, ancient and modern. Chemistry of imponderables. Electricity. Galvanism. Magnetism. Natural Philosophy. Mechanics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, optics, acoustics.

JUNIOR: Latin, Livy, Juvenal. Greek, Graeca Majora, Longinus, on the Sublime. Hebrew. Locke's Essay. Paley's Moral Philosophy. Spherical Geometry and Trigonometry. Conic Sections. Fluxions. Mensuration. Navigation. Perspective. Geography with use of globes, construction of maps and charts. Chemistry of inorganic matter. Astronomy.

SENIOR: Grotius de Veritate. Greek Testament. Stewart and Read on the Mind. Rhetoric. Vegetable Chemistry. Physiology, vegetable and animal. Zoology.

After a look at the course of study, it is not difficult to understand why the students took a great interest in the environment of Allegheny. It can be wondered how many men and women spent class time gazing out onto the lawn on a warm day in September or October, thinking how pleasant it would be to stretch out under the Circle of Pines and put Grotius de Veritate in some deep, dark drawer.



Some of the "Inmates" of Hulings . . . Front steps, 1890. From Mr. J. W. Silliman.

On the back of the photo of Hulings Hall girls the words are written: "Inmates of Hulings Hall". Although Allegheny was not a coeducational institution until 1870, the women no doubt received a heavy dose of the classics. Sitting as they are, they seem to be saying, "there must be more to life than Huling's Hall and hydrostatics." A photo of a Kappa Alpha room around this time shows a feminine attempt to brighten up the atmosphere. At first glance it may seem the women went in for collecting cushions, pictures, and musical instruments, but taking the restrictions, and the course of study into consideration the appearance of the room can be interpreted to show the stress put on finery, lace and polished furniture by women who were largely cut off from city living. Coal stoves, rutted roads and a severe academic environment do not seem to be enough for the group of Kappas photographed.



Music is probably the oldest form of relaxation on the campus, and the group of men pictured with banjo, guitar, and mandolin were no doubt welcome on the college scene. They would likely have gotten a kick out of playing along with Mr. Neurath's orchestra in the Tenth Annual Christmas concert, or perhaps a session in the College Union would be better. Can you hear them harmonizing to "Moonlight Bay" or "She'll Be Comin' Around the Mountain When She Comes"?

The awareness of these students to beauty as it



E. A. Hersberger, J. L. Porter, S. B. Smith, F. C. Bray, H. M. Barrett, J. S. Silliman, Meadville, 1889.

was manifested on the campus can be illustrated further by remarks made about Ruter Hall when it was constructed in 1850. Bentley Hall had existed on campus for thirty years before this second building was added. The contrast of Ruter to the stately appearance of Bentley caused the former to be nicknamed "the factory".

Before Ruter was built, the same location held a dormitory called "Starvation Row". This row was described as being seven stories long and one story high. Students lived here, in farm houses, or in the "city" which was then a small village several fields down the hill. The campus was more compact than it is today, and the college community was not like the community we are familiar with. When something of importance happened, like a death, the reaction was liable to be united, and to leave a stronger impression than it would today.

The first student death occurred in the winter of 1837, when Archibald McElroy fell through the ice while skating on French Creek. For thirty days the students mourned his death by wearing crepe, and in drafting resolutions of sympathy. In a Pittsburgh paper, a thirty line elegy was printed and criticized by the Reverend Robert Boyd for not condemning that worse than useless practice—skating on ice.

In the early history of the college, Bentley's belfry was the target of student practical joking. Bell clappers were often removed, and cows have been put in the Bentley Tower. The students found real pleasure in tying a calf or a dog to the leg of a professor's chair, and it is reported that is was customary to find the Chapel filled with hay or oats when the doors were opened for morning prayers.

The day of the college prank is not over, as the painted lions in front of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon house testify, but the robust nature of the prank seems to have been modified. Today you can see a boulder on the campus near Bentley, inscribed: "Spes sibi quisque Sophomores of class 1880". Translated, this means "What hope there is is with the Sophomores of class 1880". The Freshmen took this as a challenge when the boulder first appeared on campus, and one night rolled the great stone into the ravine. The next day, however, the boulder was back in place. Everyone was amazed at the feat except the Sophomore class, whose members had employed greased planks, blocks and cables to hoist the stone out of the ravine. That night, the Sophomores placed an armed guard in Bentley Hall, adjacent to the president's office, to discourage Freshman adventures in the future. If anything, the past was lively.

In the early nineteen hundreds when the front of Bentley was still the front of Bentley, a student could wheel his brand new Thunderbird Model-T up along the drive in front of the building and make it up to the second floor in time for class. The road that wound up around the building was a colorful scene. This was before Hulings Hall was replaced by Brooks and a driveway was put in from the street to the Brooks Circle, or, before the advent of the "big reversal".

Eight years before the Civil War, a group of students lived cooperatively in a building off campus called the Black Fort. It was Spring and the buds on the old tree beside the Fort had just begun to show. The air outside was cold and a strong wind swept along the pastures from the hills in the distance. Jimmy Thoburn sat in his room in the Fort reading a book under the poor daylight. The coal stove behind him was burning lower and a draft from the side window began to make itself felt. He shrugged, then got up and took a jacket from an old hatrack used now for a clothestand. He put the jacket over his shoulders and sat down to read again. A few minutes passed when he heard the door click open behind him. It was probably Henderson, his roommate, he thought, but at the same time slipped the book under some papers on his desk. Before he could turn to see who had entered, Henderson had grabbed the book from beneath the papers and was holding it up to the window.

"Madam Bovary, ay? I suppose you checked with Doctor Barker before you began to read it."

"You wish you had a copy."

"Is it any good?"

"What do you think? Come on, give it here before your greedy eyes wear it out."

Who's this Flaubert?"

"Some Frenchman."

Henderson put the book back on the desk and pulled up a chair. His boots were caked with mud and he had left tracks all over the room.

"You know this blasted hoarding house is cold at times. You'd at least think Spring would be warm in Meadville."

"Why don't you go back to Starvation Row? I like the privacy here myself, except when people come sneaking in on a fellow and end it all — and take your filthy boots off before you come in or at least knock off the cow-dung."

"Come on now, how about the FETE tonight? Haven't you decided to show the town cubs a united force?"



The Sophomore Stone at the East Wing of Bentley Hall.



James Thoburn, 1857

Thoburn brightened. He got up from his chair and went over to the stove, putting his back to it.

"I haven't decided how to challenge them. I've been thinking of getting all the men black hats. You know how the town boys are always looking mean because of the airs we put on. I think black hats would about do their pride in."

"It sounds clean and clear to me," Henderson said.

"Doesn't it though? And we go to Guinnup' on Water Street. If we buy wholesale we might knock a few pennies off the price."

Henderson had buried his face in his hands. Thoughtfully, he nodded his assent.

"It sounds all right, but how can we get away with it? I mean, if the president hears about this, it could be the end for all of us."

"We have a coward in the crowd?"

"Well, after all, someone has to think. You just can't go and do something without taking care of loose ends."

"Do you know how we can get away with it, Henderson?"

Henderson shook his head.

"If I tell you I have a plan, will you trust me make it good?"

"I might, what is it?"

"Professor Williams."

"You don't hope to get his support on someth like this. Think what would happen to his cause anti-slavery if he was to be brought in a thing of nature. My God, Thoburn — think!"

Thoburn threw his hands up at the conclus drawn from his words.

"Just go on. Get the men ready. Leave it me to tie up any ends that seem to be loose at moment. And don't worry about me dragging faculty in on this."

"Your solemn promise."

Thoburn raised his right hand.

"Go get me the Bible, Thomas".

Later that afternoon, a crowd of Allegheny s dents made a march upon Meadville. From Guinnu on Water Street, each of the group purchased a bl straw hat for a York shilling. Thoburn, satisfied having lowered the price from fifteen cents, addres the students.

"All right! Now go on down Chestnut to Diamond. Let's not have any flinchers when the to boys begin to gather."

"To the devil with the town!"

"And to hell with the town boys."

The procession to the Diamond was disorder loud, and the group no sooner reached the end Chestnut Street than a band of renegades flew them, swiping with all their strength at the bl hats. Thoburn and Henderson rolled into the got up and crouched in the fighting position, t arms far out, wrists up, ready to punch. So one tackled Henderson from the side, knocking to the ground again. Above the general furor rai by the undifferentiated brawl came the cry: pol The students who were able to, unscrambled and up the hill to the college.

"Well your plan had better be good, Thob it had better be damn good," Henderson was say in their room at the Black Fort.

Thoburn took a white cloth away from his and sat down on the edge of the bed. He didn't s to hear the frantic Henderson who paced the fl mumbling his dissatisfaction at the outcome of FETE.

"I didn't even get a good chance to rock fellow who took my hat. It's a disgrace. And underestimated disgrace at that. Who would h



hought them capable of running up on us? Why here were dozens of them."

"Oh, cut it out and let's go down to supper."

"Who the devil wants supper — what are we aving tonight?"

"Beef, I suppose. Charley has the duty. He ikes beef."

"The devil. This is a fine mess. The last we saw him he was running between a house and the Masonic building. You know Charles, he's probably ost."

"Hmmm. Fine mess."

When the Chapel doors opened for prayers the next morning, a group of students, some with and some without black hats, walked in and took seats toward the rear of the building. They held their hats conspicuously in front of them.

Doctor Barker mounted the rostrum and opened the book of prayers. His voice was solemn. He lifted his eyes now and then to measure the congregation in the rear of the Chapel. Outside, Thoburn was speaking to Professor Williams.

"It's the new college attire, sir."

"You're sure you don't mind letting me have it, Thoburn? It's not bad straw, you know."

"The boys thought you'd like to join us, sir."

"It'll be just the thing when the weather gets warmer."

Professor Williams walked into the Chapel and was greeted with a very loud applause from men who were displaying straw hats, the new college attire. Professor Williams tapped his hat affectionately, and took his place in the front pew, to the right of the rostrum. He smiled cordially up at Doctor Barker, who, seeing his reputable colleague with his prized gift, decided to say nothing about black hats.

There have been many customs and events which are referred to as traditional on the Allegheny campus. There is one, however, which seems to encompass all the others, and without which the institution itself might not exist. This is the tradition of growth. When books, professors and students were brought together on top of this hill in Meadville, the task then was by nature the same as it is today: to grow or to recede; to exit or succumb to the environment. After the Allegheny seed was planted, the struggle to get roots into the Pennsylvania soil and keep them there was started. President Alden's job was at best a precarious one, but when the first president and his assistants toured camping grounds to get financial support they were working under the same basic recognition of purpose that motivates our president and his assistants. The past had its customs; we have ours. As long as unity and development find expression in the Allegheny spirit, the tradition of growth will serve students of the future as well as it has served us.



"Hi, Ray!" — that's Ray Stark. I guess you could call him and Bill Severn the official student hosts of the C.U.

We reach the second floor and peek into Hi-Fi Room D; papered walls, grey furniture and crimson carpet invite us to join the listening group within. But we're content to listen to the piped-in music of Harry Belafonte that can be heard both downstairs and up here in the corridor.

We pause in the open doorway of the T.V. Room next door. It's empty now but worn wallpaper above the couches indicates much use and many sessions of the George Gobel Club.

At the end of the hall, in the corner, the aroma of good cooking reaches our nostrils. Just like home — only mother isn't doing the cooking! All her equipment is there: electric range, refrigerator, sink, table and a small lounge extending from the kitchen where the hungry and expectant eaters are seated when they aren't supervising the production. The buzz of conversation, sprinkled with doubts concerning the outcome of the culinary venture within. This reminds us of the time a certain section of Caflisch entertained a group of gentlemen from Baldwin here and got dates to the pledge dances in return.

We pass the sign room where one of the students is hanging up signs to dry — signs to remind us a G.E. movie will be shown; chamber music hour is coming; a guest will speak at the Sunday chapel service; the Outing Club has an overnight . . .

The A.U.C. office is beyond — order and disorder, coming projects and completed events — the thinking ground of the Allegheny Undergraduate Council. It is an impressive room with a brown straw rug. Black and brown curtains contrast effectively with the light furniture and metal file cabinets. Across the hall is the spartanly-furnished conference room. The dusty, chalky blackboard, the blond-topped table, and chairs just as they were when A.U.C. adjourned its meeting last Tuesday night, are the only objects within this bare room in which the ideas, the plans, the progress of the Allegheny student government are formulated. We have to agree with Tom Jones who said that "The student government as well as most organizations on campus are indebted to the Union for providing pleasant meeting rooms and offices for their use. But more than this, the College Union, continually experimenting with *new ideas,* not only increasingly improves its program but also demonstrates effectively the dynamic spirit so necessary in college students today."





Conference Room B down the hall has an entirely different nature. It is a long narrow room and draperies extending along one side conceal the rows of windows overlooking Reis Library. Cezanne and VanGogh adorn the walls, and subtle shades of tan-brown, pea green, deep aqua, green and red converge in a modern, relaxing atmosphere. Couches and easy chairs of the wrought-iron trend; *Post, Sports Illustrated, Life,* and *Holiday;* a crumbled pack of L & M's and full ashtrays indicate a room conducive to meeting and talking in comfort.

Hi-Fi Room C is in use. A student is sprawled on a couch, book in hand, as he listens to one of the 200 l.p.'s — from Brubeck to Brahms and Bach to Burl Ives — available to him at the lobby desk. This



is the room for contemplation, for quiet study, for the enjoyment of good music on a hi-fi and amplifier system, for retirement from the busy academic world outside.

Our tour of the C.U. portion of Cochran Hall won't be complete until we drop in at the director's office and meet Bill Cooper.

To enter the heart of a college and discover what makes it live, one can go to the college union. The activities presented and the people in attendance are oftimes one of the best reflections of that college. However, the very name is apt to be misleading. Our College Union is actually a "student union", representing student ideas, ideals and goals. Through the voluntary work of students and the guidance of the College Union Board, the C.U. reaches into almost every phase of college life and serves as a community center, making Allegheny's College Union a "Campus United".

Although the Allegheny C.U. has made tremendous strides since its initial development in 1951 under Edward Brink, it has not yet developed into all it can be and should be. So far as space is concerned, its growth has almost reached the point where it can extend no further until more housing facilities are obtained. The horizontal growth has been excellent. What has to be cultivated at this point is vertical growth. The present facilities must be used and through their use developed to discover coordinating functions. This is the work of the student — in a community, in a group, and as an individual. To complaints about lack of social life and recreation and unavailability of a place to "greet and meet", the C.U. offers interesting facilities.

The C.U. is not simply a building which houses various facilities. It will not endure as Bentley Bell unless there is a response to its ring. It is a spirit, an atmosphere that pervades and penetrates the entire college community. It must continue to reach the fraternity houses, the academic buildings — and more important, lodge in the heart of the Allegheny student so that when he thinks of the College Union, he thinks in terms of his college, his education, himself. A good and growing C.U., is indeed a Campus United.

BRING ME GIANTS!

W. E. Horne

The traffic had been heavy on the parkway that afternoon, and he had stopped for gas in Wantagh. He was later than usual in getting home, and it was nearly five when he pulled up in front of the house. He got out of the car, stuffing the gas-chit into his wallet, and flipped the door shut with his usual careless bang. Even so, supper was not quite ready, and he ambled out onto the back porch to wait.

The porch was large and cool, and there was an old dog sleeping in one corner of it. stretched luxuriously where the sun still came in under the aluminum awning.

"Hoy mutt," he said collapsing with easy lack of grace onto the concrete. The old dog looked up, stretched fore and aft, attempted a half-hearted sneeze, and sidled over to lick his hand. The youth leaned back, resting his head and shoulders comfortably against an awning-support, and began scratching the old dog between his floppy ears. The dog wriggled and lay down, stiffly and with great care, resting its head across the boy's knee.

He sat like that, motionless, with the dog's grizzled head across his outstretched leg, for quite some time. It was late Summer, and the sun was settling slowly towards the barrier of trees in the next block. It would be light for a long time yet, and even after sunset the warmth of the day would linger, filling the night with the dry scent of sun-blasted grass and the faint tang of fresh wet earth from the resodded lawn across the street. The dog wheezed comfortably, the easy relaxed breathing of an old dog who remembers his youth and yet finds his advancing years not unpleasant. He looked down at the dog,

remembering the time when they had both been you and all about them had been new and untasted. W he thought, he was still young, and his dog wa ready old. Dogs grow old fast, but then, dogs afford to . . .

He heard his folks calling, and got up and pa back into the house. He ate silently, speaking when spoken to. After the meal was over he go and walked out of the house and over to the libr his angular body casting long shadows over the w patch which had once, long ago, been a victory gar

He moved slowly past the desk, glancing cast at the "New Book Shelf" with its display of last ye best-sellers, the "7-Day-Only" murder tales of loc rooms and tighter-locked embraces, and at the ar ing covers on the books which he continually anno the librarian by calling "Histerical-Novels." walked through the stacks, passing beneath the shelves of untouched Goethe and Spencer and N che, down the deserted aisles of Mann and Mo son, coming at length into the reference room. glass-topped table shone dully with the distorted lowness of the lamps, and they were crowded, mo with high school kids. The simpler encycloped such as *Funk-and-Wagnall's*, and *New World*, much in evidence, as were pencils and paper, an smiled, thinking that old Forrest — "Vile Viola" kids called her — had just assigned the first pape the Fall term.

He pulled the long, dark-blue copy of *Ja* down from the wall and cleared a space at the ne table, albeit over the ineffective protests of a y with long greasy hair and an even greasier plexion.

He supposed that he had been over every in that book at least a hundred times. He would the book and pick out the ships which he had fo mentioned in the war-histories. The big ships. they were and had been, what they had once stood and might someday again come to represent, their and their smallest details . . . all of these fascin him.

There — and he would find the spot in the tographs — was where the Kamikaze had through the deck of the Franklin and turned her i bursting inferno. *There* had the salvoes from Massachusetts struck the barbette of the Jean leaving her helpless at her pier. *There* was the bridge upon which Admiral Callaghan had st peering, into the night of "Iron-bottom Sound" given the fateful orders that had brought the 14 shells rumbling down on the San Francisco, the o which had crippled an imperial Japanese battle for the fliers from Henderson field, which had

ly saved every Marine on Guadalcanal, and which d cost Callaghan his life.

The names in that book were names to conjure ith, had one the thought for it; names which were ready fading into the nothingness of history, born of e welder's arc and damned to the cutting-torch. hips which had gone wading into the lashing hells f Leyte Gulf, of Matapan, of North Cape and Miday and the Bismark Archipelago, ships like the West irginia, the Duke of York and the Fletcher . . . Ships ke the Enterprise, all damned to the cutting-torch. He ooked at the photo of the San Francisco, scarcely old- than he, and already an outmoded relic. He thought f Callaghan on his shattered bridge, and the words of yrano came unbidden to his mind, "I am too strong or mortal men. Bring me giants!"

He closed the book, feeling restless, not quite nowing why, and put it back on the shelf.

He walked back through the stacks, past London nd Kipling and Forester and Melville, past Milton, arcely disturbing the dust which lay heavy over the in covers of Ossian, "Near us are the foes, Duthlaruno. They come forward, like waves in mist, hen their foamy tops are seen, at times, above the w-sailing vapor. Sons of heroes, call forth the teel!" Out past Byron, and into the reading-room ith its copies of *Ghandis The Gentle Rebel* and *Marjorie Morningstar* and *The UN and You!* Out ast Norman Vincent Peale.

Barbara was in the hall, just coming in with a oad of books. She had dyed her hair, he noticed, and e thought that she had looked much better as a redead. Not that she wasn't a good blonde — somehow he memory just spoiled the effect. He remembered aving once been mildly infatuated with her, back in igh school, and he thought that it had been fun while t lasted, and that it had been a pity that he had graduated.

He stopped and stood for a moment, listening to he sounds of tight-strung racket and straining rubber ole on the tennis courts. One player looked pretty air, with a good hard backhand and a nice slamming erve, but Bob thought that he was clumsy when he went in to the net. He remembered that he had once ad the habit of charging the hall like that, and that he coach had bawled him out properly for it. He ad been captain of the school tennis team at the time, nd the memory still hurt.

He thought for a moment about going home for is racket and coming back for a set or two before ark — speculations of suckering the big kid into a et were in his mind — but he decided against it, and egan walking across the football field towards the ulk of the school.

He walked across the field, slashed and muddy in patches from the scrimmaging, thinking about Barbara, and how he had once played tennis with another big guy with a fast serve. It had been the Summer before he went away to college, things hadn't been going too well, and he had come over to the courts and decided to set the character up just for the hell of it. He had stood watching the big kid and his friend, deciding how much the thing was good for, and Barbara had driven up in her car and gotten out carrying her racket.

"Need a partner, Bob?"

"If you don't mind doubles for a change. I was thinking of cooling Seixas over there down a bit."

"Oh?" She had looked at him strangely. "Bob, do you always have to beat *everybody*?"

He laughed. "Now that's not fair. I lost a set three nights ago."

"Yes, and you won the next two and the bet!"

"Well, do you want to play, or don't you!"

"No bets?"

What the hell, he thought. "No bets."

"O.K. Go ask your friends if we can play."

He turned, and then hesitated for a moment. "Barbara . . . "

"Yes?"

"How did you know that I didn't have the match already set up?"

It had been her turn to laugh. "You were too relaxed, Bobby-Boy. Now go get us a game so we can ruin somebody's evening."

They had ruined somebody's evening all right, he remembered. Barbara was a damn good player, the best girl he had ever played with, and the match had been a complete slaughter. Bob could seemingly never take the pressure off when he was ahead, just as he could not quit while he was losing. He always got boiling mad when he played, hating his opponents with overwhelming intensity, but he never allowed his anger or his hatred to show. He liked the feeling of the pressure building within him, the shock of the ball on his racket and in the muscles of his forearm, and he controlled his shots in the same manner in which he controlled his temper, coldly, precisely. He played like a machine, but a machine with killer instincts.

The big kid had had a temper too. Perhaps he did not control it as well as Bob; perhaps it was merely an accident. Bob had gone in to the net, and Barbara had dropped a short one into the forecourt, too short, and with too much under it. The ball had gone high off the composition, slow and fat and beautiful, hanging in the air. The big guy had charged it, smashed it directly at Bob, and Bob had for once

been unable to get off the ground. He stood motionless and let the ball smash into his face.

He remembered one instant of blinding pain, and then his whole face had simply gone numb and he could feel — which was the only word for it — the muscles of his face knotting and going limp. He recalled the surprise with which he had looked at the blood on his hand, surprise and then anger. He had swarmed over the net — how he never clearly remembered — and smashed his fist into the other's face. Barbara and the big kid's partner had tried to stop them, but it was like damning an avalanche. The other guy was bigger and stronger, but Bob was faster and fought dirtier. He remembered that he had never felt better than at that moment when it was over.

"He could have broken you in half," Barbara had said afterwards. "Why do you always have to make people hate you?"

"Hate me?"

"Yes, you were doing it on purpose . . . looking for a fight. You just delight in hurting other people. You don't even care . . . Weren't you afraid to fight him?"

He had looked at her then. He had stood against the wire fence, wiping his bloody face with the end of the sweat shirt he had draped over his shoulder. He looked at her and laughed, and it was not what men would call a normal laugh.

"Barbara, I was afraid not to."

He walked in the gathering dust, remembering. Around him everything was in tones and shades of gray, as if he were color-blind, for the sun was down now, and it was getting dark. Now that he thought about it it all seemed rather stupid and senseless; and yet he knew that if it were to happen again, right now, he would still fight, fight knowing it was not logical, not mature . . . and that he would still enjoy it as he enjoyed few things.

He leaned against one of the open doors of the gym, watching the basketball game which was beginning inside. Some of the kids slouching on the bleachers eyed him oddly, for he was a town boy, and they were development kids — after four years that subtle dividing line still existed, then. Four years ago some of those long-haired punks had taken a bicycle chain to one of Bob's friends. Every kid in town heard about it, and every kid in town was in the brawl which followed, and ever since the two groups of youths had steered clear of one another. Bob recalled that wild brawl of four years back, recalled it with something akin to loathing, not of the T-shirted goons he had grappled and slugged with, but loathing himself, contempt for his own barely stifled fear and cowardice. He did not know why he had fought that fight, and he had never yet decided why . . . But he knew why he would fight the next one and the n and he never forgot what he had learned.

After a while he got sick of the game and dri on down into the middle of town. He saw several his friends, passed them by with that casual flip the hand which was half comic posture and half perial salute. He met Fat Artie coming out of of the newsstands, and they walked together for while.

"Tip a few?" said Artie.

Bob knew Artie, and he also knew that Art idea of a few was a few too many. At least tonig

"Later, Artie."

"Well, I'll see you then. S'long."

Fat Artie moved around the corner, immediat preceded by Fat Artie's belly, and Bob was al once more.

He walked in the night, feeling the cleanne the air in his lungs, passing under the yellow st lights. Suddenly he realized that he had been w ing for several hours and decided to go home.

His folks were fussing around in the kit when he got in, and he went right through to the He took his father's record out of the Hi-Fi and it back into the pink jacket which had conta "Music To Relax By." He fumbled around and out Borodin's Second. The thundering notes of opening theme washed over him, and he settled bac the reclining chair.

He never heard that music without remembe when he had first bought that record. He had learned that the appointment to Annapolis of w he had dreamed — there was no other word for emotion — was not to be his, not his because idiot had inserted a clause demanding perfect vi and he was nearsighted and partially color-blind had cursed himself for a fool for not checking be he had gotten his hopes up. But he could not g Annapolis, and he didn't want to go to Hami even though his Regents scholarship was no good side of the state. He'd finally used another o scholarships, had gone to his Dad's old college. he felt conspicuously out of place there.

He had generally gotten into trouble his years in college; trouble with his roommate, wh ten expressed the opinion that he was crazy, tro with the profs, and above all, trouble with girls. T had been a certain urgency in his actions, an urg which took him far beyond his real desires, as i were using those successive drenchings in sensati a shield against his own thoughts. After a whi slowly penetrated to him that he was flunking ou

It was fight then, fight all the way. He reso

never again to lose that sensation of struggle. Who said it, some Italian going over the boom at Pola to sink the Viribus Unitus in the First World War: "I remember always to dare."

Those were the moments, he knew now, when there was *something* to fight. So rarely could he get at what was bothering him . . .

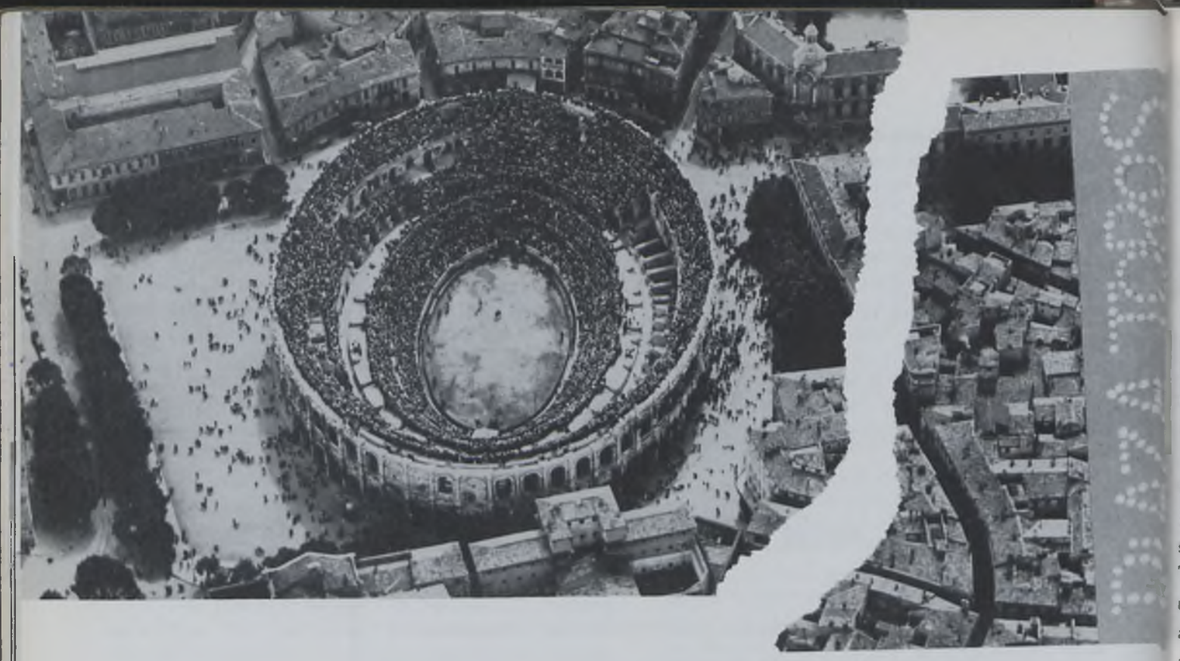
He heard the dog pacing in the kitchen, restless with the desire to be let out. He remembered when the dog had been younger, and the two would go walking in the night, the dog snuffling happily in his quest which led him from telephone pole to garbage pail. The dog was old now, and he could not walk far without panting, and though he snuffled as lustily as ever, it was now from mere force of habit. He opened the door, and the dog ran creakily down the steps. He stood there, framed tall in the open door, the music of Borodin dying behind him, watching the dog search painfully, pointlessly in the deep grass, and again the words of Cyrano ran through his head:

"I am too strong for mortal men. Bring me giants!"

Morning on the Pennsylvania *W. E. Horne*

Driving on the Turnpike in the gray a-borning morn;
Cutting through the mountains where the fog collects untorn;
Heading westward with the morning on the long unwinding road,
While the trucks pull off for coffee with their heavy trailer load.
The dawn comes up but slowly, reaching surely cross the sky,
While its probing rays of clearness burn the dew-slick concrete dry,
And surely as the sunlight, with the selfsame lack of haste,
The turnpike drifts beneath me with its changeless varied face.
It is morning on the Pennsy, when the trucks begin to move;
Blood-cells of the nation in their old arterial groove,
Flowing swiftly through the morning, running grimly through the day;
The lifeblood of a nation automotive all the way.





SPAIN

William Crofut

SPAIN: Stone and clam shell streets, banked by dusty hoof printed walks out of which grow stucco patched walls cut by the shadows of the evening sun. Loaded mules stoically making their way about the scattered paths, led by women, leave behind them the bright rhythm of their tiny bells.

In Orio, a town about a mile from the sea in northern Spain, are stucco houses with red-tiled roofs. Beyond the buildings runs a river where the fishermen enter to dock in town. Behind the houses there is a mountain, mostly of rock, but cut here and there by patches of green. After rising to a peak, the mountain drops abruptly into the sea, disappearing into the infinite clarity of the evening swell, where the red, blue, and green fishing boats make their way homeward, up the inlet and into the town.

Sanitation is terrible; wine, wonderful; night life at all hours; dancing; singing; cluttered cloisters; hot sun; pottery for carrying water and wine; pastries; smoked fish; garbage; dusty black hair; lips of workers caked with dust; bare feet; dark, severe faces; little kid catching a fish; smoke from steaks bei cooked in the street; a broken guitar string; soun of an old piano out of tune; and the people of Or gathering in the evening to take their walk about t square before settling into the night meal.

Early in the day of our arrival, we had eat lunch with a fellow from Canada who had come Spain to live for a few weeks, and had decided stay indefinitely. We had eaten squid, cooked in t ink taken from the animal, and as usual, had swatt away at the flies which were so numerous. O Canadian friend laughed and said not to worry abo the flies, for after a while they simply became part one's diet. However, I noticed that every once in while he would take the pains of removing a partic larly large specimen from his soup. As a gener rule though, he disregarded the less conspicuous i sects. He explained that it was easy to destroy wonderful experience in a foreign land by imposi one's standards on the strange culture—and with th he downed a true man's mouthful of squid. He we on to explain that the food situation in regard to clea liness wasn't nearly as bad as he had expected, a told us not to worry about anything but milk.

Before we came to Orio, we had made frien with a man named Frank, in Pamplona. We had left him, agreeing to return to Pamplona, meet him and head for Tudella to take part in the fiesta.

I was sorry to leave Orio, for the small village had revealed to me the essence of a way of life. Unlike Pamplona, there were no exciting times spent running with the bulls, or the crowds of the city; but there had been this quiet fishing village. On a smaller and quieter scale it was easier to comprehend, to notice the many aspects of things so easily overlooked in the grandeur of a fiesta.

Saying goodby to our friends in Orio, we headed into the mountains. It was raining and at regular intervals along the mountain road we were stopped by soldiers, and asked for our passports and papers. This was Franco's Civil Guard. The men wore green uniforms, severely belted with leather straps which cut across their landscape-colored tunics. They were armed with carbines. The rocky mountainous country, the rain, and soldiers commanded by a dictator, created a tense atmosphere. What a hell of a place to fight a Civil War! I thought, as we wound higher and higher into the heavy grey atmosphere.

We met our friend, Frank, in Pamplona the next morning and started for Tudella. On the way, Frank took us to a bull farm. When you first see a fighting bull in his wild domain it is easy to understand the position he has held in so many cultures of the past. Unlike the American bull, or the Oxen, he is fast, agile, alert and terribly proud. If there is any animal to which you can attach this human characteristic of pride it is the fighting bull.

At Tudella the fiesta had begun. All about us there was terrible, intense music, articulated through the throats of hot, sweaty men and women who strained for notes they were never meant to sing, as they strained for life, unnatural life, symbolized by the fiesta. Wine bags slung under smelly arm pits were removed frequently and held a good two feet above the head while neck tendons strained and the trickle of wine flowed from the bag. Later in the afternoon, Chamaco, the greatest matador in Spain, stopped to drink from a wine bag thrown from the stands. He had killed the bull and was awarded two ears and a tail for the feat. The feat had been performed with great skill—at moments fulfilling a strange sort of aesthetic standard. He had worked wonderfully with the small muletta cape, linking his passes rhythmically; training the bull and the spectators to respond in perfect unison to one another.

Yet, all this ended in slow, ugly death, and with a bull's death, sensitivity and the essence of fiesta life is diminished. So it seemed that the essence of the feast was quieted six times that afternoon. People were subdued by the death of such a magnificent animal as the fighting bull. The great creature who enters the ring alert, brave, fast and strong, recharges under the punishment of the picadors iron, and who in fifteen or twenty minutes is slowly robbed of these qualities, finally dies, panting, tongue hanging out, and blood flowing from his once great shoulders to mingle with the Spanish earth.

Yet all this seemed part of a life led by an intensely proud people, defiant people very close to hard, dry, and painful nature, a people whose music and dancing is defiant with castinets, clicking heels and color; a people too proud to admit their condition or sadness.

We left the next day for the southern coast, driving across desert areas, past homes dug out of the sides of hills. Towns were hardly distinguishable in color from the surrounding desert; men were taking the afternoon siesta with hats pulled over their eyes.

From bare and honest land, with little plant life other than the delicate desert cactus blooms, we went on to a cafe in Barcelona where we sat to watch people come out for the evening walk. We had gone from cafe to cafe, ending up in one where there was flamenco dancing and prostitutes sucking their lips, inviting you for a stay.

A girl came to our table. She asked if we would like some bread, and, without waiting for a reply, tore a chunk from a loaf, took a few chews, spit it on our table, clasped her breasts, and threw her head back with a throaty laugh.

We left the cafe, left Barcelona, and headed toward the border. I received a last impression of the country when we stopped before leaving Spain. I listened to the mist carefully settling in from the sea. The fishing boats, like the mist, were making their way towards the lands, reminding me of Orio, wine, dancing, singing, bare feet and the bulls . . . .

INTERLUDE

Judy Waters

What I mean to say is: well, it all got out
proportion after awhile. I mean the thing start
to snow-ball and I didn't realize how deep I was
it and what it all meant and everything. But I
getting ahead of myself.

I guess for a beginning I should start with whe
I first came to Chapel Hill. Or maybe even back
prep school when I applied to Yale and didn't get
it and it seemed the next best thing to go to the Hi
because all the guys were doing the same thing an
how. Besides it was my dad that was so gung-
Yale to begin with. Anyhow, the Summer before
freshman year I went to the Lake, like every Summe
We've really had some good times up there, man.
had the hearse then and we'd all go riding around
that at night to wherever the parties were. Man,
had some great parties that Summer. The hea
could hold about ten couples comfortably. Man, a
we'd go water skiing all day behind the Gar-Tor
which was running just fine that Summer. Just fi
And that lake water — smooth, blond water. I li
to think of Josie's hair whenever I think of the la
and the water. Josie was my girl that time. I lo
straight, blond hair with just a little wave to it
she never set it or had it in those little pincurls li
the other girls. And the way it flew out when she w
on the skis. Fine and smooth like the water. A
Josie's laugh spilling out like the wake when she
jump a wave or something. Smooth, really smooth.

I said she was my girl, but what was betwee
wasn't like it was with other kids. She just didn't
derstand me either.

Meantime, just before school started my
talked to me. You know the kind of talk. It just a
ruined the whole Summer. How I was a disappo
ment to the whole family. How I should really
going to Yale; how if I applied myself I could p
ably transfer. And how I really had the potential
everything. God, I nearly barfed. I mean ma
I had some stuff and everything and maybe I did
off in school, but man, the Hill was all right by
All the guys going there and everything. All
stuff about my being too sensitive and emotion
high strung. And how I should try to get along
other guys. Anyhow, I promised him I'd try
that I'd study and everything. And that I would
let athletics take up too much time. God, athlet
The only sport I ever went out for was track.
I wasn't even that good. I just like to run. M
there's nothing I like better to watch than a
running. If he has a good stride, that is. I wa
the fastest thing on earth but I had a good str

Graceful as all hell. That may sound queer but I like that kind of stuff. Anyhow, I promised him I'd try. It was the only thing I could do. I'm always courteous to him. I always like to show respect and everything.

Meanwhile, I got to the Hill and got set up. My roommate seemed okay. He was from the city and I could picture many good times at his mother's apartment and going to shows and everything. Anyhow, the first class I go to, the first damn class of the whole year, we get there and there's no professor. We're all seated and just beginning to get restless when he whips in and, man, I mean whips! He slams the door open and is in his chair with his feet on his desk before it swings shut again. And then he sat there — just sat there and stared at us. He stared at each one of us for maybe thirty seconds each. And if you don't think a half a minute of *that* wasn't hell, man!

Well, after he finishes this — I figure he was memorizing our faces and everything — well, when he's done, he spits! God, he just spits! The window was open about six inches. No more than that, anyhow. And his desk was probably more than six feet from the window. Man, I'll tell you I certainly was impressed. I certainly was.

Well, then he tells us what a rotten bunch of free-loading bastards we were and if any son-of-a-bitch of a prep school pimp thought he could put anything over on him he should think again. Like I said I was impressed. I mean he had us pegged exactly right. He went on and the things really hit home, to *me* anyhow.

After class I went up to him. I asked him some dumb questions about the course but I really just wanted a better look at him. Well it turns out he's looking at me. I figure God, I don't want to go through that staring bit again. His eyes were the blackest deepest things I'd ever seen. He wasn't as tall as I had figured him to be but he had a powerful pair of shoulders. Anyhow, he cut me off short and says he hasn't got time to answer. He has to go downtown and I should make an appointment with him later. Well, I can be damn persistent when I feel like it so I said that I was headed downtown myself and could I give him a lift. He sort of shook his head and says sure and we take off. Me cutting the rest of my classes.

But, man, it was worth it. I mean just the way it broke him up when he saw the hearse. Man, he went out of his entire mind. Well, that sort of made things easier between us and after whatever business he had downtown we stopped in this bar. After a few drinks I guess I started to talk. I remember I told him how I thought he had said some really profound stuff and how I thought I really got something out of it. Well, what I guess it amounted to was I must have told him my whole life's story that first afternoon. Anyhow, that was the first time I ever told anyone anything like that. It really felt fine. It seemed as if he understood. Meantime he talked some, too. He told me about often not being understood himself. There was something about some misunderstanding between him and some student but I didn't quite get it then. Anyhow, I said I hoped that we'd be good friends and he agreed. And that was the start.

After while I sold the hearse. That was too much like kid-stuff by then. At first I missed it a whole lot but he found this neat little Austin-Healy and said to grow up a little. We didn't need such a big car anymore, anyway.

We used to go down to the same bar every afternoon after classes. I don't think I ever talked so much in my life as I did then. Everything was going pretty good until the guys in the dorm started to get on me about it. I was going to laugh it all off when Jonesy — that was his name, Mr. Jones, none of this Doctor stuff, nothing pretentious, just Mr. Jones. Anyhow, Jonesy said my name had come up before the faculty committee. It seems as though I was flunking most of my courses except his and I was really pulling tough grades there. I mean, it wasn't just because we were good friends and everything. I really think he graded me harder than any of the other kids in the class. Anyhow, I really worked for him because I liked him so much. What I mean is: he was the first guy who took the trouble to understand me. And he had a few problems too that I think I helped him with. I mean we were good friends, really close.

Just about when it was getting unbearable in the dorm the thing blew up. They dragged my father up to school and there was a big mess. I've never seen my dad like that before; so worn out and just plain beat. It really made me feel terrible to see him looking like that. Anyhow, the upshot of it was: they kicked us both out of school.

At first my dad tried to get me to come home but Jonesy had this neat little apartment in the Village. I sometimes go up to the Lake though, to see the old crowd but there's not much fun in that anymore. Tomorrow I'm going to see this guy about a job that Jonesy thinks I'm pretty sure of getting. I'm pretty sure I know what I'm doing now. At least I think I am.

ON MONDAY,
HEAVEN-PITIED,
THE CITY TOOK COMMUNION
AND WAS ABSOLVED.

THAT AFTERNOON
A BOY THREW HATE AT HIS MOTHER
AND A MAN'S SOUL DIED
OF A WOMAN'S SCORN.

NEXT MORNING
THERE WAS REJOICING
AMONG THE BIRD-FOLK.

BUT IT WILL RAIN AGAIN.

POEMS BY *Mary Jane Hillstrom*

PRAYER

WINTER-RAGING AND GIGANTIC
WIND,
IMPOTENT FOR THAT SOME MAN OF
ACTION
DREAMED A WALL.
SNOWLESS WHIRLER
OF SNOW SMELL,
ANGRY LEAF-CHASER,
FLYING BIRD-HELL,
CHEEK REDDENING DOE FRIGHTENER,
LET ME BE MORE THAN A
GLORIOUS WINTER-RAGING
GLORIOUSLY
USELESS WIND.

How many men have we kissed and loved
With how many different parts
Of one heart?
How many eyes have we
Tossed soft laughter into,
Into how many arms, frightened,
Did we pass safely after
Dark strength lightened fear?

Deep, and deeply
Knowing we lied,
We curse our kissing
Whom we would not sleep with,
Our thinking "I love"
Of whom we would not wed.

"Hockey Game", c. 500 B.C., Athens, National Museum





We, as the team, look back on the year 1957-58 of our Allegheny College career and see many highlights. Those of us who participated in Allegheny's sports program will have many vivid memories of practice sessions, games with inspiring competition, heartbreaking defeats and exciting victories. Among these memorable experiences we remember best those thrilling gridiron weeks. Let's go back for a few minutes and live those challenging days.

As another week of practice began, our minds wandered to other Monday practices. They all began

ATHLETICS



in a similar manner. The heights of the last game's excitement had subsided and we adjusted ourselves to hard work at the outset of the week's training. The scouts gave us a report of the weak and strong points of the opponent's defenses and offenses. "Red" Moore said their line would open up holes in our line. He advised Bob Westervelt to be on his toes because they favored running their belly play through his position. We recorded this and many other mental notes knowing that we must remember and incorporate them in the games that followed. Red was certainly a help — without him we'd never know what to expect. By the end of the session our heads were swimming with ideas and instructions which we knew would be certain to spell our victory in the next game.

Tuesday, we reported to the practice field. When we got down to the field, calisthenics and a good, hard work-out awaited us. We got down to real business when our muscles loosened up. Many times we thought back on last Summer's leisure and those days before school when we finally decided we'd better get back in shape to get ready for the first grueling week of practice. Those first couple of days of practice seemed as though we were breaking the sound barrier. If we didn't pass out in the first three minutes of the six-minute-mile the first day, we considered ourselves lucky. "Red" really "cracked the whip" over those sessions. You'd have thought we were the legheny "dogs" instead of "Gators." But this ditioning paid off throughout the season. We lea what it was like to crack down and dig in for a cha instead of just breezing along. This demand for sistence occurs over and over again in life and we may be prepared for it.

Wednesday and Thursday followed the pattern as Tuesday. By Thursday evening we back to normal. We realized that the game was two days away. Shadows of questions began emerge: Who will start? Who will win? Are ready? What will the other team be like?

Friday afternoon we had light calisthenics ran over the plays that could best be used in Sa day's game. We worked on our weak spots con tently. By degrees the conglomeration of position the plays we had been studying began to material At last we were working and driving like a unit invasion. After the oil of criticism was applied our squeaks we seemed to streak down the field. Ho of practice had transformed mistakes into skill.

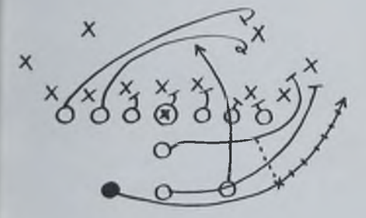
Friday night we had a short "chalk talk" a film review. "Red" narrated the film shots a

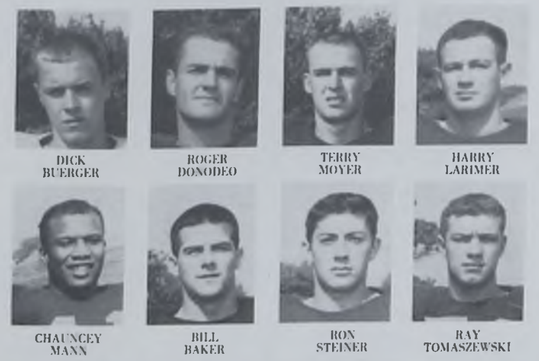


TOM BIGGAM | JIM VILLA | WAYNE GLENN | GEORGE RILEY | JOE LEECH | FRANK MALDONADO | TERRY CRAIG | BRUCE OLDERMAN



DAVE TODD | VINCE VALENTI | JIM KEMMLER | DUANE SPENCER | DAVE ADAMS | BRUCE GREENWOOD | WARREN KOEPF | PAUL MORRISON





DICK BUERGER | ROGER DONOFEO | TERRY MOYER | HARRY LARIMER

CHAUNCEY MANN | BILL BAKER | RON STEINER | RAY TOMASZEWSKI



DON SMITH | GUY WILLIAMS | DICK SCHNEIMAN | TONY BARONOWSKI | DICK DUNN | BERT SCHOLLENBERGER | BOB STEPHENSON | BOB WESTERVELT



PAUL REEB | JOHN ARCURI | BOB ADAMS | FRAN REMINGTON | JOHN WINGERTER | COACH McGRATH | COACH MOORE | COACH GARBARK

ALLEGHENY	7	HOBART	26
	19	W & J	0
	14	OBERLIN	14
	0	GROVE CITY	14
	6	BETHANY	14
	26	DICKINSON	2
	20	CASE	0
	9	THIEL	19

RECORDS:

Longest run — Don Smith, 107 yards.

Longest pass — Baranowski to Arcuri, 76 yards.

Three year total rushing — Villa, 2,423 yards.

Three year total points — Villa, 57 points.

pointed out their faults, their strongest points and ran over their plays. Questions were fired at us and we responded—almost automatically—for the answers had been drilled into us so much, they were a part of us by now. We had trouble sleeping that night. The tension that had begun to mount would reach a climax by game-time.

The day of the game arrived. We attended classes in body only. Every part of our brains was overflowing with thoughts of that afternoon's gridiron battle.

After lunch we reported to the field. As we entered the familiar locker-room and donned our uniforms, a surge of excitement knifed through our bodies. After dressing we sat down and impatiently awaited game time.

After a few words of assurance and advice from the coaches we ran onto the field amid the cheers of our classmates. We began warming and limbering-up in preparation for the game. The pre-game calisthenics seemed as easy as "rolling off a log". All our practice had formed in us a balanced coordination between mind and body.

Just before kickoff, we lined up on the field. From the second the football sailed through the air until the end of the game, time seemed to fly. The first things that came to our minds as we recalled the first half of the game were how we missed our blocks and fouled-up on our pass defense. The other team seemed to hit our line like steamrollers and slip through our hands like greased lightning. First down after first down brought their players nearer to our goal. By the end of the first half they were leading by a score of 13-0.

In the locker-room at half time "Red" let us h
it! His voice is still ringing in our ears; "Everyb
sit down and listen! Men, if you want to win
game you are going to have to put-out. Smith.
and Villa run the ball more! Baranowski, take y
time when you're passing! When you pass to Ar
your timing is off. Arcuri, get down field faste
receive those passes." Then, as always, "Red"
our helper and friend. In all this he told us ho
improve our faults and he gave us the incentive
work harder. He stressed over and over again
importance of playing as a unit and shifting a
team to meet every new situation. We had to
them! In order to push on ahead, we must adva
and overcome the obstacles we meet. These thi
we heeded, for they not only apply to football bu
the game of life.

During the second half, it seemed like a
horizon had appeared. It was only a couple of
utes into the second half when we got our first to
down. When we got the extra point, the score s
13-7. Our line transformed into a many-ar
octopus that seemed to engulf the opponents.
backs chopped down the rushers while our pas
rifled the ball into the receivers' arms like bul
from a well aimed gun. As the clock ticked off
explosive seconds remaining in the game, we wo
up and rolled down-field to get the tying touchdo
Now the suspense sharpened because we had to
the extra point in order to win the game. Every h
skipped a beat and breath stopped short as the
left the kicker's toe and sailed through the sky to
its mark. That moment seemed like an age —
we won.



SOCCER—A sunny day, a cool breeze, add eleven men. a ball, a dash of spirit, blend in perseverance, mix well, and serve in a cup of competition. What do you have? A fighting group of men engaging in a battle classically called soccer. Add to this an enthusiastic crowd of spectators and you have one of the facets of Allegheny's sports program. Tack on the name 'Gator'—now the picture is complete.

Allegheny	2	0	Western Reserve
	0	4	Case
	0	5	Grove City
	0	6	Rochester
	0	3	Grove City
	1	3	Fenn
	1	4	Slippery Rock

In the opening game of the season, the Gators, under the leadership of Dick Cotton, beat Western Reserve. With the



First Row (left to right): J. Francis, E. Gelman, B. Brooks, G. Stevenson, D. Cotton, D. Kennedy, M. Matthews, C. Hawkins, D. McKee. Second Row: Coach Hanson, D. Wetzel, J. Dronsfield, B. Bell, G. Hagstrom, D. Jordan, T. Bastian, D. Tippett, J. Stanford (Mgr.). Third Row: C. Dodson, W. McAteer, T. Klugh, S. Nagle, E. Silverman, M. Berta, J. Caggiano.

help of Ernie Gelman, Allegheny's high scorer, and Skip Nagel, the Gators' chief blocker; we snared the victory with a score of 2-0. Because of an injury received in the Grove City game, Don Pettler was out of commission for the remainder of the season. In the following six games, Allegheny only managed to complete two goals. Though the record shows only one Gator win, with the majority of points falling to the opposition, the team held their own many times and came through with fast-moving, well-coordinated waves of power.

The pressing 88-minute-games were backed by many hours of practice on the part of each player. Daily workout sessions were held each day from 3:30 to 5:00 from the end of September until the last game of the season. Able coaching was demonstrated by Coach Bill Hanson and his assistant Frank McGrath.

Four men's names will not be on the roster next year. Graduation will rob the Gators of Dick Cotton, Bob Brooks, Chuck Hawkins, and Darrel Kennedy. Even though these men leave, Coach Hanson has hopes of filling their uniforms with new material and embarking on a winning team for next fall.

BASKETBALL

Tension—the center taps the ball to Newton who dribbles down to the corner, then crosses to the foul line at top speed, jumps to a virtually unstoppable position high off the floor and—swish, didn't touch the rim—two points.

Johnston has the ball. He passes to Dal Matthews who goes around a screen set-up by Vic. Very quickly Dal switches his dribble to out-maneuver his defensive man with a fake to the right. One big skip, hop and jump and two points.

They all rush down court. This time it is a switching man-to-man defense. With balanced stance and sliding feet the "Gators" go into action. Gary Stevenson switches men with Newton and now has a hard driving antagonist to handle. Gary's new man starts in for a drive! Gary uses his sense of timing, height and agility to go high in the air to block what would otherwise be a certain two points. As the man comes down Newton gets the ball from him. He whips it out to Dal so he can start the fast break. Fast Jim Johnston is already half way down court. Dal and Jim keep passing it between themselves. As they reach the bucket there is an opponent waiting. It is a two on one situation. Jim moves with the ball to the foul line to draw the opponent. A quick pass to Dal and a lay-up—two points.





Imagine this scene at the turn of the centu
The center taps the ball to one of his *eight* teamma
The player must throw the ball from where he cat
it for no dribbling was allowed. By a series
passes the ball is finally near the basket. Afte
number of tries the ball finally stays in the baske
count as a goal.

All eighteen players of the year 1900 rush d
court to see which one can get the ball. The play
try to get hold of the ball in every way, thro
shouldering, holding, pushing, tripping or strik
the opponents. One of the opponents takes a sh
The ball bounces out of the bottom of the bas
rests on the edge, and falls out of bounds. Every
scrambles for it. One of Allegheny's players touc
it first and gets possession. He hurls the ball to
of his teammates who is midway down the co
Allegheny passes the ball around to get it nearer
the basket. By that time the opponents are on the
With a quick pass to a man in the corner and a w
aimed shot, two points are scored.

The contrast between these two game situati
shows the development of basketball at Allegh
The transition represents something more than
change in rules, quality and size of courts and st
of playing. It shows the essential traditions of
operation, courage, perseverance, and pride, ma
taining the athletic heritage and spirit of Allegh



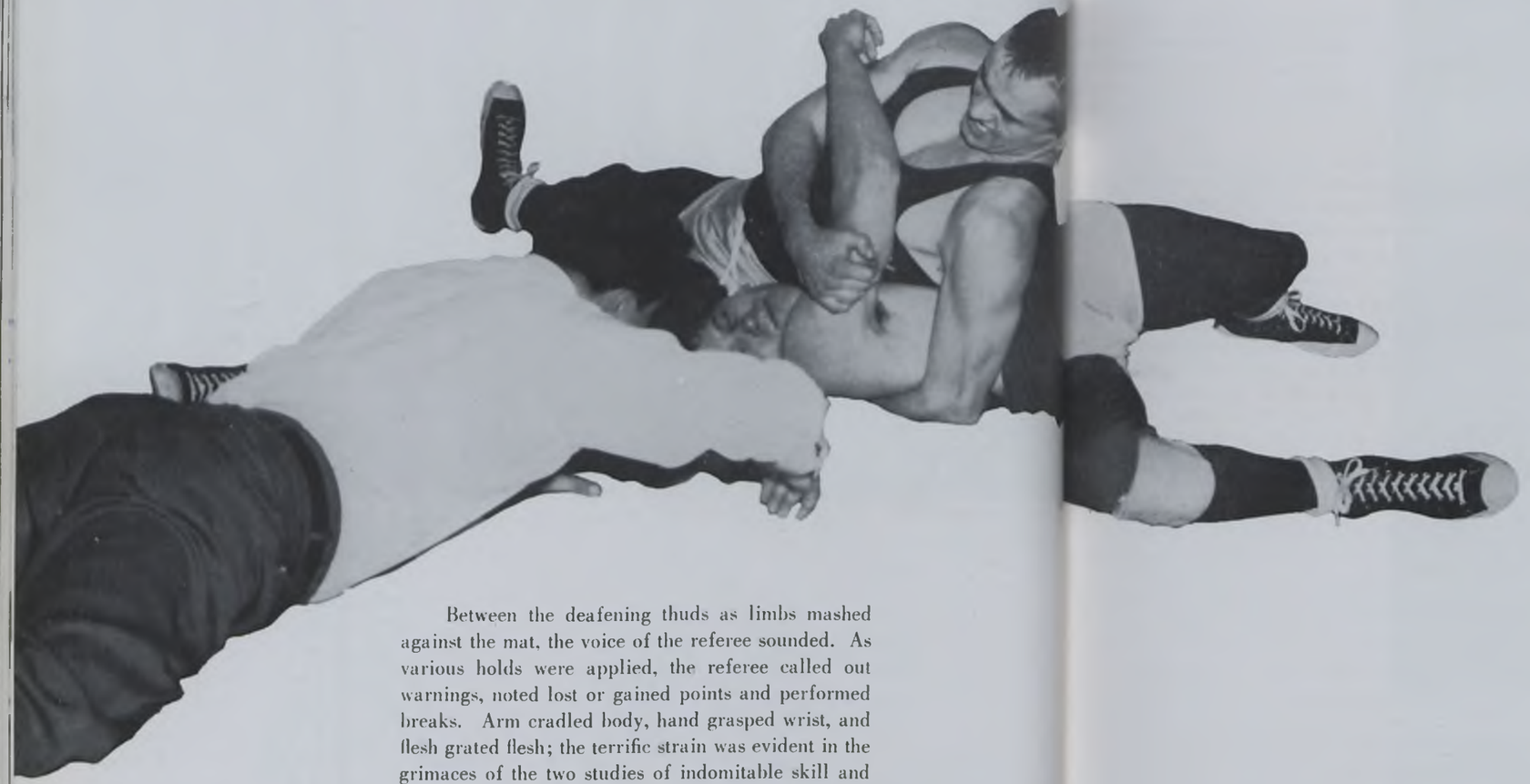
L. to R.: D. Matthews. J. Johnston. R. Buerger, R. Lowing, M. Schacter, B. Crabb, R. Janowsky, J. Newton, C. Stranburg, G. Stevenson, V. Kress, W. Reed.





WRESTLING

The buzzer sounded, the two young men lunged at each other. Each was straining every ounce of stamina and strength that was stored in his solid 130-pound frame. When they had weighed in earlier that same day, neither was more than two pounds less than the 130-pound limit. The ensuing meal may have added to their total weight, but it was an unappreciable amount, for they lost it again as the perspiration streamed over the supple, well-coordinated, well-integrated, solid "forms d'excellance".



Between the deafening thuds as limbs mashed against the mat, the voice of the referee sounded. As various holds were applied, the referee called out warnings, noted lost or gained points and performed breaks. Arm cradled body, hand grasped wrist, and flesh grated flesh; the terrific strain was evident in the grimaces of the two studies of indomitable skill and agile movement.

This battle was pursued through the second three-minute period and into the first minute of the last period with no quarter gained by either man. Then the inevitable happened. A sudden lunge, a startling



near-fall, a lightning reversal followed by a desperate stab at escape; but to no avail. Allegheny's man was on top and both shoulder blades of his rival were on the mat for two seconds—if they only touch one second more—time is up and still pinned! The referee stopped the bout, awarded Allegheny the match, and shouts of praise issued from the Allegheny bench. Coach "Red" Moore nodded, gave a well-deserved smile and exclaimed, "Nice match Caggiano," as Joe sat down to catch his wind and let the strained muscles relax and energy seep back into his body.

So ended another match in the 130-weight class. This one was typical of the fight, persistence, and training our men receive for this Sport of Sports, to peak their bodies into perfection with hours of practice. To them, we point and exclaim: "That's our spirit, our team, and our victors."

Wrestling at Allegheny is a comparatively young sport. We have officially competed in wrestling for only one full year before this season. As of now, we are included in the National Collegiate Athletic Association and have matches with eight other colleges. Included in these are Hiram, Edinboro, Baldwin Wallace, Wooster, Alfred, Case, Western Reserve, and Oberlin. Though we are infantile in organization, we are seasoned in preparation. The squad begins training on the 18th of November and continues until the end of February. A one and one-half hour period each day of the week is utilized in running exercises, calisthenics, and demonstration matches. If the saying "practice makes perfect" rings true, we should revel in an undefeated season in the years to come.







The Creation Of A Part "SAKINI" Teahouse Of The August Moon

Bob Quinn

Acting: doing things truthfully with a purpose reacting to objects; creating an illusion of life on a stage; real people doing real things. Any of these definitions is a way to describe naturalistic acting. Since "Teahouse of the August Moon" is a fusion of comedy, naturalism, farce and realism—all lumped together in one play, it is difficult to classify. Nevertheless, it is particularly effective with naturalistic acting as opposed to other styles used in farce and the classics.

Actors are the most inarticulate people in the world on the subject of acting. Most books and articles on acting are done by other people of the theatre for actors lack the means to express themselves about their art other than through their "acting".

With these limitations in mind, I would like to give you some insight into the way this actor works; keeping in mind that this is my "method" and does not necessarily apply to other actors.

The most fundamental element in good acting is a *sense of truth*. This primary requisite is the soul of the actor, the nucleus from which he must work. The actor's sense of truth is abetted by his *technique*, the external manifestation of this inner truth through the senses of the body. A good technique involves complete plasticity of the senses, body movement, voice and speech. The ability to make one's whole being do what he wants it to do is good technique: how well the actor does it is the "soul". The ability to do both is a long process and the mark of a great actor.

A good technique can be developed through constant practice, whereas "soul" or "inner truth" is the gift of God and cannot be changed. The actor can get the most out of his "gift" by developing his technique to a high degree. There are many successful "technical actors" today who get by on just that—technique.

Imagination, concentration and relaxation are important attributes of which the actor must be aware. Imagination is the key to the ability an actor possesses. It is that which unlocks the storehouse of truth. An accomplished actor must have a highly developed imagination, for he deals constantly with images in a play. Sometimes these images will pop out at him as he reads the play. Others will not be so easy to visualize. Those he has a hard time seeing in a play must then be related to certain things or incidents in his own life. This process is known as particularization. For example, in "Teahouse of the August Moon" the Colonel mentions Tobiki to Sakini and describes it at some length to Sakini. This is supposed to be my home town. Never having been in Tobiki I had to refer to a town which I knew with similar characteristics — rundown, dilapidated, backward — "at the bottom of Okinawa". To me this suggested Greenwich Village in New York City. Tobiki then took on a personal meaning for me. This was my *image* of Tobiki.

Similarly, I had to find images for the teahouse and the geisha house. It is especially important to have an image of the geisha house because it is never seen on stage. The audience must be able to visualize it as Sakini describes it. Therefore Sakini must see it before him as he narrates it to his audience. There are many images, familiar and unfamiliar, in a play which the actor must identify clearly. These images may be of places, people or things. All must be clear and specific to the actor in order for the audience to appreciate them fully. There are many images in any part, and while it is almost impossible to find all of them, an actor identifies himself much more closely with the character by finding as many as he can. Particularization, then, is a "technical tool".

Concentration and relaxation come from doing things truthfully with a purpose. An actor must always keep his mind on someone or something in the scene, even when called upon to look out into the audience. Otherwise his concentration will vanish. In my monologue scenes as Sakini I had this problem. I couldn't really look at anyone in the audience but had to focus on what I was saying or my concentration would wander. If an actor is concentrating hard in a scene he will not find it difficult to relax because he is "doing things truthfully with a purpose". It is only when he is unsure, diverted, that he becomes tense.

Using all these elements of good acting to the fullest, the actor becomes more than an entertainer; he becomes an artist. He gets the audience emotionally involved in the situation on stage. The actors become real people doing real things. The audience isn't aware of actors anymore but of people. This is the "illusion of life" which is the purpose of good theatre, regardless of the form or style. Without this believability on stage the audience becomes aware of actors acting. Thus, there can be no fusion of the audience and the actors — a factor necessary in good theatre.

The first step used in working on a part might be termed "the feeling out" period. The actor sits

around with his cohorts reading over the play again and again, trying to get a feeling of the play as a whole and of the characters and situations in the play, keeping in mind that everything one finds is tentative at this stage. Certain people or scenes in the play may suggest parallel situations in his own life. At once he may establish particularizations that will be a help in identifying with the character. Almose immediately Tobiki suggested Greenwich Village to me. The geisha house and geisha girls suggested three ballet dancers I knew very well in New York City where I often went to drink tea or to talk or simply to wile away the time.

Once the actors have formed some kind of relationship to one another, the director "blocks" the play. By "blocking" I mean he plans the stage movements of the actors. He has to see that actors crossing from one part of the stage to another aren't unduly awkward, that timing is just right and that no one is hiding someone else for any length of time. Exits and entrances have to be on cue. Since no two stages are often alike in size, allowances and changes in working areas have to be worked out. Blocking is done while reading the script so that turns and crosses can be motivated.

A couple of additional blocking problems in "Teahouse" involved the two small children and the goat. The children caught on fast but the first goat we had proved too mean and a little too big to put on the jeep. Thus, Lady Astor I was succeeded by Lady Astor II.

Breaking down the script is the next step in the creative process and can be started during blocking. Here the actor digs into the "inner life" of his character. He analyzes the character to find out what elements make up the role. He tries to learn what the character's objective or need is in the play. Some character traits of Sakini I found were impish, kind, shrewd, candid, warm and lovable. These traits are arrived at analytically and instinctively by the actor and will vary with the actor in predominance, even to the inclusion or exclusion of some elements.

By "objective" I mean that which the character wants most in the play. This is the character's "spine" or goal, which must be accomplished in every scene in which he appears. These goals or objectives are always expressed by an active verb—"*to show* how democracy works", "*to assist* Captain Frisby", and never by a state of being which is not active.

A character also has "scene goals". The scene goals must relate to the overall goal or objective. Within the scene goals, an actor must find "actions" or "doings" that help him obtain his objective in the scene. These actions are always expressed by an active verb. "*To kid* the pants off the Colonel" *make* the baboon think we work like slaves", "*to* the wool over his big fat eyes"—all are descri actions I could have used as Sakini to get at m jective in a scene. Notice the choice of words— *the pants, baboon-slaves, big fat eyes*—all are w deliberately chosen for the stimulus they provid actor. It is important for him to notice words activate him into really doing things to his fe actors. This is where the actor's creativity be by finding out what a certain line or speech mea him as expressed in action.

All these things—actions, scene goals, and all goal—are put on paper by the actor in exactly words that are most expressive to him. He may ch some of them as he progresses in the part, bu should write them down as he arrives at them. may want to build up a whole story about him isn't described in the play itself. Every little that he can conjure up about the character shoul written down for a fuller understanding of the This is where he must use his imagination. Ha all this material on paper, the actor can consta refer to it when he digresses too far from the objective. As an actor works on a part he may more and better "particularizations" for his cha ter. These are then added or substituted for the iginal images.

During the actual rehearsal period he bri these discoveries to the stage. The actor digs de for more pertinent actions and objectives. He str for words or images that are more meaningful, in more emotion, suggest a stronger urge, make an act more specific. The pedantic term "to lecture" tainly is much more meaningful when it means reprimand", "to impregnate", "to plant".

In the early stage of rehearsal an actor m remain "open", so to speak, for changes. He m be able to give and take freely with his fellow act He must listen carefully to everything that is be said and not just for cue lines. He must remain the scene" at all times. If a minor accident happe as it frequently does on stage, the actor must ad to the accident and go right on with the scene. must be able to use all these things as if they are p of the script.

Finally, arriving at the last stage of his inter work with the character, he fixes his actions and jectives more permanently. The actor has to be ca ful to stick to the author's text and not improvise w his own words. Gradually, the actor memorizes lines. At the same time he is working on his cha ter development, thus relating one to the other. U

now we have been concerned mainly with the internal work on a character with the exception of blocking.

External work with the character includes reading books or articles about the subject or looking at pictures of the characters, especially if it is a period piece. Seeing the original stage production as well as the movie of "Teahouse" gave me many ideas with which to work. I could then apply these ideas to my interpretation of Sakini.

Yoon Bae Kim, a Korean student here, helped me immensely with the Japanese dialect, the rhythm, syllables, inflections and characteristics of the language. He came to rehearsals and afterwards criticized work in regard to the dialect. With his help I was able to obtain some semblance of a Japanese dialect.

Sakini's walk in and out of the monologue scenes presented something of a problem in style. For the longest time I couldn't get it just the way I wanted it. When the choreographer arrived for the dance sequences, he gave me some suggestions to improve it. His comments were helpful, but still I couldn't get a complete image of what Sakini's walk should be. Finally, as I fooled around with Sakini's walk one day, I visualized a waddling little duck and a mechanical tin soldier rolled into one. I had my image.

With the final touch of costume and makeup, the character is completed. In this role we experimented with different shades of makeup under our amber light setup, trying to contrast Oriental and American.

Students of the theatre will have recognized by now that this approach to acting is commenly known as the "Stanislavsky method", named after Constantin Stanislavsky, founder of the Moscow Art Theatre. A dedicated artist of the theatre, he sought to give actors a concrete way of working in the most intangible of all the art forms. He provided a technical means to approach the end . . . truth.

Left to right: Valerie Clarke, Thomas Simonson, Paul Telfer, Rodney Anderson, David Bray, Sandra McLaughlin, John Wheeler, Joan Powell, Marilyn Smith, Robert Quinn, Stanton Cull, Marjorie Laffer, Judith Hollander, Cynthia Jelly, Stephen Marks, Anne Braman, Robert Trimble.



ALLEGHENY SINGS

Sandra McLaughlin

Just as the growing child must sometimes laugh and frequently cry, must shout for release or speak to be heard, so the growing Allegheny organism must vocally express herself as she suffers and enjoys the undulation of growth. She laughs—yes—and cries and shouts and speaks, but she has discovered and is developing to her increasing satisfaction an integration of all these forms; for have you noticed? Allegheny Sings! She sings, not because some external force demands it of her, but because she wants to—because in so doing, she motivates the inevitable circular progress of tension and release, tension, and release.

If you do not believe this, make a conscious effort to listen for her. You will marvel at the variety of things she can and does express in this way, things she is admittedly unable to explain fully with any other communicative form.

Stroll past the steps of Caflisch Hall some day in early Fall and you'll surely hear her newest leaves tell the world how glad they are to be a part of the tree. And even if you hear no recognizable language structure, you'll feel their excitement at their first opportunity to bend with the breeze of an entirely new experience. Through a kind of sensory perception, you will hear them say, "What do you think of this? Here I am. *I* am Allegheny."

Or, present yourself at the Grill some Wednesday or Thursday evening. If you happen to hit the proper moment, you're likely to find more seasoned Alleghenians releasing an exuberance which only they can know—an exhiliration born out of just one simple phrase, "That's good," from a man they call "Luvy". And although they've just completed a full 60 minutes of intensive musical effort, they feel a compulsion to tell one another, to tell, in fact, anyone who's interested, "Hey! . . . Luvy said we were good tonight. How 'bout that!" It doesn't matter that they have no specific audience. They must let this fall, even if it be on deaf ears. And so they sing.

Maybe some evening you'll find yourself in Brooks circle when, because the ordinary means of expression have long since been exhausted, one Alleghenian is saying to another, "I know I've told you many times before, but here, again, in a way that surpasses all others, I love you." And if you'll notice, he does not speak alone, nor does she attempt to formulate the reply by herself. Her friends from the balcony, his from below, are saying, "We like these two. Let's sing out our happiness for the obvious joy they have found in one another."

Perhaps, if you have the time, you might jo
Allegheny for an evening meal in the dining h
Here, probably more than anywhere else, you'll di
cover that vocal capability is not directly related t
desire, nor the fulfillment of desire to sing. But it
been a long day, and you need a lift. Or you face th
ranks of the G-7 department tonight. Or you at l
passed the exam you were so worried about. How—
how does one convey and release such a wide ga
of tensions and emotions in a single expression? W
Allegheny does it by singing.

Wander through Walker Hall some evening
late Spring. You're apt to come across a room ful
Allegheny's more weathered leaves — those who
about to quit the security of these branches, aware,
the fact that they will soon detach themselves from
very thing that holds them in geographical unity.
although they know that this detachment does
mean final severance, still they have so much
would like to discuss, to laugh about, to cry over
together — before they drift apart one by one in
metamorphosis of experience. Yet, there just is
time. Besides, even to attempt would be futile,
mere words are never enough. So what do they
They sing, for singing is the way in which one as
"Do you understand what I'm trying to say?"
the other replies, "Yes, because we share the exp
ience of the moment."

By this time, you must surely have heard Al
gheny cry, shout, speak, laugh, through song.
have you heard her mold this expressionistic me
into an art form? Sit in Ford Chapel some Sund
morning and again you'll hear her voice . . . a m
cultured voice perhaps. But this time she is sayi
"Hear! This means something to me. I have given
shape and polished it with the hope that it will ta
on meaning for you, too." And maybe, 'though y
can never predict, you will find that it is indeed me
ingful for you because you are able to identify yo
self with it, because it reflects some small part of y

Seize the opportunity should it arise, to be w
the Singers just one time, as they work together.
you are sensitive, you will perceive a clear picture
Allegheny's use of song as an emotional vehicle, a
music as an expressive art. You will feel an inte
striving for a standard of musical excellence and
peak of joyful release of this tension by virtue of t
very nature of the goal which has created it. He
finally, you are bound to enjoy a vitality which, in
many other spheres, has suffered self-inflicted strang
lation.

Visit any one of these places or visit all of the
If you are not less than human, you will begin
understand why it is that Allegheny Sings.



An enlargement of a small area of the proposed tapestry.

A TAPESTRY

DESIGNED BY MARY JANE GILLAM

The unique idea proposed on these pages is the result of some detailed analysis and the carefully considered graphic efforts of one member of the Art 7 Design Class when confronted with the deceptively simple problem of trying to visually enrich the present chapel.



A comprehensive sketch for the proposed tapestry to be hung around the apse-end of the chapel. Since the design is to scale it needs now only to be enlarged to the actual size and then realized in either a heavy embroidered technique or as a cloth applique of many small parts. The designer has visualized the completed work as a variation on a gray theme with many shifts in the textured surface from shiney silks to dull felts.



An early study for the work above.

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE COLLEGE AND THE COLLEGE CHAPEL?

To offer education to all worthy people regard less of sex, color, race, or creed. Education *abou* all so that all may know. Education *for* all so tha all may benefit in the knowledge.

To promote fellowship for all regardless of sex color, race, or creed. Fellowship of all races an creeds so that each may learn to know his neighbo in love, and in knowing may also know the meanin of brotherly love.

HOW DOES THIS PURPOSE RELATE WITH REALITY?

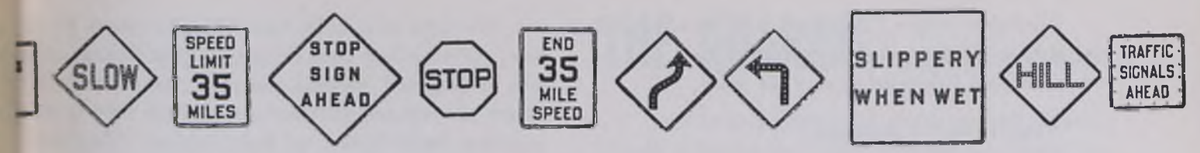
In reality, brotherly love does not exist betwee all men, because all do not know. The majority of men do not know their neighbor; and in their ignorance, they do not know brotherly love either.

Many men know that this purpose must be realized, or else in our heedless, frantic lust for power and security we run into nothingness. We mistrust our neighbor and are afraid he is seeking to destroy us or what we believe in. The Smiths and Joneses, Communists and Democracies each frantically try to keep up or get ahead of the other. In our panic we will run along the surface of life until one day we may lose sight altogether of its beauty and richness. Only if this purpose is realized — that we know and love our neighbor—can we feel such security that would make this lust for dominance unnecessary.

Men together in brotherly love can guard the secret of life. God has created this world and all that is in it for man to enjoy, not to know in full. In his infinite love and wisdom he will not destroy what he has created; but man being unwise and heedless may ruthlessly cut open the seed and one day find the secret of its life, destroying it in the process.

If man will find his security in love of neighbor, rather than in dominance of enemy, he will not need to cut the seed. Together, brothers can consciously or unknowingly, guard the secret.

The college and chapel seek to promote the understanding and fellowship necessary to the realization of brotherly love — the only means by which man may be saved from himself.



THE TRIP

Phyllis Efimoff

Five hundred miles is a long way to go, especially in a car with six people, and especially when five of the six are tired. Even under these circumstances the trip would have been tough, but what made it tougher was that each of the five who were tired was also involved in his thoughts and should have been alone somewhere in an empty room, or on a grassy hill, or any isolated place where he could let his mind run freely over and digest the experiences they had in the three days and nights they spent in New York. Pondering over them, critisizing them, reacting to them and understanding their reactions; then, form an opinion about them and from this opinion construct a basis for new attitudes toward themselves, toward people, and toward life. But being alone was impossible, so we all made the best of being together, we kept quiet.

We met in the lobby of the hotel early that morning, hating to leave, making plans to return, and overtired from not going to bed. The five of us walked out of the elevator over to the cashier to pay our bills, carrying our suitcases and hoping that the one filled with the cans of beer we didn't want to leave behind, even though we weren't allowed to take them to the place we were going, wouldn't accidently open again as it did on the last ride we had taken on the elevator from the fifteenth floor of the hotel where our rooms were. Michael was waiting for us in the lobby. I was anxious to see him. This had been my first visit to New York. I knew he would understand.

We paid our bills, scraping together whatever money each had left, loaded the trunk of the car with our bags, and were on our way. I sat in the back se near the window, Sylvia sat next to the other windo and George was squeezed in between us. His le were too long and he was too big to be sitting in t middle, and I was annoyed when his heavy thigh r laxed against my body and when his shoulder lean against mine. I was tired and wanted to be alon but he was, too, so I kept quiet. But even though didn't say anything, he knew I was annoyed and eve now and then apologized for leaning. I said I didn mind, but he knew I did.

Mary Anne and Karl were sitting up front wi Michael who was driving. We decided it would quicker if Michael drove since he had lived in Ne York all his life. I wanted to be sitting next Michael, but I would be patient. He was only drivin as far as the turnpike. Then I could sit next to him.

Before we left the city, we stopped at a sto Mary Anne had promised a friend she would get hi some salomi from a New York delicatessen. Sylvi and Karl went with her, and I decided to go, too. was a relief to feel the coolness of the air and breath in its freshness. It was a relief to stretch an walk around and not have anyone leaning against m body. Mary Anne was looking around the sto when I went up to her and asked if I could sit up the front seat next to Michael. I knew she wanted t sit next to Karl. They had spent much time togethe during the past few days, but my patience was wearin thin. She must have seen how much it meant to m She said okay.

Relaxed but tense, I turned and walked out o

the delicatessen, and opened the door of the car. Michael look at me as I sat next to him.

"Sit up front from now on," he said.

"I am. I asked Mary Anne and she said I could."

He put his arm around me and I laid my head on his shoulder. My dress was black and soft. I knew he liked it and the feeling it made when he rubbed my shoulder. I liked it, too, and wished we were alone. A year ago I had seen him around and dated him a few times, but a cold formality and awkwardness were always present when we were together. They were present only three days before when we were driving to New York. I doubt whether either of us was aware of a change in feelings, but I realized now that they were changing. On our occasional meetings in the past three days, we acted as strangers who were meeting for the first time and while the formality was still there, it was a polite and natural formality. The awkwardness was gone and we were friends.

Now as a friend, he put his arm around my shoulder and his face close to mine. The touch of his lips against my hair was comforting. His skin was smooth and I raised my head so his skin would touch mine. He understood.

We were on our way once again, this time with me and Karl up front, and Sylvia, Mary Anne, and George in the back. Once in a while someone broke the silence to remark about the landscape or to ask for a cigarette. That was all right. But when someone mentioned an incident that happened in New York, it wasn't all right. No one should have talked about it. Not right then. Maybe after a few days or after a week, when we weren't tired and had settled down to our old routine of living, but not then.

At noon we stopped for lunch, and afterwards Michael and I sat in the back with Sylvia. I liked sitting next to him while he was driving, but I liked it more now. We didn't speak to each other, we just knew, and it was frightening, but good.

"Cigarette?" Michael asked.

"Yes," I said, and took one from the pack he was holding out to me. He lit it and I drew in the smoke slowly, feeling it go down all the way with the deepest breath I could take, and blowing it out long and slow. I leaned over to flick off the ashes with a lazy, relaxed motion. Michael was in the way and he moved with me. The cigarette was good and the movement was good. We smoked many together on the way back.

Sometimes we tried to sleep. The road was bumpy in places and had many curves. The bumps were annoying, but when the car tipped to the left, the weight of Michael's body pressed heavier against mine by slow degrees.

"I like this kind of curve," I said.

"Why?" he asked. "What makes these curves so special?"

I hesitated before I answered. My first impulse had been to tell him what he wanted to hear, but on second thought I decided to play his game.

"You know," I answered.

He didn't ask me why again.

On the drive up leaves had been on the trees, and although they were faded, a sense of Autumn pervaded the countryside. The sun had been shining as we drove through the mountains and the sight of one thickly covered with the washed out trees glowing in some places and shaded in others was a warm sight, even exciting. Now it was Winter. The trees were bare and scraggily. Snow had fallen in parts of the state and was trying desperately to erase the automnal characteristics from the scene. Whole sections of the countryside reminded me of a picture on a Christmas card, when it is twilight and the whiteness of the snow glistens peacefully, not brilliantly, and when the warmth of the scene is felt by putting a white house with a light shining through the window in the midst of bare trees and glistening snow. Only when we passed a house was the feeling one of warmth and peacefulness. The rest of the time is was peaceful, but cold. I liked both feelings. Michael did, too.

Michael bunched up his raincoat and put it behind his head for a pillow. I put my arm through his and held on tight. We were comfortable and stayed that way for a long time avoiding each other's eyes and not speaking. We stayed that way for a long time looking at the dull, gray, heavy sky. After a while we saw a faint glow rise above a mountain and within that mass of gray dullness was a circle of delicate, pink light. The sun shouldn't have been there. Today was a day of darkness and cold. There wasn't room for warmth and light. The sun was unreal, but it was there, and it was beautiful and true. I slipped my arm from Michael's, sat up and looked at him.

"Michael, oh Michael, Michael, Michael." He put his arm around me and drew me close. Nothing was said.

We were forty miles from our destination. U now, everyone had been sleeping, except George was driving and Michael and me. One by one others yawned and stretched, asked what time it and how much farther we had to drive. They themselves they were glad we were almost home.

"Cigarette?" Michael asked.

"Yes," I said.

I took one from the pack and one fell to floor. Michael struck three matches before mine lit. I leaned over to flick off the ashes and my ments were jerky and quick. My elbow poked Mich in the side.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"No, not really. Why?"

"I thought you might come over to my apartm when we get back and I could make us something eat."

"Maybe, but I'm not hungry yet."

The cigarette didn't taste good, but I smoked to the end anyway. I leaned my head back on seat, clasping my arms around my knees, and clo my eyes. I realized that my life couldn't be pattern after the past three days. I realized this and accep it, but at the same time I didn't want to lose the fe ing, or the mood or the freedom or the confidence whatever it was that seemed to have grown from wit me, like a flower bud that has just started to open. wanted to reach out and grasp whatever it was so t it wouldn't die but develop into a stronger and grea thing, just as the bud would keep growing until blossoms into a flower reaching its peak of life.

I looked over at Michael, and quickly turn away before he could see my expression and kn what I was thinking. Maybe he understood. I thou I did, but I was helpless. I closed my eyes again a didn't open them until we reached our destination.

THE QUARREL *Pat Van Olinda*

Jack helped Connie out of the car and slammed the door behind her. She adjusted her cotton bermudas, kicked off her sandals, and they started down the beach, over the sand that had grown cool since sunset. They held hands as they walked over dunes, through the scattered patches of long, dry grass. The sea breeze was cool and fresh, a change from the heavy, humid inland air, and the sand, gray against the black sky, was dotted with the dark shadowy outlines of couples wrapped in blankets.

Connie and Jack crossed the crest of one of the dunes. As they started down the other side, Jack almost tripped over one of the couples. "Whoops! Wouldn't want to interupt your blanket party." They stepped around the blanket-wrapped pair. "Why is it I always put my foot in it?"

"Because your feet are so overgrown. And so's your mouth." Connie pushed him and he swatted her on the behind in return. Then he tucked his arm around her waist.

"Well, you better learn to like me, hon, because you're stuck with me." They grinned at each other. She leaned her head on his heavily muscled shoulder, imagining a bunch of little boys who would have blond crew cuts exactly like Jack's.

"It's going to he a blast," Jack was saying.

"What is?"

"If you'd pay attention to my words of wisdom you'd know. I mean Toby's beer party Saturday night. A lot of his fraternity brothers and all our gang from around here are going to be there. He's buying all kinds of kegs. But if you want hard stuff you have to bring your own. You'll be a cheap date and drink beer, won't you?"

"You only like me because I drink beer."

Jack stopped walking. "Oh sure, that's the only reason I like you." They stared at each other. Jack ran his fingers through her hair, the palm of his hand brushing her cheek. Connie gripped his wrist and dug her fingernails into the tanned flesh. Jack moved his fingertips back over her cheek, then pinched her nose. They started walking again, hand in hand, down the dark beach. Jack began talking again,

about the beer party at Toby's Saturday night or something like that. Connie was looking at the way his white shirt stretched over his shoulders, the way he wore his shirtsleeves roller half-way up his thick fore-arms. Jack was the reason the summer had been so much fun. They had been having a blast together all summer, laughing most of the time and partying it up on a bright and tinsely merry-go-round. But here it was the end of August, and pretty soon both of them would be going away to college, Connie for her first year, Jack for his second.

As they walked closer to the shore, Jack was trying to decide whether or not he should buy a bottle of Scotch for Toby's party. "What do you think, honey, should I buy a little Haig & Haig?"

"Jack, I don't care. I just as soon drink beer as Scotch," she answered. "Hmmm, smell the salt."

"She'd just as soon drink beer as Scotch! Baby, don't you realize that's sacrilege?"

"The ocean's calm tonight," Connie said. The sound of the sea was like the purr of a lion; the breeze was cool but not strong. It was so dark you couldn't tell where the ocean began and the sky left off, and the foamy whitecaps were the only things that were really visible. A wave washed over Connie's bare feet and ankles. The water was cold, the current gentle. She kicked up a splash of water. "Let's run," she said.

Jack laughed. "Oh, let's do that little thing. Don't you know I'm an old man of twenty? I can't keep up with these youthful goings-on."

"My heart bleeds. Do you think you could stand it if we walked down toward Short Beach for a while?"

"I guess I can struggle along. Say, do you know Carl Zucov? He's going to be at Toby's party Saturday night too. He's turning into quite a football player out at Notre Dame. Somebody was saying he might be All-American this year. Great big guy with a pushed in nose."

"I remember Carl," Connie said. "He sprayed beer on Tina at that party in Brentwood in June. He aimed the can right at her when he opened it and got beer all in her hair."

Jack laughed. "Did she get mad?"

"She hit him in the head with her beer can, so very courteously kicked her in the shins."

"He's a real screwball, that guy. All kinds laughs."

They walked in silence for a while. They w farther from the lights now, and the sky seemed ev blacker than before. It arched high overhead, li the towering dome of a great cathedral, studded w a few tiny brilliant diamonds. Connie threw her he back, looking at the sky and sucking in a lungful the cool salt air. There was a sense of eternity in t distant stars, the darkness, the empty stretches of sa It made Connie feel like writing poetry, lonely poet because it was that kind of night. She would wr a poem and put it away, as she did the other poe she wrote, and never mention it to anyone. Writi poetry was one of those private foibles that peo keep hidden like being afraid of the dark.

Jack picked up a stick of driftwood and thr it toward the waves. It disappeared in the blackn and seconds later they heard the splash as it hit t water.

" 'And darkness on the face of the deep.' Connie quoted.

"Dark is right," Jack said. "It's black as t ace of spades when you get down here away from t lights. Do you want to walk any farther? Let's back to the car."

"Not yet, Jack; please?"

"Oh well, okay." He shoved his hands in t pockets and began to whistle shrilly. It sounded lo above the murmuring waves.

"I think it's kind of a nice night for walkin Connie said.

"It'd be a lot nicer for other things. Come o hon, let's go back to the car." He ran his fingers and down her arm. She stepped away, wading a lit deeper in the cold water, and laughed. She turn her eyes to the blackness that hid the heaving, curli breaking waves and felt the ripples bury her feet sand as they rushed up on shore and back to the sea.

Jack came up behind her, and she jumped. put his arms around her waist and pulled her ba against him. "Why so quiet?" he asked her.

"Nothing." Connie moved out of his arms a started walking again.

"Hey, honey, would you like to have vodka at Toby's party?"

"You know something, Jack? I'd really just as soon not go to Toby's beer party. Let's go to the movies or the music fair."

"But, honey, everybody's going to be at the party. It's going to be the big blast to end the Summer and all that kind of stuff."

"Why couldn't just the two of us do something, instead of being with that whole big crowd on one of our last nights home."

"What's the matter? Don't you want to have fun?"

"That party isn't going to be one bit different from the big blast to begin the Summer, or the big blast on fourth of July, or the big blast for your birthday. Toby will drink until he passes out; Jeannie will keep mixing her drinks until she barfs; Marie will leave her date and try to get Pete to make love to her; and everbyody else will eventually end up in the back seat of some car. Can't we have fun just talking to each other for a change?"

"Oh my God, when we're sixty there'll be time enough for us to sit around and talk to each other. I want to have a good time."

Connie wondered what Jack would say if she told him she wrote poetry. She could practically hear him laughing. They walked along the dark beach in silence. Jack whistled for a while and then gave it up. After a few minutes he couldn't stand it any longer.

"Hey, honey, don't be mad. We won't go to the party if you really don't want to." He put his arms around her and pulled her close, half-smiling. He kissed her before she had time to tell him to stop. His arms were tight around her; he kissed her hard, arching her back. She could feel his teeth on her resisting mouth. Suddenly furious, she tried to wrench her head away. She scratched at his back and pushed against his stomach, writhing her shoulders. He let go of her, and stepped back, bewilderment on his face. She slapped him. She turned away from him, chewing the cuticle of her thumb, with a slightly sick feeling in the pit of her stomach. She stared at the darkness, and the whitecaps appeared and disappeared in the black nothingness.

THE BOY FROM HAWAII

Amy Kanemitsu

Howard had just started his dessert when Alan dropped his lunch tray on the chair and started unloading it. Giving a quick glance and smiling slightly, Howard continued eating. As a student counselor, Alan had felt it his responsibility when school had begun to put his protective arm around this freshman from Hawaii, and since then, Howard had not been able politely to remove it.

"How are you, Howie? Think you passed your test today?"

"Yes, I think I did all right. How are things with you?"

"Okay, I guess. Say, I was talking to one of the guys who live on our floor, and he said that you had some slides of some hula dancers. Can I look at them sometime? I've got a small projector."

"Sure, come get them after supper. They're pictures of Louise, my sister. It was a May Day program, and she did a bamboo dance so Geo . . . so we thought we'd take some pictures. May Day is quite an event in Hawaii," he hurried on to say. "We have pageants and everybody wears their Hawaiian clothes to school, to work, everywhere. It's colorful."

"I can imagine. What's a bamboo dance, anyway?"

"It's a hula where bamboo stalks are used to emphasize the beat. The stalks are stripped to make them flexible, and they create a pretty nice sound. Oh, there are all kinds of dances, with gourds, stones . . . "

"Why did you ever leave Hawaii to come here? It'll be snowing in a month. Brr . . . I wouldn't be here if I could be watching dancers in the sun near the warm ocean."

"I like it here. I . . . "

"May I join you?"

"Sure, Alex. Do you know Howard Nakapa?"

"Not really," he said as he sat. "I've heard about you. You're the boy from Hawaii, aren't you?"

"Yes, he is," said Alan as Howard nodded. "Howard, this is Alex Spring. He's the senior class president. VIP, you know."

"Cut it out, Al. I was in Honolulu for a wh with the army, Howard. It was beautiful there. remember Diamond Head and Waikiki Beach. E been there?"

"Yes, but I never swam there. I only . . . "

"We went surfing, or at least tried to. I reme ber we spent the whole afternoon trying to get far enough, then when we got there, the waves w all gone, so we had to stroke our way in. Never aga Ever been to the Pali? What a sight from there! Y it's a beautiful place. You come from Oahu, do you?"

"No, my home is on Molokai."

"Oh, that's where the Leper Colony is, isn't I didn't stop there. I saw Kauai but didn't get do to the other islands. I want to go back someday a visit all the rest."

"I hope you do. The Islands are beautiful. W you excuse me, I've got a class this afternoon."

"Meet you in the Coffee Shop after cla Howie."

"Okay, Alan. See you then. Bye, Alex."

As Howard left the table, Alan started telli Alex of the "uke" Howard had in his room and singing the guys did last week. It was so different fr singing at home, Howard thought. There, Geo always played the uke and started the songs. Geo always was the life of the party. Louise was the o one who ever listened to Howard, but even she a mired the elder brother more. Now George co play his uke and have his crowd at the U. of H Howard would have his own group here.

As he walked down to his class, he thoug how happy he was here. The professors didn't a him whether he was George's brother, nor did th remind him of George's fine character, George's e cellent academic record, George's leadership abili They didn't even know about George. His classmat too, knew only about him.

He kicked a pebble on the side of the path a watched it roll. He thought he was like that rolli pebble, heading toward the pile of rocks at the s of the path, heading toward the pile he, himself, h chosen. The ringing bell made him hurry to class.

The hum outside the door indicated that t professor had not come yet. He went in and sat in his seat next to Carol, a junior who had been to a summer session at the U. of H. She was active in student government, too. He was glad that George hadn't gone to summer sessions; she would have surely met him.

"Hi, Howie," she greeted him. "I like your *aloha* shirt. Those are breadfruit designs, aren't they? What do you call them in Hawaiian?"

"*Ulu.*"

"Oh, yes, *ulu*. There was a mural of those over the door of the chemistry building at the university. I've never eaten any *ulu*, but I've had *taro*. I didn't mind the *taro* too much, but I couldn't stand the *opihi* and the raw fish. They were on the table at the *Luau*, and I thought I'd be brave and at least taste them even though I knew what they were. Ugh! You can have your sea foods. I did like *kulolo*. Don't you miss not having your native food here?"

Howard, who had been grinning at the description of the food, replied, "No, my mother sent me some canned *laulau* and *poi* last week, but I can live without them. I do like . . . "

Carol turned as the door opened, and the professor walked in. Howard wasn't even aware that he didn't finish his sentence. Everyone at home stopped listening to him when George walked in.

After class, Howard walked to the Coffee Shop and through the window saw Alan and some freshmen from his floor sitting at a table. He hurried in to join them.

" . . . oh, was that a play! Our team is one of the tops in the state! Oh, hi, Howie!"

"Hi, Alan, Harold, Will!" He said as they all nodded.

"Howie was telling me of the different hula dancers," Alan said, "and he's even got some slides."

"Gee, Howie, we've known you for a month now and you didn't even tell us about them. We've only seen your uke and aloha shirts," Harold said.

"I didn't know you were that interested in them. Anyway, I thought I showed them to you already. It must have been someone else. Why don't you come over after supper with Alan."

"Say, Howie," Harold asked, "Uh, well, are grass skirts very thick?"

Howard roared, and the boys smiled, slightly embarassed.

"They're made of *ti* leaves, for one thing," Howard said.

"Tea leaves!" Alan exclaimed.

Grinning, Howard explained the leaves differed and proceeded to describe how to make a skirt, having helped his sister one day when George wasn't around. He was glad, now, that she had asked him to do it, so that he could tell these fellows about it. They knew so little about the Islands.

As Howard finished telling of the costume of the hula girls, Alex Spring passed the window and waved to them. Howard and Alan returned the wave. Howard noticed that Will and Harold didn't know Alex. Howard grinned. He had always known the big wheels at home, but that was because his brother was one of them. Here, he didn't need George to introduce him to the VIP's, and he didn't need Alan either. Hadn't Dr. Hume, the head counselor of the dorm noticed him the first day, and called him, and not the other boys, by name? Didn't he know Carol, the student body secretary? He didn't need George or Alan.

That night, after supper, Alan brought his slide projector into Howard's room and soon there was a crowd wanting to see the hula girls. Howard explained everything from the making of *poi* to the eruption of volcanoes. He knew more than George did on these subjects, too. So George had gone to all the other islands for conferences, but what did he know about planting *taro* and making *poi?* He didn't have time with all his activities in school to read Hawaiian history and to see and know his own island.

"Tell them about the *ti* leaf skirts," Howard prompted.

"And the bamboo dance," Alan added.

Before Howard finished, Will looked at his watch and said, "Hey, it's almost nine o'clock. Aren't any of you going to the Center for the Freshman get-together?"

"I almost forgot about it," Howard said. "I'll go with you. Will you guys put the slides on my desk when you get through? See you later."

As they walked down to the Center, Will said, "Are there any textile mills in Hawaii? I'm studying design and I intend to go into the textile industry. How are the chances for that in Hawaii? Are all the fabrics similar to the kind you wear?"

Howard was only vaguely familiar with fabrics, but told Will all that he knew and was even able to

remember a place where Will could write to for more information.

As they entered the hall, Howard saw Dr. Hume, whom he hadn't seen lately, come toward him. Will said that he'd go see a friend and told Howard to join him later.

"Hello, Dr. Hume," Howard said, as they met.

"Hello, Howard. Not homesick for Hawaii, are you? Not that I'd blame you, of course. I still get homesick for the Islands although I was only there for three months. There is something about the fragrance of the blossoms and the sounds of the palm trees that captures one. It's been, let's see, four years and five months since I left there, but I still can remember the gentle waves lapping the moonlit pebbles, the trade winds . . ."

Howard smiled. No, he wasn't homesick. Here was where he could be free from George's reputation. He could at last be liked for himself. Let George make a name at the U. of H., Howard would make himself known here. He was glad that George had suggested his coming to the mainland. No, he wasn't homesick.

" . . . and I remember the day we went to Haleakala to see the sunrise. What a glorious sight. Have you ever been to Maui, my boy?"

"No, sir. I haven't traveled much."

"Well, you must come to our home someday and see the slides of it, and you must go see it when you get home."

"Thank you. I'll do that."

"Well, I've got to see Mr. Cornford before
leaves, so I'd better catch him now. Talking to y
brought back many pleasant memories. Good nig
Howard."

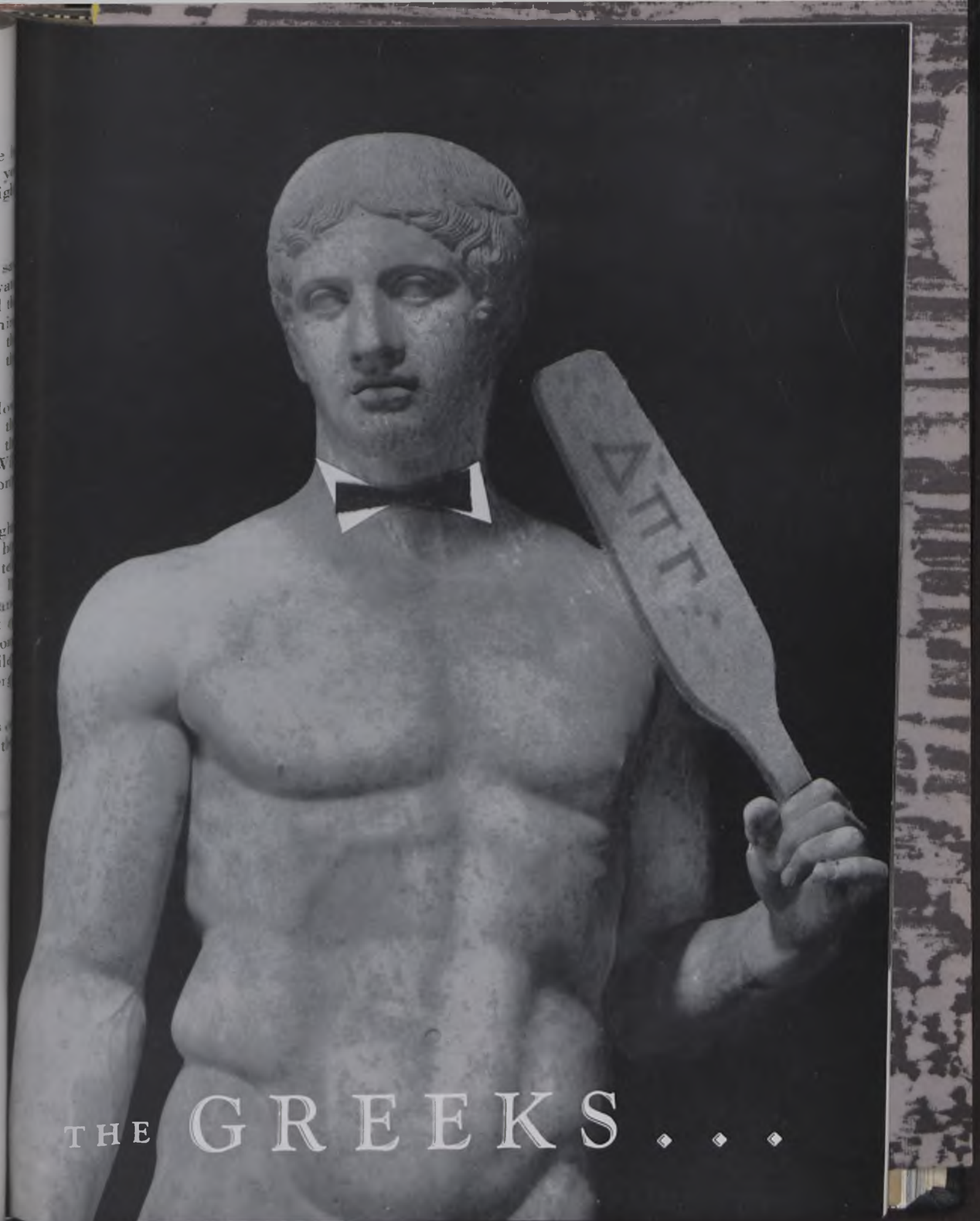
"Good night, Dr. Hume."

Howard went to join Will, and when Will s
him, he started telling the boys of the slides Howa
had. The conversation was again centered around t
Hawaiian boy, and again he described everythi
from spear fishing to the various religions in t
Territory. George didn't have time to read all t
facts about Hawaii.

On the way back to the dorm, Will asked Ho
ard about the industries supporting the people of t
Islands. Howard told him all that he knew about t
economics of the Territory. He was glad that W
was so interested in talking to him. People at hor
always preferred to talk to George.

Howard decided to write to George that nigh
It had been three weeks since he had last written, b
now there were much more important things to t
than the scenery and the places he saw. Now h
could tell of the friends he had, the people he met, a
the fact that he was the center of attention, just
George always was. Now George wasn't the only o
who was popular; Howard could be, too. He smil
at himself in the mirror. There he was, not "Geor
Nakapa's brother," but Howard Nakapa.

Out in the hall, Will was talking to his parents
the phone. " . . . and I just came back from t
Center with that boy from Hawaii . . . ."





ALPHA CHI RHO

Kneeling: l. to r. E. Fredericks, N. Abramson, G. Diamond, J. Dunham.

1st row: G. Smith, B. Crist, E. Gelman, R. Naylor, P. Klukoff, R. Askine.

2nd row: P. Frohman, R. Guignon, W. Koegel, S. Donta, R. Vanhandel, W. Coon, R. Fearns.

3rd row: R. Barkalow, R. Unger, J. Shea, P. McElroy, G. Bergh, R. Frist.

DELTA TAU DELTA



1st row: P. Deyo, W. Hrach, D. Bird, T. Shaffer, C. Myers, D. Seifers.

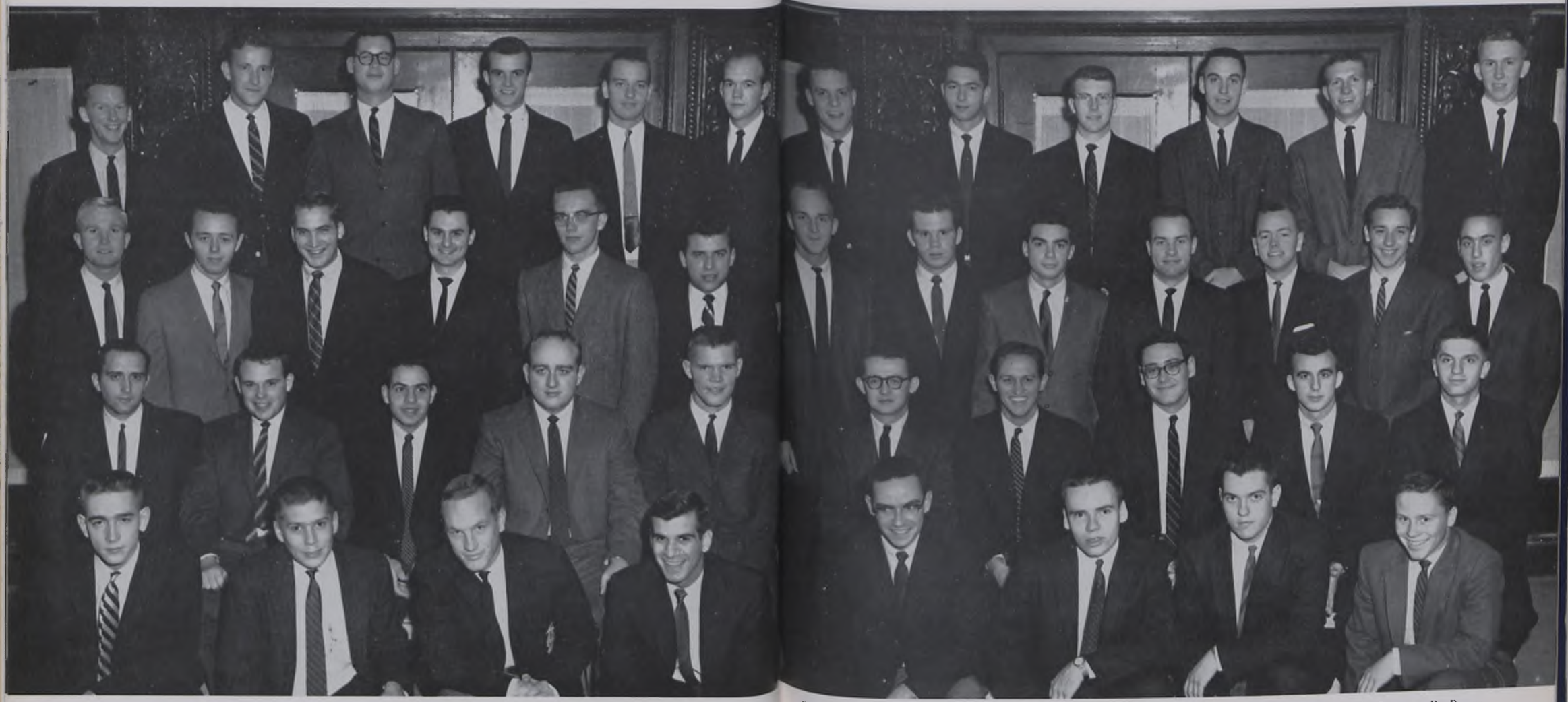
2nd row: R. Engle, J. Smith, J. Congleton, W. Viehmann, R. Neubauer, D. Trask, R. Brooks, J. Dyckes. J. Vance.



3rd row: J. Hartwell, C. Dosa, B. Bell, R. Smith, R. Harden, F. Waldinger, R. Segina, W. Riotte, D. Kennedy, W. Secoy, D. Bray.

4th row: A. Berkebile, J. Sterling, R. McCreary, T. Johnson, J. Leech, M. Matthews, R. Ellis, J. Dyckes. F. King, T. Bender, R. McKnight, R. Swanson.

PHI DELTA THETA



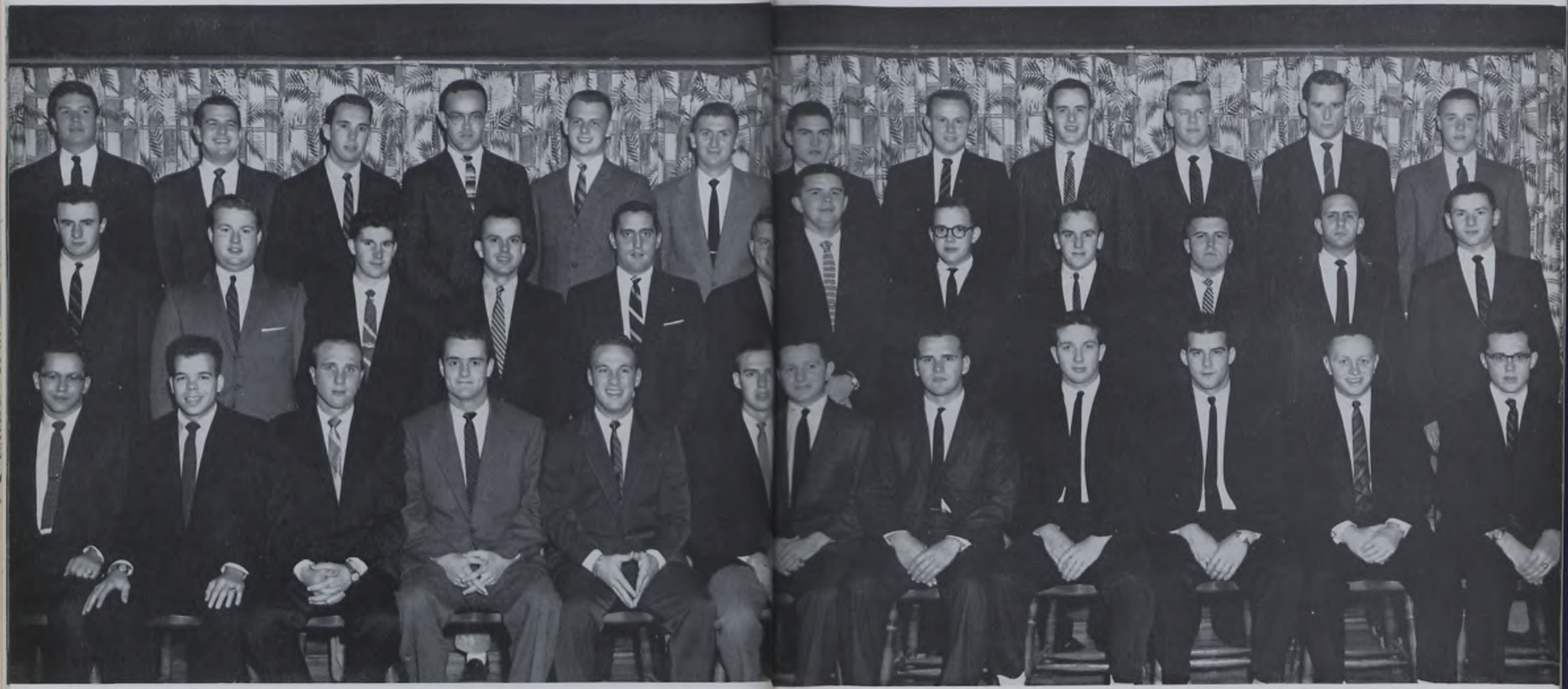
1st row: R. Crane, A. Grubbs, D. Midlam, A. Nellas, T. Patterson, R. Stubbe, T. Linn, D. McChesney.

2nd row: R. Young, J. Kepple, E. Sergi, G. Gardinier, C. Eckman, R. Sharpe, D. Koch, L. Mancuso, W. McFarland, J. Greer.

3rd row: W. Keaton, L. Grimm, T. Moore, C. Graham, W. Anderson, R. Utberg, W. Saxton, B. Byers, S. Campbell, E. Kohout, J. Jackhart, R. Anderson, E. Turich.

4th row: N. Johnson, R. Burrows, D. Wentworth, C. Stone, G. Herron, R. Katzman, S. Hewes, N. Hutchinson, W. Blair, L. Nagle, T. Smith, J. Enis.

PHI GAMMA DELTA



1st row: D. Santora, R. Cotton, C. Pannier, R. Donodeo, D. Matthews, T. Moyer, R. Williams, W. McCandless, J. Arcuri, W. Baker, G. Williams, J. Hankins.

2nd row: J. Bair, G. Thoburn, H. Swift, R. Yeager, C. Waitz, W. Bierer, G. Hagstrom, J. Linaberger, W. Glenn, R. Cebula, B. Greenwood, C. Mountsier.

3rd row: J. Honse, L. Light, W. Baker, R. Johnston, J. Newton, D. Hanaway, W. Stoughton, R. Felbinger, D. Dunn, J. Shoemaker, D. Spencer, D. Buerger.

PHI KAPPA PSI



1st row: J. Bisset, R. Woeckner, S. Gerace, J. Giddens, W. Lange, M. Santomemma, P. Ross, T. Kennedy, M. Beatty, R. Adams.

2nd row: E. Cain, F. Maldonado, D. Blauch, H. Larimer, W. Henry, S. Barker, J. Mack, T. Fleming. T. Caggiano, R. Watson, B. Jones, L. Bixler.

3rd row: H. Smith, S. Sherman, R. McPhaden, D. Hoag, D. Swan, J. Brook, E. Silverman, G. Mitchell, J. Keppel, R. Cox.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON



1st row: G. Hammill, B. Hagerty, G. Stevenson, R. Grossman, J. Barlow, W. Quimby, D. Tippett, P. Winters, B. Sumner, T. Balfour.

2nd row: A. Ingham, J. Ericsson, Louise Koelkebeck, M. Bellama, J. Dronsfield, R. Judd, D. Bagley, M. Elias, D. Jordan, J. Hazlett, L. Byers, G. Riley.

3rd row: W. McFaber, D. Wetzel, J. Mathers, C. Volkwein, P. Lindstrom, L. Persinski, J. Hartman, R. Powers, B. Nagle, R. Baum, J. Mandel, J. Ross, D. Robbins.

4th row: E. Nagle, T. Thoburn, B. Greenlee, G. Szoszorek, W. Seybert, M. Cady, R. Bortland, D. Anderson, A. Tipper, R. Witherspoon, P. Klomp, B. Rutan.



1st row: R. Harding, D. Bahn, D. Graham, J. Smith, A. Hopper, D. Vaughn.
2nd row: F. Best, L. Jewell, J. Heinlein, C. Bark, R. Marek, H. Geist.
3rd row: C. Blackburn, A. Bortz, S. Cull, W. Furnam, L. Walters, C. Seif.

THETA CHI

Editorial

The Allegheny Magazine is essentially a combination of the *Allegheny Literary Monthly*, founded in 1896, and the *Kaldron*, first printed in 1888. For the curious minded, a volume of the *Literary Monthly* in the period 1896-1897, holds the following articles:

1. Early English Life as Portrayed by Chaucer.
2. Goethe's Italian Travels.
3. Journalism and the Making of a Big Daily.

Serious students of 1896 would probably be astonished at the lack of profound academic material in this new publication, but staff members are not skeptical about the worth of *The Allegheny Magazine*. If the standard for judging this issue's worth is taste, we are not in doubt; if the standard is intelligent application of talent, the magazine holds its own; if the standard is variety, this issue comes off well. There is even a plentiful supply of names, facts and faces, and if our critics feel there are not enough statistics, then we fall (happily) below the mark.

We do not expect anyone to feel this issue nears perfection; we know it does not. But if a student has looked, he has found a story or an article that is original in concept and laid out in an attractive form. Familiar names and faces should be recognized, but the reader should also have discovered ideas and attitudes of student life which must previously have escaped his notice because there was no proper medium to communicate them to him.

We may argue the consequences of having taken this step in the realm of publications, but when we argue it may mean we are voicing our prejudices as well as that we are thinking. It is hoped the students who have read this issue have looked carefully and have made their first impression of *The Allegheny Magazine* a profitable experience.

This Spring, the second volume of *The Allegheny Magazine* will be distributed. Senior pictures and sorority groups will be included, and here are a few samples of possible feature materials:

Cultural activities at Allegheny. In the field of music, for instance, the central point may be the Sinfonietta, one of Allegheny's unique contributions to culture in the Erie-Pittsburgh area. Other fields which might be included are art, the theater, literature and clubs organized on a cultural basis. The selection of clubs will no doubt be made after some lengthy discussion.

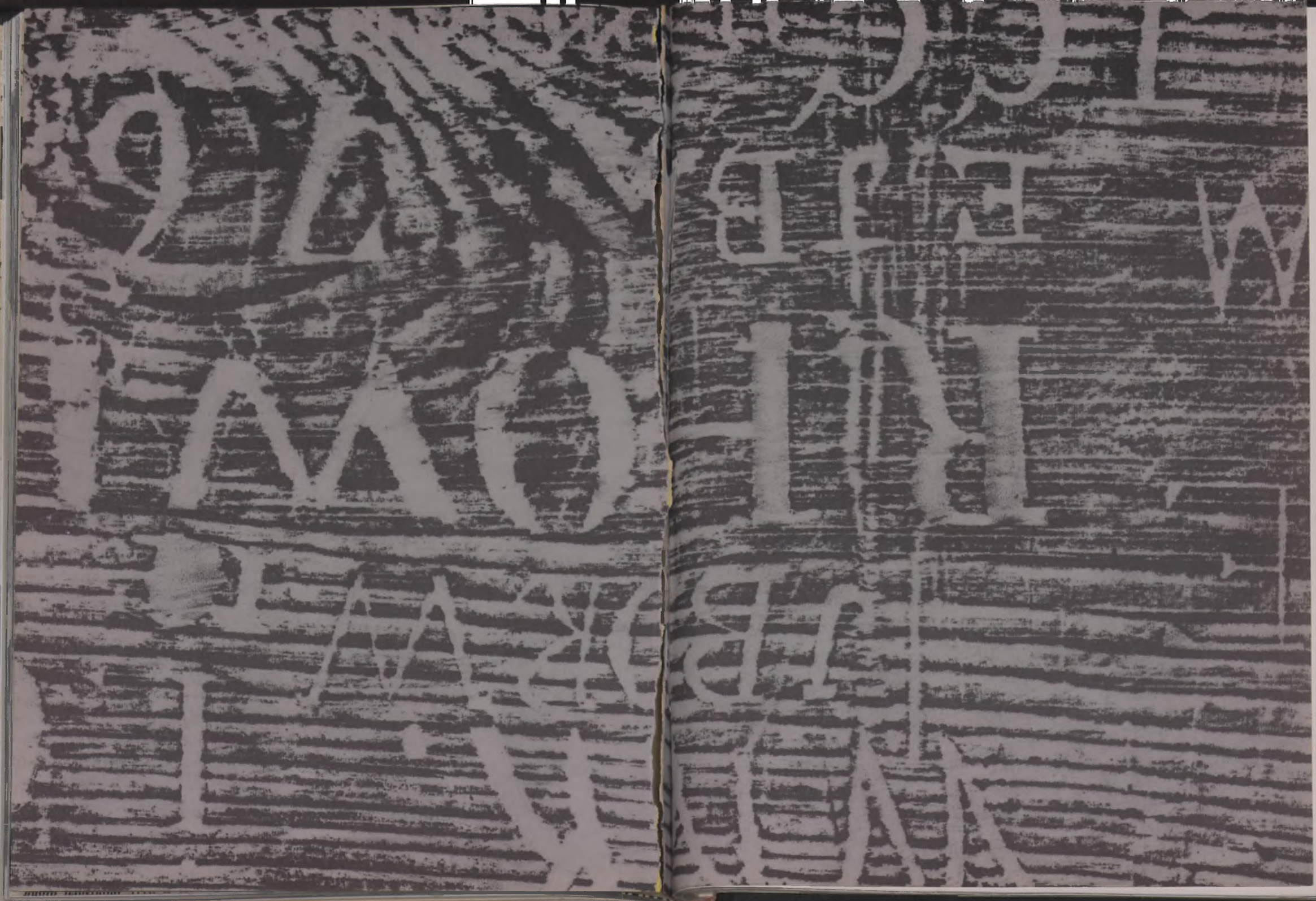
The Pre-Medical student at Allegheny. This article will probably be concerned with one or more students, their work at Allegheny and their hopes for the future. Part of this view behind the scenes might deal with the Chemistry, Biology, and Physics Departments as they affect the Pre-Medical student.

The Allegheny Pre-School Center, and the Teacher-Training Program. This article may involve an eye-witness account of an applied, modern theory of education.

These are samples of what might be in the next issue of *The Allegheny Magazine*. The variety of approaches to any single aspect of campus life renders the number of suitable subjects almost limitless; and this same variety allows the staff to give significant college experiences a just amount and quality of coverage.



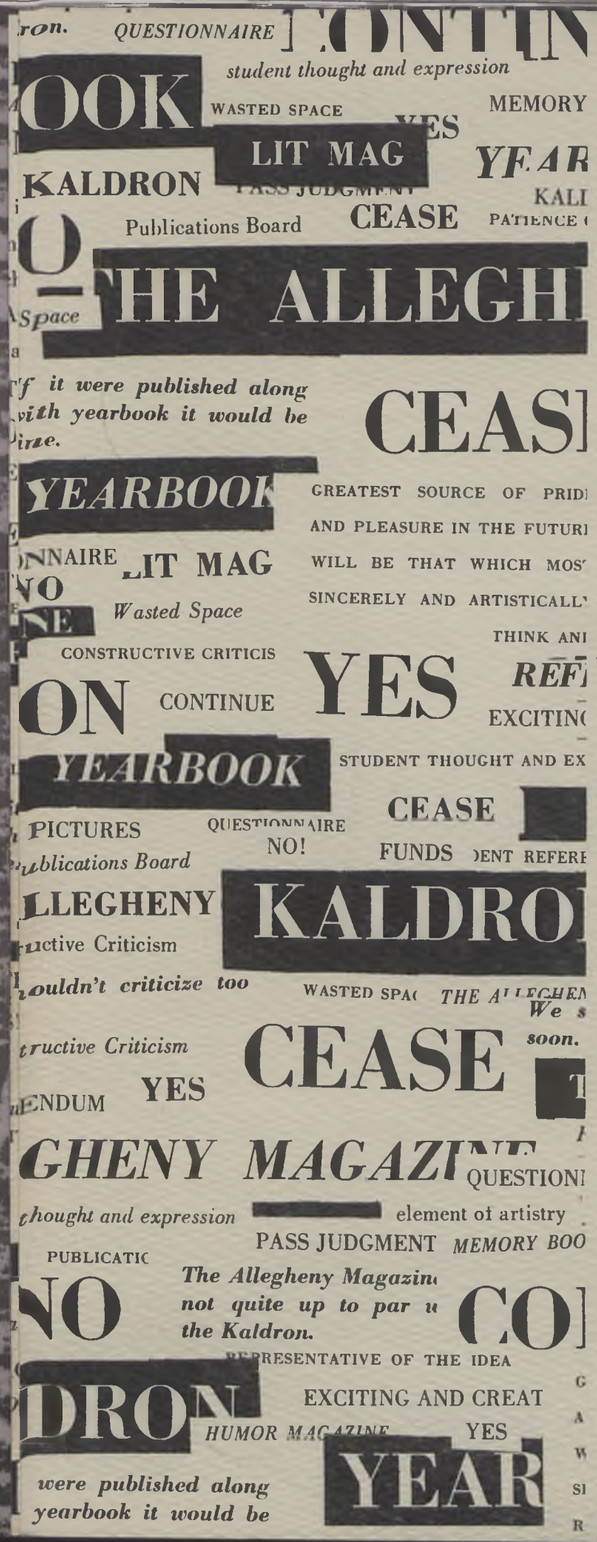
Rubbing of carved initials in Bentley bell





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The ALLEGHENY MAGAZINE Spring 1958



The

ALLEGHENY MAGAZIN

VOLUMNE I,

IN THIS ISSUE

EDITORIAL	1	James Sandford
ALLEGHENY PRE-SCHOOL CENTER	2	Dorothy Hanson
CARNIVAL	8	Ann Aronson
PRE-MED TODAY—DOCTOR TOMORROW	12	George Diamond
SUDDENLY IT'S MAY	16	Suzanne Treadwell
CHAPEAU CHOMP	18	Rita Kopanic
METAMORPHOSIS OF A SPORTS CAR DRIVER	21	Jean Morse and Rodney Grossman
INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC — HERE AND NOW	24	Herbert Neurath
SENIORS	29	Staff
SORORITIES	49	Glenn Gardinier
THE MEANING OF SORORITY	60	Mary Jo Howard
BROOKLYN STREET-FIGHT	62	Mary Jane Hillstrom
THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY	63	Margaret Sittler
POETRY	67	Suzanne Treadwell
REVELATION	68	Wilma Harmon
POETRY	71	Mary Jane Hillstrom
COMMENCEMENT	72	Alfred Kern
SPORTS	77	Staff

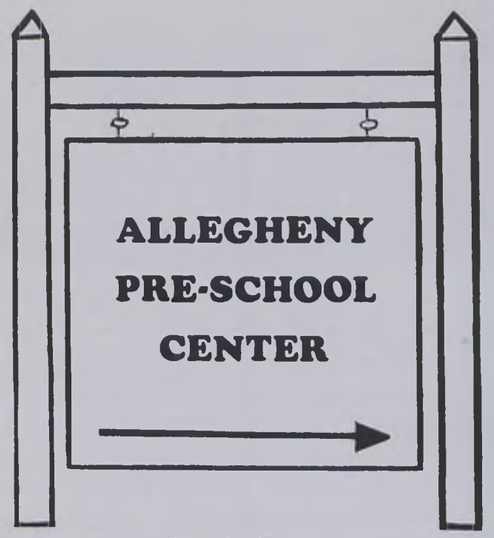
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EDITORIAL

Creative work demands that the individual give at least an aspect of his personality to his subject. Imagination is one vehicle through which personality is revealed in a creative enterprise. Where imagination is lacking, the creation is likely wanting for personal appeal. We believe there are enough good, imaginative writers and administrators on this campus to publish a magazine which will have a personal appeal for the majority of the students who will read it. But there are, and have been, many obstacles. The way to a successful, creative enterprise is not smooth.

Responsibility is a step in the right direction. A writer is held responsible for what he creates and how he interprets the complex and variegated modes of life around him. Likewise, the staff of a college magazine is responsible to the variety and significance of student life. If the staff is merely out to please, it would seem to be as uncreative and irresponsible as if it intended to do nothing but compile the brief, nostalgic sayings of graduating seniors.

The magazine staff has also the responsibility of recognizing and evaluating student criticism of its efforts. However, before February we had no criticisms to act upon because *The Allegheny Magazine* didn't exist, that is, existentially. In this issue we have done our best to meet the intelligent criticisms of the first edition. Next year, it will be up to the staff to improve upon the same constructive basis.



Dorothy Hanson

If perchance you are one of the hundreds of persons who walks along Prospect Street daily, you have probably noticed the above sign.

You will not be alone in your thoughts if on seeing this sign you wonder to yourself, "Just where is this Pre-School? What is its purpose? Why have I never heard about it before?" If you have a few minutes to spare, let us follow the arrow up the driveway toward Arter Terrace and pay a visit to the Allegheny Pre-School Center.

The driveway is usually muddy until the Summer sun bakes the clay, so watch out for puddles. Now turn to your left until you come to the third row of houses. That building on the end to your right is the Pre-School. However, before we go in, let's take a look at the playground over to the left. On a warm sunny day you will find children swinging on the monkey bars, arguing over the swing, or perhaps sitting astride the barrels like proud mountain climbers. "What's the shouting over there? Someone has fallen off the teeter totter."

"That bumped knee hurts doesn't it, Billy?"

But Billy's catastrophe is soon forgotten as he proudly guides us to the door of the Pre-School.

"Thank-you very much, Billy."

He turns and runs back to his play, the bruised knee forgotten.

Don't bother to knock. Just walk in, and there you will find Miss Higgins, petite director of the Pre-School. Visitors are more than welcome as we will soon discover. We inform Miss Higgins that we would like to observe the activities in the Pre-School and discover for ourselves just what occurs there. She invites us to sit down on long benches located along one wall of the large room and used to store the children's building blocks. Before the children come in for afternoon activities. Miss Higgins vivaciously offers to explain the purposes and values of the Pre-School program.

The prevalent attitude seems to be that the Pre-School is nothing but a "kids' school." But let's not jump to conclusions about unfamiliar matters. It is true that the Pre-School is a place where four and five-year-olds come to work, play and learn together. However, Pre-School is much more than this. One of its most important functions is to act as a laboratory situation for students of the college, just as we have biology or chemistry laboratories. In this pre-school laboratory the student discovers what makes people the way they are: in other words, what causes us to behave in the manner we do. It is here that we observe the formation of behavior patterns and the causes behind them. Furthermore, the Pre-School program acts as a mental hygiene course, subtly letting us take a look at ourselves.

How fortunate we are to have the Pre-School in which to observe and learn about the genesis and operation of attitudes and behavior patters in early years of life! Although man can and does make rational decisions concerning his adjustments to the circumstances of life, the attitudes and behavior patterns arising during the early formative years play a major role throughout his life. From the preceding statement evolves the main goal of the Pre-School program: to let the individual discover why he became the type of person he is.

The Pre-School program is a study of the growth and development of primary grade children and is a required course for primary education majors. In seminars, junior elementary education majors taking the Pre-School course make theoretical and practical evaluations of the child as he develops. After observing and working with children in actual situations for aspecified number of hours weekly, the observations and experiences of the student teachers are taken back to the seminar where theories are rehashed.

It does not take long for students to learn that there is a reason behind all behavior. Their problem is to discover the causes for behavior stemming from psychological, sociological or biological factors. To aid in doing this each student keeps a case study in which the behavior of a particular pre-school child is closely observed and analyzed. Areas examined in the case study include the family background of the child, his physical development, affectional patterns, relationship with peers, the defense mechanisms which the child employs in various situations and his conception of himself.

The case study is perhaps one of the most important phases of the Pre-School program, for in it is recorded all evidences of growth and behavior observed by the student. Even the most minute details are significant. During the course of the year the student has an opportunity to talk with the child's parents by telephone, visits to the home or parent-teacher meetings held in the Pre-





School. If possible, the student tries to record direct conversations of the children, often very revealing. Following is an authentic conversation between two five-year-old boys overheard on the playground one day and recorded by a student in her case study. Only the names have been changed.

Arthur and Larry were playing on the monkey bars.

Arthur: "I don't like girls, do you Larry?"

Larry: "Oh, sometimes I do, but mostly they are for the birds!"

They both laugh and Arthur repeats: "Yea, they are for the birds!"

The children continue playing.

These boys are learning young. However, it is more likely that they are just repeating what they have heard some older child, perhaps a sibling, or adult express. A serious interpretation of this conversation indicates that the children are begining to identify themselves to a greater extent with the male role and are trying to assert themselves as "grown-ups" and important individuals.



Handprint of 5-year-old child reproduced from his painting.

Perhaps you have seen some of the women students eating lunch with a pre-school child in Brooks Dining Hall. What they are actually doing is closely observing the child's behavior in a social situation, his reaction to adults and strangers, his taste in foods, his manner of eating and his topics of conversation. If a child is uneasy in this type of situation, it may indicate a lack of social skills and a greater need for more practice in adapting to social situations. This is a signal to the parents and teachers to provide more situations of this sort. By the end of the year, after close observation, the child's attitude and behavior patterns in the years to come can be predicted with a fair amount of accuracy.

You might think that the children would become greatly confused by the presence of so many teachers. However, once they have become oriented to the teaching situation in the Fall, it seems very natural to them to have four or five teachers around. They soon realize that they are expected to accept the authority of each of these teachers, particularly those in charge of various activities for the day. To maintain a smooth-flowing, continuous program, Miss Higgins and the students work together in planning activities and in setting up rules which the children are expected to follow. However, room is allowed for each student to use her own unique ideas and methods of presentation in her teaching.

It is in the Pre-School that elementary education majors at the primary level first have an opportunity to try out the teaching methods they have been learning. They work into the teaching situation slowly and under the careful guidance of Miss Higgins. Approximately three or four students are present in the Pre-School at the morning and afternoon sessions. They take turns teaching and directing various activities such as the conversation period, story telling, or rhythms. After many experiences of this type, each student has the opportunity to plan and teach for an entire afternoon by herself. Upon completion of the Pre-School program, the student finds that she has a greater insight into her own behavior and can form a more rational control of behavior patterns, in addition to having a greater basic understanding of people in general.

After spending a year in the Pre-School Center, elementary education majors are much better prepared to cope with situations with which they will be faced in their student teaching. However, need the Pre-School be only for education majors? Not necessarily, as the Pre-School program touches on all fields. We take courses in psychology, biology, and sociology, but why not observe the application of principles we have learned in the Pre-School Center? Would not the Pre-School be an ideal place for the pre-med student to study the physical growth of the child and to learn to work with and understand people, for the psychology major to make practical applications and behavior observations, for the sociology student to study the effects of environment and background on growth and behavior? Contrary to the beliefs of many students, children are delightful individuals to be around. It would seem that an excellent learning experience is being greatly overlooked, as very few colleges and universities are as fortunate as we in having a laboratory situation such as the Pre-School.

"Hello, Miss Higgins!" Our trend of thought is broken by the sound of a child's voice. It's our friend Billy again, ready for an afternoon of experiences with his friends. The other children start to come in, laughing and giggling. Susie has on a new dress which she is very anxious to show us. Most of these five-year-olds have enough skill by this time to remove their wraps by themselves. However, the student teachers stand by ready to assist with pins, buttons, and untied shoelaces which sometimes prove difficult for little fingers to manipulate. Each child is expected to hang his coat and hat on his own hook in the coatroom. As we curiously watch these children, we wonder who they are and where they have come from. Some are the sons and daughters of college professors, while others are children from Meadville families. As there are no kindergartens in the Meadville School System, children who have the advantage





of attending Pre-School are very fortunate and through their experiences in Pre-School are much better prepared to enter first grade. Many applications for enrollment have to be turned down as there is room for only about 25 four-year-olds in the morning and 25 five-year-olds in the afternoon. Consequently the waiting list is quite long. Although the Pre-School is under the auspices of the college, a tuition is charged to cover its upkeep.

Now that the afternoon is about to begin let us retire to the back room where we can observe the children through a one-way screen without disturbing them. Many parents visit the school to observe just as we are doing. For about 20 minutes the children sit on the rug at one end of the room and carry on a conversation. Today they are talking about the aquarium full of tadpoles which just lately has been installed on top of the bookcase. A student teacher sits on the rocking chair guiding the discussion and seeing that every child has a chance to contribute. It is in such a situation as this that the child learns to sit still for a period of time, to relate his experiences, to speak only when called upon and to listen to others speak. This is also the time for singing and planning the activities for the rest of the afternoon.

Following the conversation period the children must decide what they wish to do during the work period which comes next. Billy has decided to build a farm out of blocks and goes to collect the materials he will need. But what's this? Allen wants to build a highway and he needs blocks, too. Here the children learn to share blocks and floor space. Karen and Tom have decided to be storekeepers, and they busily start to work at the play store which has been set up in the corner of the room. Jeffrey, Ann, and Jane are going to keep house. They are trying out different roles and acting out the family relationship as they perceive it in adults. Jeffrey asserts that he is to be the father, Ann the mother, and Jane the baby. After having organized their play, father sets out to work, mother starts to work and baby puts her dolls to bed. Meanwhile Paula has decided to paint at one of the four easels. By experimenting with various brush strokes and colors, she creates an intricate design. The other children might find a puzzle to put together, an interesting book to look at, make place mats to be used for refreshments or fingerpaint. At the rear of the room is a small sink where two of the children can play in water. This is a very sensuous experience for them, and they delight in swishing the colored soap suds and pouring water from one dish to another.

In the middle of the afternoon the children clean up and put their things away, for it is time for milk and cookies. One by one they wash their hands, get their food and find a place to sit at one of the small tables. Certain children are chosen each day to pass out the place mats they have made. In a situation such as this the children learn to sit still at the table and carry on a quiet conversation with their neighbors.

After the last crumb is swallowed, it's back to the rug for a short rest or perhaps a story. On some days the children play games (Squirrel in the Tree is one of their favorites), but today a musician has come to play and sing for the children while they dance around the room or sing with him. These are very special days for the children. During the course of the year they will take several field trips and also organize an orchestra. The children take turns leading the orchestra, and are skillful in keeping time to the music and picking up cues. In the Spring the children have a party for their parents. They do most of the planning with teacher guidance, and also take care of entertainment, greeting the parents, and serving the refreshments.

How time flies! It's 3:20 and time to get wraps on and head for home after a day of sharing, experiencing and learning to work together. Pre-School has provided another day for these children to learn to adapt themselves to the culture which we adults have created. It is here that opportunity is provided for them to develop favorable and acceptable attitudes and behavior patterns. Each child here is accepted for what he is, and he always knows that he is loved.

It has also been a busy afternoon for the student teachers who have shared in the teaching and care of the school. The kitchen must be cleaned up and more paint must be mixed for tomorrow. But come, let us thank Miss Higgins for the opportunity of learning about the Pre-School Center and take our leave, for she will be busy long after the children have gone, helping the students to plan lessons, conferring with parents and re-hashing theories in seminar over a cup of hot coffee.

We pick our way back through the puddles to Prospect Street with a much greater appreciation and understanding of the Pre-School Center. Now we no longer will have to puzzle over the sign that says ALLEGHENY PRE-SCHOOL CENTER and wonder what it is, where it is, and what is done there. If you happen to be walking down Prospect Street some day with nothing in particular to do, walk up the driveway to the Pre-School Center and take a peek through the one-way screen. Look and listen carefully and what you learn will amaze you.



CARNIVAL

Ann Aronson

CARNIVAL TIME IN NURSERY RHYME . . . A LOT OF FUN, A LOT OF WORK, A GOOD TIME FOR A WORTHY CAUSE . . . MOTHER GOOSE RAISES MONEY FOR A FOREIGN STUDENT.

Through the Montgomery Gym entrance and past the gaily-colored three-dimensional posters . . . for only twenty-five cents a stamp on your hand and entrance into Mother Goose Land . . . a panorama of gaiety, color . . . confusion, noise . . . Booths line the walls, reaching up towards the steel girders . . . elaborate mechanisms, clever signs, crepe paper streamers of all colors . . . All our old friends: from Old Mother Hubbard and Humpty Dumpty to Little Jack Horner and Little Miss Muffet . . . Hats off to the S. A. E.s for their winning booth "The Goose that Laid the Golden Egg."





Too bad people don't have better aim . . . Real eggs? How messy! . . . water all over the floor . . . Who's the next victim? . . . "Try your skill!"

NIBBLE ON SIMPLE SIMON'S FRENCH FRIES . . . A SIP OF COKE . . .

WHITE PAPER CONTAINERS OF GOLDFISH . . . "NOW I NEED A FISHBOWL!" . . . BRIGHTLY COLORED BALLOONS . . . A SILHOUETTE AND SECOND PRIZE TO THE THETAS FOR "I HAVE A LITTLE SHADOW" . . . A MOTHER GOOSEGRAM FOR YOUR BEST FRIEND — OR NOT SO BEST.

Coronation Time . . . Are they going to sit THERE? . . . a penny a vote . . . who's ahead? . . . time for one more vote . . . Congratulations to "Smokey" and "BB." — King and Queen of Carnival 1958.

"NOT AGAIN!" . . . SQUEALS OF OUTRAGE — AND DELIGHT — AS VICTIMS "SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE" BEHIND WOODEN BARS . . . "I HAVE NO MORE MONEY!" . . . "PLEASE GET ME OUT OF HERE!"

Crooked Man's Casino . . . "Is it really crooked?" . . . "She" ALMOST has legs — and "she" dances too? . . . "But I've never played before!" . . . who's the piano player?





PEOPLE JUST CAN'T HIT ANYTHING ANYMORE . . . TIME FOR A HOT DOG . . . SUPPRESSED DESIRE? TRY BANGING ON A CAR! . . . WE'VE GOT TO HURRY TO MAKE THE LAST SHOW.

Grey-haired, quick-spirited, loveable Old Woman Sis Cunningham . . . her many talented children . . . dancers, comedians, musicians, singers . . . "lollipops" and applause for them all . . . "just one more song" . . . over so soon?

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE;
SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

* * *

IT'S CARNIVAL TIME AT OLD ALLEGHE;
SO HER CHILDREN SHE SENT THERE TO PUT ON A PLAY!

CLEAN-UP TIME . . . THANKS DOTS AND JERRY FOR A WONDERFUL CHAIRMANSHIP . . . ONLY A YEAR TILL CARNIVAL TIME . . . ONE TICKET LEFT.

PRE-MED TODAY - DOCTOR TOMORROW

George Diamond

Pre-meds often characterize themselves as "the most miserable people on campus." There is an element of truth to this. From the moment they walk into this school as Freshmen, the pressure is on, and it never ceases 'til that letter of acceptance arrives from a medical or dental school. Although the pressure is partially self-made, it would be erroneous to say it dosen't exist at all, for it does, and it's very real.

Of the many Freshmen who begin their academic studies on our campus, about 45 are planning a career in the healing arts. The majority of these students have medicine in mind, while a few wish to enter dentistry. Even before they arrive on campus they come under the guidance of the Faculty Pre-Medical Advisory Committee.

Because of the stiff requirements of medical schools plus the fact that they are only able to accept one out of three applicants, the pressure on the student is very great. Each little quiz and test assumes gigantic proportions in the mind of the pre-med. While his instructors and the Committee emphasize knowledge over grades, the fact that medical schools first look at his success in Science tends to prejudice the thinking of the serious pre-med. The Committee also tries to play down the



L. to R.: L. Pyle, E. Curtis, P. Benjamin, W. Michener. Absent: P. Knights



competitive aspect on the theory that a concerted effort by the class will net better and more successful results than individual rivalry and competition. In this phase the Pre-Med Committee has been successful, and pre-meds have found it to their advantage to help each other. However, there are misgivings in many minds. The fears of these students, particularly the most successful (who often express these fears), are for the most part unfounded, since there is always room at the top for good students.

The ranks of Freshman pre-meds grow considerably thinner as the four years progress, however the most trouble comes the first year when many have difficulty learning how to study and keep up with their work. Another factor centers around students who, encouraged by parents and romantic visions, are unable and unwilling to put in the nine years of sustained effort it requires to produce a physician. For these reasons the offices of Committee members are always open for help and guidance. If after two years little or no headway has been made with a student concerning his work in the pre-med program, he is sent a letter advising him to take a major other than pre-med, since it might be useful to "fall back on" if he is not admitted to medical or dental school. This warning has often caused pre-meds to settle down and produce excellent work their Junior year.

For all the talk of pressure, tension and worry, the fact remains that the majority of pre-meds are not individuals who lock themselves in cells and study all the time. When a pre-med enters this school he might have a variety of reasons why he wants to become a physician, and each pre-med usually has some ideas peculiar to himself alone;



but almost all pre-meds have one idea in common, they will be working with people for the rest of their lives. In the laboratory students learn the techniques of science. They receive a taste of what they will be working with full time once they enter medical or dental school. Often what they study in undergraduate school is a preliminary. In the case of biology, for example, undergraduates learn to dissect a foetal pig, and then a cat, and once in medical school a human cadaver. Exclusive training in this manner might turn out an individual who could perform a perfect dissection but also one who might look upon society with the same feeling as he had for foetal pig. A study of the Humanities gives a student a clue to human condition; but the only way to get to know people is to work with them, and pre-meds do this in a variety of ways. They are in almost every student activity, including intramural and intercollegiate sports programs, the counseling program, student government and numerous other campus programs and organizations. By helping a Freshman solve his problems, for instance, or working and cooperating with others on a team, the pre-med can't help getting an understanding and a feeling for the individuals around him. Of course a certain amount of impersonality is required by a physician if he is to keep his sanity in the face of sickness, pain and death, but it is unfortunate when impersonality turns to hard-heartedness. In picturing the "Medic" or "Dr. Christian," we often forget that there are many times during the career of a physican when he will make a decision concerning the outcome of an individual's health and life. The heaviness of this responsibility cannot be measured, but it would certainly be discouraging if the physician considered his patients just so much bone and gristle and no more. This is not to say that the man who plays interfraternity basketball will develop into the world's greatest humanitarian, but participation in a variety of activities, coupled with the select program of Sciences and Humanities, and joined with the Committee's policy of constantly making the student aware of the requirements and responsibilities of the profession will help him mature and become sensitive to individuals around him, help him understand them better and empathize with them.

Perhaps the most trying time for both the student and the Committee is the year of application: the Senior year. It is the time when the Committee sees whether its planning, guidance and encouragement has been successful. It is a time when the student appraises his three previous years at college and learns whether he has lived up to his end of the bargain. The tension gets worse as the Senior year drags on. For a graphic picture of what happens, one has only to stand in any dorm or fraternity, near the mail box, right after the mail has been delivered. The pre-meds in the group are easy to distinguish, their faces are ashen and their hands are trembling. A letter beginning, "We are happy to . . ." will bring sheer elation, but occasionally it reads, "We regret to . . . ." However if he has done a fine academic job here at Allegheny, the latter greeting need not be worried about.

To facilitate the sending of recommendations, the Committee has developed something unique. It is a brochure into which Committee recommendations, personal recommendations and a discussion of the student's campus activities, are placed. Each one of these must be typed separately. There are 675 this year. This brochure is one of the things on which an applicant will be judged. Others are his academic transcripts, the score he receives in his medical aptitude test and his personal interview. From reports received from many medical schools, this brochure has proven helpful both to the student and to the committee on admissions.

Something should be said of the success the Committee has had in helping men gain admittance to medical school. The number has been high and this is due to a great extent, to the fine quality of Allegheny education. Some men are passed over, but this is usually due to below average work. It has been reported that in the past five years no man with an 80 average as a minimum has been denied admission, and many with averages under 80 also have been admitted. A great deal of the credit goes to the Pre-Med Committee whose members consider each pre-medical or pre-dental student a personal responsibility, and who constantly work to guide the student properly during his four years here at Allegheny, making the life of a pre-med less miserable and infinitely more worthwhile.

First Row, (l. to r.): T. Jones, K. Popowniak, R. Utberg. Second Row: E. Fredericks, R. Crane, J. Whaley, J. Zaccari, J. Bisset, F. Baker



Suddenly It's May

Suzanne Treadwell

Spring comes reluctantly to Allegheny, but when it comes, it bursts as only Spring can upon a campus which has eagerly awaited its arrival through months of snow and slush, cold hands, cold feet and red noses. You may glimpse an occasional harbinger — a crocus or a robin — as early as March, but you can be sure that Spring has happened, decisively, when it's May Day at Allegheny.

The keynote is Beauty. It shows up in the Beauty of nature, the sheer physical loveliness of this campus; the Beauty of the May Court, American womanhood in its full-blown glory; the Beauty of the floats, all the May Day trappings which exhibit the imagination and ingenuity of Allegheny students.

The ministry of May Day is shared jointly by the Women's Athletic Association and the Allegheny Undergraduate Council. But there's no doubt about the fact that Beauty reigns — and Spring is her consort. Her subjects are Alleghenians, a thousand strong. Eyes are brighter, voices are clearer, hearts are gayer. May Day has come to Allegheny, another Winter is gone forever and the question rings out over this old hill — "Anyone for the lake?" Suddenly, oh so suddenly, it's May!



Beauty is more than skin deep. Allegheny women traditionally have been chosen by their fellow students to comprise a May Court which embodies not simply physical conformation to American standards of beauty (and it does that), but also an intellectual awareness that "beauty is as beauty does." This year the May Court is no exception. The nine women, selected by secret ballot, are led by May Queen Martha Hart. Each of them is typical of the well-integrated Allegheny student, with personality qualities which have won her the respect of her peers. The ALLEGHENY MAGAZINE salutes Martha Hart and her court for 1958: Sally Ann Reynolds, Marilyn Finch, Marylou Harriff, Carol Miller, Marjorie Long, Sue Wolf, Donna Sharp and Joan Bryant.

Beauty under wraps . . . blooms for May Day.







CHAPEAU CHOMP

Rita Kopanic

Class spirit is a concept often discussed among college students. Its main implication to many students is identification with a group. The identification takes the form of performance in some typical events: attending class functions and occasionally working on class projects. However, there are other facets of class spirit, facets illustrated by the Freshman Banquet of the Class of 1961. Here was evidenced an enthusiasm for class affairs, a willing cooperation in class projects, an ingenuity in solving class problems.

At the Chapeau Chomp, class ingenuity showed itself best in the planning and publicity of the banquet. In Freshman Cabinet the hat theme was suggested by Joan Powell and phrased by Beezie Hutchinson. Five freshmen, Paul Reslink, Barbara Humphries, Jacquelin E. Kintzler, Joan Reiber and Judy Duble, then made clever posters to publicize the "Chomp".

Beezie Hutchinson, general chairman of the banquet, pointed out the wide class cooperation in work on the banquet when she said, "Everywhere I went to ask for help, I got it." Beezie got help from a large number of freshman girls in making decorations. Lane Bolton and 14 girls from Sec-





tion Two made green chapeaux with yellow feathers as favors.

Fred Braymer, entertainment chairman, found that the freshman entertainers were enthusiastic both in practice and performance at Brooks before the audience. Al Ansell as master of ceremonies, Rhoda Farr as soloist, Joan Powell, Gretchen Lingg, Janet Parkin, Judy McCleery, Betsy Diffendafer and Beezie Hutchinson as dancers and Lorraine Sibbet as pantomimist showed an eager interest in pleasing the audience and in turning in a good performance.

To some it was just another class banquet. To anyone who looked closely it was proof that the freshmen have that intangible, nebulous *quelque chose* which all of us seek — class spirit.



Metamorphosis of a Sports Car Driver

Jean Morse and Rodney Grossman

The American public has recently become aware of a novel and previously unheard of mode of transportation. This takes the form of a tiny, strange looking automobile commonly referred to as "Gee, Dad, look at that funny looking foreign car." "Son, that's a sports car."

In order to be a sports car driver, a true sports car *afficianado,* one must pass through certain prescribed phases. To some, one becomes accustomed, but to others one must painfully adjust.

The individual is struck by the latest fad in cars when his neighbor drives home with a shiny new model from a lower priced bracket known as the Bluper Mark III. Because he owns a standard, nondescript, unimaginative, medium priced, last year's model American car, his curiosity and interest are immediately taken by this novelty. Therefore, when his neighbor invites him for a ride, he literally jumps for joy. The car owner impresses him with the quick starting, easy parking and speed. The final touch is when the neighbor gives our hero a chance to drive it himself. This firmly plants the seed of desire in the head of the innocent



one. He now has gone beyond the point of no return. The burning desire to be in on the fun of having a sports car gives him no rest. Before he comes to his senses he rushes to the car dealer and invests his savings in a Zorch.

The next big step in the life of our sports car owner is adapting himself to the car. The first complication occurs with the realization that one doesn't get in and out of a sports car in a natural fashion. The first step is to remove one's shoes and any other hampering article of apparel because of the crevice that one must slide into. Upon opening the door one sees immediately the necessity for stooping as low as nature permits. Next the driver must make a decision about which part of his anatomy he should insert first. After attempting to enter feet first he picks himself off the ground a little bruised and battered. From this he assumes that the rear portion enters first. He sits on the seat, pulls his knees under his chin, pivots toward the passenger seat and then extends his feet forward into the tangle of pedals.

Now at last he is ready to drive. Here again he meets with difficulties. Heading the list is that of "quick steering" brought on by the small steering ratio. Usually this results in narrowly missed telephone poles, parking meters and pedestrians. Another difficulty is the fact that there is no place for his feet. He can either rest both feet on the clutch pedal or put one foot in the heater and the other over the steering wheel. The loud noises issuing from the general area of the motor are most disconcerting and usually frighten children rather badly. These are caused by technicalities that are absolutely beyond the layman's comprehension.

Upon driving onto the highways our friend in the little car is immediately shunned by all larger cars. He is laughed at and ridiculed by children, and gas station attendants refuse to wash the windshield for a two and a half quart purchase of gasoline. He immediately becomes acquainted with the sports car "code of the road". This is the procedure of waving and tooting at fellow sports car drivers. However, much to our hero's dismay he finds that the higher priced cars never think of acknowledging a cheaper car and all he can do is toot at cars of his price range. He must ignore and be ignored in his turn.

Having become acquainted with other sports car drivers, our subject decides to attend a sports car meeting. Here he meets the ultra, ultra, nonchalant country club set, members of which speak in RPM's and obscure little foreign words (Stangulini, Gordini, Alpha Romeo, scuderia, etc.). But, our proud Zorch owner is shunned by all. He has only 5,000 miles on his car, he hasn't raced yet or been to any of the rallies, and most of all his manner of dress is not expensive or casual enough. An all-encompassing thought grows over him of the path that clearly lies ahead. He rushes immediately to the nearest branch of Brooks Brothers and mortgages the house to finance a "decent wardrobe". He then subscribes to a minimum of 23 sports car magazines to keep informed of the latest developments. He assumes a "to hell with it all" attitude and picks up catchy little phrases like "tough day at the glen", and "it's all quite pedestrian".

Now at last he's ready for his second sports car meeting. Upon arrival he skids into the parking area in a four wheel drift, slithers out of the car, heads toward the nearest martini while tossing a flip comment, and by the time he removes his left pigskin driving glove he is surrounded by an awestruck group of fellow enthusiasts. The owner of the Zorch has finally made the grade.



INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC HERE AND NOW

Herbert Neurath

Go back to a sunny October day of the year 1947. The time: about 4 p.m., the place: the old girls' gym in Brooks Hall, nowadays called "Alumni Lounge".

On that day, seven students sat around a newly arrived music instructor. Six of them played on their instruments; a pianist, a flutist, a clarinetist, a violinist, a 'cellist and a bass player. The seventh, a girl trombone player, was keenly interested in joining her colleagues but couldn't do so, for lack of an instrument. She was closely watching the proceedings, and they certainly were worth watching. Staying together, observing the conductor's beat and playing the notes on the printed page were problems hitherto not encountered by most of these youngsters. Now and then a curious face appeared at one of the doors leading into the gym, only to beat a hasty retreat.
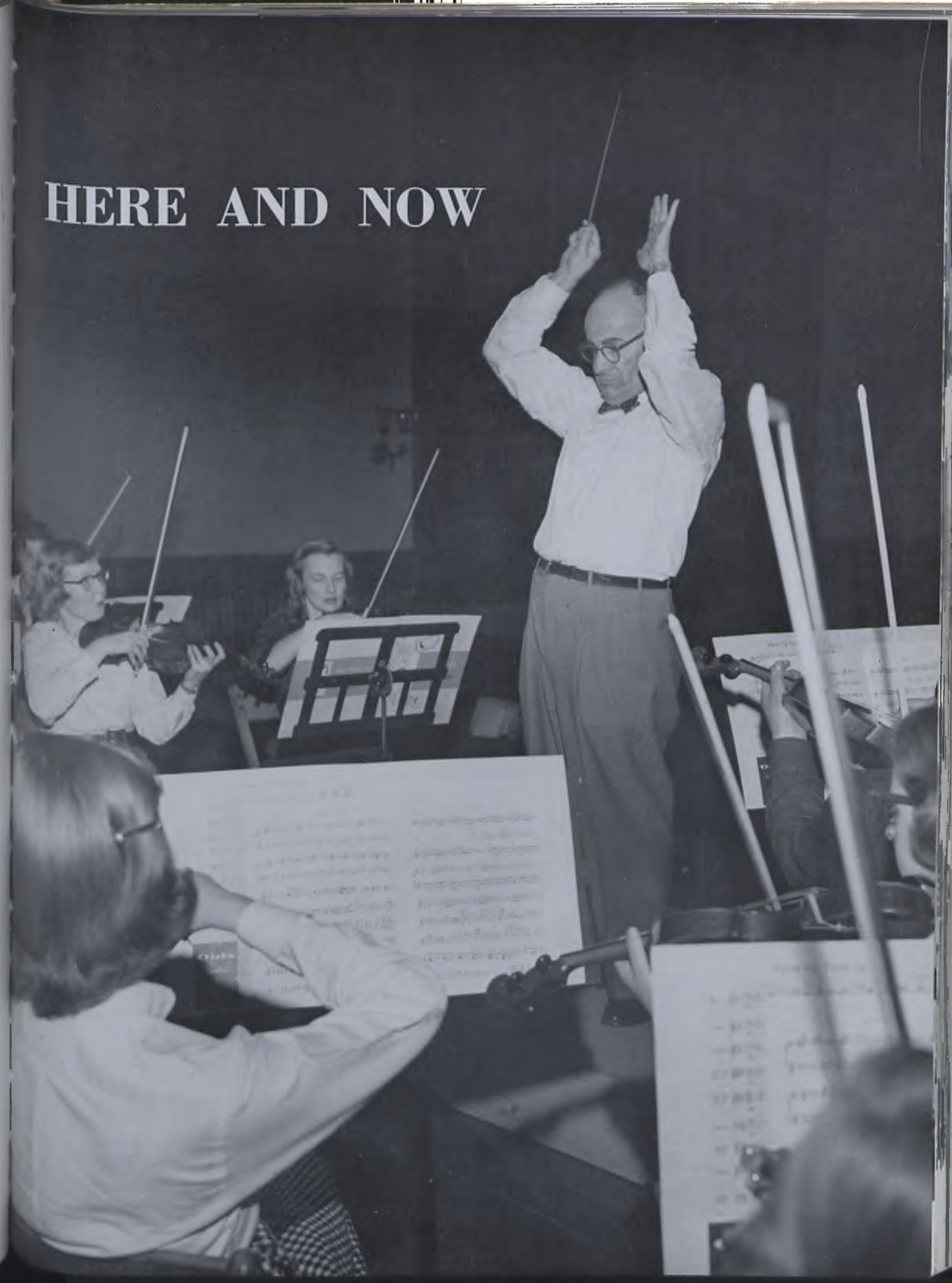
These were inconspicious beginnings — the birth pangs of an orchestra at Allegheny College. A few weeks prior to this scene, several far-sighted members of the administration had come to the conclusion that an orchestra would be desirable for the school. The man selected to organize and conduct such a group had solemnly been informed of the hard road ahead and the difficulties he was likely to encounter. He decided to accept the challenge.

One year went by without any public appearance of the new organization. But while the orchestra avoided the limelight, it kept functioning and growing. It was a time of selection and experimentation, of trying to arrive at stability and permanence. One of the most important problems was to find suitable material for performance. It had to be good music, music that offered both stimulation and challenge to the players, music not encountered every day on radio and concert programs. This carefully selected material, furthermore, had to be adapted to and arranged for a group that sometimes lacked a performer on an oboe, a bassoon, or an English horn. Many hours had to be devoted to copying music, and the use of countless reams of music paper became necessary. Also, the fact that many students belonged to various other campus organizations to which they owed an allegiance made adherence to a definite rehearsal schedule none too easy.

The debut of the new college orchestra, called the Allegheny Sinfonietta, took place on December 9, 1948. It was an instantaneous success. In a letter to the "Campus" Editor, a student writer noted the "exciting, varied program, as interesting as could be heard . . . The student orchestra plays with a sense of precision and balance that other orchestras in this vicinity don't have."

This was the beginning of the Allegheny Sinfonietta. Ever since its inception, the college orchestra has been active and performing — by itself, together with other musical organizations, on the campus, in and out of town. And since 1955, local musicians, eager to utilize their musical talents, have been playing together with the students. Thus, the Sinfonietta has become one of the instances of close cooperation between "Town and Gown".

What makes a musical organization click? And what, specifically, are some of the problems inherent in a group dedicated to instrumental music? The answer to the first question is obvious and relatively simple. The desire to participate in the performance of music, a feeling of pursuing together with like-minded people, a worthwhile activity, guided by a competent and enthusiastic director, the satisfaction of doing a job well and joy-





fully — all these, and many intangibles, too, contribute to the successful functioning of such a group. It would seem that all these factors, applicable as they are to many choral organizations, could, with appropriate modifications, be considered valid to the practice of instrumental music. However, some specific problems enter the picture here. Often the available musical instruments are of poor quality or completely inadequate. Furthermore, many people consider it "harder" to play than to sing. It may be true that performing successfully on an instrument requires both a greater physical effort and more training than singing in a chorus. Often students shy away from the former, and profess not to have had the latter. They fail to see that proficiency in any field can be obtained only by doing work in that particular area. Often they have had discouraging experiences in orchestral music. Also, they do not realize sufficiently that their four years at college might be their last chance to utilize their previous instrumental training, no matter how ephemeral it might have been.

Once all these mental barriers have been removed, however, these students become loyal and faithful musicians who often rise to the most challenging situations. It must not be forgotten that only very few of them find the time for regular systematic practice. The enthusiasm with which these, often inexperienced, student-musicians attack such highly intricate works as a symphony by Haydn or Mozart, or some contemporary work by Copland or Bartok, is admirable — the more so, since their only reward consists of the satisfaction of a concert well performed and the pride of achievement that goes with it.

Allegheny College is the only school in Western Pennsylvania that can boast of a well-disciplined and smoothly functioning student orchestra. While choral groups and bands may be found thriving in most institutions of higher learning, college orchestras have had a hard time trying to hold their own. One of the underlying causes of this regrettable state of affairs is the appalling shortage of string players all over the nation. Many American orchestras suffer from the lack of qualified violinists, violists, 'cellists and bass players. Smaller groups have difficulty keeping in existence, and many of them have ceased operation, due to their inability to acquire and retain a number of string players sufficient to maintain instrumental balance.

I often wonder whether this college community realizes the increased cultural prestige which is due to the activities and the unique make-up of its orchestra. One would assume that the school would point with pride to such a group of high caliber. One also would expect the orchestra to draw capacity crowds to its concerts, and to see its public appearances widely advertised, to parents, friends and prospective students, as unique features distinguishing Allegheny College from other schools of similar size and scope of offerings.

Perhaps we are too modest to show all our assets. Perhaps the programs of the Sinfonietta are considered by many to be too "arty", too "high-brow" or "long-haired". At any rate, campus response to the existence and work of the Sinfonietta is far from uniform. There are a few Neanderthalers who consider playing in an orchestra "kid's stuff" and instrumentalists, specifically string players, "sissies". There is a numerically larger group of people on the campus who are conspicuously absent from Sinfonietta concerts (and let it be understood that this group is by no means restricted to students). And there is a devoted and loyal group of followers, ever growing in numbers, both on the campus and in town, enjoying and endorsing the efforts of the orchestra to bring good instrumental music to this area and to raise, thereby, its general cultural level.

Much has been achieved, music-wise, in these past years. Yet more remains to be done. We need more and diversified musical presentations, such as regular performances of opera, oratorio, cantata, solo appearances of talented students with the orchestra. All this, and more, can be accomplished if the will and the vision on the Allegheny campus are strong and articulate enough to bring these plans to fruition.

"Chamber music is a bountiful source of pleasure to those who know the field. It is at once one of the most enjoyable and the most dignified of literatures. The musical amateur often makes it his hobby and considers it the mainspring of his musical existence. The experienced layman finds himself richly rewarded for his intelligent listening. The professional musician turns to it for relaxation and for a kind of pleasure that no other field offers."

Thus Homer Ulrich, renowned American author on musical subjects, characterizes a field which, in recent years, has become meaningful to an ever increasing number of people on our campus. During the past few years, members of the music faculty, together with advanced students and some guest artists, have been presenting a series of chamber music concerts. One of the most vivid



recollections of this writer goes back to the year 1952 when a group of three co-eds presented an expert and highly successful performance of Haydn's "London Trio" No. 1. In other instances, student musicians proved to be capable performers on the violin, flute, 'cello and double bass in chamber music concerts.

In recent months, the cause of music for small ensembles has found a vigorous champion in that unique clearing-house for all sorts of student activities—the College Union. By instituting "Chamber Music Workshops" sessions every other Thursday afternoon, the Union has succeeded in attracting the interest of a large segment of the college population to this area in music, hitherto considered the exclusive property of the initiated. Many students have lost their fear of the more imagined than real difficulties, in listening to a Beethoven trio or a Prokofieff sonata. A collection of chamber music records assembled by the College Union with great care and discrimination, has helped to dispel any doubt as to the growing interest among students in this field of musical intimacy. All these efforts come to an impressive climax in a Chamber Music Festival, sponsored by the College Union and presented in early May.

What was started ten years ago as a rather inconspicious sideline in unexplored regions of music has taken its place as a full-fledged partner of other activities. Instrumental music — the type of music comprising the major part of the standard repertory, the kind of music predominantly thought of and presented in our music classes — is being performed on this campus, by members of the college community themselves. It has found a large number of adherents and followers, not only eager to explore its riches by passive listening but also anxious to "do it themselves" — to play together with congenial partners, at the school and at home.

This is as it should be. Variety of cultural and intellectual opportunities is a hallmark of an alert and forward-moving college campus. A large number of students has always found in singing a satisfying outlet of its musical needs. Today, an equally impressive number turns to instrumental playing. For, as John Redfield succinctly puts it, in "Music — A Science and An Art": "With these artificial voices we sing in a manner such as natural voices never permit."



SENIORS



DONALD ANDERSON
English



VIOLA ANDERSON
Speech and Drama



WALTER ANDERSON
History and Political Science



GORDON ANDREWS
History



ANN ARONSON
English



CAROL BARKER
History and Political Science



CHARLES BARTON
Economics



ROBERT BAUM
Economics and Political Science



JUDITH BEAL
Psychology



BARBARA BELL
Elementary Education



MARY BRAGLIO BENSON
Speech



WILLIAM BERKSTRESSER
Economics



MARJORIE LONG
Elementary Education
SECRETARY



JAMES ROSS
Geology
PRESIDENT



MARTHA HART
Sociology
VICE PRESIDENT



EDWARD SERGI
Economics
TREASURER



GRADUATING CLASS OF 1958



THOMAS BIGGAM
Economics



AUDREY BISHOP
English



JAMES BISSET
Chemistry



HAROLD BLOOM
Economics



SHELBY BRUNDAGE
History



LYLE BYERS
Biology



BARBARA CARNAHAN
Political Science



GALE CHENEY
Sociology

For years, countless numbers of students have tried to answer the question: What is there about Singers that makes enthusiastic slaves of its members? Each Singer has his own reply and his own reason for it. Mine is simply this—Singers has been a highlight of my educational experience here at Allegheny.

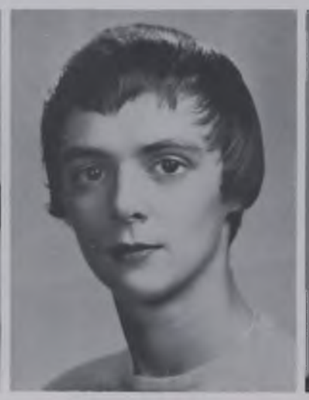
Please be patient with a Singer, while he grows nostalgic over the incidents of the latest tour, while he tries to recreate Luvy's inimitable, point-making imagery, while he tries to tell you how perfect was last Thursday night's rehearsal; be patient when he and his friends turn off the jukebox in the Grille, to sing sacred songs over coke and coffee. He's only trying in his fumbling way to express part of his own wonderful experience.

What is Singers? Well, it's a group of people who work together because they have a certain common ability of which they are proud and with which they want to create something worthwhile. Then, the raw, enthusiastic resources are channeled through the leader best qualified to give them guidance — a man who insists that his task is most completely done when he becomes unnecessary to that creative process. Singers is the desire to do well *every* time, for the simple pleasure of doing something perfectly. It is the submission of the solo personality to an organic whole, yet with the knowledge that each individual has his own irreplaceable quality. Singers is a boy moved in one moment of "Beautiful Saviour" to realize that Something is greater than he. It is the amazing shock of knowing that you have just done something better than you know how to.

No one takes role at Singers. There are no tests, no grades, no compulsion except the obligation felt by each member to be the very best one-sixtieth of the group that he possibly can. May he who would know the meaning of education look to the Oratory at 7:00 on a Thursday evening. There he will find the most capable people to accomplish the task before them, and the man who can best help them to explore themselves and their abilities to produce a new creation which has importance for themselves and for others. In that room he is gripped by a self-imposed discipline from which there is no release. There in that place he will find an inspiration that makes study more meaningful. There, I found what for me is the heart of Allegheny. There, is a striving for the essence of Excellence.



MIRIAM BOARTS
Elementary Education



ANNE BRAMAN
English



ROBERT BROOKS
Political Science



ANN BROWN
History



CHERI CONNOLEY
Elementary Education



RICHARD COTTON
Economics



RAYMOND COX
Mathematics and Chemistry



LYNNE CRANDALL
American Studies



RICHARD CRANE
Pre-Med.



WILLIAM CROFUT
English



MARILYN CUNNINGHAM
Speech and Drama



ANN DAVIDSON
Psychology



GRADUATING CLASS OF 1958



ARTHUR DAVIS
Economics



ROBERT DeWALT
Sociology



GEORGE DIAMOND
English



PHILIP DINKA
Political Science



MARGARET DONCASTER
Biology



RUTH DONNER
Elementary Education



ROGER DONODEO
History



CSABA DOSA
Political Science and German



BARBARA DUVAL
Sociology



JAN DYCKES
Geology



JOEL DYCKES
Economics



CLIFFORD ECKMAN
Pre-Med.



EVELYN FARLEY
Art



MARILYN FINCH
Elementary Education



ANTONY FIORENTINO
History



ROSEMARIE FOGLIA
Psychology



EDWARD FREDERICKS
Pre-Med.



ANNA MAY FROCK
English



GLENN GARDINIER
English



SAMUEL GERACE
Pre-Med.



JACKSON GIDDENS
International Studies



HERBERT GILBERT
Economics



SUSAN GLENN
Elementary Education



CURTIS GRAHAM
Pre-Med.



MARLU GRENING
Elementary Education



RONALD GUIGNON
Chemistry



NANCY HAMBERGER
German



DOROTHY HANSON
Elementary Education



MARYLOU HARRIFF
English



JOHN HARTWELL
English



CHARLES HAWKINS
Political Science



HOWARD HAZLETT
History



RALPH HEINAUER
Biology



MARGARET HENDRICKS
Speech and Drama



MILDRED HENRY
English



DOROTHY HOELZLE
Elementary Education



EMILY HOLRAN
Elementary Education



JANET HOUGHTON
Elementary Education



MARIE HOWARD
French



MARY JO HOWARD
Elementary Education

Think very hard of the most gripping, the most rewarding, or the most precious experience of your life: some discovery that means a great deal in its scope and influence in your life, someone you met, a new interest in something you never dreamed of, or perhaps the total learning experience itself. Directly or indirectly, did this experience have some connection with the years spent in college? Perhaps not, but it is more than just probable that there is a connecting link to be found between the benefits a college offers and the benefits received in life.

The time spent in school can be considered a connecting link in that it fuses the past and the present with all that it has to give. Because of the short and very concentrated effort that is made during that period, college is a unique experience. Never are people, under ordinary circumstances, required to live and work so closely, each for a unified purpose and each for his own ideals. Absorption and adjustment to these changes require serious effort on the part of the individual to maintain his stability.

On the other hand, the college experience should not be considered unique; it is merely another phase of living. Each step in life is built upon the foundation of the previous one, and for those of us here, four years of concentrated study, parties, problems, basketball games and new responsibilities follow what we learned before. Yes, it is a big jump, and there is another jump at graduation. What would there be in a life consisting of a slow walk; the runs, jumps, leaps and falls are what make everything worthwhile.

I would consider Allegheny in two categories: a natural progression and a very unique experience. In a sense, what is natural is unique and the two cannot be separated into a black and white existence. Through a steady stream of classes, outside lectures, and extra-curricular activities, new interests are developed and can be given a chance to grow. The only way it is possible to judge a change over a period of time is to look back over one's surroundings: parents, high school, friends, professors, and attitudes in general. Consciously or unconsciously, there is a change in an individual during the years in college. Each of the four years teaches something new: living in harmony; the knowledge that all of life is not in a weekend; the desire to learn, not only from books, but from people; and the recognition that "one's education should not end with the diploma, but with the tombstone."



DARRELL KENNEDY
Psychology



PETER KLOMP
Sociology



NANCY KNAPP
Elementary Education



FRANK KURCZEWSKI
Biology



DeLANCEY JOHNSON
Elementary Education



THOMAS JONES
Pre-Med.



DONALD JORDAN
History



JOHN KANNE
Political Science



WOODIE LANGE
Economics



ROSEMARIE LANGFORD
English



JOAN LAUCH
Biology



MARGARET LAYNG
English



MONTE LEVITT
Chemistry



LAMAR LIGHT
Economics



PAULETTE OSBORNE LYNCH
Elementary Education



RUTH MALTE
English



SANDRA McLAUGHLIN
Drama



DALE MIDLAM
Mathematics



CAROL MILLER
Elementary Education



IRENE MILLIRON
English



JACK MANDEL
History



JOHN MARCHI
Geology



MARTHA MARINO
Elementary Education



MARCIA MARTEN
Elementary Education



PATRICIA MORNEL
Elementary Education



TERRY MOYER
History



JAMES MRAZ
Pre-Med.



ALEN MURRAY
Pre-Med.



CAROL MASON
Elementary Education



DALLAS MATTHEWS
History



SARAH JANE McCLEERY
Sociology



PAUL McELROY
English



BAILEY NAGLE
Sociology



JAMES NEWTON
Economics



JUDITH BADDELEY PALMER
Elementary Education



CHARLES PANNIER
Economics



KATHRYN POPOWNIAK
Chemistry



RICHARD POWERS
History



JUDITH QUINN
English



STEPHANIE REES
Elementary Education



SUSAN REIBER
History



SALLY ANN REYNOLDS
English



WYNDHAM RIOTTE
Geology



GRETCHEN RITZMANN
Sociology



SALLY ROESSLER
English



ARTHUR ROSENBLUM
International Studies



SALLY ROTH
Elementary Education



WILLIAM RUTAN
History



NATHANIEL SAFFORD
International Studies



JAMES SANDFORD
English



DONALD SANTORA
Biology



WILLIAM SEVERN
Geology



GRADUATING CLASS OF 1958



JAMES SEXAUER
Pre-Med.



THOMAS SHAFFER
Speech



MYRA SHUGART
Philosophy and Religion



ROBERT SILBERFARB
Psychology

Before coming to Allegheny, I was quite certain that the universe and man were natural teammates, that all nature was a playground where man developed because God was the Almighty Umpire who had a personal interest in the player who followed the rules. This still isn't so juvenile an outlook as it appears on the surface. The difference is that the rules are not so obvious nor easy to abide by as I, in my naievete, believed. In fact, a pretty good case has been set forward to show that the "rules" may be no more than human customs which man, in his egocentric way, has credited to the structure of the universe. In other words, the universe may be a chaotic jumble of atom-clashes. But this is a futile view. There is order. My own life is somewhat orderly and depends upon a degree of order in nature. I'd hate to thing what life would be like if, say, the intangible light from the sun were to suddenly solidify and come smashing through the windows in the morning, filling the room up with glass.

How did this order get here? God created it. I know I didn't. I also know that order is related to intelligence. In man intelligence is related to nervous tissue. Since God created man, therefore, God is a big mass of nervous tissue . . . Logic? Ridiculous. Man needs a system of nerves so that his reason may operate. God is the reason it does



LINDA SIMPSON
Elementary Education



JOAN SINGLEY
Elementary Education



ADELAIDE SKELLY
Elementary Education



GERALD SMITH
History



JAMES SMITH
Speech and Drama



FRANCES SHUMAN SMOCK
History



MARJORIE SMOCK
Speech and Drama



AGNES PETRUSO SOFF
Elementary Education

operate. How do I know? I believe. My nature tells me to believe.

People are what really matter in the final analysis. And this, too, I believe, in my own way. Sometimes however, I think: there are over a billion people in the world, but there are so few with plain, outright, goodness and truth that I'd better honor them because they're more precious, as gold is precious. That likens me to a man who loves gold. Well, what's wrong with gold?

Actually, it isn't such a selfish attitude. I believe there's a bit of this gold in everyone. And whenever I talk or listen to people I feel like one of the old 49er's panning a stream for that rare metal. Sometimes it's frustrating. Gold isn't easy to find and once found not easy to recognize. It could have a dull finish and seem worthless, like a lump of dirt.

There is truth in the biblical statement that faith can move mountains. Without faith there is little power. We need faith in ourselves, in others, and faith in God. This latter kind of faith seems to have been under-rated in college. All faith has been put in man. But man is not truth, beauty, or goodness. Man needs these things. And these things, to this writer, are God. And God is everywhere and that's why I believe there is some gold, some truth, beauty and goodness in everyone.



RALPH SPAULDING
History



MARGERY SPRING
Elementary Education



DOROTHY SQUIRES
Elementary Education



GERALD STIRLING
Political Science



ARTHUR TEPPER
Economics



PENELOPE THOMPSON
Elementary Education



DONALD TRASK
Psychology



CLARA LOU TULLOCH
Music



GRADUATING CLASS OF 1958



ROBERT ULLOM
Psychology



GERTRUDE ULLRICH
Biology



ROBERT UTBERG
Pre-Med.



CAROL PHETEPLACE VANC
Elementary Education



JAMES VANCE
Political Science



SALLY REYNOLDS VORCE
Mathematics



CHARLES WAITZ
History



JOAN WALKER
Elementary Education



JAMES WATROUS
Geology



ROBERT WESTERVELT
History



JAY WHALEY
Pre-Med.



HARRY WIMER
Political Science



RALPH WITHERSPOON
English



REED WOECKNER
Economics



ROBERT YEAGER
Economics



ROBERT YOUNG
Economics



JAMES ZACCARDI
Pre-Med.

Graduating But Not Pictured:

ROBERT BAKER
Sociology

ROBERT BARKALOW
Biology

ORRIN BENZ
Economics

FREDERICK BEST
Mathematics

WILLIAM BLAIR
Speech

DAVID BLAUCH
Economics

JOHN BURSEWICZ
Biology

SAMUEL CAPPELLINO
Secondary Education

ROBERT CLARK
Economics

JAMES CURRY
Mathematics

WILLIAM FURMAN
Chemistry

DAVID HANAWAY
Economics and Political Science

DORIS HILOW
English

JAMES HONSE
Psychology

ROBERT JOHNSTON
Economics

ROBERT KEENAN
Speech and Drama

JANE KENEMUTH
History

JAMES KEPPLE
Economics

MARIE MARCECA
Elementary Education

VINTON McCLURE
Political Science

FRANK MOORE
Economics

ALFRED NASER
Sociology

THOMAS O'MARA
Mathematics and Economics

ROBERT OSLER
Economics

WILLIAM OSMER
Geology

GEORGE PAWLIKOWSKI
Secondary Education

DOUGLAS PEDERSEN
English

THOMAS QUIGGLE
Geology

JOSEPH RAGNO
Drama

MABEL RAY
Psychology

EDWARD SAVEL
Economics and Political Science

WARD SECOY
Geology

PAULINE SEELY
History

JACK SHEA
History

DONALD SIEFERS
Mathematics

MARGARET SITTLER
English

DONALD SMITH
Chemistry and Mathematics

HAROLD SWIFT
Chemistry

GEORGE THOBURN
Music

PAUL THOMAS
Science

WOODROW THOMPSON
Political Science

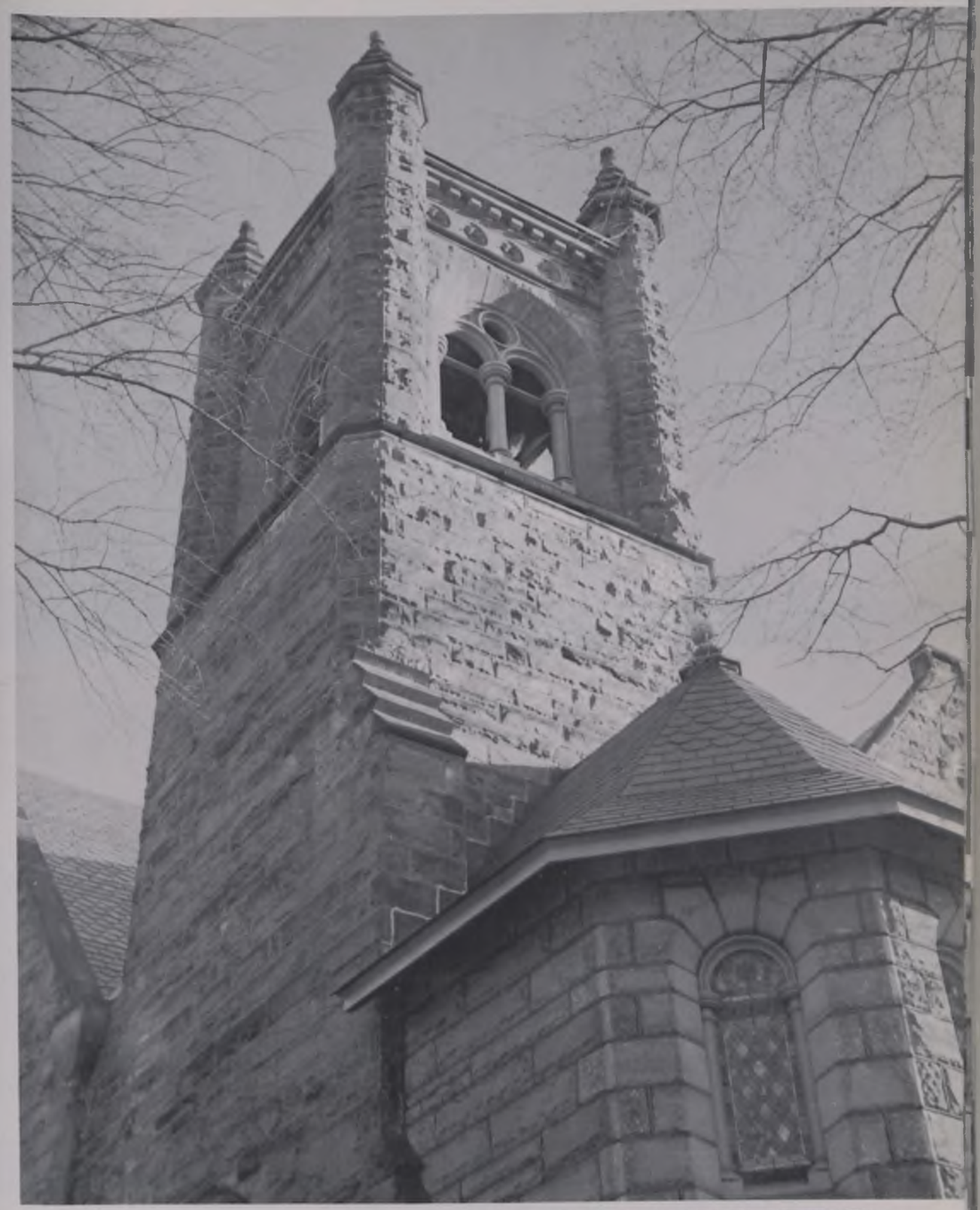
JAMES VILLA
Sociology

RONALD WEILAND
Pre-Med.

WILLIAM YOUSCHAK
Pre-Med.

PAUL YURICA
English

HENRY ZIMMERMAN
Philosophy



SORORITIES



Study? . . . . I pass!"

ALPHA GAMMA DELTA



Look how it shines!

Seated about the Panhellenic Scholarship Award, won by the Alpha Gams for the fourth consecutive semester, are the senior officers: Dottie Hanson, Ann Aronson, Margie Long, Carol Mason, Dotsie Squires, and Adelaide Skelly.

Front Row: *A. Lidle, K. Williams, J. Bailey, J. Straka, D. McCune, L. Farnsworth.*

Second Row: *A. Skelly, L. Hentges, M. Smucker, D. Ghent, K. Breen, C. Murdoch, C. Buck, G. Schaefer, D. Robinson, N. Craze.*



First Row (l. to r.): *E. Dronsfield, P. Doncaster, P. Stotler, L. Farnsworth, J. Jolly, V. DiPipi, D. McCune, R. Jenkins*
Second Row: *K. Williams, G. Barkley, G. Schaefer, J. Straka, M. Olson, A. Hatch, A. Aronson*
Third Row: *A. Crandall, S. Glenn, A. Butler, M. Shirer, M. Skelly, L. Neumann*
Fourth Row: *J. Wicker, A. Skelly, D. Robinson, D. Hanson, D. Squires, G. Ritzman*
Fifth Row: *K. Breen, M. Smucker, C. Mason, B. Carnahan, M. Long, M. Carlton, A. Yeager*



Fall Pledge Class of 1957



"It's a lion!" And it's Gloria Barkley leading the Alpha Gams on her famous Lion Hunt.



First Row (l. to r.): B. Ream, G. Perrine, J. Quinn, H. Georgeadis, S. Brundage, J. Kovacevic, K. Erickson, F. Allen
Second Row: J. Berger, K. Ditchburn, B. Buhlinger, S. Jewell, P. Mornell, A. Glunt, C. Funk
Third Row: I. Milliron, J. Smock, G. Earl, M. Crill, J. Wendel, J. Smith.
Fourth Row: J. Royer, M. J. Heimberger, M. Burkholder, T. Hendricks, D. Miller. Not shown: C. First, C. Buchanan

ALPHA XI DELTA





Looks like a quartet is in the offing; Ginny, B. B., Helen, and Janie discuss the situation.



It's the eternal bridge game; this time Clare, Karen, Marilyn, and Sally play while Annie kibitzes.



M. J. supervises while Molly, Dori, and Jane write invitations.

The Seniors, Quinny, Irene, Tiki, and Pat, assisted by Carol seem hard at work?

It's clean up time and Billie, Judy, Jo, Bucky, Faye, and M. J. all pitch in.









KAPPA ALPHA THETA

Theta singers; at piano: S. McLaughlin, around piano: M. Marten, M. Finch, L. Crandall, M. Harriff, J. Hollister, L. Hunt, B. Bair

Making Scrapbooks; l. to r.: J. Morse, S. Symons, M. Swanson, K. Giardini, A. Koutz, J. Rowell, W. Harmon, N. Flinchbaugh

Revival Time; foreground: L. Taliak, D. McAninch, P. French, K. Stollenmyer, background: S. Simmons, M. Hulen, S. Keck, A. Hoover, B. Bauman



First Row (l. to r.): K. Stollenmyer, B. Bauman, L. Taliak, B. Bair, J. McDonald, J. Rowell, K. Giardini, S. Reynolds, M. Marten
Second Row: D. McAninch, S. Keck, S. McCreary, M. Hulen, A. Koutz, J. Morse, A. Hoover, R. Fox
Third Row: S. Graff, F. Smock, B. Bell, S. Symons, S. Simmons, S. Davies, M. Hart
Fourth Row: E. Allen, L. Hunt, J. Beal, M. Winters, W. Harmon, M. Harriff, M. Finch
Fifth Row: M. Swanson, M. Howard, J. Hollister, S. Cross, L. Crandall, S. Wolf

Heidelburg Hop; At table in Foreground, l. to r.: S. Reiber, M. Hart, R. Fox, At table in background: B. Bell, S. Wolf, S. McCreary, Standing: S. Reynolds, J. McDonald

Rummage sale time (l. to r.): S. Cross, E. Allen, S. Davis, S. Graff, M. Winters, M. Jones, M. Howard, F. Smock, C. Davies











KAPPA ALPHA THETA

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Fourth Row: E. Allen, L. Hunt, J. Beal, M. Winters, W. Harmon, M. Harriff, M. Finch
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Rummage sale time (l. to r.): S. Cross, E. Allen, S. Davis, S. Graff, M. Winters, M. Jones, M. Howard, F. Smock, C. Davies







First Row (l. to r.): M. Wilson, E. Olson, A. Jones, F. Richardson, S. Hopkins, G. Johnston, S. Wilder, D. Guenther, D. Sharp
Second Row: M. E. Rice, C. Miller, S. Roth, N. Knapp, P. Thompson, S. Roessler, J. Walker, A. Hunter, S. Rees, M. Marino, P. Kern
Third Row: A. Risher, S. Coates, L. Lorz, A. Strugeon, H. Langan, J. Parker, S. Zerung, S. Rice, J. Katzman, C. Enos, S. Stewart, K. Ellis, E. Held, J. Reid, B. Heller, J. Senkewitz
Fourth Row: S. Houck, S. Milne, J. Palmer, M. Boarts, C. Vance, M. Cunningham, H. Shearer, C. Reed, A. Tannehill, C. Cunningham, B. Rowlingson



A little creative talent.



Committee at work.

Teetotalers?



KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA



"Singing in the Rain."



Why the big grins?

THE MEANING OF SORORITY

Mary Jo Howard

Car doors slam; a crowd appears from all directions and mills impatiently about. A spirit of eager anticipation prevails as the tension mounts. From open windows high above the balcony loud cheers and gay singing are heard. Then suddenly, the doors swing open and a stream of sweatshirts, hats, blazers, flowers and ribbons transform The Circle into a sea of color and confused excitement. Allegheny sororities, tired but happy, concluding a hectic week, proudly present their new members to the college community.

This is quite an emphasis to place on one day. And yet the scene, perhaps over-emotional, perhaps not truly a representative picture of sorority life, cannot be overlooked, for it is the culmination of the very process by which the sororities perpetuate themselves. This autumn Saturday is one of the focal points of a year's activities.

But let us pause for a minute to reflect. What does sorority mean to each of these new pledges? Certainly not as much at this moment of pledging as it will grow to mean in the months to come. For each of these pledges is about to learn that the significance that her sorority holds for her will be measured by the number of meaningful experiences that she shares with her newly-found sisters. She will learn that the mere wearing of the lyre, the quill, the key, the pearl, or the kite is no assurance of her sharing in the deeper meanings and rewards which her group has to offer. There is no magic word, no symbol, no song which can automatically guarantee happiness and a feeling of personal fulfillment. Each new pledge, if she is to have a truly worthwhile experience, must learn to look around the glimmering surface attractions and there, beneath the glamorous exterior, find the areas which offer her an opportunity to participate, to give the best of herself in all sorority endeavors. Then and only then will she find that sorority is more than an eight-letter word with vague and somewhat mysterious connotations.

These new pledges are on the way then, through three years of interesting, enjoyable experiences in sorority membership, — years in which they will grow and learn as they strive to attain the highest goals which their sororities, individually and collectively, have set up for themselves. Their participation in group activities, the goals which they attain, the events which they plan, the ways in which they help serve the college community, the innumerable spontaneous episodes which spring from the simple pleasure found in working, laughing, and living together, all these will be the determinants of the significance of their membership.

Let us take one pledge, a composite of all pledges, and travel with her through some of the typical activities of her first year as a sorority woman. The logical starting point for our voyage is fourth floor, Brooks Hall. Here, each week in chapter meetings, the sorority plans its projects and social functions, demonstrates its concern as a group for the total community by discussing campus problems, and in countless other ways works toward the attainment of its ideals. But these weekly meetings, our pledge notices, are just a minor example of the use the sorority rooms receive. During the course of a week, these rooms become the gathering place of committees planning special functions, of pledge classes receiving their fraternity education; they become the scene of song practices and special meetings, the living room in which a shower or party is held, and often, late at night, they are transformed into the refuge of those industrious souls who are finishing a paper or burning the midnight oil for an exam.

All the activities of the sorority do not take place on the fourth floor, however. Here is our pledge now, waiting in Brooks lobby for a ride. Today she is going to the hospital, where she helps the overloaded nurses by running errands and feeding patients. Sunday evening she will go to Cribbs Home and with her infectious gaiety help brighten up the supper hour there. She and her sisters demonstrate their interest in others by entertaining children from Homes in the community with movie parties and treats on special holidays, and also by supporting, from chapter contributions, such worthy causes as the Cerebral Palsy Foundation.

Here comes our pledge again, this time with a pile of books under her arm. She may be going to the library, — no, this time she's off to the study table which her sorority scholarship chairman has made available, so that she can get in a few hours of concentrated work away from the hub-bub of the dormitory. She has found that this is just one of the many things that her sorority does in an effort to help members keep their grades in accordance with the standards of the college. Perhaps she hopes to wear the scholarship ring or bracelet or be one of the ones feted at the scholarship banquet, but she realizes that these are only added incentives to her personal ambition to work up to her own capacities. Scholarship is one of the biggest aims of her sorority, and she enjoys the friendly spirit of competition, because it helps keep her on her toes.

All education doesn't come from books, though, and sure enough, there goes our pledge and her sisters, back to the fourth floor. Tonight is the night for an informal discussion with one of the members of the faculty. These bull-sessions, held on any number of interesting topics, provide an opportunity for sorority women to draw upon the fine resources available in the faculty, and furnish another means of furthering their liberal arts education.

Learning *is* pleasure, and working on various projects, though time consuming, is fun when there are many hands to share the task, but there is still another phase to sorority life. Our pledge discovers that her sorority is not too busy to plan an active program of social functions. Perhaps tops on the list is Parents' Weekend — an opportunity for her to show her parents a little of her appreciation for the many things they have made possible to her. Formals, dinner-dances, grill parties, and barbecues help fill up the social calendar, and evenings in the dorm offer informal get-togethers and costume parties for the sorority itself, as well as a chance for two or three groups to assemble to talk, sing each other's songs, and enjoy each other"s company.

Sing songs — yes, our pledge discovers that sororities certainly like to sing. From sacred songs that form a part of the ritual down to tunes which are meant to be sung with rollicking cheerfulness, sororities sing. Sometimes a special occasion presents itself, and then each free minute is spent practicing, so that the final result is a polished performance, whether it be a number by Jerome Kern in the Greek Sing or the romantic strains of the sorority pinning song floating down from Brooks balcony. There are also the wonderfully close moments of companionship when the chorus "I'm a carnation" begins at one end of the hall on fourth floor, and swells until it reaches a climax at the other end of the hall with "but I'd rather be a rose".

As the various activities become interwoven and our pledge becomes bound to her sisters with intangible threads, it becomes impossible to tell where play ends and work begins. The sum total begins to take on a real meaningfulness which becomes attached to the word sorority. But sorority is not just isolation in one group. Our pledge finds that this is just one more means of linking her to the total community. She and her sisters join the rest of the campus in making community projects successful. She helps with her Carnival booth, and is caught up in a whirl of activity running errands, sponsoring a rummage sale, selling votes for a King, chances on a parakeet, or breakfast to students between classes, to help the Fund Drive go over the top.

Our pledge, becoming more and more aware of the different phases of sorority life, discovers also that, just as she and her sisters are always ready to have fun with other sororities, so they eagerly join in to help solve common problems or help make a joint project a success. And suddenly she understands why the word Panhellenic is used so often to express an intangible quality, a spirit that pervades the atmosphere, rather than an organization. Through her representative on Panhellenic Council she has a channel for presenting her suggestions to other campus groups, and another opportunity to do her share in the reciprocal endeavor of fulfilling to the greatest extent possible the ideals of the fraternity system. Under the leadership of Panhell the sororities join together in projects. Here we see our pledge, armed with boxes and a city map, aiming for the highest number of cans ever for this year's Can Drive. Sororities have problems too, and our pledge quickly learns that Panhell provides the ideal opportunity for airing grievances and discussing problems so that small points don't fester into big issues.

As the now-not-so-new member turns in her pledge pin for the symbol of an active, having learned that benefits from sorority life stem from mutual interest and participation, she realizes one more thing. If the system is to continue, and if it is to provide pleasant and profitable associations and experiences, careful preparation and thought must go into the process of selecting new members. And so, looking ahead to the coming year, our companion suggests to Panhellenic several ideas to be used in the orientation of potential members. She feels that they should have an opportunity to learn about sororities, to see them in action as a group, to investigate carefully so they will be able to decide wisely whether or not they wish to be a part of this system.

Out of these suggestions grow the house meetings, the Round Robins, the whole busy process of introducing new members of the community to the sororities and their activities. And soon a new autumn day is upon the campus. The car doors slam; the crowd gathers once more. The whole scene is re-enacted in Brooks Circle. There are more new pledges now, and our seasoned member, who understands the full significance of the question, "What does sorority mean?" is ready to help these new members discover what it can grow to mean to them.

BROOKLYN STREET-FIGHT

Mary Jane Hillstrom

AN EMPTY TRUTH
TESTS, MEASURES
HARD AND HUNGRY BOY-MEN —
SIDEWALK SMEARING
DESTROYERS
CHAIN AND BLADE SKILLFUL
FOOT KNEE FIST SKILLFUL.

HERE IS A
SHODDY HOCKSHOP GLORY:
AS CLOSE TO HONOR AS THE BOY-MEN KNOW.

FELT PAIN, HEARD, TASTED,
SCREAMINGS, SAVAGE WHIMPERINGS:
ONLY A FIGHTER IS A MAN.
A MAN MAY ASPIRE TO THE
HOCKSHOP SHODDY GLORY.



THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY

Margaret Sittler

Elizabeth was nine.

Ladies came to tea with her mother and went away enchanted with her. She had the typical seaport complexion, large blue eyes, and fierce little curls around her forehead. All this, combined with a living room manner, the ladies liked.

Elizabeth saw nothing very attractive about herself, least of all her hair. "Fuzzy hair, fuzzy brain!" her father said. Each time, after a shampoo, she viewed herself in the mirror, then wailed almost in fury: "I look like a lion!" Painful brushing, unsnarling and ordering tamed the mop into two thick pigtails, held together neither by clasps nor ribbons, but by the stubborn curls themselves.

It was Friday noon. School over, Elizabeth was on her way home. Thumbs under the shoulder-straps of their satchels, she and three girls sauntered along, chatting and laughing. Opposite the Museum of Natural History they came to a stop.

"I have five pfennig," Elizabeth announced. This was the signal for them to cross the street and nudge into a small candy store.

The white-haired, sharp-eyed woman behind the counter gave them a sour-sweet smile. She was called *Fraulein Marie Popper*; it said so on the shop window. But the children had named her "Pop-Eye", since her eyes bulged out from under her narrow brow. Bent over with years, she had always seen more bother than profit in these young customers. With aggravating slowness the girls looked around the store.

Filled to various levels, the large candy jars with their solid-knobbed lids stood attractively in a row on a shelf. Embossed with big roses, daubed with gold, and flourishing gold letters of the manufacturers' names, chocolate-boxes gleamed under their cellophane wrappings. There were licorice-pills, romboid shaped, in small, round containers. You could arrange them in stars on the back of your hand and lick them this way for the longest time. There was what the girls called "ox-blood"—long, dark, red, twisted sticks that stretched when you pulled them. There were nougat-squares, lollipops, garish jaw-breakers. To take in afresh each time the whole array of enticing things was half of the girls' pleasure.

Satisfied at last, Elizabeth settled on her usual choice. "Give me five pfennig worth of the little candy, please," she said, holding up her fist with the coin warm and moist inside it.

With an audible groan the old woman reached for the large candy-jar. The heavy lid made a gently scraping sound as she removed it. A handful of the minute sweets tumbled into a pointed white paper bag. Pop-eye weighed it carefully on a scale, removed three or four pieces and dropped them back into the jar. Then she handed the bag over the counter.

The girls scrambled out of the store and gathered in a small circle. Heads bent together, three school-begrimed hands extended, they stood ready to receive their share of today's windfall. Elizabeth dealt out the booty: silky-looking, striped cushions with twisted, sharp corners; tiny rock-candy spun through with tinier intricate patterns; lemon-drops the size of small peas. It was her favorite candy, so fanciful in color and form. Her own share dropped inside her coat-pocket where it mingled with a few old buckeyes, pieces of dried and crunched leaves, a broken stub of a pencil, an old eraser. The division completed, the girls drifted down the street homeward.

"Will you come this afternoon? Hildegard asked Elizabeth when they reached the corner of parting.

"Don't know," came the answer. "Perhaps." She tossed her braids over her shoulders. "See you," she called to the three girls and walked backwards a few steps. When they had disappeared from her view she made a quick turn and skipped down the side-walk.

The brown leaves lay thick against the front-yard fences behind which stood old-fashioned suburban houses, remote and solemn, one next to the other. From the huge buckeye trees on both sides of the street curling yellow and reddish leaves floated down, circling and bobbing. The air was scented with wild-flavored Autumn.

Elizabeth stopped and peered at the bright

sky, following with her eyes the dance of the leaves. Then, with her strong brogans, she thrust through the endless, rustling piles, kicking them up and about. At the next corner a large heap had been swept together. Suddenly she ran for it and, with a quick turn of her body, threw herself full length into the fall-perfumed bed. Nobody was about. She lay quite still in abandon to the profuse day around her. The sun shed a checkered light through half-bare trees.

After a while she crinkled her nose, sat up unceremoniously and hung her long arms over her pulled-up knees. "I've always known it, of course," she said to herself, "even if they haven't told me. How can people not know when they are adopted?" Fingering the leaves between her feet a buckeye-peel came into her hand. It was prickly and green on the outside; the inside had turned brown at the edges; carefully she peeled off a thin layer to restore its original whiteness. Then she rested her thumb in the cool, fleshy mould.

"I won't tell them though," her thoughts faced her. "No, I mustn't, ever." She pressed the buckeye-peel between thumb and index-finger. "They're always so nice to me. It's just that they love Mark and Helen better than me—of course, when I'm not really theirs." Across the street, high off a tree, a buckeye fell rustling down through the branches. It popped open on the sidewalk, jumped a few paces and rolled down the curb-stone. "But it doesn't matter," Elizabeth jumped up. "Really, it doesn't."

She threw the buckeye-peel overhead, superficially brushed off clinging pieces of leaves and went her way. The last stretch she ran in quick, uneven steps trying to avoid all cracks and partitions in the side-walk pavement. When she touched a forbidden line she suddenly broke her forward motion and retraced her steps.

"Where's Mom," she asked when the maid opened the door for her. It was the daily, mechanical question.

"She's gone. She's in the hospital."

"In the hospital?" Elizabeth asked, all movement arrested. "Is she sick?"

"No, you'll see. Run along, they're already eating."

Fraulein Ida, the nurse-maid, was sitting in Frau Reinhart's place at the head of the large, oblong dining-room table. Mark and Helen turned their heads when Elizabeth entered. Little Cornelia, on her high-chair, was poking away at her food.

There was an oppressive silence. Fraulein Ida always complained of head-aches, always wore a glaring pink wool-jacket, buttoned down the front, with sagging pockets. Long ago the children had agreed to dislike her.

"Where have you been?" she asked, reproach in her voice.

"Oh—nowhere," Elizabeth replied simply, as she slipped into her seat. "Where's Mom?" She had kept her eyes on her brother.

"At the hospital," Fraulein Ida said, picking up a plate.

From across the table Mark looked for a second at Elizabeth. He was the oldest and showed it in the air of benevolent superiority. Helen, the third in line, wriggled her shoulders, her face in a puzzled frown. "Please, I'm not very hungry," Elizabeth mumbled.

After lunch they were to stay upstairs in the children's room for their home-work. But Elizabeth sneaked off to her parents' bedroom. Everything was in its usual place, cool and orderly. The golden-brown curtains were drawn open. She longed to pull them shut and see the sun shine through, like when Mom was taking her afternoon nap and you were not supposed to disturb her. She stepped to the window and looked vaguely over the expanse of trees, bushes, and grass.

When she turned back her glance fell on Herr Reinhart's night-table. There, on the glass that covered a linen-doily, lay a handful of coins. He always emptied out his trouser pockets at night, must have forgotten to pick up his small change this morning. Elizabeth looked at it. She fingered a fifty-pfennig piece, silvery and shiny, dropped it and took up two smaller coins. For an instant she stood deliberating; then, with a slight tingle down her spine, she turned and left the room.

In the far corner of her top-drawer she had collected a small heap of coins, now fifty-five pfennig in all. She stuffed them into her left hand and, holding it inconspicuously behind her back, announced to Fraulein Ida: "I'm going to play with Hildegard Eckhoff awhile. She asked me."

Fraulein Ida had just settled herself in an easy-chair by the window, at her side a basket of stockings that needed mending. "All right, but be home by five," she said, casting a fleeting glance at the girl and holding her hand to her head.

It took about five minutes to reach the shops at the square. Elizabeth stepped out determined and excited, walking and skipping in quick alternations. She entered the narrow toy-shop. It was, as always, gloomy inside. Behind the counter the heavy-set, bespectacled owner looked over his glasses at the girl and muttered: "What is it you want?"

"Oh, I don't know," Elizabeth replied with forced casualness, and devoted her attention to the trinkets and toys. She picked up a bubble-pipe and laid it down again; fingering a number of things, she knew she was only pretending. She knew where the small tortoise-colored celluloid balls were and inched slowly toward them.

Then, with sudden deliberation, she reached out for one. It was as light as a feather, and polished, and smooth. "I want this," she said taking it to the counter.

"Ten pfennig, please," said the storekeeper.

At the sound of his voice, Elizabeth looked up. "Oh yes," she remembered the size of her fortune. Quickly she chose a doll-baby-bottle. "I also want this," she said with a rise in her voice; "and this," a shiny tin-whistle with a chain hanging down: "and this," a doll's brush and comb. "And how much is this little doll?"

"Fifty pfennig," the proprietor said looking over his glasses at the doll Elizabeth was holding up. "Having a birthday-party?"

"No," she replied, leaving no doubt that further inquiries were not invited. "No, I don't think I'll take the doll." She stepped back to the counter. "Would you please tell me how much that is altogether?"

The storekeeper shoved each item over a bit as he counted: "Ten — ten — fifteen, that makes thirty-five, and fifteen makes fifty even."

Elizabeth hesitated and looked around. I'll also take this, thank you." She handed him a small, glass-topped puzzle: four silver balls were rolling all over a round, miniature playing-field with a goal at both ends.

Unbelieving, with flickering eyes, Elizabeth saw the storeowner drop one thing after the other into a paper-bag, while the cash-register rang up the bill. She brought the coins out of her pocket. A piece of noon-candy was sticking to one of them. Slowly she counted them out — fifty-five pfennig in all. The big hand of the salesman swept her fortune with one quick gesture into his palm, dropped the various denominations into the money-drawer and pushed it shut.

"Good afternoon, young lady," he said. Elizabeth curtsied backward out of the store, into the blinding sun, both hands around the bulging brown bag.

She stood, then skipped a few paces, then halted, and self-consciously looking around walked on. Her stomach felt hollow and quivery. Through the paper she felt for the shape of the celluloid-ball. A thrill gripped her chest.

In the children's room Mark was busy with his home-work. He paid no visible attention to his younger sister. Helen and Cornelia were napping; Frauline Ida was no longer in the chair by the window. Four or five pairs of rolled-up socks lay on the window-sill; the open basket exposed a tangled heap of undarned stockings.

Elizabeth pulled open her dresser-drawer and dropped her treasurer inside. The crumpling noise of the paper-bag aroused Mark from his studies. "What you got?"

"Oh—things." Elizabeth did not turn around.

"Let me see," Mark ordered.

She picked up the celluloid ball to show him, standing back a little in awe. "See?"

"What do you want with that?" he asked looking over his shoulder at the small ball. "Where d'you get it?"

"Oh—from Hildegard," Elizabeth said, a little hot in the face.

"Kid stuff," her brother remarked and turned back to his books.

Her face flushed hotter as she looked at the prettily polished object. She reached into her dresser-drawer and pulled out the whistle with the chain hanging down. "Want this?" she inquired of her brother, holding it out to him.

"Man! Did Hildegard give you that too?" But he did not expect an answer, took the whistle, turned it about for inspection, quickly put it to his lips and gave it a sharp blow. Elizabeth shivered, and smiled. "Man—not bad—thanks!" he said, and attached the chain to his shirt-button. With the whistle between his teeth he continued his studies.

She left him there, shut herself in the bathroom, plugged the sink and drew water almost up to its brim. Too light to be caught by the impelling stream from the faucet, the golden-brown celluloid ball spun smoothly about. Elizabeth pressed it down at the deepest spot and let it jump up of its own accord. It flipped right out of the water, threw off a tiny drop, and settled dancingly on the surface. Her left arm circled the basin; she rested

her head on it and watched the shining ball's stunt in bliss—over and over again.

The house-keys were turned in the front-door downstairs. Instantly Elizabeth straightened to listen. It couldn't be Father, it was much too early. Then a chair was pushed back in the playroom and Mark bounded down the stairs.

Elizabeth clutched the spinning ball, in a second was out on the landing. "Father!" she shouted and made for the stairs.

"What is it? What is it?" she heard Mark call.

"A boy," Herr Reinhart laughed, "it's a boy, we've got a new baby-brother!" He caught Elizabeth in his arms and swung her high, her braids flying.

She forgot about everything else. All-conquering, the new brother took possession of her. Did he look like Frau Becker's baby next door? Was he with Mom in the hospital, or where? Was he going to come home to stay, really to stay, forever —with her? "Oh, I'll take him outside in my buggy!" She suddenly turned and ran back upstairs. "Helen, Cornelia, wake up, we have a new baby-brother! Fraulein Ida!"

"When can we see him?" asked Mark. Swinging up and down on his toes in excitement, he was working his hands deep into his pockets. "Now my children *will* have an uncle."

"Look what I have for him!" Elizabeth shouted from the top of the stairs. She ran down a few steps, and, leaning over the banister, held in her out-stretched hands the doll-baby bottle and the small brush and comb.

"Now, isn't that nice!" Herr Reinhart laughed. "We'll go and see him tomorrow afternoon."

The next morning, after breakfast, when Mark had gone off on his bike and Fraulein Ida was to take the girls outside, Elizabeth was asked to stay behind.

"Elizabeth?" Her father had called to her.

A fluttering apprehension snatched at the free flow of her breath. "Yes?" she said, standing still, a little away from him.

"Tell me, Elizabeth, where did you get that doll-bottle, and the brush, and the comb?" Herr Reinhart, his arms on the table, hands folded, was looking straight at her. There was silence. "And the whistle you gave to Mark?" Elizabeth trembled inside. "And what is it you have in your hand?"

She held out and half opened her hand, looked at the celluloid ball. Her neck and cheeks suddenly flooded with red—"From Hildegard," she had said.

"Now are you sure it all came from Hildegard?" Herr Reinhart did not avert his gaze.

Elizabeth put her hands behind her back; she was moving the little ball from one hot palm to the other. A prickling sensation travelled to all her extermities and tingled wildly against her skin. "I bought it," she slowly confessed.

"But where did you get the money?" inquired Herr Reinhart calmly.

"I found it," she quickly said, raising her voice at the end. Rapid shivers fluttered down her spine, the blood beat like drums in her ears.

Herr Reinhart propped up his elbows and laid his hands over each other in front of his mouth. He looked at his daughter—"My oldest unmarried daughter," he thought to himself—"Where did you find it?"

"Oh—" Elizabeth tried to look back at him, but the tingling made her eye-lashes flicker, so she stared hard right by him at the wall beyond. "In the corner of the basement stairs," she said.

"Well, isn't that interesting," Herr Reinhart drily remarked. "All of it?"

"No—oh," came the half-questioning answer.

The silence suddenly turned against her, as if of a thousand knives. The prickling, the tingling and drum-beat, all rushed together into one flame, surged seethingly upward, outward through burning eyes. Tears burst the stubborn walls and fell one by one on the carpet. "I took it," Elizabeth whispered. Her shoulders pulled up, her hands hanging down at her sides, her whole body swayed from the blow of what nevermore could be undone.

"From where?" her father asked gently after a moment.

"From your night-table," she blurted out, shaking, "and from Fraulein Ida's drawer." Her head drooped on her chest. "And from Mom's desk," she whispered.

"When?" came the next question.

"I—I—collected it—l-little by little," she shuttered under her breath. The room swam and wavered around her.

Herr Reinhart turned fully to her. "Isn't it too bad this had to happen just now—just now when Michael was born?"

Her hands flew to her face. Never, never now could she go and see the new baby, never hold him —oh never! She tried to stifle the rending sobs, sinking, drowning in the dark, to die, to die in this deep and terrible sea.

Her father reached out a hand. "Maybe we better not tell Mom, shall we?" he said and pulled the girl to his side, pressing her hot face against his rough cheek, and holding her rigid body in his arm.

"I did it, I did it!" Elizabeth sobbed. "Oh! I did it!"

Herr Reinhart put his hand on her head. "You will have to apologize to Fraulein Ida, of course. That isn't so bad. If you tell the truth, I think, surely she will forgive you." Elizabeth was silently weeping.

Yes, she apologized and she was forgiven. And she went along to see the new baby-brother. There was a gift for each child under the fluffy feather-bed at the foot of the white cradle. When Elizabeth's turn came she quickly glanced over her shoulder at her father, who was standing behind her. He blinked and gave an imperceptible nod. Then she looked at the baby. It was asleep, its tiny hands lying loosely open at the sides of its face. Elizabeth blushed; her arms hung down heavy. Suddenly she saw her father's big hand with the family-ring reach for the feather-bed, tenderly lift it and hold out the birthday-gift to her.

It was a large book of poems. The cover was green, and silhouetted against the green were branching trees, and a flurry of leaves, and a little girl skipping along.

POEMS BY

Suzanne Treadwell

QUESTION AND ANSWER

What is it like there
In the unobstructed universe?
Are you going from strength to strength
As the prayer book says?
Is there no more pain?
Are there no more tears?
Is it true what they tell me . . .
That you're safe now and at peace?
Does it hurt anymore?
Do you like your new life?

But if you didn't you'd come back to me,
And you haven't.
So it must be good
There, where you are,
In the unobstructed universe.

SNOW

WE WALKED UP THE HILL,
SOFT SNOW MELTING FAST
AS IT MET THE WARM FLUSH OF LOVE ON OUR FACES.
LATER, THE SNOW TURNED TO SLEET
AND WE WERE DRENCHED.
HURRYING BACK TO OUR SMALL, FIRELESS ROOM,
WE WRAPPED UP IN EACH OTHER
TO KEEP OUT THE COLD.

LAST NIGHT IT SNOWED AGAIN,
SOFTLY AS BEFORE.
I WALKED TO THE HILL ALONE,
LOOKING FOR YOU ALL THE WAY,
KNOWING THAT YOU COULD NOT COME.
THE BLEAK DAY DAWNED IN THE EAST AS I TURNED BACK,
SLOWLY NOW, TO OUR SMALL, FIRELESS ROOM.
AND IT WAS COLD.
AND I MISSED YOU.

REVELATION

Wilma Harmon

I used to think that when people smiled at me and said sweet things, it was because they liked me, and I thought I had an awful lot of friends. I thought Tony was an absolute pig because he didn't smile at many people and made the most sarcastic comments about everything and he only had two friends.

"You know why I never used to ask you out?" he'd say. "Because you know everybody, and you think it's important to know everybody."

I remember one day we went to the college grill for coffee, and my cup had somebody else's lipstick on the side, so I just took a napkin and dipped it in my water and wiped the lipstick off. The lady came running over to insist that she get me another cup and when I assured her that everything was fine, I thought Tony would detonate. "My God, girl. Do you always have to try so damn hard to be sweet?" And he lectured to me about always trying to sell myself and I let him expound because he didn't understand that some people are just naturally kind and just enjoy being amiable.

Tony was the kind who called at seven-thirty to ask me to the movies at eight because he couldn't call on Monday to ask for a date on Friday because by Friday he wouldn't be in the mood. And so I had to be ready for rapid showers and thrown-on clothes whenever he got inspired. If I had a date, he'd just laugh and say he'd take it like a man. But he did pay the way, and sometimes in the movies he'd put his arm around my shoulder, and one time I started to whisper that I'd like some popcorn and I caught him looking at me. And besides he was interesting to talk to, but my roommate called him an "intellectual ass."

Then one night we had the all-college carnival. At seven-thirty Tony called to ask me to a lecture in town on "The Place of the Artist in Society," but I had to work half-hour shifts at four booths at the carnival, and he came to walk me over to the gym. But he was furious.

"Damn. Why does everybody waste his time on committees and football games and these damned carnival booths. Doesn't anybody care about education? You'd better smile. Here comes a friend of yours. You're all a bunch o' silly fools. Social simpletons. Now say, 'Hi,' and sweetly."

And I said my "Hi," and smiled my sweetliest, and I wanted to smash Tony. I guess he noticed that for once I was really getting sick of his cynicism, and then he said, "God, I'm sorry." His forehead got all wrinkled and he said, "Ya know, I'm sorry I said that. I guess I just like you, and I don't like what they're doing to you."

Well, that was a queer thing for Tony to say, but he had to run to the lecture and I had to run to my sorority booth at the carnival, and he said he'd come back later.

The carnival was great. Crepe paper and lights and bright colors and all kinds of noises: fraternity men barking, "Three darts for a dime, and a prize every time;" girls dressed as clowns and calling, "Please buy a balloon;" professors' children begging, "Win me a goldfish, Daddy;" crowds laughing and applauding in glee when somebody pulled the right string and an egg dropped on the head of the president of the student government.

I was trying to make French fries and I couldn't figure out how the frier worked and I burned my hand a little with hot grease and my clothes and hair were beginning to smell, but I didn't care about it because I looked out at all the faces — smiling, happy, intelligent but friendly faces of my friends. I loved them all and I loved college and I didn't mind the stubborn French frying machine.

At the end of my half hour a sorority sister came to make French fries, and I gave her my apron and showed her how the frier worked and I ducked under the bar of the booth.

And then I saw Burt. They had a jail at our carnival and anybody could be dragged in and then somebody had to bail him out. Burt was in the jail, hands on bars, looking at me, and I was looking at him between the heads of the crowd. And the clamor of the shouting crowd became a distant murmur and the bright lights and balloon sellers and candied-apple carriers faded away and many faces must have passed to whom I forgot to say, "Hi."

I had prayed that Burt would be at the carnival, and there he was gazing at me with that intenseness that made me belong to him.

Then he smiled and yelled, "Hey, come and get me out o' here."

I stumbled as gracefully as I could through the crowd toward the jail and gave the jailkeeper enough money, and I was afraid to get very near Burt because he would smell the French fries in my hair and on my clothes. But he took my arm, "Thanks a lot. Hey, let me buy you a coke."

"I really wouldn't like any," I said, as always, too truthfully. But he bought me one anyhow, and now that I think of it, I must have drunk the whole thing.

"When're we going to have dinner again?" he was whispering in my ear.

"Soon I hope." He was gazing intently again, nodding his head slightly up and down as he always did — as though he were meditating profoundly.

I tried to move my eyes away. "I don't like to look at you," I said.

"Why?"

"Well, usually you look at a person and then you look at someone else and then someone else. But I just keep looking at you and nothing else."

"And?"

"You know." I was aware of his being there and I just wanted to stand by his side and maybe talk or maybe not talk, maybe look at his eyes or maybe not look at anything.

But faces from the crowd would always interrupt and they barged in then, "Hey, Burt, give us the word on how the Phi Nu's are going to swing their vote."

And my Burt was immediately the Burt of campus politics. "Listen, you guys, the Phi Nu's will back Tom if you'll support John Bower for Senior Class President."

"Are the guys coming to your room tonight, Burt?"

"Yeah. See if you can get some Sigma Beta's interested. They might trade support for Tom for support for Ed Hannock for vice-president."

"Good idea. The Sigma Beta's haven't had a man in there for a couple o' years. They'd be mighty interested."

Someone was asking, "Do you think Tom and Bill Judson will split the freshman class?"

"Maybe. Unless we can get somebody to influence the freshmen. Somebody with prestige."

But they were leaving and Burt was gazing again. We had the funniest relationship. I'd only ever been out with him once—for dinner on my birthday, and he was dating another girl. But always at dances he'd look at me, and we always ate lunch and dinner together in the dining hall, and we had the greatest conversations. Every word he said sank into my brain.

My roommate didn't trust Burt. She said she thought he was just using me for something, but she didn't know what, and I knew it wasn't true. Besides, my roommate was just like Tony; she didn't trust anybody.

"You shouldn't have any sex drive, you know," Burt was saying. "You're a saint." Burt could say such wonderful things.

"You're not a girl to just date. You're the kind they marry." His head was slowly nodding again, and I knew that he was meditating again, and I knew that my roommate was wrong about Burt.

When I talked to Burt I actually felt like a saint. He said wonderful things because he was like me, he liked people. He saw the good in people. Sometimes I thought I was falling in love with him.

"Yes, sir. You're the kind they marry." He was still gazing, but he was turning slightly, and I could tell that he was getting ready to leave.

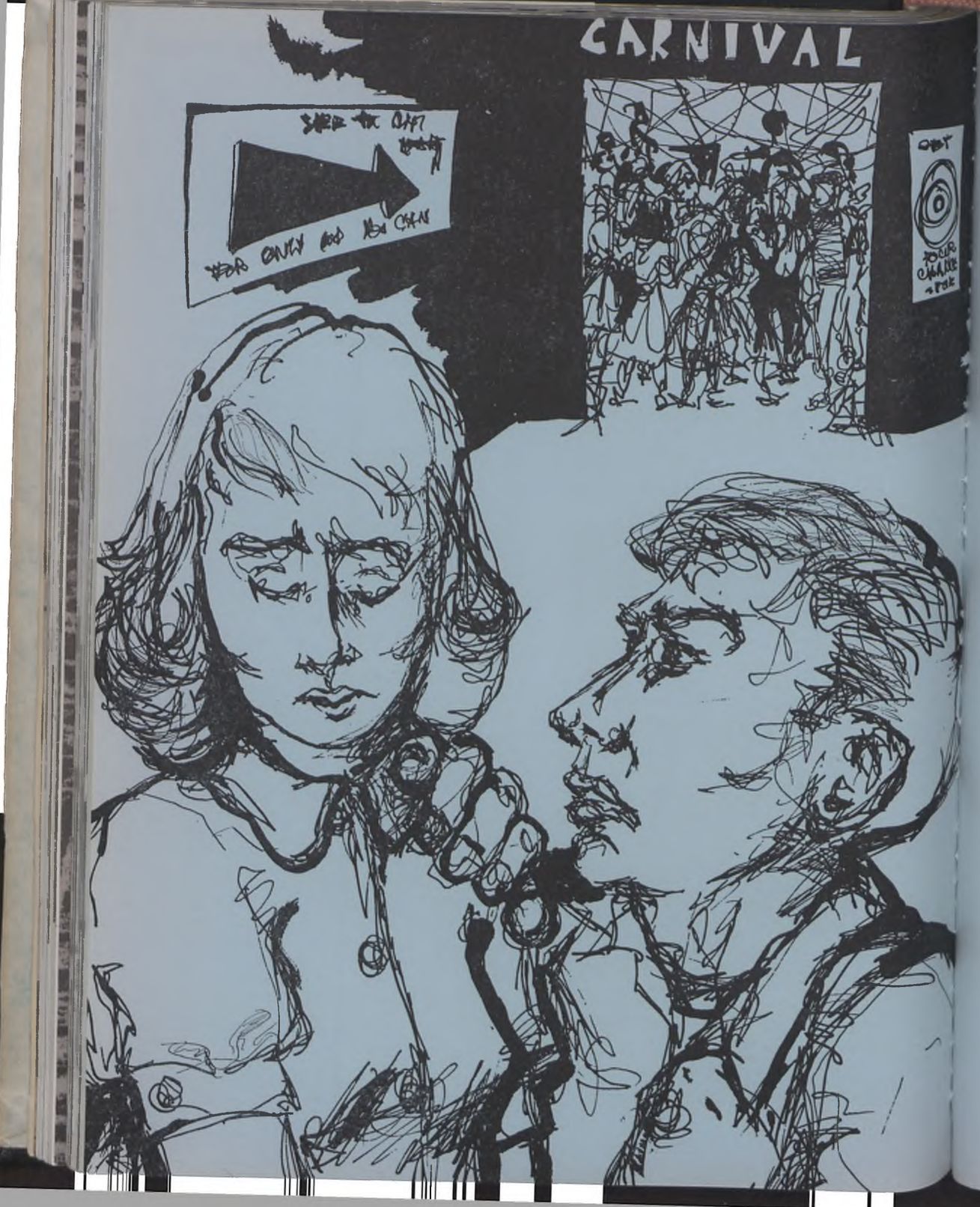
"Does that mean you're going now?" I asked simply, nodding at his sliding feet.

He laughed and he just kept nodding a little and gazing intently from the corner of his eyes as he moved away.

I couldn't understand why he didn't ask me out, and I didn't know why he'd just leave when he was talking to me. But Burt was sweet and sincere and I trusted him and I liked him.

I had to work the next half hour at the French Club booth. We had baby pictures of the professors tacked on the walls of the booth, and I just had to stand and make sure no one stole the pictures.

The Sigma Beta's had the next booth. They were the barkers who were yelling three darts for



a dime and through the crepe paper streamers I could see the revolving wheel at which the three darts were thrown. And I could hear them talking.

"Hey, Ed. Damn it. I think you might be our next vice-president. The Delta's promise to back you if we support Tom Riley."

"Yeah? How d'ya know Tom's gonna win? Bill Judson's liable to run away with the freshman class."

"Hell, Ed. It's all sewed up for Tom. Ya know how much prestige she has in the freshman women's dorm. Burt's got her eating right out o' his hand. He told me she'd do anything he said right now.

"Great."

I looked up slowly and there was another smiling face and I wanted to scream, "Don't you dare smile at me." I looked out at the still passing crowd of faces — all smiling and grinning their silly "Hi's" because they wanted me and the rest of the world to realize what wonderful people they were.

Poor Tony was so bewildered when I ran to him. "Tony, Tony, tell me exactly what you think of me."

"Don't lie, now. You never did before. What do you really think?" I begged.

"I think you're beautiful. I'd like to take you home with me."

I could feel the tears starting and I screamed furiously, "Tony. Tell me truthfully. Tell me you think I'm a silly fool and a social simpleton."

"Honey, I think you're a silly fool and a social simpleton."

"Oh, Tony, I love you for that."

I hung sobbing from his neck and the wheel at which they threw darts was spinning around and around and the faces were staring quizzically and Tony just goaned, "My God."

POEM

LIGHTNESS IN THE NIGHT TIME
AND THE MORNING-HIDDEN MOON:

I FEARED AND FOUGHT THE FENCES,
(DARKNESS UNDER LAUGHTER)
RESENTED
SAFETY
PEACE SURROUNDING
BEING BOUND
BUT

WE IS FINER THAN I
WORTH LOST HURRICANES
PROTECTED PASTURES,
HAVING ITS OWN BRIGHT BATTLE.

Mary Jane Hillstrom

COMMENCEMENT

Alfred Kern

Walking from the dormitory to the administration building, Jane met everybody on campus; well, not everybody but certain people with whom she'd been in classes or seen around, none really friends now although she had known some of them better her freshman year. At first, she thought it a strange coincidence that quite suddenly on a spring afternoon her last month of classes, she should see all of these people, but then she remembered the dream and knew it wasn't a coincidence at all.

Quite simply she had dreamed that she was awake — nothing else, no action, no other people, just herself sitting at her dormitory window, eyes open and body inclined slightly forward. She had been dreaming this very thing at infrequent intervals since her thirteenth year. That first time, she had told her mother, and they had a good long talk about everything. When the dream had returned a few days ago, Jane was neither surprised nor frightened. Now that she had studied psychology herself, she recognized it as the perfectly normal response of a person in whose life some significant change was to occur. And a most significant change was certainly coming for her; in a month she and David would graduate and two weeks after that they would be married. David was this afternoon concluding his job interviews with the placement officer, and Jane was going to meet him.

At this very second then, Jane's whole life was being decided — where she would live, what she would do, who her friends would be — and walking up the steps of the administration building, she felt that same consciousness of self that she had experienced in the dream. Excited as she was, she tried to continue her analysis. For instance, she pondered the paradox of a person hurrying off to sleep in the hope of achieving consciousness and disliking to awake for fear of losing the image of wakefulness. For the past few days, except for such crucial moments as applying lipstick or straightening seams — objective and realistic moments — she practiced not waking up. That is to say, she practiced being her new self, alert and bright eyed.

After Jane entered the building and took her station a few steps from the placement office, she greeted passing students and teachers cheerfully; her classmates she greeted in that special and new way which is the private knowledge of the senior class. When that busty Phyllis Liveright stopped to say hello, Jane even attempted conversation.

Phyllis was abnormally elated about having won a Radcliffe fellowship, and Jane was able to congratulate and appraise her and watch for David at the same time. Jane could imagine Phyllis in another ten years, wearing a lorgnette and with that bust too, looking like an opera singer or something. Their freshman year, they had taken a poetry course together, and Jane had done the better work. Of course, if Jane had spent every night in the dormitory and Saturdays in the library and asked for summer reading lists, she could be going to Radcliffe too. With Phyllis' taste in clothes and that middle-aged figure she already had, she might just as well prepare for a life of reading compositions with maybe a trip to Europe on a guided tour every few summers. Phyllis would do well to enjoy this moment of victory; in Jane's new state of consciousness, Phyllis' future was abysmally clear.

But Jane talked to Phyllis, telling her how thrilled she must be to be going to Radcliffe on a fellowship and all when Felix Noble came down the hall. Jane was a little embarrassed when she saw Felix because for a couple of months during her sophomore year (that was just before she met David) Felix had dated her. He was the one person with whom Jane had gone a little crazy; not that she had done anything very bad with Felix, and then too, she had told David all about it on their third date, and she didn't think about Felix except once in awhile when she read a poem of his in the literary magazine or saw him kidding in the hall with Professor Melchior or Dr. Hazzard or drinking coffee in the snack shop with Davidowitz, the new man who taught the writing courses and swore in class.

Felix walked right up to them and interrupted. "Great class, Phyllis."

"Don't rub it in," Phyllis said.

"A fine paper to read the day you get the fellowship. That was real slop."

Felix, apparently, had not changed very much. "Are there classes in this building?" Jane said.

"Senior honors courses meet on the third floor," Phyllis said.

"Oh, of course. That's where you two have been."

"And what brings you into this beloved architectural monstrosity?" Felix said.

"David's in there," Jane said. "Finishing his interviews."

"I should have known," Felix said resting his hand on Phyllis' shoulder familarly, "if Jane is here, can Spring be far behind?" *Spring* was David's last name. Phyllis laughed and removed Felix's hand and said some people might be able to stand around all day but she had work to do.

After Phyllis had left them, Felix looked at Jane in that dirty way he had; not dirty exactly but as if he knew just what she was thinking and could see into some private part of her that she would rather keep for herself. He smiled at her, and she blushed, knowing all the time that she was going to blush but unable to stop it. If he was remembering two years ago, that was all right — she wouldn't ever want Felix to know about the dream though or the way she felt about things now.

"What are you going to do, Janie?" he asked.

"Well, David should be here any minute."

"No, I didn't mean this minute."

"Oh, after graduation, you meant." And she blushed again. "Well, we're not sure. David hasn't decided which offer to take."

Still smiling, Felix nodded his head, quite benignly for him. And then to make conversation because she just couldn't stand in the hall with Felix like any dummy, she said, "What are you going to do?"

"The army, I guess."

"That's right," she said, "you're younger. David has the service behind him or he'd be going in now."

"That was very practical of him," Felix said.

"But you'll find something exciting after the army."

"Do you think so? Is that your true conviction, Janie?"

Jane blushed again. There was such a thing as being too conscious of the self. "What do you think you'll do?"

"Haven't the slightest idea," Felix said. "Isn't that wonderful?"

That was when Dr. Hazzard came down the hall. Hazzard, the family man in the department, had four children, a beautiful wife with dishpan hands, and taught the course in Romanticism and offered the honors seminar for majors. Hazzard nodded to her, "Miss Waddell." Then: "Nice job this afternoon, Felix." And Felix answered, "Thanks, Jed." That shocked her terribly, and when Dr. Hazzard was gone she asked Felix if he called all faculty members by their first names.

"I happen to know Hazzard pretty well. I've done some baby-sitting for them. Helped him paint his house last summer."

"Everyone says they're awfully hard up."

"Who? Jed? Well, I guess he doesn't have too much money. He's never said anything though."

That was Felix's trouble right there. He simply never noticed or cared about how people had to live. And then too, the way he had answered her, shortly, just ending the conversation so finally. She needn't have worried about conversation though because she sensed in Felix's look that he had on a sudden made up his mind about her, and then she saw David and everything was all right. David was wearing his dark suit with a button-down blue shirt, and he looked very mature to Jane, especially mature contrasted to the open-collared, sweater-wearing Felix.

David greeted Felix cordially if unfraternally, and Felix made a comment about the job offers which Jane found snide, but David answered calmly and seriously, and they went outside together, the two boys talking and Jane half-listening because for some reason she didn't know she was angry, angry with the two of them and especially Felix who had no right to intrude on so important an occasion. Finally, they cleared the parking lot for the administration building, and Felix said goodbye to them on the library walk.

"What did he want?" David said.

"Well, I'm sure *I* don't know *what* he wanted. I was waiting for you, and Felix came along and started to talk. Should I have sent him away? Should I have said that you didn't want me to talk to him or something?"

David turned his head and in that moment their eyes met, and he frowned a little. "You want a coke?" She shook her head. "I can get Tom's car if you'd like to go out to the Nautilus for a beer."

"Let's just walk," she said, linking her arm in his, and when he squeezed her arm against him lightly and smiled, she kissed him quickly without breaking stride. They turned north from the campus and walked toward the ravine where they often went for serious talks and afternoon necking. David had first taken her there a year ago after they

had argued about something, and since then they'd gone a couple of afternoons a week in good weather. When Jane admitted it to herself, she was a little bored with the necking; well, not actually bored but impatient. Today especially, she needed something else, something more to satisfy her new mood.

Still, she respected David and she knew that he meant his restraint as a sign of respect for her. Respect was important in a marriage; her mother and father had great respect for each other, and Jane now that she was old enough to think about them objectively and had heard other girls discuss their parents admired her parents very much and David too for his respect of her. Felix for all of his brains and talent had never showed her any great respect. And yet as she walked with David and her new self through the neat suburban street, she wished with a certain part of herself, the part perhaps that Felix could look into, that Felix had brought her out to the ravine — just once, just to see what would have happened.

"You want to hear about it now?" David said.

"Let's wait," she said. "Wait until we're nicely settled and then you can report it to me."

He took her hand, and they walked along together that way. Once David said that a particular house they were passing was attractive, and Jane said the windows were too small on the sides and too big in front, and that the yard was cluttered with stuff, and that she really did not care for those outdoor yard-lamps with the signs hanging from them and the names of the people written down. Well, she thought to herself, we are not going to have a sign with the "The Springs" lettered on it; sounded like the name of a spa her grandmother used to visit.

"You'd think that Felix might grow up a little," Jane said. "Still running around dressed like a sophomore."

"He's not such a bad guy," David said. "Of course, he's an odd ball."

"An odd ball?" Jane said, wondering why she was trying to start something. "I didn't say that. I simply meant that he was twenty-two years old and a senior and ought to dress more decently."

"Well, you know what I mean," David said. "He's an odd ball all right. Why didn't he join a fraternity?"

"Is that the way you're going to go through life? Judging people by whether they were in a fraternity? My God, David!" David did not like her to swear.

"No," he said seriously, "but he didn't join one."

"He didn't join a fraternity," Jane explained patiently, "because he thinks it's damned nonsense. And furthermore, so do I."

David laughed. He put his arm around her and pulled her to him and then hipped her hard enough to push her onto a lawn. "Then why did you join a sorority? Don't pretend to be one of the campus intellectuals. You're just a nice plain muttonhead like the rest of us."

Jane started to answer him but something stopped her, and she was suddenly overwhelmed with a feeling, not "a feeling" but just feeling, as she had been so often lately, just feeling this feeling and not knowing what it was or what you were supposed to do with it and wanting to cry. That's what she wanted to do right now — cry. Her roommate insisted it was simple sex frustration and suggested an obvious if impossible solution, but it was not that but more than that, much, much more; and she couldn't think about it right now or she would cry, right there in the street. She sidled up to David and put her arm through his again, leaning against him with her face against the sleeve of his jacket, partly because it was David of whom she was so awfully fond, with whom she guessed she really was in love, and partly because she needed to do that, needed to hold on for a few minutes just to be holding on, and so she wouldn't cry.

They passed the last house on the block and went into the field where they could still walk abreast and then came to the top of the ravine where they had to go single file with David leading the way. Men always led the way — her mother had taught her that, and she followed him into the ravine, glad that he was in front and could not see her face, trying to compose herself for him, knowing how important this was for both of them and wanting to listen as she had imagined she would and not wanting to spoil anything.

At the bottom of the slope, a footbridge crossed a small stream, and they walked across the water arm-in-arm. Some little boys were playing cowboys under the bridge, and they were just old enough to stop their game of pretend until the strangers had passed. David made a gun out of thumb and forefinger and shot at one of them and said, "Hi, Buster!" Buster grinned broadly but did not say anything.

Then they walked up the path on the far side

and then to the place where they always went, still within earshot of the boys but out of sight. Jane sat down, and David kissed her but the kiss lacked passion; it was a before supper kiss, the way Jane's father kissed her mother when he came home from work and the kids were in the kitchen.

"Now," he said, sitting on a log across their room from her, "shall I just start at the beginning?"

"Yes," she said.

"I talked to the recruiter from Midwestern Light and Power this afternoon. The way I see it, it's either Midwestern or Utility Tire or the Crestmont Company. Now, there are some very serious considerations. Say, shall I just tell you the way I see it?"

"Yes," Jane said, "I guess that would be the way."

"Money is pretty much the same," David said. "Midwestern pays trainees four hundred a month during the training program, and Utility pays three-fifty for the first quarter and then ups it twenty-five bucks a quarter for the first year so we'd be grossing four twenty-five a month by the end of the year, that comes to forty-six hundred a year. Crestmont just starts you at five thousand and the training program is shorter so financially we'd be better off there, but then we'll have to live in New York if we go with Crestmont and unless you'd be willing to live in the city, there'll be commuter's expenses right off the bat. Well, however you figure it, New York is more expensive."

It sounded funny to hear him say, *if we go with Crestmont.*

"Now there's one trouble about Midwestern. Their trainees' program is held in St. Louis and after a year, we'll be transferred."

"I see," Jane said.

"Yes, I asked carefully about this, and the guy said everybody is transferred after the first year. Usually you go to some small town in the district and act as assistant manager. Then after a year or so depending on what you do and what opens up they transfer you again to a bigger town or make you a manager or bring you back for a headquarters job."

"It sounds pretty uncertain," she said. That wasn't much of a contribution for such a wide-awake girl, she thought.

"That's true," David said patiently, "but they've got a terrific retirement program, better than either Utility or Crestmont, and they're growing. The guy's mailing me a copy of the annual report, but I think we ought to decide before. Of course, we might get pretty far from home."

"I don't mind that," Jane said. She could hear the little boys down at the bridge very distinctly. "What about the other one?"

"Utility Tire. Well, that's Akron. And all in all, not a bad set-up. In the first place, you're allowed to pick your special interest early in the training program. I've pretty well decided on personnel against accounting even though my accounting grades are better."

"Yes," Jane said, feeling herself slipping back into the old inertia, "people are better to work with than figures."

"I think I'd be pretty good at it. I've got pretty good insight into people. Don't you think so, honey?"

"Yes," Jane said, "very good."

"Then again, there's Crestmont. Electronics is the coming thing. We'd really be getting in on the ground floor of a young industry, and they are willing to pay. They don't have the fringe benefits of the others yet. Say, you're sure about New York — you wouldn't mind the city?"

"No," Jane said, "I don't think so."

"Well, it's all right, honey; we don't have to take Crestmont. Some of those eastern outfits are a little funny anyway. Have a lot of odd-balls but then it might be the best deal. Wherever we go, we'll probably have an apartment for awhile. Later we can move out. Get a house. I'd like to have some land, do a little gardening like your father. Have to have space for kids, you know." He laughed very nicely really.

"Yes," she said, "I know." And she did know. It was all over. Already. It was over without having begun. They'd take an apartment, and she would take a course at the "Y" or the library, and then they would move into a house. David would join a men's luncheon club, and she would have a baby, and her mother would come to stay for awhile. David would be very loving and help around the house and show great respect for her motherhood, not like Felix who had been angry with her most of the time. Felix did not want to garden, and this was so damned silly, thinking again about Felix whom she'd just happened to run into, and she *did* love David and wanted to marry him. She was going to marry him.

"I think," David was saying, "that Midwestern is the best deal. They're expanding and they're an old established company, and the public utilities are darn good outfits."

"Yes," Jane said. You couldn't have just one child, and she didn't know, truly know, whether she wanted to have any children not that she was afraid of the pain or anything. She didn't think so anyhow, but she would have to care for them, and they would get sick, and David would worry and try to act bravely in the crisis, and she could just forget about doing anything for years. If she had three children at three year intervals, the oldest would be six when the youngest was born; that would be twelve years of her life before they were all in school.

"If you don't mind the transferring part of it and being so far away," David said, "I think we'll take the Midwestern offer."

"No, I don't mind," but her voice sounded funny. David would want them to join a country club, and they would go to dances on Saturday night, and she might get a little tight as she had at the spring formal, and later David would be elected to the club's board of governors and work hard for it and keep all the odd-balls out. There wouldn't ever be anyone like Felix in the club.

"Honey," David was saying. "Are you all right, honey?"

He would have to watch his weight, or rather she would have to watch his weight. Otherwise, he'd get fat. She wouldn't be married to a fat man; the very idea made her ill. And she would have to wear a girdle after the children were born. Her mother told her that she had never worn one at Jane's age either.

"Honey," David said, "What's the matter?" He was coming toward her.

"No," she said, standing up. "No!"

"Jane," David said.

"No," she said. She was crying now all right. "I could have gone to graduate school. I could have done anything I wanted."

"Honey," David repeated in the way he would repeat it.

"I wouldn't know what I was going to do. Wouldn't that have been wonderful? Wouldn't that have been just wonderful?"

And then as David made a gesture towards her, a gesture asking forgiveness for some act against her which he did not and never would comprehend, Jane began to run. She ran down the path for the bridge, running as she had not run for years, going at top speed the way she had used to run the first day out at the beach or in high school when she raced against boys or when she was a very little girl and had run out of the house in the morning and run and run simply for the pure joy of it, for the great and wondrous glory of feeling her body in motion, floating free, unattached and able to run. Down the path now, nearly falling, and then with a throb in her chest, tiring, but forcing her legs to move and across the bridge, but slowing now, slowing even as she heard the little boy with his cowboy pals say it. "Gee, look at that woman running."

Anyway she was winded, and had to walk up the other side of the ravine. Half-way she stopped crying because she could not breathe and cry at once. She heard footsteps on the bridge, coming after her not running but walking fast, — poor good David who would be appalled at her behavior and not ever understand it and not ever understand her, not really understand. But it would be all right; she would tell him something. Besides, in the moment of clarity after her exertion, she did not think she had run away from David but the dream. The dream was very much with her, and she wondered if it would disappear again. She didn't much want the dream.

When she got to the brow of the hill, she waited for him, quickly wiping her face and repairing her lipstick. Then, thinking all the while of some little story which he would accept as an explanation of her odd-ball behavior, she turned around and smiled and waved to him, a quick if nervous queen's wave. After all, she reasoned quite practically, this probably would not happen very often, but they had better learn to handle it — now.

GOLF

Even before good weather breaks through, Allegheny's golfers get the itch to be out on the links once again. Last year's Spring was ideal. Throughout the whole season there was not one match called off or rescheduled because of bad weather.

This good weather might have attributed to Dave Law's pre-season 140 yard eagle-shot in practice. Dave went on, during the season, to be the team's most consistent player with an average of about four shots above par for each game. He was followed closely in scoring by Bill Henry. Others on the team were Pete Sambol, Neil Abramson, Norm Johnson, Bob Stubbe, and Reed Woeckner. Under "Skip" Zehrung's direction, they ended the 1957 season with a winning record of four wins and three losses.

In the first match, Allegheny got off to a good start by beating Edinboro 14½ to 3½. The Gator linksmen won four and tied two of the six matches in the meet. Dave Law came in off the course as number one man with a 77 and Bill Henry followed closely with a 78. They lost the next match to Grove City, but bounced back again to trim Slippery Rock 10 to 8. There were three Gators shooting in the high 70's—Law 75, Sambol 78, and Henry with a 79. In the wins against Thiel and Gannon, Dave Law, Bill Henry, and Pete Sambol were all good point getters. At Westminster, Dave Law was the only one who was able to win in the six matches. He and Bill Henry both shot a 79.

L. to R.: Sambol, Henry, Law, Johnson, Abramson, Coach Zehrung.



At the end of the season, forty-eight of the top collegiate golfers in Western Pennsylvania teed off at the Meadville Country Club for the 15th Allegheny College Invitational Tournament, representing twelve colleges. Carnegie Tech, Behrend Center, Edinboro, Gannon, Geneva, Grove City, Indiana, Slippery Rock, Thiel, W & J, and Westminster were among the group invited. The four men Allegheny entered were Dave Law, Pete Sambol, Neil Abramson, and Bill Henry. The scores in this match ran a little bit higher than usual due to the weather and high roughs at the club. Allegheny came in fourth after Indiana, Grove City, and Carnegie. Dave Law was the Gators' best shot with an 85 followed by Bill Henry with an 87.

The Gators will miss Dave Law who was lost through graduation, but are looking for a good season because of the experienced men who are out again. Also, the team is looking forward to seeing Skip Nagle and Pierce Harper on the greens.

Allegheny		
14½	Edinboro	3½
5	Grove City	13
10	Slippery Rock	8
5½	Case	6½
14	Thiel	4
4	Westminster	14
11½	Gannon	6½

15TH ANNUAL ALLEGHENY COLLEGE INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT:
4th out of 12

LETTERMEN:

Dave Law — Peter Sambol
William Henry — Neil Abramson
Norman Johnson

BASEBALL

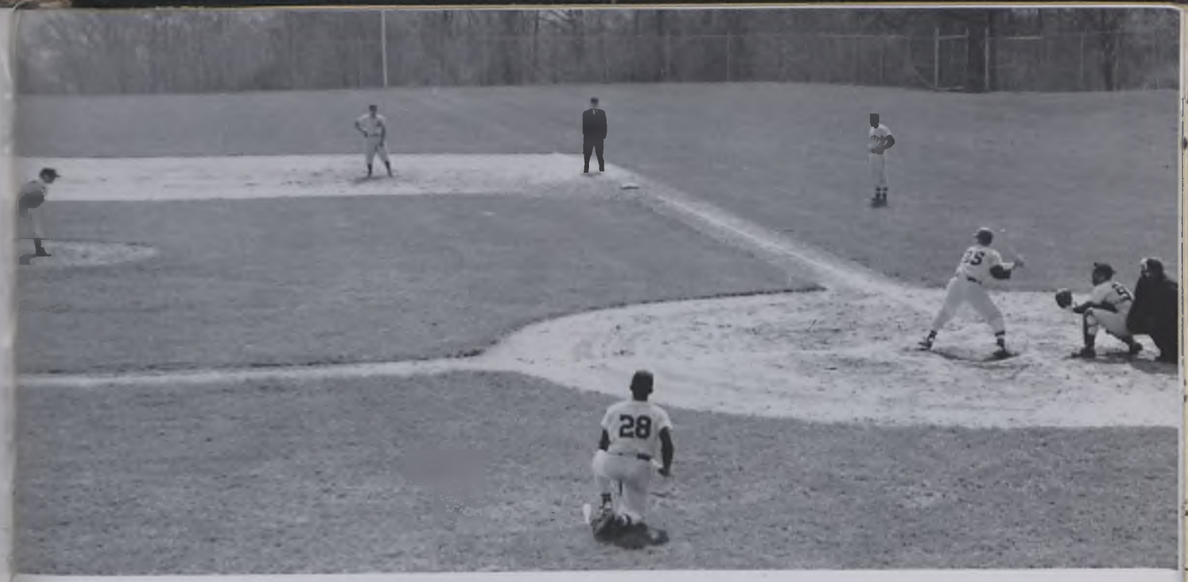
The Allegheny baseball squad begins the season with practice sessions in the gym. The pitchers and catchers are paired off and work together to loosen up stiff arms and to develop control. The fielders limber up rusty joints playing "catch" and hitting balls into a tarp. After a game of pepper, the day is finished with the entire team taking several laps around the gym.

As the Spring semester progresses, the baseball season, like a person, begins to take on a "personality" of its own, which sets it off from previous seasons. This isn't a mysterious process. The '57 season was partly characterized by the fact that the four Allegheny wins, out of eleven attempts, were all played at home. This might be accounted for by the players' familiarity with the home field, or their being under less tension because of the familiarity. In the end the score tells the story, but not the most interesting one.

For example, Allegheny lost to Thiel, 3-2 in a wave of bad fielding, but in this game the Gator squad tallied fifteen hits in the best hitting game of the season. In the opening game against Mount Union, which Allegheny won, the score hints at the tense atmosphere which prevailed in the last inning.



First Row (l. to r.): Quimby, Maldonado, Keppel, Crabb, Smartz, Dronsfield, Matthews, Cady.
Second Row: Coach Garbark, Fleming, Moyer, Knepper, Stoughton, Van Handel, George, Lowing, Bixler, Grant.



Mount Union was at bat with two outs and two men on base. The score was 5-4. Mount Union put a pinch-hitter at the plate. He pulled a liner down the third base line. Bill Stoughton scooped it up and made an assist at first for the final out. Not a big moment? Maybe you should have seen the game!

Lettermen returning for the 1958 season, under Coach Bob Garbark, are: Dal Matthews, James Dronsfield, Frank Maldonado, William Stoughton, Mason Cady, Robert Lowing, James Swartz, Jack Kepple, James Knapper, Thomas Fleming and Robert Van Handel.

STATISTICS OF THE 1957 SEASON

Home games — 4 wins 3 losses
Away games — 0 wins 4 losses
Leading R.B.I.'s — Dronsfield

Pitchers' records — Keppel 3-5
Van Handel 1-0
Lowing 0-1
Maldonado 0-1
George 0-0

Home runs — Dronsfield 2
Swartz 1

Allegheny	5	Mount Union	4
Allegheny	2	Clarion	3
Allegheny	8	Thiel	13
Allegheny	2	W & J	0
Allegheny	2	Slippery Rock	4
Allegheny	5	Baldwin-Wallace	0
Allegheny	6	Westminster	7
Allegheny	1	Duquesne	11
Allegheny	0	Pitt	7
Allegheny	5	Hiram	0
Allegheny	2	Western Reserve	7



SWIMMING

In their first meet the Allegheny finmen bowed down to a powerful Rochester team as Ray Cox eclipsed the pool record that he set there two years ago. The only other first place for the Gators was taken by the 400 Yard Medley Relay team comprised of Paul Reslink, Tom Smith, Ray Cox, and John Grant. Following the Rochester meet the Allegheny team gained only four firsts in nine events against Fenn to lose a close battle, 37 to 40.

Next, the Allegheny Mermen invaded W & J's tank to win their first meet, capturing seven first places out of nine. Ray Cox and Ed Sergi each made two of the tallies for Allegheny. Ray lowered his own 200 yard backstroke standard by completing the race in two minutes fourteen and six tenths seconds. He also came out on top in the 60 yard freestyle races. Paul Reslink won the 200 yard breaststroke and Tom Smith copped the 200 yard butterfly. In addition to these wins the Gators won the 400 yard medley relay.

In the next two meets with Grove City and Slippery Rock the end results were not too good. Even though these two meets did not produce lasting results Ray Cox added two more records to his ever growing collection. At Grove City he was only one tenth of a second off the best time he had turned in at nationals, his sophomore year, by gaining a 2:12.8 in the 200 yard backstroke. At the Slippery Rock meet, which was held in our own pool, Ray shaved a tenth of a second off the 200 yard freestyle pool record that had been held by Carter White since 1955. His time was 2:22.1.

In the Case meet, Bill Hanson's tankmen got a big boost from their underclassmen. While Ray tied his 220 yard freestyle record, freshmen John Gillespie and Paul Reslink turned in stellar performances helping the Gators to victory. Paul took first in the 200 yard breaststroke and third in the 200 yard butterfly. John finished second to Ray Cox in the 200 yard backstroke. Both of these men helped the Gator cause in the medley relay while Ed Sergi captured a first place in the 440 yard freestyle.

The team efforts did not materialize in the next attempt, against Westminster. Here, Tom Smith was edged out of a first place by only a fraction of a second after going 22 lengths neck and neck with a Westminster Tartan. Ray managed to clip better than six seconds off the pool record and thus to set a new mark.

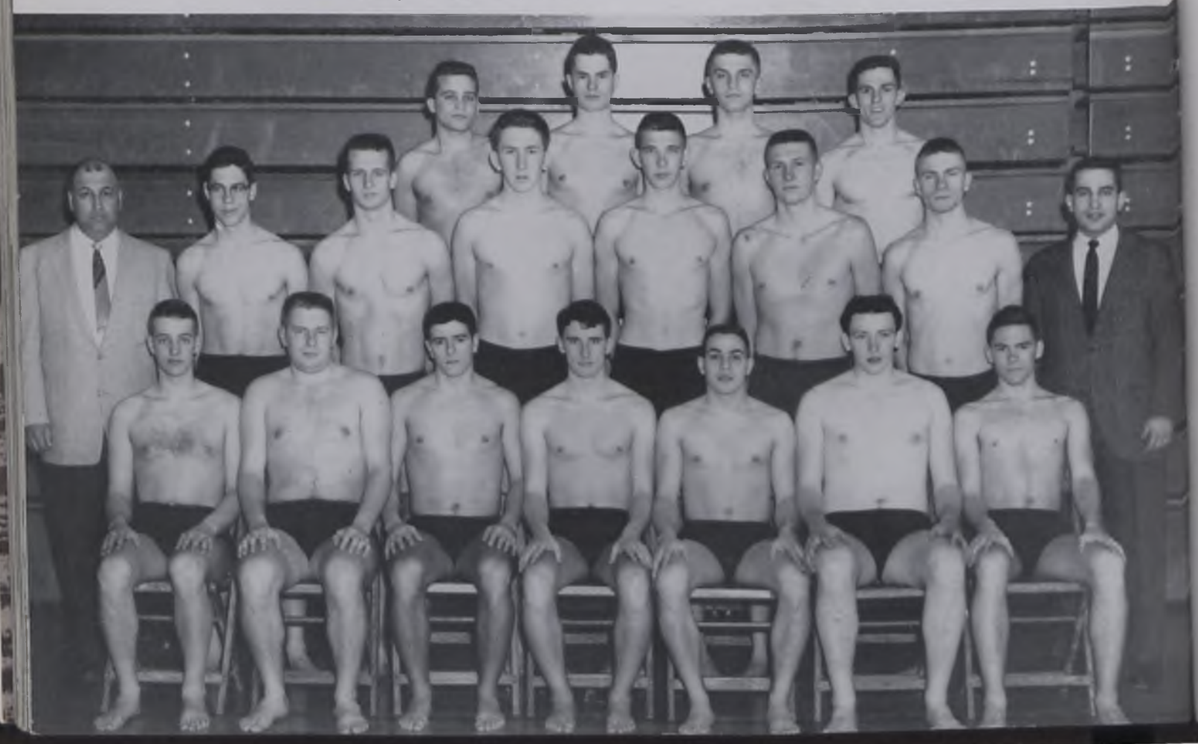
In the Bethany meet at Allegheny's pool, Ray set another 200 yard backstroke record time of 2:12.1. It was in this meet and in the one against Grove City that the second and third places enabled the team to come out on top. Gillespie, Grant, Reslink, Sergi, and Smith helped gain the points needed.

Again in the Carnegie meet, Ray continued to shine by breaking the pool record in the 200 yard backstroke. Even with this record the team failed to push on to victory.

When the Allegheny team appeared in the Carnegie pool for the Penn-Ohio Association meet, Ray broke the 200 yard backstroke record with a time of 2:13.4. Also, in this district meet, Paul Reslink came in third in the 200 yard butterfly, Tom Smith held a fifth place in the 440 yard freestyle, and John Gillespie won a fifth place in the 200 yard backstroke. After the districts, Ray entered the NCAA meet at the University of Michigan and placed fourth in the nation in the 200 yard backstroke with a 2:13.3.

This year the team will lose two men—Ray Cox and Ed Sergi. Ed has proven himself by always being a consistent point getter who has lettered all four years. Ray's long list of records show only one side of him. He has, in many instances, gone out of his way to help his fellow swimmers and his coach. Coach Hanson feels confident in his next year's team because they are well diversified and have the necessary experience.

First Row (l. to r.): David, Eidemueller, Grant, Cox, Sergi, Halsavor, Gillespie.
Second Row: Coach Hanson, Reslink, Harden, Enis, Kalff, Smith, Telfer, Mandel.
Third Row: Wynn, Love, Greer, Bissell.



LETTERMEN

Ray Cox, Capt. — *Tom Smith*
Ed Sergi — *Paul Reslink*
John Grant — *John Gillespie*
Ed David



Ray Cox's Record: over his four years

200 YARD BACKSTROKE		time
Allegheny	1958	2:12.0
Case (old pool)	1957	2:14.9
Case (new pool)	1957	2:16.4
Carnegie Tech	1958	2:13.3
Fenn	1956	2:18.8
Niagara	1955	2:15.6
Rochester	1958	2:18.1
W & J	1958	2:14.6
Westminster	1958	2:12.9
Grove City	1958	2:12.8

120 yard Individual Medley

Allegheny	1955	1:16.5

160 yard Individual Medley

W & J	1956	1:55.4

220 yard Freestyle

Allegheny	1958	2:22.1

Member of:

300 yard Medley Relay Team	2:59.9
400 yard Medley Relay Team	4:14.1
400 yard Freestyle	3:50.1

Undefeated in dual meet competition in four years—won 39 meets (Backstroke).

Undefeated in Penn-Ohio Swimming Association competition in four years (Backstroke).

Penn-Ohio times:

1955	2:19.6
1956	2:18.7
1957	2:16.4
1958	2:13.4

RECORD: WON 4, LOST 6

ALLEGHENY		
30	ROCHESTER	56
37	FENN	40
53	W & J	33
36	GROVE CITY	50
24	SLIPPERY ROCK	53
40	CASE	37
31	WESTMINSTER	55
39	GROVE CITY	38
42	BETHANY	35
31	CARNEGIE	55

TENNIS

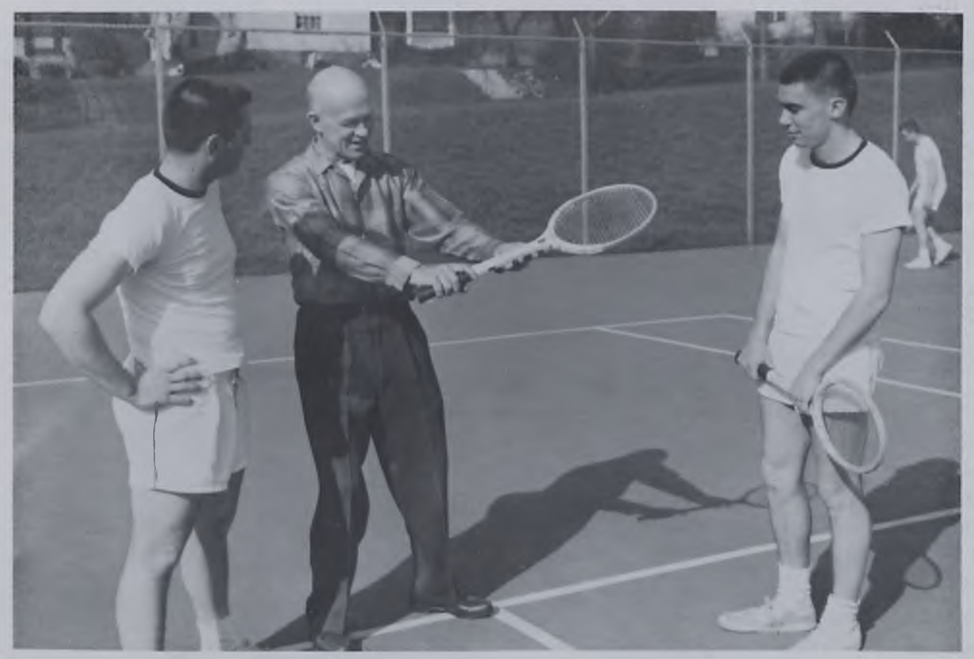
Last year's record in tennis was not only the result of the wins and the losses, but it was also a combination of the development of the sport and of the attitude and relationship of the coach toward the players.

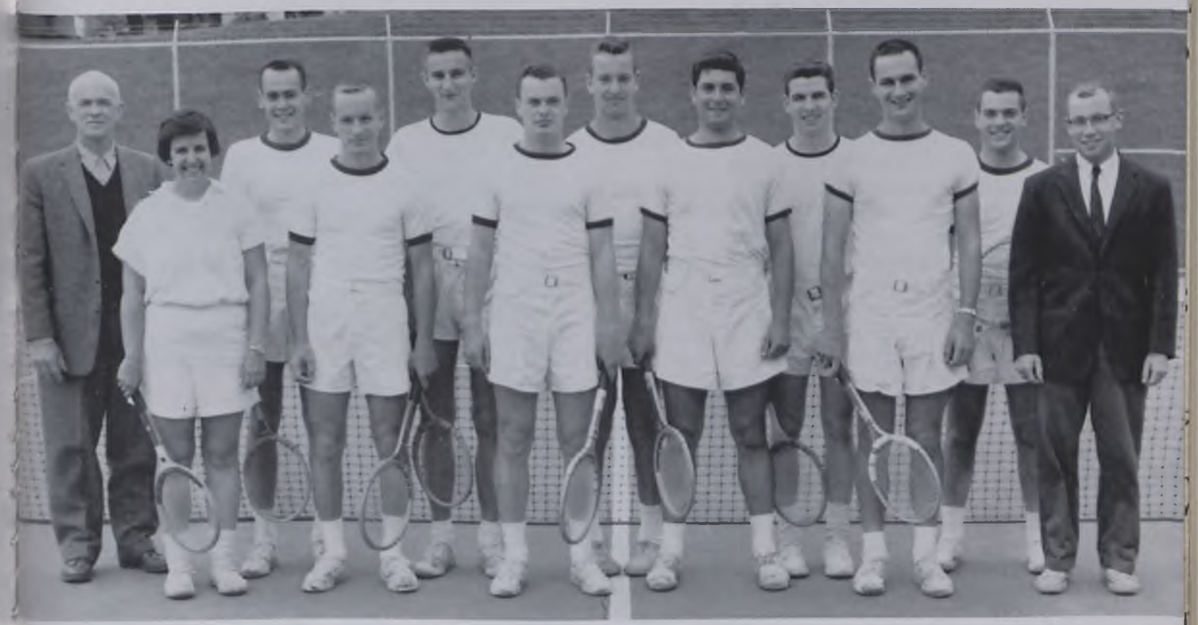
In the April 1885 issue of the Campus an article read: "a lawn tennis club is to be formed for the first time this season." It was in this way that tennis got established on campus, only eleven years after tennis had been introduced into this country. Despite the difficulties it met in its introduction the new sport aroused great interest and enthusiasm. In 1887 the Allegheny College Tennis Association was formed with a limited membership of twenty persons. The first thing the club did was to mark out two courts so that the tennis players in college would not lack for a place to enjoy themselves. In 1888 it was recognized that tennis was an important factor in the athletic program as it still is. Along with baseball and track, tennis broke into the competitive picture "on the hill".

Let us now consider the man who guides the team, the coach, H. P. Way. During 14 of his 28 years at Allegheny, Mr. Way has been coaching tennis teams which collectively have piled up the impressive record of 96 wins to 30 losses. He believes that "a coach has the right to expect the best from each man" and that "ability varies with the individual and that a successful coach is the one who can recognize a man's ability and inspire him to put forth his utmost." This philosophy has been the basis of his close relationship to all of his players.

Last Spring the Allegheny racket squad maintained a winning season with five wins and two losses while three matches were rained out. The two matches which were dropped were to Case and W & J.

In the W & J match George Brock, the Gator's number one man, lost a hard battle to King Hartman. Brock won the first set easily 6 to 3. The second set both men played a hot and cold game with neither man gaining advantage until Hartman broke through and won Brock's serve game. Then Hartman won his own serve game and the second





First Row (l. to r.): Peterson, Midlam, Ross, Borakove, Brock, Joseph.
Second Row: Coach Way, Timpkin, Waddington, Harron, Hoffecker, Lynn.

set 10-8. The third set was Hartman's also. The score, however, does not reflect how close the set was. Every game went to deuce. Boyle lost his match in three sets. Midlam came through with a comparatively easy victory in two sets. Howie Borakove's net game was excellent and combined with his serve he was unbeatable in the second two sets. His placement was canny and as the score shows he had his opponent baffled. Herron dropped his match in three sets. Ruth Ann Peterson came through with a well deserved win—2-6, 6-2, and 7-5. The match score at the end of singles play was tied 3 to 3.

Our first and second doubles teams composed of Brock and Boyle, Midlam and Herron, respectively, lost to far superior doubles teams of W & J. Our third double team of Peterson and Borakove was losing in the second set when the match was rained out. Allegheny lost the match 5-3 in one of the toughest and hardest fought matches of the season.

This year we have lost Boyle, Borakove, and Peterson, who were all starting singles players. We expect, however, to see an improvement in last year's non-regulars and to pick up several men from the freshman class. With the sport still developing and the close relationship between coach and players, this year's hopes run high for another successful season for the Gator netmen.

Allegheny	7	2	Gannon
Allegheny	3	6	Case
Allegheny	9	0	Grove City
Allegheny	rain		Slippery Rock
Allegheny	7	2	Duquesne
Allegheny	9	0	Thiel
Allegheny	6	3	Grove City
Allegheny	3	5	W & J
Allegheny	rain		Westminster
Allegheny	rain		Hiram
Allegheny	44	18	All opponents

Won—5 Lost—2

LETTERMEN

Ross Boyle
Howard Borakove
George Brock
Dale Midlam
Ruth Ann Peterson

TRACK

In April, Allegheny's track team begins their preparation for the season under Track Coach Bill Hanson and Field Coach "Red" Moore. The preparation starts in practice and leads up to the meets. The opener of the season was a triangular meet against Edinboro and Thiel. Here, the Gators placed second to a deep Edinboro cinder squad. In this first meet Roger Donodeo lowered two records. The Allegheny ace ran the low hurdles in :25.0 flat breaking an old record of :25.1 held jointly by himself and Zack Taylor. His other record came in the broad jump with a 21′ 11¾″ leap which was over four feet better than the old mark set in 1930 by H. V. Vasburg. Three first places were obtained by Wyndham Riotte in the one mile and the two mile and by Freshman John Hankins in the ½ mile.

W & J rallied over Western Reserve and Allegheny in the second tri meet of the season. W & J showed great depth by placing men in every event and winning nine out of the fifteen events. Western Reserve's Ed Sarbiewski pole-vaulted 13 feet to set a new College Field record. Roger Donodeo again chalked up the points for the Gator thinclads by capturing a first in the broad jump, a third in the 220-yard low hurdles and a forth in the 100-yard dash.

The first dual meet of the year against Slippery Rock found the Allegheny squad on the bottom side. John Carman's javelin throwing got him a first place while Wyndham Riotte captured seconds in the one and two-mile events. During the afternoon the squad only placed in five of the forty-three scoring positions.

In the meets that followed Allegheny failed to gain a win. At Grove City Roger Donodeo broke the school record in the 220 low hurdles with a :24.9. The squad advanced to the district meet where the best small college trackmen in Western Pennsylvania gathered and took seventh place.

When the season came to a close Allegheny couldn't show much in terms of wins and losses, but it took pride in its performances and records. Hopes are high for the 1958 season because of the experience and training incorporated with spirit that prevails on the cinder track.

Record for the 1957 season:

Won 0, lost 6 — District Meet, 7th

Allegheny	64½	Edinboro	67
Allegheny	27½	W & J	87
Allegheny	13	Slippery Rock	118
Allegheny	21	Westminster	110
Allegheny	47	Grove City	84
Allegheny	62	Case	69

LETTERMEN:

R. Donodeo, Captain.	J. Greer
J. Hankins	R. Adams
W. Riotte	W. Jack
J. Carman	C. Mann
J. Brook	D. Kimmelman

First Row (l. to r.): Mann, Grimm, Riotte, Jack, Donodeo, Kimmelman, Carman, Honse, Dykes.
Second Row: Coach Hanson. Presinski, Elias, Sherman, Eidemueller, Greer, Williams, Adams, Hankins, Butcher, Coach Moore.
Third Row: Bagley, Weiss, Kennedy, Brook.



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A pretty ghoul is like a melody



Raising that average

First row (l. to r.): V. Clarke, B. Welch, L. Bruening, B. DuVal, R. Miller, N. Nordstrom, J. Haarbye, D. Stevens, S. Tschirgi, M. Will, S. Bierer. Second row: D. Johnson, N. Force, N. Cundall, W. Welsh, N. Robinson, N. Bryan, J. Showers, A. Brown, B. Wilkinson, G. Kruse, F. Dalzell, C. Connoley, G. Renfrew. Third Row: B. Riederer, B. Burdick, J. Stuck, L. Thorne, B. Taylor, D. Hoelzle, B. Eberly, M. Henry, S. McCleary, M. Spring, R. Malte, D. Ewing, A. Salyer, A. Frock, C. Munson, B. Bell, M. Wible, S. Kiefer, P. VanOlinda.

