

imprisoned on four sides, racing on at a mad pace to somewhere I'd never been and to people I had never seen. For the first time I was in a situation where I was entirely on my own, where no amount of need could bring familiar aid or support. My first feeling was one of poignant, desolate loneliness, but before this had me inextricably in its clutches, I realized I was really awfully sleepy and that, after all, sleep could polish all my tarnished first impressions.

So I struggled laboriously out of my clothes and curled up, by necessity, for my first night on a pullman with the rhythmic thunder of the wheels for a lullaby

First Love

MARGARET BURK

COLLEGE, '44

He was thirteen and I was twelve. It was the summer of 1937. We were both spending the summer at a camp in Delafield, Wisconsin.

He might have been considered good-looking if he hadn't had his black hair cut off within a half an inch of its life. It stuck up in stiff bristles all over his head, giving him the appearance of an embryonic criminal. His sparkling, beady black eyes were always crinkled in a laugh or frown. His height was perhaps his worst feature, as he was exactly as tall as I. In fact, when I had on high-heeled pumps, I was taller than he.

Our love began that evening. My sophisticated roommate, elegant in new blue shorts, backed into a freshly painted orange canoe. The color scheme was too much for my primitive sense of humor. I collapsed totally into unrestrained mirth. When I came to, I found my hero equally limp from the scene. The deed was done. I had a beau. Promptly he asked me to go canoeing on the lagoon. Oh, thrill! Oh, joy! My first beau. Of course, I went canoeing with him, but I was forced to do the paddling. It was a bit strenuous, but I enjoyed it thoroughly.

Our second date he paddled the light canoe around the lagoon with

me languidly trailing my hand in the water (and being languid is not one of my gifts). He took impish delight in directing the boat under the willows and practically having me brushed out of the boat, doubtless a demonstration of his love. Of this attention I grew wearied, and we cemented our love by a violent water battle. Then we planned our honeymoon. He called me "wife" until I thought "fiancee" sounded better. I don't know why, myself, but I had a silly impulse to build a railroad through China. He decided we could build it on our honeymoon. Sounds romantic, doesn't it?

I remember one day in particular when he chased me around the tennis courts with a fly swatter. I think now it was a public demonstration of how much he loved me. It was that day that he gave me his boy scout pin. I wore it religiously on all my shirts. He also promised to give me a silver bracelet with the camp crest on it when camp was over. He never got around to giving it to me, as our beautiful romance was doomed to an early death.

Our romance was a well-known topic of conversation at camp. It gave me a thrill of pride to read little squibs about "the typical camp couple" in the camp paper. I couldn't quite realize I had a sure-enough, real, live beau. He was an excellent swimmer. He gave me several ribboned medals he had won in big swimming meets in Chicago. Proudly, I wore those gaudy ribbons on my shirts.

A prettier lass came between us. She had freckles that only added to her charm, vivacious, sky-blue eyes that twinkled when she smiled, and a cute little pug nose that wrinkled in the most devastating way. I was utterly crushed when I realized that he liked her, not me. All my happy dreams came crashing down around my ears. I knew I would be blighted for life. I swore never to look at another boy. I spent several days composing a scorching epitaph for our dead love. I could not decide between the melancholy, "It was fun while it lasted," or the sad, "It was nice to

have known you." I decided on the former and sent it with the little boy scout pin back to him. How unhappy I was. I knew I would never love again, not really whole-heartedly, anyway.

Boys have come and gone in my life, but I haven't forgotten him, my first love, with the bristly black hair

Tonight Reminds Me

VIKI DAVIDSON

COLLEGE, '43

Tonight reminds me of a year ago—
Of a night too much like this,
Of a snow-bound mountain and a
glowing fire,
And an innocent first-love kiss.

You greeted me with a sudden smile
Of boyish but knowing charm.
And after I'd changed to my skiing
clothes,
We rushed out arm in arm.

The tumbling snow raced through my
hair
And twinkled on your brow
We talked of the life that had filled
our months
Or all that time would allow

Back at the house, we dimmed the
lights,
And relaxed in a comfortable place,
Where the fuzzy rug stretched across
the hearth
And the fire light danced in your
face.

Finally the embers ceased to glow,
And our voices were tired of talk.
You helped me on with my winter
coat,
Suggesting another walk.

This time the sun was about to arise
In a background of flaming red.
We stood there facing the village
below
Without a word to be said.

You kissed me then, and I heard
you cry,
"I'll love you all my life."