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VOLUME 10

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
NUMBER 2



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THE CHIMES

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WARD-BELMONT SCHOOL, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

FOREWORD

*L*ike the March hare of fable and song, we are rushing madly through this last deadline week to bring you the second of three in your 1946-47 series of CHIMES. The fine comments we received on our last effort gave us the courage to present another, one which we hope will please you even more. Your reading tastes are to be considered in the material we choose for CHIMES, and we appreciate any and all suggestions as to the type of writing you like to see in the magazine.

In this issue we are bringing you the prize-winning essays which resulted from the contest we sponsored just before Christmas. They are both humorous and serious, and they represent work and thought on the part of those girls who entered them. Our thanks and congratulations to you; we want to urge even more of you to enter our next contest.

We decided we'd leave the job of exploration to you this issue, and for that reason we won't say anything except that *we* like it; let us know your opinion, won't you? We *would* like to ask you to notice the addition of new members to the staff; they, too, deserve congrats.

This is just the first page; there's lots more inside . . . It's all yours; read ahead!

SHEILA

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Editorial

The time had come, I decided. I was thirteen years old and I should start growing up. What more ideal opportunity than this day: the day on which my Air Forces cousin was bringing his buddy to have Sunday dinner with us? Sitting there in my room thinking of what I should wear, I allowed great visions to creep into my rather undeveloped brain.

He (the buddy of my cousin) would walk into the living room and Mother would be standing there to greet him. He would glance about him with a look which spelled submission to an inevitable fate, and meekly he would seat himself on the divan for a long chat with Dad. Daddy's topics of conversation always run in two channels: conditions in Europe and the current rise in prices; I judged that since Earl (that was the name of my latest attraction) had been engaged in European combat, the former would be more suitable. In my mind's eye I could see Earl re-living, against his will, the terrible experiences of combat which he so wished to forget; I pictured Daddy avidly devouring every word of the poor boy's narrative. Earl would become more and more upset; and then, looking desperately about him, he would spy a vision entering the room. I would float gracefully toward him while he, scarcely realizing he had risen, would stand entranced by my loveliness. . .

My visions were interrupted by Mother, telling me to PLEASE start dressing. I arose with a sigh and walked toward my closet,

peeking in to see if perchance any new apparel had made its way hence between now and the time I had last looked, not five minutes before. No, not a thing. The adolescentish cream wool still leered back at me; I could actually hear it shouting, "You've got to wear me! Your mother has decreed it and you haven't anything else." I let my discouraged glance travel from it to the even more infantile satin, and then to the velvet. All too childish; I could *never* make the proper impression without some tangible aid for my charms. I looked longingly toward my mother's room; it was not too hard to visualize her black crepe hanging there in the closet. It was equally easy to imagine how ravishing it would be possible for me to appear in it. Sudden anguish and fear tore at my heart! What if she were planning to wear it today, of all days? I closed my own closet door and walked quietly toward her room; the conversation therein was progressing something like this:

"I don't know what's the matter with Sheila. She seems almost hostile toward this poor boy Jack's bringing with him today."

Hostile! In my attempts to appear casual about this whole matter I was giving Mother an impression of hostility! The thought was unbearable; I stopped thinking and started listening again.

"She'll be all right. Just growing up, probably bashful and just doesn't want to show it."

I could stand no more. Charging into the room with my guns

blazing and my eyes flashing. I confronted them with these profound words: "What am I going to do about my hair? It looks like pure seaweed!"

Mother looked as though an epileptic fit might carry her off at any second, but my insistent eyes demanded a reply. "Well, dear, I suppose we'll have to comb it; how'll that do?"

"Why can't I wear it up? Everyone else does!" My usually austere father went off into peals of laughter, leaving me standing, mortally embarrassed, before two pairs of slightly amused, patient eyes.

I need not relate further details concerning the tragedy of my rather forlorn locks; needless to say, my hair style was changed no more drastically than having a bow placed in an all too conspicuous place. But my determination was not to be swayed as to the black crepe dress. No, Mother was *not* wearing it, but it *was* going to be worn; on that I had my heart set.

I heard the car drive up outside as I was struggling to pull the flimsy crepe over my bedecked head. My heart gave a leap and then stopped beating; he was here! All the visions I had ever had of a happy home and family crowded back upon me at once. The perfect courtship with an attentive escort to every social function the town had to afford, the sunny wedding day in June with whispers on every side of, "Oh, how pretty she looks!" . . . My eyes were starry as I sat, my disarranged hair drooping over a brow damp with beads of exhausted perspiration, the black crepe sadly disheveled as a result of my exertions.

His step sounded outside the door; I heard Mother and Daddy greeting him at the door. Hurriedly I pulled the dress the rest of the way over my head and did what I could to restore my hair to its former status. Daddy was leading him toward the divan; the conversation would soon revert to Europe and European conditions. I was ready now, only waiting for the proper moment for my entrance. It came at the moment: Daddy was saying, "How did you happen to be wounded over there?"

The door was open and I was almost inside before I heard Earl's reply: "Oh, I wasn't wounded, sir. I was in the ground crew the whole time, stationed in Britain. Nope, didn't even get near a shell; I had a severe case of measles and was sent home for a brief rest. So you see, I really don't know much about the front line fighting . . ."

His words trailed off in my ears. Not at the scene of battle at all? And to top it all off, he was far from being the gallant, dashing captain I had imagined would accompany Jack to dinner. His oiled, carrot-colored hair glistened above his boyishly round, freckled face; his cumbersome G.I. shoes were topped off by heavy private's winter wool uniform. And when he looked toward me, it was only to smile a friendly greeting and then return to his interesting conversation with my father. I stumbled quietly over the nearest chair in my earnest endeavor to force my feet, encased as they were in four inch heel pumps, toward the hallway and thence to my room, where I doffed my mother's finery in fa-
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A Study in Courage

By Marjorie Gilmore

• Marjorie Gilmore, Senior-Mid and member of the CHIMES staff from Parkersburg, West Virginia, is also struggling with an English major. Her chief delights are riding, flying, and "just talking" . . . and she'll read any and everything! Future plans include finishing school and then writing for radio, she hopes!

The sun shone mercilessly on the dejected form of a woman trudging wearily along the dusty, winding road. She was a pathetic sight, looking as if she bore a burden too heavy for the human soul. I sat, hidden from her view in the doorway of the little church where I was minister, thinking that I was perhaps the only person who really knew her story. The only person who knew she had been a light-hearted and beautiful woman only a few short months before. . .

Maria Corbeau was left early in life an orphan—her only relative being an older brother, Pierre. Their parents were killed when an oxcart bearing products from their little truck garden in the Basque country of France had plunged over a cliff on the way to a nearby market. Maria and her brother had never been close: Pierre disliked his sister because he realized she was more intelligent than he. She was unusually attractive and, as the child of his later years, her father's greatest joy. He saw that she received the best possible education. She showed promising abilities, but at the death of her parents all her hopes and plans had to be abandoned.

This is when I first met Maria.

She was sorely troubled at the way Pierre was showing his authority and bossing everyone around on the small farm he inherited after the tragic death. Maria was forced to perform many menial tasks. In the evening when she could escape from Pierre she often came into my church and knelt to pray. One night I spoke to her and found that she was more than willing to pour out her soul to anyone who would listen. I was amazed at the patience and fortitude with which she bore Pierre's slave-driving. She seemed to bear him no ill-will whatsoever.

But I was very mistaken. As soon as she reached the age of eighteen, Maria married a man of common birth for whom she had no love in order to escape from her unhappy life in Pierre's household. Again Maria was unlucky. Her husband died shortly after their marriage, and she was left to fend for herself once more. She decided the best thing to do was to improve and enlarge the small herd of Guernsey cattle her husband had started. I was the eager confidante of this brave girl during all these troubled times. She trusted me and my advice; and, I must admit, I was in love with Maria Aumont,

nee Corbeau. I was only a poor country minister and had small hope of ever being able to marry this vivacious creature, though I could try to aid her in improving her life, which had so many obstacles to overcome.

Soon, much to the surprise of her neighbors—who did not know, as I did, how hard Maria had worked—and to the displeasure of her brother, this undefeatable girl built up a thriving cattle business and was able to enlarge and improve her barns and hire additional workers. Maria was fast becoming a successful business woman, while Pierre's farm remained only mediocre.

Periodically Maria took her cattle to the market and sold them for a goodly sum of money. I prayed for Maria more than ever while she was on these trips. One night she came to my study and informed me that she was leaving early in the morning on another trip with her cattle. I begged her not to go, because at this time our section of the country was being harrassed by bandits. But for once she failed to heed my advice; and after she took her leave of me, I suddenly felt as though a cold wind had blown through the room. I started to call her back, but I was too much in love with Maria to risk her ire by claiming to have had a premonition. Now I know that I should have stopped her at any price.

The rest of this story is sheer tragedy. Someday, with the aid of God, Maria will recover from the shock she received when this vicious web of circumstance drew about her, and she will once again be a peaceful woman. Until then

she is lost to me. Without her confidence, I am helpless to aid her or declare my love.

In the market Maria secured a



better price than usual for her fine cattle. She treated herself to an afternoon's shopping and started back to her little village late in the day. Maria was carrying the money

in a doe-skin bag inside her jacket. As it grew darker, she began to worry and hastened onward as fast as possible. The small impoverished farm of Pierre Corbeau came into view and Maria was frightened enough to risk his displeasure by asking him to accompany her to her own home.

"Well, Maria, it's been a long time since you saw fit to grace my humble household, *n'est-ce pas?* You've become a success and are well-liked in the village. How is it you come to see your disreputable brother?"

"Please, Pierre," begged Maria, "You have never welcomed me into your home, and when I married M. Aumont you made it plain that you never cared to see me again. But let's not quarrel now, please. Pierre, I need your help!"

"My help! Maria, don't make me laugh. Take one look about this miserable hovel I live in, then think of your own comfortable home. And you want my help!"

"No, Pierre, you misunderstand. I'm not asking for advice or money from you. All I want is your protection on my way home. I'm carrying a sum of money from the sale of my cattle and I am frightened to go the rest of the way alone. Won't you ride with me?"

"Why not ask your beau, Maria? Certainly the Reverend Minister would be glad to assist you. No, no, do not protest. I know: 'He's only a good friend.' But the fact remains that I am busy with my own affairs and cannot be bothered by an ungrateful sister." Here Pierre began to rummage around in a small storage closet. "Since you are my own flesh and blood, I will give you

this gun for protection—but mind you take care of it!"

Once more Maria was on her way. She decided to take a short cut through a dense grove of old trees instead of going the longer way through the main part of the village. Just before entering the grove she met an old Spaniard who had wandered through the Pyrenees into this part of France. He was a jovial man, earning his meager living by mending the women's pots and pans.

"He! Bonjour, Madame Aumont. What, pray tell, are you doing alone at this hour? Is that a gun I see you carrying?"

"Yes, Monsieur. It is for protection against the bandits."

"May I see it, Madame?" As Maria silently handed him the gun, the old man exclaimed, "Why this gun is not loaded—small protection it would afford! Here, Madame, I will fix it for you." Then the Spaniard opened his belt and produced six cartridges.

Maria thanked him profusely and hurried on into the forest. As she approached the clearing, her heart leapt into her throat at the sight of an armed and masked man riding unswervingly toward her. The path was narrow. He halted in front of her, ordering her in a gruff voice to dismount. Maria hesitated not more than an instant before raising her gun and firing in rapid succession at her enemy.

Horried at her action, she was momentarily paralyzed. She half fell from her horse and walked toward the crumpled man. Raising his mask with trembling fingers, Maria beheld the face of Pierre Corbeau.

ESSAY CONTEST

The Conformist and the Non-Conformist

By Janice Lebenstein

First Place

Whatever the physical or psychological factors present in the make-up of an individual, one can safely say that people fall into two general classes—the conformist or non-conformist. Ever since man has existed, these types, too, have existed, influencing the history of the world. The conformists have always constituted the majority, but the progress has been made by that minority—the nonconformists. The ideology of these groups is directly opposite, yet the developments arising from the non-conformist's thinking often bring about an improvement in life for the majority.

The actions of a conformist are motivated by those of his neighbors, and by the general behavior of those about him. He follows the so-called "laws of society" and directs his life in well-worn channels, never deviating from the row plowed for him by men less fearful of experimentation or invention.

A non-conformist, on the other hand, rules his life by his conscience alone, acting as he sees fit, regardless of public opinion or derogation. A non-conformist is truly free in the sense that he has risen above the binding shackles of compromise and inactivity from fear.

This freedom gives him the strength to accomplish great deeds—the strength of will lacking in those of the majority.

Naturally the world would be a chaotic place if every man chose to take leave of ethical rules and insisted upon governing himself as he saw fit. But this choice must be left up to the individual; and when laws become restrictive and binding, they must be eliminated. In the Dark Ages, man's desire for learning and freedom of expression was suppressed by the Church. Martin Luther kindled the innate thirst for knowledge in man and diminished the power of the Church. Not all men are equipped with the ability to live the life of a non-conformist, and many times mistakes are made. The wrong rules are promulgated, wrong mental attitudes stimulated, and wrong innovations introduced. Yet, even in a destructive period of development, an outgrowth of some good and lasting result is inevitable.

A caveman who first used fire, an unknown who developed the wheel, a genius who thought of the lever—all these men were non-conformists, since they were not satisfied with life as they found it but yearned for a life more com-

plete and more comforting, a life fulfilled by the knowledge that one had aided not only oneself but others. Many of our greatest contributors have been mocked because of their dreams and desires for a better and finer world. Man, in the past, has progressed solely

because of the actions of the non-conformist. The greatest of all non-conformists, Jesus Christ, proved the worth of swimming steadily against the current of public opinion toward the goal man must set before him if he is to be worthy of existence.

“Kitchup” and Beans

By Betty Neil Sheppard

Second Place

We have volumes of photographs at home which slumber in the oblivion of a cedar chest. One of the these photographs was brought to light the other day when Mother, desiring a subject for a new antique picture frame, resorted to the confines of the chest. I had just dropped down into a living room chair when my eyes fell upon a strangely familiar face glaring out of the handsomely embellished frame. With something of horror and fascination I leaned forward to discover that the personage in the frame was I, aged four. Looking at this picture, one finds oneself wondering how many people succumbed in the struggle that went before. The picture evokes pity. . . pity for the lowly photographer who is being torn limb from limb by the remorseful glare of the tear-stained eyes. After hours of arguing and pleading, the photographer had given up all hope of coaxing a pleasant or even civil expression to my face. In desperation he snapped the camera, capturing an expression which

combined the charm of John L. Lewis' grimace with that of a captive Indian. The faithful camera recorded all: the big blue eyes glaring under a ponderous frown, the murderous pout on the rosebud mouth, and even the sparkle of a runny nose.

I want to assure you that I did not hold such an antipathy for all of mankind. I was particularly fond of our next door neighbors. By the time I was three years old I seemed to prefer the atmosphere of their household to that of our home. There was so much more going on over there. Sadie, the mother, often made fudge and hot cinnamon rolls and big pots of white beans. I also liked Sadie's husband, Big Walker, even though he loved to tease me and was often in a bad humor. At that time I didn't realize why Sadie didn't care for him: never came the Saturday night that he didn't come home drunk and proceed to beat her. There were also four children of school-age whom I admired very much.

Nearly every day, my mother

was obliged to dress me as befitted the occasion of going to Sadie's for lunch. Wearing a crisp buttock-length frock I would bid my mother good-morning and tumble with dignity over the hill to Sadie's house. As I made my way up the



driveway, the sight of Sadie waiting for me at the kitchen door would fill my heart with pleasure. The two of us would sit down to big plates of white beans with Heinz catsup poured over them . . . our favorite meal. I still have a tender spot in my heart for "kit-chup and beans."

When visiting the MacDowells I always looked forward to three thirty, when the children would be at home. I much preferred them to the insipid juveniles of my own age with whom I was expected to associate. My favorites, "Sassern and Little Walkie", were always delighted to find me calmly awaiting them in a big front porch rocking chair. I was a respected partner in their diversions, whether it happened to be watching the circus unload or chasing craw-dads in the creek.

There was great mutual respect between the three of us. One Christmas, having inspected the mountain of gifts under my tree, I went over the hill to see what the MacDowells got. Santa had brought Little Walker the big red fire engine with the bell on it for which he had prayed for months. He parted with the "swi-swuck" reluctantly when I decided that I must have it to haul my thirteen dolls in.

In return for Katherine and Walker's adoration, I had an eye out for their interests. Once I nearly mangled a boy thrice my size for casting aspersions at Katherine. One evening when I was eating dinner with the MacDowell family, Big Walker sent Katherine away from the table because she persisted in filling the hollow of her celery with cream cheese. She left the table weeping, and it looked as if the evening had been spoiled. Climbing indignantly from my stool at Big Walker's right, I said, "Big Walkie, you damn fool." When the howls of laughter and the choking on soup subsided, peace was restored.

At four years of age, I had a skeptic philosophy. One day over my plate of beans, I sighed to Sadie, "Isn't life monotonous?"

There was also a spiritual side to my nature. I sometimes took my afternoon naps with Sadie. I had taken off my hightop shoes and had stretched out beside her when I decided to say my prayers. In a loud, fervent voice I entreated, "Oh, Dod, come down and get us all!" Sadie looked at me in horror and begged me to stop. Evidently

she wasn't ready to depart for the dim shore.

When the MacDowells moved away from the small town, I would probably have died of boredom except for the anticipation of an event which was to occur, my mother told me, the sixteenth of October. I was taken by surprise when the day rolled around. Peering on tiptoes into the cradle at the red little baby, I exclaimed, "Well, I didn't know this was of—October!"

Life

By Nancy Dennison

Honorable Mention

What is life? As I look at myself, I am like a leaf thrown upon the ocean. All the time I am on the sea I am continually being tossed about in a disorganized way, with no conception of the vast area I am in or what exactly is happening around me. I am only a small, insignificant part in this sea called life. How useless is one leaf in the ocean! The waves may play with it in their mad game; but if it were not for this leaf it would surely find others, for it has played with billions upon billions before it, and will perhaps play with billions after it.

Neither the fish, or the amoeba, or the atoms of water, or the compounds of atoms which we call salt, realize I am there. We may compare the fish to the greatness of a civilization, as we compare the leaf to the individual. We may compare the amoeba to our present-

day world, and the atoms to the persons around us.

As the waves toss me about the sea of life, I find myself at times on top of the waves of life, and at times deep underneath the waves, almost subdued. The leaf manages to rise to the surface again and again; but it is finally pushed to



the bottom of the ocean, to a place that no man knows or understands, and in time disintegrates. We are sucked in, and oblivious. Maybe the leaf goes to an unknown place called heaven, to someone who cares. This may be God. Who is sure? The simple leaf has no possible power of understanding anything so great. It does the only thing it can do—hope, in order not to be swollen by the great waters before its last ounce of resistance is burned and life becomes too great for it in its torn condition. The leaf is a strong, beautiful,

optimistic leaf, filled with the vigor of youth when it enters the body of water: life. Slowly all it has hoped for, dreamed of, enjoyed, is torn away by the sea, a power so much greater than itself. It ebbs away with the tide.

When we are tired of fighting the sea of life, our bodies lose energy; and we can do nothing but wait for the turbulent waters to send us to their unknown depths. Life is based on a little hope found somewhere in our souls. I know not where.

This to me is life.

The End

By Dot Hoback

Honorable Mention

Because of its general impracticability and the absence of important organs, the tail, a member of the animal anatomy, has been greatly overlooked. There are many kinds of tails: long tails, short tails, bushy tails, and black tails with a white streak down the center. There are also comet tails, tails of coins, the tailing of a detective (when he follows someone), black tails (with men in them), and cat-tails that have nothing to do with anatomy; but, nevertheless, they are tails.

All through the day everyone comes in contact with one or more tails. The country boy arises at dawn with one purpose in mind: to milk the cows. He proceeds to the barn with clean pails, removes the three-legged stool from its place in the corner, seats himself,

begins to milk, and is promptly hit in the face by the cow's tail. Meanwhile the cat proceeds to ask for her morning milk by tickling his leg with—yes, her tail.

City Suzie arises a few hours later, after the familiar alarm sounds, with the following words to her sister: "Wake up, Sara. Who's time is it to cook breakfast?"

"I dunno, let's flip for it." A coin is produced. "Heads."

"Tails."

"Tails it is. I guess I'll do the dirty work this time." Sara dresses and descends to the kitchen, stopping long enough to pet her stub-tailed dog.

I never have been able to understand why so many people insist on cutting their dogs' tails off. The dog has a definite use for his tail;

it is his means of getting what he wants. To a person who is not a dog-lover the dog's tail may not seem important; but when a dog looks up to a true canine lover with pleading eyes and a wagging tail, his needs will not be refused.

The hunter in darkest Africa sees monkeys swinging by their tails from tree to tree, a line of elephants walking "snout in tail", and a coiled snake which is all tail. While hunting deer in northern Wisconsin, this same hunter may be aided by the deer's alarm system which consists of his throwing up his white tail if any danger is known to be lurking about. This particular species of deer is almost extinct because his danger signal helps the hunter more than the deer.

During the fall months the most popular sport among young boys, especially those in the country, is kite flying. As every good kite flyer knows, the most important part of the kite is the tail; the longer the

tail, the better the kite stays in the air. The boy follows his kite across the open fields full of cotton-tail rabbits, through the cat-tail marshes, and back through the barnyard where he sees the turkeys and peacocks strutting in all their glory: tail feathers.

The sun lowers itself in the sky as the country family gathers around the fire for tales. At about the same time, the pilot puts his tail with the wind and takes off for distant lands; and the debutant dresses for the ball and goes down to meet her date, who will undoubtedly be attired in white tie and tails. If men knew how well they looked in said costume, I am sure they would never take it off; but, as it is, tails remain the very bane of their existence.

Sometimes I wish I had a tail; when I grew angry with a person I could turn around, put my nose in the air, and switch my tail in his face.

Doors

By Betty Latham

Honorable Mention

I am a door-opener. Doors bewitch me. When I see a door I am perfectly helpless. There is something in me or the door that compels me to open it. I believe there are spirits in doors that lure the unsuspecting to open them. When people disappear, where do they go? . . . through doors. I know a man that kicked a swinging door once, and the vengeful structure

flew back and knocked him unconscious. There is something evil in doors. They are like loadstones . . . they draw you to them. I am convinced that doors cast spells on me.

There are all kinds of these spell-casting doors. There are big doors and little doors, thick doors and thin doors, wooden doors and metal doors, doors that open in and

doors that open out, swinging doors and revolving doors, side doors and secret doors. There are doors that are impressive looking with heavy brass knockers and massive locks; and there are insignificant, plain, little doors with wooden knobs and cracked glass panes plastered with Red Cross and Community Chest stickers. And there are the ordinary, common-type doors that are neither impressive nor unsubstantial. They are the kind you simply do not notice at all unless you are a door-opener. But there is something about a door of any kind that cannot be explained.

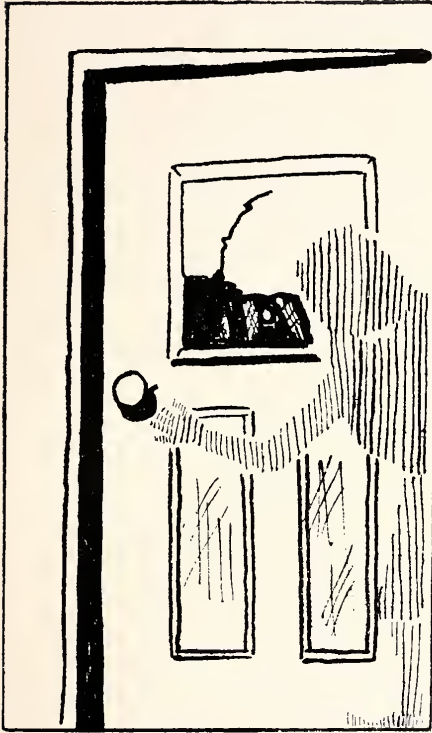
I once saw a door that even looked evil. It had one dirty square of glass and a torn shade pulled half-way down; said shade resemble a lid closing partially over a wicked, blurry eye. This one-eyed door had an old, shrivelled cat's tail hanging on the knocker, and the knob was worn by the hands of many who had passed through to the other side. Who knows how many had come out again? Yet, I was drawn to the evil-eyed door. Probably I would have opened it had I not been attracted at that moment to another door. My life seems to be full of doors. And I am deviled by them all.

When I was a child, the basement door fascinated me. The steps were quite steep, and I was forbidden to go downstairs alone; but after I was old enough to reach the strange, sliding chain that constituted the spell-caster's lock, I would stealthily open it and slip through to the wonders below. To this day my mother knows nothing

of those secret excursions, nor would she understand that it had not been simply willful disobedience on my part. Had she ever caught me, I am sure it would have been useless to have explained that the fault was with the door. . . my mother is not a door-opener.

The most magnetic door-conjuror I ever saw tempted me when I was still a child. I was spending the summer at the home of my grandmother. Every winter I looked forward to my annual summer visit at my grandmother's, for her home was one of those old, towering, colonial monstrosities with rooms and, of course, a great many doors. Besides these features there was the added attraction of some rumors I had learned from "Old Bill", an ageless, white-haired family servant, about secret passageways under the house that had been used during the Civil War. I knew from my history books that such tunnels had existed in the time of the war; so my search was on in earnest. It was during my fruitless efforts toward finding these alleged tunnels that I spied the Door. I was busily tapping walls and looking for swinging bookcases when I remembered that I had once read of a sliding panel in a closet that let to an underground room. Overlooking nothing in my quest, I began my inspection of the numerous, long-empty closets. It was in one of these dusty, spider-webbed cubicles that I found my Door . . . a door in the ceiling! When I saw the door, knobless and blank, I stared at it hypnotized. Here was a door like none I had ever seen before . . . a ceiling door! . . . a knobless, handleless,

knockerless, glassless door! It horrified me and sent chills skipping down my spine, but it held me with an almost physical intensity. I knew that I had to open that door;



but since I was only three feet tall and the closet ceiling was almost seven feet high, I did not know how I should accomplish the feat. Exhibiting amazing originality, I had just managed to pull a chair beneath the Door and was perched

upon the books I had placed upon it for added height, when my aunt ventured upon the scene. Seeing my precarious position, she immediately ordered me down. Torn between obeying the Door or my aunt, I think the Door would have won had not my aunt indignantly pulled me down and forcefully led me from the room. After that the door to the fateful room was kept locked. Nana, my grandmother, insisted that the Door was only an old trap door to a musty, vacant attic; but, of course, I know it was not. Nana just doesn't understand doors.

Many times on other visits I teased to go into the room; but I was never allowed to do so, Nana being certain I would break my neck. Since I have been old enough to assert myself the house has passed into the possession of a stranger. At times I have been on the point of going to its owner and asking permission to open that Door, but he probably wouldn't understand. He probably is not a door-opener.

Someday, perhaps, I will have done with doors, or doors will have done with me, but I doubt it. I am afraid that doors will always be my tempters. Sometimes I have thought of what Heaven must be like. Probably there are such doors as I have never dreamed of, for God must know that I am a door-opener.



Miss Abby

By Dorothy Hoback

• A Tennessee gal, Dot Hoback from Cowan is an economics major. The big ambition is to be a buyer—exactly what *kind* of buyer we wouldn't know, just a buyer, we s'pose . . . The intense dislike is to see people walking down the street eating, while Dot's great love is chocolate eclairs!

The dawn is hot, and that puts Miss Abby in a bad mood. Even though she is a thin person, she is bothered with the heat. It is bad enough when the temperature in the afternoon is high, but when the early mornings are hot Miss Abby is annoyed. Because of that sticky feeling, she starts to take a bath, taking time to decide between a warm and a cold bath. If she takes a cold bath she will be cooled only for the moment; whereas a warm one will make her still hotter. The water decides the question; both the hot and cold faucets give forth only luke-warm water.

After bathing slowly, Miss Abby makes the pretense of rushing down to cook her solitary breakfast: one-half of an orange, one piece of crustless toast, and two cups of coffee. One cup is consumed with the toast and the other while she is poring over the gossip column of the weekly county paper.

The breakfast dishes are then thoroughly washed and partially dried when the phone rings. "That you, Abby?" Flory Nichols inquires, knowing perfectly well that her friend lives alone in her large house.

"Yes, Flory, what d'ya want at this hour?"

"Did ja hear about the wreck

that little Joe Blake had this morning at *two* o'clock with that little Garver girl with him?"

"No."

"Imagine at two A.M."

"Well, where was it?"

"Now I don't know the particulars, Abby, but I hear that Joe has a broken arm, and the little Garver girl had a bad knock in the head—and, I hear, now I'm not sure, but I hear that there was a whiskey bottle in the car."

"Glory, are you sure?"

"Now as I say, that's just what I heard."

"Well, these children seem to get worse every year."

"They certainly do. Well I'd better hang up and call Mr. Nelson. You know, he married Joe's aunt's husband's sister's cousin. 'Bye, Abby."

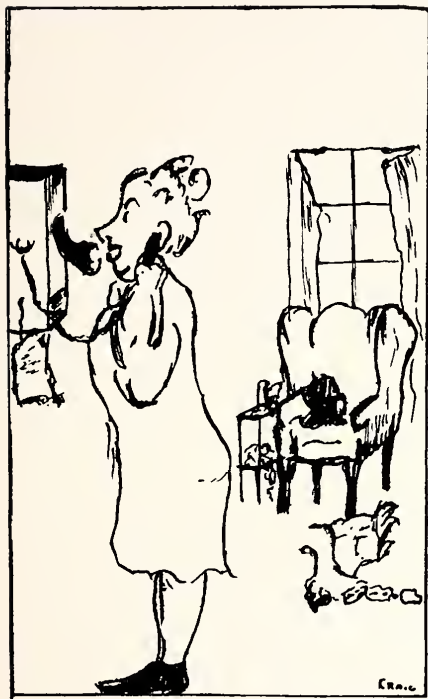
"'Bye."

Miss Abby finishes the dishes and starts a cake to take old Mrs. Anderson who is sick. Mrs. Anderson is the same age as the former, but she is still "old" Mrs. Anderson. Miss Abby then goes to the mail box.

"Of all things, something should be done about Mr. Smith; he is getting too old to carry mail. Here he has left Mr. Neff's *Time* again. *Time*, humph, who wants to read a smart-alecky magazine like that.

World affairs, my goodness, President Roosevelt—I mean Truman can run that.”

As the old maid moves her well-worn body into the house her thoughts revert to Joe Blake.



“Whiskey. . . Hm-mm. . . he *was* such a good boy. . . too bad, too bad.”

Miss Abby finishes the cake, and takes it over to Mrs. Anderson, stopping on the way to complain

of the heat and spread the news of the wreck.

“Morning, Miz. James, d’year ’bout Joe Blake’s wreck. . . whiskey all over the car, Betsy Garver had a bad concussion. . . yes. . . disgraceful, isn’t it? . . . Hello, Jesse, hear about the wreck last night? . . . both dead drunk. . . always did think they were bad kids.” And on the way home she can be heard in the post office saying, “Yes, both in a critical condition. . . shameful.”

When she returns home the phone is ringing; Flory Nichols is calling with the latest bit of gossip.

“Yes, Abby, Mr. Broebeck has run away with that cheap secretary of his. Saw them leaving ’bout noon, bag and baggage. Miz Brobeck just up from her operation, too. But Abby, don’t breathe a word of it. His wife doesn’t know yet; she thinks he has gone up to Chicago alone on business. Why, I wouldn’t have her know for the world.”

“I wouldn’t think of telling a soul, Flory,” Abby returns; and after more discussion they hang up.

Abby picks up the thin phone book and thumbs through it. “Adams, Anderson, Attrich, Blew, —ah, here it is—Brobeck, 723. Hello, operator, I want 723, please.”



The Bicycle

By Mary Simms

• Mary Simms, a Senior-Mid from the heart of the blue-grass country (Springfield, Kentucky, to be exact), is an English major. Plans for college after W-B are indefinite, but Mary knows that she *does* want to write. She enjoys good music—"You know what I mean!"—food, and sleep. But then, don't we all!

Davey wanted a bicycle. The fact that he was only five and his parents had said an emphatic no made little difference. Davey not only wanted a bicycle; he knew where he could get one. Davey's Uncle Albert, who lived up on the big hill, was one of the biggest bankers in the town where Davey lived. Uncle Albert, whose middle name was David, didn't have a particularly big heart (not half so big as his pocketbook), but he got a great satisfaction from being regarded by his relatives as their rich uncle and was usually quite generous in his Christmas gifts to the children. Now Davey knew that it would be impolite to come right out and ask Uncle Albert to give him a bicycle; but he also knew that Uncle Albert was an adult and wise enough to take a hint. In the three weeks that preceded Christmas, Davey made a point to encounter his uncle at least three times a day; he was forced to go past Davey's house to get to his own. In each of these encounters, Davey made known, by the subtlest of methods, that every little boy in the block except him had something to ride on, and those who didn't were getting this same something for Christmas. Uncle Albert was also able to find out without F.B.I. ser-

vice that Davey knew Santa Claus couldn't afford to bring him one, because his mother had told him. After about twenty of said encounters, Uncle Albert's grin began to look rather set when he saw Davey's beaming (or scheming) face approaching. Finally he told his nephew that he felt sure he would receive this certain something on Christmas morning. Davey breathed a sigh of relief and decided uncles were nice things to have. Especially rich ones.

Davey arose confidently on Christmas morning and shocked his parents into speechlessness by not having a tantrum when he discovered no bicycle under the tree. He seemed pleased with his presents, but he kept a watchful face turned toward the door most of the morning. Around ten-thirty, Uncle Albert walked calmly into the living room, looking like a man who had done his Christmas duty by all; now nothing remained for him to do but sit back and receive his deserved thanks.

He silently took the grinning, expectant, little boy by the hand and led him toward the porch. Davey's little heart lurched with triumph, and he filled with gratitude toward his uncle. When they reached the porch, Uncle Albert made a munificent gesture with

one hand, saying, "Well, son, there's your 'something to ride on'." Then he winked at Davey's parents. Davey just stood there, until it suddenly dawned on him that his uncle was speaking of the tricycle that had been placed directly in front of him. Davey was livid with uncontrollable horror at the humiliating object; but realizing that something was expected of him, he summoned all his control and with hurried thanks, which his uncle barely noticed for his own

admiration of his gift, he hopped on the hated thing and rode off down the street, full speed ahead. Davey was trying to understand how even an adult fool could have thought he meant a tricycle. Couldn't they see he was practically grown? Savagely he started to kick the unwanted article, but suddenly he looked back at his self-satisfied uncle; and without his knowing it, one side of his mouth turned a little way up in a scornful but pitying smirk. A cynic was born.

Sweet stillness, heard within the quiet heart,
Obey the thoughts that stem from thy omniscient being;
Clear, brain, of all the weights and shackles
By society imposed: the false chastity, the deceitful smile;
To follow courses set by time and place
Is as a mariner whose course lies true, and steers
By sea scope to his destined port, yet by so doing
Leaves the fair coast line unseen, unknown.
Awake, long dormant mind! The pulsing blood flows still!
False shelter lies beneath the oak
Whose trunk is scarred by lightening's unchecked rage;
But rather see the open fields beneath the wide sky;
So stand before God and man, not hypocritically,
But with all passion and all desire known.

—CAMILLE HANCOCK

The Woman Next Door

By Barbara Needs

• From Cleveland, Ohio, comes Barbara Needs, the Mid called "Bobby" or "Bob" by the entire campus . . . Bobby's worked on *Chimes* previous to this issue, and after college she would "like to" write . . . Her main passions are for horses, reading, and simply "sittin' and relaxin'!"

Her name is Norma. As long as I can remember she has remained the same to me in outward appearance as well as in inward wisdom, the latter of which I have respected for thirteen years without entirely being aware of her having this quality. She is scarcely taller than five feet and weighs a little over one hundred pounds; her delicate features, short, dark curly hair, and hazel eyes slightly squinting at the corners as a result of many hours spent out of doors, do not belie her active interest in the variety of things that life has to offer to anyone who has the intelligence and courage to seek and develop what he finds.

Children discover the hearts of adults long before grown-ups find the secret of a child's nature. Although Norma does not have any children of her own, every child in the neighborhood was soon drawn to her house by some unseen force. What is the magnetism that she possesses? She loves all living things, but it is a quiet, unobtrusive love; this is the only sort that the wild creatures trust. Yet she also has a keen appreciation of poetry and other kinds of literature, for her career is based upon an interest in books. I think that children love her because above all else she accepts them candidly and ap-

proaches them gently, though she always accepts them on her own level; not as if she were looking down upon people who, because of their youth, are not to be seriously listened to or considered.

Although the two episodes that follow seem to be stamped clearly on my mind, I am not certain if the impressions are vivid simply because I recall the details. I suspect that the incidents have been related by Norma so often and with such great imagination that the pictures have become interwoven with my actual memories. The story all began when the house next door to us was empty. My closest friend, a little girl of five, had moved out a week before. I was heartbroken. For days I had wandered woe-begonely through the backyard where we two had painted orange crates fantastic reds and purples, pretending that the boxes were trains bound for a far-away land. We had climbed trees, pitched blanket tents, and scooped holes in the ground searching for buried treasure. And now there was someone new who owned that backyard, and the secrets that my friend and I had had and the marks we had carved upon the landscape would be destroyed by an alien hand.

Rain was slanting from a melan-

choly sky as I stood beneath the portico of the empty house and fixed my eyes upon the locked door. I must have been lost in self-pity, for Norma often says as she tells the story that I did not seem to notice her approach and never even glanced up until she stood beside me on the porch. "Why, hello," she said, "there's even someone to meet us." Norma says that I regarded them with as unfriendly a scowl as is possible to be expressed on a six-year-old's face and then edged to the corner of the porch.

"My name is Norma," she continues her narrative; but at these words she says that I thrust my hands deep into the pockets of my red plaid raincoat and stalked off through the rain with never a backward glance at the new neighbors.



A child's curiosity is as instinctive, perhaps, as the curiosity of a young animal; and so it was not so many days later that something occurred to draw my attention to these neighbors so unwelcome to me. One evening as I was playing alone in our backyard I was distracted by a strange activity next door. Down the center of the backyard, where my friend and I had trod the earth until it was mud-packed, were dug shallow holes approximately one foot apart. They wound between the trees and stopped by the side porch. I peered cautiously through the bushes. The woman called Norma was kneeling beside one of the precisely cut holes and was placing a square piece of stone so that it fitted exactly into the space. As it grew darker, her husband came out of the house with a flashlight and joined her. Without realizing what I was doing, suddenly I found myself on their side of the hedge. "What're you making?" I asked.

Norma looked up and did not even appear startled to see me standing there. "Oh, hello, would you like to help? We're going to make a garden and these are going to be the stepping stones."

I stooped down beside her. "What kind of garden?"

"Well, there are going to be flowers, the kind that can grow in the shade of these elm trees. I'd really dislike having them taken out, because they seem to belong here. Then we're going to fill in as much of the empty space as possible with myrtle."

"What's myrtle?"

"It's like green leaves, only myrtle grows close to the ground."

She handed me the flashlight as she bent to pack with damp earth the narrow space around the stone.

As easily as that I came to know this woman, as did almost every other child with whom she came in contact. Her flowers grew for her. The ugly scars in the earth were covered by the trailing myrtle, and I never knew one child who intentionally stepped off the stepping stones or uprooted any of the flowers. Everyone loved most, however, the squirrels and brightly-plummaged birds that revisited Norma each year; and I shall always believe that they returned not only because of the food she placed outside for them every day and the sanctuary she had built for them, but also because of the kindness she bestowed upon them. One morning I found a young robin with an injured wing, and I immediately carried the bird to Norma. Seldom does a wild creature survive when forced to live in a domesticated environment. At once Norma prepared what she termed a "bird-egg", although it was nothing more than a hard-boiled egg chopped up fine and mixed with a little milk. She fed it bit by bit to the robin, and within an amazingly short time it had regained much of its lost strength. In a few days the young bird was well enough to be released. That was the first and almost the only time that I have seen an injured bird live in captivity and then be able to fly South as the autumn leaves begin to fall. I remember also the first pair of squirrels that became so tame that they sat on the back porch steps and took peanuts from the children's hands. In sub-

sequent years these squirrels brought their offspring to meet Norma and us children.

Norma's house was another source of enjoyment to us. She traveled about the country each winter, presenting a skit she had written, called "Mr. Godey Presents", a portrayal of the life, costumes, and books representative of that period of the nineteenth century. We children would spend hours examining the old brocaded dresses, outlandish bustles, and yellowed catalogues of "the current fashions" of Mr. Godey. The lovely turquoises, purples, and rusty reds of the dresses, the quaint bonnets, the pearl-buttoned, high, soft leather shoes with painted toes were a never ending source of delight to the neighborhood children. If she were preparing a program for some nearby city, Norma would often read one of the selections to us; but we would be content just to sit on the floor, delving into the fascinating boxes of musty ostrich feathers, hair decorations, and sausage curl wigs while she banged away at her typewriter, outlining a coming performance.

Perhaps we were most grateful to Norma for the vast world of books which she introduced to us. When I was ten or eleven, I remember the tall shelves were lined with every selection of poetry one could wish for. Norma never forced any certain sort of reading upon a person. The books were there. The children could take any book they wished to read and if they had any doubts or questions after they had finished their reading, she was always willing to explain them. While

(Continued on Page 39)

Return

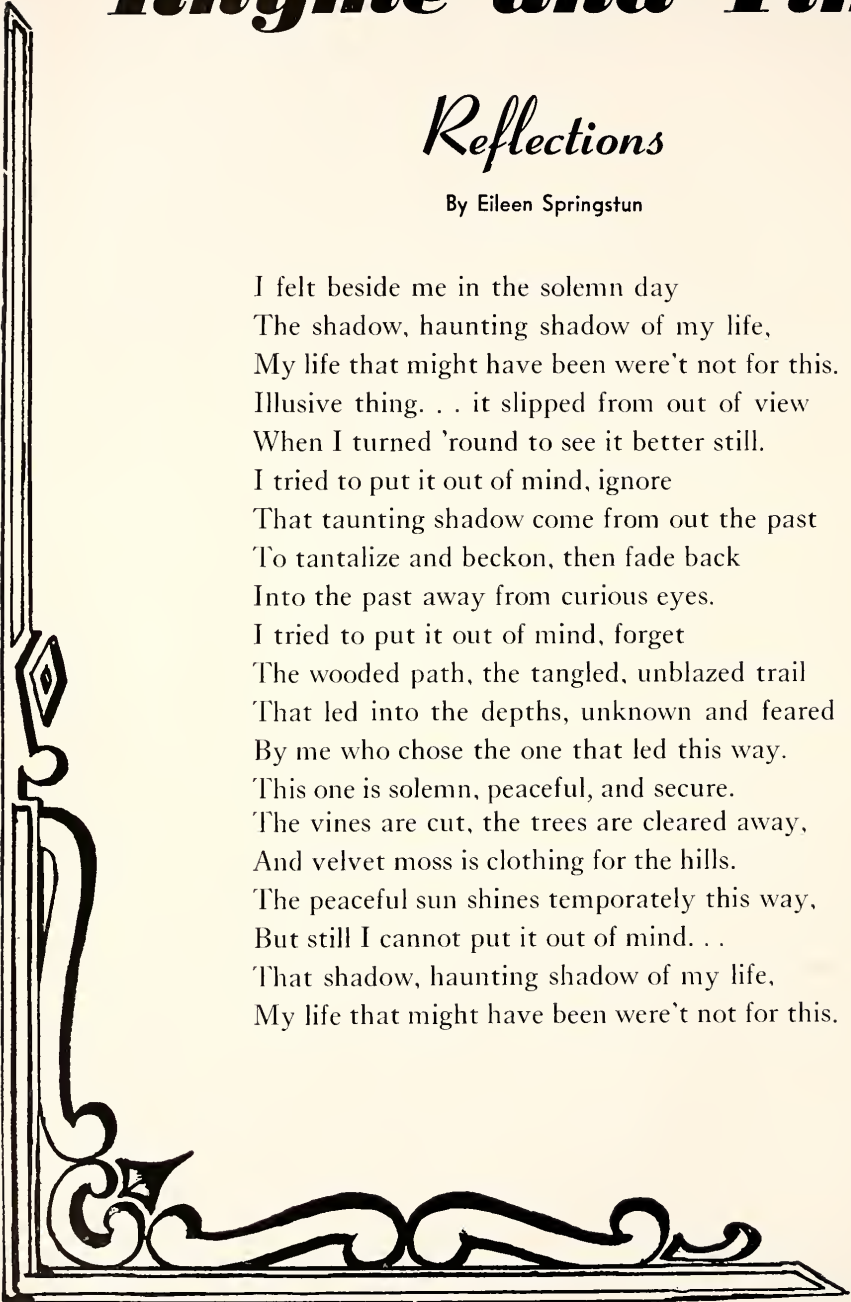
By Jane Ellen Tye

Here, in this room, when all alone,
I hear her voice, soft on my ear;
I feel her touch upon my brow
And I am sure she's near.
That so familiar scent she wore
Is strong on the midnight air;
The shadows on the wall are hers,
The footsteps on the stair.
The rustling curtains, tossed about
Know of her touch. There is no wind,
And o'er her bed, where once she slept,
Four white-robed angels bend.
I cry for her, I call her name,
No answer comes to me. . .
Only a cricket, far in the night,
Echoes the melody.
Here in this room she walks tonight
With moonlight on her gown,
And three red stars drop from their place
And circle softly down.
I hear her breathing in the hush
Of solitude around me,
And ghostly sighs from unknown lips
Send whispers that surround me.
A quivering candle burns alone,
A symbol of my doom,
She walks among the dead, and yet
She lingers in my room.

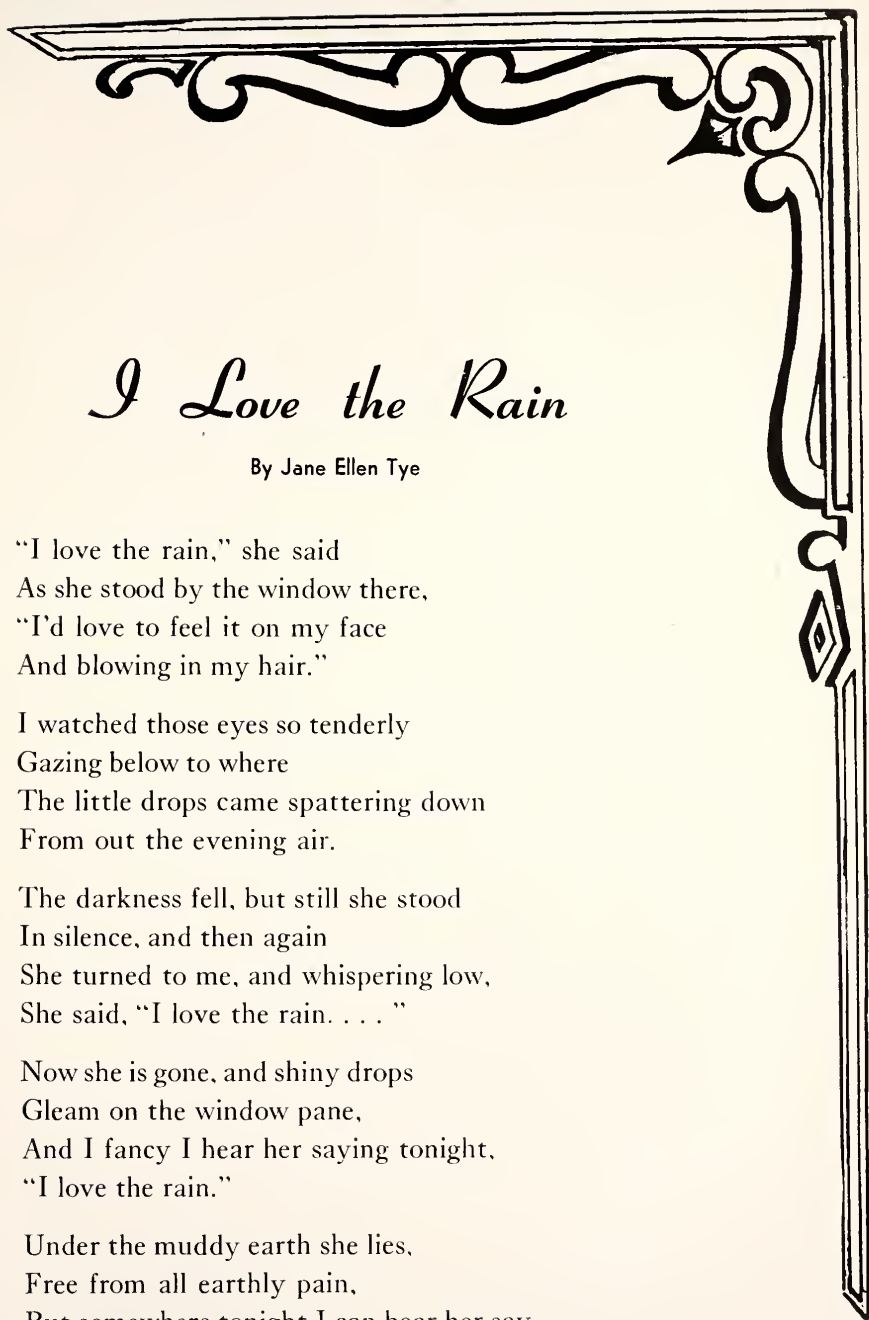
Rhyme and Time

Reflections

By Eileen Springstun



I felt beside me in the solemn day
The shadow, haunting shadow of my life,
My life that might have been were't not for this.
Illusive thing. . . it slipped from out of view
When I turned 'round to see it better still.
I tried to put it out of mind, ignore
That taunting shadow come from out the past
To tantalize and beckon, then fade back
Into the past away from curious eyes.
I tried to put it out of mind, forget
The wooded path, the tangled, unblazed trail
That led into the depths, unknown and feared
By me who chose the one that led this way.
This one is solemn, peaceful, and secure.
The vines are cut, the trees are cleared away,
And velvet moss is clothing for the hills.
The peaceful sun shines temporarily this way,
But still I cannot put it out of mind. . .
That shadow, haunting shadow of my life,
My life that might have been were't not for this.



I Love the Rain

By Jane Ellen Tye

"I love the rain," she said
As she stood by the window there,
"I'd love to feel it on my face
And blowing in my hair."

I watched those eyes so tenderly
Gazing below to where
The little drops came spattering down
From out the evening air.

The darkness fell, but still she stood
In silence, and then again
She turned to me, and whispering low,
She said, "I love the rain. . . ."

Now she is gone, and shiny drops
Gleam on the window pane,
And I fancy I hear her saying tonight,
"I love the rain."

Under the muddy earth she lies,
Free from all earthly pain,
But somewhere tonight I can hear her say,
"I love the rain."

Detached Recollections

By Barbara Needs

These thoughts are worthy of a man to keep,
Etched upon the walls of a hidden heart,
Fragments from some hour of the past,
Valueless to any but the one who holds.
Small things to be remembered well
When there is time to pause and think
Or snatch a single moment all alone,
If only to recall such things as these:
A falling star that like a silver-scaled fish curved across the night
To vanish far beyond the hill,
Often sought, but rarely ever found.
A child's eyes, the grey of sea-washed rocks,
Or sweet-smelling apples that lie beneath the wild trees,
Slowly rotting in the autumn sun.
Perhaps the thought of someone loved,
Clean as the thought of a lone star
Clipped to the top of a tall pine tree,
And even the strange, sharp taste
Of snowflakes with the first snowfall.
Small things are these for one to think upon,
Yet link by link, they bind the steadfast heart
And hold the past and present deep within.

The Age of Innocence

By Frances Newport

• A native Missourian, and proud of it, is Frances Newport, CHIMES staff member and editor of the campus *Hyphen* . . . A journalism major, she "thinks", Newpie has many ambitions . . . After Washington U. she wants either to work on the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* or to return to W-B for the purpose of teaching biology . . . She adores cats, desserts, PUBLICATIONS, and "doesn't really" dislike anything.

"Why, Betty, these pictures are d o w n - r i g h t scandalous." My grandmother was shocked by the women wearing dresses with "no back and very little front." Her stiff Baptist ideals of right and wrong remained intact as she guiltily thumbed through an ancient copy of a slick-papered fashion magazine. Since she had moved from the house next to ours, she made weekly trips from her small house across town to see if we were well; she would come meekly into our living room every Tuesday afternoon; and if Mother were not at home, she would fearfully watch me as I manicured my nails. Unable to converse with her only granddaughter, she would invariably choose a magazine to read, for Grandpa was expected at five; and during the intervening time she must occupy herself with either a magazine or our cat. Punctually at five she would slip into her worn black coat and meet her husband at the door. Grandpa was not to be kept waiting.

Grandpa had instilled a kind of awe within his wife; he was to be obeyed in all things, and his word was never to be disputed. My grandfather was Moses to the children of the Sunday School, Job to

his insistent grandchildren, and the Hand of Chastisement to his wife. Without the guiding hand of her husband my grandmother might have been a very different person. Sunday School, Church, Training Union, Church, Prayer Meeting on Wednesday . . . these composed the nucleus of their week's activities. My grandmother's personality had been colored to suit the demands of her Sunday School Superintendent husband; she had followed the path mapped by her husband too long to be delivered by her only granddaughter. The man who considered motion pictures an evil influence because they showed "kissing and loving", who believed dancing to be the Devil's pastime, who would not lower himself to think about such subjects as cigarettes and liquor, was all-powerful in his realm.

Craftily, I would attempt to sway my grandmother to my opinions, and I believe I often succeeded, even though she would never admit it. Almost wistfully she would admire my new clothes. Almost bashfully she would ask about my "beautx". But behind her interest was the deeply founded belief that they were worldly. She had not always had those beliefs,

but she had been married for such a long time and had been under grandpa's influence for so many years that nothing could change her opinions completely. Just as he had enforced the habit of regular church attendance, so had he enforced the acceptance of his will. Benefits such as automobiles, electric fans, washing machines, and automatic ranges were adopted as the Lord's will; horse and buggies, Panama fans, tin tubs, and wood ranges, however, were regarded as "just as good." They followed a



pattern that had been established fifty-five years ago, and the pattern was of my grandfather's making.

One day I rebelled against this over-bearing attitude of grandpa's. I was filled with pity for my grandmother and with a resolve to free her from the boredom which I knew must surround her. The day of liberation was a sticky Tuesday in August. Sitting in the glider on our front porch, we were talking about Sugar, who had just delivered a litter of six fine bird-puppies. I was puzzled. I did not know exactly how to begin the liberation; finally, I suggested that we choose a new hair style for her. Her thin, grey hair was pulled tightly into a bun at the nape of her neck, and in this style it had been worn for fully twenty-five years. Surprised by her rapid acquiescence, I brought a comb and brush and mirror from my room, and stood behind her chair on the front porch. Smooth, fat braids were soon coiled around her head, and the mirror was given to her so that she might inspect my creation.

For three minutes the scrutiny of her reflection was continued. With a small gasp she sighed, "Why, Betty, this is down-right scandalous." Grandpa had won.



• "I like to read poetry better than anything in the world!" This, and the soft Southern drawl that goes with it, can be none other than Jane Ellen Tye, CHIMES staff member and prep school Senior. Jet's coming back to W-B to start her college career, during which she plans to major in English composition . . . That's her major so far, at any rate; she hasn't found out ALL there is to major in yet, and a switch will be forthcoming if she finds something she likes better . . . Jet hates art "with a passion," but just loves to climb mountains and go coon hunting near her home town, Harlan, Kentucky . . . !

Little trails go winding
Here and there
Between great trees
And through dark forests,
But at last
They always reach
The main highway.

JANE ELLEN TYE



Goal

By Jane Ellen Tye

Hold high your banner, my lovely dream,
Let nothing reach your height . . .
Throw well your colors to the sky
To thrill my stormy night.

Drown deep emotions I would know
To weight this heart of mine,
Lighten my burdens with your wings
Be nothing but divine.

You are myself and I am you
So intermingling start
To build your mansions in my soul,
Your towers in my heart.

Confessions of a Shoe Fetishist

By Eileen Springstun

• Eileen Springstun, or "Sprung," as she is known to all of Senior Hall, hails from Oak-town, Indiana. Our CHIMES exchange editor is carrying three English courses, thus there can be little doubt as to the major . . . School for next year is a most puzzling question: Vandy, University of Chicago, Wellesley, or a trip to Europe . . . they're all possibilities. Sprung has great hopes for writing—poetry or prose—and reading and writing are two of her greatest loves.

It is an accepted fact that high heels, especially six-inch heels, are injurious to a woman's health. I'm forever reading articles, some written by prominent doctors, advocating low heels. . . low heels for beauty. They arrive at this conclusion in an indirect method by saying that wearing low heels makes one healthy; it improves one's posture, it enables one to stand up straight and inhale profoundly the good, clean air; therefore, if one is healthy, one will just automatically be beautiful. But this is a fallacy. No, I don't mean that being beautiful as a result of good health is a fallacy. Rather the belief that low heels makes one healthy is a fallacy. Not only is it a fallacy, not only is it erroneous, not only is it untrue, it just will not hold water; and the doctors who uphold this belief are full of applesauce. I'm a doctor, too, and I've proved that they are wrong. My wife wears six-inch heels. I like six-inch heels. In fact, I like them so well that I have all my wife's shoes special-made at forty dollars a pair.

Ever since I was twelve years

old and went to Harvard I've liked six-inch heels. I was fully developed sexually even then; but the girls, oblivious of that fact, ignored



Piddling

By Jane Ellen Tye

Here I sit and scribble rhyme,
Throwing life away, and time. . .
Just outside the treasures lie,
Just outside, but here am I.

Here I sit and idly write,
The moon's in the Southern sky tonight.
Outside a million beauties lie,
Just outside, but here am I.

A falling star by my window flies,
Streaking red in the midnight skies.
Yet here I sit and idly write,
Missing the beauty of the night.

me. But I was not oblivious of girls. While the other boys, all of them much older than I, went out on dates, I, a mere child of twelve, but fully developed sexually you must remember, crept stealthily out of the dormitory, slipped quietly off campus, then made my way quickly and happily to my favorite street corner where I stood watching the girls go by. I did not have a nefarious gleam in my eye, as you probably suspect; rather I was very matter-of-fact and business-like about the whole thing. I merely waited on my corner until a girl that appealed to me came by; then, undetected, I peaceably and almost humbly followed her with nothing more base occupying my mind than the pleasant, sensational thoughts that her shoes conjured up. You see, I always chose the girl I followed by the shoes she

wore. My girl always wore elaborately beautiful shoes with extremely high heels.

Even when I grew older I had a fetish for high heels. My first wife was very beautiful in the extreme clothes and six-inch heels I chose for her, but she went mad. My present wife is not as beautiful as my first wife, but she is rather an attractive woman now that she has developed her sense of balance and has overcome her habit of wobbling.

We have been married for some years now; and my wife is still in the best of health. So you see, they are wrong—all those doctors and manufacturers of low-heeled shoes, all those advocates of “get close to the ground and be healthy”. You see, they are wrong. I have proved it. Yuk, yuk.



Trees

By Nancy Lou Fuller

Trees - - -
Lifting bare, black, pleading arms
Up to the sky;
Grasping at clouds
With clutching, crooked fingers;
Praying
Their mute, eternal prayers
Into the twilight air;
Swaying
With the cool, swift rush of wind
Among their branches;
Waiting
With the patience of the ages
For the first warm breath
Of Spring.

The Turning

By Jane Ellen Tye

He stood waiting for her by the bar. He ordered a cocktail, drank it with one swallow. A few minutes later he repeated this. The clock struck the half hour, but then, she was always late. People were dancing and laughing, yet he did not seem to hear their voices. The room was misty with the smoke and blue lighting, and the faces were blurry. The music was loud; too loud, so he walked out onto the veranda for a breath of air. Ten minutes later he returned. She had not come. He heard the clock in the tower outside strike the hour.

He lit a cigarette, let it hang casually from his mouth, and ordered another drink. He felt hot. His throat seemed tight and his shirt uncomfortably rough on his neck. He felt the beat of his heart quicken as the girl entered. She was tall and slim and dressed in red. It was not she. He stubbed his cigarette with his shoe and sat back down on the bar stool.

He heard the rain begin to fall outside and he was glad. Somehow it seemed to drown out some of the music, and a cool breeze swept across his face from the open door. Even the noise seemed to fade, and the entire mood of the place changed with the fall of rain.

Couples strolled in with their umbrellas, and taxi whistles blew outside in the street. A phone rang and again he was startled. Perhaps she would call and say she would

not come because of the rain, and she might ask him to come to her apartment. The bartender answered the phone, talked a minute, then laid the receiver back on the hook.

He tried to convince himself she would still come. She was always late. Perhaps a visitor had stopped by and she could not get away. She may have been delayed at the office. Yet, there was that hot, uneasy feeling that kept creeping back, and down inside he knew she would not come.

He thought back to the day before when he had made the dinner date. She had said "yes" in her cool manner, but that was her way. He had let his eyes drink of the beauty of her hair, her eyes, the softness of her skin. He longed to know the warmth of her hand in his, the sweetness of her voice speaking his name.

He looked again at the clock. Two hours now. There was no use waiting any longer; she would not come. He turned to leave and there he saw her, standing in the entrance, looking to find him. His pulse rate increased and his mind began to spin in dazed confusion. He glanced again to see her there, then turned and quickly walked out through the side entrance into the street, and let the cold dark rain run from the brim of his hat down onto his face.

Wild Game Hunting at Home

By Nancy Fuller

Antique hunting can be just as exciting as lion hunting, and there are times when I am convinced that it can be nearly as dangerous. I speak with the experience of five years' browsing in musty shops among the remnants of past years to back me. Yes, antiquing is an exciting game, especially when it is done in the wilds of some crowded dusty shop, where priceless doodads and worthless pieces of junk jostle each other and vie to catch the few rays of dusty sunshine that may penetrate the gloom.

Of course, there are antique shops and antique shops. The coming trend is toward the modern shop, where each piece is clean and carefully displayed behind a "Do Not Touch" placard. These places are practically antiseptic in their treatment of both the antiques and the customer. Plenty of light streams in to brighten the old pewter and china, as well as the faded tapestries or old fashioned rockers. White paint adorns the walls, leaving no room for that alien, Dirt. It was in just such a shop as this that I found one of my most valuable acquisitions, a cut-glass antique slipper about two inches long. Glass and china slippers are my hobby and my excuse for spending hours among the antiques, whether scientifically displayed or heaped on some old table. But though I have the modern shop to thank for help-

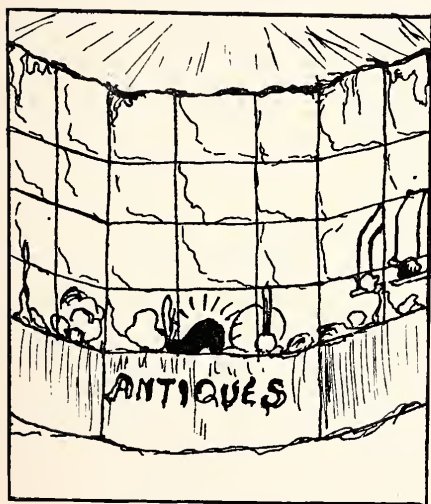
ing me acquire one of my most valuable possessions, I have not, and will never have, the personal feeling for the antique laboratory that I have for the good, old-fashioned antique shop.

The old-fashioned antique shop, where, incidentally, I found the mate to my laboratory-tested glass slipper, is a collector's dream. It can be anywhere: someone's attic may house it; it may reside in a cellar; it hangs out its sign in tiny villages; it hawks its wares from poor bedraggled streets; it lives in office buildings; it inhabits old houses; it is, in short, anywhere. Tables heaped high with the miscellaneous remains of people's lives and covered with dust yield treasures that the modern antique shop rarely offers. Pieces of junk pass through grimy hands at fabulous prices, while real antiques, found by chance by a collector, may be obtained for perhaps only a few cents. This is the real antique shop.

Hunting in the old-fashioned type of shop is as exciting as pursuing wild game without any certainty of success. The collector may trip over a piece of old furniture for which he has been searching for years. Hours may be spent just looking at the things; whole days may be consumed by investigating only one shop thoroughly. At the bottom of a pile of old china may be a beautiful piece of old Wedgwood. A hundred and

fifty year old china shoe may be teetering precariously near the edge of an old walnut what-not (as was the glass slipper which I mentioned) to be dislodged and shattered at any moment. A rare old piece of tapestry may be hiding among the remnants of some old dresses.

Yes, dusty, grimy, airless, and lightless as it is, the old-fashioned antique shop yields more treasure and excitement than any of your stores or shops. A real antique dis-



covered has twice the flavor of enjoyment as the real antique only viewed. That statement I make from experience, and I feel confident of backing from my colleagues in antiquing.

One of the most interesting things, in my mind, about the old shop is its proprietor. Usually as musty and dark as the shop, he or she may be taciturn or talkative, or both by turns. Sometimes suspicious, always crafty, they bargain and barter and argue much in the manner of old traders afraid of being cheated. Prices go up when this type of owner detects eagerness of excitement; prices *may* go down if the collector is skillful in pretending indifference. Usually cautious, the proprietor of the old-fashioned antique shop may stand in one corner of the room, arms folded, and eyes fastened upon you, noting every movement. Or again he may have other work, and merely leave you alone to browse.

No matter how you take your antiques, with modern or ancient shops, with modern or ancient owners, antique hunting can be exciting. It can also be dangerous. There is danger, you know, in becoming addicted to a thing; and I find that antiquing is habit-forming. The more you hunt among the shops, the more fascinating the game becomes. And there lies the danger. Collectors have even been known to open shops of their own. That is *real* danger. However I'm going down to the quaintest little shop this afternoon. Want to come along?



Just Call Me Florence

By Frances Newport

Marriage, a happy home, a perfect child: these are the aspirations of every normal girl. Being perfectly normal, I claimed these aspirations as firmly as any of my friends. There were drawbacks, true; children usually grew wide-eyed and tearful upon my entrance into their nurseries, and I was generally conceded to be *not* of the motherly type. These, I thought, were, however, only temporary; as soon as a child of my own graced my home, she would *have* to love me. After all, I love children. Thus I was completely at ease so far as the child's loving me; that is not the cause of my consternation. My problem is this: if I cannot act reasonably maternal toward people of my own age, how could I possibly care for a helpless child? I have vivid pictures of my infant growing stiff and cold at my feet as I stand, helpless to do anything other than wish I were more competent. How am I aware that I am not capable? Let me cite an example which will verify my conclusions.

My life was a happy one; it had never been blighted by sickness either of myself or any of my acquaintances. I was content, joyful in my hopes of one day having a home and a child; I was, that is, until one week-end during my second year in college. I awoke that morning in a glory of well-being. The day passed calmly enough; I did not dream of the ill-fortune Fate was to deal me, and I blithely

spent the day in the Academic Building. During the evening I became exuberant; the entire group of girls with which I lived became exuberant. 'Midst our exuberance catastrophe descended; my roommate encountered a door with her left eye and was stretched prostrate. In the passing of a few minutes I was transformed from the child of well-being I had been earlier in the day to one of woe and anguish. I was changed from a simple roommate into a combination nurse-mother-omnipotent *b e i n g*. And if I am not capable of ministering to someone of my own age, how could I possibly sooth my own child?

The first of my nights of tragedy was not too wearing. I withstood the appalling moans and sobs of my left-eye-encumbered roommate until approximately 6:20 (a.m.), at which time I was allowed to sleep until ten minutes past seven. At this time my suite-mate, unaware of the calamity that had resulted from the collision of my roommate and the door, tripped noisily into the room to rouse me for breakfast. Following breakfast I returned to the room and spent the entire morning in troubled slumber. We, my roommate and I, slept until after one. And then we were joined by another invalid who had succumbed to a visit to the office of a local dentist. The unhappy owner of the cantaloupe-like jaw knocked wearily upon our door, and soon another body was deposited upon

my bed. The total was now three, and I gave up the idea of attaining sleep and ate a sardine sandwich. The hour was now five, and the moans had increased in number and volume. To ease my burden, I feebly suggested that the two move to the infirmary, where they would be properly treated. My suggestion was not received too kindly; however, The Eye and The Jaw did make the transitory trip, and merciful solitude was bestowed upon me.

Thinking that my woes had left me, I settled myself for the long, winter nap appropriate at this season. Sunday was a quiet day. True, my birthday was spent with comparative lack of celebration, but I enjoyed myself, nevertheless. Happily, I called the infirmary to speak to my convalescent friends. The exhausted voice of the head nurse greeted my queries with the startling news that one of the patients had returned to the sanctuary of the dormitory. Rushing up the stairs, I discovered her of the cantaloupe jaw reclining on the landing. I was amazed! But not for long! She informed me sweetly that she had promised my havoc-creating roommate that she would occupy her bed and save me from the agony of being alone. How

could I refuse? Indeed, I could not, and so another grueling night of suffering and pain was endured. This, however, is not the end of my tale of grief. Monday morning my blacked-eyed little roommate returned to the sanctity of our room, and again my distress was twofold.

My problem is this: what can one do when the necessity to give solace and physical aid arises? I was ignorant of any suitable plan of action, and I am even more ignorant and perplexed at the present time. I did my very best. I tried! But nothing seemed to sooth the invalids. Making the supreme sacrifice, I attempted to prepare a bowl of hot soup for the two. Even that effort was not fully appreciated, and I was met with screams of "It's too hot!" or "It's too salty!" I gave up my job of comforting as an impossible task, and I compromised by holding a hand of each. The pressure, or pressures, on each hand increased as the night wore on into early morning. By the time I could actually sleep, I was ruined . . . physically, mentally, and spiritually! To say that I am discouraged is to be discompassionate. I failed miserably, but I did try. Just call me Florence Nightingale, that is.



EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 4)

vor of the hated velvet dress. I was disillusioned.

Later I decided that everyone experiences disillusionment at one time or another. Scarcely a day of my life goes by without some disillusioning occurrence. Just the other day I discovered that my name was not even being considered for

the honor of May Queen, but this time I am accustomed to such slights. My talents are not appreciated by the world at large, or even so small a portion of it as I normally contact; but I am far from discouraged. Do you too sometimes feel that you deserve more recognition than you receive? Be not disconsolate. You have your place in the world; the only problem is finding it.

Bare limbs, steel grey sky;
Drops of rain, people sigh;
Birds go, flowers die;
Winter's coming, by and by.

—JACKIE WOOD

Finale

By Sheila Kennard

Far out on a strange horizon I saw a bird rise against the sky, beating his fragile wings in sweet fury against the gilded rays of the sinking sun. The grass became bronze, then dark gray as the great globe dropped from view . . . And as I stood watching, the climax was quickly followed by

Darkness.

The Woman Next Door

(Continued from Page 22)

I was still too young to know their significance, the names of authors and works were imprinted on my mind. "The Burning City", "John Brown's Body", both by Stephen Vincent Benet, Galsworthy's novels, Wordsworth, Keats, Shakespeare's dramas, poetry of Robert Frost, books of all sorts and degrees were read and reread and never placed in order upon the shelves. These books did not necessarily have to be by great authors, Norma would tell us, but they should contain thought that was worthwhile.

When she had been out of town, she remembered the children back home. Upon her return, everyone would dash over to her house. "How nice to see all of you again," she would say warmly and, since our eyes perhaps betrayed the question of our greedy minds, she

would add, "Yes, I've brought you each something." If the present were a book, she might ask a child to read a passage or a poem, and after a time she began to encourage youngsters who were shy to read aloud stories or poems that they had written themselves, as well as the works of distinguished writers.

Thus it was that the gifts Norma gave to the children were not always material. We do not know of those things offered to us so subtly that we are unaware that they are being impregnated in us, for usually we are too young at that time to realize their full importance. Norma was keenly aware of all living things in the world; she had found a place for herself creating an individual vocation; yet she was constantly giving a part of herself to the young people who loved her, and so I believe she has continually "brought something" to other people as well as to herself.



Book Reviews



The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds

By Ferris Greenslet

Reviewed by Frances Newport

The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds, a history of the "heart, mind, imagination, animal spirits, and pocketbooks of New England", the author tells us, is "not so much the success story of a family as a chronicle play of New England history for three centuries, seen through the family's eyes and dramatized in its actions". Drawing from a beautifully ample and revealing mass of correspondence, diaries, financial accounts, unpublished poems, and miscellaneous memoranda placed in his hands by members of the family, Mr. Greenslet successfully weaves this rich body of documents into a gratifying biography.

The seven eras of American history unfold with a vigor and color worthy of the family which made its mark on them. Ministers, soldiers, scholars, and lawyers, the Lowells figured in the Revolution, in the development of New England industry, in international commerce and culture, in the Victorian world of scholarship and philanthropy, and in the New World of discovery. From Percival Lowell's first look toward the legendary New England coast in 1639, to the new Percival's first look through ground and polished glass toward an unseen planet in 1908, from witch hanging to the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, the book recreates

incident and situation of consequence far beyond the circle of one family or the little sphere of New England.

The book, which is lucidly divided into seven lesser books, deals, either sparsely or in great detail, with each of the descendants of old Percival Lowell. The first book, *The New World*, reaches its conclusion with the death of the Reverend John Lowell, the great-great-grandson of Old Percival and the first of many Lowells to graduate from Harvard. Revolution, the second book, deals with John Lowell, the "Old Judge"; it was he who founded the triple line of the Lowell family that shaped New England history for two centuries. The third book spans the presidency of John Adams through that of his son, and in it appear the three sons of the Old Judge . . . John Lowell, the Rebel; Francis Cabot Lowell; and Charles Lowell. Each started a branch of the family tree that was to bear noble fruit: John's in law, politics, and good works; Charles's in the church, good works, poetry, and war; Francis's in commerce, industry, and good works. The fourth and fifth books concern James Russell Lowell and Charles Russell Lowell, Jr., who was the "beau sabreur", brigadier general of the Civil War, and a possible candidate for the presidency. Victorian New England is presented in the sixth book, and the final book tells of Percival, Amy, Guy, and Lawrence Lowell. All four of this mixed quartette, born and educated in the Victorian world, caught the pitch and rhythm of the new world that followed it.

And so in a comparison of the seven worlds of Old Percival and John Lowell, the Old Judge, the Rebel, John Amory Lowell, the Beau Sabreur, and the quartette of the modern age, the author has vigorously expounded the seven eras of American history. That Mr. Greenslet devoted much time to research for this volume there can be no dispute. There is, consequently, material enough for seven complete volumes, each of which would be more satisfying than the one, inclusive volume.

In the author's preface to the book he states that he is writing not the story of a single family but a chronicle of New England history. This single statement redeems Mr. Greenslet. Leading the reader into a maze of irrelevant facts, devoting entire chapters to murder trials which advance the book only slightly, the author seems to have become fascinated by the project he has undertaken. He leaves the reader at a climactic point while he goes off on a tangent of trivial details. One feels that the author is attempting to impress his readers; however, he fails in this endeavor and succeeds in losing the reader in a labyrinth of verbose sentences, paragraphs, and chapters.

But even as one grows weary of the unrelated details, praise must be conceded. Mr. Greenslet fulfills his promise to present a "chronicle play of New England history for three centuries". Here, in the history of one long dynasty of active and visionary men, are countless revealing peepholes into the stirring history of a nation finding its place in the world.

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House

By Eric Hodgins

Reviewed by Sheila Kennard

In his first work on his return to the world of writing, Eric Hodgins has presented a masterpiece of humor and light satire in his *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House*. The deathless story of an amateur dreamer becomes the epic of another "sucker", told in a gently chiding tone with complete understanding.

Mr. Blandings and his wife, New Yorkers of moderate means, have always had as their life-long desire a country home, a place where the thrills and beauties of nature would be theirs the whole year through, a home to which their two children could refer as the ancestral stronghold. To this end Mr. Blandings, after several promotions in his chosen field of advertising copy work, sets aside \$20,000 and begins the search for an ideal location. This he and his wife find in the old Hackett place, a ramshackle dwelling which has seen the advent of all the wars in American history. Determined to own this hallowed piece of property, Mr. Blandings does business with the owner and his shrewd real-estate agent; and despite the well-founded advice of his own lawyer, Mr. Blandings purchases and thus involves himself in the long series of disillusionments and misfortunes which occupy the main portion of the book.

Everything goes wrong from the moment of ownership so far as the Blandings are concerned. For the architect, contractor, workmen, and lawyers, the entire venture is a most profitable one; despite the feeble objections of their clients, they manage to find perfectly legal ways of forcing another two hundred dollars or so from the Blandings bank account. Having bought the old house with a view to fixing it over, the Blandings are first obliged to deal with an incompetent architect, ask the advice of an experienced building engineer, and finally require the services of a wrecker . . . all of which take their share of the building fund of \$20,000. They also find that the land for which they paid three hundred dollars an acre is uneven and too rocky for agricultural purposes; later the fact is revealed to them that they do not even have clear title to the property. Through two years of agony the Blandings struggle with dissatisfied contractors, well-diggers, bankers; when finally the house is built and furnished with the old apartment furniture (their budget by this time would not permit the purchase of new household goods), Mr. Blandings finds that his \$20,000 home has, in the long run, cost him \$56,263.97. Happy to have it at last, however, he and Mrs.

Blandings have their dream home written up in *The Home Lovely*—but ill fate follows them yet. A chance remark concerning the first, the incompetent, architect, gives that gentleman grounds on which to contact his attorneys “regarding possible steps toward redress. . .”

By characterizing each of the main and many of the minor characters of the story, Mr. Hodgins gives the reader that feeling of intimacy toward the whole episode which cannot let him decide with whom his sympathies lie: poor Mr. Blandings, lost in a maze of legal

and architectural details, or the workmen and professional men who are forced to concur with the Blandings’ unreasonable demands and expectations. The author’s wealth of experience along these lines is evident throughout; this, plus his sympathy with the unsuspecting dreamer, gives him and his writing that tone of whimsical neutrality which makes *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* a chronicle of “a universal experience”. The story of Mr. Blandings is the potential narrative of you and me and our idealistic, ultra-expensive dreams.



