

THE LIBRARY  
University of Western Ontario

U. W. O. LIBRARY

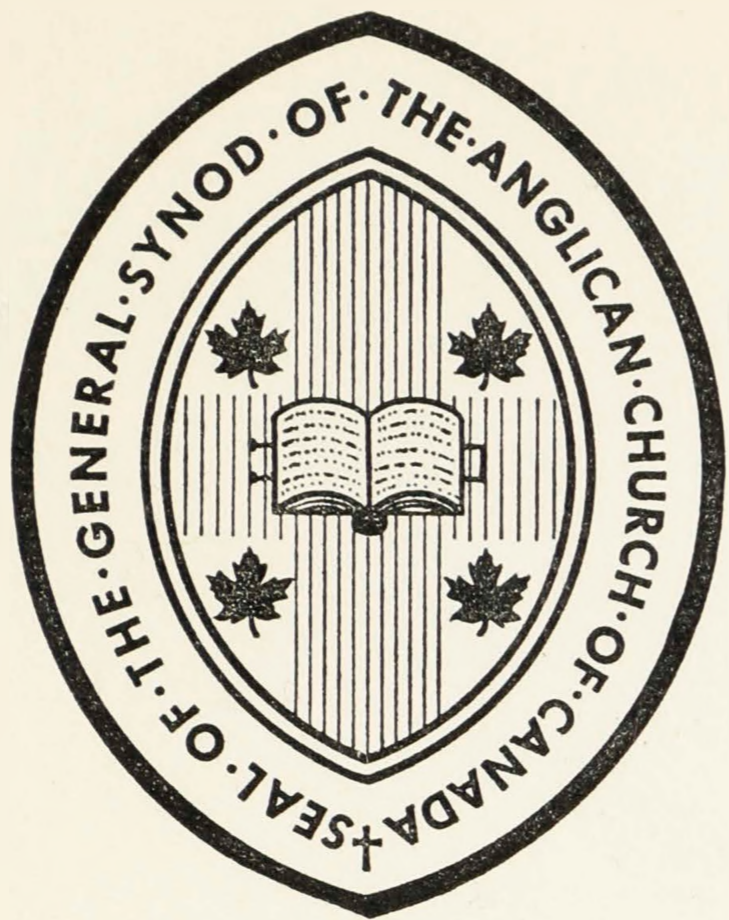
U. 10. NO. 1

# Folio

U. W. O. LIBRARY

*Spring*

1958



THE GENERAL SYNOD  
**THE ANGLICAN CHURCH  
OF CANADA**

*announces the incorporation of*

**THE ANGLICAN FOUNDATION OF CANADA**

*to receive*

**GIFTS — SUBSCRIPTIONS — BEQUESTS**

- For Religious and Educational Purposes
- For the promotion and advancement of  
Dioceses, Churches, Parishes, Missions, Seminaries  
and Institutions.
- For other Programmes and Projects within  
The Anglican Church of Canada

**—TO BE CARRIED OUT WITHIN CANADA—**

For Information:

THE ANGLICAN FOUNDATION OF CANADA  
Rev. Canon H. R. Hunt, Secretary,  
Church House,  
Six Hundred Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ontario

LE  
3  
W5254  
V. 10-14



THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

# **FOLIO**

VOLUME 10

NUMBER 1

**EDITOR**

PAUL A. RUSH

**ASSOCIATE EDITOR**

JESSIE WAREHAM

**STAFF ADVISOR**

JAMES R. SCOTT, B.A.

**BUSINESS MANAGER**

SONYA CHRISTOPHER

**Minister of Publications**

DEAN SAUL

Published by authorization of the University Students' Council of the University of Western Ontario. Folio is printed by The Middlesex Printing Co., Ltd., 425 Adelaide Street, London, Ontario

The Articles in this magazine express the opinions of the writers only. All rights to articles appearing in this magazine are reserved.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

No Shepherd to Save Them	- - - - -	<i>Doug. Odegard</i>
The St. Clair Sunset	- - - - -	<i>Donald Hair</i>
Tulip	- - - - -	<i>Don. Gutteridge</i>
The Still, Sad Music	- - - - -	<i>D'Arcy Luxton</i>
A Sob of a Modern Human	- - - - -	<i>Coralie Lawton</i>
Relic	- - - - -	<i>Terry Leeder</i>
Trivia	- - - - -	<i>Roger F. Gardiner</i>
Knowledge	- - - - -	<i>J.T.J.C.</i>
Reminders	- - - - -	<i>T.B.S.</i>
The Knight of Faith	- - - - -	<i>William A. Collins</i>
Malcolm Was Deformed	- - - - -	<i>Robert Simmons</i>
Green Vision	- - - - -	<i>Roger F. Gardiner</i>
The Flaming of a Sword	- - - - -	<i>William A. Collins</i>
The Cycle of Naught	- - - - -	<i>Jim Etherington</i>
Perfection is for the Dead	- - - - -	<i>William A. Collins</i>
"And all our Yesterdays . . ."	- - - - -	<i>Anonymous</i>
"'Tis Only a Matter of Mind . . ."	- - - - -	<i>Mike Anderson</i>
Ode to Winter	- - - - -	<i>Don. Gutteridge</i>

189702

# No Shepherd To Save Them

Doug Odegard

The company lieutenant, a corporal with a black mustache, and Joel moved cautiously up the rocky face of an Italian hill. They were a small part of the Allied Fifth Army, eating away at the southern side of the Axis forces. Machine gun bullets suddenly screamed off the rocks to their left and they scrambled for cover behind some fallen trees.

"Sounds like only one nest." The lieutenant had cut his forehead on the sharp rocks and the blood trickled down his nose.

"Maybe they'll go away if we wait them out." An almost imperceptible smile danced beneath the corporal's mustache. "Or perhaps Hitler will surrender and we can all go to the nearest pub and have a drink together. Or . . ."

"Your theories are lousy, corporal. I'd suggest that before we have a drink in their company, you kill them first." He scanned the hill with his field glasses.

"No altruistic spirit in this realistic younger generation.' Another burst of bullets chopped at the ground in front of them.

"Your best cover is on the right flank. They're almost directly above us - - just a bit to the right."

From his prone position, the corporal gave a sharp salute. "Care to keep my conscience in your helmet for a bit, Joel. Those chaps might have families somewhere. But of course that's heresy--Nazis aren't human enough to have families, are they?" He started wriggling off through the underbrush as more bullets chewed at the leaves above him. "Better keep the conscience for me, anyway."

The lieutenant and Joel fired a few times to keep the enemy's attention focussed on their position. Then Joel remarked, "The corporal's an unusual man, isn't he?"

"In what way?"

“His sense of humour--the things he laughs at.”

Sometimes his irony becomes a little disturbing, but he's a good soldier . . . ”

“Still gives me a strange feeling.”

“Don't let him bother you, Joel. He injects a touch of unreality into things by viewing the situation a little differently.” He fired two more shots in the direction of the machine gun. “The corporal's bitter about doing something he thinks is valueless. And yet he laughs at his bitterness because he's doing it anyway. It's . . . ”

A bullet blew the side of the lieutenant's forehead off. More shots sounded from further up the hill, followed by shouts of pain, and then silence.

A few seconds later, Joel was scrambling up through the rocks toward the machine gun. He found one German sprawled lifeless in front of it. Two more lay awkwardly in each other's blood behind the gun. Then he spotted the corporal, propped against a tree, vainly trying to keep his own blood in his body. Before Joel could reach him, he raised himself to his knees, cursing, “Human beings make it damn rough on other human beings. Tell their children I didn't mean it, Joel . . . tell the world . . . ” He fell forward and died.

Joel had experienced it all before--the tomb-like silence, the warped, motionless bodies, the smell of smoke, dust and death. Yet the scene still didn't fail to make a deep impression, to slash his stomach into a heap of uneasy rubble. A part of him died as he continued up the hill to carry on the war.

When he reached the other side of the hill the clouds had almost disappeared and the sun was shining directly above him. A thickly wooded valley, severed by a mountain stream, stretched out before him. Somewhere, on the other side of the stream, his company was situated.

He moved down the hillside cautiously.

The sound of the birds, the warmth of the sunshine, the smell of the grass and trees, all acted as a mild tonic for his uneasy mind. For a moment he began to revel in a form of organic mysticism which he had constantly enjoyed as a boy. A soothing affinity with nature made

him briefly forget the background of destruction that lay in the rifle he was carrying.

But the clink of metal against rock brought him sharply out of his poetic revelry, and back to an appreciation for his warrior's position. He ducked into a thick growth of underbrush and moved slowly in the direction of the sound, muscles tense, rifle poised.

He spotted his object in a clearing beside the river. An ancient man, clad in sheepskin, sat on a large rock. He was butchering sheep and draining their blood into the river. Joel stood motionless and watched him for a few minutes. The man had tied a white bird which looked like a dove to a branch overhanging the river. Each time he killed a sheep, he dipped the dove into the bloody waters until its white feathers were tinted red. Then he threw the dead carcass into the water, pulling another sheep from the pen behind him to repeat the performance.

Joel watched the cold grey eyes and the complete lack of expression on the aged face as the man slit the frightened animal's throat. For some strange reason the inhuman atmosphere about the scene made him grimace in pain as the sheep's blood flowed into the river. He cursed aloud, ran over to the rock and knocked the knife from the old man's hand. Then he untied the dove and watched it scurry through the grass, too exhausted from its ordeal to fly.

He turned to the old man, his voice saturated with rage. "You insane . . ." His words were lost in a flood of anguish as he looked at the cold eyes framed within the expressionless, wrinkled face. "You're not insane. You're one of us!"

The old man turned his back and began to look for the white dove.

"Come back and listen, you demon!" Joel was screaming hysterically now. "Can't you see there must be some other way! The corporal didn't mean . . ."

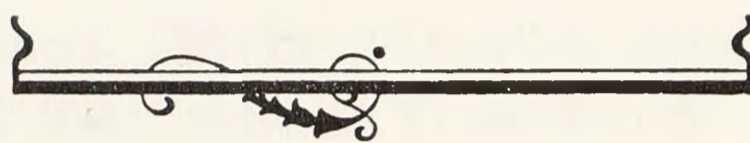
Two bullets hit him in the stomach and another in the throat. The Germans had heard him shouting.

"Please . . ."

The old man watched Joel's body lurch into the river. Calmly he

picked up the white dove, tied it to the branch and began dipping it into the red water.

There was a cruel quality in the coldness of his eyes.



## *The St. Clair at Sunset*

DONALD HAIR

The warm wind wings across the shining river,  
A woodwind tune in contrapuntal style  
Against a cello's throb, the liquid quiver  
Of water's gentle lap on ancient piles,  
Far off against the flaming sky the bridge,  
Poised in air as spider's web at dawn,  
Stood, spun between the darker verdant ridges,  
A crown of twinkling lights on channel drawn  
Behind, the lusty city throbs with vigour;  
Its jumbled rumble rolls and thunders on,  
And artificial light illumines the sky,  
As does the sun unseen approaching dawn.  
Harmony in nature seems not needed:  
The people of that city do not heed it.



# Tulip

DON GUTTERIDGE

Why do you weep, tiny tulip?  
Why drop a nectar tear,  
Or shake a leaf in fear?  
Is it the frosty knife of wintery chills  
That cuts the life-juice at the root?  
Or is it Time that slowly kills,  
With fingers choking, resolute.

Why do you weep, pretty tulip?  
Tomorrow you'll be dead,  
Your flaming velvet head  
Will lie as cold as clay upon  
The dampish ground; each fragile petal-pearl  
Will shed its lustrous glow, and curl  
Itself in ugly wrinkles; gone  
Will be that precious smile of May,  
But oh the glory of that one blooming day!

Why do you weep, happy flower?  
For you have lived one glorious hour,  
And died an angel's death; while I  
Go groping ever through the realms of night  
For one small ray of eternal light,  
And wait my God impatiently.  
Meantime that smile of yours does set me free,  
From earthly care and plight,  
A balmy dew  
That seeps into  
My soul and breathes eternity.

# The Still, Sad Music

D'Arcy Luxton

It was a melancholy season and the skies hung morbid and unfeeling over the earth and stifled the sounds of wind and earth and living things. It might have been dawn or dusk on an eternal day and Fraser woke to it without hope and with a dreadful loneliness. He set his hand to finger painting and listened to the blood rising up and over his fingers. He lifted his hand to his mouth and licked at the blood and tasted it along his tongue.

"This is my blood. My life is running out. I die. There is no hope," he thought but did not realize. Fraser looked around. At the patient ditch that gave four walls and the careless Heavens.

"The world waits to receive me. The whole world drums me to the grave. No, I am alone! Never was a man so lonely before."

His feet rested on the green man's back and looked so comfortable and proper that he did not, at first, recognize them. The polished eyelets of his boots stared back in repudiation. He watched the open wound with wonder.

"How amusing, how ironic that I should die here before my life has begun. I am truly alone." A great thirst struck him and then, feeling overwhelmed, he wept like a child until his strength was gone and finally dozed off uneasily and in terror.

A day passed, or an hour and Fraser woke to the cold, black fear of night. His hand was sticky on the wound and he freed it and it bled again. He thought a little of his house and of a girl who seemed so important and yet, in the decay of his mind, he could not picture. Of some dog, of coaxing death and of his mother.

"My mother breakfasts while her son dies. Woman, behold thy son. I am a sacrifice for the world. I die for nothing."

Fraser washed his hand in blood and rubbed it reassuringly upon his forehead and around his mouth. It sat warm and foreign on

his tongue. It bound his jaws and cloyed his soul. Life's bright red looked grotesque on the palled face.

The terrible loneliness broke the man's spirit. He cried desperately, in his mind, for something and cursed again Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!--until the curse became a prayer. At length he felt easier and less alone and slept.

Beckman and Eber walked slowly and indifferently across the stiff patches of snow and along the tranquil field of battle. They swept the field with evasive eyes in search of others to bury. Across the field and through the splintered copse; climbing over a fence, of which only a few feet stood, in absent-minded ceremony. Eber whacked an emaciated calf on the rump with his shovel.

"It looked like Webb."

"It smells like Webb."

They saw Niessen wave from the ditch and walked along to meet him.

"We got two more here. One English. He's got his feet on Webb's back. We ought to give him a medal for killing that s. o. b."

"How do you like your job Niessen?"

"Pretty good. It's not romantic but it's steady work. If you're not digging them you're lying in them. It's nice to be on the right end of the spade."

Beckman laughed. He said, "I buried a Major today. I did it nice and respectful. I think he liked it. He gave me his watch." He displayed it on his wrist between two others.

"Shall we bury the English and Webb together?"

"I'd hate like Hell to be buried with Webb."

They went down into the ditch and dug slowly in the soft earth.

Fraser passed into an awakened state and felt the bright, guiltless world with an infant delight. His hand was stuck to the wound

again and he could not free it. The sun warmed him and revealed the three men in green. The ebbing tide of life within him thanked the Listener that he was no longer alone. He heard the tumbled words with pleasure.

“How do we bury them? Side by side or one on top of the other?”

“Let’s stick Webb’s face in the mud and put the English on his back face up.”

They made jesting remarks about Webb and discussed with laconic seriousness the advantages and -disadvantages of the suggested arrangement of the burial.

Fraser laughed deliriously with the others at this joke he could not understand and tried to include himself in their presence. But they did not look at him. He searched his mind for something he could say but he found it impossible to catch the flitting shadows of his memory. He wondered vaguely why the men were digging.

You’d better get your service fee now, Beckmann.”

Eber said, “If I bury you on the last day of the war, Beckmann, I’ll be a rich man.”

Beckmann lifted the Englishman’s hand from his side and slipped the watch off. He did not touch Webb.

Fraser had no strength and tried in vain to lift up his head. He saw the green knees approach, felt the sickening pull on his wound and the slipping on his arm. He thought again and realized, “I am dying. These are the scavengers come to divide my clothes.” His whole soul cried out in white agony and in the greyness of fear, he died without hope.

Niessen put his boot against the forehead of the Englishman and pushed so that the man rocked back and then forward, folding and twisting down the side of the ditch and almost into his grave.

Eber took the man’s identification tag. They put Webb in the bottom, face in the mud, and the Englishman on top, staring up into the sky, and covered the dead with mud.

“You want to say a prayer, Beckmann?”

“No.”

“Niessen?”

“No. Let’s clear out.”

They put a rifle by its bayonet into the earth and Webb’s helmet first and then the others, on top of the butt.

Eber climbed to the top of the ditch and threw the khaki man’s tag along the ground so that it sped flat a short distance then swooped straight up into the Heavens. He and Niessen and Beckmann watched it sparkle in the sun; once, twice, thrice.

They followed, on a different road, taking the fear and the loneliness. Only the blood and the bodies remained in the ditch.

## *A Sob of A Modern Human*

CORALIE LAWTON

Lost.  
Nothing, all around.  
Above me, emptiness  
Extending to no end.  
Beneath, a shifting mass  
Of dirt.  
Out of nowhere, going nowhere.  
About me, fellow grains of dust  
Swirl into living motion,  
Imagine goals and purpose,  
Strive, grope, and play,  
Ignoring hollowness;  
Till instantly,  
Each crumbles, each joins again  
The shapeless blank  
Of limitless expanse.  
Eternity before us, infinity behind;  
While void meets void meets void.

## *Relic*

TERRY LEEDER

Stone wheel,  
Ridged in from the rim,  
Static,  
Like the motion of its maker's heart.  
It was once dynamic,  
Grinding out the years  
Like the dull labor of a man  
Grinding out a life.

## *Trivia*

ROGER F. GARDINER

Miss Patsy MacIntosh, fat funny little girl,  
Bewildered, homesick smile; shy, rumped sable curl.  
A stranger, from the north; shy, learning, growing bolder.  
A high-school girl sophisticate; quickly growing older.

Pat MacIntosh, a London girl; awkward adolescent;  
No longer strange to us; fears largely evanescent.  
Intelligent, a worker; books, homework, horn-rimmed glasses.  
Parties at Sunday school; still rather plump in places.

Patricia MacIntosh, no longer fat and funny;  
A slender, proper girl; smiling, cream and honey.  
Gracious, charming, friendly; poised, experienced, mature.  
A teacher now, no nonsense, but capable and sure.

# *Knowledge*

J. T. J. C.

A group of students  
sitting in a brightly lighted room  
conjecturing as to their being  
and their being's doings.  
Ludicrous!

Blanketed minds  
poking madly at the blanket  
not knowing how they poke  
trying to reach the stars.  
Ludicrous!

But even so, the puny knowledge gained  
is used sustainingly as is the fallen rain.

# *The Knight of Faith*

WILLIAM A. COLLINS

The knight rides out from Camelot  
Along a road that's cold and still.  
He knows with what his way is fraught  
And yet it's not against his will.

The cries ascend from far behind  
He knows what they portend.  
He knows the warnings of the seeing blind,  
But he turns not from out the way he wends.

For he is off to slay the maiden fair,  
And make impassioned love to the dragon in its lair.

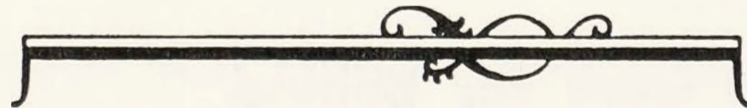
# *Reminders*

T. B. S.

Standing here on the flatness of this land,  
Flat and dull as a woman without a bosom,  
I dream of the place where I was before;  
Of its friendly, bald, black rocks,  
Of beloved hills, purple at dawn and dusk,  
And black, as her hair was black, and rough and beautiful.

Watching the river of this flat land,  
Old, and muddy, and slow, and dry,  
In my heart I see the rivers of that other place  
Stained brown as tea, and clear and bright;  
Bright and clear and brown as her eyes were,  
And laughing softly, lightly, sweetly as her voice.

Breathing this grey, wet, lifeless air,  
Foggy, perpetual Autumn without its leaves,  
I long for a friendlier land, behind me now,  
Green, and live as it is grey and dying here,  
Smelling the live smells of pine and lake and Spring,  
Blowing soft in my face like her sweet breath.





# Malcolm Was Deformed

Robert Simmons

Malcolm was deformed. It was nothing very serious. His leg was stiffened, by an accident at birth, and stuck out somewhat at an angle from him as he walked. It didn't bother him in getting about. He swung it along like a crutch, and didn't need a crutch.

People looked at him as he walked, but he was used to that. People had looked at the way he walked ever since he had learned to walk. Malcolm was adjusted to stares.

Malcolm had a good job and many friends. His boss liked him, a good sign in these days when men make men, although he used to look at him when he walked, just like everybody else did.

Although well adjusted to stares, Malcolm still felt them. He was used to them, but he felt them like a blanket around him. Malcolm felt, without thinking, that it was a protective blanket. He knew why people looked at him, which is a comforting thing, much better than being looked at without knowing why one is being looked at. He never self-consciously brushed back his hair, or adjusted his tie, or snuck a look self-consciously downward to see if his fly was buttoned, or if there was mud on his pants. He knew why people looked at him and was safe in the knowledge, comfortable in the knowledge, assured.

Well, Malcolm lived on, a good life, with many friends of both sexes. And then a friend came up to him one day waving a newspaper excitedly. "Malcolm", he cried. "Look here, Malcolm, in the paper. See? Dr. Hanselm?"

Malcolm read, and learned that a Dr. Hanselm was in town to make a speech and, more important, that this doctor was a specialist in bone surgery, in bone-grafting and bone cutting. He could straighten legs, lengthen legs, shorten legs. In short, he could make legs whole, and thereby make men whole.

"He could fix your leg", said the friend, glancing self-consciously down at it.

"Yes", said Malcolm, "I must see him", although a secret doubt

assailed him which he brushed away. "I have a good job. I have lots of money for the operation."

"Don't worry about that, Malcolm", laughed the friend. "You have friends. Don't worry about that."

So Malcolm went to see the doctor, who listened to him, examined him, made him walk up and down, which Malcolm did sweating a little from a vague fear of the doctor's intent, discerning stare. Malcolm knew he was looking to see if his leg could be made whole, if Malcolm could be made whole.

"Yes, I will do it", said the doctor. "Come to the hospital at two tomorrow. You have money?" he asked sharply, looking up at Malcolm.

"Yes", said Malcolm, thinking of his leg, wondering what his leg would be like, what it would feel like. "Yes, plenty of money for the operation."

"At two, for intensive examination", said the doctor, and Malcolm left.

The doctor's secretary looked at Malcolm as he passed, and Malcolm knew that she was looking at his limp. It didn't bother him. He thought about the operation.

When Malcolm arrived home he found many of his friends. They crowded around him, asking,

"Will it be all right?"

"Can he do it, Malcolm?"

"Malcolm!"

"Do you need money? We've got lots, Malcolm."

Malcolm put up his hands to hold them off, to ask silently for silence: "Yes, it's all right, he said. "He will fix it. Tomorrow I go to the hospital, for preliminary examination. And I have lots of money so forget about that."

Then everyone celebrated and they danced and sat around drinking his health, although, of course, Malcolm didn't dance. He sat with

his friends and watched them. Now and then the vague doubt which he had once brushed away came back. What would it be like to be whole? What would his friends say when they saw him with his new leg, his renewed leg?

So Malcolm had his operation, and it was successful. The doctor rebuilt the whole knee joint, put in a pin and a plate and Lord knows what all, and took out tissue and twisted cartilage, and reshaped bone. And after weeks in the hospital and at home, one day Malcolm walked out of his house. He no longer swung his leg sideways beside him. He bent his knee and walked straight, and only an occasional faint pang of pain remained of his once stiff leg and his operation.

Malcolm met his friends on the walk. They were all surprised, and made him walk up and down for them and examined his walk. They exclaimed how straight his leg was and looked at it directly, as they had not when he was lame and they were embarrassed. Malcolm was pleased and demonstrated his walk and was comfortable under their gaze, for he knew what they were looking at, that an ordinary leg on Malcolm was as strange to these who knew him as a stiff leg had been to strangers before.

Malcolm's limp after the operation was very slight and lessened as the weeks lengthened, but he had another trouble. Malcolm knew that he was as unnoticeable now as the Average Man, but he never felt unnoticed. Wherever he went, wherever he walked, he felt as though people gawked at him. It made him feel awkward. He was self-conscious.

He confessed the feeling to a friend. "Why do they look at me?" he said. "I know I walk all right. There is no reason for them to look at me now."

"But everyone looks at everyone else", laughed the friend. "You? Self-conscious after years of having people stare? Why, everyone glances at everyone else as he goes by. They are not looking at you in particular, at anything in particular. They are merely taking in another part of their surroundings."

Malcolm professed to be relieved, but he wasn't. Every time he walked on the street he felt eyes upon him. Strangers approaching looked at him. When Malcolm stared back icily they dropped their

eyes and shuffled past quickly, which only left Malcolm more uneasy than ever.

Everyone looks at everyone else, he remembered. But why do they look? What is there to look at? Malcolm took to watching his clothes carefully. He dressed as conservatively as he knew how. Still he felt that people stared. What were they staring at? He glanced in store windows, at every mirror he encountered. There was nothing to make people stare. It's just natural, he scoffed at himself. It is natural to look at other people. You do it yourself. He strove to be easy, but he was not. He was as nervous as a cat in a crowd.

"You're going to pieces, Malcolm", his boss warned. "What is the trouble? You are self-conscious with customers, you of all people, after so many years."

"I will do better", Malcolm muttered. "It is nothing", and he tried to laugh things off.

And now even Malcolm's friends seemed to look at him for no reason that Malcolm could see. Sure, they had looked at him after he had come out of the hospital, but that was to marvel at his new walking. They were used to that now. Then why did they continue to look at him? Malcolm gradually took to avoiding his friends. The stares of strangers were better than the gawking of friends.

By this time his friends did have reasons for looking at Malcolm.

"He is so thin", they said.

"He is so nervous and irritable."

"Why, he nearly screamed at me, the other night", related one. "I smiled at him as we came toward each other, and he almost yelled at me. 'What are you looking at?' he said."

"He avoids us, too", put in another.

"I haven't seen him in weeks", added a third. "I hear his work is going very badly. His boss says he is so stiff with the customers that he has had to take him off the sales staff, at least temporarily."

"I wonder what is wrong", they all said. "He has everything,

especially now that his leg is all right.”

“But is it?” said one excitedly. “I saw him the other night and he was limping.”

“Limping?” they wondered. “Oh, no.”

“He changed his walk when I came up”, the man continued, “but he had been limping. Perhaps the operation was no good after all, and he is afraid to tell us.”

Each of Malcolm’s friends cringed from the thought.

But the operation had been perfect, Malcolm knew. The limp? Why had he limped? Because it had somehow left him more at ease, had left him comfortable, except of course, when he met people who knew him. He no longer thought of anyone as a friend.

But a false limp was no answer to self-consciousness, to the buzzingly persistent, ever-present wondering when he met people if they saw anything odd in him, if that was why they looked at him. Malcolm’s nervous mannerisms increased. His head was down to avoid glances; he crossed the street to avoid acquaintances; he carried a small pocket mirror; he was continuously looking at himself in store windows; his hands fluttered everywhere, patting his hair, straightening his tie, creasing his hat.

And still he felt eyes upon him, eyes around him. “What are you looking at?” he screamed in his pain; and limped to provide an answer to the question.

And then one day, hurrying to his home and its comforting obscurity, he crossed a street in the middle of the block, through the cars waiting for the light at the corner. For once he had a reason to be stared at; everyone stares at jay-walkers. He stepped behind a car as the light changed. It was on a hill and the car rolled back before starting up. It caught his leg, the renewed leg, in the bumper. Malcolm was thrown down and dragged while the following car’s horn screamed until the torture stopped, and sound was blotted up in pain.

In the hospital they repaired the leg as best they could, but the steel pin and plate had twisted and torn the flesh and muscles, and

there was nothing much the doctors could do but take out the metal, and put a pin in the bone, and the leg in a straight cast.

The doctors told Malcolm, "You will always limp, Malcolm. There is not enough whole muscle left to make the joint strong again."

Malcolm's friends came to see him, lying there on the white bed, and commiserated.

"How terrible!"

"To be cured,"

"And then to have this happen."

"Lame again", they whispered. "Poor Malcolm."

Even Malcolm's boss was shocked at the irony and cruelty of fate, and came to tell him that his old job was waiting for him when he was well.

Eventually, everyone was gone. The nurse straightened the chairs and left too. Malcolm remembered what his friends had said. "At least", one had remarked to another in an undertone, but Malcolm had been listening, "At least, he'll be used to being stared at. The doctor says the limp will be quite noticeable."

Malcolm thought about this, and then stretched himself in the bed. He pulled back the sheet and looked at his leg, swathed in bandages for the cuts and, at the knee, housed in a straight cast for the bone.

It was his old leg back again. It was what everyone had once stared at. But Malcolm was used to stares, when he knew why people stared. He knew his friends would soon get used to him again and he to them. It was quiet and peaceful, alone in the room. Malcolm looked at his leg again, and stretched, and almost laughed. He felt at peace, he felt free. No longer did the racking uneasiness of the last weeks afflict him.

"I am whole again", he said aloud.

# *Green Vision*

ROGER F. GARDINER

A sea of green, of shimmering green.  
Below, the grasses verdant sheen;  
Above, the shaded trees bare seen  
Standing, washed with a softer green.  
A sea of green and silvery surf  
Where blossom-waves splash on the turf,  
Returning birds sing out their mirth  
That all things take new life from earth.  
Across this soft and green-laced view  
Stark pine-crags cast their sombre hue.  
Their surf sounds sighing softly through  
The fading dream . . .

I dream anew  
Another sea . . . of Autumn's brown . . .  
A sullen tide, with Death seeds sown:  
Vermillion, yellow, red. Birds moan  
No green, where sun-killed grasses frown.

# *The Flaming of a Sword*

WILLIAM A. COLLINS

Lying on a road, on the flat  
Flat surface of a road.  
Going where the nowhere has begun  
Spread-eagled to infinity.  
And the wheels, the ever-turning wheels  
The never-ending wheels crushing it  
Down into the soft tar —  
A teddy bear once black and white.  
  
Thrown by a child — a god at play  
Throwing out part of his soul.  
It once was black and white  
It now is gray —  
With the never ending rumble of the wheels.

# *The Cycle of Naught*

JIM ETHERINGTON

The vivid blastings of the battles  
Sinks into the mud,  
And from their holes like mice  
Come brown clad men  
That scurry away to the west;  
They board their ships for home,  
Leaving far behind  
Their gory fields of play.

The land festers slowly  
In the frightened heat of peace,  
As foul the winds of summer  
Seek and search about;  
O'er the shell holes filled with slime  
Shattered trees cast fitful shades  
As night collects . . .  
And grey shrouds of formless clouds  
Soak into the restless skies:  
Soon from their tumbling midsts  
Weeps down the dreary tears  
That form in lonesome puddles,  
And fall in rotting wounds;  
Night closes down . . .  
Nothing is to be seen . . . but  
Only the quiet soothing rain  
Trickles about, seeking, cleansing.

The morning breaks with a fresh breeze  
That sweeps across the acres.  
The first rays of the young red sun  
Pad softly across the hills,  
Glist'ning on sweet dew  
That sliding, slowly anoints the leaves  
Of the young grass rootlets  
That thrust through the mud of the sheltered places.  
In them springs the enfant hope of forgetfulness  
But on them shall retrot the armies of Hell.



# *City of Night*

ANONYMOUS

Early are the night sounds;  
The wind in the city trees and the papers rustling in  
the gutters,  
The chirp of crickets in the vacant lots and the rattle  
of rats in the garbage cans.  
It is dark along the city.  
The night and I are born together.

And the sounds of night are many.  
The shirt-sleeved, beer-stained arguments, the  
laughter, cruel and kind,  
The squeal of tires, the rustle of silk, the sickening  
stench of sex in a third floor hall.  
Dark now is the city.  
The night and I live together.

And then the city is quiet,  
Quiet except for footsteps, lurching homeward,  
except for tears in the night,  
Except for the squalling wail of a baby and the rush  
of running toilets.  
Dark, dark is the city.  
The night and I grow old together.

And then light comes to the city.  
The footsteps are purposeful in the squalor as the  
factory workers swings his lunch-box to the  
morning shift,  
As the milkman rattles his bottles of life,  
As the corpuscles of buses pulse in the arteries of  
the city,  
As the corpse stirs, reluctantly, from a million frowsy  
beds.  
The city is never born again but only wakens.  
The dull fingers of light reach into the city.  
The night and I die together.

# *“And All Our Yesterdays . . .”*

ANONYMOUS

It was here yesterday,  
The sky and the clouds and the sun;  
It was here yesterday,  
The trees and the earth and the world;  
It was here yesterday.

Only a day, only a fraction of eternity,  
Only an existent moment in the life of a non-existent god.  
Once the present, now only the past;  
Only a yesterday.

It was here,  
It was here the chance.  
The moment, the outstretched hand, grasping;  
The opened mouth, speechless;  
The trembling thought, unformed.  
The moment, only yesterday the moment.  
It was here.

The sun was warm, the bough was laden,  
But the hand was afraid,  
But the heart was afraid.  
It was here yesterday,  
Only yesterday.

But where is yesterday?

# "'Tis Only A Matter of Mind . . ."

Mike Anderson

"**B**ut they are still alive, I tell you," Fredricks stated impatiently, "I know it and I believe it."

"All this research of your is going to your head. Surely a book on mythological creatures isn't worth your sanity. Give it up before it's too late." This bit of advice was always basically the same, expressed a bit differently perhaps, but essentially it was the same and came from whomever Fredricks happened to be brain-washing at the moment.

People really never thought of Fredricks as a mental case but his vivid imagination got the best of him at times, that was all: "Quite a nice chap if it weren't for that monster complex of his", was the opinion expressed by most.

Fredricks was a graduate M.A., but this mania of his to prove that so-called mythological creatures had once really existed made him seem a bit, . . . well, a bit eccentric, to say the least.

His dogma was simple: mythology existed because people believed that it existed. The human mind was all-powerful and if everyone believed in a unicorn or a centaur, then there really were unicorns and centaurs. "After all," he would say, "isn't the modern Christian religion the very same thing? You believe in a God you can't see. but you still say there is definitely such a God."

Why no less a writer than William Shakespeare had put into the mouth of Hamlet: "There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so." If it was good enough for Shakespeare it was good enough for Fredricks and, therefore, good enough for the rest of the world.

His reference to the "they" that were supposedly "still alive", was to the gryphon, a half-lion, half-eagle monstrosity that had signified vigilance to the ancient Egyptians. To further quote Fredricks on the matter: "I don't give a damn what anyone says, gryphons actually existed and, what's more, I believe they could still live today if there was any belief in them."

“The Egyptians had faith in the gryphon and used his image to watch over the hoards of treasure placed in the tombs of the pharaohs; as time progressed the gryphons became the guardian of all buried treasure -- whether buried by man or by nature.”

“I contend that this creature still lives today, in exile as it were, standing guard over the last few undiscovered caches of minerals and treasures in the world.”

Debates such as this raged long and loud wherever Fredricks went, which was anywhere he could get someone to stand still long enough to listen to him. These arguments were more soliloquy than debate: Fredricks monopolized every breath that was drawn. It would have done no good to speak anyway, he was convinced of his beliefs that was that!

He spent most of his evenings, when he wasn't out inflicting his ideas on others, in his fashionable penthouse apartment. He had remained a bachelor throughout his fifty-three years: what woman could ever hope to match such a gift of unflagging speech? Despite this, his state of celibacy had been quite prosperous: human nature being what it is, people couldn't resist buying his books “just to see what screwball notions he'd come up with next.”

Long past midnight one night Fredricks was still up, reflecting on a not-altogether-new thought: “If I really believe in such beasts and if the rest of my theories are correct, why shouldn't I ever actually see one? Shakespeare and Poe both believed in the absolute power of the mind. Can we all be wrong?”

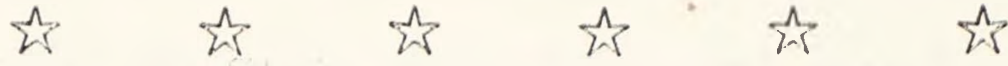
“Here I am trying to get others to believe in me when I'm beginning to doubt my theories myself.”

Amid these mental upheavals Fredricks heard an increasingly loud drone outside his window. Expecting to find anything from a helicopter to a flying saucer, he was enervated to see hovering just outside, the wavering figure of a lion with the head and wings of an eagle. As it came into focus, he stood rooted to the spot. The gryphon slowly drifted up to the window, inviting him to come . . . hinting of secrets that could soon be his.

The blast of cold night air in his face brought Fredricks back

to his senses: here he was on the back of a lion while eagle's wings carried him up over the winking night-eyes of the city.

"Can I really believe this -- or am I completely mad?" were the first doubting thoughts and the last mortal words of James Fredricks.



In the morning the city papers carried front page stories reading: "Noted mythologist killed in fall from great height; witnesses claim the body fell out of thin air. Police are mystified as to how the body of James Fredricks, age fifty-three, got from his apartment to the City Park, a distance of four blocks, without being seen by people in the park until they claim to have seen it falling from directly above them. There are no tall buildings or towers anywhere in the park. (see page two for pictures.)"

## *Perfection is for the Dead*

WILLIAM A. COLLINS

Perfection is for the dead  
Not for the living.  
For while the breath goes in and out of me.  
For while the blood nourishes the bone.  
For while I look in the eyes of God  
And feel His tears fall to the earth as rain  
And feel the cataclysmic powers of the storm called life  
Then will I live.

For only while I search the mind of Man.  
For only while I'm sickened and I'm glad  
With what I know and never hope to know —  
Do I live.

For I could search the universe right through:  
The silver penny of the moon, the twenty dollar gold piece  
Of the sun, the rhinestones on the velvet blouse of night —  
To where the firecrackers have just strewn — worlds to be won  
And never know the sum.  
Yet want to know and blindly —  
Fear to know.

# *Ode to Winter*

DON GUTTERIDGE

I

The snow beats fast and thick upon my sill;  
The lawn and hedge are caught in that snowy cloud,  
That settles like a down on town and hill,  
And clothes the naked trees with a freezing shroud  
That clings like a ghost to every shivering limb.  
The green lawn, the dark skeleton of the tree,  
And the gray of walk and road are lost to me;  
Swallowed up in that whirlwind of white,  
That hides the very sun and sky from sight!  
The snow is stopped; and everywhere I look,  
I see the earth now wears a purer veil.  
But silent is the tree, and still the brook;  
A still and silent earth, and oh how pale!  
And somewhere off I hear the children shout,  
As they laugh and play at their snowball bout,  
And bundled bodies brave the crisped air,  
Breathing frost, and oh! so unaware,  
That far below  
The deep-piled snow,  
There lies a living soul!

II

The night-wind sweeps across the snow-clad scene,  
And wails a high foreboding tune;  
In the wintry black of sky the silver-orb'd moon  
Surveys with watchful eye the field and stream.  
The ice comes on!  
And from the freezing lake, a rumble deep  
And roaring, like a cry of anguish or a moan;  
As if some living soul the lake doth own,  
And beats against the icy waves that creep  
Across its face and chill  
The very depths. The ice is come!  
And all the lake is still.

### III

O Winter! you with ice and snow  
Bedeck this world in heavenly show;  
You paint the hill and clothe the stream,  
And leave the woods a fairy dream.  
No garment ever wore this earth so bright,  
So clean, so pure, so holy white  
As this gay dress, this crystal cloud;  
Her living glory, and her dying shroud!

### IV

O Winter! some find joy in your snowy dust,  
And fools play in your lifeless crust;  
They laugh and sing  
At a senseless thing.  
And like a child they give their trust  
To every gleam and precious glow,  
And miss the life that lives below.  
But I find only grief in the winter snows,  
That rises, swells, and bursts! and overflows.

### V

Pity, sorrow, pain  
Course my every aching vein,  
And melancholy streams along the blood,  
To burst upon the heart and spill  
Upon the brain, and with a savage flood,  
Extinguish the last light of human hope!  
O Christ! Once our warmth and light,  
The sun that broke the dark of night,  
And melted every frozen heart;  
The spring eternal sprung from purest joy,  
The glory and the light that lived in every part  
Of our mortal being, and wandered through  
The deepest caverns of our soul! Where now  
Is the warmth and life that blew  
Across the summer grass and swayed the vernal bough?

And where is the glory and the hope of Christ?  
Lost in the icy blast! Forgot  
In the loneliness and the terror of a winter wild!  
Abandoned by the faithless, once beguiled,  
And now too weak to change their wonted lot!  
O Christ! weep not at the usurped throne;  
For WE have made this Godless shell.  
You led us once from Hell's dark home,  
And we have built a darker Hell!

VI

So blow ye winds, and snow ye snows!  
Freeze the heart and paralyze the soul;  
Ice the streams where glory flows,  
And glaze the brooks where love and beauty roll.  
But, somewhere in the sadness of the wind,  
And the hopeless blast of snow,  
In the barren womb of a frozen earth,  
I hear the voice of spring, and find  
Its infant murmur giving birth  
To a hope long hid; and I feel  
The stir of something deeper, something real,  
A long-veiled glory breathing 'neath that snow,  
And whispering tales of a glorious day  
That was and is and evermore shall be,  
If only we have faith to see  
That in ourselves alone does the power lay  
To find eternal peace and everlasting joy,  
The greatest glories man can know.









REMEMBER!

THE

OCCIDENTALIA

IS



YOUR ALMA MATER  
SCHOOL YEAR BOOK

It will be handed out with your diploma at Convocation

*Buy Yours Now!*

