

KEYNOTES
February 1946 Issue

KEYNOTES

LITERARY MAGAZINE
of
KEYSTONE COLLEGE
La Plume, Pa.

Edited quarterly by students.
Published at Montrose, Pa.

February 1946

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Novel I Enjoyed	11
Digging Among the Dead	4
Drowning—Almost	8
Letter Paper	6
Meadow Dream	6
Mr. Chips	5
My Heroes	3
My Red Pencil	2
The Earth and I	7
Those New Yorkers	9
To a Teacher	2
Walls of Loneliness	10

STAFF

||
EDITOR

Barbara Bolling

||
ASSOCIATES

Norma Emick
Joan Strecker
Winifred Philbin

||
TYPING

Barbara Wirth
Janice Carey

||
CIRCULATION

Jean Weber
Elaine Aronson

||
ADVISORS

Dr. Orland M. Ritchie
Miss Jane Murphy

My Red Pencil Mrs. D. M. Jewett

My critical eye is cocked and my red pencil is poised to do a just criticism of Keystone's first literary magazine. However, in spite of my English-instructor background, as I scan the pages, I fail to find much use for my well-sharpened crayon.

I am impressed by the seriousness of the thought expressed, but I do not feel that the tone of the magazine is depressing. It is merely typical of college students who are thinking the "long, long thoughts" of youth. These students and others who will be represented in future issues should be commended on their effort and achievement.

The song and the poems add variety to the content and are perhaps the most finished selections.

"In This World" is an interesting collection of data, but I tire of the laconic recording of events. Although "Connie" epitomizes many college co-eds, I am not drawn to her as the author is.

"A Year" and "Sentimental Journey" have several good points. They present reveries similar to those of many readers. The figurative language of "A Year" is appropriate to the subject, and the thumb-nail sketches in "Sentimental Journey" are well drawn.

Furthermore, the psychological problem found in "I Came Out of It" is carefully analyzed and is apparently solved for the author. The technique used for this solution is one which should appeal to other bashful coeds.

The game played by the author of "Trees" is fascinating. I now find myself studying our stately evergreens and making comparisons. Wasn't it refreshing also to have one narrative selection? This true experience is probably only one of countless stories which our fellow students might tell us.

Finally, in the next issue let's see some humorous writing, more poetry, and some short stories.

TO A TEACHER

Write only good words and kind,
Make not thy red marks too harshly;
In reverie e'er call to mind
Days when thou too craved mercy.

E. E. Chipman.

My Heroes Winifred Philbin

MOST girls have all sorts of romantic "pin-up boys" whom they glamorize to their hearts' content. I also have mine, but my "pin-up boys" are drawn from a less imaginative category, for they are my brothers. It may seem rather queer that a girl should pick her brothers as the object of her hero worship, but you have never met them. Meet them; then draw your conclusions. Introducing Joe, Bob, and Nicky. . . .

Joe is the eldest of my three brothers, and, I believe, the handsomest. At a tender age, the title of "the boss" was bestowed on him, for, being the eldest of us six children, he used his seniority rights without mercy. For me, there was always a sort of glamor about Joe since my earliest recollection of him was his getting dressed for a date. He seemed to me more meticulous than a girl, and I used to sit and watch his ritual whenever it was possible. Joe noticed my interest and, being flattered, adopted me as his protege. Ever since that time, we have been pals despite the ten years' difference in our ages. Joe would never come into the house without something for me, and "financial embarrassment" was an experience I never knew when he was about. The only perplexing trait about Joe is his persistent failure to realize that I am getting older every year—a situation which disturbs my dignity. On my seventeenth birthday, when I thought I had at last reached the state of womanhood, he presented me with a Navy life-preserver when I would have loved a fur coat! Joe, as I see him, has a sense of humor, enough conceit to be charming, a big heart, and intelligence.

Bob is the strong, silent type. Perhaps the strongest point of our feeling for each other is concentrated around his sense of humor. I have always been in tune with his humor. At times, he and I have shared a world of our own through this medium, seeing the funny side of situations and people. At an early age, I discovered that Bob was not a person to take lightly. He is a deep, understanding boy. To this day I confide in him, and his advice is always sound. Bob is athletic and is the type of boy who is chosen to be the leader. Bob was born singing off-key. Even this defect endears him to me, for he jokes about his lack of music ability, and continues singing! He went so far as to have a record made of his voice, and whenever we play it he laughs the loudest. How Bob enjoys life! His zest for living is so infectious that an hour's exposure to him is like a stimulant when one is in need of such.

I believe Nicky was born smiling, but in our earliest years few of his smiles were wasted on me. Because of the slight dif-

(Continued on Page 10)

Digging Among the Dead . . . Ronald Hodgson

OF course, the dead had been dead for quite some time. In fact, they had been at rest for about one hundred years. The graves, among which I dug, are the resting places of a tribe of Indians who lived, at one time, in New York State. Their battle grounds were near Narrowsburg, New York, and after every battle, the Indians buried their dead right where the fight took place.

Indian graves are usually spotted in small clearings, and can be identified by their shape. The typical grave is about five feet long and two feet wide. There is a mound of earth about one and one-half feet high which covers the spot. This mound is covered with moss, and for some reason or other, vegetation will grow on it. Such a type of grave was used when one man was buried. Another type, which is harder to find, is called a mass burial grave. Sometimes after battles, the Indians would just dig a large hole and throw into it the bodies and possessions. This hole might be as large as twenty feet square and covered only by a small mound.

One morning about six o'clock, my companions and I started on a hunt for graves. There were ten of us in the party. We struck out through the woods until we came to a large clearing which was the location of an Indian village. One of our party had a map of the surrounding area with burial grounds and battlefields marked on it. We decided to cut straight through the woods instead of following the trail. After walking for about a half hour, we came upon a small clearing right in the center of which were three mounds.

Almost at once I began to feel nervous. I had never done this sort of thing before, and didn't know whether I would enjoy it or not. We marked the area in which we were going to dig, and then started to work. We dug until the mound was entirely removed. Then we began looking for signs which would tell us whether this one was a real grave or not. We dug about six inches below the surface where we came upon the first sign—a layer of clay. Then came a layer of broken pottery and ashes. After that, there was dirt for another six inches, and then more broken pottery and clay.

After we had found these signs, it was a matter of digging to a depth of about five feet more before we came to the actual grave.

When down about five feet, we had to stop using picks, because their use would disturb any remains which might be there. At this point, I was down on my hands and knees with a small hand rake. There was a cold, damp odor coming from the earth at that depth. The sun's rays piercing through the trees added

(Continued on Page 9)

Mr. Chips . . . Barbara Bolling

MR. CHIPS was given to me as a Christmas gift almost five years ago. When I received him, he was too young to be away from his mother and both of his front legs were badly cut at the first joint. He tried to be brave when we bandaged his legs or when he was left alone at night. But his pain and loneliness were too much for the little creature and he cried often. For this reason he was called "Mr. Chips." Mom said it would soon be, "Good-bye, Mr. Chips."

How he managed to steal into all of our hearts, I don't know. Maybe it was his alert face with the long, black nose. Or maybe it was his plume tail that is constantly in motion to show his appreciation of life. But I think that the one thing that makes us all love him is his even, happy disposition. Mr. Chips is willing to play with anyone at any time, no matter how rough the play is. He usually gets the worst of the deal, but he never growls or snaps. For this reason, he is allowed to play with even small children and babies.

When we first got Chips, we thought he was a mongrel. He looks like a combination of various dogs to the person who doesn't know his breed. He has the head of a police dog, the tail of a collie, the legs of a dachshund, and the body of almost any kind of a dog. But, we discovered that he is a Welsh Corgi. And a good specimen of his breed he is! When we look at a picture of a Welsh Corgi in a dog book, we could almost swear that it is Chips!

At times, Chips seems almost human. For instance, he has definite tastes in music. When a jazz band is playing, he will climb down from his chair and walk disgustedly from the room to remove himself as far as possible from the noise. But when an opera or symphony is playing, he will collapse on the spot, too ecstatic to move. He will lie for hours in the same position, with one ear perked up and a benign expression on his face. Friends and neighbors inquire, on a Saturday afternoon, how he enjoyed the opera.

Chips frequently joins in the family conversation. He can tell by the tones of our voices what the general mood is, and he adds his sound effects at the appropriate places in a story. Often he has managed to turn a sober discussion into a happier one.

Mr. Chips is not only my most prized possession; he is treasured by the whole family. The place he will leave when he must go to Canine Heaven will never be filled.

MEADOW DREAM

Walking alone in the hot afternoon,
Walking in rhythm to the crickets' tune,
Restless as insects that crawl about,
Wanting to scream my heartache out . . .

No special road was in my mind;
No special spot to sit and dream.
I looked to see what I could find
And spied a path as white as cream;
As neat and clean as a spinster's floor,
Wide enough for one and not one more.

Pausing a second, I looked far around.
Nothing in air or on the ground . . .
Just me and the sky and the earth below.
So I stepped on the path, and this I know—
Not a living thing had touched it before,
And after me there would be no more.

Through fields, through woods, through baby creeks,
I seemed to walk for days and weeks
Till I came to a meadow reaching high,
That washed its face in the deep blue sky;
So vast and airy, wide and free,
It looked like paradise to me.

There were dandelions in a bluegrass field
Like golden stars in an azure sky,
And to that blue heaven my body did yield;
My unrelaxed body, so icy and dry,
Willingly yielded, released of its storm,
The ice melted away and left my heart warm.

The field was an ocean; the field was a sky,
There fishes could swim or angels could fly;
Myriads of insects could live there and die,
And each death would be marked by a seraphim's eye.
I could reach out my hand and touch a bird's nest.
The place was magic and special and blessed.

Sinking in softness, sinking in sleep,
Bottomless, cloudless, tender and deep,
Waking to warmth and damp from dew . . .
Waking, my heart had life anew.

Betty I. Burwasser.

LETTER PAPER

Use often when absence separates,
Remembering who so sends words thy way;
Keep not to thyself o'er much thine own communing
From him who joys to think of thee each day.

E. E. Chipman.

The Earth and I Elayne Smigell

ONE day I climbed a mountain. At the top, I discovered myself.

Spread out below me was a valley; it seemed very far away; I felt very high. Above the valley, on the other side, lay a range of mountains. The sun was rising behind it. It all presented a beautiful sight. To my companion, it was grand and awesome. But not to me.

I felt the beauty and the grandeur, but, inexplicably, I did not feel awed. I glanced at my companion. His face showed his respectfully humble feelings. I asked myself, "Why is he humble, and why am I not?" I put the question to him. He seemed surprised at the idea of anyone's not feeling as he did.

"Why, Elayne," he said, "doesn't it make you feel unimportant to see the size of the world?"

"No," I answered, "Why should it?"

Puzzled, he replied, "Because it is bigger, not only in size, but in a spiritual way, than we. In comparison, we are quite impotent and infinitesimal."

"Are we?" I asked. "What can that mountain do? Can it build a skyscraper? Can it harness a river? Can it paint a picture? Can it think? Can it create?"

He said, "No," but added that, without the mountain, we could do none of those things, either.

"But don't you see that without man, the Creator, Nature, and its resources would mean nothing?" I said.

He shook his head. No, he could not see. That puzzled me. Why couldn't he understand that the earth waited for man to use it, to create from it? Was it because he did not want to create? Was it because he took the creations of other men and used them for his own; because he could not create? For this, did he subconsciously appease himself by saying that the world was bigger than he? He was unimportant. Was it right to be unimportant, to be a second-hander?

He set me thinking. He felt impotent; I felt potent. He felt awed and humbled; I felt inspired. He felt pushed down by the majesty; that same majesty made me feel as though there was something in me that answered it.

When we turned to leave, I saw an unconscious flush of relief on his face. He was going back down to the realm of men, where he would resume an identity—in the eyes of men. Up on the mountain, with no other men around him, he ceased to be important because there was no one there to think he was, to tell him he was. He was not anything to himself. All that mattered was what other men thought of him, what he was to others.

Then I realized the difference between us. I knew why I did not care for what people said or thought of me. He was a non-entity by himself; he needed others. I did not. I had a self-sufficient ego.

Drowning--Almost Richard Rudge

ONE of the most horrible and painful deaths that I know of is that of near-drowning. I have had one such experience in my lifetime. This was on the Saturday before school was dismissed for the summer vacation in the year of 1939.

It had turned out to be nice weather, so my folks and I decided to go to Baylor's Pond for the day. I was the only one who knew how to swim, and I knew very little. We were having a wonderful time until I went out in the canoe. Instead of staying close to shore, I went out to the middle of the lake.

Then it happened: the canoe turned over and I was thrown out of it. When I rose to the surface, the canoe had drifted away. From my position in the water, the shore looked closer than the canoe, so I started to swim for shore. After swimming like mad for what seemed hours, the shore appeared to be as far away as it was before. I was beginning to get tired; my feet and arms were like lead. Mechanically my arms reached out and pulled back, and my legs kicked, but I got nowhere. Finally, I was so exhausted I couldn't go any further and I sank. I didn't stay down long, for by some superhuman effort I reached the surface again for a little breath of air.

During this time my mind was recalling all the bad things I had done throughout my life. Everyone whom I had hurt in any way flashed before that inner eye, and I wanted to apologize to them. I remembered all my relatives, down to my third cousin, and wondered how the news of my death would affect them. Then I thought of my closest friends—Bill, Jack, Warren, Morrie, and others. Their images came to me in a sort of dream. They were standing in front of a casket, with the lid down and a picture of someone on top. I wanted to get closer to the casket, but I couldn't. Turning, I saw my mother crying and my father walking the floor. Finally I reached the casket and recognized the picture as that of myself. Then the vision faded away. It had seemed to last a long time but it hadn't.

After that horrible dream, I began to feel my legs burning for want of air. My heart was pounding and pumping blood furiously to my head. My eyeballs seemed to leave their sockets, and my joints were aching all over. These torments increased to such a degree that I couldn't stand them any longer. I tried to shout, but got only a mouthful of water. This started me coughing and sent my mind around, and around, and around. I started to clutch at something and seemed to be held down. From that moment on, I remember nothing.

The next thing I knew, I was lying on my stomach on a sloping shore. My head was pointed toward the lake, and someone was giving me artificial respiration. My rescuer told me later that

(Continued on Page 12)

Those New Yorkers Jean Weber

ARE you from New York? No? Then perhaps you will wonder along with me, for people from New York set me wondering. I wonder why they are always in such a hurry. I wonder where they are going in such a hurry. I wonder what they do when they get to where they are going in such a hurry. Yes, people from New York set me wondering.

Why are they always in such a hurry? There are times, I know, when even I get into a hurried state. That is usually because I oversleep every morning. Maybe the New Yorkers oversleep every morning, but, it seems to me that they are up before the people in the rest of the United States. If you are not from New York you will understand this because with all the noise from the outside streets, it is probably impossible for the poor New Yorkers to sleep late.

Then, since they get up early in the morning, the New Yorkers should have plenty of time to do things. Yet, the average person from New York hurriedly sips a cup of coffee for his breakfast and dashes off. With the extra time obtained from rising early and not stopping long for breakfast, it would seem logical that the New Yorker would be able to take his time doing the rest of the day's chores. But, does he take his time. No, the New Yorker continues to rush through the day. People from New York keep me wondering.

Where are these New Yorkers going in such a hurry? There are times when I want to see a fire in a hurry. The former mayor of New York did, but surely New Yorkers don't have fires every day that they attend. I wonder if New Yorkers are just

(Continued on Page 12)

Digging Among the Dead (Continued from Page 4)

a ghostly effect. Except for an occasional bird note, and the noise of our rakes, there was silence. Suddenly, my rake bit on something and stuck. This turned out to be rotted birch bark of the shield which the Indians put over the body before they covered the grave. I uncovered the rest of the bark the best I could. Picking it up gently, I tried not to break the bark but it crumbled in my hands. And when I happened to glance down, a chill ran up and down my spine. For there, staring in my face, were the powdering remains of a human body. Yes, I felt like jumping out of the grave and running as fast as I could.

The powdery white traces were what was left of the bones. In addition to these, we found a number of relics, for an Indian is buried in a sitting position with all his possession at his side.

Such were my discoveries the first time I dug among the dead. Once was enough.

WALLS OF LONELINESS

Wall of loneliness surround me now;
Out of them I can't find the way.
Underneath or over the top, my way is blocked by thoughts of thee.

You came and went; my loneliness began.
I tried to find a way to go.
I wandered here, I wandered there, all over loneliness land.

I tried to find the gate or door,
But it was locked from me.
And when it I found, I thought I wouldn't wander any more.

Walls of loneliness surround me now;
Out of them I can't find the way.
Underneath or over the top, my way is blocked by thoughts of thee.

Can't you come from where'er you be,
To help me from this land of fear,
To take me into your house of dreams and into everlasting rev'rie?

Can't you crumble these walls and get me free?
Can't you take my memories?
Can't you, won't you take me from this living hell of loneliness?

Walls of loneliness surround me now;
Out of them I can't find the way.
Underneath or over the top, my way is blocked by thoughts of thee.

Brenda Sallee.

My Heroes (Continued from Page 3)

ference in our ages, which makes him two years my senior, we were natural rivals. One of the main objects of my early life was to give Nicky a bloody nose. The nominal sum of twenty-five cents was offered by my older, more pugnacious brothers if I succeeded in administering the blow. I never did, for Nick was bigger and more agile, and I believe it was sheer chivalry on his part that I didn't suffer the nosebleed. As the years went by, and the pugilistic tendencies of my older brothers were softened, Nick and I cast off all pretenses of rivalry. Then I discovered I had another hero, for I found Nick to be as good a friend as a pal. I never need a mirror when Nicky is around. He is as candid as any mirror, and always tells me what is right and what is wrong with my dress. His chief hatred is too much lipstick. Nick and I go to many social affairs together and associate with many of the same people. Never did I think, when I was plotting to give him a nosebleed, that I would one day plan to please him and make him happy!!

A Novel I Enjoyed Ann Fields

HENRY BELLAMAN has written many novels that have been greatly publicized. Yet "Victoria Grandelet," one of his most recent novels, has been largely overlooked. This psychological drama, with setting on a Louisiana bayou estate, early in the twentieth century, definitely deserves a wider reading.

Victoria Dunstan was slender, soft, and somewhat voluptuous-looking. She had quiet and instinctive self-control. Her eyes, wide apart and slanting ever so slightly, were dark and shadowy. Between blue and gray, they provided an arresting contrast with her almost snowy complexion and ashy-blond hair.

Perhaps twenty-five years old, Niles Grandelet was lean and brown, and seemingly lazy and alert at one time. He had bright, amber-colored eyes and blue-black hair. His ways were typical of the men of his region.

After a whirlwind courtship, Niles has just married his Cousin Flora's roommate, Victoria. He is bringing his wife to his ancestral home, White Cloud, in a Louisiana bayou. Here his Aunt Lucy has resided as mistress since the death of his mother. Niles' family is a large one, and he is distantly related to almost every important family in that part of the country. His name is one of prestige, and his home is a magnificent estate.

Victoria decides immediately that she must become a real Grandelet, and must make the house, White Cloud, accept her. It is believed that this house rejects people who, it feels, do not belong there. To Lucy's delight, Victoria tells her that she must remain as mistress of White Cloud. But Victoria's behavior is watched from the beginning by her maid, Orлу, who like her ancestors, feels that she must protect the family name.

While afraid of White Cloud, Victoria feels completely at ease at Far Felice, another family house. Here tragedy had occurred many years before and the place was deserted by the family. Victoria persuades Niles to give Far Felice to her, and she plans to restore it to its original state. Then, having previously decided she must have a baby to become a real Grandelet, Victoria is happy when she knows that she is to become a mother. Her further attempts to become a true Grandelet make very interesting reading.

In this novel Henry Bellaman has given a nearly perfect picture of a way of life. Very skillfully he has probed the mind of Victoria and revealed it to the reader. He makes one live with his characters, for my heart beat faster when theirs did. Indeed, I felt their every emotion. The author has handled his situations with ease, and has written fine descriptions. In my opinion, he has given us an excellent piece of fiction which is in keeping with his fine reputation. I don't think a novel-reader can ask for anything more than one can find here. I enjoyed "Victoria Grandelet" completely.

Those New Yorkers (Continued from Page 9)

little beavers who enjoy working. Perhaps this is why they are always in such a Dagwoodian rush. New Yorkers can't wait until they get to their work. But, again, they seem to be in an awful hurry to get home. They still have me wondering.

Lastly, just what do New Yorkers do when they get to where they are going in their mad rush? Do they relax, collapse, or do they keep driving on from the force of inertia? Perhaps I have hit upon the answer. They have been rushing for so long, no one knows where, when, or how to stop. Those New Yorkers just keep on rushing because everyone around them rushes. Rushing from place to place is second nature to New Yorkers, but, don't they set you wondering?

Drowning—Almost (Continued from Page 8)

I had clutched at him, and that the persons in the rowboat had held down my hands and legs while someone gave me artificial respiration.

During these few minutes I was the closest to death I have ever been. Believe me, I was a reformed person from that time on. I hadn't realized before that I was far from ready to come face to face with God. Although I was badly scared by the experience, I still go on swimming.

My Heroes (Continued from Page 10)

At the present time "my heroes" are in the U. S. Navy. Our home has been lonely without them, and I look forward to a bright, new, future when I can once again marvel at Joe's getting ready for a date, hear Bob's singing off-key, and Nicky's smiling. Maybe it sounds funny to want to see and hear such things from brothers. Maybe you think I should want to see and hear bigger, more serious things. Yet I know everyone who has a brother will agree that these little things are what count. Edgar A. Guest, famous poet, expresses all this better than I ever could, in the last stanza of his "Lonely":

"It's only a house
That is mine to know,
An empty house
That is cold with woe;
Like a prison grim
With its bars of black,
And it won't be home
Till they come back."