

pulse you opened your eyes. I saw your anemic face, and then I recognized you. I had to confirm it though by asking one of the artists who were waiting in the hall. Olga, for the first time in my career my hand was shaking during an operation. I pray you'll be all right soon.

I tremble at the thought that when you recover you'll come to my office to thank me because I saved you. Poor Olga . . . I know that you'll continue to go on in the rural towns and villages without youth and beauty, working in the small cafes just for your daily bread. And I shall be here in this small town wrestling with death, smoking, when the gloves are off my hands, the soothing cigarette of solitude.

Aprils will come again, Olga; the roses will bloom again but, in our frozen breasts our hearts will never bloom again with the blossoms of love. Slowly we'll drift towards the long winter without finding a blooming acacia under which we'll kiss again. We will then be old with crooked bones and wrinkled skin, and we'll wait for our turn to be transported to another world."

The pen in the hand of the surgeon stopped. From the corners of his sad eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses, a tear rolled down his cheek, and fell on the page of the old diary with the fresh ink just next to the last letter of the last word . . . and marked the period.

—GREGORY ATHAN. LAMBROS '51

THE RAILWAY

Have you ever watched a little boy's face as he looks into a store window at a model train shooting around a track; or have you ever watched the face of a little boy's father playing on the parlor floor, maybe with that same train shooting around that same track; or even an old man's face as he takes a walk and stops to watch a passing train? Yes, you probably have, and you have noted that exact expression on their faces as you would find on your own if you could see it; a look of deep fascination.

Do you remember your first trip on a train? Well that was something, an experience you won't forget in a hurry. You were probably looking forward to it for days and then when the time came you were frightened to get on or at least a little nervous. There they were, all the people standing about so unconcerned as if it were nothing, the kind conductors, the porters and baggage men. That was nothing, however, when you remember the big engine that passed by at the head. Oh sure you've seen engines going, but not nearly so close, almost on top of you; then there was the steam hissing out, the huge wheels clanking along and the big dangerous looking driving rods slashing about angrily, but then

there was the engineer who gave you the friendly wave; well that just about made up for the rest—still you were a little nervous.

Of course there's more to a railway than just the trip; in fact if a person were to tell all about one, it would take years. But everyone knows the railway men; they are certainly swell people, and I think it must be because they all have large families. And then have you ever gone down to the workshops? They are just like another world with all sorts of machines, even ones so big they can lift a whole locomotive. Then when you see an engine all stripped down without its hissing steam and raging fires, it loses most of its romance; you don't have the same respect for it because it really seems quite harmless. The men, too, seem so nice in the way they explain and show their machines; perhaps they don't see so many people, but the few they do see they like, since they are interested in what they do.

Have you ever watched the shunting in the yards after dark or even in the daytime; now there is something you don't see every day. It reminds one very much of a mail carrier leaving his letters, only this time the carrier is a mighty engine and the letters are boxcars. What power they must have because when they pull a long line of boxcars; it doesn't seem to take any more effort than when it pulls empty cars or none at all. The men, too, remind me of busy beavers, their running around, scurrying on and off tracks, unhooking cars and switching tracks. And, oh yes, the fascinating language they use, which we ourselves sometimes use, that of waving their arms in the daytime and their lanterns in the nighttime.

And the stations. They are so unique one can't forget them, nor compare them to anything except another because they are all the same, or at least the general layout and principal is. They are usually rectangular buildings of stone, or wood in the case of the country, bordering on the tracks with landings and walks about them. They have three or four essential characteristics and scarcely any more: a large lobby with benches and big windows, a heating unit, a ticket office and perhaps an information booth; the ladies' and men's waiting rooms, then sometimes freight offices telegraph and business offices. The place is quite impersonal itself but does have a distinct air quite unlike anything we know.

This then is the railway and it certainly does impress you, doesn't it? There may be many different companies, great and vast improvements, gallant antiques, varied methods of all sorts, and other changes. There might even be railroads of the future that will fly, but if there are, then there will also have to be models which will fly too, because little boys will still look in windows and big boys, or rather fathers, will still play in parlors, and both times they'll want a railway.

—ROBERT KELLY '51