

The background of the entire image is a dark blue field filled with a complex, abstract pattern of white lines. These lines are primarily straight and form various geometric shapes, including rectangles, triangles, and irregular polygons. Some lines are thick and prominent, while others are thin and delicate. The lines intersect and overlap, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall effect is reminiscent of a modernist or mid-century modern graphic design.

FIORETTI

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AN ANTHOLOGY OF
MARIAN COLLEGE
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The poet does not speak of death,
Or pain or sorrow, but with each breath
Breathes forth a song of triumph and of joy:
A song of life, of love without alloy.
Why do I cry?

The painted dancers in muted green
Through misty veil of tears are seen.
Gossamer sylphs from a fairy world
On canvas bright their beauty unfurled.
Why do I cry?

Illusive Beauty

The music fil't'ring through the air
A joyous message carries clear :
"Lift up your heart! Sing! Rejoice!
Beauty and love have here found voice."
Tell me why I cry.

Beauty, your stay is but too fleeting.
My heart jumps up, triumphantly beating.
Freed for a moment from the bonds of sin,
For a tiny moment I grasp the Divine
The Eternal Beauty, the Golden Mine
From whence all beauty in creation springs.

Beauty—frail moth—I crush your wings
That is why—I cry.

MARGUERITE BRANDAY, '59



the uncle faces inflation

LARRY HAMMERSTEIN, '58

Alas, poor nickel, I knew it when. . . . Have you any idea how that sturdy, once valuable coin, the nickel, has shrunk in significance?

I read an interesting article the other day by a newspaper reporter. The writer, remembering the days when a nickel made a little boy feel rich, took a tour of downtown stores with a "pocketful of nickels and an open mind." Among the things he received for his efforts were a pencil, a spool of thread, a donut, some odd assorted trinkets, and a sneer from a cab driver for a five cent tip.

Well, after this rather distressing news, I decided to do

some research of my own. The noble nickel, I found, had long been the backbone of good relations between in-laws. Millions of nephews had asked their uncles for nickels. When uncle came across, nephew was pacified, and family life was as it should be. Since the advent of the nickel, cases of family feuds in this country have dropped to an all time low. Now, however, since the price of pop-sicles has soared up past the five cent mark, even this nickel-giving may be doomed to the ages.

Even faced with these facts I could not believe that the age of the nickel was really past. I know it will still buy a pack

of gum, and I still see ads that say something like, "The candy with the hole—still only a nickel." I determined to prove that the coin of the buffalo and of Thomas Jefferson is still an important part of the American scene.

I traveled to a dime store and with deep satisfaction I found a spoon, a small plastic cup, and four little screws, all for just a nickel. It was the sink stopper that shattered my rising confidence. Though only a nickel, it didn't have a five cent sign by it. I asked the girl why, and she said, "I guess we don't have enough five cent signs."

That simple statement told the story. I noticed there were plenty of ten cent signs around. The small, thin dime has taken over from the nickel. Of

course, you can still use a nickel for a telephone call (if you have two of them), or a bus ride (if you have four of them). But it's the dime now that has taken the lead.

And where will this inflation lead us? Will the quarter be next, and then the clumsy half dollar? Who will invent the first dollar bill vending machine? And what self-respecting nephew will ask for a nickel in the future? Will he ask for seven cents for a popsicle? No, he will ask for a dime. And what if uncle says, "I don't give a dime."

There is one tiny ray of hope. As I left the dime store, a man stepped up and asked me for change. He needed a nickel for the parking meter.

BIRCHES

Silver, slim
Huddled together yet lonely,
Silent, cold
Stretching thin fingers to the winter sky,
Listening, hoping
Waiting for the kiss that comes with April
Longing for the Spring to waken, grow and live.

MARY RITA SCHLICHTE, '60

FAMOUS

LAST

WORDS

RICHARD SIMKO, '60

The double column of blue-uniformed cavalymen moved along the dry trail, slowly opening the zipper on a huge bag of dust that spilled into the still air. The azure canopy overhead was broken intermittently by cream puff clouds tip-toeing silently toward the purple mountains on the far horizon. Majestic pines stood as mute sentinels along the trail as the men and horses plodded upward. For the several hours that they had been moving uphill, the quiet had been broken only by the occasional chattering of the squirrels and the eerie whistling of the hawks wheeling endlessly over the tree tops.

The dust hid most of the beauties of nature. It rose slowly into the oppressive heat of the mid-morning sun, then tired of the struggle, and settled silently back down on the troopers. Everything in the convoy was covered with a pall

of dust. The horses, the faded blue uniforms, the gray, broad-brimmed hats with the sweat-stained crowns, the two supply wagons. It scratched your eyes every time you blinked; it gritted in your teeth every time you munched on the hard biscuits; you could feel it in your boots whenever you wiggled your toes to make sure the circulation was still going; it sifted through your pretty yellow neckerchief around your face and into your nose and made you sneeze; it mingled with the sweat to form muddy streaks inside your shirt and trousers. But the troopers were only vaguely aware of this minor discomfort.

They might have noticed it more had they been green recruits or officers fresh out of West Point, but they were neither green recruits nor inexperienced line officers out to tame the Wild West. Their eyes peered through the dust as

they rode slowly to keep from raising a large dust cloud that might signal their arrival to some alert, keen-eyed scout. They were looking for spoor. The spoor of the quarry. The most cunning, elusive quarry that they had ever hunted. The Indian.

He could be anywhere. He might be lying on his stomach in that little dry wash over there on the right; he might be skulking behind that lavender clump of sage on the left; he might be waiting just ahead to ambush them; he might this very moment be sneaking up over that last rise behind to wipe out the entire company. That is why the dust is a minor annoyance like many of the other hardships. The summer sun that could blister a man's face in an hour if he should be without a hat; the winter snow that obliterated all tracks and trails and often left men wandering aimlessly to finally freeze to death; the torrential rains that made the ground a quagmire of muck and spilled the rivers over their banks; the rattlers that could slip inside your blanket at night for warmth or drop out of a tree into your lap; the endless hours in the saddle; the tongue lashings of the CO when you fouled

up; the ambivalent disgust and respect you felt for your fellow troopers; the occasional nagging desire to, at least, talk to a female; memories of home. These things were to be expected and could be prepared for, but the Indian was an ever-constant threat, and it took eternal vigilance for a man to make sure that his scalp didn't wind up on some brave's belt.

Of all the distractions, the memories of home were the hardest to control. The tempting contentment that came with the reliving of treasured moments. The warm summers spent at the swimmin' hole, the happy winters sitting around the fireplace with Pa tellin' stories about Indians and witches and wonderful places far away, Christmas, birthdays, Mom always cleanin' and bakin', the smell of Pa's pipe after supper, your first horse, playing hookey, the little girl that always blushed when you caught her looking at you in church on Sunday. This all had to be kept in a far recess of the mind while on patrol. Start daydreaming and you wound up asleep. Six feet down.

All the men were familiar with the customs and habits of the breed of men they were fighting. They had seen Co-

chise, Mangus Colorado, Nick-aze, Geronimo and their legions of screaming, blood-thirsty warriors. They knew how they fought, what they thought, what they believed, how they lived, how they made love, how they trained their young braves. There was no facet of the intricate Indian culture that had escaped these men. They knew their opponent and knew him well. That is why they were alive.

They possessed the physical signs of their knowledge of Indian lore also. If you looked closely, you could find them on the men. A horizontal scar on the head of one where an over-anxious warrior thought he was scalping a dead man. Only this dead man had shoved a Bowie knife between the ribs of the scalper. Callouses on all of the hands from the long hours, sometimes days, on the trail. The gaunt look in the face from living too often on half, quarter, or even eighth rations. Bullet and arrow scars almost anywhere on the body. Whip marks on the back of one where he had been tortured until he prayed that the good Lord would strike him dead. And in the eyes of every man was the hatred of the adversary that is necessary in a killer. They

were killers.

Moving downhill through the green forest made the going easier now. But one other thing made it easier yet. This, they all knew, was their last patrol for thirty days. The entire company was to be given a thirty day furlough starting as soon as they returned from this last mission. Each one of them had been planning for the last few days how he would spend his month of leisure.

Most of the men were planning to take the steam boat down to San Francisco where there would be wine, women, and song, and just about anything else they wanted as long as they could afford to pay for it. There were a few exceptions. Corporal Reese was planning to go down to California and visit the many missions scattered along the coast. His last letter from his bed-ridden wife back in Vermont had aroused new hope for her recovery. He figured that perhaps the Lord was waiting for a sign of faith from him. He would do anything to put back into her eyes the sparkle as it was when she was a young bride.

Sergeant Verplank was thinking of the month he would be able to spend with Shining

Hair, the twenty year old Indian girl who lived in the village outside the fort. She was a welcome relief and contrast to his shrewish wife he had left in Illinois. Compared to that shrieking, nagging hulk of a woman, the quiet, doelike grace of Shining Hair gave her an angelic aura.

Sergeant Morris and Lieutenant Wagner had agreed to help each other build their own cabins for their families. The fort was so overcrowded that there was little privacy, especially for an enlisted man. These two men were concerned with devising little personal touches to the new home. Both families were in a state of happy confusion over the anticipated new dwellings. The men felt the warm inner glow that comes to a man when he knows that he has been a good provider for his wife and family.

At the front of the column moving now through cool grassy meadows, even the colonel was making plans for the rare furlough. He had been demoted from general to colonel for speaking his mind on matters which his superiors considered out of his realm. He would use this opportunity to get a personal campaign under way to have his generalship

reinstated.

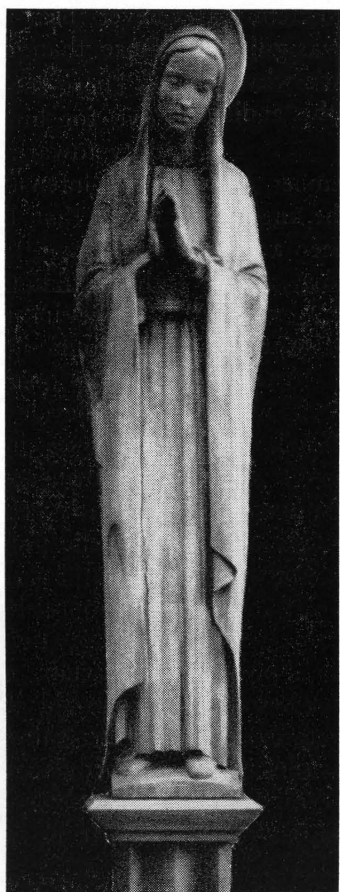
Just before nightfall, the horses whinnied restively as they smelled the fresh water of the river long before it came into sight. The troopers shifted uneasily in their saddles, impatient to dismount and set up camp now that the end of the long journey was at hand. Emerging through the green pines into a shaded clearing by the side of the quietly flowing river, the colonel raised his hand—the signal to halt.

Lieutenant Wagner spurred his horse forward to the side of the colonel to receive his instructions. "Yes, sir?"

Colonel Custer surveyed the surrounding landscape with his critical gaze, then looked at his junior officer and said, "We shall make camp here by the Little Big Horn, Lieutenant. I want you to organize a patrol to go looking for those redskins. You'll leave at dawn tomorrow."

"Yes, sir. Should I send out a couple of men to scout around before night falls?"

Again Custer scanned the surroundings, then spoke with a certainty that comes only from long years of military experience, "Don't bother. There isn't an Indian within twenty miles of here."



"And a great sign appeared in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon was under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." This quotation taken from the Apocalypse has been attributed to the Blessed Virgin and is especially appropriate in this centennial year of the apparitions of Our Lady at Lourdes.

Between February 11 and July 16, 1858, the Blessed Virgin appeared 18 times to Saint Bernadette Soubirous in the hollow of a rock in the small town of Lourdes in Southern France. On March 25, the feast day of the Annunciation, the Blessed Virgin declared to the world, "I am the Immaculate Conception."

It should be impressive to every student of Marian College, which is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, that Mary chose a humble peasant girl as the instrument for her message to the world. No matter how insignificant our role in life may be, we too are instruments of the Blessed Virgin. By our good example, nurtured by Marian's ideals of sanctity, scholarship and gentility, we are spreading her message throughout the world.

ANITA DREILING

the Hushed Dawn
comes sleepily
through the Mist

TEN

the Golden trees
Murmur their quiet
Lullaby
to a Tranquil earth

BEAUTIFUL

lazy clouds
in a Luminous sky
wait for the Melody
of morning Chimes.

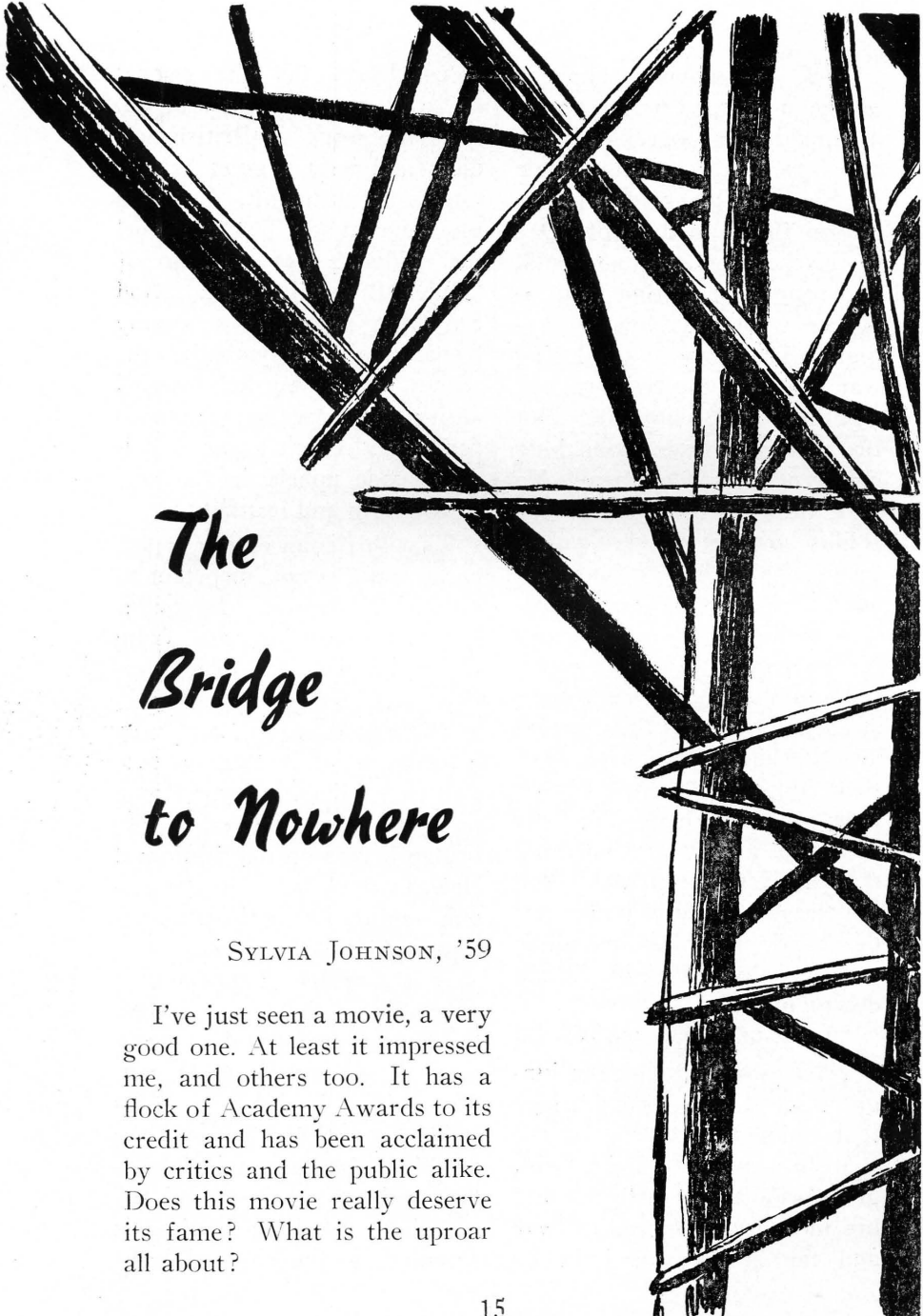
WORDS

MARGARET DARNELL, '58

THE HAPPY SEA

As I was strolling by the sea,
A wave skipped up and laughed at me.
It jumped and splashed around my feet.
Then rolled and ran in quick retreat.
But as I took another pace,
A new one sped to fill its place.
How can they say the sea is sad,
They who do not know it?
The sea is happy, gleeful, glad,
And only wants to show it.

JAMES ALLISON, '58



The Bridge to Nowhere

SYLVIA JOHNSON, '59

I've just seen a movie, a very good one. At least it impressed me, and others too. It has a flock of Academy Awards to its credit and has been acclaimed by critics and the public alike. Does this movie really deserve its fame? What is the uproar all about?

Well, the movie is about a bridge, a railroad bridge across a muddy, changeable river which twists through the jungle of Siam. This bridge is the central figure in the plot. One of the characters wants to build it strong and lasting and another wants to blow it sky-high. The story is set during war time and the two men are fighting on the same side. But the bridge means something different to each of them. To the destroyers, an American soldier and his commando group, the bridge is an important link in the enemy defense. The railroad that crosses it will carry men and supplies which will add to the enemy's strength, increase their resistance, lengthen the war, keep them longer from their homes. It is not *the* bridge, it is only *a* bridge, a part of something that must be destroyed. And not the rain nor the jungle nor death nor anything human is going to keep them from destroying it.

The bridge that these men are struggling through the jungle to wreck is the same bridge that Colonel Nicholson of the British army has built, with great pride and effort. He and his men are prisoners of war and the bridge was built by

forced labor, but the colonel doesn't see it that way at all. It is the work of British soldiers and it is a good bridge, one to be proud of. But it is more than that. To the colonel the bridge brings an echo of "Rule, Britannia" and "God Save the King" to a steamy tropic jungle. It symbolizes the white man's burden carried with a stiff upper lip. It stands for a gentleman's honor, a soldier's code upheld in the face of hardship and brutality.

That this is an enemy bridge he has built is not important to Colonel Nicholson. Its building has saved his men from physical and mental disintegration, welded them together in a common endeavor, and now helps to maintain them as true British soldiers. Beyond that nothing else matters. The bridge begins on one bank and ends on the other. In the colonel's mind, its significance begins and ends there too.

It is a bridge to nowhere.

Inevitably these two forces, the builders and the destroyers, come closer and closer to conflict. The bridge progresses steadily, rapidly toward the deadline when a certain important train must cross and the cacophony of jungle noises is accented by the ring of ham-

mers and the shouting of men's voices. Struggling to meet the same deadline, the little group of saboteurs hurry toward the bridge and their passing briefly disturbs the sodden peace of the jungle. At last the day arrives and both groups are ready. The builders celebrate the completion of the bridge with a rowdy, torch-lit entertainment while the destroyers make a silent swim to plant the deadly explosive at the bridge's base.

Finally, even as the train is heard approaching, Colonel Nicholson discovers the hidden explosive. Someone is going to destroy his bridge; he must save it. He struggles with the man who is trying to set off the charge. The Japanese soldiers spray the saboteurs with machine gun bullets. The destroyers are killed and the bridge is saved. But in a final ironic twist, the Colonel, who was hit by a stray bullet, staggers, stumbles, dies and falls on the detonator. The explosion wrecks the bridge and the train plunges into the river.

The last scene is a quiet one: the broken bridge, the half submerged train hissing as it settles slowly into the water, the

river littered with debris, and the water washing over the bodies lying in the shallows. The green jungle hems it all in. The gigantic struggle seems rather foolish now. What were they fighting for? Simply a bridge, or more? And who was right, the British colonel who built it or the American who destroyed it.

As the bridge was a symbol of different things to the different characters, so this movie has varied meanings to the viewers. It is a colorful travelogue, an exciting adventure picture, a psychological drama, even a satirical treatment of men in war. But whatever it means, the movie is not one to be easily forgotten. The memory of the sound of jungle chatter interrupted by the roar of a train and the tramping of marching feet moving to a gaily whistled tune will linger for a long time. And who could forget the sight of Colonel Nicholson walking across the bridge, his boots clicking, his stick swinging, and his face alight with satisfaction and pride. Most of all though, I'll remember the bridge itself, the bridge to nowhere, "The Bridge on the River Quai."

fountains

A patter
From a cherub's lips ;
A splash that pours
From Vestal's urn ;
A geyser soaring
Abandoned—free
And falling
To crystal mirrors
Set to dancing ;
Laughing—Singing
Babbled notes
That flow in ripples
Gently rocking
Fallen leaves.

ROBERT KISTNER, '60

ESCAPE

INTO

DARKNESS

HYLDA J. BERRYMAN, '61

Have you ever been lost? Utterly and terrifyingly lost? And fear . . . ? Have you ever known fear? Stark, awful fear? You think you have been lost, "lost" in the streets of some large town; you think you have known fear, the fear of missing a train or being de-

tected in a lie perhaps? Stupid, puny creatures! You have lived safely, in ignorance of the infinite sensations of fear and solitude which I have known, experiences which changed the course and substance of my life.

After having suffered a ner-

vous break-down, I took a holiday from the school where I taught and went to recuperate in Wales, far away from the stupid, mocking, school-girls who were responsible for my ill-health. I stayed in the valley of Mynydd Bach. My guide-book described the surrounding country-side as "splendid" and "majestic" and called the inhabitants "warm-hearted" and "friendly," but I found the mountains grey and forbidding, and the sympathetic Welsh fools sickened me. I was very nervy and irritable as a result of my recent illness; my head ached continuously and people still sniggered at me. Like the girls of Tamworth High School, people whispered and talked about me. They thought I didn't know. But I was clever. I knew. In the small hotel where I stayed the guests used to talk about me and look at me. They pretended to be friendly but when my back was turned they sniggered and mocked me. Fools! I saw through them.

One day, when everything had conspired together to vex and mortify me, and I was on the verge of screaming aloud, I came across two servant girls in the lounge. They had been talking about me, I could see,

and at my approach they started to giggle . . . The one nearest to me had a mocking face, her mouth was open and her harsh laughter rang through the roof. I gripped the table-edge tightly and felt something at my finger-tips; it was a heavy marble ash-tray. I picked it up and threw it with all my might . . . smash! . . . into her mocking face. "You dare to laugh at me!" I screamed. "You dare laugh at me!"

I flung out of the hotel and set off fuming up the mountain side. The path grew steep and I was out of breath, but I still trembled with fury and nervous agitation, and did not turn back. The sun sank low in the sky. On and on I trudged unheeding, over stones and sparse mountain grass. At last I turned and made my way back to the valley, which was now out of sight. I knew I was far from the hotel, and quickened my step. There were so many hollows; each time I came to the top of a slope, I hoped expectantly to see the valley far below, but each time I was disappointed. By now my pace had quickened to a run; over boulder-strewn grass I jogged, into dips, up slopes. My breath came in gasps, but I never reached the top of the slope be-

yond which the valley lay. The fear of being lost, which I had refused to admit, was now surmounted by the fear of night which was approaching fast. I went on quickly, trying to outrun the darkness. I stumbled twice; once I fell, each time I picked myself up and ran on blindly with my throat cracked and sore.

I began to weep, blubbering unintelligibly — fear was clawing at my heart, gnawing in my stomach. I sank to the ground. In a black abyss of despair, I sat tense and alone, watching the stars come out and the skies turn from grey to a deeper velvety black. The scattered trees took shape. Grotesque they seemed but very real. Petrified with fear I waited for them to glide towards me. How many minutes I sat thus peering into the gathering gloom of the bare mountainside, who can say? How long I remained paralyzed, searching with wild eyes for any sign of movement and straining to see the gliding of phantom shapes in the darkness, who can say? But it was indescribable horror. I was alone; fear brought my heart to my mouth, choking me, and stopping me from crying aloud. By now my

tears had dried. I ceased to murmur prayers to heaven, but sat tense and terribly afraid. Each moment was an eternity, not of hellish nightmare, but of stark, painfully vivid reality. At last, when the velvety clinging darkness of night closed in, enveloping me in silence and filling the air with expectancy and dread, I leaped to my feet and ran into the night of swirling darkness and black vapours. On I went, unseeing, until a white shape loomed up before me and I threw back my head in agonizing fear.

Piercing shrieks and demon-like laughter rang in my ears—it was my own voice I heard. I screamed and screamed while the echoes were thrown back by the mountains, making my head ring, and the fearful crescendo gained in volume until my head swam and I knew no more.

* *

Sitting here now, even with the sunlight checkering the walls and a view of people and green grass outside, the imprint of that experience is stamped indelibly upon my mind. Only time can erase the awful clarity of that night on the mountains, say my doctors; thus, I remain, an inmate of Tamworth Mental Asylum.

EMILIE ANN CLEVINGER, '59

"A great crisis has arisen in our nation, for our leaders have had to seek advice from a greater power! At long last our country's executives have had to turn for guidance to someone more powerful and with greater influence than themselves."

Thus could have spoken the ancient Greek boy or the long forgotten Roman girl in a description of an event that was recorded in the history of their civilization. But, it was never spoken, whether because of pride or fear we do not know. These two great empires saw

ONE

NATION

UNDER GOD

ruin, decline, and decay because the rulers forgot that there was someone greater than themselves.

It is now that the American youth are making the same statement with bright hopes for a peaceful future, instead of thoughts of the fall of the great nation in which they live. Theirs is a well founded hope that the national leaders will not so readily forget that it is Almighty God Who will direct the nation which has been placed under His protection.

I am an American citizen. Young though I may be, I have every right of a citizen. I have the right to speak as I wish; it was granted to me in the Bill of Rights which my forefathers composed and signed. Therefore, I can describe the action of our political leaders, not in fear as the Greek and Roman youths, but in praise for this thing which my governmental representatives have done for me and my country.

I was also granted the privilege to exercise my right to worship God. Today many atheistic rulers have denied that right to their people; therefore, the representatives of America have thought it expedient to have God's protection and patronage on our land, a minute

portion of the universe He has created.

Today's youth must verify these beliefs of all the free people of these United States, in order to demonstrate to those peoples of the atheistic countries, that true peace and hope for a tranquil world lie only in faith in God.

Our nation has been united under God since our first days as an infant country independent from its mother. All Americans — from the cold aqua shores of the Atlantic to the warm blue beaches of the Pacific—are grateful for this privilege. When a crisis comes our leaders will act as one with speed, wisdom, and prudence to live up to the pledge which every loyal American family makes to the flag, our symbol of liberty; but, only with God's help.

The Romans and the Greeks may have been too proud to call on the Almighty but we are proud enough to want Him to give His best to America. We, the youth and future rulers of these United States, who daily pledge ourselves to the nation united under God, are thankful that our leaders do recognize that for peace and security God's assistance and protection are necessary and eminent.



On this twenty-fifth anniversary year of the death of Bishop Joseph Chartrand of Indianapolis, we express our appreciation of his work in a brief tribute.

Bishops are human. Beneath the majestic carriage of a consecrated man of God lies a personality shielded from many, shared by few, and intimately known by none.

Such could be said of many bishops. Their high office of spiritual shepherd keeps them aloof from intimate contact with the faithful. But it could not be said of Joseph Chartrand, D. D., sixth bishop of Indianapolis. His was a life of the "personal apostolate." The magic character of his personality reached out to embrace and to imprint a marked influence upon anyone with whom he came into contact.

Widely known in the Catholic world as "the Bishop of the Blessed Sacrament," Bishop Chartrand was largely responsible for the spiritual enrichment of the Indianapolis diocese in an era of general lukewarm devotion toward frequent reception of the sacraments.

When Pope St. Pius X restored the practice of early and daily Holy Communion the people of Cathedral parish which had grown by that time were ready. It eventually became known as the parish of daily Holy Communion.

The present day influences on the diocese of Indianapolis were fostered by the zeal and farsighted planning of Bishop Joseph Chartrand. Those who knew him still treasure all their memories of this great leader. Those of us belonging to a later generation can appreciate the daily evidences of his "personal apostolate."

PAUL G. FOX

SNOW

MARGARET DARNELL, '58

Snow
falls, spills
out from clouds
tipped over
by angels.

Snow
dances, whirls
into the arms
of stark,
barren trees.

Snow
flutters, struggles
on warm pavement
dying
in cold silence.

the decision

The air held a promise of spring on this early March day, as Beth Markus huddled on a bench near the statue of Mater-Dei. She loved this spot more than any other on campus and had often come here during her previous three years of college. Now, as a senior at Mater-Dei, she came once more, miserable yet somehow relieved. Tears splashed down her cheeks, and a bitter smile played upon her lips as she began to think of all that had preceded this moment.

Four years she had known Mark and had liked him from the first. A friendly, clean-cut boy. She hadn't seen too much of him her freshman year; now and then they chanced to be on dance committees together. Of course, he had been in her French class, and they would sit and banter French casually, at times to the point of disconcerting their

French teacher. She had to chuckle, even now, as she recalled the chagrined look of Mr. DuBois, when either she or Mark had used an impolite form.

Her sophomore and junior years she had come to know him better. They dated occasionally, taking in a show in downtown St. Louis, or, if the mood hit them, they would just walk, talking and window shopping with Mark playfully hopping down the street like a little school boy. Those dates had been fun and a part of growing up for both of them.

Then, suddenly, it was her senior year. She hadn't seen Mark all summer and with only an occasional letter passing between them, she was uncertain whether he would return to Mater-Dei. She had supposed that he would return, as this was his last year of pre-med, and from there he hoped to be accepted by the St. Louis Medical School.

She recalled that her heart had skipped a beat on that burnished fall day as she glimpsed the top of his crewcut sun-bleached hair. It was registra-

MARILYN ANN BECK, '60

tion day and, oh, how wonderful to be back. She looked again and it was in this instant that he, too, caught her eye. That big, adorable lug had yelled like a banshee, and soon the crowd, with whom he had been, welled into a mighty, thunderous army, shouting greetings and tossing hats into the air. All her friends had returned, and almost immediately she had been caught in their midst and pulled farther and farther from her parents. They had smiled, shaking their heads in gentle understanding. They somehow knew, as only wise parents can, that their daughter had not really left home but in reality had only arrived. She was an adult now and no longer their little girl.

It took only a short time to accomplish what the red tape of an administration office demanded. Then, she, with the help of her Mother, had breezed through the unpacking process. Suddenly it was time for her parents to leave, and there she had stood, waving a fond farewell, as they pulled out of sight. She felt a little tinge of guilt in the complacency she felt, even as they left. She was uncertain as to why, and then it seemed unimportant to have an answer. She was grown up.

Pursuing her thoughts, she had been momentarily oblivious to her surroundings; then she suddenly snapped back to reality, as she felt a hand on hers. She gazed up, and her heart leaped for a second time that day. It was Mark, sweet and considerate as always. She would never forget the look in his eyes as he said, "Cheer up! It will be a good year; one you won't regret. It will just take a little getting used to."

He had propelled her down the pathway leading to the same statue in front of which she now sat. She smiled wryly at the thought of the many times she had come to Mater-Dei. Always when happy or heavy of heart, she had sought Mater-Dei for peace and consolation. Never before had she failed to find an answer, but now she wondered.

Mark had been so comforting to talk with, that evening which now seemed so long ago. She had explained to him that, far from being homesick, as he had thought her, she seemed wrapped in a blanket of contentment, happy to see her friends and him again.

That evening set a precedent. At first they resumed their occasional dating. But as the earth turned from dusty brown

to sparkling white, their relationship, too, took on a luster. And always when they wished to talk seriously about a problem or just share private dreams, Mater-Dei was their refuge. It seemed to Beth that the Mother of God was guiding their destinies. That's why she couldn't understand this ending, so final, so bleak.

She couldn't remember when it had happened. She knew, of course, that it had been a gradual process; real love always is. Love must grow and be nurtured just as any other living, pulsating thing. And, oh, how she knew that it wasn't a one-sided affair. Good, tender Mark had reinforced every word with quiet devotion. His gentle kiss was a pledge of future happiness, when they would belong solely to each other.

Yet one thing always pushed its reminding self into her conscious mind. Something she tried to disregard as being possible. True, they had discussed it; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he had talked; she had only listened and at the end tried to console. Yes, she consoled him, prayed for him every inch of the way, while her own heart felt as if it were being wrenched from its

very depths. What could she do, what could she say? More than her happiness, she wanted his. But still, the possibility of his being a priest, knowing that she could never be his wife, never bear his children, was more than she dared imagine.

There she was, torn between love for him and a feeling of duty toward God. Her agony was intensified because she knew that he loved her more than any other but she couldn't, she wouldn't compete with God.

Even in his happier moments, she could instinctively feel his internal quandary. As she had knelt beside him in church, she could see in his eyes that he was being torn apart with indecision. He would pray, seeking relief, and still it would not come.

If only she could have helped him or lightened the burden somewhat, but she could not. She could only pray and wait.

She waited. She prayed. It seemed as if every waking hour was a silent supplication for help from their beloved Mater-Dei.

And then it had come. He had seen her in French class and asked that she meet him at "their statue." With heavy heart, racked alternately with fear and hope, she had headed

toward Mater-Dei. He was already seated on the bench. Suddenly she knew. His very expression of deep peace and contentment, mixed with gravity and tenderness, told of his decision.

Her crunchy footstep on the gravel path gave him the signal of her approach, and he looked up slowly, arose, and came toward her. He had taken her hands in his and, determined as she was not to cry, she felt her eyes moisten. Within five minutes her whole world had come crashing down upon her; her dreams were ripped apart. As he made way for her on the bench beside him, he began his story in a quiet voice.

"Beth, I-I don't know how to say this. I don't want to hurt you, and yet . . . After all these months of prayer and indecision, I know what I must do. I've talked to you; I couldn't begin to explain what you've meant to me, especially during this time. But I feel now, that I know God's will; I'm going to be—to be a priest.

"I love you, you know that. I-I suppose that sounds like a contradiction, but it isn't. I can see, at least, that neither of us would be happy if we were to be married; not that

we don't love each other, but rather because we do. God has seen fit to let us share our happiness for a short while. Only in His good time will we come to completely understand and accept. I have never led you on; you knew everything there was to know. I only hope you won't hate me. As for your future, someday you will find someone who really deserves you; you, who are so sweet and lovable, will make someone a wonderful wife and mother of his children."

He went on; he said more, but she couldn't remember, she didn't want to remember. It wasn't fair of him, it wasn't fair of God. Then suddenly, as tears spilled from her eyes, she turned to Mark, kissed him gently, telling him that she understood and that if he were happy, she in turn was also.

She had told him to go then; not because she hated him, but because she felt a need to be alone with her own thoughts. She had to pick up the pieces.

He disappeared down the path, leaving her huddled before Mater-Dei. Her heart was filled with the bitter ashes of burned hope, but there was no rancor or even real unhappiness. She could be generous, too. She would be.

Innocents' Revenge

Future potential Samsons' eyes are
burnt blind by the blazered pulp
at the candy store.

Reincarnate Herod trades in
red and white sweetness
(only toothaches, tummyaches),
black and grey perversion
(cancer of brain and reins)
with holy innocents.

Rachel raves in Rama while
the milk-white future pillars of the land
are ground to mud by
the pulp mills.

We the people
need not tie a
millstone round Herod's neck.

Blind eyes and
shaved minds will one day
shaggy headed
shake the pillars,
topple stumbling blocks,
kill Philistines.

JAMES T. O'DONNELL, '59

"Oh, he thinks he's so smart. He thinks he's always right!"

During the relatively short time you've been wandering aimlessly around this world, you no doubt have come in contact with this sarcastic bit of backbiting. If you have never said it, you certainly have heard someone else say it. Of course, you say, who hasn't heard that? So what? So why get worked up over so minor a thing as this? I'll tell you why. Because I happen to be one of the people (or is it *persons*?) that they are talking about, that's why. Only I don't think I'm right, I *am* right.

I make this statement, not through any egotistic sense of false pride, but with the deepest, humblest humility. Some persons (or is it people?) simply have a knack for doing something. Michaelangelo had a knack for drawing, Rip van Winkle had a knack for sleeping, Nero had a knack for burning cities, and Portia had a knack for facing life. I have a knack for gazing into the vague, misty labyrinth of the future and coming up with an almost infallible prophecy. Nothing to brag about, really. Just a knack. I'm not *always*

I'm

RICHARD SIMKO, '59

Always

Right

right, mind you, but so often, that my associates find it disgusting. So do I.

Take for example, the day I graduated from high school. The principal, a rather anemic fellow who suffered from extreme myopia, was reading off the names of the graduates to come up and receive their diplomas. In a graduating class of over one hundred and fifty, it can be easily understood the number of Deltphs, Golymfps, Czarsczs, and Wofneskis there were along with the Joneses and Smiths. Now my name isn't hard at all. S-i-m-k-o pronounced Sim' coe. The Warden, as we fellows of the rowdier set called him was rattling off the foreign names like the Notre Dame football coach, and he knew my name like he knew his own, for reasons that we won't go into now, lest we digress. Nevertheless, I leaned over to the fellow next to me and confided, "When he gets my name, he'll foul it up something awful."

A few minutes later, my friend must have thought that I was clairvoyant. The Warden picked up the diploma, read the name, started to speak,

checked the name again, squinted through the three-inch lenses in his spectacles, then blurted out suddenly, "Surambo!"

The other day, I was returning from a long shopping tour with my girl friend, Sharon. When we were still struggling through bustling shoppers, three blocks from the car, I had a vision. "There'll be a parking ticket on the windshield when we get to the car."

Well, you can just imagine the look of startled admiration on her face when we got to the car and found that I had been 100% correct. I really wowed her with my extraordinary powers of prediction a couple of nights later when we were returning home from bird-watching about one in the morning. I had been anxiously scanning the road ahead for signs of a gas station because the gage had been on E for the last three miles. Suddenly from out of the inky night came the sight of a filling station. Sharon sighed with relief.

"Don't go sighing yet," says I. "At this hour of the night, he's sure to be closed."

After banging on the door unsuccessfully, I could tell that my prowess as a seer had made quite an impression on her.

Then the other night, we

were at the basketball game. The alma mater was playing their traditional rival. The opponents were ahead 71-70 with three seconds left in the game. One of our boys was fouled and he had a chance to win the game. Over the hush of the crowd, I told Sharon rather loudly, so that all might gather the benefit of my foreknowledge, "He'll miss and they'll get the ball and keep it before we can get another chance."

After we had gone down to defeat, 71-70, there were loud murmurings around me and pointed fingers. The crowd seemed to be transforming itself into an unruly mob which might do something which both they and I would later regret, so I quickly gathered my girl and my coat and made a hasty departure underneath the bleachers. You would have thought that I missed the free throws.

One of the most contributing factors to my public advancement as an oracle came at a party. Being the wallflower type, I didn't go in much for drinking, boisterous singing, and frantic dancing to Elvis Presley records, but if my friends enjoyed themselves in this way, who was I to complain? However, I saw a light go on in the bedroom next door

around three A.M. In an effort to save my friends a bit of nasty public embarrassment, I suggested, during a brief lull, that they hold down the noise or somebody might call the cops. As usual, they only laughed and called me a party-pooper. The next morning, as we sat staring out through the bars of the city jail, I found that I had made a few believers.

Then just yesterday, I washed and polished the old horseless carriage. I wanted it to look particularly nice because I had a date for the first time with the sharpest looking girl I had ever laid eyes on. I told my neighbor with a flash of insight, "This thing'll be wet before I get downtown."

He looked up at the clear, blue sunlit sky and shook his head slowly. He knew better than to actually disagree with me, but doubt was written all over his face. He should have known better. Five blocks from home, I stopped for a red light, and a beer truck pulled up next to me. I failed to notice at the time that there was an open case of beer bottles, full, teetering precariously on the uppermost shelf. The truck had been bouncing over the city streets in the warm sun for no one knows how long. As the light

turned to green, the driver sped away. The sudden motion dislodged the case, and it fell onto the pavement next to my car. The side of the car absorbed the blast of the flying glass as twenty-four bottles of beer exploded. I looked out of the window at the side of the car. Covered with wet, sticky, foamy, Wiedemann's registered beer.

I could cite dozens of other similar instances where I hit the nail right on the head. The power of prophecy is a wonderful gift, but I'm getting a little sick of it. I do wish that I would be wrong sometime. It would be wonderful. If you remember, I said previously that I wasn't always right.

One day the whole family was going on a picnic. Everything was in preparation. The children were all dressed and out of trouble, the family car was recently washed. The bulging hampers were in the car, and everybody felt in a gay, festive mood. I'm afraid I spoiled this a bit by mentioning, "As soon as we get there and get everything set down, it will rain."

But I was wrong this time. It didn't rain. That was the day the tornado flattened the entire county.

REVENGE

PAUL TOOLEY, '60

The sun was high and hot. The hills were long and low. The muffled clop of the dark stallion raised dust from the trail and a slight breeze carried it to the front of the rider making a thick, but soon settling, cloud. The tall, lean and sun-darkened rider stared blindly from under the brim of his new stetson. The black hat matched the rest of his outfit from the charcoal faded shirt to his dust-covered dark boots. The shiny, wet-looking, black holsters were slung low, tied, and set off by the ivory-white handles of the guns.

Leon Abear was headed for

town to kill the men who had, a few hours before, killed his brothers, Thanis and Tiggy.

In his solitude he spoke out-loud. "Guess the town people sent that traveling minister to tell me about the killin' cause he was a man of God. Damn people should a' know'd I'd rather heard it from a friend or the padre 'stead of a stranger, ya' don't think of somethin' like that unless it's one of your own." He stopped talking to himself as he reached the fork in the road. He turned the black stallion toward the mission—and town.

Abear's thoughts turned to

his brothers and he realized that the ranch would be a lonely place from now on. No more of Thanis' drunken laughter after a stale joke or his teasing of the hounds. No more would Tig shoot cans behind the barn and yell like a wounded cat if he hit six in a row. No more.

His facial expression of fond sorrow turned into a blank look of hesitation. "My God!" Tig, he remembered was a good gun-handler and was not so much a bible man that he wouldn't shoot a man who deserved it, and Thanis—he had shot a man while riding with a posse. Yes, he remembered, Thanis had shot Bud McCord after the bank robbery. "My God!" he stammered again as a cold chill ran up his back.

What business did he have going after the killers of his brothers? They died side by side. He thought that he was just a match for Tig, if he was that good, but not near a match for both of them. The men who killed them could surely kill him. He chased these thoughts from his mind for he knew he must try or never live with himself again. Doubt was gone but the cold feeling remained. Once again his thinking was broken as he realized he was in front of the

mission. Abear thought that now, if ever, would be a good time to see the padre, Padre Beluxioux.

The shadow of the steeple's cross fell to the ground and again thoughts of the past came to him. He remembered that every Sunday the cross's shadow was in about the same place as he and his brothers were coming out of the church but far to the left when they were going in. The Abear brothers were always very close to the padre since their parents' death in the "old house" fire when the boys were eighteen, sixteen, and thirteen years old. That was five years ago.

Abear opened the large, Spanish-type doors. Looking in, he saw that the church was empty and he thought of how unnecessarily large the church was. Abear stood still, staring, and the floor creaked to his right. With a natural impulse he started for his gun but checked himself as he realized it would be the padre. The padre pretended not to notice the sudden action, the tension, or the strapped down guns. In a near whisper he said, "My son, I am glad to see you. You have come to make preparations for the funeral and to pray for your brothers. I will try to

help you with everything because I realize there is work for you to do at the ranch and—

"Padre, I—," Leon started with eyes down.

"I know, my son," the padre interrupted, "you think you must avenge the death of your brothers, but vengeance saith the Lord and remem—,"

"Padre," Leon interrupted again, this time louder than before, "you understand how it is. Please help me out. Take care of the boys' bodies and don't make it harder for me to do what I'm going to do."

The padre shrugged and sighed, "Yes, my son."

"Exactly what happened?"

"Your brothers came out of the Rio De Oro Saloon, where I wish they hadn't been before a thing like this. And then it happened."

Leon Abear fought a mist before his eyes and a tear dropped off his high cheek bone, "Who and how. Padre?"

"I don't know how," the padre answered gently, "but it was — remember when Thanis was with the posse and shot the McCord man—Bud they called him?"

"Yes."

"It was his brother John, but he was only seeking revenge

just like you are. You're both wrong. Leave these things to the law and the Lord."

"Bud McCord robbed a bank and was rotten, all rotten! Thanis and Tig weren't. Thank you, Padre, pray for my brothers."

"And for you, my son. God be with you."

Leon rode into town and things were different. He noticed, first, how short the ride seemed and then that the town was in a scurry. Men that generally waved at him just looked. Men who seldom noticed him were all eyes. He rode down the middle of the street very dramatically but with cold chills. He passed the hotel. He passed the Old Spur saloon. He passed the sheriff's office and wondered if the sheriff had run, like always, to another town for help at the word "McCord."

Abear passed the lawyer's office. He passed the general store. He came to the Rio De Oro Saloon and stopped at the end of the rail. Slowly swinging down, Abear pushed the holsters into perfect position. Glancing up he saw two pairs of eyes watching him around the corner of the saloon window; another over the dirty yellow swinging doors.

He stepped up to the walk and his blood boiled as he saw that his brothers' blood still stained the wooden planks in front of the doors. He pushed the doors open.

"Abear!" came the loud, mean, half-crazy yell. He froze solid. The yell was a demand for attention. It came from behind him. Abear turned. He was numb. The chills were gone as death fear took their place. There, in the middle of the street, was the answer. His brothers hadn't stood a chance. Shotguns don't miss. McCord stood behind him, powerfully. A sneer curled his lips.

"The last Abear," he bawled contemptuously.

"You don't mess around, do you, McCord?" came Abear's thrust from behind a lump in his throat. "You're not the type to fight a fair fight; just like your brother Bud, you're a rat." Abear concluded, wondering whether he could win or not. He wouldn't crawl.

"I'm alive though," said McCord, widening his smile. "Now, 'Mister l a s t - o f - t h e - A b e a r s,' whenever you're ready."

Abear knew he had to try at least. The noise was deafening but Abear didn't hear it.



QUEST

follow
the tornado. chase
the sinking sun
up
to the clouds,
down to the pits of hell.

tear apart the larkspur.
taste
the salty foam.
seek stars or grasp
eternal flame.
coming, going, wondering,
sobbing.

stop. stand still!
look within the nearest
tabernacle.

MARGARET DARNELL, '58