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HEIRS OF THE WIND

JOAN PETERNEL, '58

They were twins, a boy and a girl, and they had always been quiet, withdrawn, and serious. But the year they went to college they became alive. She was going to be a writer, and he was going to be an actor.

"And another thing, I don't like some of your new friends," the mother said.

"Why not?" he demanded, dramatizing his fiery eyes.

"Because I don't like the idea of you and your sister riding around on those motorcycles like crazy fools. You don't know how much I worry about you, flying around . . ."

"Oh, hell, nothin's gonna happen," he said smoothly, squinching up his eyes like Brando.

"I just don't like it," the mother said, sniffing. She watched her son; he folded his arms, and gazed out the window, thoughtfully chewing gum.

Oh, we need to be free, whispered the gypsy winds.

"Have you been doing any studying?" the mother asked the son. "That's one reason why I'm glad you're going to college in town. So you'll study."

"Hmmm? Oh. Well, I read a lot at first, Mom, until I discovered that just plain living is more fun than anything else." He grinned and looked at her from under his eyebrows; he liked to shock people.

She was frowning, but laughed when she saw that he was flirting with her, a trick he used with everyone to get his own way. She tousled his hair and put her arms around him.

"I guess women just can't resist a man who's a little boy, too," she said. "You're just like your father was." She sighed and stood back from him. He smiled slyly, looking at her from under his eyebrows.

Winter was half gone in Chicago and it was cold, slushy from last week's snow. It was night, cold and star-lit, when the twins came out on the porch, in tight faded jeans and leather jackets. They sat on the railing, looking around restlessly, waiting.

"Where the hell are they?" the girl said, hunching her shoulders to keep warm.

"Here they come!" he shouted, grinning, "I c'n hear them a mile off." They ran down to the curb. Two motorcycles pulled up, and they jumped on behind the drivers. Then they were gone, and just the cold wind remained, blowing down the street and around the houses and at the window of the room where the mother of the twins sat, alone and dreaming of the past.

Oh, we are free, said the cold gypsy winds.

The motorcycles sped down the street and over to Jean's. Jean was a professional writer, fairly successful; she was older than they, but she encouraged

young writers and actors and artists and musicians to come to discussions at her apartment. She gave them wine and listened to every word they said. They loved her.

Jean always had the place lit like this for the kids — with candles stuck in old wine bottles. The warm candle-light and the soft darkness at the edges of the room drew them together, made them close.

The twins came in with the others, saying hello all around, and sat down on the floor. They sipped their wine and watched Jean. She was talking, the cigarette in her fingers burning itself down.

"Yeah . . . going away to college was like being Columbus discovering the New World," she said. "I wanted to do something *big*." Jean never just said a thing. She would look at the ceiling and frown, or rub her nose, or ruffle her hair. They were fascinated. "I wrote poetry," she said, looking at them. "Some of it was good by my friends' standards and some of it was bad by anyone's standards."

The twin raised her head and smiled. "When I first started writing," she said, feeling the young penetrating eyes swing to her, "I wrote such awful

stuff. Like . . . ,” she grinned, “. . . ‘the rain puddles are rusty in the yard of the lumber company.’ They laughed.

“I know,” Jean said, “that’s what mine sounded like, too. I tried to be everything when I was young: amusing, tragic, wistful, wise. I tried to be everything. I never could quite figure things out.”

“I think everything we do when we’re young is done with a mild question mark,” a Jewish boy said, looking at the twin heads, bent and tousled and red-glinted by the soft yellow candle-glow.

“Yes,” Jean agreed with him. She always agreed with her children. “All my friends in college were enthusiastic . . . eager . . . vain . . . very optimistic. We were always arguing. The only thing we agreed on was the food. Everyone thought it was terrible.” She smiled on them. There’s a special light shining around these, she thought, because they’re so young.

“Don’t you think it’s important to express one’s self, Jean?” one of the girls asked.

“Oh, yes.”

“Don’t you think it’s the most important thing we can do?” the girl persisted.

Jean smiled and thought a moment. “When I was as

young as you I thought that way. I thought that writing was the most important thing in the world. I—I’ve found that it isn’t that important. Art and music and writing . . . well, it’s necessary to express yourself in some way, but . . . love . . . is the best thing we can ever find on earth.”

The Jewish boy looked up at Jean and smiled faintly. “I wanted to write a huge book on racial prejudice when I was in high school. I prayed that I would be inspired to write a great book . . . I was very proud. I know now that the most anyone can ever do is just *live*. Writing should come from living, from the heart . . . not from cold analytical thinking.”

More wine went around the room. The twin made his warm eyes look a question at Jean. She knew his little trick and smiled and asked him if he wanted to say something.

“Yeah,” he said slowly. “I was just gonna say that maybe if we would always live as if we were going to die very soon, we would learn to be happy.” She smiled at his earnest face. “It would give us recklessness,” he went on dramatically, “and freeness. Maybe that’s what genius is made of.” The other kids murmured approval.

"Is that why you roar around on those motorcycles like madmen?" Jean asked him.

He cocked his head at her, thoughtfully. "I don't know . . ."

"Don't you know?" she encouraged.

"No . . .," he said very slowly, "I . . . I like speed. And . . . it makes me feel *free*. It makes me feel as if I—as if I were in space alone with nothing but the wind and God."

Oh, the young ones strain to be free like the Wind.

They all left Jean's then. It was late. She went around the room, picking up empty glasses and ash trays, straightening up things. Then she stood in the middle of the room and looked around. The place is so empty without them, she thought.

On the sidewalk in front of Jean's some of the kids waited, talking about what they would do next.

"Let's go to Joe's Bar and Grill," someone said.

"Okay," someone else said.

"Come on, twin, on my 'cycle." He jumped on and looked around for his sister.

"Hey, follow us, baby," he yelled at her. She shouted okay and got on the other friend's motorcycle. The arrogant steady roar of motorcycles

shattered the dark peace of the night.

The twin held on tight, his head thrown back, his mouth open to drink the wind. He was breathless with the big feeling of being blown by the wind. He knew they were going fast, because he could not see anything, just a black whirling movement ahead, a long dark tunnel becoming narrower and narrower until . . . there was nothing anymore . . .

He felt as if he were standing up, floating, but some vague failing instinct told him he was flat on his back. He couldn't hear anything, but he could see a maze of ribbons before him, crazy weaving ribbons . . . and suddenly, very dimly, the face of his sister. The ribbons . . . were violently torn apart. He felt his heart wrench. The ribbons fluttered away, growing fainter . . . fainter . . .

The twin stood up, looking down at him. The screams of the sirens were going *through* her and *through* her. The darkness all around; she could see only him, her twin. She turned, putting her hands through her hair and gave an anguished cry to the night.

*Oh, he needed to be free said
the Voice*

He was an heir of the Wind

Peace

The peaceful tranquility of a quiet lake . . .
The soft murmur of water caressing the sand . . .
The thick darkness of the surrounding night . . .
The warm coolness of the summer weather,
 the soft wind blowing . . .
And I think of you.

You are the peaceful tranquility of a deep faith
 in the goodness of all that is and will be.
Your laughter is soft and sincere and peace-inspiring—
 not unlike that born of the darkness of the night.
You are cool and fresh as the wind blows softly
 through your hair.
You are my peace.

JAMES O'DONNELL, '58

Valuables

by GRACE MICKLER, '59

Did you know that you can't possibly get along in life without them? Why, it's practically unheard of . . . like going around all day without eating or breathing.

All of you have the intelligence to see the great necessity for them. The public demands have kept the manufacturer snowed under with requests for them. Years ago, the demand for them was not as emphatic as it is now. People were easier going, slower, and led the more simple, quiet type of life.

But today, in this great modern era, the time of vast progress, the fast pace of living has opened the eyes of the public to the value of them. No doubt you have seen them advertised. In magazines their need is printed in bold letters; on massive billboards their need is brightly painted as if to shout it to the world.

Everywhere, even in small towns, they are found. In every home, every office, on playgrounds, in schools, in banks, at

the corner sweet-shop, in cars, beyond the bend, over the rainbow, and around the mountain. Their location is nowhere, it's everywhere!

If you don't have one, I sincerely urge you to get one. Even better, get as many as you can.

They are white, brown, red and yellow. They have straight brown hair, curly red hair, wavy black hair and soft blond hair. Their noses are long and pointed, short and pugged, their eyes are big and understanding; they are tall and short, fat and skinny.

They eat food, drink cokes, go to parties, do dishes, mow lawns, do homework, talk on phones, watch T.V., write letters, give Christmas gifts, make speeches and buy records.

They help you with your problems and troubles, they make you laugh, and loan you money.

What are *they*? . . . *THEY* are your *Friends*.

Epitaph

They say he is dead.
What can I do to make you forget
and hope again?

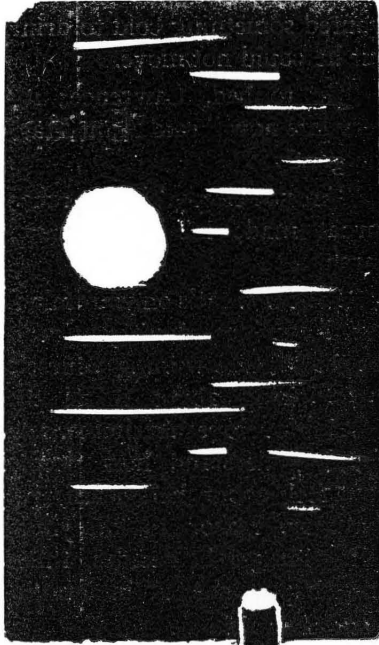
I can be impressed
with his name, his day of birth
and now—this.

I can catch your tears,
but with them the wind and the rain
and the warm, drying sun.

My presence
at this ground called grave
soothes you.

Yet, surely you must know
even I cannot stay
forever.

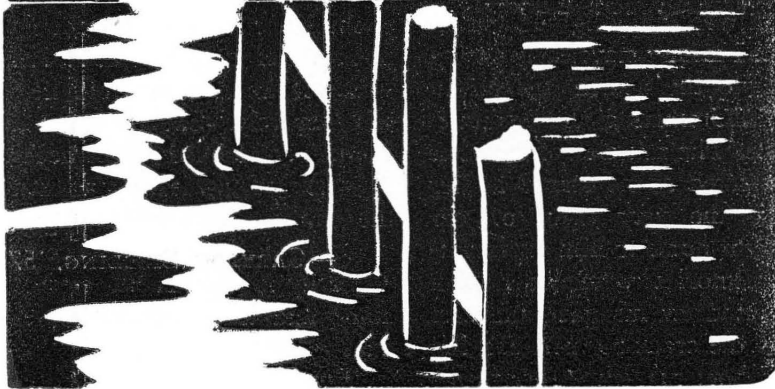
—CARYLOU SIEDLING, '57



CATHY



by ROSE CHAN, '59



The great ancient clock in the living room began to chime: one, two, three, four, . . . It was eleven o'clock; he heard it and knew it was time to go to bed yet he did not stir. Still as a post he remained, standing in front of the big French window staring vacantly out into the darkness of the night. What was he thinking about? He didn't know—or did he? He was beginning to feel the burden of life and reluctantly he let a deep sigh escape his firmly-sealed lips.

"Lawrence," someone called.

He startled but did not move or answer. He seemed to have forgotten that he was not alone in the room and was trying hard to figure out to whom that voice belonged. Aunt Maggie had been in the room all this while, he recalled. The same voice repeated his name. Swiftly but noiselessly, he turned and looked her full in the face. The room was dimly lighted but he could see her very clearly sitting close to the hearth, the bright fire illuminating her countenance. The muscles of his face contracted as he stared at her as if the very sight of her brought home to him excruciating memories; with evident pain he withdrew his gaze and cast it on the crackling fire. He felt very hot; his whole body was

aflame and his lips dry. He wanted something cold to drink but he could not move.

"Go to bed, Lawrence; it's very late now," said Aunt Maggie gently.

"I'm not sleepy." His parched throat made his voice sound harsh.

"I know what's on your mind, but, Lawrence, don't you realize that you're ruining yourself by thinking about it all the time? You love her immensely and I understand how deeply you feel about her death, yet that's no reason to kill yourself with grief. Besides, think how happy she is in heaven now. . . ."

She could not go on; her heart was also torn with grief. Restlessly, she moved her weary head on the soft cushion at the back of the chair and drawing her heavy eyelids together tried to hold back the tears that were gushing forth. Lawrence should not see her cry, he would feel worse if he did, she told herself severely. She felt much calmer; she looked at her nephew who was now leaning against the mantelpiece deep in thought.

"Lawrence, think no more of it. Cathy is now in her eternal home and is so much happier than when she was here . . ."

"But Aunt Maggie, how can

I help thinking about it? I feel guilty. I feel that I . . . killed her! I was the cause of her death! Yes, I killed her! Do you hear, Aunt? I killed her!" He almost screamed those last words at her.

Down on his knees he fell, and burying his face in his aunt's lap, he wept like a child. He felt so weak, so helpless and so insecure. She ran her hand through his hair; he felt the warmth, the gentleness of it. It somehow reminded him of his mother who used to smooth his hair whenever he went to her in distress and rested his head on her lap and wept penitent tears in her bosom. But that was long, long ago. That hand could not console him now; it would no longer be able to caress him or smooth his ruffled hair.

"Lawrence," he heard his aunt's voice. It was soft but firm. "You are acting very silly. Where is your usual good sense? You know as well as I do that Cathy died accidentally. It was not your fault nor anybody's." She paused. "Now, get to your feet, dry your tears and go to bed."

He did not answer but his weeping had weakened to a sob.

"Come, Lawrence, be good and do as I say," she coaxed.

Slowly, he raised himself from the floor; he did not leave

for his room but staggered into a chair opposite that of his aunt's. His face was flushed, his eyes blood-shot and moist from crying and he looked exhausted. How grief had changed him, she thought as she tried in vain to find some trace of that boyish grin which she knew so well.

"Aunt Maggie, you'd better go to bed." His low but distinct voice roused her from her reverie. "It is almost twelve. I'll send for your maid." He pulled the bell twice and the maid came hastily in. "Help your mistress to her room," he ordered. "Good - night, Aunt Maggie."

"Good-night, Lawrence, don't stay up too late," she pleaded and he heard her sigh as the door closed behind her.

All was quiet; he was alone in the big, empty room. Tired and miserable, he once again dropped into the armchair and gazed aimlessly at the gradually dying fire.

"Go to bed, Lawrence," he could still hear Aunt Maggie saying. "It wasn't your fault . . . she died accidentally. . ."

Vaguely, he saw among the dancing flames the face of his beloved sister—her big dark sparkling eyes were now dull and sad, her once smiling red lips were so stiff and lifeless.

His heart ached as he looked at her.

"Cathy . . . Cathy . . . forgive me!" he moaned. . . .

* * *

"Give me back my marbles, Cathy! Where did you hide them? You'd better return them or else I shall tell Mom."

"Go ahead and tell her, you big baby, and see if I care. I won't tell you where they are and you'll never find them either," replied Cathy in a defiant tone. He had broken the legs of her favorite doll the other day and she was doing this to pay him back. But when she saw how pale with anger her brother's handsome face had turned, she softened. "If you will apologize for ruining my doll, then I'll tell where I have put them."

He apologized and they were friends again. They had never been angry with each other for long, as far as he could recall; perhaps it was because they loved each other so. Nevertheless, he now wished with all his heart that even such little quarrels had never occurred and that he had been kinder to her.

* * *

"Hey, Lorrie, what do you want for your birthday? Candy?" Cathy asked him one day when they were on their way home from school.

"No, Cathy, I don't want anything like that. I'll be fifteen, don't you see?" He heard his own deep masculine voice and felt very proud of it.

"Well, don't think of anything too expensive because three dollars are all I have to my name."

Cathy had always had a dislike for surprises, he remembered very well. She would not allow anyone to surprise her and it amused him invariably to see how irritated she would get whenever anyone did. It had become her habit to let him know what his birthday present from her would be beforehand. He would rather have it as a surprise, but he would not hurt the feelings of one whom he loved so dearly. His mother and father had frequently teased him saying that he acted more like a younger than an older brother towards her. He did not think so for he had as much command over her as any older brother could desire. In fact, he secretly feared the tremendous affection Cathy cherished for him; she practically worshipped him as a god.

"Oh, Cathy . . ." cried his heart in agony.

* * *

"Law, will you do me a favour?"

"If you would stop calling me 'Law' I might think about it." He smiled in spite of himself as he recalled that.

For some time, Cathy had been calling him "Law," short for Lawrence she would explain jestingly. She knew he did not like it but she loved to irritate him now and then.

"Teach me how to drive, will you, Lorrie? I promise I'll be good from now on, and never call you names again. All right, Lorrie?"

She was so mischievous yet so lovable always that it was impossible for him to refuse her anything. But now he wished he had never taught her driving. Cathy wouldn't have . . .

* * *

"Lorrie, will you take me to Queen's beauty parlor on Shore Drive?"

He remembered very well that he was in a bad humour that evening: the day had been cold and rainy and he felt exhausted after his day's work.

"I don't feel like going anywhere right now. You know how to drive, why don't you drive my Jaguar down there yourself? You have always wanted to drive it, you told me; well, here's your chance. Besides, what am I going to do while you're having your hair set? Sit in the waiting room

with a hundred and one women around me? That would really make me feel good."

"All right, Lorrie, I am sorry. I asked you to come along because . . . Well, I wish it wouldn't get dark so early."

He saw the uneasy expression on her face when she left the room, but he did not pay too much attention to it. Nevertheless, from the window of his study he watched her get into the car and did not return to his easy chair till he saw her drive off safely.

Ten o'clock, eleven, twelve, still no sign of her return. He grew worried. What happened? Why hadn't she come home yet? It shouldn't take her so long!

"No, nothing can have happened to her. NO!" he cried fiercely.

Up and down the room he paced restlessly. He waited, waited and waited. . . .

Suddenly, the telephone rang. He rushed to it. He heard a strange voice at the other end of the line.

"Yes, this is Lawrence Kearne," he identified himself.

"Mr. Kearne, this is the Police Commissioner speaking. We'd like to know if you are the owner of a blue Jaguar with the license number HK-306-571? . . ."

"Yes," Lawrence cut in. "What's happened? Where is my sister? Did she have an accident? Tell me!"

For a moment there was complete silence on the other end; then, the same voice spoke again, very slowly.

"You see, Mr. Kearne, about an hour or so ago, we had an unexpected telephone call reporting a car accident. We were told that a Jaguar, going at a normal speed along the waterfront, for some unknown reason plunged into the harbour suddenly. The witness of the accident was unable to see the car's license number in the dark and so we couldn't tell to whom the car belonged till it was hauled out of the water . . . Mr. Kearne, are you listening?"

The "yes" was so faint that the Commissioner could scarcely hear it.

"Attempts were made immediately to rescue the driver," he continued even more slowly, "but they were futile. Neither the driver nor the car could be traced till about an hour later. I am deeply sorry. Mr. Kearne, but we did all we could to. . . " he heard a groan and then silence.

How long he remained unconscious Lawrence could not tell but the rest of the night was

an eternity to him. He sat motionless, watching the lingering flames on the hearth.

* * *

"Lawrence, you aren't in bed yet!"

He startled and lifted his head. It was his Aunt.

"I am going right now," replied Lawrence with a faint smile on his dried lips while brushing away the tears from the corners of his thoughtful eyes.

Silently he followed his Aunt out of the living room, and while they were climbing the stairs, she suddenly broke the silence.

"Do you remember the little prayer that Cathy used to say every night when she was small? She always looked so serious when she recited it. 'O God, please let me die before Mommy and Daddy and Lorrie and Aunt Maggie because it will break my heart to lose any one of them.' What a strange little girl!"

Lawrence, after his Aunt had gone into her room, strolled slowly to his own. He pondered his Aunt's casual remark. It was just as if Cathy herself were here consoling him. His feeling of depression left him and he felt he could almost be reconciled to his sister's death.

"Cathy, pray for me," he whispered.

Comment

Such nights as these
Witness murder or suicide best
If ancient tales do not deceive;
But this whirling eve of madness
With its coal-dusty clouds
Is necessary.
Else—
What unobservant parasite
Would notice the sun?

EMILIE C. MURRAY, '57

The Symbolism of T. S. Eliot

EMILIE C. MURRAY, '57

Contemporary literature has had several definable trends, and of these, few have seemed important. One thread, symbolism, has established itself, and its influence is far from being ineffective even now. The literature of the French has been most conspicuously symbolistic while only a few writers of other literatures have attempted to use this style. T. S. Eliot, the American-born Englishman, has had the greatest success in using symbolism in poetry and his poetic dramas.

In general, symbolism deals with the use of symbols in expressing ideas. However, this is not essentially a new idea; symbols were used in ancient rites, in the medieval liturgy and are still used today as emblems of different organizations. The Symbolists went a step further than using symbols well-known to the people. Starting with an idea or mood that had no specific symbol, they would write an entire poem about an object that they had chosen to be a symbol. The resulting poem could be read either for the picture the poet

had created or for the deeper significance. Thus a tone poem about a swan could be enjoyed for the magnificent description, or could be read for the inner meaning—a swan symbolizing the feeling of isolation. Each poet could evolve his own symbols, not having any obligation to use the same ones as the others members of the school.

Leaders in this field were Mallarmé and Rimbaud, but Eliot does not follow in the tradition of their poems, or as it has been described, the “serious-aesthetic” tradition, but there is more evidence of two lesser-known Symbolists — Tristram Corbière and Jules Laforgue, or the “conversational-ironic” tradition. Both of these poets lived only a short time and their poetry reveals the youth and precocity that was natural to them. In their works the ideas of romanticism were completely changed over to new feelings, new flexibility and new vocabulary. Here there is more evidence of colloquialisms, slang and witty satire.

Particularly in Laforgue is the similarity seen between his works and those of Eliot. In comparing the structure of Eliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* and Laforgue's *Légende*, the similarity of themes is immediately evident. What is even more striking is the similar metrical pattern even though there are two different languages involved. Similar comparisons can be made with other poems of Laforgue and Eliot. The idea of the unstressed French verse and also entire lines of Laforgue appear in Eliot's works. It must not be supposed that Eliot is a mere imitator or copyist. For one thing, Eliot has lived to become a mature poet, and secondly, he is more precise and perfect as to phrasing than either Laforgue or Corbière. His images are sure and his taste is clean and clear-cut. In these ways he appears superior to his predecessors and more likely to retain a higher place in the development of modern literature.

Eliot has followed the Symbolists in another of their efforts, the concentration on the music of the verse. This particular trait has been popular with many moderns, but it is peculiarly a trait of the symbol-

istic school. This, of course, is compatible with Eliot's plan of composition which involves choosing a rhythm first and fitting ideas and words to match it. If music is important, ideas will be merely suggested instead of outlined since it will necessitate choosing only a group of words that can convey meaning and musical sound at the same time.

An interesting study of Eliot's symbolism has been made by Elizabeth Drew who attributes his symbolism to what she has named the mythical method. To her the use of myths by the ancients is the same as the use of symbols by the moderns, or at least they spring from the same fundamental desires. Poetry is described as a descendant of the incantations and rituals of the ancients. The primitive mythmaker is seen as performing the vital act in poetry—to perceive inner realities *through* their reflection in concrete image. The poet, then, in this estimation must be both primitive and yet more civilized than the other men about him.

In Eliot the reader witnesses the union of symbolism with philosophy. Not content to symbolize his own moods and emotions, Eliot uses sand, dry

rock, house ugliness, parvenu vulgarity, death, hysteria and prostitution to symbolize the aridity of contemporary life. He is convinced that man realized his spiritual capacity more fully before the age of materialism and he cries out against the standard of mediocrity that guides contemporary civilization.

Eliot's first impression on the literary world was made by *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, a poem that comments on the barrenness of contemporary existence by discoursing on the feelings of a lonely man who realizes that he has lived too cautiously and, consequently, poorly and unhappily. A comment on society and its shallowness is made in the running account that re-occurs as if the poet would be sure that we observed it and heeded it:

In the room the women
come and go

Talking of Michelangelo.
The wealth of meaning contained in those two lines is a typical Eliot comment on society. The use of the verb *talk* gives the word a special meaning in this context, that of prattling without any thought behind it.

The Waste Land uses the

Grail legend of a knight coming to a barren land and saving the people from a horrible life of living in a wasted, parched area where there is no hope of keeping life. Differing somewhat from his earlier works, Eliot here allows for that element of hope that there is a salvation for these people in the barren land. There is a constant and continuous comparison of past and present and the general truth evolved is that degeneration itself can lead to a regeneration. Thus contemporary man, and ancient man and the man of the future are all included in this. Eliot himself does not seem to care very much to be considered a voice of his generation because his idea of a great poet is the man who "out of intense and personal experience is able to express a general truth: retaining all the particularity of his experience to make it a general symbol."

Certainly one of the most popular of Eliot's poems is *Ash Wednesday*. No doubt the liturgical significance gives some readers the feeling that they are on familiar ground with Eliot's allusions. This poem also gives proof of Eliot's belief in the possibility of spiritual rebirth.

The Four Quartets are the most mature of his works and they give us a complete picture of his attitude towards revealed religion. It does not set out to persuade or convince but rather to describe the feeling one has following a certain dogma. Each of the four poems retains this theme but in each one time is symbolized by a different element. In *Burnt Norton*, time is symbolized by air, *East Coker* by earth, *The Dry Salvages* by water and *Little Gidding* by fire.

In his poetic drama he is an innovator by the use of poetry and by the use of symbolism in English drama. In each one he attempts to use a human situation to express a general human condition. Most of his dramas have not been successfully produced or frequently produced, but are enjoyed by many in the written form for their ideas.

The Family Reunion is an attempt to show by contrasting the generations of a family that the younger generation should not be expected to carry on the plans of the elders, but that each generation is going to solve the individual problems in its own manner. *The Cocktail Party*, witty and satirical about contemporary society, deals with repairing of

a marriage by interested friends who act rather as guardian angels for their friends in their manner of looking after them. Actually the couple could solve their problems easier if left alone.

It remains for the first genuine dramatic contribution to hold more power than his other dramas. This is *Murder in the Cathedral* and has the virtue that many of his poetic works contain, the comparison of past and present with an arrival at a final truth that is universal. The story of Thomas à Becket is a favorite legend of England. Eliot uses the legend to stress the ideas of the true concept of a martyr, to show the indifference of people to government if they are left undisturbed and to show how governments can attempt to justify the actions that were deemed necessary.

In a more recent drama, *The Confidential Clerk*, there seems to be a better picture of contemporary life than his other plays. Based on a story of illegitimacy, the search of a young man for his father is interpreted by some as the search of man for his Father, God. A secondary theme is the idea that each person has a vocation to a certain way of

life and that this way of life must be followed if the person is to be really happy.

Eliot is more popular in England where his plays are produced with greater regularity and also on television. As yet they have not caught the fancy of the American theatre-going public. Definitely serious

drama, as most of his poems are strikingly serious, Eliot has much to offer to contemporary man. The symbolism, of course, especially when coupled with his intellectuality of style, makes him obscure; but reading Eliot is more than a gain in knowledge of literature, it can be a distinct experience in life.

Ode to a Chimney

A chimney is a sturdy structure
So tall and strong.
It sits on housetops.
Chimney, can you answer this?
Are you not closer to Him
than most of us earthly men
with worldly cares and fanciful whims?
You are so inferior —
just senseless brick or stone.
We feel, and love, and hate alike
and try to comprehend this life.
Yet, we're so attached to transients,
passing delights and pretty toys.
You have nothing, we have all.
Are you not closer to Him?
Chimney, will you answer this?

JAMES O'DONNELL, '58

Man

Chained,
bound with fear,
guilty of sin,
haggard in the eyes of heaven;
weeping for the mercy of God.
He gives it.
Then, up, up,
soaring as a bird
on wings of thanksgiving,
praying to stay aloft.

MARGARET DARNELL, '58

Conversion

Fighting, snarling,
hating,
such was my world without You.
Even professing You,
Without Your faith
I was nothing, nothing ;
a bit of existence tossed about
in a whirlwind.
Blowing here,
now there, a dead soul.
But Your gentle hand
reached down,
transplanted this weed
into Your garden, So I live.

MARGARET DARNELL, '58

Book Reviews

THE SATIN SLIPPER

Paul Claudel

Sheed and Ward, 1951

Translated by John O'Connor with the collaboration of the author.

Symbolism is a form of art much used in the French literary schools. Perhaps, of the contemporary authors, one of the most prominent is Paul Claudel. Claudel is more than one who incorporates the symbol in his writings, for through the Catholic tradition he can better understand and appreciate the symbol. It was in this spirit, no doubt, that Claudel conceived of his drama, *Le Soulier de Satin*, which indicates by its very name, *Satin Slipper*, the crux to the thought of this drama. With her slipper

in hand, the heroine asks the Mother of God to keep her from falling headlong into sin by holding her slipper. In this symbolism is seen the clash of reason with passion and material love with spiritual love.

The *Satin Slipper* is a drama divided into four days which in turn are divided into several scenes. In this way Claudel hopes to create a timeless duration of incidents, a procedure like to the way God sees the universe; all at once. And so, scene follows scene, not always in chronological sequence, but

as if all the scenes were happening at once. Consequently, a feeling of spaciousness and grandness is always confronting the audience.

The plot itself is concerned with the love of a married woman, Dona Prouheze, for another, Don Roderigo. Claudel makes this more than the unraveling of a triangle of love—he is more concerned with what spiritual and psychological aspects affect these two lovers. And in this unveiling of their emotions, he is not mostly concerned with their happiness, but how their earthly happiness will effect their eternal lives and the lives of all society.

The slipper is the permeating symbol of the whole drama, for it strikes at the root of the problem. Prouheze realizes the gravity of the sin she will commit if she yields to Don Roderigo. Still, she desires him with her whole being. And therefore, she pleads with her bodyguard, placed there by her husband, that he be crafty for she will try every means to get to Don Roderigo. Here can be seen that sin is in the will and not in the temptation. And Prouheze, so aware of the circumstances, asks that Mary prevent her, for although it will be turning from God, she

is determined to carry out her wishes. A close proximity between right and wrong is reached; for at the same time this woman desires sin, she abhors it. Which way should she turn?

Sacrifice is the only answer for overcoming the weakness. And in the realization, that by rejecting each other's body, they will save their souls and be doing something meritorious for others, they part saying they loved, but a greater reason keeps them apart. The climax of the play is reached. The moon, the reflector of a higher power, is the one to unite them. Symbolically, its reflection joins their shadows as if to show how their souls are knit by sacrificing the union of their bodies.

Paul Claudel uses the *Satin Slipper* as a mouthpiece to express his thoughts. Catholic dogma directs the action of his creations. And being much concerned with will, reason, intellect and emotions, Claudel becomes psychoanalyst, a psychoanalyst who uncovers the questions that are personal to him, giving thought and intellect more flesh and blood than the physical characters living the play.

—Joseph R. Turk, '57

OLD YELLER

F. B. Gipson

Harper, 1956

If you have some evening free with nothing to do but while away the time let me suggest the perfect book. Just long enough to finish in an evening, *Old Yeller* by Fred Gipson is "warm, and human and immensely moving."

When Travis was fourteen his father left to drive the cattle to Abilene, Kansas, thus leaving him with the responsibilities of a man, that of caring for his mother, little Arliss and the homestead.

One night the big yellow, one-eared dog stole some pork hanging outside. With a trick like this Travis' first impulse was to kill the mutt but little Arliss put up such a fuss that Old Yeller was saved. It wasn't long before Travis found Old Yeller indispensable.

While Papa was gone Travis and Old Yeller found excitement. But not all was glamorous in his new role as head of the house. Travis worked hard

chopping wood until his back was about to break, plowing until his muscles cried out, weeding in the hot sun and trying to keep little Arliss out of mischief.

The fight between the two bulls, the time Arliss nearly got mauled by the bear, and the chase to catch the pigs in order to mark them were all episodes that broke the monotony of the everyday chores.

All these things lead to the time Old Yeller fought with a wolf—not a normal wolf. Here Travis, quickly growing into manhood, learned another valuable lesson in his growth; some of the pain of life touched his heart.

In reading *Old Yeller* you may recall your first experience in realizing the world is a rough place. But even pain doesn't last forever and there are new things to take the place of the old.

JUDY HIRN, '59

A Farewell Hello

The sweetest moments of the day
Are just before the dawn,
The sun is saying adieu to night
Before she hurries on.

The sun awakens from his heavenly sleep
At peace with a world still at rest,
And only for a moment holds
The night close to his breast.

But in that moment there is love
As only the stars can say,
For the sun gently kisses the night farewell
Then starts out for the day.

PHILIP M. DOHERTY, '59

A Mark of Greatness

LOUISE DIVER, '59

"To restore all things in Christ" has been the heart-cry of our recent Popes, the Pontiffs of Catholic Action. How would Christ want our individual lives? How would He have our social institutions? The principles are clear for they are those the Catholic Church has ever held. But theory is the easy part; the application of principles presents problems. In using ethics to solve social and economic ills, one cannot be content with surface judgments, nor be deterred by popular sentiment, nor be daunted by public opposition. He must take what is there, judge its rightness, and then he must act — for the sake of Christ. There have been great men who have grasped these ideas. One of these was the late Monsignor John A. Ryan.

The parents of John Ryan were from Ireland and had, after immigrating first to Massachusetts, settled near St. Paul, Minnesota. Eleven children were born to this devout and

hard-working farm couple: devout because they loved God; hard-working because their two farms were then encumbered by mortgages carrying interest rates of 10 and 12 per cent per annum. A sacrifice of money, a loss of an able helper, their son, were the demands God made upon the Ryans. For when John Augustine Ryan was sent to the Christian Brothers School in St. Paul, the idea of pursuing a priestly vocation came to him. In 1887, he entered St. Thomas Seminary. What were the conditions of the world in the late 19th century, the world John A. Ryan was "leaving"?

History was being made. Cleveland and Blaine were engaged in the campaign of 1884. (Monsignor Ryan thought that Cleveland never understood social justice nor accepted it nor its implications.) The Populists and Ignatius Donnelly were advancing "radical" proposals. Monsignor Ryan was able to cast his first presidential vote

for James B. Weaver, the Peoples' Party candidate. Governor Altgeld was pardoning the lifers of the Haymarket Massacre, and Bryan's "Crown of Thorns and Cross of Gold" speech was delivered at the 1896 Convention . . . One wishes there had been cameramen to film those exciting moments. American Church history was no less celebrity-studded. There were James Cardinal Gibbons; the renowned John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul; and Bishop Spalding, "the greatest literary artist in the entire history of the American Hierarchy." Pope Leo XIII was promulgating famous encyclicals and Canon Barry was writing on the economic causes of poverty. All these men influenced John Ryan profoundly, but his social education had begun even earlier. He read the "Irish World," a monthly publication advocating Irish nationalism and promoting the interests of labor in the United States.

When Seminarian Ryan's assignments included an essay on "Rerum Novarum," he emphasized most that part which dealt with the obligation of the state to regulate industry, an idea far removed from the then-prevalent laissez-faire theories.

His deepest and most sustained interest was in that part of moral theology dealing with justice, rights and contracts. His determination increased to devote as much time and labor as he could to an examination of "economic life in the light of Christian principles, with a view to making them operative in the field of industry." It seemed to John Ryan that the salvation of millions of souls hinged on their having the means to live decently, "to live as human beings made in the image and likeness of God." He found authoritative encouragement in the Holy Father's exhortation to "throw into the conflict, all the energy of his mind, and all the strength of his endurance." His concept of his vocation was social for in striving to fulfill the command to preach the Gospel of Christ, Monsignor Ryan said that he "concentrated upon that part of the Gospel which applies to social and economic relations." On June 4, 1898, John Augustine Ryan, age 29, received the sacrament of Holy Orders.

Four years of study at the Catholic University of America followed. Besides moral theology, Father Ryan carried courses in canon law and audited economics, sociology, and

English lectures. He thrived on the scholastic opportunities. About this time, his first magazine article was published, and he began his doctoral dissertation, "A Living Wage: Its Ethical and Economic Aspects." Upon returning to St. Paul Seminary, Father was assigned to teach his favorite subject, the treatises of moral theology dealing with right conduct, norm of morality, justice, etc. His dissertation, published by the Macmillan Company in 1906, furnished much of the material which Dr. Ryan expanded in subsequent classroom lectures, numerous speeches, magazine articles, books, pamphlets, and letters.

Because Father Ryan saw morality governing all individual and social conduct, his interests were unlimited. A book would be necessary to enumerate all those causes for which he wrote, spoke, held meetings, headed committees, appeared before Congressional committees, and conversed. Mention of four might illustrate the variety and extent of his work.

1. The well-to-do should adopt a "reasonable" standard of living and help provide for a better distribution of his surplus in wages, charity and

philanthropy to the less fortunate. This "would be in accord with both the Christian teaching on wealth and our national economic welfare." In his book, *Distributive Justice*, Father Ryan expressed the belief that the change could take place only after a revival of "genuine religion."

2. The economic factors which cause so much destitution among the defenseless must be remedied by state intervention, specifically, minimum standards of wage, hours, housing, health, safety, etc. His defense of laborers' rights was strong; but, like his other proposals, they have since been carried out in varying degrees. When he spoke out for labor's right to organize into unions, he championed a cause in a hostile field—with few to help.

3. Then labelled "socialistic" were the measures he foresightedly encouraged: government ownership of public utilities, progressive imposts on incomes, regulation of speculation and government competition against threatening monopolies.

4. Monsignor Ryan recommended that seminarians be given courses in sociology and economics. This probably came about because he often found his proposals assailed by Cath-

olics, Catholics either ignorant of Christian principles or selfishly rationalizing their positions.

In 1915, Archbishop Ireland yielded to a bombardment of Bishops who were requesting Monsignor's transfer to the Catholic University. In the Capital, Professor Ryan taught political science at Trinity College; sociology in the School of Social Science; and at the University, he taught industrial ethics and economics and was head of the Department of Moral Theology.

Through World War I, Monsignor Ryan worked for the peace proposals of Pope Benedict XV and advocated a League of Nations. His ideas for post-war development were published in 1919 by the National Catholic War Council as the Bishops' Program for Social Reconstruction. When the Council evolved into the National Catholic Welfare Conference, a Department of Social Action was put under the direction of Father Ryan. With able assistants, especially Father R. A. McGowan, and with an organization of action at his command, the Director of the Department of Social Action worked even more effectively. His interests ranged from pro-

hibition to national isolationism. A right-to-the-point mind and a winning sense of humor are revealed in the various articles and letters that he wrote.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor was the title officially bestowed upon John A. Ryan in 1937, his 69th year. The next year, he abided by the Catholic University's compulsory retirement rule. Regretfully, he left the University and the pleasant associations he had had there for 24 years, but he continued teaching at Trinity and at the National Catholic School of Social Service and continued also to act as Director of the Social Action Department of the N.C.W.C. On September 16, 1945, he went to Him Who "inspired me with the desire to preach His social gospel and Who has sustained and guided me through all the years of my life."

The life and work of Monsignor Ryan prove anew that the Church, acting under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, is as vital today as 1,900 years ago. She is astonishingly progressive, even radical. The principles taught by the Church, so zealously espoused by Monsignor Ryan, do not change. She asks only that we understand and use her riches to "restore all things in Christ."

Indian

Summer

Day



GENEVA WHITEMAN, '59

Years fleeting onward never seem aware of the changes Nature bestows upon the land of the Absarokees.

The great Castle Rock majestically towering above the Pryor Mountains appears as valiant and proud as the greatest of all Crows, Chief Plenty Coos. Throughout all ages he has encountered many sinister foes and has withstood even the most violent thunder storms. Their faraway echoes reverberating through the steep canyons remind him of the beat of tomtoms, as boulders kneel around him like medicine men welcom-

ing summer. The pine trees, too, stand erect like Indian braves awaiting command.

The early morning breeze creates a pure atmosphere giving life to all who breathe its freshness. The sun shines down upon the fertile green valley; the bluebells ring with delight as the morning dew drops disappear drop by drop.

The pure, sparkling water dashes down from the tops of the Pryor Mountains in little streams uniting to form Pryor Creek, which empties into the Little Big Horn River. This God-given moisture enriches the

soil whose vast resources remain untouched. The mountainside with its nutritious grasses beckons the deer and the elk to come and enjoy its bounties. The purple ripe gooseberries at the foot of the mountain await the fair Indian maiden, while the red strawberries on the mountainside attract the bear.

High up, fleecy white clouds sail through the blue sky. Pine perfume is diffused through the air. The silence of Arrow Rock in the Pryor Gap gives no hint of the ancient tribal ceremonies once performed on its walls. Teepee rings on this rich goodly land indicate that it was once the hunting ground of the Absarokee. Aberdeen heifers now graze where the buffalo once roamed. The undisturbed eagle soaring above is the symbol of

the freedom once enjoyed by the wandering Absaroka.

In the cool evening breeze the young pine trees gently sway like Indian maidens performing the squaw dance. From the Look-Out the green grass resembles a rippling river. The setting sun paints a bright orange horizon so that all the colors of the rainbow are now reflected on that white cloud in the west. Then, the sky grows darker and darker until the full golden moon is the only light in the whole valley. The whistling pine trees sing their evening vespers. An owl hoots at the constant chirping of the crickets. Beneath a blanket of stars the great Castle Rock after surveying his kingdom peacefully sleeps in the stillness of an Indian summer night.

Azure

This deep upturned bowl
of blue, Christened the sky,
is,
no doubt,
a symbol
of
Omnipotence.

EMILIE C. MURRAY, '57

Food—a la Jamaica

MARGUERITE BRANDAY, '60

Food is a topic of paramount importance everywhere, but particularly to active students who are perpetually famished. Perhaps you would be interested in hearing about some entirely new dishes which make up the daily diet of Jamaicans and are taken quite for granted by them.

The national dish of Jamaica is known as salt-fish and achee, and as a national dish must necessarily be, it is both delicious and economical. The salt-fish is salted cod-fish which, oddly enough, is imported from Canada. The achee is an unusual vegetable for which I can think of no counterpart. It is borne on a large tree and consists of a bright, red pod, which, when ripe, bursts open to reveal several large black seeds partly covered with a creamy yellow flesh. It is this flesh which is cooked with the salt-fish in coconut oil, with onions sometimes added. Ummm!

After salt-fish and achee, rice and peas is about the most popular dish. This consists of red peas and rice cooked together in coconut milk. The mention

of this is enough to make any Jamaican homesick.

Have you ever heard of a star-apple? This is a purple or green fruit, probably related to the grape, and about the same size as an orange. The flesh has the consistency of a grape but the flavor is quite different. In the middle of the fruit is a portion of white-colored flesh in the shape of a star, between the folds of which the hard black seeds are enveloped.

Like many other trees now looked upon as Jamaican, the breadfruit was actually imported. It was brought in from the South Sea Islands by the English as an experiment for a botanical garden, but as soon as its fruits had been eaten, everyone wanted a tree and no wonder! The fruit itself is about twice the size of a grapefruit but it actually isn't a fruit at all—it is a vegetable. It has a rough green skin and the best way of preparing it is by roasting it, skin and all, on hot coals. The skin may then be removed with a knife and while the breadfruit is still hot, it should

be served with cold butter or avacado, as the main or supplementary starch of the meal.

The naseberry is another interesting fruit of which we are very fond. It is a small fruit, brown in skin and pulp. The thin skin may be eaten, and a few, shiny black seeds will be found inside.

Mangoes are obtainable in some parts of the United States, but there are so many varieties that I think they deserve mention. Most of them have green or yellowish-colored skins, with the pulp very much resembling a peach. The fruit and its seeds are much larger than the peach, however, and the flavor quite unique. Each specie has a different flavor and there are probably thirty species.

Naturally, you are all acquainted with the delicious cashew-nut. Did you know that the cashew is actually a fruit, and that the nut, or seed, is probably the only one that is borne on the outside of the fruit? The fruit itself looks very much like a pear, but if eaten raw often has the effect of alum on the mouth. If stewed, however, and served with cream, it is delicious, and most Americans in Jamaica go for it in a big way.

Jamaica has numerous other interesting and delicious foods which are too perishable to be imported to the United States. So why don't you take a trip to Jamaica and taste for yourself? I warn you, you will have a difficult time leaving.

Awaken to Life

The enchanting meadow beckons from afar,
And youth contemplates its wide terrain.

He takes a stride, but falters in his steps;
He fears the secrets which it hides.

A moment's hesitation —

A forward step —

A happy sigh.

RUTH RAMSDELL, '59

In the midst of the hustle and bustle of the noonday rush a thin figure limped slowly down Lincoln Avenue, away from Memorial General Hospital. By the time he reached the corner of East Fourth and Lincoln, Dennie Carter wore a deep frown. One more block and he would be home, if that was what you called it. Never before had the neighborhood looked so dismal to him. But then it had been such a long time since he had seen it at this hour of the day. Ordinarily it was dark when he left for school each morning and even darker as he returned at nearly midnight after a long, tiring day of classes and work. In either case, he now knew, his surroundings were greatly enhanced by the hour. On days when the morning sun's first soft rays penetrated night's dark curtain, the ramshackle houses looked serene, almost homey. The black of each night covered the dirt and there was no smoke. Sometimes, when the snow had just fallen, this neighborhood even looked friendly, almost inviting.

But the glaring sunlight today could do nothing to hide this black sheep of the city. At those other hours the disguise had been effective. Now there

THEIR FOURTH GIFT

MIRIAM GANNON, '59

could be no disguise. The hour for unmasking at a New Year's Eve party could bring no more of a revelation than this. Each boarded window, each sagging porch, each fallen chimney and broken step stood proudly, almost defiantly against the sooty backdrop of loose shingles and chipped paint. Out in front, in the dirt piles that each family wishfully called a yard, grimy children played cowboys and Indians and cops and robbers.

Dennie had thought that only his home could be so dirty and

desolate. Now he knew that this was not so. All the houses had seen better days. Once they had been stately and proud but long years of abuse had robbed them of all cause for pride.

Slowly he limped on, his feet carrying him to where his heart dreaded to go. As he walked the frown grew deeper. Like the neighborhood he felt very old and very tired.

Maybe, he thought hopefully, maybe no one would be home when he got there. With all his heart he wished that this could be. He was so tired and confused that all he wanted was a few minutes peace and quiet. The pain in his broken arm and cut cheek had begun to make him dizzy. He needed time to think, time to decide. So much had happened and so much depended on his decision.

Jeff and Judy, the six year old twins, ten year old Carol, fourteen year old Bobby, and eighteen year old Jeanne, his twin, would probably all be in school. Since today was Wednesday, his father might possibly be working. Occasionally he did work and when this minor miracle occurred, it was always on Wednesday. That gave him two days to recuperate from the week-end's festivities, a head start on the next, and just enough money to buy

that feeling of power and superiority that he ordinarily lacked. Even if he were gone there were still Marty the three year old "baby" and his mother.

If they were home . . . he couldn't force himself to think of this possibility. Desperately he tried to crowd it out of his turbulent mind. But like all the frightening events of the past two weeks the thought of the scene which would invariably ensue paraded before his eyes and though he refused to look, yet he saw. Now even his feet were refusing to move, even they dreaded the "home-coming" he would receive. Too well they knew the sting of his father's belt and the hardness and hatred of his mother's voice. Too well they knew the sound of accusing, condemning cries and the effects of days spent in a dark, locked room with only scraps of food salvaged by the little ones to nourish him. He was older now so it would be different. There would be no beating, no confinement, as there had so often been, but the hatred would still be there. This knife, he had learned in the past six months, cut much deeper than those others.

When he finally reached it, 421 Lincoln was even uglier than he had ever really known.

As he limped painfully down the stairs to their basement apartment his heart pounded furiously. Even all those gruesome days at the hospital had not been as bad as this. Then he had been sick and frightened but there had been some hope, however small. Here . . . No sooner had he opened the door and stepped into the dismal kitchen than Marty jumped into his arms and hugged him with all her three-year-old strength. Still holding her, Dennie turned on the light, for with the kitchen's single window boarded up, it was quite dark.

For a moment, although he held Marty in his arms, he could see only Barbara, his timid fiancée. She was so tiny and pale lying there in that big white hospital bed. Almost automatically he gathered Marty's clothes, washed and

dressed her. She jabbered excitedly but he heard little of what she said.

In another minute he heard his mother's dragging footsteps and although he turned almost instinctively away from the door, he could not help seeing her, hair mussed, tying the belt around her wrinkled robe and then reaching for her cigarettes.

For a full two minutes they both stood, mother and son, facing each other. Neither spoke. Dennie could feel her hard beady eyes upon him, but he could not look. Instead he stared at the floor and hoped that he could keep his balance. He had eaten little in those two weeks and had slept even less. Now he was beginning to feel the effects.

He was not afraid of her now. Those days were gone forever. Today he felt only hurt and ashamed: hurt because he knew that she hated him (hadn't she told him so often enough) and most of all because she hated Barbara so much; ashamed of everything, of himself, of her, of his father, of their whole way of life. In his anxiety over Barbara and the hopelessness of their future he had forgotten about this, forgotten that he could not even turn to his own



family for help. He shouldn't have forgotten, he knew. They hadn't helped him that other time. But that was different, he had been wrong then; now he wasn't. The accident hadn't been his fault.

Already his mother was firing questions at him and screaming at the top of her voice. He knew that she had been composing this speech for the two weeks that he had been gone. He knew too from past experience that the sting of a horse whip couldn't begin to equal that of his mother's tongue.

"Well, answer me," she demanded.

He didn't know what she had asked for he had heard only empty words.

"Mom, please," he began, "I can explain."

"Oh, you can, can you? Well, get busy because you've got an awful lot of it to do. Gone two weeks, a policeman coming to the door every day looking for you and what do you say? 'Please, I can explain.' You're nothing but a dirty little thief!"

Now even the clock seemed against him. Louder and louder it ticked, faster and faster came her words.

"All right, I thought you

could explain. Well, start talking. Where have you been and what have you been doing? Don't you dare tell one lie," she shouted. For several seconds she stood, her rough, boney hands on her hips, glaring at him.

Suddenly he felt a hard crack against his already burning cheek and found himself sprawling across the floor.

"You sullen brat, you have no right to come here and play the innocent. Now explain or get out of here!"

Finally Dennie could contain himself no longer. Rising, he turned to her. His face was white with anger and his jaw was set, firm and hard. This would be the first time he had ever had words with his mother and he wouldn't enjoy it.

"Look," he exclaimed, "if you will let me, I'll tell you what happened. Just give me a chance."

"You'd better make it fast," she muttered and with a clatter put the coffee pot on the burner. Then, as Dennie watched silently, she swung open the rickety ice box allowing the door to swing back precariously on its solitary hinge, took out several eggs, and placed them on the stove to fry. Her unconcerned stare and aloof air



told him that what he said would fall upon deaf ears. She had already decided what she wanted to believe and not even a ton of dynamite could loosen the wall which had grown up between them. There was really no use in even trying.

That was how she had been that other time. For the first time in his sixteen years, he had asked her for something and she had refused. He had wanted to explain about the robbery but she had closed her heart to him. Only what the police and the judge said mattered to her. She didn't care what a petrified kid had to say. Sure he had been wrong, he knew that. He hadn't asked her to say he was right or tell the judge that her little boy couldn't do anything wrong. He had even thanked God that she wasn't that kind of mother. Belief, even a tiny bit of it, was all he wanted. If she just would have written to him once in that whole time he had been at the reformatory. Every mail call had come and gone, leaving him empty-handed. Never once did she write. When he had finally, after over a year of silence, talked to Father Jim about his problem, Father had told him and showed him in so many ways that there really was some good in everyone. In the past six

months, since the day of his homecoming, he had looked, even prayed, for this good in her. Now as he watched her, for the first time, he doubted Father's words.

As the old clock ticked the silent moments both contestants remained steadfast. At last Mrs. Carter conceded defeat.

"Don't just stand there. I want an explanation and I'm going to get one if I have to beat it out of you. Tell me, right now, what have you been up to?"

"We were in an accident," he began slowly. His head and shoulders shook involuntarily at the very thought of it. "Out by Stony Creek. When we came around the first bend on the way down the hill there was a car coming right at us, head on. He didn't move at all, just kept coming right toward us. I swerved to get out of his way and hit another car. When I tried to stop, the brakes wouldn't hold and we went over the side. We got caught in the trees about halfway down. Barb was hurt awfully bad. She's in the hospital. They didn't think she would live. I stayed there until this morning. She's conscious now and the doctor says she'll live, but she," here he hesitated, "she lost — both her hands."

"What happened to the others?" She did not care about Barb.

"The other driver died," he answered gravely.

"Well, that's just fine," she exploded, pounding her fist on the table. "Now you're not just a thief. That wasn't enough. You're a murderer. I knew it would come to this someday. You never were any good and you never will be."

"It wasn't my fault. That man had been drinking. He caused it. The police said I couldn't have done anything else."

"You're lying! You are a murderer," she accused. "That is why the policeman has been looking for you. He has come here every day for the past week. I'm too ashamed to even go outside the door. Imagine what the neighbors are saying!"

He shook his head slowly and answered quietly, "I broke my parole. That's what he wants."

"Well, isn't that just fine?" The note of sarcasm made her voice even more scornful than usual. "You know what that means, don't you?"

"Yes," he whispered. He knew only too well. Two years of being all alone again. It meant that Barbara would have no one to care for her. He

couldn't leave her, but he'd have to, unless . . . Once more the plan for escape teased him.

"You know where you'll be this time, don't you? You're old enough now." She gloated. He would be completely disgraced then.

Once again he only shook his head in answer.

"Well, what are you going to do, run away again? That's the manly way, you know."

"I don't know," he said, sighing. "There's not much I can do, is there?"

He didn't know what he was going to do and didn't care who knew it. If he ran away he and Barb could be married and he could always take care of her. But would that really be fair to her? If he went back what would happen? She would be in the hospital for nearly a year but what about the next one? Her family wouldn't take care of her, that was certain. And what could she do without her hands?

Finally he became conscious of the fact that his mother was again speaking to him. He knew from the intensity of her voice and the momentum of her words that she had been speaking for quite some time and that his lack of attention only served to augment her anger. Wordlessly he poured a cup of

coffee and sat down at the table. That was one thing his mother did well. Her coffee was always supreme. But when he took a mouthful, the choking in his throat would not let him swallow it. Even its smell made him half sick. His hand trembled as he set the cup back on the table. Nervously he ran his fingers through his curly black hair.

"You pay attention to what I'm saying, do you hear? Just listen real hard and then you can go do what you like. I'm sick and tired of you and I'm not going to put up with you and your nonsense any longer. In the eighteen years of your life you have given me more trouble than I could stand. You were a bold, fighting brat when you were little but I put up with you. Then when you turned out to be a cheap thief I was finished. But Jeanne couldn't leave well enough alone. She begged me to be kind to you, to try to understand. She said that you had enough of trouble, that you would settle down and be decent. So I didn't say anything. What more could you expect? I've been such a good mother but look how you've treated me. I just don't understand it."

"You never wrote," he nearly whispered as his cloudy blue eyes softened a little. For a

moment he weakened. Even if she was that way, she was his mother and he still had a spark of hope. Maybe Father was right after all. Maybe there was just a grain of goodness. Perhaps somehow, someday . . . He didn't care for himself but the poor kids, especially Marty, they had no one.

"No, I didn't write," she replied defiantly. "And let me tell you something, young man." She stood tall and straight, her hands on her hips and her head high. "I will never," she spoke slowly, enunciating every syllable, "as long as I live, I will never stoop so low as to write to anyone like you. I don't care if you spend the rest of your life in prison, I'll never degrade myself that much. And what's more, neither will any of my kids. I kept them from disgracing themselves before and I'll do it again, even if I have to kill you in the process."

A look of surprise passed hurriedly over Dennie's face. He was astonished to know that she had kept the kids from writing. That whole year and a half he had thought that they felt as his parents did. Then when they welcomed him so eagerly and accepted him so completely after his release, he had been at a loss what to think.

"I suppose," she continued in a little less vibrant tone, "you think you are really smart now. You go to school all day and you've got a job and you're engaged so you don't need us any longer. You're so good you can go to school and still support a wife. Well, we'll see how smart you are when you try to support a cripple on your prison pay." She spat the words out as if they were poisonous pebbles, too potent to hold. "And what about that fine newspaper job you were going to get? Are you going to use all your training to edit the prison paper? You might as well, you learned half that stuff there anyhow."

Dennie said nothing. There wasn't much he could say, just as there wasn't much he could do. If he went to prison he might never be able to finish school. He had begun his courses at the reformatory and he had kept on after he came home. Now he had completed one year of college and was anxious to continue. It was an opportunity he had never dreamed he would be given and he didn't want to lose it. But he was in grave danger of doing just that. At the reformatory he had been just a kid but at the prison things would be different.

Even this was a minor concern at the moment. Right now

he could only really care about Barbara. She was still in a critical condition. But most of all she was his. Despite what had happened she still loved him and understood. She didn't even blame him about the broken parole. If no one else could understand how in his anxiety over her he had forgotten to report and had broken those other rules she could and though it meant either two long years of separation or a life of worry and hiding, she could still love and want him. And she didn't even try to tell him what he should do.

* * *

"Honey," she had whispered faintly, "It's up to you. Whatever you do I'll always be yours. Won't I, darling?" she inquired and looked for the reassurance she knew she would find.

The sparkle of his blue eyes spoke to her. For them words were not necessary. The silence of the moments that followed was like a piece of fine and delicate material, spun from the silken thread of love, woven by two young weavers completely dedicated to their art.

After nearly an hour, Barb stirred again.

"Dennie," she called quietly, "what happened to my purse? Could you get it and bring me the others," she murmured,

glancing at a small jeweled lipstick on her bedside table. "We have to name this one and introduce it to the family."

Dennie nodded, smiling reassuringly. Together they would look at them and recall their gripping significance. Each was in its own way a part of their lives, a symbol of a love that would endure forever.

As he waited for Miss Fitzpatrick, the nurses' aide, to return with the purse, D e n n i e hoped wholeheartedly that no ill had befallen those tiny jewels. They meant so much to both of them. Each of these he had given her at a time when the future did not look too bright or showed great obstacles to be overcome. He remembered that first one and how it had come to play such an enormous part in their confused lives.

It had been her idea. On the night before Dennie was to be tried for his part in the robbery of Dawson's Bakery, he and Barb had taken a long walk and talked of the future. He smiled a little now, remembering how shy they had been. They loved each other even then, but they were so timid and afraid to love. Both found it difficult to express their feelings yet each could sense the other's moods. Tomorrow could mean the beginning of a long separation, a

difficult trial of the love each treasured. With the little money he had, Dennie had wanted to buy a little gift for her, something she could cling to. She had chosen a tiny tube of lipstick. It would remind her of him and of all their glorious plans. In the almost jovial hours that followed, they had refashioned their dream and appointed this keepsake as the guardian of their love and trust.

Now each time that life seemed to hold no promise, or at best many difficulties and trials, he would give her another one.

On the night when he placed the tiny diamond on her finger, he gave her the second one. Although they were supremely happy they knew that there would be many hardships for them to face. If they were married after his sophomore year as they hoped to be they would have little money. Then too, he would still be on parole and haunted by the fear that even after his graduation he would not be able to find a good job because of his record.

This morning the third tube had joined the ranks. This one brought with it even more determination, more hope and more love than either of the others.

Miss Fitzpatrick's friendly "Here you are, sir," interrupted

his thoughts. When he returned to the room Barbara was sleeping. She looked so like a china doll, he thought, seeing her lying there in the billowy white clouds of pillows, sheets, and bandages. Tenderly he had placed all three keepsakes on the table. When she awoke she would see them right away. Slowly he wrote a short note and placed it beside them.

* * *

When he returned to reality he had no idea how long he had been dreaming. He stared at the disordered kitchen floor for a time and then at his mother who was sleeping on the couch in the cramped and dark living room. Six empty beer bottles lay nearby.

There was no sound. Quietly he changed and got ready to return to the hospital. He was just on his way out when his mother's voice once more shattered the silence. It was less shrill than before and her speech was slightly slurred.

"Where do you think you're going?" she demanded. "Just where do you think you're going?"

"To the hospital, to see Barb. It's nearly visiting time," he answered and took another step toward the door.

"Is that so? Well, you jus' do that. And take this with you,"

she commanded and dropped a shabby black suitcase at his feet.

By the time he arrived at the hospital the full significance of his dismissal had made him almost numb. Both he and Barb fell silent after their greeting. When he finally spoke of what had happened it was with a calm, reserved voice. This did not fool Barb. He cared, she knew, though he said he didn't. He just didn't want her to be upset. How like him she thought.

For several minutes he paced the floor. Barbara waited and fought to conceal her growing fear. In her heart she knew what the decision would be. Still she waited.

"I—I brought you something," he stammered tenderly, and put a tiny object on the bed beside her.

For an agonizing moment Barbie did not move. Then their eyes met.

"It—It's so little, Dennie," she finally whispered, "but it's so pretty."

She smiled bravely. He only nodded.

"Two years?" Her voice though barely audible held the understanding and love of a woman much older and more experienced than she.

Once more he nodded and kissed her.

"Two years."

Jimmy

He caught and gripped
Without small shame
The soul-searing fire of genius
And it entered into him burning
As lightning enters the earth
He ran delighting through his time
Reckless and free and fascinated
Because he knew the time was short
And then he was gone

 In a burst of flames
Some say he is divine
Because he came and stayed
And left so soon
An angel
No angel Jimmy
It was this
He loved so much

*Our Father Who art in heaven
Inspire us to love*

JOAN PETERNEL, '58