

fioretti

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THE FIORETTI

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Prose and Verse

CONTENTS

ESSAYS

The Day I Dyed	15	Carole E. Williams
2 Corinthians 3:17	19	Denyse Lavigne
People	28	Patti Schurger
The Flickering Candle	30	Carol Schnelker

SHORT STORIES

The Long Search of the Lemon Children	6	von Pyritz
Maybe, Someday	22	Dixie Mitchell

POETRY

(Untitled Poem)	5	Jacqueline Tarter
To My Love	12	Anne Zishka
Burnt Sienna of the Night	16	Sigrun Biro
Dust	18	Fay Faivre
Prayer of a Cactus	20	Denyse Lavigne
Cinema 1	21	John G. Kirchner
The World	24	Dot Mettel
Skid Row	25	Jacqueline Tarter
Altitude: 15,000 ft.	29	Denyse Lavigne
(Untitled Poem)	29	von Pyritz
(Untitled Poem)	29	Diana Herbe
Soliloquy	32	Mary Brunner
Ode to Watermelons	33	von Pyritz

ESSAYS

- Africa: Summer 1966 39 Mary Haugh, M.A.
Sociology Department

SHORT STORIES

- The Cry in the Wind 47 Sister Marie Pierre,
O.S.F., Ph.D.

POETRY

- Vignettes of Spring 35 Sister Clarence Marie,
O.S.F., M.A., Librarian
- Ghosts at Marian 37 Sister Mary Jane,
O.S.F., M.A., Art Department
- Dionysia au Go-Go 38 Gian Lawrence Darretta,
M.A., English Department
- To a Philosophic Stevedore 46 Gian Lawrence Darretta,
M.A., English Department
- Gossip 51 Sister Miriam Clare,
O.S.F., M.S.,
Home Economics Department
- The Hands of a King 52 Sister Mary Jane,
O.S.F., M.A., Art Department
- Nature's Tapestry 54 Sister Marina,
O.S.F., M.S., Physics Department
- Crocuses 55 Sister Miriam Clare,
O.S.F., M.S.,
Home Economics Department
- Cinderella, a Verse Story 56 Sister Clarence Marie,
O.S.F., M.A., Librarian

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The *Fioretti* is meant to be a literary expression of student thought, arising from individual study, classroom discussion, and perhaps, more often, personal encounter. It has become a chronicle of self-expression left by those who have been participants in Marian's history.

This spring edition brings to a close the twenty-fifth year that the *Fioretti* has appeared at Marian, thanks to the time and effort individuals have given by stopping a moment in their college endeavor to add to our chronicle of experiences.

The 1966-67 staff wishes to thank all who have contributed to the *Fioretti*, past and present, whether it be poetry or proofreading. Because of the help of such people as these, Marian has a written account covering twenty-five years of the individuals and spirit that make her vibrant.

the
LONG
SEARCH
of the
LEMON
CHILDREN

von Pyritz, '69

*First Place—
Short Story Award*

1943

"The jungle is treacherous and only the fittest survive." that's what his instructor had said. The grass lay like a wavering green cloud. He lay there between trees, close to the pool and yet unseen. Grass was on his helmet too and the butt of his rifle chafed the skin on his stomach. He was on a slight rise which commanded a view of the path which suddenly appeared out of the jungle, ran along the pool and disappeared again after about ten yards. Twice a day he

crawled down to wash the gash in his leg and to drink, for during the day it got hot, unendurably so, and the days were long.

Days passed. He waited. For they would come—the next day, the next hour, the next minute perhaps, or so it seemed. Finally, on that day, he heard gunfire from very deep in the jungle. They were coming for him, fighting their way through, coming to take him back to Cloverdale, to his mother, to the house with the oriental garden. He waited. The gunfire was less intense now, but nearer. He let his face fall against the ground. He could see them, or was it just hear them, rushing down the path, faster, faster, over and over, the same always, and a sense of great acceleration. Faster. He sensed something behind him, above, a great ball of fire crashing through the trees, falling but never reaching him. Falling always. Faster.

He waited. The pounding of the boots grew heavier, faster, a thundering stampede. The sun kept falling through the trees, in tidal waves of sound. No birds sang or he did not hear them; but the silence was roaring, soaking the space be-



tween him and the pool and the place where the path disappeared into the jungle. The sun and the pounding and the roar kept pouring in, faster and faster, like too much air in a balloon. Then it burst.

Fragments of sound flew off into the jungle, up through the trees and into the sky. The footsteps pittered into nothingness. The sun flew back up and suddenly there was nothing but a quiet, beyond any quiet ever heard of or not heard before. Invisible things glided over the long grass, making it dance. He waited. The silence grew bigger, settling down, leaning heavy on the last line of his nerves.

Then the others burst through the jungle—like children, leaping along the pool in ever-stillness and an absence of motion, arms and legs blooming in the air. They were little boys with play guns and little slits of eyes and wanting, soothing smiles on little yellow faces. Was it a trick? . . . yes. Only it was these that had come to bear him away, his brothers. It was these he was waiting for.

It was the lemon-faced children come to take him away. He raised his head from the green grass, shouting an anx-

ious, silent cry. Then the silence was broken momentarily by two sharp reports. Bark flew from the tree above him. Automatically he dropped, squeezed the trigger and two of them stumbled into the pool. There was a shocked, motionless wink of silence until a bolt of thunder collided with his head. From then there was nothing.

1947

He woke and shut off the alarm-radio. It was very hot outside and there was a smell of bodies and sweat. He saw her sleeping quietly and decided there was no sense in waking her, so he did not touch her. He started to dress but, feeling sticky, went into the bathroom. He adjusted the cold and hot tabs in the shower and stepped in. He wondered at the funny confinements the body had at times, how it desired and would not rest until satisfied, even if it just wished to have that undefinable sensation of cleanliness, the smell and feel that could not be associated with any word but "clean." He dried off and applied a powder to his back and arms—a small pleasure indeed and yet satisfying, smally.

He walked back into the bed-

room to get dressed. She was lying on her stomach and the yellow sheets were pulled down to the base of her spine. From across the room he ran his hand over the smooth subtle waves and ripples that her bones and muscles made. It seemed rather like the grace of the fine contour of the back of a great lioness. The longer he stared the more the two became one and it did not really seem to matter. But because he was curious as to which it was now, he walked over to the bed. He ran the back of a light fist along her spine and she stirred a little. It did make no difference for indeed, he thought, touch is a beautiful thing. So that she might know he was thinking of her, he went over and lit a cone of incense in front of the plastic Buddha for when she awoke. Besides, he wondered if she would even be there when he returned tonight. She was a funny, wild sort of kid with crazy ideas of freedom above all else in life. But she could never really be free, for she always had this fanatic fear of losing herself to anything. Yes, she might be gone when he got back. But then even *he* wanted her to stay only as long as she wanted.

They had no ties, they could have none.

He was about to leave when he felt he should wash, but he had just taken a shower. The sticky, uneasy feeling went deeper than his freckled skin. It was more like a swelling inside, trying to get out and at long last go home. Funny.

He picked a rose from the vase she had set on the table and laid it on the pillow next to her head. The bus was a little early so he had to run across the street to catch it. On the way he estimated vaguely the time he had been working at the factory; he was an inspector and mused to himself that he had the power of life and death over 900 radio condensers a day. Sometimes on the assembly line, when his mind would slide back to thinking, a dark feeling of purposelessness came over him—any idiot could do the job. Then he would promise again to himself that it was only a matter of time before he would leave for something far nobler. He had taken college for a year under the G.I. Bill but all the common “noble” professions seemed dead ends. But sometimes in moments of quiet, candid desperation he felt that it

was just he that could not adapt. This job provided money and an outlet for any energies that might come out of him. He thought that with patience he could wait it out for sometime the right thing would come along and he would fit. Somewhere out there, in that land of steel and plastic and slick paper ideas, was something that belonged to him alone. But these were the thoughts of a man who had long since lost himself, for they came and went with sunny days and were no match for listless routine.

The noon whistle blew. Often he ate with some of the guys in order to feel something with them, even if it was only the brotherhood of those that labored. But today he saw that the sun flowed upon the river. He would eat his lunch down there and then smoke a cigar because today he said that one must enjoy the small pleasures life at times offers. There is little enough.

It was hot in the factory; it was an old building and it sometimes steamed of men and machine. Between the factory and the river was a long stretch of rocking grass. The field was quite huge, a mile across, and

ended by the placid river in some trees. On days like this he would lie here and the rays of the sun falling through the trees would feel gently warm. He would wait and think of things past, those things that once were or maybe were not.

Crossing the field he heard gunshots and as he got closer he could see that three or four teenage boys were firing a .22 at a knot in the tree. He watched them there; he felt like something inside him had woken up after a long time, perhaps the same thing that rumbled inside him this morning. And it grew angry, clawing, fighting to get out; so a weakening confusion set over him for he did not know what it was. Then it felt somehow like a part of him, a dark, angry part. He waited.

"Hey, if you're from the factory, you'd better get help if you think you're going to kick us out." They all laughed.

"Well, I work there but I don't give a damn if you're here or not. And that gun doesn't make you big, fella. Anybody can shoot."

"Can you?"

"I suppose. I'm still a pretty good shot."

"O yeah! Listen, I'll hold

this leaf up to the tree and you can shoot. I won't even blink my eyes. Come on, ya scared!"

He took the gun and aimed at the leaf; the first shot hit dead center so he let off another which cut the leaf from the stem. The boy had not expected this and clutched his hand.

"Watch it!"

"I think you blinked there, kid. Tell you what—stand up against the tree and I'll shoot a cigarette out of your mouth."

"P— on you, buddy. If you so f— brave, you do it!"

"Let me see how good you are. Shoot the leaf first."

The kid hit near the center, but something started to open in the man. He waited. It grew wider and wider. "All right, the stem."

The boy took a long time, he was nervous. But the leaf broke off. He smiled and called the man's bluff, "The cigarette, man?"

The trees and birds were somehow still and silent, indeed there was no sound at all. A quiet wind blew across the tall grass and he knew that he was at the end, no turning back. He knew that all he could ever do would occur in the next few minutes. More than this there was nothing. He put a cigarette

in his mouth and waited.

The boy looked at his friends, but they could tell him nothing. For a reason he did not know he raised the gun. Imperceptibly the sense of ever-stillness and lack of motion returned to the man. It was as if time had stopped and he could not move. The click of the gun was thunder. In the last few seconds before the shot something came over him. There was a look of horror, like a man who has dared to walk up to the very edge of destruction and then suddenly discover that he has only half the formula, he has somewhere lost the rest. And in that moment of terror he falls over the brink.

The gun fires.

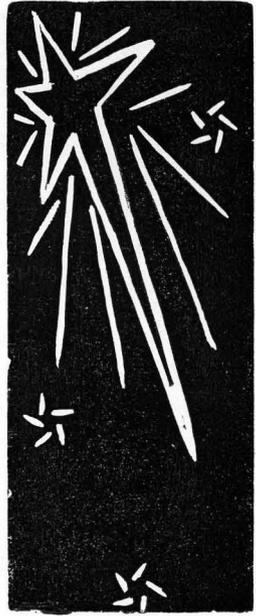
"You killed him!"

"No, he fell before I even shot."

But the boy repeated somberly, "He looks like he's dead."

As they ran to the tree the man raised up and looked at them mutely. Yes, it is them, the lemon-faced children. They stood above him with their reassuring smiles on little yellow faces. The lemon children had found him at last and would take him home now—home, for he had been lost so long.

TO
|
MY
|
LOVE



You are to me the flicker of a candle in the cruel darkness,
the glimmer of hope in my despair,
the apex of Life when Death abides.

Together we reach for our star and

Together we dream impossible dreams.

You are to me the clasped hand of companionship,

the touch of tenderness,

the gaze of love.

It is all told in the warmth of a kiss

But only if that kiss be true.

You are to me the reverence of a quiet church,

the rustling of the wind through naked branches,

the simple beauty of a song.

And we are three distinctions in one.

It is no longer we who live but He who lives within us

And it is His Love which binds us,

His Love which bids us look up,

His Love which promises us the Gift of Life.

You are all things to me

a lover because you love

a boy because you laugh

a man because you cry.

You are my companion and soul-mate,
my confidence and future bed-mate.
You are one because you are all,
Yet all because you are one.

You are to me much more than you shall ever know
And you give to me much more than you could ever guess.
You give to me understanding and tolerance,
tranquility and faith,
love . . . a quiet kind of love;
a love that wishes upon a star
a love that waits . . . in awe and respect
a love that walks in sunshine.
And we are communicants at the same Supper.
All that we shall partake of, we shall give.
And all who receive will know His Love.
In this will be our satisfaction.

Anne Zishka, '69

THE

DAY

I

DYED

Carole E. Williams, '70

Life can be most interesting and meaningful when one is adventurous and daring, but the effects of this attitude are not always good ones.

I have always been rather a timorous and speculative person, but I have occasionally acted on impulse, and the results of my actions have brought me harm as well as good. During the past few years, I gradually came to the conclusion that I was not extremely attractive to the opposite sex, possibly because of my rather dull and retiring personality and appearance. I

was determined to become a gay, charming socialite, by devious means if necessary. However, I felt the need for some preparation and experience before I began my new way of life. These opportunities were given me when I met a handsome, friendly young man who helped to change my prudish attitude. We were introduced by a friend of mine who failed to warn me of this man's debonair and persuasive manner. Innocently and attentively, I listened to his suggestions and advice on becoming a provocative and sexy woman. I thoughtfully probed the wisdom of the benefits I would gain from the experience. I often asked myself if I were making the right decision, but I was clearly on the verge of consent. I was weak-willed, and I finally acquiesced. After having submitted to him, I wondered if I should have let him do this to me. But it was too late; I had become a "scarlet" woman. However, I did not regret this. I would proudly face the world and live my life in a new way. I walked out with my chin held high and the sun glistening on my now-red hair. Only my hairdresser knows for sure.

Burnt Sienna

of the Night

A vast empty room —the earth —
With its celestial ceiling obscured by
Black and white clouds.
These — the only scenery for the brown barren stage.

Actors mirroring the sky children
Enter the void room.
They are the Players of Life;
Black ones and white ones.

The actors each play their roles
While the heavens shift the scenery:
From white clouds — where the Scrutinizer Sun
Watches everyone play games—

Games like “Mother, May I?” —
To the War of the Elements
When an anonymous Dictator
Fits protagonists into Uniforms of War.

They are called to Trojan Fields
Of the earthroom brown and hard,
Where all the Players of Life meet.
And here they form sides,
And here they shoot colors:
Ruddy flame, gangrene and cowardly yellow. . .
Only the brown earthroom remains
Moist with the red blood of
Black ones and white ones.
And the heavens absorb this ruby libation
And reflect it through the night —
The burnt sienna of the night.

Sigrun Biro, '69

DUST

Creeping quiet dust, molded here a thousand years ago:
Softest, greyest light filters over, casting gilded coat,
Giving rounded heaps of mold immortal crust.
Silence shelters wooden beams from rot and age,
Shelters silent men who carved and raised them here,
Keeping strong the aging past in those who come.

Creaking boards protest; silence here is old and undisturbed:
Stillness seeps from cracks long and lost and full of settled dust,
Hidden under mounds of tarnished gold and grey,
Caught in powdered sun that stands in knotty holes;
Held and holding age in timeless moment gap,
Sifting mem'ries, stopping future, storing now.

Creeping quiet dust, molded here a thousand years ago,
Found and left by men, ageless dust a thousand years to come.

Fay Faivre, '68

2 Corinthians 3: 17

First Place—Essay Award

Denyse Lavigne, '69

I couldn't close the blind tonight. The enchantment of the world outside my window compelled me to stop and pause awhile—pause long enough to discover the mystery of a beginning.

Usually I'm rushing around, flying from one minute to another and regretting each hour that has passed. There's no time to stop for things, no time to look at things because I'm always busy finding something else, which is supposed to lead me to still another thing.

But tonight I stopped and just looked at the sky above the stark profile of some buildings. The sun was setting and it almost seems absurd right now to think that I ought to be able to describe it. To say that there were pink-gray ruffle clouds among the tucks of blue makes me furious because blue and pink are standard colors that one can see at any time but those particular shades

that I saw tonight I shall never see again. No, never more do I expect to see that deep melanie spread and those flavel clusters embellished with a puff of farble here and there. You say you've never heard of melanie, flavel and farble? But don't you see . . . that's because you weren't there tonight. And even if you had been, you might have seen some tints of naperline and bingly, unperceivable to me, but you couldn't have seen those flavel clusters because they could have been flavel only to me.

When I saw how vibrant were those fields which lay below the sky, it frightened me. I wanted it to be a postcard. It didn't seem right that it should be so alive when for such a long time I had been so dead to it.

I stared at the buildings in the distance and saw only squares, circles, triangles, and always two of everything. But

the clouds and fields — they knew nothing of a man named Euclid. Yet a vibrant beauty formed in their variety of shapes a natural unity.

The stillness of the evening was suddenly disturbed by the disinterested flight of a brown skylark. This bird seemed not to know or care that it was so abruptly invading the communion between me and the spirit of the world outside my window. It was no part of that world—merely an intruder, for it did not know how to stop and pause for awhile. It could only fly from one thing to another.

Until then I had always loved birds, and in my heart I too, like Shelley, had envied the freedom of a lark. But now for the first time I could see that this bird had never experienced the freedom of encounter.

And finally the sun was almost gone and I could hardly see the sky and fields, but I was not sad for that sunset had shared with me such a mystery that I was left completely at peace. For then I knew that freedom was not inherent in the wings of a bird, but rather, in the breath of a Spirit.

Prayer of a Cactus

Denyse Lavigne, '69

Prick my alive
with the is
of each day

that i may
touch the real
in dirt
and feel the hurt
of an empty
space

but please,
bleed me not
of green things!

CINEMA 1

Lost in the jungle
Looking into the giant blue movie screen
The projector bursts images
In fifty caliber shots.
The director, whose five stars
Demand respect, commands his corps
Among a Hollywood set of bunkbeds and barracks.
Departing from the left, a cast of thousands
Marches to a permanent set
And the scenery disintegrates
On the cutting-room floor.
Stuntmen fall mangled receiving medals
As stand-ins are replaced by a thousand more.
While standing in the darkness of endless aisles
I pick up my head, take my bow, and walk on
With the rest of a continuous cast.

John G. Kirchner, '70

Maybe, Someday

Dixie Mitchell, '70

I was seven years old when we moved the first time and I remember I was scared. I didn't want to move. I liked Mississippi. I remember we had a tree house in our back yard that was my very own tree house. It was way up high and had windows and a real roof and a rope ladder. My mom would bake cookies and bring them out to my best friend, Jimmy, and me, and we used to pretend we'd been stranded for days with nothin' to eat but cookies. It was fun. We had lots of fun—Jimmy and me. We used to go fishin' with Jimmy's dad a lot. He'd take us out in a boat and everything! Once Jimmy even caught a trout!

I sure did like Mississippi. My big brother, John, says I

cried when we moved. I don't know. I might've. But heck, I was just a little kid then.

We lived in California after that. It was fun. We used to go down to the ocean and build sand castles and watch them get torn down when the waves came in. We even got to go to Disneyland! My mom took these two guys and me and we spent the whole day there! I remember I got scared when we took the boat ride through the African jungle and had nightmares that night. But heck, I was just a little kid then.

That was when my baby sister was born. My big brother, John, and me got to stay at my grandma's house. That was the first time I'd ever seen my grandma and I was eight years old! I liked Granny. She made bread that was warm and smelled good. And she made cookies and popcorn and let me stay up late to watch T.V.! My dad says she spoiled us, but I don't think so. I wish we could go back to grandma's, but mom says we can't. She says it's too far away. See, we don't live in California any more. Now we live in Michigan.

We've lived in Michigan for

three years and I like it. In the summer sometimes my mom'll take my best friend, Bruce, and me to Lake Michigan. It's real neat there. They have a great big huge sand hill that's lots of fun to climb and run back down again. But we don't get to go too much 'cause my mom's awful busy and she doesn't have time to take us.

My dad's busy a lot too. He works real hard. I don't know where he works, but mom says he works hard. We don't see him too much but mom says that's 'cause he's busy earning money so we can have all the nice things we have. Sometimes I wish he was home more often so we could play ball and stuff like that. But my big brother, John, says not to mind 'cause he'll play ball with me. But John doesn't play as good as a dad could. When I told John that, he said that just because dad doesn't have the time to play ball with me that doesn't mean he doesn't love me. John says I should try to do things that will make dad proud of me. Like trying to get a VG on my 'rithmetic test.

I'm in the sixth grade now and my teacher's name is Mrs.

Sullivan. She's a nice lady. She helps Bruce and me with our 'rithmetic, and she never gets real mad when we have eraser fights. She told my mom at the PTA meeting that I make her class interesting. Mom said that made her proud of me.

But I won't be in Mrs. Sullivan's class any more. Know why? 'Cause we're moving to Oklahoma. And I don't want to go. Mom promised us when we moved here that we wouldn't have to move any more. She promised! But John says mom can't help it and that I should start acting like I was eleven years old. He says he knows how I feel—he doesn't want to go either, but we should pretend we don't care 'cause it'll make mom feel better. OK. I'll pretend. But I don't want to go. What if my new sixth grade teacher doesn't think I make her class interesting? And who's gonna help me with my 'rithmetic? And who'll Bruce go to Lake Michigan with? And how can we have snowball fights if it doesn't even snow?

But John says I'll get used to moving all the time and never having a real home or a real best friend. He says someday I won't even care any more. I hope he's right.

|
the world
|

A flash of light
And the world started.

Life
and
death

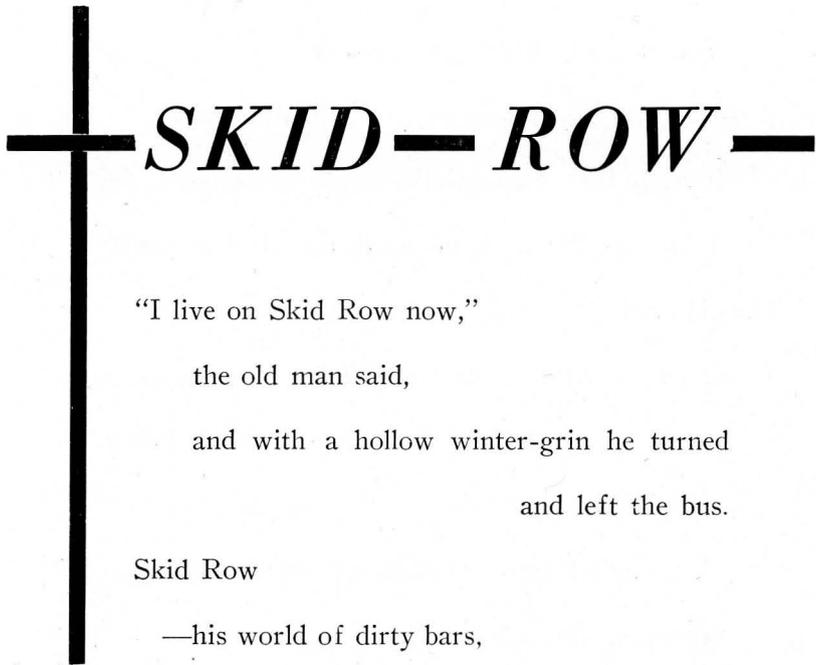
Sin
and
goodness

All mingled —
Intertwined
Without a thought
of equalness.

The why of life
surrounds all men
Yet —
they fail to see.

The flash of light
has left
blind
the soul of man.

Dot Mettel, '69



SKID - ROW -

“I live on Skid Row now,”

the old man said,

and with a hollow winter-grin he turned

and left the bus.

Skid Row

—his world of dirty bars,

frayed, moth-eaten overcoats,

pregnant women,

and ratted hair.

a paradox of tumbling buildings

grasping skyward for a breath of air.

a place where snow is never seen—

no room for it to fall but on the

crowded, trafficked streets.

You strain to watch its whiteness

till you realize

it really isn't snow at all,

but greying slush to match the greying people.

The old ones

—staring vacantly from fourth-floor windows

at life's charade below.

At the children—

clutching lollipops in numb, uncovered hands,

whooping through an alley

or forming urchin-circles on a cement playground.

At the adolescents—

moving in groups

and claiming one identity,

stifling individuality behind their hardened faces.

At the work-weary adults—

women toting weekly wash three blocks to find

a dingy, crowded laundromat.

men swinging metal lunchboxes in freezing fingers,
trudging homeward up a hill

because they have no car.

Tired, haggard, pawn-shop figures of

humanity,

picking jagged paths through

children,

adolescents,

fellow-workers,

toward a door of fingerprints and smudge.

Home!

a darkened hall, and then

two flights of stairs.

A rush of kids,

a kind of dinner,

a TV.—

Skid Row,

Cincinnati.

Jacqueline Tarter, '67



Patti Schurger, '69

PEOPLE

People walk by me and never notice me now, except when they need a place to flick their ashes and dirt. I used to be a record, "The Unfinished Symphony," but people never really noticed me then either; I guess that is why they melted me and molded me into an ashtray. I now am sitting on the window ledge of the art museum. I watch people, all kinds of people, walking by below me in the park and around me through the museum. Most of them run and babble, trying to impress others with their

knowledge, then they go down in the park and try to impress others with their emotions.

Once a little girl came into the museum and ran up to a colorful and impressive painting of a tree and cried out: "Oh Mommy, doesn't that look like the tree where Donnie and Billy built a tree-house in, and those mean old sparrows built a nest in, and where Donnie found those wren's eggs?" Other people walking by merely stared at the child unbelievably, and at the mother scornfully. So, of course, the mother merely answered the child with a "Shh."

I don't understand people. My role in life is to be filled with ashes and dirt. Is theirs, too?

Altitude: 15,000 ft.

the cactus sings in the
quiet, the still
of a mountain pass

so unknown
unassuming
 uninhibited
so rich

it speaks softly
(in a wind-whisper)
and licks up dirt

to hear
to listen
to understand

Denyse Lavigne, '69

the Sun

The old husband dies
and for the wife
half the earth slides into the sea.

von Pyritz, '69

Give me a reason to spin
And I will spin you a web of delicate lace.
A web of lace more beautiful than Jason's golden fleece.
But give me a reason.

Diana Herbe, '68

THE FLICKERING CANDLE

an essay on air pollution

CAROL SCHNELKER, '69

The room is dark, except for a faint candle light in the corner. It is quiet, except for a slight hum being emitted from a battery-operated air conditioner. It's neither cold nor hot in here, yet it is surely uncomfortable. For as far as I know, I'm one of the last living humans on our planet. I believe the problem started close to ninety years ago, around the time of extensive industrial growth. Prosperity was making man comfortable, while the wastes of his prosperity would eventually destroy him. These wastes, the burning of fuels and materials, have consistently contaminated the atmosphere.

Air pollution started as a problem and ended as a disaster.

When I was a boy of about seven, we lived peacefully in a small suburban home. It was a nice neighborhood, full of flowers, trees, and fresh, green grass. This summer wonderland was soon destroyed, though, for one morning we found to our surprise that the flowers and trees were all marked with greasy oil drops. The next morning, the plants began to turn brown and wither. Dirty air began to visibly strike the nation. It was turning the usually fresh night air into a nightmare of grime and dirt.

I remember also that around that time my parents were having sneezing, choking, and eye-watering fits. They always tangled with these seizures when smog was present, then later even on clear days. It wouldn't even help when they enclosed themselves inside the house, for the effects of air pollution still sought them out. My mother died about six years later. And when they examined her lungs, they found them to be covered with soot. Now, who am I to say what that was the result of? But I sure can't help wondering.

Air pollution also affected our environment. It was once that our house needed cleaning only twice a week and the windows washed twice a year. When dirty air invaded our lives, the house required cleaning every day, and still remained unsatisfactory, and the windows needed washing each week. After a night permeated with a strange odor, we woke to find our house had turned a coffee color. The cars also were affected by the overnight attack of pollution. The paint was pebbled and the chrome was tarnished.

Things began to get worse, especially for living objects.

Plants began to deteriorate, making food scarce. People began to get weaker and sicker. The emphysema death rate increased from month to month.

The scientists had it all figured out. Air pollution was the contamination of the atmosphere by the remains of burning particles. These pollents, visible or not, were the result of furnaces, trash piles, oil refineries, and car, bus, train, and truck engines. The scientists noted what air pollution was capable of doing: rotting and soiling clothes, discoloring house paints, rusting metals, marring monuments and buildings, and ruining plants and entire crops. They then came to the final conclusion that air pollution was hazardous to human health and could kill the world's population. All this was known, but not much was done to rid the air of the destructive pollents. I'll admit that some cities went to great means to do what they could, and President Johnson signed a bill back in 1968 requiring all automobile engines to have an exhaust control. Yet, with the majority of the people not taking the time to bother with what they believed unimportant, the peo-

ple who so earnestly fought, fought in vain.

Three weeks ago there was an emergency bulletin out. It seemed that air pollution has at last gotten completely out of hand. It was swiftly closing in on the world. The "lid" of dirty air was pressing down on the world population. It was pushing down on the people who helped build it up. Food became extensively contaminated, fresh oxygen was disappearing, and finally, people too

were passing away. A week ago I retired to this small room. I don't know what it's like outside, but I can imagine.

The batteries in my air conditioner have now burned out; the device is no longer working. As I look at my vault-type door, I notice black air eating through it. The previously air-tight door now has pin point holes in it, and streams of dark air pollutants are heading toward me. The candle has just flickered out.

Soliloquy

It's when I dare to lie in clover
and ease the fibers of soul and flesh
That I exist for one static moment
overcome by my singleness.

O, If I could wail like the tempest wind
and yield salty drops of reality,
I would weep as steady constant rain
until there's nothing left of me.

Mary Brunner, '70

We'd like to add . . .

Once again we've invited someone else to share in the celebration of this, our twenty-fifth year. The following pages contain some recent literary efforts by our present faculty, solely for your enjoyment. It won't be necessary to take notes.

Vignettes of Spring

I.

God makes bouquets with lavish hand—
Each flowering tree a vase
That scarce can hold
Its fragrant load
Of petals frail as lace.

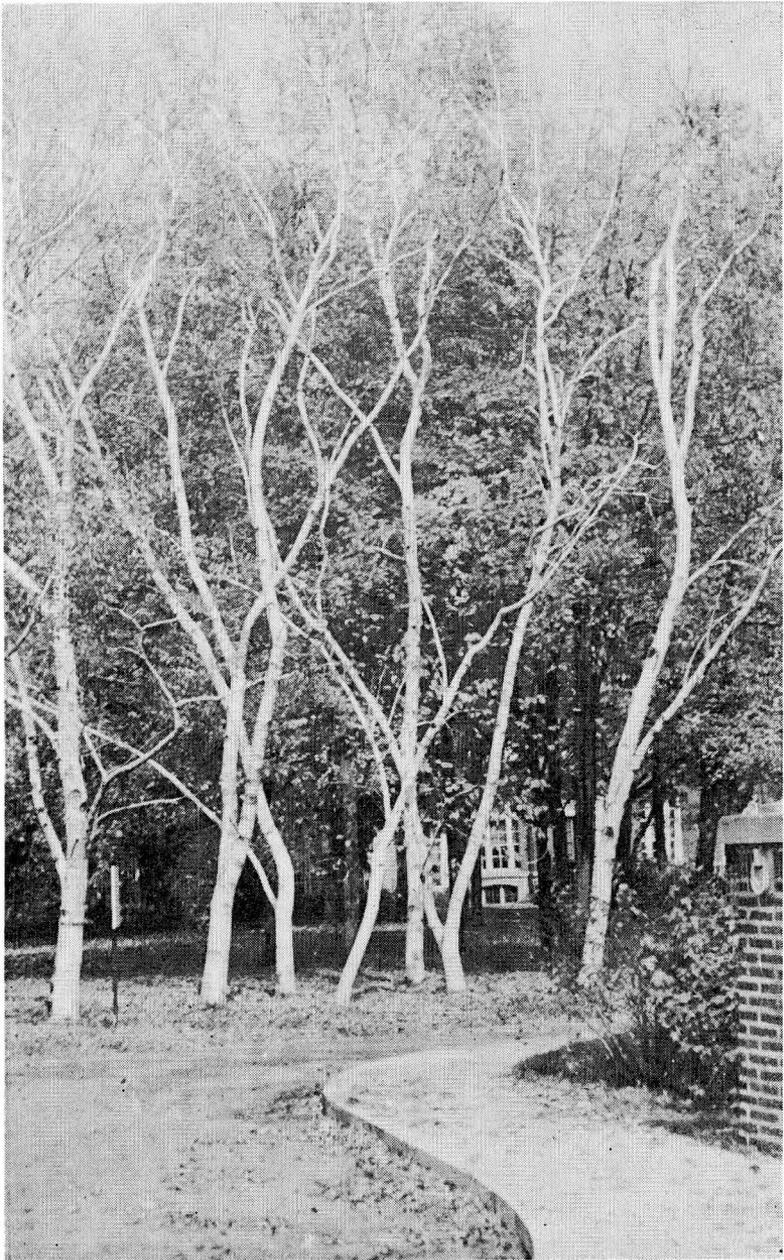
II.

May has treasures to sell—
· Filmy scarf of lilac lace,
Drifts of fragrance rare—
Velvet screen of blossomed boughs,
Violet carpets soft and fair.

III.

Last night
A storm swept by
Today a fragrant rain
Of lilac petals forms a soft
Light pool.

Sister Clarence Marie, O.S.F., M.A.
Librarian



Ghosts at Marian

They stand

Some tall, some bowed, some bent.

Where?

Just at the turn in the road there.

When?

At night, when all is quiet and dark.

White?

Ghostly so with arms outstretched.

Why?

To grab you when you pass that way?

No, to bless you, day after day.

They are the white birch boughs overhead.

Sister Mary Jane, O.S.F., M.A.
Art Department

Dionysia au Go-Go

(Lines Written at Daymon's)

In the lavender moon
the erotic zebra
wails a dithyramb
as the writhing satyrs
rub their buttocks
toward the sun.

A black Leda
slithers across the floor
crying for a bird
while tight-lipped Sibyls
close their eyes
and sip white wine.

Niobe is stoned
and the gorgons
laugh.

Gian Lawrence Darretta, M.A.
English Department

AFRICA

SUMMER
1966

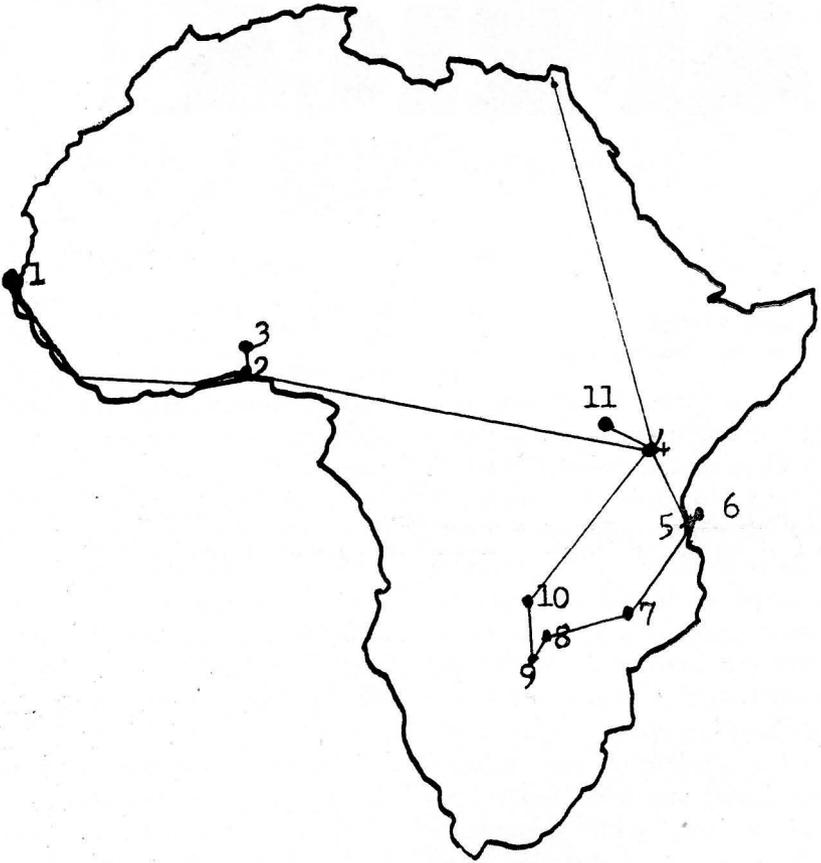


Mary Haugh, M.A.
Sociology Department

Last spring I was fortunate to be among twelve Midwestern college and university teachers chosen to spend the summer in an intensive study tour of Sub-Saharan Africa. Our program varied from place to place. In all countries there were a number of lectures by university professors and government officials; interviews with government officials on the national, regional, and local levels; and discussions with community development, education and church leaders. Usually the American ambassador spoke to us at his office or entertained us at a reception. U.S.A.I.D. and Peace Corps personnel briefed us on their responsibilities. Many discussions on a variety of topics developed with people we met casually while we were bargaining in markets or with street vendors or while

looking over the white settler haunts. We received a cordial welcome in most countries. People seemed eager to meet a serious group of Americans and to discuss candidly their responsibilities or interpretations of important issues. We could not have had access to more top level government and university personnel or have been treated more graciously if we had been a group of U. S. senators.

SENEGAL After a briefing at the United Nations by the African ambassadors to the United States and to the United Nations, we flew via Pan-Am to Dakar, Senegal, where we were introduced to the problems of the American specialist studying in a newly independent country. Most of us spent some time just walking through the markets trying to rid ourselves of culture shock and to acquire some of the local atmosphere.



1. Dakar, Senegal
2. Lagos, Nigeria
3. Ibadan, Nigeria
4. Nairobi, Kenya
5. Dar es Salaam, Tanzania
6. Zanzibar
7. Blantyre, Malawi
8. Lusaka, Zambia
9. Victoria Falls, Rhodesia
10. Kitwe, Zambia
11. Kampala, Uganda

NIGERIA From Dakar we flew to Nigeria where we visited U.S.A.I.D. community development projects but focused attention on the new Universities of Lagos and Ibadan. An afternoon with Wole Soyinka introduced us to Nigerian literature. Soyinka, the most gifted dramatist in Africa today, is already well-known for his plays and has recently published his first novel, *The Interpreters*, which is considered the most complex fiction to emerge from Nigeria. Tribal differences were noted at a party given for us by Flora Nwapa, Nigeria's first woman novelist. Amid intensive political discussion Hausa, Ibo, and Yoruba artists and writers dressed in their distinctive tribal garb taught us the High Life, the West African version of the frug, and introduced us to Nigerian delicacies.

Nigeria was in a state of political upheaval off and on all during 1966. The airport at Lagos was our first encounter with the African police state. We were fortunate to leave Lagos before the July coup when the airport was the scene of some of the most intensive fighting.

KENYA Nairobi is the most

European city of Sub-Saharan Africa—with wide streets and boulevards, beautiful parks, and plush hotels for the tourists. (We stayed at the university hostel.) The Africans have taken over the government but the Asians (Indians) still run the business. The African slums were a shock—even to an American sociologist.

We spent some time in Parliament and were present the day President Jomo Kenyatta appeared to hear Tom Mboya present the latest five year economic development plan. In between these informative sessions we visited schools, mission stations, and native settlements. At the Nairobi Game Park we saw lions, zebras, wildebeests, and a vast array of other game roaming wild. A leopard was found in a biscuit factory inside the city limits of Nairobi one morning just before we left. The Minister for Labour, who is a Kikuyu, is a graduate of Antioch College and received a doctorate in economics from Berkeley. He gave a sundowner and Kikuyu barbecue for us. The sundowner included a wide variety of British alcoholic beverages and hors d'oeuvres while the Kikuyu barbecue in-

volved a goat roasted on an open spit then eaten with the fingers.

A highlight of the trip was a session with the archaeologist, Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, who has discovered the earliest human remains, the Nutcracker Man, which dates back 1.8 million years and who has recently excavated hominoids, man-like creatures, which he dates 20 million years ago. Driving through miles of wilderness to Leakey's early diggings at Olorgesailie, we were thrilled by the sight of tall giraffes browsing on the tops of acacia trees. Miles out in the bush we came across a Masai, complete with spear, ochre paint, and red shift, leaning against a battered sign, "Drink Pepsi Cola."

The Africanization of the Catholic Church is an interesting phenomenon — especially since most of the priests are from Ireland. Can you imagine a sermon delivered in Swahili with a rich Irish accent?

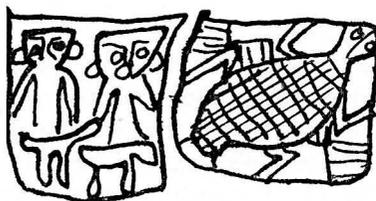
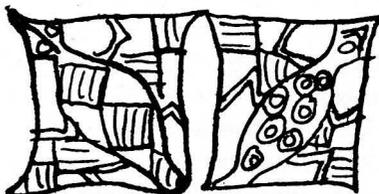
We were introduced to authentic bush life when we spent a weekend at the Quaker mission, Kaimosi Training School, in Northwest Kenya. Our meals were cooked on the tra-

ditional three-stone open oven and we slept on sisal mattresses. When our arrival was broadcast over the mission ham radio, Peace Corps volunteers, alumni of Indiana Central College, hitchhiked over to see us. A member of our group requested medical attention at the mission infirmary and was given the usual application form. In completing the form she left blank the line requesting the name of her tribal chief. The mission doctor came to her assistance and supplied the initials. "LBJ."

TANZANIA From Nairobi we flew down to Dar es Salaam, the beautiful "Haven of Peace" and capitol of Tanzania, where we stayed at a Lutheran hostel on the shore of the Indian Ocean. Here we looked into the educational problems of a newly independent country. We were amazed to see primary schools that had *no* equipment—not even chalk and blackboard. The teacher tells the children something which they memorize and recite back to her. In contrast the new University College on the hills outside Dar es Salaam is striking in its ultra-modern design. Tanzanian students, as is true of

most African students, receive their university education free of any cost to themselves. Most African university students regard themselves as an elite class. In November, President Nyerere sent home half the university students because of their unwillingness to give 24 months of service as teachers at 40 per cent of the usual salary after their graduation from the university. A one day trip to Zanzibar, the island of cloves, was illuminating. We met some Chinese Communist officials and were alarmed to see a group of Zanzibar Boy Scouts leave for youth camps in East Germany. Another interesting side trip was made to Bagamoyo, the old Arab slave post on the Indian Ocean. This is the point from which the great explorers—Livingstone, Burton, Speke—went into the Dark Continent.

MALAWI From Dar es Salaam we flew via an old Air Malawi DC-3 to Blantyre—Limbe where the University of Malawi is in its first year of operation. Faculty members provided lectures on recent political developments. We spent a delightful weekend at Lake Malawi, the future Switzerland of Africa. Sunday Mass



was a unique experience in a bush church with a Mass sung magnificently in Yao by the congregation.

ZAMBIA The Blantyre to Lusaka trip was another wild DC-3 flight—landing on dirt airstrips and in one place, buzzing the field to get the zebras off so we could land. The main feature in Lusaka was a series of discussions with leaders of various African liberation movements from Rhodesia, the Republic of South Africa, and Southwest Africa. One night the airmail section of the post office was blown up—just one block from where we were staying. Sometimes Lusaka had a wartime atmosphere with the daily take-off of an RAF jet squadron to fly down over Salisbury and remind Ian Smith of British power.

The "Folk Song and Dance Group of China" stayed at the same hotel where we were. They were doing a one-week stand in Zambia to raise money for the University of Zambia. The performance they gave at the University, at which we were guests, was "a gift from the Chinese government to the students and faculty of the university." The opening state-

ment on the program was: "To make art and literature a component part of the whole revolutionary machine" (Mao Tse-Tung). The program would have been impossible without Mao. Some of the hit numbers were: "There Comes the Envoy Sent by Chairman Mao,"; "The Best Era Is the Era of Mao Tse-Tung"; "The Thought of Mao Tse-Tung Shines Like Gold"; "Chairman Mao's Soldiers Take the Party's Words to Heart"; "Chairman Mao Is a Member of Our Commune." My favorite was "I Am Producing Petroleum for the Motherland." These Chinese men and women were excellent dancers with much drum beating and flourishing of guns to "Militant Africa" and to "Our Heroic Sisters in South Viet Nam."

Again by DC-3 we flew up to Ndola and the Copper Belt. A one day visit to the world's largest underground copper mine was fascinating. At Kitwe we were only ten miles from the Congo but red-tape prevented us from getting in. Kitwe is a few miles from the site where Dag Hammarskjold was killed.

RHODESIA One of the

world's most spectacularly beautiful sights is Victoria Falls. It is almost impossible to describe—so majestic it is, with double rainbows everywhere. A Sunday cruise down the Zambezi River gave us our only view of hippopotami—that were sleeping peacefully in shallow water.

UGANDA Kampala was still under martial law as a result of the May 23 rebellion. Curfew was shortened to 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. just before we arrived. Fortunately we were staying on campus at Makerere College so our evening activities were not seriously hampered. David Rubadiri, former Malawi Ambassador to the United Nations and to the United States and internationally known poet, who is now on the Makerere faculty, was our host. A close call with the police occurred when one of our camera fiends tried to take a picture of the Kabaka's Palace where most of the May fighting had taken place. Immediately we were surrounded by armed police and soldiers. After an agonizing few minutes we were let off with a stern warning. Yet later we went to a big reception for President Obote where there

was no evidence of security provisions.

IMPRESSIONS As a whole we were favorably impressed with what we found in these new African countries. Each nation seems to be struggling to achieve political stability. We met and admired many able African leaders, yet we met others who did not measure up to their tasks. Education seems to be at the core of the problem. There is a shortage of trained men at every level. We were dismayed to see the vast sums of money invested in the physical plants of the new universities. Each student has a private room, yet half the population still does not have access to any education. Technical assistance in agriculture and education is needed by all these countries. The grinding poverty of the masses is in sharp contrast to the standards of living of the educated elite. We came home optimistic about the political futures of these countries. The experience of meeting and discussing with government and education leaders and with many private citizens plus the impressions and facts we collected should be of great value to us.

to a philosophic stevedore

Dalí-eyed melting
over thomistic beak
breathing
the dead smells of kant
making me
a minor premise (categorically
speaking) while
elevating
my possibilities of
ravishing a stone

locke me not—ye gawain
of the guessing ring
But
sing me a song of huesca
and dance me a dance of donnamere

and then,
let's go on from there.

Gian Lawrence Darretta, M.A.
English Department

THE CRY

IN

THE WIND

Sister Marie Pierre,
O.S.F., Ph.D.
German Department

Cal Epson's face was reflected in the window of the day coach rumbling across Pennsylvania terrain heading west. The face was boyish, eager. Clear gray eyes looked into the glass. Mouth smiled to mouth. The tilt of the head showed anticipation; the eyes strained forward for a glance of the approaching landscape.

The conductor entered the coach at the far-end announcing: "Spencerville. Spen — cer — ville. Out this way!"

"Just three more stops. Just three more stops. I can hardly wait. There's Quarten, then Junction Station, then Epson. I wonder how things will look?" he mused. There will be the big sign first, two miles before Junction Station — the

swinging cable cars, slack pile, a pile as high as — Cal used to say as a little fellow — as high as the sky. The pile was visible for miles around. It was here the slack was dumped from the carts which came from the mines. The carts were big — eight people could stand in them when they were empty and then rattle some. The carts travelled back and forth from seven in the morning to seven in the evening. They worked during daylight hours only. These carts rode back and forth with their slack from the mine, rode out to the pile, dumped their diggings and creaked back to the starting point once more. It was a two way cable. Some carts were going to the pile while the others were on their way back empty. Cal had on occasion ridden them as boy, at first with his father or with one of the foremen, and later, after he had been considered dependable, by himself. Of course, there were also the times in between, when Cal couldn't wait for that maturity to come and he had ridden alone. But his father had trusted him and Cal loved it. Now, he was back for good. He had served his stint in the army

and was honorably discharged. He would pick up his old life where he had left it.

Cal smiled into the window. His folks didn't know he was coming. His discharge had come early; and in the end, when he was leaving, he decided he would surprise his parents. He was their only son, the one who would inherit the Epson Mines. These mines had been in the family for two hundred years, were still yielding well, had been modernized and the best of it all was that Cal wanted to operate the family business — mining. He had always, even as a little boy, talked about mining someday. He understood the mines and mining; he was interested. He knew also that the competition was growing in the area. Soft Coal Mining Corporation had wanted to buy out his father. But Mr. Epson had refused to sell meaning to keep the mines in Epson hands. Things had looked bad for several months, according to his father's latest letters, and Cal couldn't wait until he could get into the fight. Of course it was their mine and no Corporation could take it away from them. No Corporation

could close them down or force them away. He understood that much. The mine was theirs — the Epsons' and that's where it would remain.

The young face was grim now. The sun was nearing the four o'clock margin when Cal suddenly jerked his head back, then plunged forward once more as the big slack pile loomed in the distance. At the same time the conductor put his head in at the door of the coach and sang rather than called, "Junction Station in five minutes. This way out."

"If I get out at Junction Station," Cal reasoned with himself, "I could hike the mile to the slack pile, climb its slope. That would take perhaps a half hour. I could ride across the valley in a slack cart and save myself a three mile trek along the secondary dirt road leading up to Epson."

Cal picked up his duffle bag, threw it over his shoulder, tipped his cap at a jaunty angle and walked to the train exit. When the train jerked to a stop he jumped off and walked to the road from which he cut toward the slack pile. His enthusiasm was growing and he could hear his father's "It's Cal, Mother!" He could feel

the grip of his hand and the firm clasp on his shoulder. He could also see his mother's smile, always so gentle, and hear her "Son!" as she clasped him to her.

"Harvey," said Mary Eps-son gently, "Harvey, you told them you weren't going to sell, didn't you?"

"Yes, but they won't hear of it. They think because they've added fifty thousand to the initial offer I'll sell. They are trying to make the offer so good I'll not be able to turn it down. It looks as if they're trying to force me to a sell-out. And a sell-out is just not what we want here. There's been talk about their bringing in their own miners. Our men know all this."

"What do our men say about it?"

"That's the worst part."

"What do you mean, Har-vey?"

"If they'd come right out and say something I could stand it better. But I catch some of the men, mostly the old timers, looking at me with that expectant look..."

"Expectant look?"

"Yes, as if they were wait-
ing for me to say something.

I can't do this to them."

"Of course not."

"Those fellows just want to make the offer so good that I can't turn it down. I'd be a fool to. But . . .," he stopped, chewed on his lower lip.

"But?"

"But I'm going to turn it down. I can't go back on the men, our men. They've always stuck with us. We, I can't let them down." Harvey Eps-son stopped and turned to his wife.

"But all that money! It's a lot. Just think of all we could do with it! I dream about it, and all that it could mean keeps dancing around in my head, pushing me to sign on the dotted line. Keep us snug and warm, let us have security for our old age when it comes." He had walked to the kitchen window, and now stood look-
ing out for a few moments. He turned to his wife shaking his head.

"But I'm not going to sign on the dotted line. I can't leave our men, our workers, out in the cold. We've been promised a few things, but nothing sub-
stantial. There's no mention of anything specific in writing. I feel it's all empty phrases. Why, they'd even turn our men against us if they could.

They are trying," he sighed audibly, "to exert pressures of this kind. I don't know what more I can do." He sat down.

His wife put a comforting hand on his as it lay on the table. They had just finished the afternoon coffee session which they usually enjoyed together at this time of day. They had continued sitting there discussing the knottiest of problems finding it a consolation to talk the matter over. The last year had not been an easy one for Harvey Epton. He was a miner as had been his father, his grandfather and his great grandfather. The Epton mines had been started by Cyrus Epton in the middle of the nineteenth century and all the Epton men had worked hard at it, had made it work and had mined good coal. At all times the markets had been open for Epton coal. The Epton Mines had been able to keep open when many other mines had to close down because they no longer yielded any coal. The Epton mines had managed to keep open, even if sometimes with a minimum crew, and had given men work and pay through all those years. Harvey Epton had not believed all that drivel about his crews'

wanting to quit or other nonsense now being mouthed by the Soft Coal Company and their propaganda. He had talked to his foreman and all the men were loyal. They also seemed to know what was going on. The outsiders couldn't do anything to them

Mary Epton stopped at her husband's chair as she moved about the kitchen tidying.

"I wish Cal were here," she said a bit tremulously. "I don't like all this business having lawyers in, investigating and sticking their noses in. If Cal were here, he'd help us fight. He'd back up everything you've said." Her hands were fisted as they rested on the edge of the table.

Harvey picked them up and smoothed them over gently, relaxing them. "I'm glad he isn't here. Not in all this mess. You know how hot-headed he can get. He'd fire up at them and stir them up more."

"Maybe we should stir up their hornet's nest. They can't touch us."

"That's what I keep telling myself. But they are a powerful bunch. Their money can work miracles, their kind of miracles. I don't trust a single one, but they are powerful.

We'll have to move cautiously." He got up from his place at the table and walked to the sink to wash his hands. Drying them on a paper towel he looked out at the sheds. Two men in top coats and hats gesticulating with a finality that could only mean an ultimatum came around the shed on the far right. They headed for a long black car parked on the black-topped road leading to the office-shed. A moment later the foreman, Matt Broder, who

towered head and shoulders over the two shorter squat figures, appeared. He had apparently been delayed. He caught up with the two men swinging along as though eager to get along and away. Matt was talking to them now, pointing to the house. They stopped and looked in the direction he was pointing, now with his arm and again with his head. Matt was loyal, that Epson knew, and he also un-
(Cont'd. on page 58)

GOSSIP

Sister Miriam Clare,
O.S.F., M.C.
Home Economics Department

Beware
Of the tongue
That breaks its sheath,
And flashes forth
With lightning speed
To cut
And tear—
Scrape raw the wound
So lately healed,
Probing,
Unpityingly,
Relentlessly,
Until its squirming prey
Lies mute,
Helpless,
Broken
By its pointed fury.

Hands
The Hands of Christ

With the hand,
He wrote in the sand
To safeguard the sinner.

With His Hands
Raised to His Heavenly Father
He blessed us.

THE HANDS OF A KING

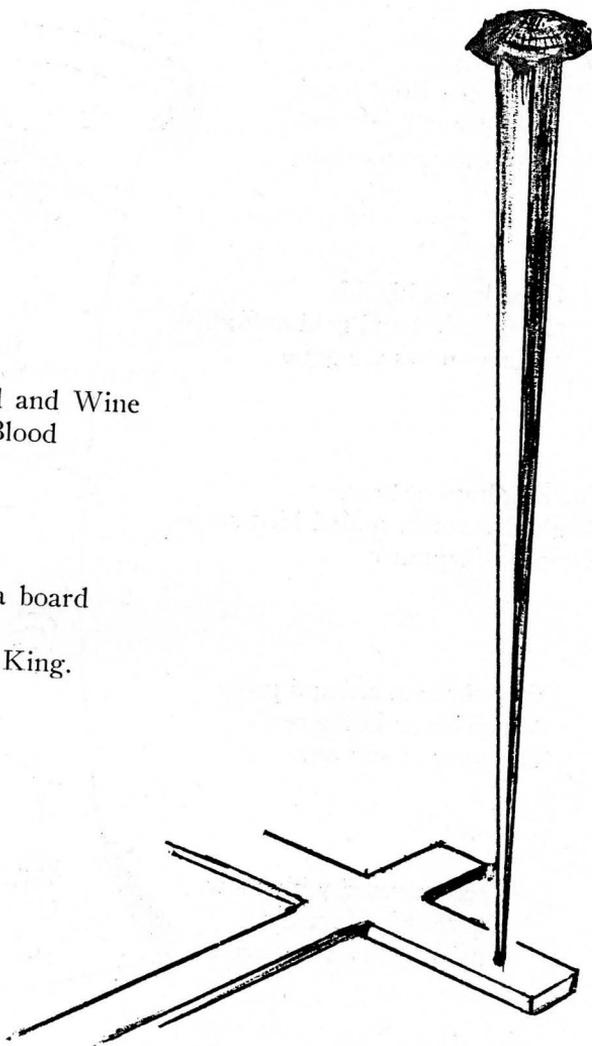
With them,
He touched the sick
And they were healed.

With them
Folded in prayer
He taught us to pray.

With them
Clinched in agony,
He prayed for us.

With them
He served Bread and Wine
His Body and Blood
To feed us.

And then —
Those Hands
Were pinned to a board
With nails.
The Hands of a King.



Sister Mary Jane, O.S.F., M.A.
Art Department

Nature's Tapestry

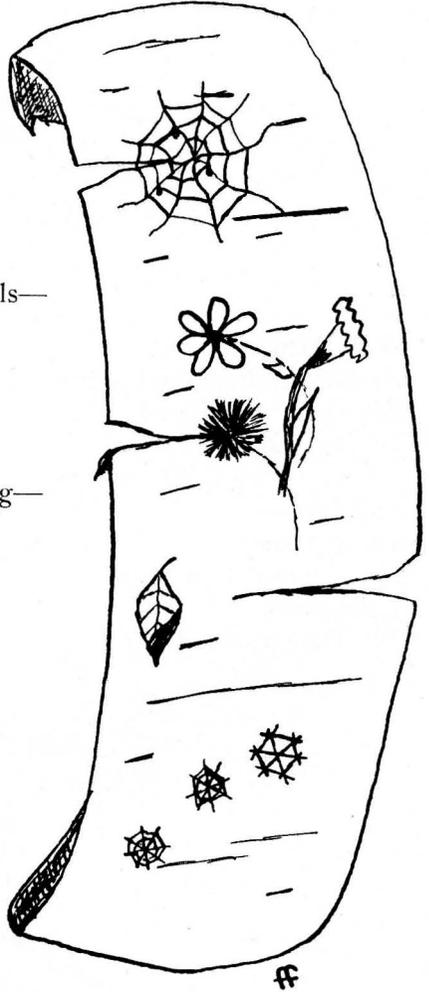
The dew drop jewel
In silver filigree web
Adorns the morning

On a brown hillside
Green spikes and gold daffodils—
Winter snows are gone

The soft hum of bees,
Bright blossoms, muted bird song—
Essence of summer

Trees brown, red and gold
A lone heron in the reeds
The autumn sun sets

Trees covered with snow
Dazzle of reflected sun
The world is transformed



Sister Marina, O.S.F., M.S.
Physics Department

CROCUSES

Purple heralds of wondrous Spring
What message do you bring?

“Each time you trod
Upon the sod—
Each time you pluck
My nodding cup
Think . . .
I was made by God.

Each time you view
My purple hue—
Each time you stroke
My Velvet cloak
Think . . .
God made me for you.

Be still—
Glory in His love!”

Sister Miriam Clare, O.S.F., M.S.
Home Economics Department

CINDERELLA

a verse story

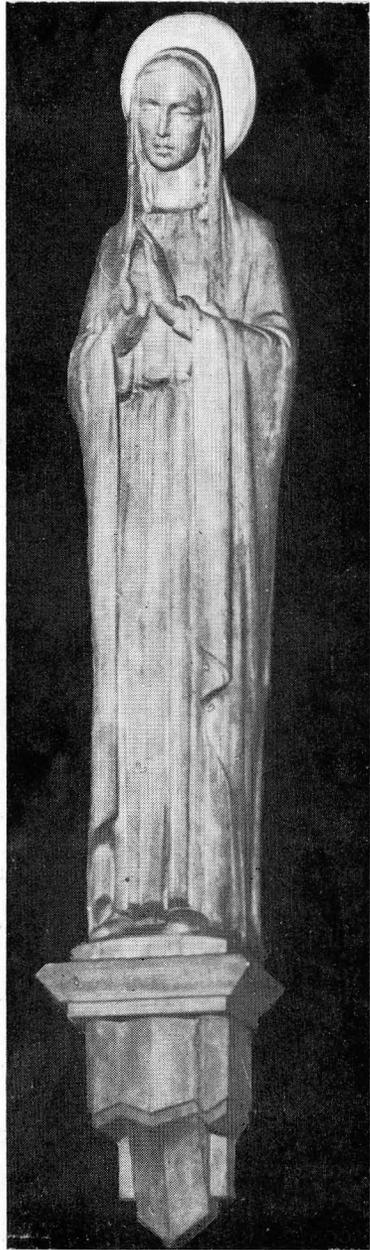
There was a lowly little maid
Who lived in Galilee;
Her richer neighbors passed her by,
Her beauty failed to see.

There came from heaven's court one day
a herald of the King;
He brought a message glad and sweet
That made her young heart sing.

And now she reigns above the skies . . .
The stars her golden crown,
And at her feet . . . oh, wondrous tale,
The silver slipper of the moon!

Sister Clarence Marie, O.S.F., M.A.

Librarian



(Cont'd. from page 51)
derstood the reasons behind the decision not to sell. The miners were satisfied, operation was modern, wages were good, the times were good; and business was the best it had been. The Epsons' name would stay with the mine. That was the final word.

Epson saw Matt break away from the two men who were now standing at their car and come toward the house. The men watched him cut across the road for the house where now Epson walked out the kitchen door to meet him.

"Mr. Epson, sir, they think you may still want to reconsider — change your mind — about the mine. They want to be certain that you understand what it could mean, sir. And sir, they're tough — as tough as any I've met. Tougher, if I may say so, than the two who were here last week. They can kill, sir. They mean to, sir, if you don't sell out. They're saying they're giving you until six tonight, sir." He stopped talking, looking expectantly at Mr. Epson.

"We're not selling," each word was an explosion from between clenched teeth. "I'd sooner close down the mine.

Those . . . those fellows won't intimidate us. This is our mine and we'll work it our way. We'd sooner shut down than let those sharks move in. We won't sell. Tell them that's final."

"Yes, sir." Matt Brody smiled broadly at his boss and then sobered again. This order was what he had expected all the time. Thirty years he'd been working at the Epson Mines and he knew, too, that this was the right thing to do. No strangers were going to be tolerated in this neighborhood where the Epsons' integrity was known and respected for generations. These people couldn't be scared so easily. They'd weathered together all the hard times; and as for the better days, well, there'd been plenty of those, too.

Mr. Epson watched Matt return to the men still standing at the car, saw them get in and drive away in a swirl of dust. When the automobile finally made the curve where the land sloped, he walked briskly down the path where Matt would pass on his way when he returned from delivering his message. Determination was obvious from the set of his jaw; and his eyes were grim

under the firm line of eye-brow.

"Matt," he called, when he was within speaking distance. "It is now about four. Notify the men on the six o'clock shift there'll be no six o'clock shift today. Tell them to stay home. We'll send their pay to them later. They'll know what's up all right. They'll comply. You'll remember how we discussed all this might lead to a possible shut-down a week ago. They're all with us. Tell them it may take a few weeks, but it's important that we take this stand. God knows we don't want to close down, but if they want to keep their work and save the mine this is the only way. I hope those fellows won't come back here again to disturb our peace and I hope they don't send any more of their agents to harass the men. The shut-down will be hard enough on them." He stopped a moment, looking almost fiercely at the man facing him. Then he added, "Meet me at the shed before the men come up. We'll check each one as he comes up, give him his paycheck. When they're all through the gate, we'll stop the machines, the elevators, the carts with slack, everything.

When all lights are out and the gates locked we'll sit by and wait."

Cal started to climb the slack pile. It was solid enough to support him. With head bent he threw his body forward. He kept alert to his progress toward the top. With each advance the sound of the wheels, the squeak of the turning cable, and the clanking iron chains and carts increased in volume. It sounded like home up here. The sharp smoke smell filled his nostrils until it enveloped his whole being. This was his life. With increasing impatience and eagerness Cal could finally make out the top of the pile. How his memory stirred! Many were the times he took this ride. The exhilaration of being borne across the deep valley between the slack pile which grew higher and steeper with each year and the other hill, actually the plane where the mine buildings, shaft elevator, and the sheds lay strung along the crest of the hill opposite about half a mile away. Once in the big iron cart, slightly longer than wide, and higher than even a tall man, the whole view below was cut off and the rider could

see only the sky, intense blue sky or gray, or sometimes storm torn clouds. No song birds flew over the area, but on occasion Cal had seen buzzards circling and ready to swoop down on some carrion. If one were lucky and they flew close enough, one could even see their beady eyes hungry for the feast.

Now Cal stood at the edge where the next cart would pass. As the cart came up to him, he threw his bag to the bottom, gripped the side of the cart as it tilted and vaulted over its side. Once inside, the top of his head just reached the top of the cart. His heart beat fast for joy and he flexed his arms and legs before sitting down on his bag. The squeaks and clanks were an almost musical accompaniment to his whistling. He loved these sounds; there was a comfort of home in them. Suddenly, the cart jerked backward violently, pendulated a few times and became motionless. A chain reaction seemed to be set in motion when all along the line the carts coming or going created a fulsome and continuous sound which made the air vibrate with loud whispering

reverberations. As the sound drifted off and became silent, the hooting signals began, sharply punctuated sounds with urgent overtones. Then silence except for the sighing air.

The cart continued to swing back and forth, almost lazily. After a reaction of wonder, his impatience grew to a refined fear and finally became panic. Cal grasped the sides of the cart, drew himself taut against the sides and began to call. He continued to call until he was hoarse and collapsed exhausted into the interior. His voice was thrown back to him each time. No one heard him below.

Six months later the whistle sounds floated in the air about the mine site. Men were walking to the shaft elevator. By the clock it was six in the morning and the morning was a clear crisp one. The early shift was on its way down. Later the carts began to move, slowly at first, squeaking in protest, then swinging along to the accompaniment of hum, squeak and grind. They moved along the cable one after the other, each one waiting its turn to be filled at the platform.

