

The background of the entire image is a solid, deep green. Overlaid on this background is a complex, abstract pattern of white lines. These lines are primarily straight and form various geometric shapes, including triangles, quadrilaterals, and polygons of different sizes. Some lines are thick and bold, while others are thin and delicate. The lines intersect and overlap in a way that creates a sense of depth and movement, resembling a modernist or mid-century modern design. The overall effect is a dynamic and visually engaging composition.

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The First Driving Lesson

There comes a time in every young man's life that usually causes the first major break in parent-son relations. It comes with the desire to drive the family car.

Johnny, our budding young driver, usually breaks the ice with a subtle approach as this:

"Dad, all the guys are getting cars to drive to school, and I was wondering. . ."

"We only live two blocks, John, and you can walk!"

"But, Dad I need a car," John retaliated.

"What for?"

John had violated a lawyer's first rule: never decoy yourself into a question for which you don't have an answer. His only alternative was to stalk out of the room in order to show his father he had so many uses for a car that the question was too obvious to answer.

John let his father think about it for a while, for our boy is too clever to keep pressing the point with his father. He took the line of least resistance which all sixteen-year-olds will do.

John's line of least resistance was forty-two years old, had black hair with a touch of grey, and the apple of her eye was her one and only son, John, a

CHARLES ROBINSON, '62

fact that the latter relied on tremendously.

Several days after speaking to Dad, John reverted his attack to his mother.

"Mom, you know I'll be sixteen in two more weeks and I was wondering if. . ."

"Son, we can't afford to buy you a car. We just don't have the money."

Boy, she cut me off. I've got to think, John thought. Then it struck him.

"How about you letting me drive your car?"

"We'll see," was all she said, but John knew he had won. When any mother says "We'll see," she might as well say "O.K."

In a few weeks occurred the greatest event in any sixteen-year-old's life. Johnny was going out to drive. Visualize the scene: Mother standing in the driveway firing instructions to both of them: father and son.

"Now be careful and look both ways and don't go fast and. . ."

"I'll be careful, Mom," was the reassuring reply.

"Yes, dear," answered Dad with the favorite cliché of hen-pecked husbands.

She looked at both of them and then said:

"Wait a minute while I get my coat. I'm going too." She had to protect her prodigy from the wrath of Dad, although she had never driven a day in her life.

Now the three of them are moving down a country road. Mother is still firing words of caution which Johnny doesn't

hear because he is wondering when Dad is going to let him have the wheel and Dad doesn't hear because he is wishing he were home watching the basketball game on television.

Finally, the moment arrives. We are now fifteen miles from nowhere, out among the sheltering pines and Johnny is adjusting himself behind the wheel. Good old John, with all the confidence of sixteen years, promptly turns the ignition key, presses the accelerator and the roar of the engine is music to his ears. After putting the car in gear and assuring Mother, for the seventeenth time, that he'll be careful, he begins to release the clutch which will send him and his two passengers sailing down the road. There is a sudden jolt, then another, and then silence. Dad informs Johnny needlessly:

"You've killed it," which is an idiomatic expression meaning that if we had a newer car instead of this old rattle-trap (three years old) it wouldn't have died on us. By this time Mother is near hysterics and Dad uses the incident as a good excuse to hurry back to catch the second half of the game. Thus ends John's first driving lesson.

My "Two" Sisters

MARY ALICE CHANCE, '62

Why did she do it? She was such a popular girl in high school, always so active and happy. What makes a young girl like this one join a religious order, especially just after graduation? Why didn't she want the exciting life of a college student instead of the life of a religious behind gray convent walls? As I sat in the drab parlor of the convent, all these questions, and many more flashed through my mind.

It was visiting day and the first time we, our family, had seen my sister for three months. Listening to her talk, I began to recall the happy days of our

childhood. She is the older by two years, and we are, I suppose, typical sisters. Oh, we had our arguments and fights and spankings, but she was always there when I needed her. Maybe she spoiled me; she certainly pampered me, for no matter what happened, she was there to build up my hopes, to share my joys, to wipe away my tears.

As the years passed, we grew up together. And only one who has or has had an older sister can begin to realize the fun we had. We wore each other's clothes, arranged each other's hair, plucked each other's eyebrows, and did all the other

wonderful things that life allows girls to do—only we did them together. It seems so long ago, yet I remember distinctly the magical night of my first formal dance. I attended only after my sister's continued insistence. She let me wear her formal and applied all the finishing touches to my appearance.

She was a friend, a comforter, a confessor; but mainly, she was a big sister. And because she means so much to me I would like to share her with everyone. Her faith is like a daisy, delicate and yet stalwart. Even though a Catholic high school education was denied her, she lived her religion in her school life and in her associations with her fellow students. Hope fills her whole life as the sweet scent of roses fills the room where they stand. Life is not an easy thing and she had her bad days, too. In fact, she had a few more than most people; but she never faltered, she never hesitated. She had to choose between right and wrong daily, just as we all do, but her choice was always for God. Her charity is like a flower that blooms every day of the year and disperses its beauty to those around it. And these

characteristics enabled her to be a good Catholic girl, and finally gave her the strength to follow her vocation.

A smile never left her face, and she showered kind words on those around her. She studied hard and made very good grades, but more important she learned how to live with others—a lesson we all must learn. She dated a little, but seemed to be waiting for that special Someone to come along, and He did. He called her, not on the telephone, or even audibly, but He did call, and she gave up all to follow Him.

Now as Sister Mary Virgil sat talking gaily to our parents, she bubbled over with happiness. She was happy, happy as someone in love, for she was in love, in love with God, and so much in love that she gave herself to Him.

But, dear sister, our days of being together are gone, and each of us has chosen her own way to happiness. I leave you reluctantly, but hope to share you with many.

I hope that those others who meet my sister through me will also better understand why a girl like this should give up all to follow Him, her Love, her Someone.

The Challenge

If I should speak the thoughts that fill my mind
And free these captives of my cowardly soul,
I dare not hope for criticism kind
From listeners who must assume a role.
My words would fall on dull, misshapen ears
Untuned to wisdom of obscurity
Whose form was hewn by hammering of years
A common form—a false security.
For thus, the mind of man is always weak
To thwart the standards of majority;
With patterned minds, they puppet-like would speak
Of non-conformists—fools' minority.
I'd judge it worth the risk of ridicule
To prove one listener, not I, the fool.

NANCY ZORE, '60

Dangerous

Precedent

LOUISE DIVER, '59

Judge Dan Thompson rolled back the tall, black chair tiredly, pushed himself up from its leather cushion. Straightening his left leg by a firm clasp-down on the knee, he stepped off the rostrum. It is time, he thought as he walked to his office at the rear of the Court.

time to give up this business. What Margaret says is true, "Dan, I know you think I'm a broken record," and usually he would keep looking out the dinette window, watching the robins. Sometimes he heard the remainder of the "record": . . . "some men can take that work. To them it's just a pay check, and they let it slide out of their minds like water off a duck's back. But you, Dan, you try to give every case the benefit of all you have studied and read and learned the past 35 years. You've earned a break. And if you want an office of your own, you could". . .

Closing the door between the court chamber and his office, Judge Thompson walked the worn path to his desk, pulled open its wide middle drawer. He bent down to look into the drawer in which he was shuffling papers purposefully. There it was, the plain, white sealed envelope, unaddressed. He wedged it firmly into the right lower corner of his desk blotter, then sat down. The chair squeaked as he, tilted back, interlocked his fingers close to his face and put the paired index fingers to his lower lip, the pose the Judge always took when he weighed thoughts as if the to

and fro movement helped resolve problems.

"If I could interpret squeaks," his secretary had once said about the chair, "I would know in advance your decisions." The Judge was glad tonight that his secretary was not there to hear squeaks, possibly read thoughts. He had a decision to make, tonight, before going home.

Rather, since the decision was made, he had only to decide just how he should carry it through. Maybe he would say tomorrow morning, "It will surprise you, Margaret, to know that I am going to retire." Then he would tell her that he had written the letter, that it was ready to be sent tomorrow.

Dan Thompson was very sure of Margaret's reaction, "Whatever finally made you make up your mind?" He was equally confident that she would accept his casual answer, "I just decided that you were right all the time. I do need a rest and besides, aren't you glad! Maybe we can get off on that trip to Europe next fall."

What had happened today would remain hidden from Margaret as safely as it had been secreted in the past. Not only would Margaret be spared

knowing of Phyllis Barnett, but Phyllis Thompson Barnett would never know that the decision which had cost her the custody of her own little, black-eyed, eight-year old had been a deliberate decision of her own father.

When Phyllis Barnett had stood at his high desk, he betrayed no emotion. But there, and unmistakably so, was the child, now a woman, Dan had never expected to see. His eyes greedily studied her lovely face. Dan Thompson would have known her had he not seen the birth certificate. The blue eyes, that complexion, a second Nora if there ever was one.

The Judge's intense study did not go unnoted. "Mel," Phyllis had asked, "did you notice how Judge Thompson looked at me? All the time, well, he seemed to be trying to figure me out. As if he just couldn't understand why we couldn't have married and kept the baby. Mel, he doesn't understand at all, he couldn't know how my folks acted. I know that there is no use to hope, Mel." Although he was less observant, Mel shared Phyllis' feelings. Judge Thompson would not grant them custody of Judy.

His carefully phrased decision fell knell-like:

... that the parents of this child relinquished her freely, willingly . . . that she was fondly cared for and knew only the care, kindness and affection of her foster parents, James and Alene Sanders, these last eight years . . . that for the best interest of the child . . . and, furthermore, in order not to establish a precedent dangerous to the welfare of children and a precedent dangerous to our legal, adoptive processes . . . "It is therefore now ordered by the court that said child, Judith, be and is hereby adopted as the child and heir of said James and Alene Sanders," . . .

Judge Thompson had dismissed the parties quickly, coolly. Quickly, before the reservoir of tears Phyllis so bravely withheld burst forth. Coolly, while Dan Thompson, Judge, had ascendancy over Dan Thompson, Father.

Dan loosed his locked hands to glimpse the watch: 5:40. It was late. He would take a taxi to make up for some of the time. And if Margaret noticed the unusual mode of arrival, Dan would say, "Can't a retired judge splurge for a taxi once in a while?"

Did you ever consider the involved scientific and mathematical principles shown in the simplest of everyday occurrences? Your morning cup of coffee, for example, could require a lifetime of study to determine all the equations involved. First the chemical and physical equations in the brewing of the black liquid. The slight stirring required to distribute the cream and sugar molecules increases the light reflection and produces bubbles that resemble small clear plastic spheres floating in a muddy brown ocean. The path of these spheres describes curves; and the small curves within curves caused by under currents which resemble modulated limacons would require an analytical geometry formulation or the use of the integral calculus and hyperbolic functions to devise their formula. We would need the physicist to explain the strange attraction which makes the bubbles suddenly dart to the side of the cup when they finally float within a quarter of an inch of it. Taking all this into consideration, how much does man know about the universe? But then again, if it's early in the morning, who cares?

Science in the Coffee Cup

BILL LOGAN, '62

Jerry is my little brother. His full name is Jerome Paul. Jerry is nicknamed Dennis the Menace for various reasons. If you ask Jerry how old he is, he will say four years, eithy months, and fifhtteen days. He is very exact about things. Especially about his age. He is almost five and he feels that when he is five he will be grown up because he will begin going to school the following September.

Jerry is really quite a character. He repeats practically everything he hears, especially television commercials, adult conversations, etcetera. The other day as we were eating dinner, Jerry's excuse for not eating his salad was, "It makes me feel unbalanced and if I'm unbalanced I won't be able to walk and if I can't walk I won't be able to help Mother around the house."

A few members of our family save pennies. In fact we are almost fanatical about saving pennies. Once, for some strange reason, our pennies began to disappear. We looked and looked, under chairs, in closets, under mattresses; we just about turned the house inside out. One day when Mother was cleaning out Jerry's drawers, she found

Jerry

BETTY WILLIAMS, '62

in a box completely covered with shirts and socks, all our pennies. Mother asked Jerry what he was going to do with the pennies. He very calmly said, "I'm going to save them until I am old enough to spend them." That is pretty good thinking for a young man only four years, eithy months, and fifhtteen days old.

Jerry has a particular knack for getting into things. Nothing in particular, just anything that he knows he shouldn't get into. For example, we keep cookies and candy in a cabinet above the ice-box. Now this particular ice-box is six feet tall and there is about half a foot between the ice-box and the cabinet which is set back about two feet from the ice-

box. The other day when I got home from school Jerry Paul was sitting on top of the ice-box having the time of his life. His mouth was full of cookies, his pockets full of candy, and his hands held an assortment of crackers. When I asked him what he was doing up there he mumbled (his mouth was so full he could do nothing but mumble), "Eating!" I surely wasn't going to argue with him.

Every day during the summer Mother takes the children to the local country club to swim. For about two weeks Jerry hounded Mother about taking a screw driver to the pool with him. For about two weeks Mother's reply was no. But finally, simply to shut him up, she gave in and let him have a screw driver. On this particular day when Mother went to take the children home from the pool the man at the desk told her that she was wanted at the Club office. Upon opening the office door she found her number six son (Jerry, in case you couldn't guess) sitting in the manager's chair with a sheepish grin on his face. In the office there were also three very nervous men. I say nervous because they had just spent the last hour with

Jerry. Mother said the men were very polite and tried to be calm. I wouldn't know; I was afraid to go into the office with her. Lying on the manager's desk were two drain covers and three drain filters. What happened to the other cover Jerry wouldn't say, but I understand they caught him just before he unscrewed the main plug to the junior pool.

Traffic boys guard the street corners in our neighborhood. After kindergarten one afternoon Jerry came home and told Mother that the traffic boy wasn't on the corner. When Mother asked why, Jerry said he was sick with a cold or an upset stomach. "In fact," Jerry said, "he died of a heart attack this morning." Jerry has quite an imagination.

Bedtime comes all too soon for his royal highness. Like all other little boys Jerry can think of a million reasons for staying up. He will argue, fight, and cry; but when he is defeated, he is defeated. As I walk out of his room after kissing him good-night, I hear his lullaby-voice saying "God bless you" and I realize that Jerry isn't just a little boy. Jerry Paul is part angel and that makes him very, very special in our eyes.

Ambitions

Ambitions creep up on me;
Like fantastic jungle creatures
they prowl about
waiting to spring,
And in the flickering sunlight
of my pretend world
I gloat in my talents.
Oh they have a way with me;
Those ceaseless works
that seldom turn themselves alive
but silently stalk
through my thoughts,
Excusing their presence with
tomorrow, tomorrow.
Will the haunting emptiness
of a vainful reverie
plague me forever more?

MARY LOU SZUTER, '61

In the study of literature, nothing is more difficult than trying to form an honest personal evaluation of one of the so-called "classics," the acknowledged masterpieces of world literature. *The Brothers Karamazov*, by the great Russian writer, Dostoyevsky, is such a work and the problems encountered in reading and understanding it illustrate this difficulty. For this book, like so many others of equal value, has a ready-made reputation and it is hard to avoid being influenced by the countless critics who have helped build this reputation. Their efforts have been combined to form a stereotyped vocabulary of praise that quite naturally comes to mind when Dostoyevsky is mentioned.

Besides the danger of succumbing to these critical cliques, other obstacles arise in the reading of this book. The very vastness and complexity of the work are discouraging. We are tempted to view *The Brothers Karamazov* merely as an impressionistic panorama of Russian life and thought. It is comparable to a large tapestry viewed from a distance, seemingly a jumble of color and shape, forming one gigantic scene. But when we approach it closer, we discover that the

The

SYLVIA JOHNSON, '59

B r o t h e r s

scene is made up of individual figures and groups, each telling their own story in finely drawn details.

The tapestry of words which makes up *The Brothers Karamazov* can be separated into individual groups of stories, all of which are centered on the Karamazov family. The main plot is built around Dmitri, the oldest brother, and his conflict with his father Fyodor which ends with Dmitri being accused and convicted of the old man's murder. Dostoyevsky takes more than nine hundred pages to tell the story and many other characters become involved in it. Dmitri's brothers, Ivan and Alyosha, are important both in relation to the central plot and in their own right. The Karamazov brothers are larger-than-life characters and are easily seen as embodied ideas. This last and perhaps greatest of Dostoyevsky's works is also the final expression of his ideas about life and the solution to its riddle.

Each of the Karamazov brothers tries to solve the puzzle of life in the events of the book. Life and its meaning deeply concern all three: they are all philosophers, and it is to the author's credit that this role does not seem unnatural to any

of them. Even Dmitri who follows most closely in his corrupt father's footsteps is able to pause in the midst of his debaucheries and contemplate with awe the conflict of his own soul. He tells his brother Alyosha of this mystery of opposites: "... a man with the ideal of Sodom in his soul does not renounce the ideal of the Madonna, and his heart may be on fire with that ideal ... Yes man is broad, too broad indeed." Dmitri is such a man. Wide, though perhaps shallow in soul, he can turn from moments of deep despair and guilt to joyful absorption in his sins. His passionate feelings are his only guide. Dmitri is driven by them to perform wildly irrational acts in complete seriousness and sincerity. The comically pathetic means he devises to obtain the money he owes Katerina Ivanovna reveal his emotion-driven irrationality and his peculiar sense of honor. Dmitri would rather humiliate himself before a peasant, or before the merchant Samsonov, whom he has every reason to hate and avoid, rather than betray his personal honor. As he says, "... I should be a scoundrel, but not a thief, you may say what you like, not a thief!" His unthinking behavior even-

tually makes it possible for him to be condemned for his father's murder though he is not guilty. Dmitri is essentially a noble character despite his faults. His expansive nature, impulsive generosity, and capacity for suffering has seemed to many to be typically Russian.

To Dmitri, living is something sensual and violent: he chases wildly after life through alleys and gutters, and as he describes himself, falls headlong with heels up into the pit of degradation, "pleased to be falling in that degrading attitude." His youngest brother, Alyosha, plays a more tranquil and contemplative role in the drama of life. This sensitive boy had felt strongly drawn to monastic life and spent some time as a novice in the monastery in his home town. But the elder of the monastery, Father Zossima, orders him to enter the world again and try to bring peace to his troubled family. Alyosha is able to preserve the monastic calmness and sweetness of his nature surrounded by the turmoil and ugliness of the events which engulf him. Faced with the corruptness of Dmitri and his father, and Ivan's bitter atheism, Alyosha still treats his family with tenderness and affection, censuring

not them but their evil actions.

Alyosha's love is not passive. For him, to love is to act, and he throws himself wholeheartedly into helping to solve the problems of his loved ones. He becomes the messenger between the feuding members of his family and the reader receives a touching impression of him hurrying through the streets of the town in his long monk's robe, his face serious with the weightiness of his task. It is to Alyosha that Dmitri and Ivan turn when they must speak their tortured thoughts and confused emotions. Burdened with the responsibility of their confidences and impelled by his desire to help, Alyosha often finds himself embroiled in situations beyond his understanding. His attempt to straighten out the enormously complicated relations between Katerina Ivanovna, and Dmitri and Ivan, fails and he admits sadly that he knows nothing about such matters.

Alyosha's lack of maturity is revealed in this and in other instances. This, combined with the sometimes unnatural serenity of his character, gives an impression of incompleteness about him. Indeed some critics think that Dostoyevsky did not intend to develop Alyosha completely in this book, but to use

him as the central character in another novel. In Dostoyevsky's diary, there is a hint that Alyosha was to be the subject of his unwritten masterpiece, *The Life of a Great Sinner*, in which he was to live through a period of sin, yet be saved by the faith and strength which is partly revealed in *The Brothers Karamazov*.

Dmitri and Alyosha both love life in their own way, but the third brother Ivan says of himself that he loves the meaning of life better than life itself. He is an intellectual, a philosopher, constantly probing and searching for an answer to the "eternal questions." He is typical of his generation, of the young Russians who met in salons and taverns and talked of nothing but ". . . the eternal questions, of the existence of God and immortality. And those who do not believe in God talk of socialism and anarchism, of the transformation of all humanity on a new pattern, so that it all comes to the same, they're the same questions turned inside out."

Ivan has solved the mystery of life: for him the eternal questions cannot be answered. Like Dmitri, Ivan sees a conflict of opposites which cannot be reconciled, but this conflict

pervades all of life and is intolerable to him. In a famous passage called "Pro and Contra," Ivan tells Alyosha of his disillusionment. It is not God which he cannot accept, but the world which God created, a world in which even one innocent child is allowed to suffer unjustly. Even though such suffering is the price of eternal harmony, it is too high a price to pay. It is not within man's means to pay so much for the entrance ticket into such a world. Ivan says, "It's not God that I don't accept, Alyosha, only I most respectfully return Him the ticket."

Chapter V in "Pro and Contra," the legend of "The Grand Inquisitor," is said to contain a somewhat obscure attack on the socialists of Dostoyevsky's day, his particular enemies. In this chapter Ivan attempts to refute Alyosha's eager claim that Christ and His teachings are the foundation of the world, and the suffering of innocent children can be forgiven because Christ had forgiven His own tormentors. Ivan's legend is an obvious attack on the Roman Catholic Church, which he describes as "correcting" the teachings of Christ by taking away man's free will and thereby giving him

peace and happiness. This, Dostoyevsky implies, is also the plan of Russian socialism which he says is stupid but terrible, "for the young are with it." In a letter to N. A. Liubimov, he presents Ivan's story as what now seems an almost prophetic warning as to the course of Russian socialism: "Bread, the tower of Babel, (i.e. the future kingdom of socialism), and the completest overthrow of freedom of conscience — that is what the desperate denier and atheist arrive at."

The inexperienced Alyosha is unable to answer Ivan's potent argument: indeed he is forced to admit that if the world is as Ivan describes it, then he cannot accept it either. Dostoyevsky gives the task of answering Ivan to another man of God, the saintly elder, Father Zossima. In the book following "Pro and Contra" called "The Russian Monk," Father Zossima is dying, and his final words to his congregation contain Dostoyevsky's philosophy of life, and his refutation of Ivan's argument. The monk preaches the doctrine of love, of acceptance of life. He recognizes the injustice and suffering in the world but accepts them because they fit into the divine plan. This plan includes suffering,

for each man is responsible not only for his own sins but also the sins of others, and must seek out and welcome suffering in expiation. Suffering is made easy, even beautiful, by love.

Dostoyevsky considered this the most important part of the book. He spent more time writing this chapter than any other and said for its sake the whole novel was written. The weakness in style of this vital chapter compared to the convincing strength of "Rebellion" and "Pro and Contra" is probably due not to the weakness of Dostoyevsky's convictions but rather to the importance he attached to their expression and his attempt to fit his own thoughts to the character of the Russian monk.

Father Zossima saw the meaning of life in accepting suffering in love. Dmitri too, who is greatly changed by his ordeal, is convinced that he must bear his share of pain and guilt. He is willing to spend the remainder of his life in Siberia, paying for a crime he did not

commit. Ivan is also changed but there is no conversion in his case, only increased doubt and despair. Confronted by his own guilt and ugliness mirrored in Smerdyakov, he is further tortured by apparitions of the devil, who appears to him as a shabbily dressed Russian gentleman. The devil mocks Ivan, repeating and ridiculing his youthful theories and laughing at his enormous pride. Ivan recognizes in the apparition his own pettiness and cynicism but he cannot admit he was wrong. Alyosha sees the struggle: "God, in whom he disbelieved, and His truth were gaining mastery over his heart, which still refused to submit"; but his prayers do not help to resolve it.

The book ends on an indecisive note. We do not know what will happen to any of the principle characters. But the final scene with Alyosha and the children is bright and full of hope and we can only repeat the boys' cheer: "Hurrah for Karamazov!"



The Retreat

Life—like a square question mark, man.
The World—a foul ball, man.
People—like running nowhere, frying shoes.

The Beat
Virgin hair laureled with hair,
Draped in the togae of sweat shirts,
Musing with Homeric eyes.

of the Beats

The Retreat

Down to the dungeons of despair.
Up with the walls of fantasy;
 the black bricks of escape,
 the yellow mortar of cowards.
Potential lions damned in turtle shells—
Ostrich-headed in a sandless world.

The Bleat

Uncombed hair crying sophistication.
Sweat shirts wet only with wine.
The world presents its plea;
It receives oracles of nonsense.

Retreat, beat, and bleat.

JAMES T. O'DONNELL, '59

Not

Only

Paul

PEGGY DELANEY, '60

Last night, I told the Lord. Usually, I spend my time on everyday things, like praying that it doesn't rain on washday or that the insurance won't need paying just when we don't have any extra money, and praying that I'm being a good wife and mother. But last night was different. Last night I TOLD the Lord.

I said, "Listen Lord, the time has come to stop this nonsense. You know, Paul has

been sick entirely too long. Of course, it's Your world and I know You're smarter than we human beings, and we all expect some suffering in our lives, but enough is enough! Let's let Paul get well now, shall we?

"I'm sure You know him, Lord. You sent him to me in the first place, remember? You let us fall in love and marry, and You sent us the children. Even if You forgot about us

after that, so many people are praying for Paul now, I'm certain Your attention is being drawn to him again.

"I didn't mind (well, I *tried* not to mind) when he first got sick, Lord. It was a big expense and I could see the lines begin to tighten around Paul's mouth, lines caused by worry he never spoke of. But we managed. Paul kept us happy. Paul said that things would work out fine. I believed him I guess because I wanted to so much. Only sometimes, when there was no one to see but me, he'd turn his face away and hide it in his hands.

"I suppose I knew then that things were almost hopeless, that it was just a matter of time. It was different, though, before the pain. I could keep up the game we were playing with our friends, with the children, with ourselves. But I haven't the strength to go on, Lord, not if I have to stand by and see him suffer like this. I haven't his courage. So much for one to suffer alone.

"You don't know what it's like, Lord. You never watched someone You love moaning in agony, unable to help themselves or have anyone else help them. You can't imagine how

it feels to know that a person so close to You, a person who is almost your whole life is going through such lonely anguish.

"It isn't fair, Lord. He's never done anything to deserve this. His whole life has been lived for You, with You. He's been like Your sanctuary light, whose flickering serves as a reminder of Your unseen presence, leading others to where You are. Please let him live the way he did before. You must love him, Lord, and You couldn't let someone You really and truly love suffer and die this slow, painful death. He's needed on earth, Lord. You're All-Powerful, so please Lord, I want a miracle."

Had I whispered the words or had I shouted them? The room was still, hushed, telling me nothing, uninterested in my cry. I rose slowly and, my mind still full of confusion, I looked at the thing of wood and metal that is the crucifix. And suddenly a voice, endlessly peaceful, quietly sorrowful, coming from nowhere and everywhere, coming from the wood and the metal and myself perhaps, said only this, "Did you hear what they did to My Son?"

Crime and Punishment enjoys popularity not only because it is from the Russian school, which speaks for itself, but it also serves to enlighten the reader as a searching analysis of human nature. Without these noteworthy points, the work would probably be relegated to the huge mass of mediocre literature. Fyodor Dostoevski, however, is assured of a lasting place in the rank of literature's great as he wields his forte — the conflict between the two natures of man.

Adhering to the tenets of realism and not sparing detail for exactness's sake, Dostoevski vividly portrays mid-nineteenth century Russian life. Besides presenting an insight into the thoughts of the time, he emphasizes man's universal nature; yet, the reader does not lose, even for an instant, the nationalistic flavor so vital to this novel.

From the simple thesis that man pays by suffering for his crime against men, Dostoevski evolves a complicated plot that utilizes psychological realism which is best portrayed by Raskolnikov — a tremendous study of a sensitive intellectual

A

Brief

Analysis

JAMES JENKS, '60

driven by poverty to believe that he is exempt from the moral law.

Dostoevski uses Raskolnikov as an instrument to transport the reader from incident to incident. This method of plot development differentiates *Crime and Punishment* from other novels which rely on accidents to carry the plot. By this same technique Dostoevski reveals his sympathy for the social downtrodden as exemplified in the person of Sonia, a young prostitute, and he provides realistic descriptions of

slum life in a large Russian city during the mid-nineteenth century.

The plot of this novel is chiefly concerned with the mental conflict of Raskolnikov, the main character. Though in the murder of the widow pawnbroker and her step-sister there is evidence of physical conflict, the author exploits the mental self-searching tendencies of Raskolnikov. At first blush, one may condemn Dostoevski as being too effusive with details in developing his plot, but never does this effusiveness suggest lengthy tirades. By this style Dostoevski eliminates the excuse of excessive plot.

The enormous and interesting study of characterization affords the critic a chance to expose the true mettle of the author. The main character, Raskolnikov, reveals the genius of the author. In glimpses the character of the capricious Raskolnikov unfolds. Some critics have said that when the character is revealed in bits, interest is suspended until the final word. Such a comprehensive statement signifies the author's greatness or the critic's ingenuousness.

However, the character is de-

veloped little by little to reveal clues both to Raskolnikov's physical stature and to his neurotic inclinations. We become acquainted with his problem immediately after the murder; in fact, part of his problem, his disgust at the plight of the poor, is hinted at in the very beginning of this work.

The stereotyped character has no part in Dostoevski's plan. Rather each character is a distinct being of the species, man. Sonia displays the apathy that pervades the thought of the lower classes. Not only is her apathy apparent, but one also sees in her the warm, tender heart of the lover.

Dounia presents the typical, and somewhat universal, theme of love for brother — "blood is thicker than water." She sacrifices her happiness for Raskolnikov's security and benefit. Theirs is a healthy relationship — at least for her part.

Dostoevski with his artistic genius introduces the reader to a thorough exposition of Russian life and thought while conveying an interesting story — a must for people who have not read this book.

Snow Scene

On this blustery winter day
I wonder at the funny way
The snowflakes fall.

Blowing up and down in swirls
Drifting all around in twirls
Nature's ermine pall.

Snow-heaped houses, roads, and trees
Shifting shapes in the winter breeze
Are all that I can see.

My frosty breath clouds like a fog;
And through the haze of curling smog
Comes Nature's soft caress.

The snowy scene, so clean, so fresh,
So white, so pure, is newly dished
From Nature's store of loveliness.

MIKE WELSH, '60

When Tweedle Canary was in front of the window one wintry afternoon, she sang all the melodies she knew. Huddled close by the fireplace was Browsie, the cat, who was shrugging his fuzzy coat and twitching his long whiskers.

"Must you sing every afternoon?" he asked in annoyance.

"Yes," twittered Mrs. Canary, "for my Mistress likes my singing."

"But there is no need to sing so long and so loud," he yawned and continued, "it spoils my naps."

"If I sing loudly enough my Mistress can hear me no matter where she is."

"Ah, yes, and so she does, but she is shelling corn in the barn this afternoon. She cannot possibly hear you."

"You are very right, friend Browsie, but if I do not practice, I cannot sing so prettily."

"You are a foolish one, feathery one," Mr. Browsie tacked his claws into the carpet and stretched his shiny, black forepaws, "you are a fool to work so hard when your Mistress does not even know it." Then placing his head on his sleek paws, Browsie added sleepily, "Why, I haven't caught the mice in the barn for three

The Cat and the Canary

LOUISE DIVER, '59

weeks, and Mistress keeps me very well."

Tweedle, paying no attention to Browsie's bragging, was just opening her beak to begin anew when a broom landed squarely on Browsie's back. With another swift movement he was swept right into the snowdrift at the corner of the porch. Over the lazy cat's loud protest, Tweedle heard Mistress shout, "Out of here, you lazy creature. I can't stand cats who let mice eat all my corn!"

S W I S H ! Swish!

The Intruder

ROSE CHAN, '59

Sage and I watched the sunrise this morning. I also saw it set, but did he? I wonder.

It was 4:30 a.m. when he woke me. I am not particularly crazy about the idea of sacrificing sleep for the appreciation of this wondrous natural phenomenon; but somehow Sage always manages to have his way. In a jiffy, we were on the roof, leaving behind us the sighs and moans of the slumberers in the dormitory. The sky was grey; here and there a star still shone on bravely, as though trying to defy the fast approaching dawn. Not a breeze stirred, but the

air was chilly, and leaning against the solid parapet of granite only seemed to accentuate the coolness of the morning.

Sage stood beside me gazing intensely into the dim horizon. With the collar of his gray jacket pulled up, only the upper part of his face was visible, and it looked grim. His lips were pressed into a thin line, and except for the constant opening and closing of his nostrils, there was hardly a sign of life in him. Of course, this is quite typical of Sage: taciturn and often lost in thought. People have remarked about his friendship with me, so talkative and in many ways a contrast to him. Perhaps it was on these dissimilarities that our mutual understanding was founded. I remember I once asked him, "What made you pick me among all the other boys? You know we're awfully different in character and ideas."

"I didn't choose you, nor you me," he replied icily, without even looking at me. "We're simply two loose twigs that have drifted together in this world stream."

Sage always gets so bitter when we talk about things like that. I guess it's because they

remind him painfully that he is the product of an unhappy marriage.

"My father is a perfect gentleman, everyone tells me," he said to me one day. "The only thing wrong with him is that he married my mother for her money."

I can still see that cynical, hateful expression on his pale face as those words slipped through his clenched teeth. I remember I tried to change the subject, but he ignored my effort and continued.

"My mother needed a handsome and devoted escort for her numerous social activities and my father was generally considered as 'Apollo' incarnated, though poor as a church-mouse." He bit his lips so fiercely that I thought he was going to tear them; and the vein above his left temple became a blue lumpy swelling.

"For heaven's sake, stop it!" I wanted to scream I remember, but the formidable silence stifled my words. I stood there stupidly and watched him suffer.

"Through their many arguments," his voice was hoarse, "I soon learned that I was not only a burden to my mother's social life, but also a disappointment to my father's dreams. She

didn't want any children, least of all timid me, with none of those irresistible charms of my father . . . She had hated me ever since I was born." He paused. I didn't have the courage to look him in the face.

"But ironically enough," the strange voice went on, "I loved her dearly. To me she was the most beautiful creature in the world. I seldom saw her for she was mostly away from home. Perhaps that was one reason why I was so afraid of her. I never dared to approach her, and an angry look from her was enough to make me cry. My tears irritated her more than my presence.

"I used to have a picture of her in my room and whenever I felt lonesome, I would talk to the picture, telling her all sorts of things which I'd never dare to say in her presence. There were times when I even went to sleep holding her photograph close to my heart. I loved her with such a fear and reverence that even the ground she walked on became sacred to me. Nobody knew about this except Mrs. Kinde who had taken care of me ever since I was a baby . . . I had often asked her why mother didn't like me but she would merely shake her head and say, 'Your mother is

a very busy woman, my dear boy. Now run along!"

"Perhaps if it had not been for what happened three years ago, I would still be loving her as I did before." His voice dropped. The muscles on his face twitched convulsively at the painful memory of the incident. His eyes were shut. I could not bear it any longer.

"Stop it, Sage, stop it! Please!" I cried frantically.

"Let me go on, Roy. I want to talk about it. It has oppressed me too long; I must let it out. Perhaps I can forget it then."

I saw in his usually hard piercing eyes a softness, a humble pleading.

"It was a warm summer evening three years ago." His voice was gentle with reminiscence. "Mother was drinking tea in the dimly-lit living room, waiting for dad. They were invited to one of their usual dinner parties. Mother was annoyed because dad came home late; he explained nonchalantly that he was detained by business, but mother was not impressed with such a standardized excuse. She complained bitterly, and this irritated father who went upstairs angrily.

"I was sitting quietly in a corner of the living room watching mother sip her tea.

She did not seem to notice me for she said nothing. I watched her closely. She was wearing a flowing french-blue satin gown which matched her dreamy pale-blue eyes. Her long golden hair, twisted exquisitely into a bun, and adorned with a little crown of glittering stones, intensified that majestic air so typically hers. Fair and slender were her bared arms, and her tapering fingers looked as fragile as the china cup she held in her hands. She was too exquisite to be true. A sigh of pride and satisfaction escaped me when I remembered that she was my mother.

"This startled her. She looked around and saw me.

"What in heaven's name are you doing in that corner?"

"N . . . Nothing, mother," I stammered, almost petrified.

"Well, don't sit there and dream like a sissy. Don't you have any friends or anything to do?" She sounded extremely annoyed.

"But I wasn't dreaming, mother." I defended myself eagerly. For a moment, I almost forgot my fear. "I was looking at . . . you, mother."

"At me?" Her voice betrayed her surprise and the gleam of curiosity overshadowed

owed the irritation in her eyes. This provided me with the encouragement I needed.

"'You look so beautiful! I think you're the loveliest lady in the world!'

"'Oh . . . thank you . . . Ed—win.'

"I was such a stranger to her that she almost forgot my name. But at that moment, I preferred to think it was my praise that caused her confusion.

"For some time, neither of us spoke. I don't remember what mother was doing, but I can still see myself crouching in that corner: my face flushed with embarrassment and my heart trembling at my own impulsiveness.

"'You know, that is the first compliment you've ever paid me.' She broke the menacing silence; she seemed to have regained her composure for she was sipping her tea once again. 'I guess it's partly my fault that we don't know each other better. Come nearer, and let me take a good look at you.'

"Her voice was gentle—no, it was almost tender. If it had not been for my male ego, I would have wept. Slowly, I walked to her chair and stood by her in silence. I was afraid

to betray my emotions by speaking.

"'My, how you've grown! I dare say you must be as tall as your father! . . . How old did you say you are?'

"I could see the embarrassment on her face, but I was in no mood to hurt her feelings.

"'Fifteen, mother,' my deep voice echoed in the quiet room.

"'Fifteen years! That's a long, long time.' She murmured to herself. I could tell her thoughts were far away. Suddenly, she shook her head violently, and shut her eyes as if trying to brush away some unpleasant vision. Just then, the clock on the mantel struck. It was seven o'clock.

"'What in the world is taking that father of yours so long?' She cried impatiently. 'Run upstairs and tell him to come down immediately because I don't want to be late!'

"I did not move right away. I was studying the change of expression in her face. The sweetness that had suffused her countenance a little while ago was gone. In its place, I could only see the cold and cruel beauty of finely chiselled features.

"'Well, don't just stand there! Go!'

"But she was too lovely to leave behind. Besides, she was my mother and I wanted her to know I loved her. With a fiercely throbbing heart, and a body trembling like a last autumn leaf, I bent and kissed her on the cheek. Then turning abruptly, I headed for the door. In my excitement, my swinging arm knocked the cup off her hand.

"'You clumsy fool!' she cried in livid anger, looking at her tea-soaked gown.

"Terrified, I stared at her as though I were nailed to the floor. She tried to dry her tea-stained dress with a napkin. Lifting her eyes, she saw me still dumfounded, standing in front of her.

"'You wretch! . . . Get out! I don't want to see you again! Get out!'

"The words were as ugly as the speaker was beautiful. Hardly able to withhold my tears, I ran out of the room, and threw myself on the bed, trying to soothe my injured pride by indulging in that favorite occupation of most women. Yes, I wept: loud and hard, till my eyes were dried.

"If that was the last time I cried in all these years, that evening was also the last time I loved. . . .

"Somehow, my mother's desire was to a great extent granted: after that night, except for some rare occasions, we seldom encountered each other. She and dad stayed out oftener and later at night, and had I not been awakened now and then in the night by loud noises from their room, I would almost have believed they had left the house for good. They quarrelled very often, and my name was mentioned not infrequently. It was through these verbal battles in the depth of the night that I discovered their sentiments toward me.

"Poor dad, he was so disillusioned. He thought he had reaped a unique harvest of beauty and wealth when he slipped the ring on mother's finger. But he found too late that where the source of manna was, there lay the authority. Mother was the law: he was to escort her everywhere she desired, and had to keep up the pretense that they were the happiest couple under the sun. To this pressure he succumbed. Luxury and empty prestige extinguished his pride; he is too weak to fight, and he'll be a discontented slave for the rest of his life.

"Perhaps I discouraged his resistance as much as other

things did. He thought he could have a son who would follow his footsteps in business. But he forgot to instil that fanatical ambition in me."

Here he chuckled. I looked at him but he did not see me. He was far away in the world of reminiscences, uniquely his own.

"He soon found to his great humiliation that I hated business; and he has never forgiven me. However, he has been very generous to me: providing every material comfort and need which an only son can desire. But all this could not make me love him. I can't make myself forget his motive in marrying mother nor can I ever sympathize with him for attempting constantly to drown his sorrows in an intoxicated forgetfulness.

"The only person who cared anything about me at home was Mrs. Kinde. Even when I was little, I did not have many friends and so she became my sole playmate whenever I got tired of being alone. She had been more than a mother to me all through these years, and to her, I'll always be grateful. But I was destined to begin my college life and career alone; for she was dismissed last fall. Mother didn't think it necessary

to keep her since I was going to live here in the dorm. And father couldn't care less one way or the other. How could he? He doesn't even remember he has a son; or if he does, it is because his legal councillor reminds him of it on necessary occasions, or because mother keeps him awake at night, reminding him repeatedly of his good-for-nothing son, a chip off the old block."

He laughed. But the laughter was cold, mirthless and unnerving. . . .

Sage is very intelligent; he knows it and is proud of the fact. We are only second semester freshmen, and yet he has already made himself famous in the University as the most outstanding scholar of the year. In fact, that is how his nickname originated. Some of the boys "Sage" him through admiration but most of them do it out of envy and sarcasm. Sage always holds himself aloof from the crowd, and people mistake that for conceit. It is really timidity on his part. That is a pity, for he is such a valuable friend to have.

Perhaps Sage read what was going on in my mind, for as I lifted my head, I met his eyes: sad but penetrating. As if answering my thoughts, he spoke:

"People always blame me for being sullen, unfriendly and cynical. But do they expect me to be a lark when I am made to feel that I am an intruder? Do they know what it means to be 'unwanted'? Do they? Answer me!"

He choked and angry tears rolled down his cheeks. That was the first time I saw him cry, and it was a painful sight. I wanted to console him, but without hurting his pride. I could feel to my very bone that words at that moment were completely out of place. Yet, I felt ridiculous just standing there.

Fortunately, my dilemma was solved when Sage suddenly stopped sobbing. Lifting his head, he brushed away the tears with his fist. I offered him a handkerchief; he looked at it, and his lips broke into a grin. It was the same gaudy handkerchief which I had to put into Miss Julie Snob's purse secretly on the first day of the freshmen initiation, and which I had to reclaim from her in class, under the nose of Professor Barkis, nicknamed "The Bear." It was an unforgettable scene of embarrassment and hysterics. I didn't think it was very funny then because I had to play the fool but Sage would

roar with laughter every time the incident was mentioned.

* * *

The last time I saw Sage today was before dawn, when we went up on the roof to see the sunrise. Since I did not have any classes in the morning, I went back to bed without breakfast. Sage usually meets me at the Student Union for lunch but somehow, he did not turn up this noon. I could not wait for him because I had class.

My second afternoon class was Physics, and after the final bell had rung with still no sign of Sage, I became extremely uneasy. Sage has never cut classes and it seemed most unlikely that he would start now. All through the lecture, I tried in vain to think of some valid reasons for Sage's absence.

If time seemed to crawl during that lecture, the rest of the afternoon was eternity itself. Sage did not come for Creative Writing nor was he there for Theory of Equations. To go through those classes with the whereabouts of Sage a mystery was like sitting on a pin cushion and waiting for a gallon of water on a bunsen burner to boil. . . .

If I did not know how to fly before, I learned it that af-

ternoon.. No sooner had the dismissal bell rung when I was already half way down the corridor. Instead of taking the usual fifteen minutes to go to the dormitory, I created a new record of only five minutes. I could not bear the thought of standing idly waiting for the elevator to take me to the third floor, and so with the little breath and energy I had left, I managed to finish the three flights of stairs without apoplexy.

When I came to our room, I found the door ajar, as if somebody leaving hurriedly had been unsuccessful in slamming it shut with one swing.

"Sage"! I shouted, pushing the door wide open. The empty room returned my call, and became quiet again.

Falling exhausted into my chair, I closed my eyes and rested my listless body.

I must have fallen asleep for when I opened my eyes again, the room was pitch dark. Groping with my hands, I felt for the desk-lamp.

Before I had time to accustom myself to the sudden brightness of the room, I caught sight of an envelope addressed to me on the desk. The handwriting was Sage's.

With trembling, eager fingers, I pulled out the note.

Noon

Dear Roy,

In a few minutes, I'll be gone from here — for good? — perhaps and perhaps not.

This is not a rash decision for I have planned it for quite a while. I must apologize for having kept it a secret, but I realized that you would dissuade me from it if I let you know ahead of time.

I don't know exactly where I am going but it'll be somewhere far, far away. I feel and know I must leave here. I want to forget the past; I want to start all over again like a new born baby. And to do that, I have to leave these familiar surroundings and atmosphere which constantly bring back excruciating memories.

You've many a time talked to me of your God and His Divine Providence. If He really exists, and if you believe what you say, then pray to Him for me. I want to love, not hate. But I have lost the key to the secret door of love. So pray to your God and ask Him to help me.

If I succeed in finding what I am seeking, I shall return. So good-bye and good luck.

Your friend, Sage

Man

They lived like beasts in holes,
Wearing skins.
Grunting,
They said thrown stones would bring food.
And they threw stones,
Crushing skulls.

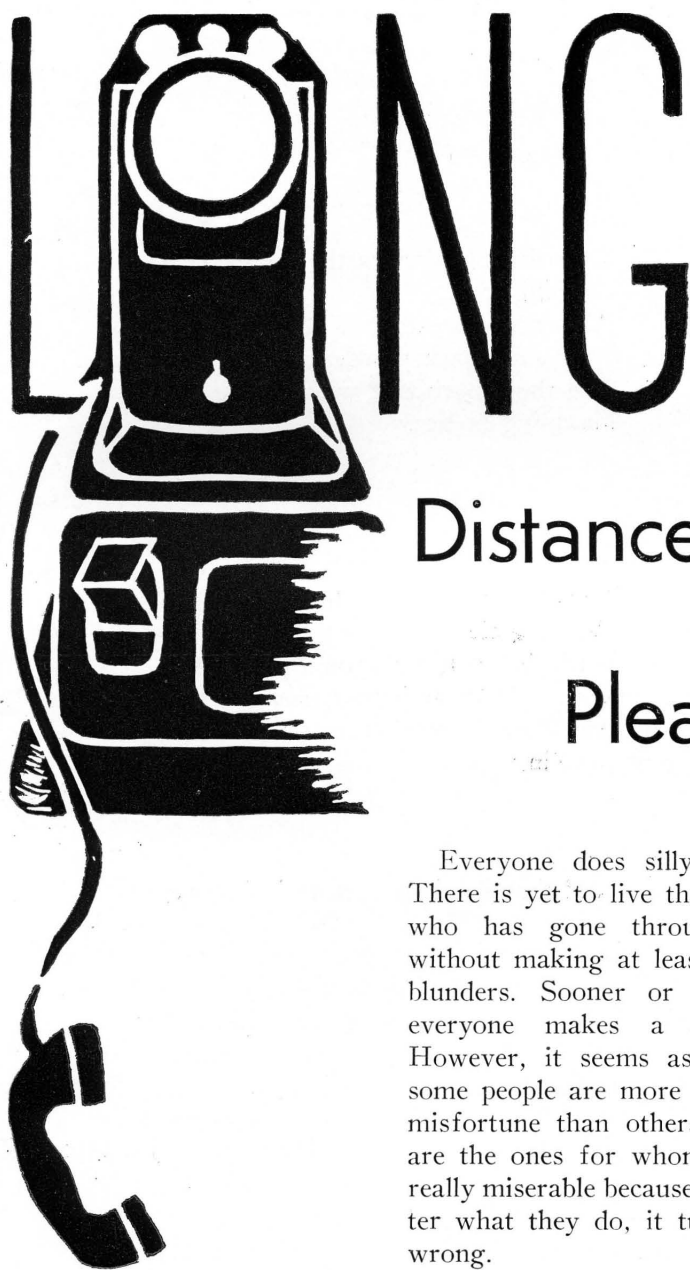
They lived in marble halls,
Draped in fine cloth.
With classic diction
They said swords and spears would bring wealth.
And they fought,
Tearing flesh.

They lived behind castle walls,
Wearing iron.
With noble breath
They said black powder would bring peace.
And they touched it with fire,
Mangling bodies.

They lived in towers, touching the sky,
Wearing ties.
With diplomatic charm,
They said great bombs would end all war.
And they dropped them on cities,
Leveling all.

And they lived like beasts in holes.

ROBERT D. JACKSON, '60



LONG

Distance,

Please

Everyone does silly things. There is yet to live the person who has gone through life without making at least a few blunders. Sooner or later, everyone makes a mistake. However, it seems as though some people are more liable to misfortune than others. These are the ones for whom life is really miserable because no matter what they do, it turns out wrong.

JUDY WEHRMEISTER, '62

Jane, my roommate, is an excellent example of this type of person. Since I've been living with her, she has pulled any number of boners; but a couple of weeks ago, she outdid herself. Let me tell you about it.

When Jane left Detroit to come to school in Indianapolis, she had to leave her dearest friend, Kathy. They had grown up together and were quite close, in fact, practically inseparable. Within a few months of Jane's departure, Kathy's mother died. Naturally Jane was saddened by the death of her best friend's mother, and wished to extend her condolences. After waiting a week, in order that Kathy might get over the shock of her loss, Jane placed a long distance telephone call to Kathy in Detroit. After expressing her sorrow, Jane carried the conversation to various other subjects. She hadn't seen Kathy in several months

and had so much to talk to her about. Kathy must have been as happy to hear from Jane as Jane was to call, for they talked and talked. It was such a pleasurable experience that the two girls become thoroughly engrossed in their conversation, oblivious to everything around them. In the midst of their conversation, the operator cut in and calmly informed them that they had been talking for 45 minutes, and asked if they cared to talk any longer. Kathy uttered a sharp gasp and became speechless, but Jane was up to the occasion. She was able to manage a weak, "No," and hung up the receiver. It wasn't until the operator's interruption that Jane even recalled the fact that this had been a telephone call to a place 300 miles away, and not just down the street.

Jane rushed back to our room, and had no sooner explained the situation than the telephone rang sharply at the end of the corridor. I looked at her bewildered face and said, "That's probably the operator; you had better answer the phone."

My words trailed behind her, for I hadn't even finished speaking when she bolted through the door and down the hall. Someone else was just answering,

but Jane snatched the receiver from her hand, so that the whole dorm wouldn't know about her blunder.

"Hello," she whispered, quite out of breath.

"Is this the party who just completed a call to Detroit, Michigan?" the operator asked.

"Yes," replied Jane.

"Hold the line for a moment, please," the voice continued, "we are adding your bill."

"Adding my bill?" cried Jane. "What bill? I didn't talk that long. I already paid them 70 cents."

"Please deposit \$9.60," the icy voice directed.

"Nine dollars and sixty cents!" she choked. "Look, lady, I already deposited 70 cents and I only have a quarter left in my hand."

"Your deposit of 70 cents was for the first 3 minutes; you talked 45 minutes. Can you get the change or not?" asked the operator sarcastically.

"No, I can't get the money, because we can't go out of the dorm after 8 o'clock at night and it is already 9."

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to call the dean of your college then."

"Oh, no," Jane shouted. "Wait a minute."

She ran to the housemother's

door and quickly explained the situation. The housemother agreed to talk to the operator and advised Jane to gather as much change as she could.

Like a beggar with his tin cup, Jane with her pad of paper and pencil began knocking on doors and inquiring how much change each girl had. Hurriedly she scribbled down each contribution and in a wild frenzy moved on to the next door. She hadn't canvassed more than 5 or 6 rooms when the house mother told her to call operator 23 when she had collected the required amount.

Half an hour later, with 10 sore knuckles and a housecoat pocket full of change, Jane returned to the phone booth and began the long process of depositing the 38 quarters and 1 dime.

A large group of girls had gathered around the booth as a result of the "change campaign" and as the coins jangled into the machine, flash bulbs popped. The loud clanking of the quarters made a sharp contrast to the last coin, the dime, which just went plink. A loud cheer and a round of applause echoed after Jane as she headed back for her room with the remark, "I'll never use that phone again as long as I live."

The Voice from the Stairs

LOUISE DIVER, '59

"Mary, are you up?"

"Yes, Mother, just a minute."

I had not really been asleep for almost an hour. In a dreaming, uncaring kind of way, I had been hearing the progressions of early morning sounds so familiar to home, and to me, and to my world. And those particular noises inevitably lead to "Mary, are you up?"

I had heard the indistinct mumblings from my parents' bedroom. I didn't know what was said, but I think that Father was telling Mother the time. The floor creaked beneath Father's feet as he shuffled from the chair to dresser in the ritual of dressing. Next, Mother pulled tight the bedroom door and moved swiftly to the kitchen where Father had taken the

shaker from off its hook, shaken the heavy iron grates until they let fall yesterday's ashes. He threw in bits of wood kindling, a little kerosene splattered, a match scratched against iron, and a whoop of fire roared up the chimney. The kitchen pump missed a stroke or two as Mother drew water for coffee. Almost simultaneously, coffee pot and skillet were set on the stove. The spitting, sizzling bacon was frying in staccato when Mother's voice climbed the stairs and sought me in bed.

Again, "Mary, are you up?"

Oh, it would be lovely to be home again.

"Yes, Mother, just a minute."

And to be ten, just ten years old.

I Thirst

Passing through ivied walls with footsteps lingering,
I question—
What most of all have you given me
In these four years that I've known your embrace?
You smile and say—"Wait."

Passing from your sheltered portals,
I stand and stare at the desert of life before me.
Then begins the long journey through blistering sands,
Yielding no fountain which can satisfy my craving,
Thirsting always for the Infinite.

RUTH RAMSDELL, '59