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CONTENTS

In Memoriam: John F. Kennedy

Article

Naturalism and the Hero	14	Betty Talley
In Search of Me	17	Mary Margaret Turk

Fiction

The Penthouse	6	Ronald Roembke
The Fish Don't Laugh	20	John M. Ford
The Bereavement	24	Paul Forssander
Goodbye Cleo	28	Bill Willmering
Another Step	33	Dave Armborst
Hootennanny Hollow	35	Valerie Miller

Poetry

Leviathan	12	Karen Angela Cox
And Four to Go	18	Evelynn Looney
"L" Station Pigeons	27	Karen Angela Cox
Little Things	40	Theresa Meyer

From Inaugural Address
Delivered at U.S. Capitol, January 20, 1961.

“ . . . Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a cold and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage—and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed and to which we are committed today.

“Let every nation know, whether it wish us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend or oppose any foe in order to assure the survival and success of liberty.

“ . . . And if a beachhead of co-operation can be made in the jungles of suspicion, let both sides join in the next task; creating, not a new balance of power, but a new world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved forever. . . . And so, my fellow Americans: Ask not what your country will do for you—ask what you can do for your country.

“My fellow citizens of the world: Ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

“Finally, whether you are citizens of America or of the world, ask of us the same high standards of strength and sacrifice that we shall ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God’s work must truly be our own.”

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY



the PENTHOUSE

RONALD ROEMBKE, '66

That was Frank Coombs for you; he had to pick a night like this to settle his affairs. Chet Brander tightened his muffler around his throat and dug his gloved hands into his overcoat pockets, but there was no way of barricading his body from the sub-zero cold. The city streets seemed glazed with ice, and the taxis rumbled past the corner with clouds of frost billowing from their exhaust pipes. The wind carried knives; Chet winced at every thrust, and was almost tempted to forget the whole thing, but he couldn't afford it. Tonight was the payoff night, and he longed to get hands on the money that had lingered so long in Frank's pocket.

He caught a cab and proceeded on his way. When he arrived at Coombs' apartment house the arctic wind had grown even more insufferable. He was grateful when the glass doors closed behind him.

There was something eerie about the apartment house. Chet shrugged it off. The house was new and there were not many tenants as yet. Coombs had been one of the first to sign a lease, and for nothing less than the penthouse at that.

At the door of the penthouse, Chet stabbed the bell and muttered, "Big shot!"

Warmth flooded the doorway when Coombs answered—pleasant steam heat - and - fireplace warmth, whiskey warmth and the warmth of geniality. That was Coombs for you, the perfect host, always ready to make you feel welcome, and all so smoothly that you hardly notice the hand dipping into your pocket to count the contents of your wallet. "Chester!" Coombs blurted. "Nice of you to come out on a lousy night like this. Come on in, fella!"

Brander went in, shedding



his coat as he followed Coombs into the lavish living room.

"Let me take your things. I keep it real warm in here," Coombs said.

"I'll hold on to them," Brander said looking around. "Yeah, it's quite a place, Frank. Sure you can afford it?"

Coombs laughed. "Don't worry about old Frankie. When I told you I knew my investments, I knew what I was talking about. You won't regret lending me that dough, Chet, take my word for it."

"Then the deal worked out?"

Coombs coughed. "Let's have a drink, pal. We've got a lot to talk about."

"We can have a drink later. Look, Frank, I came out on a night like this for more than just my health. You made a lot of big promises about that dough, and now I have to know. Is it a payoff, or a stall?"

Coombs downed a drink in three large gulps, and said, "It's a payoff, Chet, like I told you. Before you leave, I'll give you a check for every nickel you loaned me. Plus."

"Plus what?"

Coombs laughed again, and took a step forward, swaying slightly. "You'll see, Chet, like I told you. But come on, pal,

I want to show you the place."

"I saw it."

"You didn't see the best part." He swept his hand around the room, encompassing the wide, heavily draped windows. "I got three hundred feet of terrace out there, and it's all mine. Greatest view of the city you ever saw." He strode over to the double doors and flung them open, admitting an inquisitive cloud of cold air.

"Hey," Brander said.

"Come on, you won't freeze. Just take a look at this view. How about that, huh? Gets you right here, don't it?"

"What are all the bars for?" Brander said.

"Why the window bars?" Coombs stuttered. "You know me, Chet. Never trust anybody. Now you stay out here while I go fix us a drink."

Chet looked around and felt strange and restless and exalted. As if in a dream, he looked, until he realized that he was coatless and hatless in the worst cold that had descended upon the city in seven years. Shivering, he turned back to the doorway of the warm apartment just in time to see Coombs, calmly and without hurry, closing the iron terrace doors.

"Hey," he said, shaking the knob. "Open up, Frank." Behind the door, Coombs grinned, lifted the glass in salute, and walked away.

"Hey," he yelled again. By this time he was cold and becoming annoyed with Coombs' little prank.

Then the lights went out in the apartment.

It was only then that Chet Brander knew that Coombs had planned more than an impulsive prank. He wasn't going to open the sturdy door that led back into the warmth, not in the next minute, or the next hour. Maybe even—

"Frank!" Brander screamed, and realized that he could barely hear his own voice as the wind came by and swallowed the syllables greedily. "Let me in!" Brander yelled soundlessly, hammering and pounding and kicking at the door.

Suddenly a cold gripped his flesh biting to his bones. The vicious wind whirled the frost like an icy shroud around his body. Cold so terrible and so inescapable that Chet Brander had thoughts of death and the grave.

He made a circuit around the terrace, searching for some weakness in the fortress of

Coombs' apartment. There was none. Already his feet had become numb; he no longer felt them. He clapped his hands together, and then pounded them over his body in an effort to keep his blood circulating.

"Got to keep moving," he muttered. "Keep moving . . ."

He began to run. He kept running wildly, staggering around the terrace, until his breath left him, and he fell, panting, to the frigid floor. "Got to get help," he said to himself.

He began a frantic search of his pockets. His hands first touched the bulk of his wallet, but his fingers barely felt the leather. He looked at it stupidly for a moment, and then took it to the wall. He wanted to write a note, but he had no pencil. He looked at his wallet, and then flung it over the wall. He lost sight of it at once, and there was no hope of rescue in his heart.

In his breast pocket he found a key. It was the key to Coombs' apartment. He almost threw it away. Then he realized Coombs must have put it in his pocket in order to explain how he got out on the terrace. Coombs was clever. Brander kept the key. It was

his only link with the warmth inside. He couldn't part with it.

He went back to the door and hammered on it until the skin on his hands cracked and bled. Then he fell into a heap and sobbed.

When he got to his feet again, he was in a delirium. As he walked aimlessly a wire brushed his face. He gripped the wire with his numb hands and yanked. It was strong. If he could climb it. . . .

He tensed every muscle in his body, and held on. Then he leaped off the ground and swung his feet to the penthouse wall.

For a second, he was frozen into a motionless posture, unable to move, willing to give up and die rather than force his aching body into action again.

Then he thought of Coombs' silken smile, and the hate gave him strength. He inched upwards, slowly, the smooth wire cutting like a razor's edge into his palms.

It was agony. He went up another inch, and then turned his eyes into the darkness. He saw the lights of the city as so many fires of hell.

Another inch. Another. He wanted to let go, and enjoy

the luxury of falling, the tranquility of death, but he kept on. Finally he made it to the top; at last he made it.

Moving around, his hand touched a door knob, and he cried out in relief. Then the cry turned into a moan. The door was locked.

He leaned against a tall television antenna and tried to keep his senses.

"They say don't fall asleep," he thought, chuckling in his throat.

Suddenly, he began ripping at the antenna wires, tugging at every one he could find. He fell exhausted, and tried to remember how prayer went.

Minutes later, a light exploded on the roof.

"Hey, will you look at this?" he heard a voice say.

"Must be some kind of a nut. . . ."

"I thought my picture was acting funny, but I thought it was just the wind."

"I haven't been getting any picture . . . and right in the middle of a show. . . ."

Hands touched him. Warm hands. They took him inside and nursed him back to consciousness.

After several hours Brander awoke from a deep sleep.

"Got to get going," he said and rushed from the room and down the hall to the apartment of Coombs.

He didn't turn on the lights as he entered. He went to the closet and found his overcoat, his hat and his muffler. Then he went to the double doors of the terrace, unlatched them, and opened them a scant two inches.

He returned to Coombs' sofa, and sat down in the dark to wait.

At 1:30 he heard the key turn in the lock. He rose unhurriedly and went toward the door of the bedroom, concealing himself behind it.

The front door opened. Coombs, muttering, stepped inside. He stumbled about the darkened room, dropping his overcoat on the carpet, before his hand found the light switch. Then, still muttering, he looked bleakly toward the terrace, and chuckled drunkenly.

Suddenly, he ran to the doors and found them to be unlatched. He opened them wide and stepped out onto the terrace.

"Brander!" He shouted in chorus with the wind.

But Brander wasn't there. Brander was racing across the carpet of the penthouse living room, racing to reach the ter-

race doors before Coombs could return. He won the race easily, slamming the steel doors shut even before Coombs was close enough to see his triumphant face. But he waited behind the wire-meshed diamond pane of glass, waiting for Coombs to get near enough to know, to understand.

"Brander!" he heard Coombs cry, his voice muffled and thin. "For God's sake, Brander, let me in!"

Chet smiled and moved away. "Don't try messing with the antennas," he said, although he knew Coombs could not hear him. "Nobody's watching T.V. tonight. . . ."

"Chet! Chet! Chet!"

Outside, in the hallway, he could no longer hear the sound of Coombs' pleas. He took the elevator to the ground floor and nodded pleasantly at the doorman who was looking skyward with a frown.

"Bad night," Chet said, conversationally.

"And getting worse," the doorman answered, holding out a broad flat palm. "See what's coming now?"

"What?" Chet asked, looking at the sky.

"Snow," the doorman said.

Chet corrected him, "Sleet."



Leviathan

Past the pale lilacs
Past the young girls
Past the sheep
Past pulsing powerpoles

arteries of Apollo

Past the weepers
Loveless sleepers
Faceless foetuses
On the edge of not

proceed

go

Sconestone
Wombstone
Tombstone
Brimstone

Stone-deaf

uncaring

singing endsong

fecal fensong

know but one song

singsonglongsong

sing the gonesong

go

Past the blind babies

Past the crisscross crucifixes

Xanthippe mourns below

Into the tunnel

Beardown

Barrel on

A black bitch with a black heart

sphincterismus of the city

subway

KAREN ANGELA COX, '66

NATURALISM

and the

HERO

A Study of Stephen Crane's The Red Badge of Courage

by Betty Talley

In his novel *The Red Badge of Courage*, Stephen Crane tells the story of a young soldier who, after his first experience in battle, deserts his comrades only later to return and subsequently to become a hero. The young man, Henry Fleming, gains acceptance from his fellows by displaying his red badge of courage which, in reality, is neither a wound received in battle nor one inflicted by the hand of the enemy. Herein lies the crux of the matter: one usually envisages a hero as one who, from the outset, displays great fortitude and valor; Crane, in contrast, conceives heroism as attained by overcoming fear and cowardice.

The basic ingredient of heroism in its conventional sense is courage. Taken from the Latin *cor*, meaning "heart," courage denotes that quality of mind which enables one to encounter dangers and difficulties with firmness, or without fear, or fainting of heart. National cultures have always treasured heroic personages. Greek tradition, for example, abounds in tales of dauntless men. Not the least of these is Achilles, the steadfast hero of Homer's epic. In Roman literature, Aeneas stands out as the ideal

of strength and valor. Entrusted with the mission of founding the city of Rome, Aeneas withstands the storms of the sea, the dangers of the underworld, and the temptations of Dido to lead his people to their new home. Shakespeare's Juliet takes the sleeping potion and braves the terrors of the tomb to safeguard her bond with Romeo. In each of these three we find a strength of character that allows for forgetfulness of self in the face of conflict. This strength, latent before the crisis, blossoms forth to meet the challenge.

Heroism, then, entails both a courageous person and a circumstance that calls for heroism. Each of our classic examples—Achilles, Aeneas, and Juliet—was an extraordinary person laboring under extraordinary circumstances. One can only wonder whether Juliet would have attained equal heroism under different circumstances; or, likewise, whether Achilles could have equaled the performance of Aeneas given the Trojan leader's particular situation. Which, then, is the more important component of heroism, strength of character or a demanding circumstance?

The traditional view of the hero holds that personal valor is not only the more important but also prior of the two. Stephen Crane, however, would have us believe that it is circumstance that makes the hero. When first confronted with the terrors of active battle, Crane's hero flees; he hasn't yet the means of facing battle straightforwardly. Henry Fleming must develop the means of attaining heroism by first meeting a conflict.

Crane views the war as an impersonal force dominating the lives of the men involved in it. This attitude is characteristic of the naturalistic determinism to which the author subscribes. Explicit evidence of this philosophy can be found in passages like the following:

But he instantly saw that it would be impossible for him to escape from the regiment. It enclosed him. And there were iron laws of tradition and law on four sides. He was in a moving box.

Or again,

He became not a man but a member. He felt that something of which he was a part—a regiment, an army, a cause, or a country—was in a crisis. He was welded into a personality which was dominated by a single

desire. For some moments he could not flee, no more than a little finger can commit a revolution from a hand.

It is this war, this "red animal," that brings about the change in Henry. Before encountering the war, he was an idealistic, immature youth; but once subjected to the theater of war, Henry can no longer avoid the unpleasant and painful elements of life. How does the idealist respond to reality forced upon him? Henry leaves the war of muskets and broken bodies to enter a battle of mental questionings and soul searchings. Battle then ensues both inside and outside him.

The result of these spiritual struggles is a self-justification of his plight. Upon seeing a squirrel flee from a falling nut, Henry realizes that he, like the squirrel, is but a helpless, insignificant victim in the wake of impending danger. He, therefore, has had no other recourse than flight. Seeing that his comrades are approaching victory, Henry returns to the regiment with his ironical red badge of courage. Though an outward sign of his internal triumph, it isn't yet indicative of physical bravery. When, at last, Henry achieves both internal and external satisfaction he becomes a man and a hero.

The naturalistic hero and the conventional hero display similarities basic to the very essence of heroism. For all practical purposes, Henry Fleming leading his regiment in battle and Aeneas carrying his father through the streets of burning Troy are equally heroic; each has demonstrated courage in the face of danger. The difference between them lies in the hero's motivation. Aeneas acts heroically because he had already cultivated those qualities of mind which lead to heroism. Henry Fleming, lacking fortitude at the beginning of war, overcomes his former apprehensions because of the circumstances imposed upon him. Whereas the conventional hero attains his stature from qualities within himself, the naturalistic hero acts from an instinctive response to the forces playing upon him.

To say which of these two concepts is the more accurate interpretation of heroism would be very difficult. More important to consider is the value of courage. Courage spurs men on to great deeds. Courage bespeaks a nobleness of mind and heart and action that will extend itself from the moment of heroism to the whole of life.

in search of

me

MARY MARGARET TURK, '64

She walks, she talks, sometimes she even smiles. She had the body of a woman while still a child and at the age of twenty-one, she had the mind of an adolescent. From the time of her conception, she began to fight a never-ending struggle to stay alive. Life was her eternal battlefield and she fought like an infant, helpless. Her defenses were primitive in a struggle which was far beyond her strength. Her main enemy was herself—that untouchable self which she did not know but searched for with every faculty she could employ. In her own environment she was an oddity. Even though she was a product of the little world around her, she attempted to fight off every influence to find herself.

The real me—where could she find that priceless gift of

which every worldly existence was trying to rob her? This lost body was desperately reaching for the only valuable possession she could selfishly claim as her very own. The only self she could touch was irresponsible, filled with self-pity and saturated with the worst case of “lack of self confidence.” Through the years she had come to hate that self she saw in the mirror, heard talking, felt walking and imaged in the minds of society. That hate had even penetrated into her own little dream world. Why? Because each little movement made her feel more like a product of a cookie cutter. She sought for herself in others and she became a clown as she imitated them to find her own self. She idolized people, found their most priceless traits and tried to make them hers, only to stumble and fall like a gangling ass that had not experienced the wonder of legs.

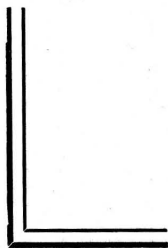
Was she really irresponsible and selfish? Can an infant, unsure who she is, give of herself unselfishly? If this be so, she would only be returning to the world what it had given her and then be reprimanded for being selfish. How can she be selfish when she has nothing of her very own to give. . . .

...and four to go

A Foolish Thought

The world was cold
or so I thought.
There was no love
for me who fought
for you and lost.

But you are gone,
Another's come.
To me he bore
his heart and one
thing more, mine.



The Puritan

We walked among the cherry trees,
Sang lovesongs to the winds,
We laughed eternity away,
Only later did I count my sins.

Night and Day

My life without your love, my dear,
Is not so empty as it seems.
You took the sun that lit my life
But left the moon's reflected dreams.

The Landlord

The dinosaurs have fought,
And the ape has thought,
Welcome, rodent,
Please pay by the tenth.

EVELYNN LOONEY, '66

Fish

Don't

Laugh

For some reason I'm sitting here in the middle of the front row. I really don't know why, because I don't like crowds and usually sit around in the back of the room. Maybe it's because of the cold weather and my cold feet. Anyhow, I just feel like sitting with a bunch of people—not talking—just being near them. Sometimes I feel that way.

Usually when I sit in a class my mind begins to wander. I guess everybody's does. It's just something that happens. You can't help it. People are like that. You can't keep everybody interested all the time.

I sit down next to this girl I know, not because she's especially neat or anything. Actually, she has a real bad looking helmet. Anyway, I sit down next to her and she smiles and I smile. God, but that's ridiculous. She probably doesn't like me any more than I like her, and I'm a bigger jerk for smiling back than she is for smiling in the first place. But, then, I guess if everybody only smiled at people they liked, not too many people would smile very often.

The bell rings and the teacher
JOHN M. FORD, '66 begins class like a robot or

something. He reminds me of my old uncle John, the way he's always using his hands to describe things. But ol' John died of sclerosis or something a long time ago. Good old uncle John. I'll bet there's nothing left of him by now except a few dusty ol' bones. He's kind of lucky in a way.

I realize that I'm not paying any attention to the class because the professor calls on me to answer a simple question and I have to say I don't know the answer. It's embarrassing as hell when you can't answer a simple question like that. Everybody in the class looks at you like you're some kind of a freak.

There's this one real jerk I see in the class who's got to have his say about everything. Somebody must have told him a long time ago that he could make people think he was real smart if he answered all the teacher's questions. He not only answers all the teacher's questions, he even answers the questions of the other students when the teacher is in doubt. And every time he opens his mouth nothing comes out except some kind of meaningless drivel that makes you think that maybe he's the "missing link."

He's got his hand up now like he's trying to save the class from an attack of man-eating flies . . .

All of a sudden I feel terrible. Not for any particular reason—just rotten. Anyway, I have this queer feeling in my stomach and my head, like there's about fifty zillion tons of gravity pulling on each of them in opposite directions. I get real dizzy and I'm scared I might pass out.

I decide there's one reason why I feel so lousy. Like I said, my mind's wandering and what I was thinking about was my parents. I guess I think about them pretty often since they died in that plane wreck. But that was three years ago. I guess they were just about the best people I ever knew, but then, that's sick sentimentalism. God, but I'm a baby. Everybody dies.

It's late in the afternoon and the wind's playing with the snow outside. It reminds me of Robert Frost and what he must have thought about when he wrote "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." He was really wild about nature and stuff like that. I guess he could make just about anything like snow and rain seem real nice,

but they don't excite me too much. Oh, nature's all right, I guess, but you can't ever tell what nature's going to do next. Nature gives you the feeling of silence and darkness, almost overpowering you, but the necessity of going on is still present. It's weird and mixed up like a lot of people I know. I guess of all the poets Robert Frost gets to me the best. He's so real and simple that he's sickening. Poe is like that too. But I like him for another reason.

As I look around the classroom I see some students busily taking notes while others are practicing their "artistic talents" on their books or notebooks, trying to impress the teacher by making him think they are taking down every word he says. But he isn't impressed too much when exam time comes around and somehow they fail to be able to put down anything coherent on their paper. And they wonder why. Then they go to the teacher and ask him how they can do better the next time. Brother! These are the people that really irritate me. It's all so damn silly, it's pathetic.

I see that Tim O'Brien isn't here again today. He had a

fight with Dianne a few days ago and they're not speaking to each other now. He sits right next to her in class. How anybody can be so nuts as to get cut out of class just because he's mad at his girl is pure retardedness. What's going to happen someday if they ever get married and have a fight?

The professor in the front of the room reminds me of an old high school teacher I once had. He was about six yards around the waist and wore the grubbiest clothes you could imagine. I really had to laugh the first time I saw him. He never used to talk very much because all he could do was half-talk and half-grunt, but he tried to help everybody. Not too many high school teachers do that. There weren't very many people who liked him, but I sort of thought he was a pretty cool guy.

The class bell just rang and I realize that I haven't heard one thing that the teacher has said, but that isn't too unusual. Everybody's jamming the doorway as if there's a fire or something, and I fall in line like everybody else. It all seems sort of mad and mechanical in a way.

Out in the hall I meet Grover

Eaton. He goes with Fern Fackenthal, the creepiest girl in the school. They deserve each other

"How's it going, Mike, ol' boy?"

Boy, if there's one expression that's overworked and I can't stand it's that one. He doesn't care if I die right now and get trampled by about a million students in the hall, and he asks me how it's going. He'd probably laugh if I did die. It's all so damn stupid I could just scream. "All right, I guess, Grov."

"Been sucking up some knowledge in Doc Figge's class?"

He's always got to use some asinine expression like "sucking up some knowledge" instead of some normal expression. "No, I haven't been *sucking* up very much knowledge at all in Doc Figge's class."

"Whataya gonna do tonight? Why don't you get some 'sweetie' lined up an' go sled-din' with Fern and me? Should be many grins."

He's got a simple little grin on his pimply face. "No, I've got some studying to do tonight, Grover, ol' buddy. You know how it is."

"Well, maybe some other time. See ya 'round, Mike."

"Yeh, see you around."

Since my classes are over for the day, I decide to take a walk around the lake in the snow. Winter's kind of like a game, with me on one side and it on the other, challenging me to test it. Nature gives the worst she's got in weather, and I have to fight back. It's fun in a way.

All the trees around the lake are bare except for the thin covering of snow on the branches. The sound of the snow crunching under my feet with every step is a warm and friendly sound of winter. The lake has been cleared for ice skating and I walk out on it. I see a few small fish frozen in the ice around me. It's kind of sad in a way. The thought crosses my mind that I might fall in and drown, but I can't get particularly aroused by the idea.

Did you ever feel like laughing until your insides were in knots? Did you ever feel like laughing and rolling around in the snow? Or did you ever laugh because you just felt like it? Well, that's the way I'm laughing. God, but it's funny . . .

THE BEREAVEMENT

PAUL FORSSANDER, '67

"What time is it now?"

"It's almost ten o'clock, son."

The eerie, echoing reply jolted me from my dream world and returned me to the realities of life. Life—man, ain't that one for the books! Funny how old Mac called everyone son; I'll wager that he has been here since this towering tribute of man's inhumanity to man was first constructed.

They say that all men have a kind of inward, or mental, change at one time or another in their lives. Whether this change is abrupt or gradual is of no real significance. However, the abrupt change is more noticeable.

So abrupt was this transformation in my case that it shattered my personality, shook the foundations of my brain, and affected my physical life. My religious life suffered temporarily also; and, but for my strong religious background, it would have been permanently destroyed. This disastrous transformation befell me a year ago today. I recall the day with a kind of dread, and yet with a sensation that I must relive it once again.

For many months, my wife's social life and promiscuous drinking had taken me deeper and deeper into debt. My many pleas to her were but fruitless gestures and went unheeded. When I finally realized that in the near future I would encounter bankruptcy, I made a desperate decision.

Embezzlement is easy enough; especially when you are vice-president of a bank. I had access to the balance books, and the chances of getting



caught in the actual theft were small. The quirk of the matter is that I fully intended to make gradual retribution. The odds seemed fair enough so I decided to proceed with my plan.

"What time, Mac?"

"Eleven o'clock, son."

My stomach muscles suddenly tightened, and a cold chill thrust up my spine making my shoulders momentarily shake uncontrollably. Not much longer now. That feeling, that ungodly chill, the precisely same kind of chill that invaded my entire being that fateful day. The same kind of chill that I felt when the guard apprehended me in the safe. That same panic, that uncontrollable consternation as I turned on the guard and slew him. "Oh, my God, forgive me," I had sobbed.

"Mac, Mac, dammit man, answer me!"

"What is it now, son?" came the calm, far-off reply.

"What do you think? What time is it?"

"It's not quite eleven-thirty, son."

An indescribable lonesome and dejected feeling descended upon me. I've got to control myself; at least, I can die like a man. I've got to stop thinking

about it. Dear Lord, help me die like a man. Forgive my unpardonable wrong. Please don't let one day, out of an otherwise good life, damn me for eternity.

While I am lighting a cigarette, I hear the warden and the escort coming for me. My breathing quickens. My hands grow weak and the cigarette falls to the floor. My stomach muscles once again cramp. The chill returns. The warden arrives and I struggle defiantly to regain control of myself. As he opens the cell door he quietly and calmly says: "Come on, son."

I guess that will be the last time I hear that word. We walk down the corridors, our footsteps echoing.

We enter the execution room, and as I sit in the chair I say half-aloud, "So this is where it all ends." They are strapping me in now. Lord, they make those things tight enough.

I wonder what that first jolt feels like? I wonder if my senses will live long enough to know that I am dead? I wonder if old Mac —?

Back in an empty cell the last dying ash of a cigarette emits one last puff of smoke. Cold ashes. Dust.

"L" STATION PIGEONS

Uniformed in sooty gray,
The small army
Struts on thin, pink feet
Around the penny peanut stand
Hunting for stray nuts
Fallen from a clumsy hand
And trampled in between the boards.
They never seem to age or die
But live
Amid the rush-hour crowds
Unruffled by winter wind.
In faint distress
The sentinels of Chicago
Unfurl their slate gray sails;
Rise at the warning
Thunder on the tracks,
And form a feathered arch above
The Evanston express.

KAREN ANGELA COX, '66

goodby

Jack ambled out of the dorm and down the steps. Then he turned down the road to the park. The air was warm but the ground was cold and damp. The trees along the street in front of the dorm lifted up their naked limbs in the bright sunlight. Across the street on the lawn, between the library and the physics lab, a baseball game was beginning.

"No, I've got to study this history," Jack muttered to himself and walked on.

A few minutes later a convertible, its radio blaring loud music, rolled by, then stopped and backed up. "Hey, Jack! How about a ride?" a fat boy with speckled rimmed glasses called out.

Jack stopped and hesitated a moment. Then he shouted back,

"No thanks, Walt. I've got to study this history. Maybe some other time."

"Well, study hard, old boy."

Walt yelled as he put the car in gear and roared off down the street.

When Jack reached the park, he walked on the grass along the river. Pushing a few damp leaves aside, he sat down near one of the sycamore trees. Jack opened his book, but then he leaned back against the tree and looked up at the clear sky. "Just two more months and another year will be over," Jack thought. "What a waste! Another year gone. I ought to be looking for a job soon. Maybe Phil will give me a job for the summer. Maybe he'd make it permanent if I ask him soon."

"Well, scholar! Thinking hard?" a voice broke in.

Jack jerked around. "Oh! It's you, Sue. When did you arrive?"

The young girl advanced toward the tree. Her black hair hung across her forehead, like a curtain dropping on her sparkling eyes. Drawing closer, she continued, "Somebody up there told me I could find you down here." Then playfully she added, "What are you doing here where no one can find you?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd brush up on my reading for history."

"I might have known. Well, now you're coming for a ride in our new convertible."

"No, I've really got to study for this test tomorrow," Jack answered. Then he inquired with a jealous tone, "When did

you get the new car?"

"We just got her yesterday," Sue responded as she took the book Jack was holding and laid it down in the grass. "Now, you just have to come for a ride."

"Oh, no!" Jack protested, "I've got to finish this."

"Look, it isn't every day that we get a new car," Sue whined. Then in a disgusted tone she asked, "What are you reading this time?" Jack looked away, bracing himself for the ordeal. Sue picked up the book and read, "*Medieval English Life* by Percy Applegate, member of the Royal Society." In mock triumph she added, "Well, old Percy even made the Royal Society. Maybe they'll even bury him in the British Museum or something." Sue put the book down and waited a moment for

Clio

Jack to protest. Jack was just about ready to suggest that they go find Phil and take a ride in the new convertible, when Sue began again in quieter tones. "Look, Jack. Phil and I know you aren't happy with all these books. Gee, remember when we used to play ball all day at the park back home? I bet you never touched a book then."

"Remember how we used to buy ice cream at the old delicatessen at the corner?" Jack grinned back.

Sue laughed gayly, "See, you remember too." Enthusiastically, she continued, "Look, you must have about two thousand of what your Dad left you. Why don't you buy a partnership with Phil? After all he is your brother." Watching Jack closely, Sue went on, "Coin-operated laundries are a big business, and Phil's looking for a partner."

"No," Jack protested. "You know Phil and I don't get along too well."

Sue broke in impatiently. "Oh, brothers never get along."

"How well do you get along with him?" Jack retorted.

Sue jerked up her head so that her bangs swayed back and forth defiantly. In a mockingly serious tone she answered, "I'll have you know, mister, that

Phil and I are happily married." Then leaning over as if to confide in Jack, she giggled, "We did have a little, teeny-weeny fight over whether the car should be pink or red." Turning deadly serious, Sue went on, "Tell me, Jack. What's there here for you? If you join Phil now you could make a fortune. Have a nice house and get a nice wife. Why do you just keep at it here?"

Jack sighed. Then rubbing his hand against his forehead, he said bewilderedly, "I don't know. When I was in high school. . . ." Jack shifted around so that he looked directly at Sue. "When I was in high school, I had this teacher who really had a good class. He did something for all of us, you know? He loved history, and he made us love it too. But he didn't force it. He made it interesting." Jack paused and, looking down at the grass, continued in a whisper, "I always hoped I could do that some day. You know, be somebody who really means something. Who really is important." Jack looked up at Sue and added, "You know, somebody people really need and somebody who really helps people become, you know, more human, more like they should be."

Sue remained very silent, not stirring. "I know. You're still a kid inside, and now you're beginning to see it all the way it really is. Let me tell you." Sue grew more confident. "I once felt that way too. When I was going to school I thought that maybe some day I could work in a lab and do research. I had a teacher who liked biology, and she used to give us long lectures on sacrificing ourselves." Sue laid her hand on Jack's arm. "I felt like you did." Sue looked over at the river and sighed. "When I met Phil he showed me I was wrong. I know I would have seen it as I grew older, just as you're seeing it now. Life isn't at all like you think it is." Sue went on almost with a sneer. "It isn't really love or all like that. It's just work and sweat, and not losing out to somebody else." Sue lifted her head and looked at the sky, "I'm glad Phil opened my eyes." Then turning to Jack, she added, "You'll learn too. It isn't like you think it is." Inquisitively she went on, "Why don't you get in with Phil now while you can? When you wake up it will be too late."

Jack rested his head on the edge of his fist and answered. "I don't know, Sue. I always

thought when I got this far the way would be opened and I could see how to really understand." Jack drew a long breath. "You know what it is that really makes me and Phil fight, don't you?" Sue said nothing. "Well, you see, Phil wants me to admit that I've lost. You know I always worked hard in school. Everybody said when I got good grades that I would certainly be a success and Phil would fail." Jack turned on Sue, "You know, he never studied at all. Now that Phil's got all the money, and I've got nothing, he wants me to come over to his side. Don't you see, he wants me to admit that I was wrong and he was right."

Sue swung her head around and pleadingly asked, "But don't you see? He is right. He is right."

Jack stuttered, "Is he right? Is he . . . Oh, Sue, life is hell."

Sue looked abashed for a moment. Then she stammered back, "Well, that's something from a scholar!" Picking up her thoughts again, Sue went on, "Don't you see that it's only you who's making life hell? Just because you can't put truth in a bottle, and proclaim, 'Here, world! Take the secret formula for truth discovered by Jack

Redsen,' you think it's all meaningless. What about our ball games, those ice cream cones? Don't you think that was truth? How about our new car? What about any car, a house, a lawn, a tree? Don't you think that's truth, too?"

Jack looked up across the river at the bare trees. "I don't know. Maybe I should go just one more year."

"One more year!" Sue exploded. "One more year will be too late. Come on, let's talk a partnership over with Phil. Sure you won't have a degree, but you'll still be making money. Listen, if you and Phil get this thing moving, you'll have a house like the one Phil says we're going to get soon and maybe a colored TV set." Sue giggled, "They're no good, but everybody's getting one." Sue concluded triumphantly, "Anything you want, you can buy."

Jack just stared at the dead leaves on the ground at his feet. Then he turned to Sue and smiled, "Well, what kind of car did you buy?"

She jumped up and exclaimed, "Allah be praised! The mountain has come back to Mohammed!" Then with uncontrollable laughter, she chattered on, "Oh, it's the cutest little car. It's got a cute little top that folds down into the trunk and neat little rugs and a radio. Everything you could want."

"It must be nice . . ."

Sue broke into Jack's comment with a mocking laugh, "We forgot Percy." Then knotting her brow, she pretended deep contemplation, "Dr. Redsen, what is your evaluation of P. J. Applegate?"

Jack laughed and answered, "He might be worth a dollar if the prices are good at the bookstore."



Step

Another

The first rays of sunshine came creeping through the frozen pane, and from somewhere off in the bleak stillness came the challenging crow of a rooster calling the world awake from its warm slumber.

Randy woke suddenly and lay quietly in the early morning hush, listening to the muted sounds of the household rising to the day's tasks: the muffled sound of footsteps crossing the outer room, the log door being shut firmly, the crackle of a log settling in the roaring fireplace, the clatter of dishes as Mother walked about busily setting the table for breakfast. All the sounds were dulled by his still-wakening senses which were just beginning to emerge fully from the clinging cobwebs of sleep. And now there came wafting on the air the delicious warm, hearty smell of sausage sizzling, pancakes frying, and coffee bubbling merrily over the fire.

He moved slowly beneath the voluminous pile of covers and quilts, stretched out his arms wide and yawned sleepily. He looked about him at the small log room with its cold, empty fireplace and tiny, frosted window which showed the white mounds of snow covering the ground outside. He snuggled deeper beneath the bed covers, relishing the warmth which he must soon leave. And then, suddenly, he remembered.

Randy flung aside the heavy covers and jumped from the tall four-poster bed which groaned in protest. Racing across the cold, dark oaken floor, he hurried to the washstand, in the opposite corner of the room, and, tipping the silver pitcher, poured a basin full of cold, clear water into which he dipped his head. He gasped from the shock. He seized a towel and dried himself hastily. In no time whatever he had finished dressing and walked over to the window where he leaned on the sill, pressed his nose against the cold glass, and stared at the frozen country-

side.

It was Christmas Day! In the other room, lying under the beautifully decorated Christmas tree, would be the presents all wrapped in gay paper and tied with large ribbons. This would be only the third Christmas that Randy could remember, and his excitement was constantly increasing. He wanted the day with its gay festivities and joyful surprises to last forever. And yet he could hardly wait until he heard the heavy footsteps crossing the room and the knock at the door summoning him into the other room for the opening of the day's festivities.

However, there was one note of discontent in the symphony of joy surrounding him on this day. His mother had told him of Saint Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as he was known here in America, the jolly man who embodied the whole wonderful spirit of the season, who brought gifts to the good boys and girls and spread the cheer of Christmas. Why had he never been seen? It was much easier to believe in someone you could see. It was hard enough to believe, what with some of the things he had heard from the older girls and boys at the local schoolhouse last week. He wanted so desperately to be-

lieve, to cling to this cherished idea.

He was not asking much. If just once he would hear that knock at the door on Christmas Day and, upon opening it, would find the bearded old man, standing there greeting Randy jovially, inviting him to come out to see his gifts lying under the tree. It would mean so much to him. And his heart yearned within him, while his lips formed the silent prayer. Please! If his belief could only last through the day. He wanted so to continue believing!

Looking up, he saw his father trudging through the heavy snow up to the house, heard the ponderous door open and close, and then the sound of footsteps crossing the wooden floor. Each footfall cut deeply into his heart, closed his lips tighter against the harsh light of reality. It wasn't fair!

Randy stood there, his head hanging, his shoulders stooped under the burden of defeat, and realized that it could not be so, that when he opened the door, he would see only the lean, hard form of his father standing there, smiling bleakly. It could not be otherwise.

And then came the knock on the door.

Hootenanny Hollow

VALERIE MILLER, '66

Bits of sunshine filtering through the trees made a fast-moving pattern on the red Jaguar as it sped along. Like a speckled flame it darted around the corner, then suddenly stopped before a low stone house. Sidewalks had not yet appeared in this new residential district to divide the strip of fresh black tar from the lawns. It was still a woodsy area, with plenty of room for rambling ranch-type houses like this one settled back among the maples.

Three quick blasts, then two long blares on the horn broke the afternoon stillness. This was the "secret honk" that Bart always used to tell his friend Louie that he was outside. Bart leaned over from behind the wheel to glance at himself in the rear-view mirror. He ran

his fingers over his Teddy Kennedy haircut which was already being lightened by the early June sun. The boyish face in the mirror grinned as Bart thought of the good news Louie was sure to have for him.

After a moment, a stocky, black-haired boy appeared on the front porch. "Hey, Bart, it came!" he yelled. "It's here!" He ran to the car, waving a letter.

"Well, whattaya say, Louie! Get in and tell me what he said. Why don't you just come along to the station with me to pick up Richard?" Bart scowled. "You might know I'd have to ruin a perfectly good afternoon at the train station."

Louie read his father's letter as the Jaguar cruised along. Then, "So, Bart, it's all settled.

We can leave for the lodge pretty soon, say next weekend. From what Dad says, it should be all set up for the summer by then. Dad is going straight to the lake from his convention in St. Louis, and he'll get the boat and the water skis all warmed up for us. Man, I can't wait to get going." Louie half stood up in the car, threw back his arms, and let the wind whip his face. "Just feel that lake breeze, man," he said, and slid back down on the seat, laughing at Bart.

"It's going to be a blast this whole summer, Louie, one big blast. Ugh, I can just hear what old Richard is going to say. Richard is such a grouch; he frowns on all fun. You know what I mean, Louie? All he thinks about when he comes home from college is that charity camp of his. I couldn't stand to coop myself up in the woods with all those screaming little kids the way he does." Bart glanced into the rear-view mirror again as he drove. He straightened the collar on his new Madras shirt with one hand, the shirt that was guaranteed to bleed. "Besides," he said to Louie with a slight shudder, "they don't even have running water."

The train pulled out of the station, leaving a handful of people on the small outdoor platform. Richard, a taller, more mature version of Bart, strode over to the car where the boys sat enjoying cigarettes while they waited. Bart had pointed out that there was no use getting out of the car—Richard would find them all right. Richard reached down and shook his brother's hand warmly. "Well, Bart, how are you? Thanks a lot for coming. Hello, Louie," he waved, crossing to the other side of the car. "Good to see you both."

Bart flicked his cigarette to the pavement. "Whattaya say, Richard? Squeeze in here somewhere and let's get home. I'm really beat. It's just a good thing you sent your bags on ahead, or we would be even more crowded."

"Same old Bart," Richard thought, shaking his head. As they drove through the late afternoon sunlight, Richard questioned his brother about recent happenings at home, then casually steered the conversation toward plans for the summer. As if it had just occurred to him, Richard asked, "How about coming to camp with me for a while this summer, Bart?"

You, too, Louie. We're going to need a couple of extra-good counsellors."

Bart sniffed. "Now look, Richard. Louie and I are spending the whole summer at his father's lodge that's over on the other side of the lake from your camp. The whole summer! Louie has the letter right here from his dad saying we can come. Show him, Louie. See, Richard?"

"Sounds like a good time all right. But, Bart," Richard leaned forward in his seat to make a direct appeal, "there are going to be some crippled boys from the state school over for a few weeks. We sure could use your help."

"No, thanks, Richard. That old charity camp of yours is going to be nothing but a bore compared to this." He gestured impatiently toward Louie's letter; then, seeing the look on Richard's face, he added slowly, "Well, uh, I guess I could drive you over there Saturday. It's right on the way to the lodge."

Richard was silent until they let Louie off at his home. Then he said thoughtfully, "All right, Barton, you can live it up all summer. You don't have to do anything to help anybody."

"Oh, brother, here comes the

'Barton' bit," Bart thought, as he pulled into the driveway.

"It isn't just camp, it's your whole general attitude," Richard continued. "Some day, Barton, some day . . ." But just then the boys' mother came running to the car to greet them, and Richard did not have a chance to finish.

Saturday morning finally dawned. Bart and Richard flung their luggage into the back of the family station wagon and, with Louie, set out for the lake, full of plans for the summer ahead of them. Later, long after the time it takes for boys to get hungry, they turned onto the rutted dirt road that wound around the lake to the camp. They bounced along for a few minutes. Suddenly Louie pointed to a rusty metal sign tacked to a tree. "There it is, 'Hootenanny Hollow Camp.' "

" 'Hootenanny Hollow' is right," muttered Bart, as he took in the view from the road. In a small clearing away from the lake stood the only sturdy building the camp possessed, the mess hall. Richard explained that the charred black circle on the ground near the mess hall was the remains of last year's campfire site. Five or six good-sized logs were rolled haphazardly around it to serve as seats.

Circling both the building and the campfire site were several dust-colored tents, procured a few years before from the army surplus store.

Richard climbed out of the car and gathered his equipment together. "Hi, Richard! I'm here!" One of the campers who had arrived early broke away from the group that was gathered before the rough log door of the mess hall. He started through the trees toward the car, leading a smaller boy who limped badly.

"Well, hello, Tommy. Welcome back! Who is your friend?"

"This is Billy. He doesn't walk very good. But Mr. Harvey said we could go fishing as soon as you came. Wanna go now?"

Richard chuckled and swung his duffel bag across his shoulder. "Okay, men, we'll go fishing as soon as I check in with Mr. Harvey and throw this gear in my tent." He turned to Bart and Louie in the car. "Thanks for the ride, Bart. You're welcome to drop in anytime you feel like it. Sure do wish you could stay around."

"Yeah." Bart took another look at the rough log mess hall and the cluster of weather-worn

tents. Then he glanced at the raggedy little boys. "Have fun, Richard." The station wagon rumbled down the dirt road and disappeared around the curve of the lake. Two miles ahead stretched the lodge estate and the promise of "one blast of a summer."

A month passed and the two boys filled their days with swimming and skiing.

"I'm going to be water skiing champion of this county yet," Bart boasted sarcastically as he and Louie trudged up the wooded hill, returning from one of their daily outings. "How could I miss after skiing every single day for four weeks? Isn't there something else to do up here?" he scowled. "We've been swimming and skiing all I care to swim and ski for a while."

Louie paused to catch his breath after the climb and thought for a minute. "Well, we could go fishing. Or maybe we could take out the boat again, except that Dad doesn't like us to when he isn't here. He'll be right back in a day or two. You know he promised to have your car back by then."

"Oh, great, and in the meantime we just do the same old things over and over. Swim-

ming and fishing, skiing and . . ."

"What did you expect to do at a lake?" Louie interrupted. "My gosh!" He walked onto the terrace overlooking the water. "Say, we could broil some steaks out here tonight. That would make us both feel better."

"Not tonight, Louie. Look up at that sky. It looks like a terrific storm is coming up. Help me grab these skis, and let's get inside. Quick."

It was one of those nightmarish thunderstorms that suddenly drive away the summer sun. Wind whip-lashed the lodge and drove the rain against it. The boys stood near the kitchen window eating sandwiches and watching the rain.

"Boy, would I hate to be out in this!" Bart exclaimed, leaning comfortably on the window sill. He reached out for a pretzel, then suddenly whirled on Louie. "Louie! Richard and the boys! Do you think they're all right? Let's go get them."

"We can't, Bart. Dad took your car with him, remember?"

"Oh yeah, that's right." Bart cupped his hands around his eyes and stared out the window as if trying to see across the lake. "Louie, what are we going

to do? That's my brother over there! With a whole bunch of little kids! I'm going to go see if he is okay. Want to come?"

Thunder cracked. Bart looked again at the darkened sky through the rain beating at the window. "Two miles," he said. For a moment he looked bleakly at his friend, and then Louie saw his expression change. There was real determination in his features, and courage that made him seem more manly than boyish.

"I'll get a couple of flashlights, and you grab some matches," Louie shouted. "Let's get going!"

Later, much later it seemed, the boys sloshed, soaked and muddy, into Hootenanny Hollow. Everything was dark. Bart and Louie stopped and listened intently. Above the noise of the rain and thunder they could hear boys' voices coming from the direction of the mess hall. They ran toward it in zigzag fashion to avoid the deep puddles in the road. Bart swung open the heavy door. There were fifteen or twenty small boys curled up in blankets on the tables. They squirmed and called out as thunder struck again. Pacing back and forth between the rows of tables was

one of the counsellors, talking quietly to this child, and pulling the covers around that one. Then Bart spied Richard crouched on the floor with his back to the door, trying in vain to start a fire in the fireplace.

"How'd you like a match, Richard?" asked Bart, putting his hand on his brother's shoulder. Richard started and dropped the flint he had been rubbing.

"Bart!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet. The two stood there for a second looking at each other.

"Got a job for me, Richard?"

Richard's face broke into a grin. Just then little Billy crawled out of his blanket and slid down off the table. He hobbled over to Bart. Taking hold of Bart's arm, Billy looked up.

"Hi, man!" he said.

Little Things

A tender smile from someone near,
A tiny violet hidden;
Cheerful sunbeam on a dreary day,
Whippoorwill's song at twilight;
A nest of field mice,
Newborn duckling,
Woolly lamb:
Long live little things!
Little things that make my way
Easier,
Lighter,
Brighter.
How mightyless they before the Almighty!

THERESA MEYER, '64