

The background of the entire image is a solid, vibrant red. 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 prominent, while others are thin and delicate. The lines intersect and overlap in a way that creates a sense of depth and movement, reminiscent of a modernist or Bauhaus-style graphic design.

**FIORETTI**

# THE FIORETTI

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AN ANTHOLOGY OF  
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# ESCAPE

PAUL TOOLEY, '60

The shadow of the bars from the door of the cell fell upon the desperate face of the man who gripped the bunk's support until his veins were gnarled ribbons against his skin. Large projecting eyebrows screened piercing eyes set deep into his large but thin features. His mouth, wide and massive, had a twisted, sinister smile.

Through his distorted mind ran ideas of revenge against the revenging. Not only his mind but his heart and soul were warped, tormented and full of hate.

A sound like a groan from a wounded beast escaped between his lips. A trial was due him. He knew he was guilty, but no one could prove it. He was too clever, he. The prison guard had laughed when he had asked about a trial. But he would show them. He'd show them all. He'd be free yet.

"There'll be a trial?" he asked.

"A trial? Sure," the guard

drawled, "sure, there'll be a trial. Yes, a trial."

"When? When will it be?" He noted the indifference reflected on the face of the guard. "In twenty-five years?" he added with scorn.

"Maybe. Yes, maybe in twenty-five years. They're in no hurry." And the guard avoided his searching look.

Detrick's easily excitable heart ran cold as he thought of the murders he had committed. Nine beautiful, young women with gaping bloody slashes in their white throats. He hated beauty for he was ugly.

Detrick did not understand. His mind was torn between what he knew he had had to do and the might of the law. He also did not understand the guard. One minute tormenting, the next consoling. He read the note again. "Escape—stones." How? How? How? muttered his lips again and again. He was growing frantic. He knew that he must maintain his senses and learn what the words meant. On the guard's last round for the night he walked by slowly, seriously, looking at the prisoner, and then he nodded. The nod was not at Detrick, but at the wall. "The wall," he whispered to himself. Hope replaced frustration. "Escape — stones —


wall." Detrick crawled to the wall in sure understanding of the message. He began examining the wall. Misery drained from him! A large stone block was loose—and another—and the next—and the next. With mounting haste, he pulled the heavy blocks from their places. A tunnel! Detrick stared down into it, panting from exertion.

The tunnel was wide and slowly pointed down. Perfect! The digger remembered that the prison sat high on a hill. He crawled, fearful and nervous at first, and then with impatience to shorten the time. The tunnel was becoming narrower but the passage was still possible. Suddenly the urge to kill came over him, kill something—anything. The setting was right, so right. It was quiet, very quiet and dark. The only sound came from the pebbles rolling down in front of him. Detrick did not feel the sharp rocks that ripped his clothes and tore into his knees. Freedom was near. Blood from his torn skin and stabbed knees trailed the ground. Detrick could use only his hands for propulsion in a pulling fashion. "Damn the man, the idiot, the imbecile! why couldn't he dig wider?" came in explosive gasps. Detrick forgot that without the man there would be no

escape at all. He forgot all except escape.

He struggled. His eyes soon bulged, then strained; his heart jumped, then skipped one, two, three beats. Light! Detrick saw the needle point of light a great distance ahead, but it was there like a beacon. Excitedly, he pushed ahead. Moreover, now he became conscious of the rocks cutting his stomach and chest, his tattered clothes and the blood dripping down his face from his head. But light! He came to a smooth, slippery, sharply curved side of rock that pointed down steeply. The light here was brighter but the cave was narrower. Detrick slid down gashing his head once more only this time the worst. At the bottom he lay, eyes open. Now the light was brighter. He glanced toward it. Straight up, one hundred feet or so of straight smooth slippery rock. No going forward to freedom. No return to captivity.

The sun rose higher. Now it stood directly above the hole and it laughed at Detrick. He laughed too, for the sun dies daily and Detrick will die but once—in the pit. He lay back and rocked with insane laughter while the skulls of nine other escapees which lay there smirked at him with fleshless lips.



# On Corpus Christi

Oh, Love,  
Unbent,  
Madly spent,  
Diffused.  
Oh, Love,  
Disguised,  
Unrecognized,  
Refused.  
Oh, Love,  
Take us,  
Remake us,  
Sate us  
With Love.

LOUISE DIVER, '59

# A R T O F T O D A Y

ISABEL HERNANDO, '58

Until very recent years the superior quality of the work of art was obvious to everybody. It took no special insight or technical knowledge to tell the difference between the product of a master and that of an amateur. However, this no longer applies. Technique? Of no importance! Color? "Put it anywhere!" said the painter Braque.

We have to admit that mere sketches frequently go on public exhibition with the same hanging as Michelangelo. Juries no longer demand the high technical standards of the past. The question is whether a so-called debased technique is one of the features of modern painting and sculpture. Do the more radical, modern masters have significant skill to call upon it if they want it? The answer is yes. Anyone who examines the entire catalogue of work by a famous contemporary will find a number of conventional paintings splendidly executed. A more important question must then be raised: Why is the artist satisfied with something less than he might have done?

An explanation may be derived from the experimental trend established by the Impressionists and carried further by Cézanne. A picture is consid-

ered as a mere step in a program of investigation. Demonstrations which at first seem outlandish often make perfect sense if one can merely identify the problem the artist set himself.

Another explanation can be found in the Romantic insistence upon excitement and its emphasis on spontaneity. In place of completeness and finish, the expression of a creative personality is caught at a moment of intense focus and inspiration. Pictures executed in this way—spontaneously—test the power of an artist more mercilessly than any picture painted with meticulous care.

But the present abandonment of traditional standards may have a deeper significance. We are an increasingly brash people for whom a brash art is a natural thing. When our entire society is moving away from the propriety of the High Renaissance, are we to be surprised that art abandons the decorum of technique?

Abstraction is one of the constants of modern art. To a very slight extent, abstraction and distortion are the same thing. Distortion exaggerates fact. Abstraction denies the need of art to be connected with anything observable in the world

by the normal and accurate eye.

Cézanne once wrote that all aspects of nature can be reduced to "the cylinder, the sphere, and the cone." It is uncertain what he meant, but the remark has its origin in Plato's dialogue the *Philebus*. The abstract movement in modern art has a solid foundation in the most ancient and noble authority, and it reflects the artist's endeavor to capture the fundamental form of things. It is a pity that the Platonic origin of the contemporary abstract movement is seldom pointed out. Instead it is considered as the product of radical and even insane minds.

As a matter of fact, it was Plato who referred to artists as "imitators." Plato considered the representative artist as imitating something whose real existence is beyond sense experience. He considered the resulting painting good only for those who know how to judge by color and figures.

Looking back over the past, the twentieth century artist feels that the exploration of representative technique no longer offers the hope of growth and increase which is the end result of all great art. It is for this reason that he has turned to the ancient but unexplored field of pure and basic form.

# THE VOYAGE

ROBERT KISTNER, '60

The tinkle of expensive crystal mingled with the soft lights and hushed murmurings of San Francisco's "Top of the Mark"—a majestic eighteen stories above the already lofty Nob Hill. Below, a myriad twinkling lights spread in a widening sea until they were swallowed by mist creeping silently over the city; and an endless worm of cars threading across the amber-lighted Bay Bridge disbursed into the melee of a Saturday evening's traffic. Outside, it was chilly, as San Francisco

often is—even in May; but in the warmth of this magical eyrie of the elite, the weather report seemed of the very least importance.

"Guam?" The word arched from a mink-swathed brunette seated at my elbow. She lifted her Manhattan delicately to her lips as she murmured sensuously, "You had better take plenty of warm clothes, darling. My cousin was in the Aleutians two years ago and complained that it was dreadfully cold!"

The remark in itself didn't

surprise me in the least. I had become so accustomed to the assumed locations of that particular island, that any spot-check from the Arctic Circle to the coast of New Zealand seemed reasonable enough. I doubt that I would have known better had I not sought out the exact location from an Atlas the day I received orders for Guam.

"Mom," the Albanian proprietress of "The Ship"—a sailors' bar on Kerney Street—though sympathetically overwhelmed to the point of treating me to a free drink, had no idea where it lay; but two of her "boys" seated at the bar did. I had but to mention my destination and a double shot of *Old Grand Dad* appeared as by magic by my half-filled glass as condolences from the pair. They had, by all indications, been there only recently and were even now pitching down a double shot apiece apparently to obliterate the memory.

"How unlucky can you get?" muttered one shaking his head sadly.

"Yeh," affirmed his cohort dazedly. "How unl . . . unl . . . how bad off can you be?" He swilled his shot magnificently, gripping the bar for support. "No babes . . . nothin' . . . but

that heat 'n rain . . . 'n rain, 'n rain . . ."

"Heat and rain," echoed Mom through her Middle-Eastern accent, as though they provided the unbeatable combination.

As by prearranged signal, the trio sighed meditatively and fixed their sorrowful, unfocusing eyes on me—a most uncomfortable arrangement—and I, mumbling something about a dinner engagement, made a somewhat hasty departure.

My spirits were low as I boarded the ship that carried me beneath the towering Golden Gate Bridge, past Land's End and the light-house, Sutro Heights and the Seal Rocks, leaving behind the magic city sprawling in quiescence in the afternoon sunlight. What "Elba" was this to which I was being exiled? After so many disheartening descriptions of it by disheveled sots—"veterans of Guam," they said—I was growing more and more fearful to walk to the ship's rail lest some secret inhibition hurl me overboard.

Land had only barely disappeared from view when the ground swells began their dastardly business. Ninety percent of the ship's passengers had never been to sea, and were

grimly anticipating the sailor's scourge of seasickness. It was barely twilight — only sixty miles off the continent — when the first of the land-lubbers broached on his odious mission of spreading the plague throughout the ship. He had felt it coming while still two decks below; and with knees buckling, hands clammy and face blanched, he competed in a luckless race with his rebelling stomach for topside and air—but lost the duel with only yards to go.

Two men just coming below, and who had witnessed the whole tragedy, retraced their steps to the weatherdeck and the side where they stared blankly at the pulsating water for a moment before bowing low in surrender over the rail.

Below, gravity had managed to spread the news; and in the airless compartments, the epidemic had claimed its victims. The lavatories were choked with the post-ejectors and pre-ejectors and those who just thought they might; and throughout the ship there were the ominous stipplings of those who could go no farther. But as the *Barrett* churned into warmer water, leaving the swells behind, the ravaged passengers, although still pale and weak,

found their stomachs resting more comfortably. Then, each hour brought a new adventure. By day, dolphins raced with the ship and flying-fish launching their splendored bodies in brief, sparkling flight over the water plunged again into their ink-blue domain. Night unfolded the phosphorescent glow in the wake of the ship, the myriads of stars—their meteors spilling from the orbits, and a new moon just sliding from view at the horizon. Yet, with a steady diet of them, one can tire of the most breathtaking views; and after a few days, the dolphins and flying-fish, the stars and meteors took on a monotonous air.

Sight of land and a day in Honolulu bolstered my spirits somewhat. The *Lurline* had docked that morning and Kaula Avenue at Waikiki from Diamondhead to Kapiolani swarmed with sun-pinked tourists resplendent in orchid leis and drooping sun hats. I discovered that an afternoon at Waikiki—sipping a refreshing drink from the Hotel Surfrider's luxurious bar, wading in the ankle-deep pile of the Royal Hawaiian lobby carpets, dining in tropic splendor at Don the Beachcomber's, or making futile attempts at riding a surf-

board on the frothing crest of a wave—is sufficient to “sell” even a penguin on life in the tropics; and the following morning when the *Barrett* sailed from Pearl Harbor, she carried at least one person aboard who was determined to *love* Guam or give up the ghost in the attempt!

On the thirteenth day after we had last seen the Golden Gate, word was passed for the troops to lay below to their compartments for, of all things, a disembarkment drill. Hundreds of curious eyes scanned the horizon from varied vantage points expecting, perhaps, to see “Bali H’ai . . . her head pokin’ up through a low-flying cloud”; but finding nothing but the endless purple sea and low-lying cumulus, they shrugged and wandered below.

I have observed that many of Naval commissions credit the enlisted man for performing the task of breathing without bungling the job; but that is where the proficiency ends. Beyond that point, the situation requires at least a “full” Ensign to lead the men by the hand. Assigned to our “gallant,” we were instructed by him to assemble ourselves in alphabetical order (“That’s A-B-C’s,” he elucidated) and pretend we had our

seabags with us as we journeyed two decks up, in single file, to the prescribed exit. After a compartment preceding ours had involved itself in a congestion not unlike a New Year’s traffic jam on Times Square while going through the motions of disembarkment (still four hundred miles at sea) leaving its *charge d’affaires* shrieking orders and wringing hands trying not to march his mutants overboard, it was decided by the high command that this phase of the maneuver would be omitted.

Spared the parade, the rest of us were instructed to take particular note of who our partners were so we would know precisely where to assemble the following morning. It was somewhat like practicing for May procession, and I caught myself several times anticipating the receipt of a crepe-paper-covered bucket filled with rose petals.

Our lead man, a lanky Texan named Abercrombie, was entrusted with our safe departure from the ship and was conducted by our newly-recomposed Ensign to the door through which we would presumably disembark. The plan was without flaw, apparently. I doubt that the Normandy invasion received more careful study. Af-

ter all, consider, if you will, the disastrous effects possible if Edmonds disembarked before Eabert!

The long, ear-shattering blast of the *Barrett* still echoed through the rain-soaked Guamanian hills as the mobile gangway was wheeled into place. Minutes later, the teeming throng below was further confused as scores more poured down the gangway and into the arms of those they had journeyed so far to see; but in the Navy it is custom for the enlisted man to wait. Hurry as fast as one can drive himself, to get there as early as possible, to wait until the situation becomes ridiculous. A disembarkment from a troop ship is no exception.

We were awakened at five that morning (two hours before the commissioned and dependents were called), washed, shaved, dressed and dined by dawn (which came up like thunder at about six-fifteen) and for what? Why to wait, of course! As the dependents thundered down the gangway, the troops sat—as they had been for an hour and a half, on their seabags, waiting to go somewhere—anywhere. The Bos'un was right. It was going to be a long day.

When the long line of white-uniformed sailors at last filed from the hold and into the rain on the gangway, the crowd of welcomers with their smiles, and cheers, and colorful leis, had long since gone, leaving the cargo handling crews to man their cranes. Where an hour before, hundreds of joyous people had milled about, now all that remained were crushed flowers trodden under a thousand feet, bits of paper too heavily soaked to fly, and the rain—always the rain. Such was Guam. I was beginning to appreciate that double shot of *Old Grand Dad*.

I had invisioned Guam as an island unique in its loveliness—its swaying palm trees nodding in agreement to the tropical breezes, miles of sugary sun-kissed sand framing opalescent lagoons and coves, lovely nut-brown maidens — hibiscus in their hair . . .

"C'mon! Get the lead out!" barked a voice behind me. "We want to get the hell off this scow."

"Guam," I mused aloud. "Guam?"

"Yas, Guam!" rasped the same unpleasant voice in mimicry. "Are you goin' to move or am I goin' to have to move ya?"

I strayed down the gangway dragging my seabag behind me

still mulling over the word, hoping it would sound and represent differently than it had, but it persisted in its composure of the same four disgusting letters. Guam.

Those of the *Barrett* had first seen the island that morning before dawn as a flashing beacon off the port bow; but as the light grew braver, the faint outline of a black, somber, cloud-capped island came into view. With each minute the tropical dawn gathered brightness until the great ball burst from the ocean flooding the panorama with golden light.

There lay the coral reef with indigo waves arching their snowy necks — exploding in frothy effervescence; the coves and lagoons, their beaches curving like the crescents of new moons against the luxuriant coconut palms; the jungles—foreboding and dark, holding the mysteries of centuries and a handful of Japanese stragglers that refuse to be convinced that peace exists between their nation and ours; the cliffs—rising hundreds of feet like walls of a gigantic fortress to a royal blue sky—smeared with heaven's fleece. What was the song? "Here am I, your special island ..."

Another blasting horn quaked the monotonous noise of the winches as a vehicle, of a sort, shambled to a halt. Though some objection seemed to have arisen, it was made plain that we were to ride in that "cattle car," as one perturbed sailor had called it. It was an experience without precedent. The floorboards had long since rotted away, affording an excellent, if alarming, view of the road passing at our feet and provided adequate space to hurl about a gallon of red, muddy water inside with the impact of every chuckhole.

We jarred along for a distance at this saturating pace and then slammed to a halt in an area fairly alive with activity. Our second arrival was somewhat more pleasant, though equally impersonal. The rain had subsided for the moment, leaving assorted puddles about—suitable for passing jeeps and autos to splash in. The men, at this point, were past caring; therefore, curses no longer seared the air as a wave of spray further drenched an already sodden uniform. We stood, heads bowed in submission and weariness, in ragged formations, hoping to hear our names: the glad tidings that

would once again give us homes—if only temporarily. The process seemed endless, but as the afternoon wore on, the numbers diminished as they were hauled off in more “cattle cars” for places with weird and abbreviated - sounding names. There were those of us who were further exiled to Saipan, Tinian, Rota — small coral specks called islands enjoying the same area as Guam. Some were so fortunate as to get assignments lugging crates with the Cargo Handling Battalion; others, fascinating duty aboard garbage scows and tugboats; and I, in due course (and oddly enough), was finally granted the station I had been assigned to since the receipt of my orders: The Naval Communication Station.

The journey to my new home, though in the back of an open truck, proved quite interesting in that I could gather almost every spectrum of local color by oscillating my head as we plunged headlong into the jungle of automotive discord. For an island that can boast of fewer than thirty miles in length and only one-fifth that in width, there is an amazing roll of vehicles. They swarm over the island in relentless patterns like ants on a lemon cake, seem-

ingly bent on the extermination of the race, leaving in their wake the quick and experienced still afoot, but the slower and less observant of the species lying under a tree awaiting an ambulance.

The truck swerved amid a frantic scream of rubber against pavement as an antiquated jeep (held together apparently by faith alone) darted in a frenzied pattern to avoid being hit. The glass partition between the driver and me prevented then what could be an accurate quotation now; but I would assume that the literary policy would probably have overruled it anyway. The driver, noticing that his gyrations had unseated and all but thrown me out of the truck, poked his head from the window and asked if I was all right.

“Oh, I’m fine,” I lied, rubbing my elbow. “Is that the usual sort of thing around here?” I asked, nodding after the retreating jeep.

“Yas,” he grunted. “Y’ gotta keep an eye on these tree-climbers or they’ll run ya off a cliff.”

I took immediate, careful, and reassuring note that we were in no way jeopardized in this regard as we were at most four feet above sea level and

such prevailing, I estimated that the worst possible fate that we could come to would be getting a little wet as we rolled into the bay.

The traffic was getting dense as any on Market Street at five o'clock and seemed to be comprised mostly of wrecks such as the one we had just aimed for and missed. A sprinkling of newer cars and privately owned taxis added a zest heretofore lacking in this game of legalized "chicken." It was neck and neck—rather fender and fender—all the way. The jeep incident had quite unnerved me and it was a relative strain when I took a stab at nonchalance and lit a cigarette to help cover my anxiety.

We had apparently left all civilization behind and had been environed by dense jungle, when a sea of white quonset huts suddenly appeared in a clearing hacked out of the undergrowth. The truck slowed at a gate guarded by a torpid-looking sentry and then, as the man found energy enough to lift his hand in a half-hearted *entre-dans*, accelerated, swinging past a large, white, palm-flanked sign that proclaimed broadly "N. C. S." followed by smaller print which collectively read, "Guam." Lest we forget.

The truck had stopped and I was conscious of the bubbling of the radiator for an instant before the driver opened his door and announced cheerily, "Well, here you are!"

He was right, of course. There I was.

Not wanting to deflate his good humor, I thanked him for his consideration in bringing me to this somewhat aboriginal encampment, and together we stood, gazing thoughtfully at the grounds: he with the satisfied smile of a man who had done another a good turn, and I with the somewhat hideous leer of one who had just been presented with a hand-painted chamber-pot.

Investigation revealed that my "home," as I forced myself somewhat unhappily to call it, was an old quonset hut already occupied by several men I recognized as my former companions aboard the *Barrett*. Their greetings were enthusiastic to the point of being upsetting as they quite confirmed my suspicions that this place was none other than Hades itself cloaked in the guise of a tropical Elysium and they were only too happy to have someone to share their misery.

The one bunk that remained

unoccupied had been placed under a leak in the roof so that the mattress would absorb the moisture as it poured through the vent and also act as a sound cushion to eliminate the Chinese Water Torture atmosphere, and was, therefore, not too well suited for repose. I found a replacement in an adjoining hut and soon had all the comforts of home—a comparison which gagged me considerably.

I spent a rather fitful night, unaccustomed as I was to the sounds of the jungle. It was as though a whole symphony orchestra had unfolded, filling the place with its eerie music. At length, I tried gaming with myself, imagining how all this would sound in the Hollywood Bowl: the frogs with their throaty melody, the night birds mewing the thinly spun music of the violins, the lizards chirping their intermittent nonsense, filling the gaps as piccolos . . . It was quite a game at that! I was just dozing in my lethargy when an octette of tympani shattered the night as a coconut struck the metal roof directly over my head and rolled with reverberating pulsations across the corrugated surface and onto the ground. The impact had shaken loose particles of rust that had clung to the metal, and

I found myself sitting bolt upright amid a gritty snowfall. The coconut, for all its itchy after-effects, proved itself a boon as the symphony had been startled into silence and now there was only the restful patter of rain beginning to fall, and the quiet, fluttering rattle of palm leaves disturbed by the wind.

I smiled contentedly listening to the rain, now pouring in a mild torrent; and then realized with alarming suddenness that I had failed to move my bunk from beneath the leak, and felt at that same instant the cold splash of water on my side.

The operation was brief and fairly noisy, but reaped comforting benefits as I observed with outstretched palm that the water was missing me by about eight inches and was splashing merrily, if not annoyingly, in a growing puddle by my bedside. The frogs, delighted with the precipitation, reinstated their round followed in irregular snatches by the chortling giggle of a lizard somewhere over my head. Would that I were Grieg! I would surely have found inspiration; but as it was, I was very, very weary and fell asleep praying earnestly for another coconut.

# **J E REMEMBERED S S**

LOUISE DIVER, '59

A fresh coffee smell filled the five rooms of Arnold's bungalow where Jess put down the paper, pushed back his chair, and stepped over to open the closet. There were the red-black mackinaw, the oily cap, leather gloves and buckle overshoes. Jess would be glad when it warmed up a bit, at least enough that the overshoes could be left behind. But, now, especially while the bridge was being finished, he had better drag them around. He pulled them on over the heavy work shoes, buttoned the mackinaw, and took from the icebox the lunch Nora had fixed. Yes, Nora. He should tell her goodbye.

Nora, a brown-skinned little

girl, had held Jess' heart since sixth grade. Jess could remember watching Nora the first day she came to class. When she handed the teacher her transfer, Jess had leaned forward to hear her whispered message, "Nora." So that was her name! Their marriage, it seemed, had just been taken for granted from that time. They were poor when they married, and they still were. But did any of their friends have more? None of them were lucky enough to have boys like Nora and Jess' two, Pudge and Jimmie. Their little house was paid for and pretty well in shape. And Jess had Nora.

He decided not to awaken

Nora this morning. His hand only touched the warmth of her cheek and hair, and then pushing the covers close in to her shoulders, Jess moved quickly past the door of the boys' room. Pudge, asleep or awake, was always amusing to them. Sometimes even Jimmie, although only eighteen months his elder, could appreciate Pudge's success at clowning. Jess laughed quietly deep inside when he saw the tiny train Pudge still held clenched in his fist. Only a few hours on the job and then Jess would be with Nora and the boys as usual.

That it was time for Jess to be home Pudge and Jimmie never needed to be told. As soon as he reached the porch, a whirl of little boys and little boys' voices vied wildly for Daddy's attention. Nora would wait, laughing with Jess at the ever-recurring exuberance of their two. "God, I love that wife and those kids of mine," Jess pulled tight the back door and looked at his watch: 5:40.

Maybe he would try the 10th Street bus this morning. The extra distance wouldn't matter if he could catch an earlier bus. A brisk walk never chilled Jess, just that standing in half-water, half-mud by the mixer was what made his feet freeze. The

ride was so familiar to Jess that he somehow saw without seeing the cafes, warehouses, factories and railroad yards along the way. Out the window of the bus Jess could see that the men had already fired the makeshift drum stove. Jess pulled the cord, swung his lunch pail from the seat, left the bus and headed toward the construction shack.

Jess did not see the swift Hercator whose driver had anticipated the light's change by a leaping acceleration. One horrible screaming screech, a deadening thud of flesh with steel, and stillness came over a mangled young body lying sprawled by a frozen roadside.

Light, piercing and sifting, searched his soul, and then came the words: "Jess, come."

The awful command sent a reeling review of his life spinning before Jess, a timeless, minute account of Jess Arnold from birth to his children's births, to the five-room house where Nora slept, to last night . . . "GOD, OH GOD," Jess' lips burned, "I forgot it. Nora, the kids. Oh, my God, let me go get that letter. Just until that is mailed, wait God. Let me go get" . . . God heard the anguished father's plea. Jess could go.

The letter was beside the

phone where they had placed it last night with mutual assurances that neither would forget. Nora still slept. The blankets rose and fell evenly with her almost silent breaths. Jess turned to look at Nora. No, no, he would not touch her. He noticed that Pudge had let the train fall to Jimmie's side of the bed.

Jess left home as before, retracing only the part of his path which went to the Brighton Post Office. The neat, self-addressed envelope fell through the "out of town" slot, a freshly-inked stamp impressed a fact: MARCH 15, 5:43 A.M. No one saw the hand which had dropped the letter, no one except the priest who carefully folded the lifeless limb over a crushed chest.

"Now, God, I am ready to come if you want me," Jess was always simple like that.

"Jess, have you been a good husband? Have you loved your wife and children?"

"You know I have, God, I have been a good husband and until the very end. I have taken good care of Nora, and Jimmie, and Pudge. And thanks for letting me mail that letter." . . .

Pudge was shoving Jimmie with all the might in his baby hands, "Gimme my tootchoo!" Nora could only faintly hear the scuffling. Sleepily brushing aside her hair, she reached to answer the insistent jangling of the phone. Nora noticed that Jess had remembered. He had remembered to mail the insurance payment.

"Hello," she said.

## MORNING

As Night

Turned off her stars

Aurora was awakened by feathered heralds

Chirping their tribute

To Apollo

The god of day.

NORMALIE RICHARDS, '60

# PSALM OF

Melancholy shadows  
outside a tear-spattered pane.

Rain torn leaves  
lashing, whispering, weeping.

The sorrows of death surrounded me,  
and the torrents of iniquity terrified me.

# LIBERATION

Trees whipped by  
the winds groaning;  
leaves folded close  
like angelic pinions.

The sorrows of hell ensnared me,  
and the snares of death entrapped me.

Weary heart beating slowly  
inside a mortal temple.  
Hands clutching tightly  
a beaded bouquet.

In my affliction I called upon the Lord  
and I cried to my God; and from His temple  
He heard my voice.

Soul released  
freed from the Curse;  
reaching for immortality,  
grasping heaven.

And He led me out into an open space,  
He saved me because  
He was well pleased with me.

MARGARET DARNELL, '58

I stood on the deck looking off into space as the great liner cut a path through the choppy black waters of the Irish Sea. I was standing alone, unaware of the world about me, as the ship headed for its port of Dun Leoghaire, tenaciously nosing towards its home like a proud bird dog swims with his catch in his mouth. All was quiet, but

had a cold and almost lonely effect, as if they were calling me to come into the warm bright saloon, and leave the black night to itself. But I was not tempted; I had no impulse to move from my present environment to a sphere of gay and laughing people, people who were visiting their homes in Ireland before returning to

# A STRANGE HOME

BERNARD F. DEVER, '60

for the mellifluous August wind that whistled past my ears, and the breaking of the waves against the bow of the ship. Everything was covered with dampness, which is prevalent in the British Isles, and the pre-dawn darkness was so black that it smothered the ship in its grip.

The streams of white light from the portholes behind me

their labors in the factories and shipyards of Liverpool. I was happy in my solitude, my melancholy retreat, whereby I would inflict upon myself thoughts of my home, my happy childhood, and the wonderful stories my grandmother had told me of her childhood in Tipperary. This must have been the way she felt as she sailed

from these very same shores that I was now approaching. Why should I be morose? Had I not traveled over half the world in these last three years? But yet the thoughts plagued me, and I wanted nothing more at that moment than to stand there alone.

As I lingered by the railing with my thoughts in another world, the scene around me was changing. The sky behind the vessel was turning pale as the dawning orange light absorbed the eastern horizon. The masts and riggings of the ship became a complicated network of shadows, strangely outlined in white by the dampness which bathed the ship. The sea turned from black to purple, and whitecaps came into view out of apparent nothingness. The liner turned from its northwesterly course and headed due west. Then suddenly the golden edge of the sun swam up from the sea, and I woke up to reality as all the drab colors changed to the brightness and warmth of a new day. The rain-washed clouds hung from the sky like great balls of cotton candy.

My moroseness turned to excitement as I looked up and saw before me mountains appearing on the horizon. At first they appeared exultant in color, but

as they became larger the early morning mist gave them the appearance of a dew-green lawn. At the base of the range was an indiscernible image which soon became a city of rooftops and church steeples. As we turned into the harbor the ship passed under the cannons of an old fortress perched on the rocky cliff above. On top of one of the hills behind the city were the ruins of an ancient castle, whose faded walls looked as though they had weathered many a coastal storm. From the castle a road wound down into the city. Following its route cut into the hillside, were white-washed thatched cottages. As I stood in awe at this panorama, my thoughts turned once again to my grandmother and her stories of Ireland. It was then that I realized what had been on my mind. It was not homesickness that had possessed me, but that sweet, silent remembering one's experiences before he reaches home after a long journey. This did not seem like a foreign country as the others had been. It was just like coming to a home that I had never seen, but always known. It was then that the saloon doors opened and I was lost in the noisy, happy crowd rushing for the gangplank.

## To Barbara

You are as true as the bluest sky  
On a warm summer morn  
I see your smile; I feel your touch—  
A love within me is born  
My joy in summer is in you  
You, so tender and sweet  
For the thought of you near me  
Makes my day complete  
You are in the evening sunset  
Haloed with golden light  
You become most real to me  
At this hour preceding night  
For you are the beauty of the dusk  
And somewhere you are there  
I speak your name—you answer not  
I kiss the cool night air

PHILIP ALLEN, '60

# The Sun That Wakes

The sun that wakes from gloomy sleep  
And stands revealed to all the world  
Extends its rays the earth to sweep  
Its mighty banner all unfurled,  
It rushes forth to meet the hills  
That revel in each glorious ray  
To all the world its light it spills  
And ushers in a new-found day.  
It shines and gleams on field and town  
Caressing every bush and tree  
With aureate hues all up and down  
And makes the earth a golden sea  
It sheds on all its lustrous light  
Then slowly fades, replaced by night.

MARY ELLEN EVERSMAN, '60

How many times have you read pleas for the value of Latin and Greek? A rather rhetorical question, it is admitted, for if you look in the right places, your answer will be "many." The first place may have been the opening pages of your old *Elementary Latin Grammar* of high school days trying to convince you in advance of the timeliness of your future toil. Since then it would be difficult to enumerate accurately the places you may have read impassioned articles on "Why Study Latin?" or "The Value of Latin and Greek in the Business World," "The Utility of the Classics in Modern Life," and so on and so on.

Some of these discussions were doubtlessly well written and almost convinced you; others, you mentally noted, boasted authors who were either unreasonable in their statements, or were writing in the fond hope that their department head would read the article and recommend them for an advance in salary.

Most of these essays fall into general categories. The first group stresses the usefulness of Latin in the professions: law, medicine, and teaching. The second, asserting that sixty per cent of the words of the Eng-

# THE LIVING PAST

JEAN PRATHER, '58

lish language are derived from Latin, recommends Latin as an aid to better English. Another characterizes Latin merely as a step toward the study of modern languages so vital today (due to the increasing tendency to unity in the world). Still others quote statistics of varying interest, which actually prove nothing and leave one still viewing the fact that there is a definite trend *away* from the classical studies, and wondering *why*. While these authors are all correct in their diagnosis as far as it goes, the

truth of the matter is that nearly all stop short of their goal.

The value of classical studies has been argued for generations; yet it appears to me that the answer for the decline lies not in the classical studies themselves, for they are just as good now as they were in past years, but rather in the curious state into which the modern mind has unfortunately fallen. This current disdain for Latin and Greek is a part of the whole; the whole being a type of mental laziness which allows satisfaction with mediocrity and scorns the idea of culture as being somehow snobbish, and the cultured intellectual person as being an "egg-head," to mention that tainted and over-worked term.

The whole idea of *humanitas* is almost repugnant. As one writer has said, people fear to be cultured, for culture is equivalent in modern thought to aristocracy and this has no place in democracy. The classics tend to make people cultured, so abolish these—they have no real use anyway. More and more people fall into this fallacy every year, and become content with a superficiality which is astounding.

Many of today's students

have come to the sort of intellectual life, if one may call it that, in which attending classes is a boring interlude between card games, TV shows, dances, and sports events. This is not to say that all of these things are not of importance too, but they must be relegated to their proper place in the hierarchy of values. We are at the point where we must stop deluding ourselves. Intellectual sloth is as grievous a vice as intellectual pride, and failure to appreciate and use a good for its proper end betrays a shallowness of thought and an inane willingness to charge along with the herd in its mad dash to nowhere.

This, then, seems to me to be the state of affairs, which unfortunately is not diminishing; quite the contrary, it increases even in areas which should be free of it.

What is then to be done about it? Shall we sit back in idleness and listen to the prattle about the utter uselessness of studying the classics, and to the frequent charge that Latin is an archaic language which should be dispensed with as soon as possible? It would seem that a far better course is to illustrate the value of the classical languages and hope that they find

fertile minds in which to expand.

We should remove the stigma from the word "intellectual." Perhaps we should stop using the term and restore instead "scholar," a word which has kept its ancient and honorable repute. Scholarly people realize that the classics are a good in themselves, not contingent on some immediate "use," which in that sense of the word means monetary remuneration, much as one would learn shorthand or automotive mechanics — these

things would have immediate use; one learns them for this reason but not for broadening one's culture. It boils down to a problem of proper ends; people are trying to twist the ends of the classical disciplines out of focus, and make them appear to be something which they definitely are not. Why should we attempt to prove that Latin is vitally youthful, immediately "useful" and "easy"? Its true realm is elsewhere, where its stateliness and beauty lie forever.

## TRANSIENT HAPPINESS

Viewing the mountainous rocks he stood.  
Yet enticed by the vision of golden sand  
He climbed upward, over the rock-bound land.  
Across the beach he ran—marking gold,  
Then he fell to his knees grasping shimmering sand,  
Spilling happiness from the palm of his hand.  
Then the sun sank.

RUTH RAMSDELL, '59

# THEN

# AND

# NOW

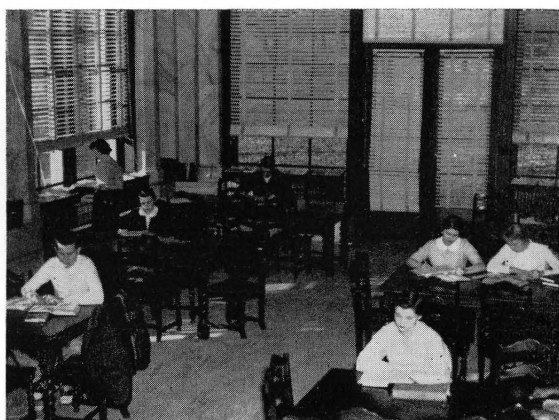
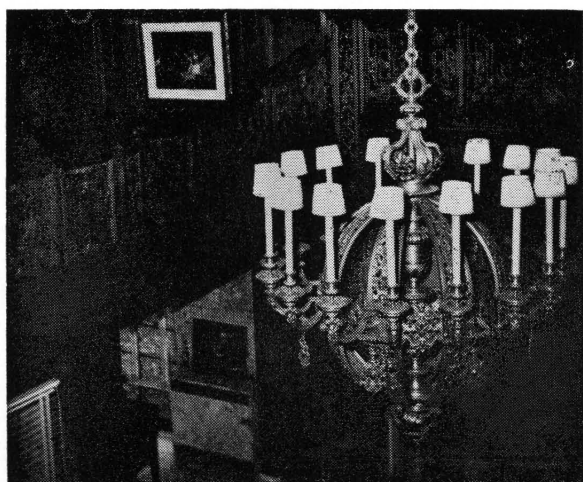
SYLVIA JOHNSON, '59

How much difference does the passing of time really make in this world of ours? Have people and places changed much in the last fifty years? "Yes, of course, things have changed! At least, I think . . . but no, wait, I'm not sure. I guess I really don't know." Well, shall we try to find out? Let's consider a certain place, particular people and a period of time and compare the present with the past.

A random selection from an Indianapolis map, and we have a place, 3200 Cold Spring Road. The year? Well, 1935 is a good enough start. In 1935, this address was known as Riverdale estate, home of Mr. James Allison, industrialist, millionaire and philanthropist

well known throughout Indiana. When the fabulous mansion was built in 1912, it was an object of much interest and speculation. Local citizens gasped at rumors of inlaid oak floors, a marble aviary, huge stone fireplaces and a private telephone system. The description of the Allison home remained rumor until 1936, when activity began to stir at Riverdale. The house had been unoccupied for a number of years, its owner spending most of his time in Florida before his death in 1928. Now it was announced that the estate had been purchased by the Sisters of Saint Francis of Oldenburg to be used as a Catholic college for girls.

Well, that was quite a



change, and in just two years' time. A millionaire's palatial home was transformed into a girls' college. Riverdale was now Marian College and the mansion was Marian Hall. In the original library, with its pressed-leather walls and fantastic pottery fireplace, Sister Mary John, the first dean of Marian, had her office. Across the hall was the chapel of Mary Immaculate, once the music room, where one of the finest organs in Indianapolis had been played for the entertainment of guests. The solarium, which stretched across one side of the house and overlooked two of the five lakes, became the library. Madonna Hall Reading Room was located in the white marble aviary, in the center of which was a large pool. The various other rooms—five bedrooms, dining room, parlors—were made into lecture halls, offices and art and music studios.

What about the people who were the first occupants of Marian Hall? What were Marian's first students like? Well, in September 1937, the student body numbered thirty and by October of that year it was ninety strong. The girls attended liberal arts classes and their athletic endeavors included

swimming, hiking, archery and riding over the bridle paths on the campus. In 1938, the first issue of the school paper was published. It was called the *Phoenix* after the statues of the legendary bird found guarding the steps into the reading room. The early copies of the *Phoenix* can give us some fascinating facts about Marian's first students. For instance, in 1941, the *Phoenix* staff took a poll to discover the most popular pastime at Marian. These were the results: dancing was first on the list, with the Tommy Dorsey and the Glenn Miller orchestras the favorites. Many an evening was spent listening to the radio in 1941 for this pastime was runner-up, and most students tuned in to Jack Benny's Jello Hour and the College of Musical Knowledge. Reading such books as *Magnificent Obsession* and *Madame Curie* was next and sports was lowest as a favorite occupation of only four percent of the girls. Special events such as dances, plays, chili suppers and rummage sales were highlights in the social life of these years.

But all was not fun and laughter in those days. Marianites had their serious side and there was plenty to be serious about. The threat of a world

war was creeping into their lives and they were very much conscious of its danger. This threat was recognized in the first issue of the *Phoenix* in the spring of 1938. Hitler had begun his march through Europe and the editor of the paper urged united prayer to hold this destruction in check. When the world was swept into war, Marian was carried along with it. The *Phoenix* expressed its concern in many ways. Reports and editorials on the war effort dominated lighter things. The students questioned their own place in the upside down world, holding pens and books while others carried guns. So they picked up knitting needles, bandages and shovels and joined the battle. Sweaters and socks were knitted and sent overseas, first aid was practiced, and victory gardens were planted on the campus.

Let's leave the past for awhile. We know the Allies won the war and we're sure that Marian shared in the victory as she shared in the battle. But let's return to the present, here and now. We've followed a particular group of people living in a certain place for about ten years. Now we can ask our question again. How much difference *does* the passing of time really make?

The girls who loved to dance to Glenn Miller's music and listen to the Jello Hour have their counterparts in the girls and boys who are still devoted to both dancing and Glenn Miller, but have forsaken the Jello entertainers for Pat Boone and his cohorts. The occupants of Marian Hall no longer canter around the campus on horseback. Smooth roads replace bridle paths and the roar of a car motor is heard instead of the clop of horse's hooves. The war has almost been forgotten. The terrible events which so concerned the students of the 1940's are now met in a history book, for Marianites of the 1950's face other, different problems.

Considering all these contrasts, we would have to say "Yes" in answer to our question. Things have changed. We are different people, living in a different world. But . . . think again. Are we really so different? Granted that the things around us and the situations we face have changed. But do people, human beings, ever really change? Are Marian College and its students in 1958 drastically different from the Marian of years gone by? I'm not so sure they are.

# Galveston

## Interlude

JEANETTE SCARFF, '61

Have you ever felt the whole world was your backyard? If you have, you know it is a wonderful and powerful feeling. Aunt Rose and I shared this special feeling as we watched the sun rise above the blue-gray water, while we were walking down to the beach from our near-by motel. We were glad to be alive and on the sandy white Gulf of Mexico beach in Galveston, Texas, the beautiful and tropical "Island City."

We saw the early morning ghost-like mist drifting up from the gently flowing water. The

sleepy sun was struggling to shine through the mist, giving the beach a rosy cast. The closer we drew to the water, the more excited I became, as this was my first experience of swimming in salt water. All the stories of the funny way salt water feels, and the effect it has on swimming kept running through my mind. When we reached the water and the time actually came for me to run into the waves, I couldn't bring myself to do it. I stood there, half of me wanting to jump right in, and the other half con-

tent to stay on the beach. Finally, after much encouragement from Aunt Rose, I stuck my toe into the Gulf of Mexico.

The water was wonderful, deliciously warm and luxurious even though the sun had just risen. Together, Aunt Rose and I braved the water until it reached our waists, and I was quite surprised and delighted at the funny way the waves bumped and bounced us about. It seemed as if we were rubber balls bobbing in a huge tub. As the waves and whitecaps, big and little, came rolling and tumbling toward us, I suddenly remembered my fears of a few moments before. I laughed and was glad one half of me was stronger than the other half. Later that morning, as the sun began to climb high in the sky, we lay on the white sandy beach, toasting in warm sunshine. Marching up and down in front of us, like a soldier on patrol, was a small seagull. He displayed his fine garb of gray and white feathers as though he

were a kingly peacock. He began to rummage through the sand, poking and hunting here and there, reminding us of a little old beachcomber. He was quite distant and aloof, preferring to remain in his own company, instead of joining us. Finally, he became tired of his work and flew away, leaving us behind with just a memory.

The hours went running by, and it seemed as if the day were over before it began. As we left Galveston, we took a last look at the Gulf with its waves rolling and tumbling over each other like playful puppies. I hope I can return some day, but if I'm not able, I'll remember Galveston with much pleasure and happiness. I'll remember the little seagull always searching in the sand, much the same as humans searching through life. Also, I'll remember the beauty and mystery of the water, the sun shining on the whitecaps, the mist rising in the early dawn light. A memory to be treasured over the years.

## Ode To Fancy

My fancy stirs  
to hear the droning rain,  
to see the sky  
leaden with clouds.  
Starved without use  
she devours the images and phantasms  
conjured up by sodden leaves  
blown against the window.  
Roaming along the tearful sky,  
she stoops to pity  
a hasty flower  
hanging its rain-shattered petals.

MARGARET DARNELL, '58

You ask what is silence? To me silence is many things. It is a black velvet wedge of the sky; the brown, dusty floor of the earth. Silence is the growth of crocus in the spring; the death of stately poplar in the autumn. It is the friendly wag of a puppy's tail or the playful antics of a neighbor's kitten. Silence is the peaceful sleep of a new-born babe; the puzzled face of a ten-year-old brother. Silence is the love of a man and a woman; the companionship of a husband and wife; the security of an aged, wrinkled couple. It is the hush of an angel's prayer. Perfect silence is the presence of God.

There is the silence of great hatred, the silence of great love, the silence of joy, and that of pain and sorrow borne only in patience.

I cannot, I dare not imagine the universe without this all-important ingredient. If I could never retreat in reverie, if my city should never pause, I could not face the incessant turmoil, the constant pull of forces within myself. It is impossible for me to grasp the full meaning of such an implication.

Again, what is silence? Silence is never the booming quiet; it is always the hush, the whisper, the hint of things to come.

Silence is never foreboding, never ominous; it is beautiful and makes everything it touches so. Even death is beautiful, for is it not silence, peace, and promise of a better life? Death can never speak of itself or answer the unanswerable questions. But does that mean it is the less profound? Oh no! It is the more so, because life had the capacity of speech and yet left only the unanswered in its wake. When Death folds his cloak and quietly covers a loved one, there is the silence of the lonely heart; then the silence of time itself, which brings a quiet peace.

Silence is a tool in the hand; I use it to meet my need of the moment. In frustration, silence is my refuge; in sorrow, my consolation; in happiness, it is a glow that warms my heart.

What is silence? Silence is nothing; it is everything.

MARILYN BECK, '60

## Doodling in Thought

# JACKIE

MARLENE SUR, '60

Jackie came back this morning at eleven o'clock. Of course she was too perfectly brown to look real and she certainly hadn't gained any weight. Her reddish hair looked different somehow, but I'm not good at describing just how. And I'm not supposed to call it reddish; she insists on auburn; sun-on-bronze Jerry used to say. Silly, *I* think.

Well, there she was, all smiling and smart-looking in sandals and a blouse all splattered with anchors and starfish. Her toenails were pink, too. She seemed about the same, though kind of dreamy, like she was thinking of something we didn't know about. She said the traffic was absolutely fierce and I saw

a small dent in the back fender. I'm sure Mother didn't notice it.

I helped her unpack and she positively swooned over the touch-up job Mother did in her room. The ceiling is painted white and the walls a sort of apricot color, or was it "Peach Blush"? She had her records playing right away, and golly, it's just the same place again.

Anyway, in the biggest suitcase was an adorable stuffed tiger with enormous green eyes and the softest fur imaginable. Aunt Martha gave it to Jackie and I think it's divine.

And I finally got her to let me wear her shell necklace, she said to celebrate my catching Bixy. Oh, I don't believe I've mentioned Bixy yet. I guess I'd

been waiting for that boy to ask me for a date for almost six months. He didn't like dragging girls around he said. But then the graduation dance came up and he had to ask someone, Mother's order. Well, that was the glorious beginning. Now we double date lots of Saturdays and get along real crazy.

But back to Jackie. All she wanted for lunch was a piece of angel food cake and orange juice. I thought she'd have lost that old craze for orange juice, but it's still there. It could be worse. She could like tomato juice and that would be the utter end.

Bixy's sister is on a liquid diet again. Heavens, she gobbles down everything in the way of food one day and only drinks water the next. That girl is not psychologically stable. Old Miss Gump is always accusing someone of that and it sounds pretty serious.

It's two o'clock now and Jackie will be seeing Jerry for the first time in three months in half an hour. I'll tell you about it. Jerry and Jackie graduated together this June and they've been going almost steady for a long time. I want to tell how it all began because I think this is the funniest thing. You see, Jackie's usually so calm and

stately-like, never getting trapped in embarrassing incidents as I forever am.

At the time she was working in the library in the evenings, and this particular night the whole high school minus one was there for themes or something. Well, Jackie was carrying a tall stack of volumes on economics and recent international documents, stuff like that, over to the desk, and rammed smack into poor old Jerry who had just emerged from the stacks. I still wish I'd been there to see it. The studious silence shocked by giant bound books falling everywhere and Jackie yelping in horror under them all! The goon Jerry just roared in laughter and hauled Jackie up. He was going to help her put them away but Mrs. Clavis booted him out; she's so touchy about her stuffy library.

The very next day Jerry asked Jackie to go with him to a show. Then, once started, it went along smooth and nice.

Summer came at last, and I'm no longer a *child*, but a freshman, world-wise and mad about Bixy. Anyhow, Aunt Martha invited Jackie to her guest house in Connecticut. She was off in a flash. Naturally this sort of put a kink in the Jackie-Jerry relations. Jackie

told me they had decided to look at it sensibly and maturely. I'm not *quite* sure what that meant, but she and Jerry were free to date and promised to meet again the same day Jackie came back. And I'm certain she hasn't written him, she detests letters. I can see why, too. Once I sneaked a peep into her diary and it was dry as biscuit crumbs.

"Peggy! Are you busy?"

Jackie's voice. I guess she's back at getting me to do her work. I groaned and got out of the hammock and obediently scuffed into the kitchen.

"Oh, Peggy, will you help me with the lemonade? He'll be here in fifteen minutes and these messy lemons are getting on my skirt."

I took the slippery half and began squeezing out juice, while Jackie went to get the cubes from the freezer. I had to admit she looked swell; maybe I'll grow up to look pretty like her. But probably not. Freckles can be an awful torment.

We got the pitcher full of lemonade finally. Wasn't too sweet, either. The cookies were tiny and fancy, like you see in the *Ladies Home Journal*.

Jackie was showing signs of nervousness by now. She kept twisting the bracelet around on

her wrist and flustered around the table outside like a dizzy bumblebee.

Then we saw Jerry's car coming down the street. I turned toward the house but Jackie grabbed my arm.

"You can stay, Peggy." She added quickly when I looked surprised, "It honestly wouldn't look natural if you're not here."

I saw that the car had a new paint job and looked a bit less like something you'd find in the Smithsonian Institution. It pulled to a stop in front of our house and I glanced at Jackie. She looked queer, like this must be something she was dreading. The poor thing was scared Jerry would be changed and it would all end right here, I guess.

Jerry was now standing on the front lawn, tall and radiating health, his sport shirt open at the neck. But he was not alone.

A black-haired girl, the kind they call petite, I believe, walked beside him. She wore a white striped sundress and her hair was drawn back to a spray of flowers.

It didn't look good to me.

They marched over to us, and Jerry was smiling at Jackie and

I could see he was just a little strained, too.

"Jackie, you look wonderful. Connecticut must be flowing with milk and sunshine."

Jackie did okay. "Hi, Jerry. How've you been?"

"Doing great. Managed to swing a job with a construction company here in town." Then he turned toward the simpering little piece at his elbow. "I'd like you to meet Therese Mellec. She's new to our town; only came here shortly after you left, Jackie."

Poor Jackie! She stuttered, "Glad to meet you, Therese," and pulled out the chairs around the garden table.

And then we talked. Well, the whole deal was a rather horrid pretense to my notion. Jackie put up a great show. In fact,

if I hadn't known what a disaster this Therese was for her and Jerry I'd have thought they were the best of friends. In my opinion Jackie merited an Oscar for that performance.

But *I* didn't have any social obligation to be nice to this black-haired bit and so I wasn't. When Jackie ducked in to bring out the lemonade I was left to take our side of the matter.

The Therese girl flashed her pearly teeth at me. "Your sister has a lovely tan, Peggy. I just can't seem to get one this year."

"Do you live in a basement or something?"

Jerry frowned at this one. I think he was getting the drift.

"No, but I work in an office most of the day and it's not easy for me to get even a little shade of brown. Doesn't come overnight for me."

This was a perfect opening.

"Yes, with only the moon out it is rough."

The silly girl laughed and then Jackie came out with a tray, so we were all busy there for a while. The hypocrite Therese had to praise the lemonade and cookies, but she was biting the hand that fed her, I thought.

Eventually she and Jerry got up to go. They'd had a very enjoyable time and so-on and so-on.



Jackie made the gracious good-byes and Jerry went riding out of her life with a black-haired flip. I helped her pick up the glasses and napkins, brooding about the whole business.

Jackie suddenly looked at me and said sternly, "Peggy, you behaved in an awful way to that poor girl. She certainly couldn't strike back and I know Jerry would happily have shook your teeth out."

I snorted. "You don't sound grieved about it. I wouldn't be all sugar to some creature who'd lure Bixy away like that."

And Jackie only laughed! "Oh, so that's it. Well, my dear

Peggy, that girl was a big relief to me. Here's my confession. While I was away I met a boy whom I liked so much I forgot all about Jerry and our high school fun. I only dreaded that maybe he would feel no differently about things and I'd have to go through letting him know how it was. But Jerry knew the best way to do it and it was so much easier."

She pulled a small picture from her pocket.

"His name's Bob and he's going to work here this year so it couldn't possibly be nicer."

Sisters! How do you figure them out?

## WHY

Why men, mountains, moon  
beavers, bricks,  
birches?

Why ants,  
apples, anything!  
Why sands, shells?  
why you?  
me?

I want to know!

MARGARET DARNELL, '58

# An Artifact

Borrow from Nature  
Paper, pins, rubber and rock ;  
Color, cloth, leather and leaf ;  
Wire, wood, tin, and tinsel.

Remember  
Rhythm and Unity,  
Balance—Proportion,  
Variety and Subtlety.

Pray for  
Impulse and Inspiration,  
Patience—Perseverance,  
Industry and Imagination.

Now ! From Man comes  
An artifact.  
A new, elemental experience—  
A Collage !

RICHARD BECK, '59