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# THE FIORETTI

VOLUME XIX  
Number 2  
Indianapolis, Indiana  
1960-1961

AN ANTHOLOGY OF  
MARIAN COLLEGE  
PROSE AND VERSE

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DEPRESSION  
BABY

**Stephen E. Mooney, '63**

Hi! My name is Tommy. I'm a little boy and I'm five fingers goin' on six fingers old. I live in a little house, on a little hill, in a big city. I'm sittin' under a tree in the alley in back of my house trying to think of somethin' to play. You know what? I just saw a man find an old rusty pipe in Mr. Greenlow's trash can. Mr. Greenlow is our next door person. Mommy says I can't look in other people's trash cans, 'cause we're not that bad off yet. Whatever that means I don't know but that's what she said. Sometimes I just don't understand my mommy. If a big man can do it, how come I can't? Heck, I might even find a big ole dead bug in Mr. Greenlow's trash can, 'cause he is all the time throwing stuff in there. I even saw him throw

somethin' huge in there one time, like a big monster or somethin'.

Mommy says it was probably his wife 'cause they don't get on. I don't know what gettin' on has to do with it but if it was her she sure ain't gettin' out 'cause she is about two times as big as that ole trash can, and that's a big trash can.

There ain't no other little boys to play with 'round here. In the next block though, there is a little girl.

But who wants to play with girls? Ugh! They're sissies. House, house, house, that's all they ever want to play. Ugh! Girls! All I have to play with is Harvey. Harvey is my dog. Harvey ain't been round lately. Mommy says he has probably found hisself a girl friend, but I don't believe it. Harvey wouldn't want to play with any old girls either, not Harvey.

My daddy is a big boss at the factory across town. I bet if it weren't for my daddy the whole factory would have to shut down. He told me what he was but I can't remember 'cause it was such a big name. Something like janesessor or somethin' like that, but anyway, it's a big real important job 'cause my daddy told me so,

and my daddy don't lie. He told me once he was all the time working in the president's office. I guess my daddy will probably be a big president one of these days.

Mommy is always yellin' at daddy when he comes home from his hard day in the president's office. She called him a bum yesterday. I ain't never heard of anyone calling a future president of a big factory a bum before. Sometimes I don't understand my mommy.

My daddy always goes to Joe's every day after work, with some of them other big important men down from the factory. I don't know what they do down there at Joe's but sometimes my daddy, he don't walk so good when he comes home.

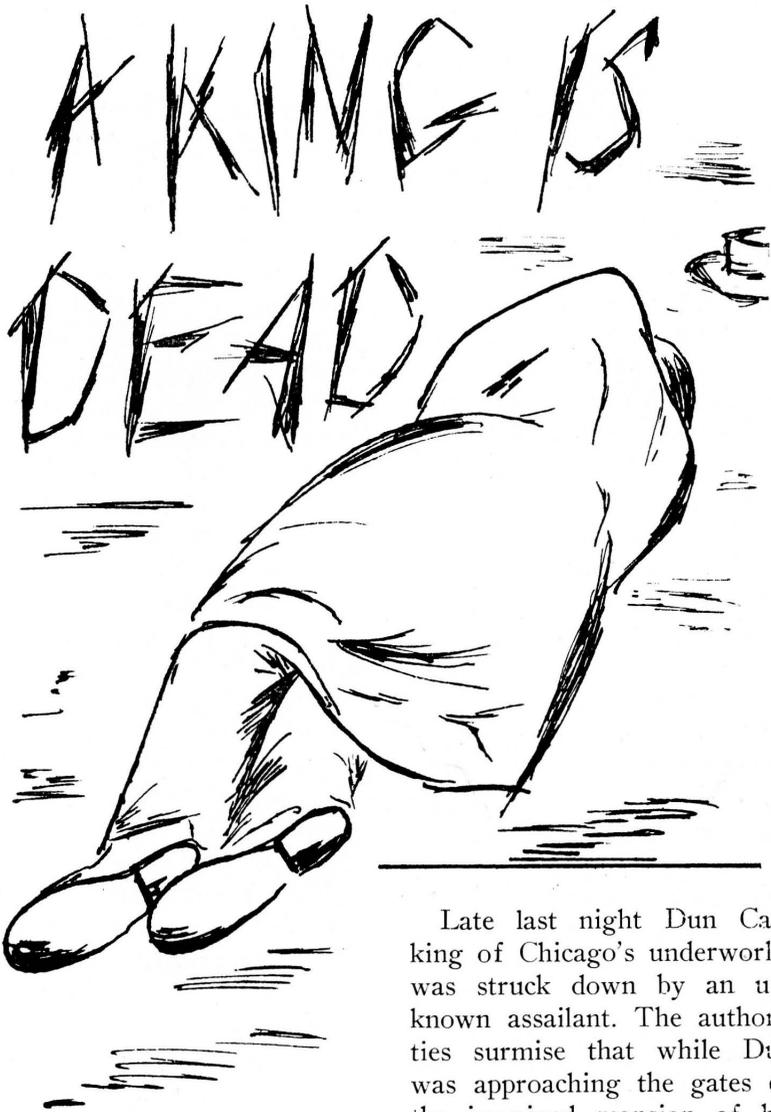
When daddy's like that mommy really yells at him. Heck, sometimes mommy even cries, and then daddy tells me to go out and play 'cause mommy don't feel so good. Boy, can my mommy yell when she don't feel so good. Sometimes I don't understand my mommy.

Mommy told me that pretty soon a big bird was gonna fly over and leave me a little brother. I've been watchin' every day, but all the birds I see are too

little to carry my new little brother. It sure is gonna have to be a big bird all right. Mommy says we don't have enough grocery money anymore, but you know what I think, she's been eatin' all our food cause boy-o-boy is she gettin' a big ole tummy. Wow! She's not gonna be able to fit through the front door if she don't stop eatin' pretty soon.

My daddy told me when I get to be eight fingers old he was gonna take me down to the factory and show me his big office. He told mommy all the men call him "Chief of the Laboratory," or somethin' like that. Gee, my daddy sure must have lots of nice friends to call him somethin' like that. He sure is popular, ain't he? People are all the time laughin' when he goes by, I guess 'cause they like him so much. I asked him 'bout that one time and he told me they were all ignant sons-o-b. . . . . I guess that means friendly, or somethin'.

Im gonna have to go now, mommy says we're gonna go live with my aunt in Ohio. Daddy's not gonna go live there with us though. I don't see why I have to go if daddy don't. Sometimes I don't understand my mommy.



Elaine Grafen, '63

Late last night Dun Can, king of Chicago's underworld, was struck down by an unknown assailant. The authorities surmise that while Dun was approaching the gates of the ivy-vined mansion of his

chief disciple, Mac Beth, the villain leapt from behind a cluster of bushes, fatally stabbed the king, and vanished into the thickness of the woods.

Upon a thorough search of Mr. Beth's estate, the police discovered a man's footprints leading from the area of the murder, through the trees, and to the servants' quarters at the rear of the main house. Entering the butler's room, Sergeant Tracy found the manservant highly intoxicated. The sergeant happened upon a knife believed to be the murder weapon hidden in a panel behind the bookcase. The man is now being held in the custody of the police as the primary suspect in the city's latest gang murder.

Meanwhile, this morning it was reported that Dun's sons and heirs to his realm of vice, Mal and Don, have left the city, their reasons unknown. Their actions promote investigation. Do they fear they may meet the same end through the hands of hired men of the mob? Or could they have planned their father's death in hopes of filling his post?

Many of us have formulated a still greater number of questions and answers concerning the motives and persons connected with this slaying. Beside the possibilities already offered, one other important theory remains. Mac Beth is a rising figure in underworld activities, and it is a known fact that his leadership abilities were second only to Dun's. How convenient it would have been to exterminate Dun, especially in the privacy of one's own home and take command of an orientated mob.

Mr. Mac Duf and Mr. Ban Quo, two other outstanding characters in the association, have professed their ignorance of the crime. Rumor has it, though, that they have spent many hours in conference with Mr. Beth and are planning a campaign of opposition to Beth's dictatorship.

The circumstances surrounding this case are numerous and, as yet, not clearly understood. As new facts are brought to light, it is certain that the person responsible for Dun Can's death will pay for his actions with his own life.



# THE CHINA DOLL

Here She sits, with tears trickling inside,  
One by one, quietly tinkling.  
On her face she wears a smile.  
She smiles and smiles  
And brightly sits  
And stares.  
But if you looked into her eyes just once,  
Such sadness would you see  
That you would stop, start to laugh,  
Then stop again.  
You would smile, and say some witty thing  
To put your mind at rest,  
And when you turned away, forgot again,  
Her cracked heart  
Would cease to shed its tears . . .  
It would just quietly splinter  
To fill her with a thousand glassy spears.

Jeanne Babcock, '64

# **R E V E N G E**

# **OF THE INCAS**

Arthur Jonas, '64

For weeks our tiny expedition had been winding its way across the endless tracts of sweltering Peruvian tropics. Finally, as we trudged across the jungle floor beneath a canopy of leafy branches and a myriad of multicolored birds, flashing their gorgeous plum-

age, the appalling realization struck us—that we were lost in this steaming primeval waste. Laboring under onerous packs we slowly plodded onward, each step bringing deeper despair and frustration. Stately trees that had been looked upon as sentries guarding us against the broiling sun and the anger of passing storms become fearsome giants under which sundry dangers lurked. Deceptive vines lay like camouflaged snares along our path striving to entangle our feet and throw us upon our faces into the jungle's refuse of ageless decay. The jungle, with its oppressive heat smothering our every breath, became to us a formidable land, a place of no return.

A monkey chattered overhead. Somewhere in the distance a bird swore. Then suddenly all was silence as though we foolhardy mortals had somehow wandered into the arcade of the forbidden. We pushed through an entanglement of undergrowth and a slithering serpent glided inaudibly into the gloom of tepid waters, leaving only mute grasses to testify to its presence. Silence lay upon the land. Its magnitude was maddening

and our frantically beating hearts pounded like tom-toms in the still night air. An ominous breeze sprang up, plaintively wailing through salient tree tops. Then suddenly we were startled by peal after peal of rollicking, ricocheting thunder-like clashes, not unlike a thousand cannons. We hastily clambered up a knoll on our right and were able to discern in the semi-darkness of twilight the ruins of an Inca city. It was nestled in a valley, guarded on one side by towering cliffs and on another by a sluggish, muddy-brown river. Through the ages nature had wrought her work upon this Inca stronghold and now the jungle had its toehold among the ruins. Trees had sprung up between the magnificent buildings flogging their sides with the ceaseless sway of mighty branches. Vines clung to their walls and grasses found root in their encroachments. Finally, despite the deepening dusk we saw the source of the tremendous rumblings, or rather crash, as we by this time realized it was. One of the ancient buildings, twisted and broken by who-knew-what ungodly force, lay in a mass of rock and stone. Little demons of debris stirred

up by the crash were still playing over the walls and pillars of the fallen edifice and from a newly exposed subterranean passage poured a horde of bats. Puzzled, we searched, but nowhere could we discern the element of this temple's misfortune.

My comrades and I cautiously left our vantage point and advanced toward the assemblage of archaic buildings. We reached the first of the structures and entered, stirring up little will-o-the-wisps of dust which slowly settled back to their ageless pursuits. The dank air reeked with the must of years and the walls were slimy to the touch. When our vision had become accustomed to the dim light, we began to penetrate the interior. Trails of dust, disturbed for the first time in centuries, swirled around our feet and encompassed our persons like so many hornets angered by our presence. In the center stood a huge altar beneath an equally gigantic statue towering so high that in the dark interior we, unable to discern the top, stood in awe. The beams of our flashlights slashed through the cold blackness and wandered over the altar. Illuminated upon it were glit-

tering bits of jewelry and tarnished metal figures, maliciously gleaming among the bones of former ill-fated sacrifices, lying in the ashes of a defunct civilization. Above this manifestation of erstwhile offerings was a stone with hieroglyphic characters.

Then startled by a thunderous rasping sound, we sprang around only to see a colossal rock slide against the portal of the building we had entered. We searched the temple but found only labyrinthan passages and rooms leading always to that infernal statue and its mocking skeletons. The realization slowly dawned upon our stunned senses — we were entombed, buried alive within the cold dead walls of an Inca Temple. Had the Inca god after eons of fasting lured us to his temple for appeasement—for the final sacrifice? I wonder!!! That was six days ago and I, the last surviving member of the expedition, brooding here in the dwindling illumination of my dying flashlight, ponder. Was this misfortune mere chance or had we been forewarned on that first fateful day, when the jungle had become so suddenly ominously silent???

Jane Schwacke, '63

# The DRUGLESS

Have you ever wondered just how drugless a drugstore really is, nowadays?

On entering the corner drugstore the other evening, a startling thought struck me, "Just what did I come in here for?" Well, I needed some cold medicine, hand lotion, shoe polish, theme paper, a postal card and stamp, and I wanted the latest issue of McCall's, a pint of ice cream, nail polish, and a candy bar. I became very amused upon glancing over my list and

just had to laugh at the irony of a couple of items in particular. Why? Well, let us examine the list a little more closely and do some comparing.

The first item, cold medicine, seems to hold nothing so amusing. After all, the drugstore is a logical place in which to look for medicine; but what about the second through sixth items? Are they not a bit on the farfetched side? Hand lotion, I suppose, could, in the broad sense, be considered a

# DRUGSTORE

medicine since it is used for chapped hands, but what about shoe polish, theme paper, a postal card and stamp? Even the most broad-minded person would have to be a bit skeptical in thinking of it thus unless that person were flatheaded. (In high school I was taught that there is such a thing as being so broad minded that one is flatheaded although I have never been able to figure out to whom the lecture on said subject had been directed.)

Then there are those luxury items, (as my budget demands they be called.) McCall's would logically be found at a corner news-stand, ice cream at a grocery, nail polish at a cosmetic counter in a dime or department store, and the candy bar at a confectionary. In fact, the ice cream and especially the candy bar pose an ironic position in the drugstore cooling box or on its shelves. Usually, when candy is spoken of, rotten teeth, malnutrition, and possibly diabetes come into the general public's mind. The drugstore is supposed to represent health or the means by which a person might return to health.

Upon asking a child the definition of a drugstore, a reply

such as this might be received, "Oh, that's where mommy takes me when I'm good (or to make me be good) to get a coke or an ice cream cone!" The teenager might answer, "A gossip den!" which is, in the English language, a place where the gang meets to catch up on all the news while sipping cokes; the housewife's retort, "A store in which cosmetics, which one can never find time to use, are bought"; and the businessman's response, which is much like that of the teenager only on a more adult scale, "A place to meet the other businessmen of the community to 'hash out' business problems and suggestions over a cup of coffee."

Did any one of these groups of people come anyway close to the idea conveyed in the word "drugstore"? Of course the answer is definitely "no" in the strict sense. However, within the past quarter of a century the word "drugstore" has been given an entirely new connotation, and the drugs are, in reality, only a very minor part even though probably still the major money-making part. Therefore, with this new connotation, perhaps these people do have the right idea after all.

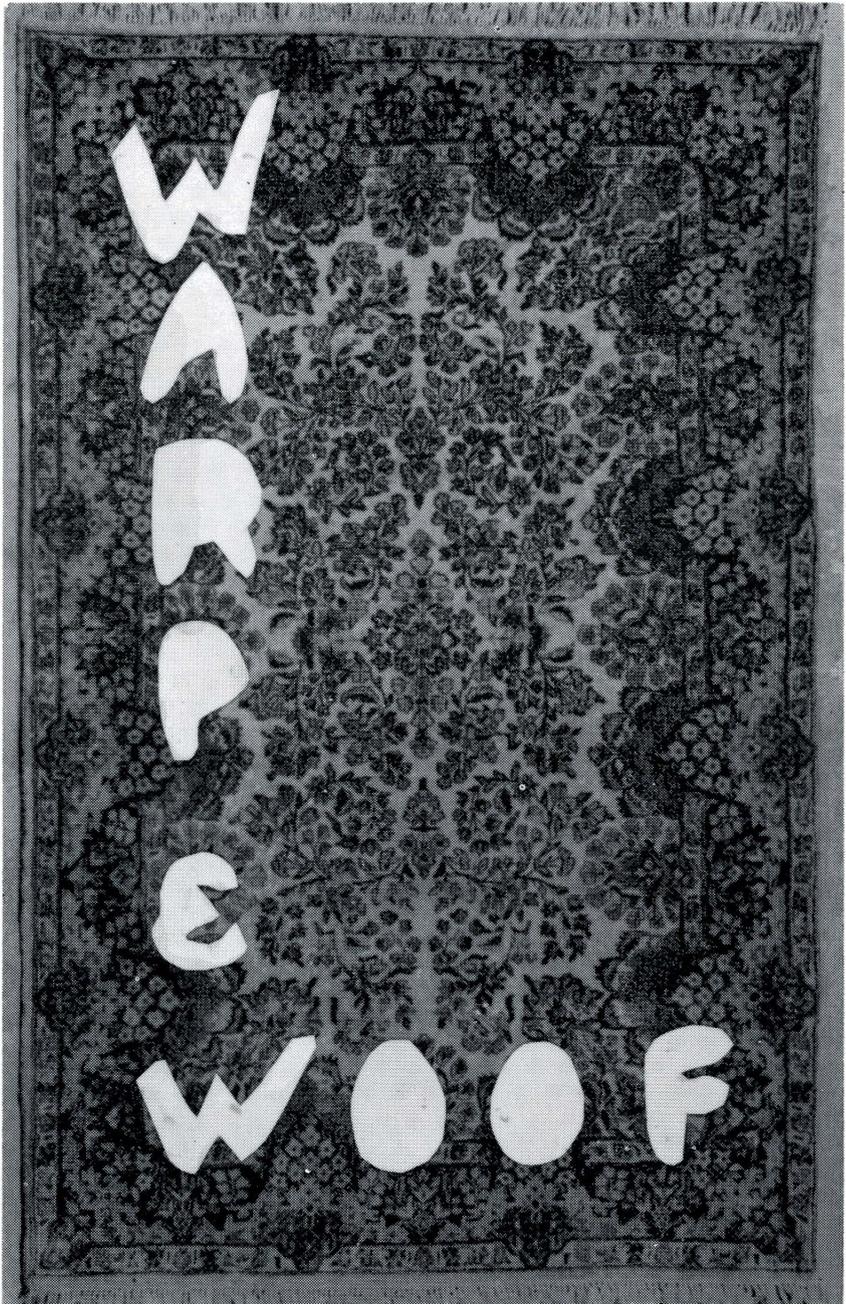
*Prayer*

*of the*

*Adopted*

Dear God, make me a Negro,  
Make my soul one with those  
In dark-skinned bodies,  
Where Your light shines  
Brighter by contrast.  
The hateful paleness I cannot escape,  
As inexorably bind my soul and mind.  
Let me feel each nail of hate,  
Each thorn of ridicule.  
Scourge me with names,  
Crucify me, lest I crucify.  
Make me a Negro.

Elsye Mahern



## Terry Mehdi Tehrany, '64

Although the weaving of pile rugs and carpets was a national industry in Persia for centuries, the earliest preserved fragments date from about the fifteenth century. Similar rugs are pictured in Persian miniatures of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

By the end of the nineteenth century special schools were founded to give training in carpet designing and weaving. Their purpose was to establish a high level of technical skill and to restore to design the intrinsic good taste of the past which had been almost lost through the influence of inferior machine products from the outside.

The hand looming of fine rugs continues in Iran on a large scale, and the preparation of the materials, the techniques of weaving, and the choice of patterns and colors — predominantly light and dark pink, green, brown, white — follow the earliest traditions. The director of the weaving may follow these or may also create his own patterns by combining old patterns so as to form new ones. The whole process is all

so complicated and intricate that no two rugs are ever made having the same design.

The rugs are woven on a base of cotton threads, called the warp and running lengthwise in the loom, and the pile is made up of strands of wool or silk yarn, called the woof, which are knotted around the base threads and then cut off. Cotton is preferred to wool for the foundation threads because the knots can be tied together on the thin cotton strands. Fairly coarse rugs may have some sixty knots to each square inch, while those of finer quality have over two hundred. The fabulous rugs surviving from the sixteenth century have nearly four hundred knots to the square inch, and even today this figure is sometimes excelled in the very costly silk rugs. The number of knots to the square inch has no relation to wearing qualities, but the finer workmanship gives an extra precision to the outlines of the pattern.

Most of the rug weaving is done in so-called "factories." A factory may be only a large house in which two or more looms have been installed, for there are comparatively few

structures especially built to house looms.

Persian women and children are the best rug makers; their small agile fingers can tie as many as three to five thousand knots a day. Fatemeh, a little nine year old girl, sits cross-legged before her loom. Lengths of colored silk or wool hang over her shoulders. Sometimes she does not have the strands across her shoulders but on a piece of wood beside her on the bench on which she sits. Without even looking she can reach for the desired color, never making a mistake, her fingers moving faster than eye can follow, executing the pattern hung up in front of her.

In the very large factories a preliminary drawing is made for each rug as well as a careful full-scale picture in color of sections of the pattern. In weaving a large rug three or four adults or children sit in front of the loom while a foreman, following the prepared drawings, calls off the number and color of the knots to be tied by each weaver as the work goes forward.

The rugs are usually finished while still on the looms. As a section about two feet is com-

pleted the foreman carefully clips the pile down to a uniform surface. Work progresses slowly: a rug of moderate size takes a month to weave, a hung rug as large as fifteen feet by thirty-five feet may take over two years; a few, however, are the work of a lifetime.

When the rug is finished, it is dusted, washed in pure water and then hung up in a drying room provided for this purpose. It may also be laid out in the sun to dry. Its vegetable dyes will not fade or run. Irregularities in patterns and colors, strangely enough, often account for the beauty and brilliance of the Persian rugs.

The rugs are usually known to the trade by the names of the towns or districts where they are woven, and many towns have their own patterns and combinations of colors by which their rugs may easily be distinguished.

Some of these carpets are priced at five hundred dollars each. But if you are going to buy one of these Persian rugs in the United States, you may have to pay more than five thousand dollars for the same rug. Here is where a friend can be of service to you.

# U N I S

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# A

Mary Anne Stapleton, '62

There he is over there — coming out of one of our towering and massive buildings. You probably don't even recognize him among the rushing figures. He's Philip J. Cushing, Executive Director of Domestic Travel for *Leonora Shipping Lines*. Not many people take note of him.

Watch him give a pull at the front of his hat as he squints into the sun and then heads for the station. Yes, Mr. Cushing is a methodical man. He always has been. In fact, many people attribute his success to that one quality. Some of his associates knew him in college. They say that one characteristic alone isn't enough to explain his status in life. According to the few who

know him, there is the advantage of a good mind, well cultivated from early years, formed, and daily increasing in breadth.

If we don't hurry, we'll miss the train ride with him. He takes the 6:59. Yes, he chose the same seat near the window, as always. Of course, this (and every) ride won't be a loss for him. No racing to the club car for Philip J.; the evening newspaper is much more enlightening and entertaining and refreshing at the end of a hard day's work. You would think he might talk to the man that's sitting next to him, or at least share the paper with him. But, no, Mr. Cushing doesn't even realize the poor man exists.

A family, did you ask? Oh, no! He really has no ties. There was something about his parents' death, and then while quite young, an old aunt raised him, leaving enough money for his education. But she died. And he has no wife or children—never seemed to be able to be bothered in getting so involved with any one person.

Now, don't pity him. He has his own kind of enjoyment. Why you should see the stately home, with the very masculine mahogany furniture through-

out. And, oh yes, in his study there is a complex stereophonic system that brings him as close to the best classical and modern music as anyone could be. Each room in the house has a wide and interesting bookshelf, and he has read all of the books at least once. Sometimes in the evening he will go to the opera or one of the better Broadway productions. But everything is up to him. He leads his own life—picking and choosing at will.

Even as a homemaker, he does fairly well, considering his being a male. Most breakfasts and lunches are eaten out, but in the evening he settles down to a good, well-balanced dinner, that has been self prepared. Afterwards, he feeds his dog and usually takes the animal out for a walk. This only other resident in the Cushing home is treated with a strictly automatic care. The poor dachshund was left with him by a neighbor some ten years ago and now he is just like the rose bushes in the back yard—watered and fed and cared for in almost the same manner.

We'd better start to get up now. It's just about time for Mr. Cushing's station. The walk home at this time of eve-

ning is quite enjoyable. Yes, Mr. Philip Cushing takes this four-block walk home every evening — and it's funny, you know, but it seems that each walk has a new finding in it for him. Look how observant he is of the different homes and kinds of landscaping—it's all registering mentally. A very distinguished looking man walking in that dark suit and topcoat. Those 42 years haven't begun to take a toll on him, except maybe for the gray around his temples.

Actually our Mr. Cushing receives great enjoyment out of his life. He has a good job, one in which he is quite happy. Of course, he always strives to better that position, and so far has been successful. He leads quite a productive life and shares in all our human benefits.

It really must be wonderful to be so independent. I guess that most of us can't sever ourselves from this beckoning world long enough to taste such a luxury. Maybe it's because we're so lazy. After all it would take an awful lot of work to dis-entangle ourselves from such a network of human life.

We're almost home now.

Let's watch him as he walks up to the door; then we'll have to go.

Mr. Philip J. Cushing, brilliant and esteemed man of the modern world, opens his front door. He bends and picks up the mail that has fallen through the chute. As he rises he looks around for the dog, who is usually there. Evidently the poor animal is asleep somewhere. As he starts to the kitchen to put on the coffee, something in the living room catches his eye.

Suddenly, running over to the inanimate object heaped on the floor, our Mr. Cushing stops. As he bends over it, tears break away through their 42 years of imprisonment. Yes, there on the floor lay the dog—dead! And kneeling beside the little creature is a sobbing Mr. Philip J. Cushing. His independency, his great detachment from the world, his ability to withstand any test is shattered. The small bridge to communication with humanity is severed. And the bare knowledge of this lonely little canine's deep import in the life of the successful Philip J. Cushing is realized for the first time. It may be man's best friend, but a dog can't be the only friend of any man



As a somnambulist waking from a dream, my spirit cries out and my soul sheds bitter tears for the dead thing that once was my America . . .

# ADUIEM



MARIE MASTRUSGA

I look upon the land  
with misty eyes,  
but I do not know it —

Where are the pounding hoofs of the shaggy buffalo making thunder on the plains, and the lightning flashes of the golden eagle soaring on the blue of a summer sky?

Where are the unbroken plains and the rippling prairie grasses, bounded only by distant plateaus and the purple haze of an endless horizon stretching away to the mountains?

Where are the emerald virgin forests carpeting the continent from ocean to ocean, and the giant firs standing boldly with their feet in the earth and heaven in their hands?

Where are the mighty unharnessed rivers roaring their lusty defiance across the countryside, forging the land beneath the unceasing blows of their molten steel hammers?

Where is the fertile black earth on which the red man grew his corn and tobacco, and where are the countless fowl that darkened the skies and the wildlife that filled the woodlands?

Where are you, America?

and I gaze hopefully  
into men's faces,  
but I do not know them —

Where is the long-legged drawl of the hickory-boned Kentuckian, with his long rifle and plug of tobacco he spat so matter-of-factly into the rich soil?

Where is the Massachusetts merchant and his staunch, stubborn pride, and the God-fearing perseverance of the Pennsylvania farmer with his Dutch-German accent?

Where are the Southern planters and their whitewashed mansions beneath the moss-covered oaks and the gentle breezes wafting the perfume of wisteria hanging heavy in the lispings pines?

Where is the Western pioneer with his unshakable confidence and courage, and where is his steadfast wife cracking the whip impatiently over a team of straining horses?

Where is the red man and his painted pony, his buffalo-hide tent and moccasins, his birchbark canoe and hunting grounds?

Where are you, Americans?

and I search vainly  
men's hearts and minds,  
but I do not know them —

Where is the courage and daring of the first pioneers that spurred them on past the Appalachians and into the wilderness of the Mississippi Valley and across the great Midwest?

Where is the fierce national pride and fiery love of country that boiled the blood in men's veins and sent the enemy flying before the flexing of infant muscles?

Where is that determined independence and tenacious individualism of spirit that demanded the defense of personal rights against any and all violations of liberty?

Where is the lusty vigor of young men revelling in their youth and newfound power, and where is the unquenchable boldness and ingenuity of a young nation?

Where is the simple trust in the Providence of God and the tenets of moral stability which our Founding Fathers stressed so persistently?

Where are you, Spirit of America?

Alas, my America!

They have raped your forests, lome of the red man and the animals, and with them built multi-colored, mortgaged houses —

They have tamed your raging waters and turned them into hissing steam to drive generators and dynamos —

They have robbed your rich earth of its blackness, and the Indian of his corn and tobacco —

They have replaced your prairie grasses with wheat and the purple haze with the gray of smog —

They have heedlessly slaughtered your buffaloes and taken the eagle from the sky and put him on flags and coins —

Weep, my America!

They have left the Kentuckian only his drawl and wad of tobacco to spit into the desecrated earth —

They have humbled the proud New Englander and taken the fear-of-God from the Pennsylvania Dutchman —

They have ravished the Southerner and left him only charred embers and fading memories of wisteria in the pines —

They have filled the Westerner's eyes with dust and tears and taught his wife Philadelphia manners —

They have plundered the red man, confiscated his hunting grounds, and left him only his moccasins —

Struggle, my America!

They have domesticated the Pioneer, shrunk the Appalachians,  
and cottonized the Mississippi Valley —

They have quenched the fire of Patriotism and replaced the  
blood in men's veins with water —

They have substituted conformity for individualism and ex-  
emplified the minimizing of personal rights —

They have encouraged Stoicism and the restraint of all emo-  
tions to insure the production of stereotyped citizens —

They have shattered God's Providence and the moral stability  
of our Founding Fathers as well —

Death, my America!

They have taken the steel from the Northwoodsman's arms  
and molded it into metal girders spanning rivers —

They have disillusioned the immigrant and turned him into  
a protoplasmic robot on the assembly lines —

They have converted the merchant into a catch-all cash regis-  
ter in a gray flannel suit —

They have smothered man's belief in honesty and fair dealing  
and cheaply bought his principles —

They have killed you, my America!

epitaph

In Memory Of:

Your forests, animals, rivers, your earth — plundered;

Your courage, daring, individualism, your spirit — dead;

Your Kentuckian, Southerner, Pioneer, your red man — gone.

All of them — gone.

And there will be no handsome prince to wake you from your

eternal sleep, My Beautiful America —

No one to wake you —

No one —

Joe Kempf, '63

*In Commemoration of the  
War Between the States*



*After four years of arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them. But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended*

# Civil War Centennial

## 1861-1961

the continuance of the contest. I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

General Robert E. Lee

# Symphony in



# Minor

Margo Eastman, '64

Another drop of perspiration rolled from Jane's brow onto her long, slender nose. At the moment, Jane was in the middle of her oboe solo which could be distinctly heard throughout the entire outdoor theater. Moments before she had begun to play, she had noticed a little bee buzzing around her head and she had made the mistake of giving one desperate swat at it. But it was too late to swat again for the needle-nosed monster was now resting on her forearm and she dare not stir to move it—not while she was the outstanding musician of the evening.

"Oh, why didn't I just ignore it? If he stings me now, I'll ruin the whole concert. Only fifteen more measures and then I'll be finished. Oh, please little bee, wait until then." Discom-

forting thoughts ran through Jane's mind as her memorized solo poured forth.

Another drop of perspiration fell from her now drenched brow. Nine measures to go . . . The restless bee began wandering aimlessly down her arm toward her hand. If he got upon her fingers, at the rate she was playing, it would be disturbed for sure. Three measures . . . If only she could finish her solo before it crawled upon her fingers.

"I'm in my last measure. Just a few more notes and I can return that insect's friendly little gestures," thought Jane with great anxiety.

At last she finished and as she slowly lowered her instrument, the little reign of terror, slightly perturbed, flew away.

George Schmutte, '62



America—shoot the moon with rocket arrow  
Amid a scene of stars all spangling in place;  
Surpass the others in quest of outerspace,  
Dissolve the ramparts in God's sky below.  
Ascend the vertical frontier, and not too slow  
For now an adverse nation sets the pace;  
Preserves man's right to freedom—win the race,  
Uphold it always, thus convert that foe.  
The astronauts, who brave celestials gain

And seize the lonely air-starved ocean overhead  
Where blue blood bubbles like fine uncorked champagne,  
Will win acclaim and influence lands unled;  
Beyond the earth no valor could they feign,  
That trip aloft to spheres unknown—a dread.

# Challenge

# Psychognosis

Joe Kempf, '63

of

Death

Ignoring the insistent racket of the phone, I crawled across the crumpled sheets and, leaning over the dirty windowsill, raised the window to clear the room of the smell of alcohol and armpits. The damp wind forced its way through the half-open window, made a few vicious sweeps of the room, and settled down to the impossible task of clearing the leaves from my mind. I could see the wild cacophony of neon signs on the street below—one said "Martin's Shoes," blinking orange; another said "Liquor," blinking alternately red and green. Farther on down the street they all blurred into a wild kaleidoscope of greens, oranges, blues and reds until the eyes became intoxicated with color. A few drops of rain splashed softly and soundlessly against the window and began to run haltingly toward the bottom. Here and there a drop would meet another rivulet, merge and run blindly

downward with new found speed until, its fury spent, it slowed again to an impatient, creeping descent. The tiny rivers distorted the signs below and, raining harder now, the letters, BEER, began to blur and stagger in drunken fashion across the pane, becoming a faded smear of green — green like limeade and grass and leaves—

Somewhere in the periphery of my consciousness, I heard them flutter and a puff of wind sent them scurrying like shadows across my mind — oaks, sycamores, maples, elms—they were all there, going God-only-knows where once I could no longer see them, driven to some dark corner and stored there until the rustling started again and a gray cloud sent them flying and tumbling before the wind — the wind and gray clouds, flying leaves and green grass—

I was running afraid and alone beneath whipping branches, the wind and rain tearing at my pretty green dress, my white, thin legs pumping faster and faster. “Mommy, mommy, mommy,” I whimpered, my thin voice drowned by the cracking of thunder overhead that threatened to tear the sky

apart. “Please, mommy — please, mommy — hurry, mommy,” and a finger of lightning darted among the bloated clouds, blown into a tattered ribbon before the lashing wind. “Please hurry, mommy, please.” And then I was in her arms, pressing my head hard against her shoulder, and she was running her fingers through my wet, tangled hair and repeating, “It’s all right, baby—it’s all right now.” And he had laughed because I was frightened, laughed so hard I couldn’t tell whether it was rain on his face or tears of mirth. He was my daddy, but I hated him—he had laughed at my tangled hair and muddy green dress that blurred through the tears in my eyes—hated him—green—fading and running on the pane—BEER, the sign said, blinking regularly, blinking in time with the ticking of the clock on the night table. Ten twenty-three the luminous dial said, and I pulled the shade down so it would be darker in the room and the phosphorescent numbers would glow brighter. I lay back down and turned over on my side to see the shining hands better, hands bright and glowing—

Hands reached out rough and demanding for her; hands tore at her arms, her neck and clawed hot and sticky beneath her nightgown; hands that had been so tender before, had gently toyed with her earlobe, made little paths in her hair, clasped lovingly around her waist while dancing slow and close on a lingering note—He had betrayed her; yes, he was her husband, but he had deceived her. How was she to know what he would be like after they were married? His breath hot and heavy on her neck, his teeth smiling into her face, so foul and close. If only he hadn't been such an animal about it—and his crude hands—she hated his hands—so tender before, vulgar after. But she had showed him, had run away from his impatient, pawing, glowing hands — hands that now said ten twenty-eight.

“Tick-tock, pick-pocket, sick-sock, sick-sick” went the clock from the table. She could make it say almost anything she wanted. Sometimes it sounded like “pick-pocket, pick-pocket”; other times it said “tick-tock, tick-tock,” like it did most of the time. But once in a while it went “sick-

sick, sick-sick,” just like her husband did. They had all said she was sick, but no matter what, she would never admit that she needed any help. They had sent her to see a doctor—Doctor Ticker? — Doctor Tocker? — Doctor Ticker? Well, it didn't make any difference. He had said, “You need me—I can help you, and you really do need me, you know—” But how could I tell him about the leaves? The ever-falling leaves, sometimes old and dry, crackling and rustling in the margins of my mind; sometimes wet and soggy, beating against my brain like the leathery flapping of a bat's wings. How could I tell him? He wouldn't understand. “I wish you wouldn't go,” he had whined. “Don't be so impatient—give it time—we are making progress.” “No,” I said, and the dry rustling of leaves, “you couldn't understand — I won't be back — goodbye.” “Tick-tock, crick-crock, rick-rock, sick-sock, sick-sick—,” and I smothered the shining hands and the mechanical precision of the clock beneath my pillow.

I raised the shade and the green smear on the window was still there, sagging forever

down, only to be pushed up again by a sudden gust of wind, as if it were afraid the green blob would run down to the sill and gather there in a little puddle and no one would ever be able to get it back on the sign again. From some dark corner of the room, a moth fluttered up to the window, violently and soundlessly beating his wings against the cold glass. "Do you want a beer, moth?" and I was shocked by the sound of my voice--it sounded so cold and far, as though it weren't my own. I opened the window and the moth fluttered out into the wet night, heading straight, in an erratic moth-like way, for the blinking signs and their multi-colored propaganda. I watched him until his stuttering wings were lost in the jumble of lights and the drizzle of the night—

I was lying on my back staring at the blue sky as a few puffy clouds sailed past. A little yellow butterfly came jerking along, settled briefly on a daisy next to my head, and then jerked away to the left somewhere. A lazy breeze stirred the oaks, and the gray beards of moss in the trees nodded their wise old heads

sagely, passing profound judgment on some trivial matter. The air was warm, but the grass was cool, and the pointed green blades poked me playfully in the ribs and back. But in the ground beneath the green grass was mommy, hard and cold and stiff. Rolling over on my side, I scooped up a handful of sand and let it trail through my fingers in a whispering stream of miniature boulders. The sand was dry now, but it hadn't been two weeks ago, the rain ripping down among the oaks and the indifferent words of the minister all but drowned out by the howling of the wind and the drumming of the rain on the canvas canopy overhead. And when the new earth was in place and the minister had collected his fee, I turned reluctantly to dad and wept against his rain-soaked shoulder, not by choice, but because there was no one else. Inwardly I hated him—it was all his fault — he had killed her, his drinking and foul words. Even as I wept, I could smell the stench of cheap gin as he mumbled stupidly, "It's gonna be all right, baby—everything's gonna be okay." I could never forgive him—he had killed her

and left me alone — she alone had understood. Now there was no one. The last of the sand slipped softly through my fingers and I turned over on my stomach and wept silent tears as the green grass poked me playfully in the ribs and the old men in the trees nodded slowly, their beards swaying knowingly in the breeze—

Filthy spider-web! “Damn!” as I clawed at the invisible strands that had been blown loose when I let the moth out. I cursed again, removing the last of the silky threads clinging to my hair—

I was playing hide-and-seek with Tommy Higgins, and he was counting to 25 with his eyes shut and his arms and head up against the elm tree as I went half-tripping around the east end of the house, my feet flying. It was a perfect place!—between the rose bush and the little cedar tree. It was pretty dark back there, but he would never find me, I thought, putting my hands to my mouth to stop a giggle—half of mirth and half of excitement. But my feet were sticking out; I pushed back a little farther between the house and the cedar. Then something soft and clinging was in my hair, pulling stickily

at my curls. Half annoyed, I turned to look. I screamed. Nasty spider—big as a quarter and looking right at me with his black, beady eyes. One of his hairy legs brushed my face, and I screamed again, clawing hysterically at the filmy threads—so hairy and so many legs—nasty, and staring at me! I crawled frantically from the dark place, eyes searching for and finding a stick. I struck the web to the ground—nasty spider!—stamping and stamping with my foot until the hairy thing was only a little smear on the ground. Tommy Higgins, wild-eyed and frightened, was running home and mommy’s soothing voice was consoling, “It’s all right, honey — okay now,” and the tears were suddenly hot on my cheeks—

Why was it suddenly so dark now, I wondered. No blinking neon lights or shining hands, hot and reaching—only blackness stretching away to more blackness. “It’s okay now, baby; everything’s all right.” Spiders, cedar trees and Tommy Higgins running home—swaying moss in lispig oaks. Suddenly blinking red, green, and orange lines in my mind, crossing and recrossing

and flickering like neon signs —leaves fluttering by like dark shadows scurrying down some dirty street—Go away, leaves! —green and orange and blue spider-web blinking like a neon sign and saying BEER, SHOES, THEATER—caught like a fly buzzing plump with microbes on a summer day — sticky, sticky, nasty spider-web, blinking — luminous hands clawing at me from the blackness—. “You really do need me, you know—” — he never could understand — “I’m going now,” I thought, “I haven’t much time”—hated him; tender hands before, but after — moss nodding in the oaks and butterflies jerking from daisy to daisy—he killed her; his fault; drinking all the time and vulgar words—huge black spider crawling toward me across the neon signs, staring at me with hate in its burning eyes — “tick-tock, pick-pocket, sick-sick” from the clock somewhere across an endless void — the leaves, soggy and glistening now, flapping like the leathery wings of a thousand screaming bats — “Mommy, mommy, please hurry” — glowing, grasping hands and staring eyes — BEER, they said, blinking

wickedly—a scream, my own —a long silent one because my lips moved but no sound came out. What’s that? a window? Yes, yes, a window! Sun’s shining out there. Funny though, it’s green like limeade and blinking on and off—staring luminous eyes and rain pounding on the canopy overhead—“I’m coming, mommy; it won’t be long, honest it won’t.” Wet, wing-like leaves rush at me with the thunder tearing the black apart — so many legs and so hairy, mommy—the window and the green sunshine!—clawing at me, hot and sticky. Must get away! Must find mommy, she will understand — orange gossamer strand springing under my feet, stretching away to the window—“Please hurry, mommy; please hurry!” He laughed at me with luminous eyes, and he killed her too—almost there now, green sunshine and no leaves rushing — hairy and reaching for me — Oh, God, they’re going to get me—nasty, foul, blinking things, rustling and staring with luminous eyes! No! I made it—grabbing hold of the windowframe and jumping through into the blinking green sunshine like frozen limeade—

GZHI-IOZ

Many hours, many days,  
    Many weeks, many years.  
Many sorrows, many joys,  
    Many pleasures, many fears,  
Make the laughter, make the tears.

Life is so much.  
    It is so little.

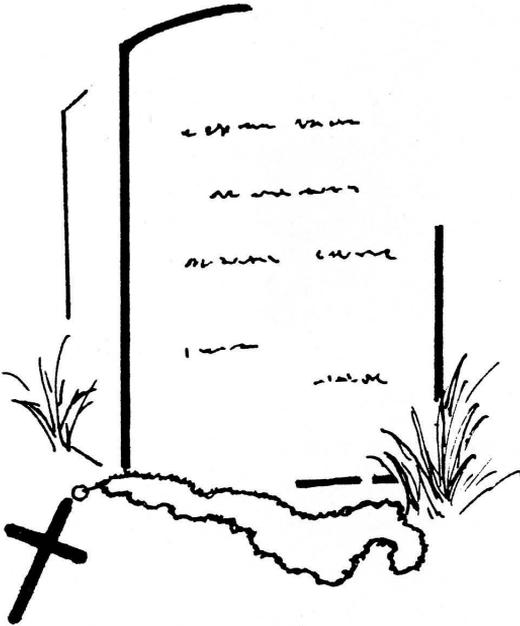
Why must heart,  
    Why must mind,  
        Why must soul,  
Be subjected to this  
    Twisting, tearing, torture?  
Soaring, searching, singing,  
    Screaming sounds send slow shivers  
Streaming through my sad, sad,  
    Sometimes mad,  
        Sometimes glad,  
Stupid, stupid, soul.

Why? What? When? Where?  
    If, cause, then, there.

Sin, virtue, foul, fair,  
    Rip, pull, snatch, tear,  
Bone, muscle, blood, hair.  
    Why? What? When? Where?

**Dave Allison, '64**

# PERFECT GIFT



Donna Tatroe, '64

It was Saturday afternoon. People were rushing around, trying to finish their shopping before the stores closed. No one even noticed little Janie as she walked from shop to shop, peering into the windows. Today was her mother's birthday

and Janie still hadn't found the right gift. There were just a few places left to try, but she was determined to find something special.

She stopped in front of a small flower shop. In the window was the most beautiful

plant that she had ever seen. "Mother would like that," she thought as she shoved open the heavy door and entered the shop. There was a short, gray haired man behind the counter. Janie looked at him. His hands were dirty from digging in the planters. "Well," he said, scarcely giving her a glance. Janie knew that she didn't like him, but she smiled and answered, "Please, sir, how much is that?" She pointed toward the window. "Five dollars," the man mumbled. Janie knew she didn't have nearly that much money, so she turned and left.

The sun was starting to set and Janie was getting cold. She glanced up and down the street. "Just one more place left to go," she thought and tears came to her eyes. She wiped them away with a small, blue handkerchief. She untied the knot in the corner of the handkerchief and took out her money. She had been saving her pennies for a month, so that she could buy something pretty for her mother. She started walking toward the dime store at the end of the block.

The first thing that caught her eye as she walked into the

store was a counter with small gold crucifixes dangling above it on tiny chains. She walked over and took one off the rack. "This is what I want for mother," Janie thought. "This is something special." She looked up and saw a young sales girl walking toward her. Her face was hard and heavily made up. She looked as if she had been smiling all day and was just about to stop. "Did you want to buy that?" the girl asked harshly. "Today is my mother's birthday," Janie explained, "and I want to buy it for her." The girl's face softened. "How much is it?" Janie asked. "One dollar," the girl replied. "Will this pay for it?" Janie said, holding out her hand. The girl looked at the three shiny dimes and without hesitation said, "Yes, I think that will just about cover it." Janie handed her the money and rushed out the door. "I must hurry now," she thought, "and give mother her present."

Janie stood with the crucifix clutched in her hand. "Happy Birthday. Mother," she said. She knelt down and laid the cross on a freshly dug grave. "I hope you like your present," she said and slowly walked from the cemetery.