



FIORETTI

THE FIORETTI

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Lament

I am of the Americas.

Of the great mountains

and the rivers of crystal;

Of the hell-jungles

and the rivers of fire.

I am a baby crying in the slums of Lima.

Lima, the City of Kings, and I cry,

because I am hungry;

because I am not a king.

I am a boy, crying in the jungle of the River of God's Mother.

I am a boy, and I am crying,

because my father was killed by the river;

because my mother is poor;

because I do not understand.

Does anyone understand?

I am a girl crying in the casino of Rio where I work.

Rio, the city of bright lights; the city of Satan.

I cry because I am tired and ashamed.

Once I thought that to be a woman was good.

Now I am ashamed.

I am a student of a university in Mexico.

I am crying; inside I weep.

For I am lost and afraid and alone.

Where am I going?

To God, the old priest used to say.

But where is God?

I am a woman, an Indian woman crying in the mountains of
Guatemala.

I am crying because I am a mother.

I have no food for the bodies of my children.

I have no food for the souls of my children.

What will become of them, my own?

I am a man crying in the mines of Bolivia, the tin mines of
my land.

I do not know what to do.

If I take the card, I shall have food for my family

a job for my family;

a house for my family.

But the card says that I am a Communist.

I do not want to be a Communist

But there is my family.

I am an old man crying in the sun outside my hut in the land
of Chile, the land of my birth.

What is happening to the land of my birth?

The people are changing, and the customs, and the land.

Is the whole world changing, too?

Only the sun does not change in the land of my birth.

I am the wind crying in the shrines of the olden times.

There used to be priests, and shining candles, and incense,
and God.

Now they have gone;

the incense is gone and the priests, and the candles, and God.

The incense has returned to the sky.

And the priests have returned to the dust.

The candles have burned themselves out.

And God has deserted us.

Only the shrines are here now.

The empty shrines.

—Isabel Harnish, '61

LUCKY,

LUCKY

Here I sit, the luckiest person on earth, the happiest person on earth. Why? Because I was born a female, because I am a woman. Even the word *woman* thrills my ear. It holds so much meaning, and so much pride.

Because I am a woman I can smile in troubled times and be called brave. I can cry at

weddings or movies and be called sweet. I can wear perfume, buy expensive jewelry, try on crazy hats, and carry elephant-sized handbags. When I am fifty I can giggle; at eighteen my heart can be broken. I can gossip over backyard fences, drive through red lights, and change my mind as often as I please, always placing the blame on my sex.

My womanhood is a package of powers and responsibilities. With my smile, I can make a grey sky blue, make an old woman less lonely, and an angry man sheepish. With a word of encouragement, I can help a defeated man rise and try again, stop a little boy from crying over his bleeding finger, or make a child take his first step. With these hands, I can ease a worried mind, soothe a hurt body, bake a loaf of bread, hold a baby.

I can laugh with my eyes, talk with my hands, listen with my heart. My mind can be the most practical and the sneakiest. With no reason at all I can love anyone and anything;

ME

MARYCARROLL DANE, '63

with an unselfish love. I can work minor and sometimes major miracles.

By being a woman, I am lucky, lucky, in the most wonderful way possible. I can be a mother. I thank God every day for punishing Eve by making childbirth painful, for now I can suffer for my husband and child and prove my love for them in a very special way. Someday I want to hold my child in my arms and rock him to sleep in a squeaky old rocking chair, singing the same lullabies that my mother sang to me. I want to see my son run home from his first day of school; I want to hear him cry because he doesn't want to go back; then I want to feel the sweet pain that will come with the knowledge that someday he will leave home and feel no reluctance. I wonder if my little girl will be a tomboy or play with dolls; I wonder how many times her little heart will be broken by big or little troubles; I wonder if there will ever be a man good enough to be her husband.

Oh! so happy I am to be a woman, to have within my reach the most miraculous gifts attainable. I'm so very, very lucky!

PREJUDICE AND PRIDE

Help Wanted — Woman to do housework for expectant mother. See Mr. James, 1301 Chestnut Place. White only.

DENNIS D. DONAHUE, '62

“Four days I’ve had this ad in the paper, and still no comers. What’s the matter?”

“Now take it easy, dear,” said his wife across the breakfast table, “you could have had a woman the first day if. . . .”

“I know, I know. *If* I hadn’t specified ‘white only.’ Now for the last time will you get it into

your head, I'm not going to have my wife or baby tainted. No 'nigger' will ever touch this property while I live. And that's final!"

"Am I tainted? I had a colored nurse when I was born; a colored cook served my food. I . . ."

"I'm sorry, Jean. You know that isn't what I meant. You couldn't be tainted; there is nothing but good in you."

"But don't you see, Don, I need help—badly. A week from Thursday you have that Local Democratic Party meeting here and I won't be able to get everything done. I just can't do it alone."

"The answer is still N O—no. I'll call off the meeting before one of 'them' comes near here."

Don began turning the pages of the front section of the paper to look for any account of his previous day's work in court. Favorable publicity was especially welcome now with the election of the city councilmen only six weeks away.

His wife looked at him and thought of how he had come to Georgia five years before; a man from the North—a 'Yankee'—without a past. She thought of the great strides he

had taken in their little Georgia town. His deep and outspoken hate for the colored won him an immediate, and not a meager, following. The people of Darbyville had fallen more or less into a state of apathy towards the colored until his arrival; but soon after that, he had the townspeople up in arms again to preserve the honor for which so many of the forefathers had given their lives. But this fault, as Jean now knew it was, was easily overlooked in such a personable man as Don.

Jean remembered the first time she had seen him—at the Annual Fireman's Ball. He was standing with a group of young men expounding his own personal version of *Mein Kampf* and the master race, much to the approval of all present. A short time later he was dancing with her. It was because of her he made his final decision to remain in Darbyville.

Together they attached his shingle, "Donald James, Attorney at Law," to a small office near the center of town, and he soon proved himself capable in court. The next year he was a candidate for a seat on the city council. The vote went for him, and his campaign promise

of "city reform" was under-way.

The main points of the "reform," which for him meant the "forming again" of the absolute white bourbon dictatorship, included such things as: higher requirements for voters in municipal elections, the placing of the city's schools and playgrounds under a private corporation, and a much stricter housing code. These affected mainly the colored, and it took only minor persuasion to have the city council pass them into laws.

His fight for "Southern tradition," as he called it with his Bostonian inflection, won for him a large majority of the votes in his re-election two years later, especially since the first of his reform bills had eliminated many of the colored voters. And now once again he was running for re-election, and it seemed fairly certain that he . . .

"Here it is, Jean," Don said, breaking off her train of thought.

"What?"

"About the trial yesterday, you know. Here, let me read you what they have to say about me. 'Yesterday Donald James won an acquittal for

Frank Manning in Circuit Court 3 here. John Browning, a Negro sharecropper on the land of Frank Manning, had accused Mr. Manning of shorting him five bushels of corn, in the counting on the fourteenth of August last year. Judge Thomas B. Wells tried the case.'"

"That paper certainly didn't give the story much of a write-up," said Don, in a rather disgusted manner, as he turned to the sports page. "I hope a lot of people in this town read all through the paper. They'll have to see that. Remember when I first came here and had my first case like that? It was on the front page."

"But you've had so many of those; now it isn't news any more. Every time there is a case between a cropper and a landlord, lately, everyone knows what's going to happen. I'm surprised those coloreds keep trying to fight it."

"Tell me. Before I came, how were these . . . a . . . misunderstandings handled?"

"Before you came, there was very little of this trouble. That's why I wonder if some of the landlords aren't taking advantage of the sharecroppers just because they have you to

defend them.”

“Look, Honey, I’ve got a job to do and I do it. As far as I’m concerned those ‘niggers’ are always wrong, and I do my best to prove it. Sometimes I think you’re getting soft towards them. You should hate them more than I. Don’t forget your great uncle was killed trying to save you from being called equal to them.”

Jean would have liked to ask, “And what is your reason for hating them?” but instead she quietly poured herself another cup of coffee. Once before, and only once, had she asked that question. It was during their courtship, and the sharp reaction he displayed was more than enough to hold her back from ever asking it again.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw the front gate open and two people enter the yard. “Don,” she said, “here comes someone to the door. She has a young boy with her. Maybe it’s an answer to your ad.”

Don got up, wiped his mouth, laid down his napkin, and started walking towards the front door.

“They’re colored,” she added quietly.

He stopped, mumbled something under his breath, and

continued in the direction of the door as if in a rage.

Jean had hoped he would not do that. She had hoped he would break down and get her a maid, but hardly expected it, considering the mood he was in. Why? Why did he hate them so much that he would sacrifice himself and his wife rather than work with them? She heard the door open. She closed her eyes.

On the other side of the door was a lady in her late twenties and rather fair complexioned for a colored. With her was a five or six year old boy. The woman just stood there looking at Don as he began his monologue on what he thought of the coloreds, and where he thought they could all go ultimately, and where this woman and the boy could go immediately, ending with these famous last words: “. . . And stay away!”

She was still staring at him, a slight smile on her face. A glimmer of recognition came into his eyes, followed by a look of horror as she spoke with a small Boston accent, “Why John, dear, is that any way to greet us; especially since this is the first time you’ve seen your son?”

Abstraction

to

Contradiction

Lazily drifting into Infinity
I commence
Upon
An absolute Nothing.

Yet a positive Something.
If not Everything,
Is prevalent.

I am Everywhere,
Or could be,
But,
I am
Nowhere.

I Seek.
For What?

I Search.
How?

I Die,
Always.

Yet, I Die,
Never.

Lazily drifting into Infinity
I Commence.

LARRY SWEENEY, '62

the intruder

JANE SPAULDING, '63

No matter what Jill says, I did not give Susie Harper her black eye. Joe did. I only had a minute part in it. I'll prove it!

I was sitting in my room wondering whether to wear my full-skirted formal or my new, dreamy sheath to the club dance, when Jill came flying through the door like an airplane. (Jill and I share parents but that is all).

Eyeing her coldly, I kept thinking what she had done the night before. She had taken my favorite album with her to a beach party. Guess what hap-

pened! Someone sat on it! "Have you replaced my record yet?" I asked her. "You had better by tomorrow."

"For heaven's sake, Kathy, the shop does not open until ten o'clock. What do you expect me to do? Break open the place?"

"You will not have to do that. Just make sure you're the first customer," I told her.

"Don't worry, I'll buy another one for you, Smarty. Guess who I've been talking to?"

"Whom, big College Girl, whom?" I asked.

"Remember what I told you about the Big-Sister, Little-Sister routine?"

"Yes, I remember. It is a crazy idea, but go ahead and talk."

"Well, the girl that was to have been mine was not accepted at the last minute. Anyway, I was talking to my new one, Susie Harper."

"What's wrong with that? She sounds nice. But why bother me with all this talk?"

"Oh, she is nice, but she and her family are on their way back from a trip to Europe. They are visiting relatives here, so I thought I'd better ask her over and get acquainted."

I thought to myself that she just wants me to drive her around. I merely looked at her and said, I'd be nice to her, but that is all. "I won't give up my bed for anyone."

"You don't have to do that. All I want you to do is take her to the dance while I go over to Aunt Mabel's party. I'll be right over afterwards with Tom. We can bring her a date."

I politely refused. Then dear Jill put on a big act on how cruel I was and how could I do things like that to her. "Some sister you are," she yelled.

"You're the one responsible for her entertainment. Why should Joe and I have to change our plans for you? Besides, what did you ever do for me? I always help you and I am sick of never getting anything in return."

I was sitting in the kitchen eating some popcorn when I walked Jill and the most gorgeous looking creature I'd ever seen. All I could think of was Joe. What would he do when he saw her? He might even fall for her.

After the introduction had been made, Jill began talking about the dance. I could have

killed her. "Kathy will take you to the dance while I am at Aunt Mabel's. Won't you, dear?"

"Oh, I am, am I? Oh, well, I might as well do it."

Joe arrived just then and reacted just as I had thought. He flipped. He didn't want to go to the dance but when he found out we were taking Susie, he offered to buy her an orchid. He kept saying, "Oh . . .!" He finally asked me what he came over for. "Can you ask your dad if I can borrow his tux? Mine is too small."

Mom gave her permission to him, and only hours later did I wish that I had never brought Susie along.

By the time I was ready for the dance, Susie was already downstairs with Joe. He didn't even notice me as I came in. He kept repeating, "You are beautiful, Susie." He really made me mad when he asked her to ride in the front seat of the car with him.

I knew I had to make him jealous. Jim Burns was the only one I knew who could do just that. After we arrived at the dance, I sat out to make Joe mad. I finally got Jim to ask me to dance. "Where is your boyfriend?" he asked. "I

thought you two were going steady?"

"That is for the birds," I said under my breath. We talked about old times together and got along fine. After the number was finished, I excused myself and decided to take a walk in the garden.

As I approached a huge shrub, I could hear voices. "Do you really think so, Joe . . . ?"

"Sure, I think you're beautiful," exclaimed Joe.

I began to cry. I just couldn't help it. Jim came along just then and asked me what was wrong. I told him I had something in my eye. I decided to yell as Jim was trying to help me. "Jim, quit, you are hurting me!"

Quick as a wink, Joe leaped over the shrub. "Great day in the morning, Jim, what are you doing to my girl?"

"I was just helping her get a piece of dirt out of her eye," shouted Jim.

Joe began taking his coat off. He started towards Jim in one big leap. "I'll fix you. Don't bother my girl."

"Don't, Joe." I shouted. "He has glasses on." My thoughts and efforts were not fast enough. As Joe threw his arm back to hit Jim, Susie came

around the bush. Perfect timing, I thought to myself. There, the poor thing lay suffering!

Jill came along just in time to see the accident. "What happened? What is wrong, Susie?"

"He tried to put my eye out with his big elbow." She pointed straight at Joe.

Naturally, I got the blame for everything. Jill refused to believe I had had no part in it.

As she got up from the ground, Susie looked right at Joe and exclaimed, "Oh, I hate you. Look what you have done to me. You have injured me for life!"

"Did you hear what she said about me, Kathy?" Joe asked. "After all I did for her tonight. Just don't ask me to entertain any of Jill's friends again!"

"Don't worry about that," I answered with a sly smile.

"Say, what were you doing here with Jim anyway?"

"Let us forget that," I told him dreamily. "He doesn't mean a thing to me."

"I'm sure glad I was close by," boasted Joe. "He might have killed you."

"Gee, that is what I like about you, Joe. You always appear at the right place when you are most needed."

What

“Would you believe it? I have a cold; but I never felt better so fast in my life!”

DO

This confusing statement is the opening line in the advertisement of one of the nation's largest cold remedy concerns. Its product promises not only to cure your cold but also to make you happily oblivious to all your other problems, such as the job you lost by sneezing into your boss's face, or the question of how to dispose of the mountain of used kleenex in your wastepaper basket when your incinerator positively refuses to burn. On taking this pill you immediately feel like bowling ten frames or shaking a leg to the tune of the latest rock-and-roll hit. Nevertheless, the ignorant cold germ, who hasn't read these extravagant claims, joyfully goes about his task of making you thoroughly miserable.

Doctors

Recommend?

FLOYD CHAMBERLIN, '63

If you prefer not to be happily oblivious to your troubles, the above mentioned remedy is not the only way to pester this uneducated bacteria. There are many other less advertised methods. (The methods are less advertised because of the unfeeling stubbornness of the U.S. Board of Health.) The first of these are the Classic, or Ancient Methods: the Greeks favored hemlock, taken orally, which was permanently effective. Rome's downfall was undoubtedly contributed to by thousands of feverish Romans whose favorite goddess failed them in their battle with the vacillating virus.

Then we have the Medieval Methods, pioneered by the witches who were burned at the stake — probably because the mayor's nose ran faster than the unfortunates who treated his cold.

Great Aunt Mathilda preferred goose grease, messy if dubiously effective; Cousin Fanny swore by an assafetida bag hung about the neck. This has many variations. African witch-doctors agree with Fanny about the necklace, but choose dried beetles or shrunken heads as the active agent. A few stout souls attach garlic pods to the

pendant. This is particularly good for the summer cold, since mosquitos don't like the smell either. However, married people should not try this method without first giving the partner a share of the germs and the cure, or going to Pasquale's Pizza Parlor every night for a pepperoni pizza.

This brings us to the Hot-Whiskey-and-Lemonade School — which is more or less accepted nationally, except in Boston and various scattered prohibitionist strongholds in our fair land.

The truly dedicated seeker for a cure need not suffer for lack of advice. Uncle Joe, the newspaper boy, the cop on the beat and everyone who has the power of speech will be happy to advance the latest scientific treatment; and if necessary, users of sign language can be advised also.

These methods are equally effective, and when used properly will insure a complete cure in two weeks. However, if you are an adherent to the Spartan attitude of ignoring your aches and pains and letting nature take its course, the common cold will hang on about fourteen days.

Take your choice.

Beautiful

Lady

Toil-worn hands
That cleaned and sewed,
That stroked His hair,
That joined in prayer,
Were beautiful.

Deep brown eyes
That saw Him,
That shone with love and understanding,
That mirrored the loveliness of her soul,
Were beautiful.

A warm and gentle smile
That showed to all
That she was friend,
was mother,
Was beautiful.

Intellect enriched
Through observing Him,
Through suffering,
Through joy,
Was wisdom,
Was beautiful.

Heart and will
United with His
In faith,
In hope,
Dedicated to Him,
Was love,
Was beautiful.

Beauty of body,
of soul.
United,
Perfected,
Wrapped in humility,
Was exalted.

Carol Biemer, '62



O A K

Ever since I could remember, the mighty gnarled oak had stood large and bold on the side of the hill, its spreading branches blotting out a great portion of the sky. Sometimes in sum-

mer I would watch its countless leaves fluttering against the indigo sky; sometimes I saw its mighty branches flailing wildly before a driving wind; sometimes I would stare at its twisted limbs, black and bare against the steel gray of a winter sky; sometimes I had seen it silver and ghostly beneath the sheen of a full moon, its leaves winking like a thousand eyes as they gently rippled in a night breeze.

I could remember lying beneath its huge limbs and listening to a thousand tongues talking in soft lispng tones, mingled with the fluttering of feathered wings and the soft cries of countless birds. The oak would talk to me and every fibre of my being would tense as I listened to its fluttering voice which changed its pitch with each puff of wind. I knew every inch of its mighty trunk and spreading limbs and sometimes I would climb up high, lie down on a huge limb and wrap my thin, white arms and legs around it, caressing the rough bark with my little hands and pressing my cheek hard against its coarse, gray-black skin.

I grew up with the oak and there was a bond between it and me, and it became part of

my very being, as though it were one of my arms or legs. When I was alone in my childish world and no one else could **understand my troubled mind**, I took my problems to the oak on the hill and listened to its soothing voice. It would understand in its inanimate way and reach out with its leafy arms and soothe my turbulent soul; the oak and I were one and I loved it and it loved me.

There was a fearful night one summer that I can remember even today when the velvet, **black clouds were ripping** through the heavens and the rain came screaming down from the skies. I woke fearful and alone with the thunder roaring in my ears and the brilliant flashes of fiery lightning giving momentary birth to strange, twisted shadows on the walls of my room. Tossing aside my crumpled sheets, I jumped to the window and watched in awe as the oak thrashed on the hill and fought wildly at its invisible tormentor. The battle was waged in moments of brief suspense as bolt after bolt of intense brilliance lit up the surrounding countryside, bathing the hill and its struggling giant in vivid whiteness. And then there was a

blinding blast and a roaring crescendo that filled my head, followed almost simultaneously by a distant ripping from the hillside, as though mighty muscles of wood were being torn asunder. Horrified, I threw open the window and screamed as a bolt lit up the skies and I saw a huge limb being torn to the ground, jagged, woody, fibers protruding into the violent night.

Almost hysterical, I ran down the stairs and into the raging storm, the vicious pellets of wetness stinging my face and neck, the muddy earth splashing up between my toes as I clawed up the hillside. Blindly, I fought through brambles and undergrowth, slipped and fell to the ground, cut my hands and feet on jagged rocks until at last I stood beneath the oak listening to its mighty voice shout in anger and its woody muscles flex and groan as the wind ripped at its leaves and branches.

I threw my arms around its rough trunk and felt the heart of the oak pumping furiously, felt it writhe in anger against its merciless opponent, felt it shift ever so slightly as it maneuvered for the advantage. I cried out in pain and anger and the tears streamed hot down my

cheeks, mingling with the pounding rain.

It seemed like endless hours until I was certain we had won and the oak was speaking to me in reassuring weary tones. The wind had died to feeble puffs and the fleeing, gray clouds raced across the skies, occasionally revealing brief glimpses of black. Realization that I hurt and was exhausted came upon me slowly, for even yet I still clung tightly to the oak's wet trunk. Warily, I slipped to the ground and lay exhausted but happy, for I knew we had won. Rising, I paused to run my fingers tenderly over the jagged wound of the fallen limb and feel the wet blank where the wood had been charred by the lightning. I stumbled down the hill, sliding and tripping in the gray dawn and collapsed, muddy and exhausted, on the living room rug.

The oak was different now and it looked strange against the sky, but it still talked the same and I still loved it and it loved me. The storm had only strengthened my bond with the woody giant, for together we had faced the raging elements in all their fury and together we had conquered.

I grew and my young body

stretched and my voice cracked and began to change. I stood taller in the world and felt much older and wiser. I went to the oak only seldom now, but once in a while I climbed the hill, lay beneath its protective branches, listening to its muted welcome and dreaming the strange dreams of youth. The birds still fluttered and called high in its branches, and the bond remained between the giant and me—not as evident, but just as strong and real.

Then one day on my eighteenth birthday, I became a man and Dad said I had to act like one. And soon I began to feel a strange stirring when I looked at the oak—a sense of manly shame that would gnaw at my mind. And suddenly I knew what I must do—something I had always known I would do. Outwardly calm, I dressed and went out to the woodshed. There I found what I was looking for—the steel axe. I had used it many times before, but that morning it felt strange in my hands and each time I touched its cold, steel head, a shock seemed to course through my being. I sharpened it on the stone, for I knew that it would have to be keen for the job I was about to do.

Stiffly, I climbed the hill, my eyes never once leaving the mighty oak on the side of the hill—the oak that blotted out such a big chunk of the sky. Silently, I stood beside its rough trunk beneath the stretching limbs and listened to the tree as it spoke to me in sorrowful tones. And a vast silence fell around me and even the birds stopped their restless chirpings and fluttering among the still leaves above. Into the silence broke the first angry shout of the axe as it cut through the rough bark. I watched a shudder pass through the mighty trunk, and I could hear it scream in anguish as successive strokes began to gouge at its woody muscles. Tortured chips flew in every direction and the wound at the base of the trunk grew ever deeper. I flung my sweaty shirt from my hard body and began to swing with an ever-increasing ferocity, my strokes falling faster and harder. I began to cry and sweat mingled with tears rolled down my cheeks and off my chin into the waiting earth. I became oblivious to my surroundings and one thought possessed my mind as my aching muscles cried out in torture mingling their screams with those of the oak.

I flung the head of the axe again and again until I lay panting and crying on the ground, my breath coming in great heaving gasps, my salty tears burning my eyes and tasting tart on my cracked lips.

I rose and swung again and again and again—only to fall gasping to the ground. And then I thought I heard the oak laughing, laughing at me as it stood there with the gaping wound in its side and I lay on the cold earth choking in anger and sorrow. Enraged now, I flew at the tree with flailing arms; I was obsessed, the axe flew, my arms and body ached, and the oak laughed. I swung; I cried; I fell. I got up again; I swung; I cried.

Endlessly I swung and swung again until I could hear the oak crying, too. I swung once more and felt the oak shudder and then with a deafening roar, it went down with a mighty shout on the hillside, leaving an empty space against the sky.

For a minute I stood, axe in hand, shocked by what I had done. I ran my fingers tenderly over the jagged splinters where the oak had stood and then turned and walked slowly down the hill

*A
Pencil,*

*An
Eraser*

*and
Paper*

MARILYN WEINBRECHT, '63

A little boy was sitting on the bank of a big river. He sat on the edge and peered into the water. He was supposed to be at school, but he didn't like school and it was boring; so on fine mornings like this one, he would come to this river and sit on the edge of the bank with his dog, and look. He didn't look for anything, he just looked; but he could never see the bottom because the water was so muddy and brown and non-descript.

Today, he was throwing rocks into the water and watching them skip. The dog was watching them, too. He never said anything but he looked particularly knowing today.

One rock hit the water, but instead of skipping, it started to ripple, and ripple, and ripple. The ripples made a little clear spot which got wider and wider. A big fish broke the top and splashed the little boy, at the same time breaking the brown. And the little boy could see all the way to the bottom. He got down on his knees and looked into the hole which was perfectly light and clear. It was beautiful down there. He saw a white beach of cane sugar, sand and blue sky, and he saw a complete little world. He bent

forward to look close; so close that he fell into the hole, turning, and rolling, and tumbling till, plop, he landed on his head in the nice, soft, hot sand. He picked it up and dribbled it through his fingers, and then he saw a little lake. Only a very shallow puddle of water; and he was throwing the sand in the water to see if he could fill up the lake, when he saw two porpoises. They approached him. "Where do you come from?" they asked. "From up there," pointed the little boy. "From up where?" asked the porpoises. "There isn't any world but this one." And with that narrow-sighted view, they walked off. Before they left, one called, "Don't stuff your pockets full of chocolate." "Chocolate?" wondered the little boy. He got up and right to the left of him was a chocolate house. Not really a house, just four walls. "Go ahead," said all the animals. "Eat all you want but whatever you do, don't stuff any in your pockets," and with this warning, they departed.

The little boy closed his eyes and took a big bite of the south wall. Ummm, it was delicious. He completely stuffed his mouth with rich, creamy milk

chocolate like little star candy. He bit down hard. The next wall was composed of milk chocolate and almond; the third, semi-sweet; and the fourth, of chocolate coating with a nougat center.

But the little boy forgot the warning! Greedily he started to stuff his pockets full to the brim with chocolate. Immediately, he started to rise. "Oh, quick, quick, eat the chocolate before he gets you," said everyone. And the little boy tried and tried, but he was rising faster and faster. The more he stuffed in his mouth, the more seemed to be there. As he rose through the filmy, blue clouds, they seemed to say, "Oh, why did you eat the chocolate? Now, you'll be a cloud like us." "But I don't want to be a cloud," cried the little boy, and he desperately jammed his cheeks outward with chocolate. At last, he succeeded in stuffing in the last bit of chocolate, just in time.

He found himself in a large, fenced in enclosure, like a big paddock. Then, he saw it. The strangest looking airplane. He had never seen one like this before, and he stood and stared. It had three wings; one on each side and one right on top like

a shark fin. It said, "Come in, I'll take you for a ride." "No, thank you," said the little boy. "I don't think I want to take a ride in you." "Come in," said the plane, more insistently. He moved toward the little boy with a menacing gleam in his eye. The little boy moved to the right. The airplane moved to the right. The little boy moved to the left. The plane moved to the left. "Don't get in, don't get in!" whispered the clouds.

Then, the clouds moved in front of the plane to help the little boy, so that the airplane couldn't see him. Just then, a miraculous thing happened! All the little clouds turned into boys and girls. They had all been changed into clouds and when they helped the little boy, they changed back into boys and girls. They were very pretty children, but the little boy had never seen any children like these before. They all had square heads and beautiful rectangular eyes with long lashes and heavy, silken hair. "Where do you come from?" asked the little boy. "We come from the world below this one." said one of the little boys, "but hurry, we must get away before the airplane sees us." "But how will

we get away?" asked the little boy. At last, the little boy had an idea. "We must climb over that big, pink wall," he said.

So they ran to climb over the pink wall. But it was spongy, like angel food cake; and as soon as they climbed up, they bounced back. The little boy had an idea. "I'll climb up on your shoulders," he said, "then, I'll pull you over." So, they inched up the wall like combat soldiers on their stomachs and stepped over . . . into a lovely, lukewarm, green swimming pool. The cement was nice and white and it wasn't too deep anywhere. All around it was like a jungle setting, with greenery and vines and beautiful sweet-smelling flowers. The children splashed the water, scooting along the bottom and playing shark. At last, they tired of this, and ran out. The sun was hot and dried their clothes in no time.

They trudged along, singing happily, when they came to a big, beautiful valley. It was really something — all rolling hills and green, soft grass, and little plateaus and caves to run and hide in, and shady places to doze. They played hide and seek, rolling and tumbling on the grassy hills.

When they awakened, after snoozing awhile, they walked along and came to a border. The little boy was about to cross when one of the other little boys said, "Oh, no, we can't cross here." "Why not?" asked the little boy. "Because if the people who live there see us, they'll want us to stay and they won't let us go. It's such a beautiful place; once we stop there, we'll stay there forever." "I have an idea," said the other little boy. "Put your hand very tightly over your eyes. You must clasp your fingers so that you can't pull them apart." "How will I see?" he asked. "The first boy won't cover his eyes," he said. "We'll hang on to each other's collars with our teeth, and single file push him through.

That sounded like a good idea, so they each clasped their hands and didn't unclasp them for anything and went over the border of the beautiful land. The people were very happy to see them because they hadn't seen visitors for a long time, and they begged them to stay. The first boy wanted to stay but the others pushed him through. At last, they were all through but one, and he was half way over the line. The

people who lived on the edge kept pulling him by the legs and his friends tried to haul him over the line by the arms. His friends won and they all sat down to reconnoiter.

"Where shall we go now?" asked the little boy. "I think we'll go home," said the other children. This sounded very good to the little boy, who was hungry, so he said, "How?" "Why, we just jump down," said the boy, "but since your world is above, you will have to jump up." And the little boy looked up and saw his pretty, green world and started to sniffle. "How will I get high enough?" he asked. "The ground here is very soft and springy," they told him. "You can bounce up and down." "But what if I miss?" said the little boy. "The secret," said the others, "is to think of someone you love very much. The thoughts between you will pull you to them."

At this, one of the little boys grew very sad. He said, "I'll see you guys." "Aren't you coming?" they asked. "I don't have anyone," he said, sadly. At this, the others didn't want

to leave. "You can come with us," they said. "No," he said, "I'd never make it." "I know," said the little boy, "you can be my shadow." So the others thanked the little boy for having helped, and, laughing and shouting, held hands and jumped down through the floating, cottony mists to their homes below.

The two little boys waved goodbye to them, then the one little boy pretended he was the other little boy's shadow while he bounced up and down. "Now, when we come close, we'll each grab," he said. "Try for a tree or something to hang on to." But the first two times they did it, the earth was so round and slippery, and was going so fast, they couldn't hang on. So the little boy remembered and thought of his dog waiting on the bank, and he bounced right up, landing on the bank again.

His dog said, "My, you have been gone a long time." The little boy turned and dropped his rocks. "Did you say something?" he said. But the dog hadn't said anything.

AND

THEN . . .

He sat tensely on the glowing Rim of Eternity
And watched the sad events occurring below—
There amid the noise of the cancerous city,
He saw my mountain of vilest sins grow.

He saw —

me die.

And then —

Down into the dark, abysmal pit of Hell,
Where friends and demons go slithering about—
Down — and still farther down I fell
With a terrified shout.

Horrible beasts with yellow eyes, slavering jowls
And bared fangs clawed at me,
While I fell down among mocking howls
Into that fuming and boiling sulfurous sea.

Flying demons with charred black wings
Ride upon the wind of Hell's hot breath;
Creeping sloggoths and odiferous hissing things
Scream to me an eternity of living death.

Scaly things moving tortuously in the molten sea
Cry out incessantly in agonizing tones of despair,
Cursing and blaspheming one another in evil glee,
Smoldering and smarting in this Demonical Lair.

Cry —
I cannot;
Tears —
There are none,
For the searing breath of Hell doth scald
Away the watery pools — every one,
Leaving burning eyes and a heart that is galled.

The fiends will rip me to a shread,
Dismember my limbs one by one,
Pluck my eyes from my sightless head,
Kick me when I try to run —
Yet, therein lies not my greatest dread,
But in my Eternity
 Only
 Just
 Begun —

Joe Kempf, '63

maybe



tomorrow



DEANNA METZNER, '62

“Any minute now I’ll look up and he’ll be standing there. He won’t say anything, he’ll just smile and sit down next to me in the sand.” Trudy couldn’t resist lifting her head slowly and dramatically, full of the hope that only a nineteen-year-old could possess. Although she hadn’t really expected to see him towering above her, still she was strangely disappointed. Sinking back onto her beach towel, she murmured softly, “Maybe tomorrow, maybe tomorrow . . .” As she repeated the phrase, it became more like a prayer.

She stared at the foaming ocean, and the sound of each wave hitting the beach soothed her. The swaying, rustling palms moved aimlessly, adding to the picture of tranquility. Soon the sun sank under the ocean, and the sky became the vivid, illuminated, cloudless blue that is present only in Florida. Finally, the round, smiling moon hung low in the heavens.

Nighttime on the beach was a scene which Trudy particularly enjoyed. Here was always a deep silence, awful, but not frightening. For Trudy the beach was the ideal spot to sit and gaze at the water until

her own problems were washed away. She would sit for hours, watching and thinking—thinking about life, love, religion, and God. No small school problem was worthy to enter into such profound surroundings, therefore, they always seemed to melt away.

Tonight, however, she had a very special reason for being there. Ben had written a few days ago to tell her that he would be down to see her as soon as his classes at the university were over. He was due to arrive tonight, and she didn’t have the courage to stay home waiting for him. What if he didn’t come? It wouldn’t be the first time he had disappointed her. Certainly she wanted to see him. She would have liked nothing better than to look up again and see him before her. But she knew he wasn’t there, and she didn’t have the strength to bear not seeing him.

“Disappointment,” she thought bitterly. “That’s the only word that sums up our friendship.”

Now the gate had been opened, and all the memories of the past two years flooded through — memories that she had tried to keep hidden since

her family had moved to Florida. But even eight months and 2000 miles of separation could not remove her thoughts of Ben.

"Why?" she wondered, and stared at the sky without really seeing it. Then her reminiscing began. Though each date was fresh and real in her mind, still the disappointments stood out most vividly.

"How did it all begin?" Trudy mused, but the answer was hopeless. She might be able to recount every event, but it was impossible for anyone to find the moment, or even the day, when Trudy began to think of Ben as more than one of her close friends. Sitting up and hugging her knees, she experienced over again each bitter disappointment. But the pain was deeper now, since she saw all the heartbreaks and broken dates in a series, no longer as isolated incidents.

His image flashed before her, short, but muscular. His brown eyes peered forlornly at her through dark rimmed glasses. Even his boyish grin was there to haunt her. But the memory of his deep voice drowned out his person. The first excuse for breaking a date thundered through her.

"Trudy," he had said, "you know that sorority formal you wanted to go to? Well, one of the guys who lived in the dorm last year is getting married. The wedding is the same weekend, and I'd like to go—if you don't mind." He had paused a minute before adding, "But if you want to go to the dance, just say so."

Of course she had wanted to go. Her senior year was the last opportunity she would have. But Ben, she knew, wanted to go to the wedding. So, the dance was forgotten.

"The first excuse," she mumbled. And each one came back to her.

"Gee, Trudy, I'm really sorry about that New Year's Eve party, but Dave called it off, so I'm going home."

"Would you mind if we skipped that show tonight? One of my buddies from home is coming down tonight, and we're having a stag party."

"I'm sorry I didn't call last night, but a bunch of the guys started watching TV and I really forgot about it."

Suddenly tears streamed down her tanned face. She couldn't keep reliving these moments, for they hurt more deeply each time. Yet, she could

not forget them, for there was always that one small ray of hope that Ben would change.

Straightening her shoulders and lifting her face into the wind, she scolded herself. "You're not being fair. Think of all the wonderful times, the happiness, the laughter."

Laughter — every moment with Ben was filled with laughter. He had an unusual way of joking when he was afraid to be serious. Everyone had laughed at that remark of, "When I start getting serious about a girl, I know it's time to say goodbye." But from the way he had looked at her then, she should have realized what he was trying to say. He had tried to warn her, but Trudy had failed to understand—until now.

Heartbreak and tears had followed, and her moving didn't help much. She had heard news about him in letters from her friends up North. Surprising reports, too, for Ben was finally settling down. In the time she had been gone he seemed to have started to mature. No more thoughtlessness without even realization was coming from Ben. He truly had begun to change.

Now he had written that he was coming to see her. One

thing about him had not changed however. He still had that way of joking when he was serious. He had mentioned that he had his class ring and then added, "I remember how you liked the university rings. I have mine now, but I'm warning you what will happen if you steal it. I'll have my revenge — I'll take yours." Trudy's mom had laughed when she read it, but Trudy knew Ben too well to take it as a joke.

How many times in the past had she dreamed of the glorious day when he would proudly show her the crimson-stoned symbol of his hard work. Drifting into her private world, she could see it all. They would be together, having fun as usual. No moonlight nights and soft music for them. It would be a sunny afternoon filled with laughter. He would turn to her and say very simply, "Trudy, wear my ring." She would smile and place it on her finger. None of their friends would be very much surprised, for everyone always assumed that they went together.

Now after all her dreams, she knew he wanted her to have his class ring. Why hesitate, then? She began to sob.

"Oh, God," she prayed,

"what's wrong? This is what I've been praying for. I've asked for it, and now I'm afraid to take it. I've dreamed of it for . . ."

Dreamed — and then she realized just what was wrong. "That's it," she whispered to herself, "isn't it? You've dreamed about it; you've planned it; you've prayed for it. You talked yourself into believing it's what you wanted. **But now you're not so sure any more.** You won't be able to live in a dream world any more. You'll have to live life, instead of dreaming about it. And you won't be the martyr of the whole world. You'll see how insignificant you really are. You're afraid . . . I'm so afraid."

After admitting this, she felt a great release. But once realizing that she was the one who needed to mature, and not Ben, did not solve her present problem.

The decision, she knew, must be hers. She couldn't ask anyone's advice, not even her parents. She must grow up eventually and now was the time.

"Please, God, help me," she pleaded.

"No matter what I do," she murmured, "I must be sure I'm right. But will I ever be

certain. Time . . . how much of it I've wasted; how much of life I've wasted. Will I ever make it up?"

Time — the healer of all wounds, but to Trudy her problem was beyond even time. Trying to make up for all the decisions she had neglected to make before, and for the truth she had run from, she determined to solve this problem wisely and swiftly.

But her admission had not been complete. Automatically she rose and began to gather her things. She was careful to shake the sand out of her towel. She calmly slipped a jacket over her bare shoulders and walked **d o w n t h e b r i g h t, m o o n l i t** beach. Ben was waiting for her; she must face him now. But her luck would not even allow her time to regain her composure. There he was, smiling as always, waiting for her. Now it would come; now she must decide — quickly, before he had any chance to influence her.

"Hey there, Trudy, I thought you had deserted me. Come on, I'll drive you home. Your mom thought you would be here. How are things going with you? I'll bet you love college, and you're really knocking out these guys down here. Right?"

Same charm. Same sense of humor. "Why doesn't he say it," she almost cried out. "Get it over with now."

She could see it all now. She would have to be gentle to him and mother him. It wouldn't be easy. But she had accomplished one thing from their friendship, at least she had grown up and entered reality.

"You're not very talkative tonight," he commented, as the car slid into the scattered night traffic. "Tired, I guess. Or maybe my charms are overwhelming you. Hey, I've got a surprise for you that you'll really like."

"No," she thought, "here it comes, but I'm ready."

"Some of the guys from school came down with me for the week. I thought maybe you could get your gang together and we could have a beach party or something. Just a group of us. Just friends, and all that stuff. But I know one guy you'll really like — my roommate, Jeff."

She was stunned and could do nothing but repeat after him, "Your roommate Jeff?"

"He's really a nice guy. You know I wouldn't even think of fixing you up with him if he weren't. I'd never let anything

happen to you, Trudy. Why, you've been practically a sister to me. You'll be a good cure for Jeff, too — some girl has been chasing him all around school. I was hoping you'd do me a favor and make sure he has a really good time. You know what I mean, Trudy, just the thing you did to me. Good friends."

"Yes, good friends," Trudy managed to utter.

She tried to tell herself that she was relieved, but she knew too well that that feeling inside her now was the one too familiar — disappointment. **B u t** it was all in the past now. It was over. She had learned.

Sinking back in the seat she closed her eyes. Slowly her frown melted into a soft smile. "Jeff," she spoke, almost inaudibly.

"Did you say something?" asked Ben. Then he started to laugh, "Or are you just whispering secrets to the wind?"

Once again they rode together, laughing as usual.

Soon Trudy broke the spell. "Ben, what's Jeff like?"

Ben began to talk, but Trudy could not hear. She began a new dream with a new hero, and life went by unnoticed.

Why

i am walking, just walking
looking, seeing, thinking
funny that grass is green
strange that sky is blue
why?
i wonder

they say because He made it that way
why did He do that
why not pink grass
why not red sky
why?
i wonder

they say i am going to be big someday
why can't i stay this way
why do i have to grow up
why do i have to be big like them
why?
i wonder

they tell me because that's the way He wants it
why?
i wonder

Steve Mooney, '63

THIS WON'T HURT A BIT

(Not Much It Won't)

KATHRYN ANN YORK, '63

Sooner or later everybody makes a crack about "the men in the little white coats." But the particular little man that I am thinking about did not come fully equipped with strait jackets and restraints. However, I feel very confident in saying that he could cause just as much, if not more, trouble. Oh, he looked innocent enough in his clean and neat white jacket topped off with his shiny head, but I learned through experience that he was to be considered as lethal. I found that orthodontists are trouble with a capital T.

First of all he was the only man that ever succeeded in cutting off my constant stream of words, which to me was a devastating development, if not dangerous, at least for him. The first time that I met this

dynamo of dental art was the time that he made the initial impression of my teeth. I had just started to make what I thought to be a very intelligent statement, when he popped a foul-tasting piece of wax in my mouth. He asked me to bite down and, because I am very obliging when I want to be, I did. I think that I surprised us both. I was surprised when I found that I had more than wax in my mouth and he was surprised when he found that he wasn't as agile as he thought he was. His finger just didn't make it out. After he had rescued the injured didget he was very careful in the vicinity of my bicuspid.

From then on it was open war. He did his best to pay me back for his wound. His first battle tactic was to make me

feel as much like the Brooklyn Bridge as he possibly could. This gave me the general appearance of being wired for sound. But it didn't bother me so much after I got used to the idea of looking like a roll of aluminum foil, so he took an even more drastic step. He installed me with rubber bands. This took the cake. It not only hindered my conversational powers but it almost caused a national incident. Well, maybe not national, but it posed a

problem to me and other poor females like me who were finding it hard to tie up the telephone wires. But to top it off you can imagine how you would feel telling someone that you were chasing a renegade rubber band. You might come up with an excuse like this: I just opened my mouth to say something and it snapped out. Now really, this is ridiculous. Especially when the incident occurs in a class when you are about to answer a question, and I



might add the only answer you know, and away it goes. Of all the nerve!—clear across the room! You hope fervently that it hasn't accosted any one in its flight and you sprint after it. However the teacher doesn't understand and she sprints equally fast to her grade book to give you an F for the day. Obviously she never wore braces complete with rubber bands.

I remained trussed up in this fashion for three years enduring the dilemma in what I thought to be a very dignified manner. Then I found I had another cross to bear. He had the gall to insist that I wear a retainer. Well really? Now I know how my grandmother felt after she had all of her teeth removed. The only thing that I lacked was the modern miracle Poli-Grip. I soon reconciled myself to this agony with the thought that it would all be over soon and I would be free of the blasted thing, when I found that this contraption reacted in the manner of a greased pig.

I was utterly mortified when I lost it one day after lunch and had to dig through the garbage container to find it. Now this wouldn't have been so bad

if I could have done it in some amount of privacy. Unfortunately things couldn't have been any worse if it had been Friday the 13th: as my luck would have it one of my handsome classmates arrived on the scene and enjoyed my plight immensely. He wasn't even gentleman enough to offer to help me with my task. Even with my head in a barrel of smelly garbage I have my pride so I became indignantly furious on the spot and continued my search. I found the little rascal and from that day to the day we drew up the peace agreement; it remained securely hooked around my molars.

The day the war was over was a day indeed for celebration. The only reason I would ever go to that office would be to visit the good doctor and then it would be on my terms. Now all that remains of this torture is the retainer which I keep in my drawer as a trophy of past battles. But the biggest joy of all is that I won't feel as though I'm leading with my teeth when I smile. I have since gone back to see my old opponent and we are the best of friends as long as he doesn't challenge me to a duel: gnashing teeth at a safe distance.