

The image features a vibrant blue background with a complex, abstract pattern of white lines. These lines form various geometric shapes, including rectangles, triangles, and irregular polygons, some of which are nested or overlapping. The lines vary in thickness, with some being very thin and others being significantly thicker, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall effect is reminiscent of a modernist or mid-century modern graphic design.

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PEANUT

MARGARET ANN HARMENING, '62

Jerry sat on the top step of the dugout and aimlessly flipped pebbles into the air. His usually ruddy complexion was now quite pale, and he yearned for a trip to the locker room and a cool shower, but the Skipper had ordered him to remain here.

"We may need you in this second game," he had said. But Jerry knew old Skip well enough to know that he was

just trying to make him forget. He felt in no condition to play. As a matter of fact, he doubted whether he would ever feel like playing again.

Everything had happened so fast — a sliding, side-arm knuckle-ball, the crack of a broken bat, a shrill scream — and it was over.

The bright afternoon sun crept over the dugout, and the strapping youth pulled his cap

down tightly to shade his dark, troubled eyes. Occasional glances fell his way, but Jerry didn't seem to notice.

Over the loud speaker came the familiar voice of Paul Manley: "For Chicago, number 28, Jerry Spears, batting for Bobby Hartley."

Jerry pretended not to notice. He buried his face in his hands and didn't move. A firm hand grasped his shoulder, and he whirled around to see the grim face of the Skipper.

"Didn't you hear the announcement, son? Hurry and get up there before old Doyle comes in here after you."

Jerry was about to protest, but Skip was already on his way back to the third base coaching box.

Dizzily, the youngster rose and headed toward the bat box at the opposite end of the dug-out. Frank tossed him a batting helmet, which he blindly fumbled but quickly recovered. He walked with uneasy strides toward the plate, halting only momentarily to dust his hands with resin.

Stepping into the box, Jerry felt a strange sensation overcome him. "Why did he pick me to pinch-hit?" he murmured to himself. "He knows what hap-

pened the last time I came to bat."

Jerry looked to Skip at third for a sign. The Skipper signaled for a hit, and the youth stepped up to guard the plate. The opposing pitcher eyed Jerry carefully, respecting the reputation the youngster had gained in his brief career.

The righthander stretched, leaned in for a sign, reared back and fired a beautiful curve ball, which Jerry eyed cautiously, but the bat lay heavily on his shoulder and his arms froze. The pitch caught the outside corner for a strike.

The spectators were hardly audible, and, except for the regular shouts of peanut vendors, the stands sounded empty. Sweat circled about the protective band inside his safety helmet as Jerry tightened his grip on the bat. "I must hit — I must!" he told himself between clenched teeth.

A change-up curve ball proved Jerry's weakness again, as he watched the perfect strike sail past. The count was now 0 and 2, and this was Jerry's last chance.

Backing away from the plate, he knocked the mud from his cleats with the bat. Straightening his helmet, he again step-

ped up to the plate, and, bracing his left foot carefully, he choked up on his bat and checked Skipper's signal at third.

The lean righthander took a full wind-up and fired the next ball. It was perfect, and as Jerry stepped up to it, his lips drew a firm line across the boyish face. Suddenly, Jerry was paralyzed with terror. He dropped his bat to the ground as the spinning sphere met with the leather of the catcher's mitt, and old Doyle bellowed out, "Strike three!"

The crowd came back to life, cheering frantically as the visiting Trisox took the field.

Jerry proceeded to the tunnel leading to the locker room, only to be halted at the dugout's bottom step by Skipper.

"What's troubling you, Jer?" he asked, placing a wrinkled hand on the boy's firm shoulder.

"Nothing, sir," Jerry replied softly without lifting his dark eyes.

Skipper viewed the youngster with a look of sadness and pity. "I understand, son. Go take a hot shower and change. We've only an inning left to play, and then I'll give you a lift downtown."

Reassuring the lad with a

pat on the back, Skipper turned quickly towards the action on the field, avoiding the boy's eyes.

"Skip . . . ?" Jerry began.

"Yes, Jer?"

"Uh . . . oh, never mind."

The second game went into extra innings, so Jerry watched from a ramp, unrecognized in his street clothes.

"Skip won't be ready for quite a while yet," he thought to himself. "Now's my chance."

Jerry ushered himself to the main lobby and glanced about the walls until his eyes met a large sign in the opposite corner: "MAIN OFFICE."

Jerry pushed his way across the lobby. Reaching his destination, he halted briefly to straighten his collar, clear his throat, and push a black curl from his forehead.

A gentle knock was answered by a burly man, probably in his late forties, who smiled and asked, "What may I do for you, lad?"

"Uh . . . May I come in?"

"Of course," the man smiled. Stepping aside, he welcomed Jerry into the office with a smooth, sweeping gesture of his left hand. "Sit down and make yourself at home."

"I have only a few minutes,"

Jerry explained. "I'm Jerry Spears, sir, of the Trisox, and I wonder if you could tell me anything about the person I hit with that foul drive today?"

The husky gentleman jabbed his hands into his pockets and walked around to the front of his desk. His serious face looked deep into the frightened boy's eyes.

Lowering his voice, he inquired, "What would you like to know?"

"Who was it?" Jerry asked anxiously.

"A small boy. His father came in here with Doc Snyder to call the hospital."

"He was hurt badly, then?"

"I'm not sure, son; they were in such a hurry that I wasn't able to catch all the details. They called Saint Jude's, though; perhaps if you stop in there someone can be of more assistance to you than I."

"Saint Jude's? And where's that?"

"About four miles south of here — at the junction of highway 40."

"Thank you, sir," Jerry murmured, reaching for the door.

"Sorry I can't be of more assistance," the man apologized.

The Skipper wouldn't permit

the persistent young ballplayer to walk to the hospital, but insisted he drive him there.

Upon reaching his destination, Jerry nervously departed from the car. Bending his lanky body, he peered back through the window.

"Much obliged, Skip," he mumbled, smiling weakly.

"Wait up, kid, I'm coming with you," Skip hastily replied, turning off the ignition.

The shadows cast by the two men as they walked up the sidewalk to Saint Jude's were quite different. One was that of a very tall and erect young man with broad shoulders — the other was that of a slight, balding man, rather dumpy. However, at this moment, they similarly walked in uneasy steps.

The Skipper and Jerry were ushered into a room already half-occupied by a half-dozen or more anxious persons.

"Skip," Jerry whispered nervously, "maybe I should have brought the kid something."

"Don't worry about that now, son," the old man assured him, "we can take care of that later."

Jerry picked up a magazine and fumbled through several

pages. Everything was blurred, though, for the young man's mind couldn't be lifted from thoughts of the injured boy.

Across the room sat a trembling couple, the woman's hand held firmly by her husband's, and her eyes moist with tears. Next to her was a handsome boy with dark brown eyes, probably in his early teens.

"Must be the kid's family," Jerry thought to himself. "My God! Why did I do it?"

Tiny Mike O'Connor was wheeled from surgery at 7:14 p.m., after a four hour emergency operation. The inert form was carefully placed in a crib in one corner of the children's ward. Immaculate white bandages bound his head from the top of his sandy hairline to his dimpled mouth. George and Betty O'Connor were brought from the waiting room to the bedside of their unconscious son.

"My baby! My baby!" cried Mrs. O'Connor, who was permitted to remain in the ward for only a few minutes before being led away by a nurse and given a sedative.

Doc Snyder returned to the room where Jerry and the Skipper were anxiously awaiting news of the child's condition.

Approaching the athlete, he laid his hands on the boy's broad shoulders.

Looking up into the deep eyes of the doctor, Jerry inquired hesitantly, "How is he, Doc?"

Doc replied slowly with a slight smile and a reassuring nod of the head. "He's out of danger, but . . ."

Breathing a deep sigh of relief, Jerry turned to the Skipper and grinned. Suddenly realizing the doctor's last word, he jerked his head back and demanded, "But what?"

Doc pulled up a chair facing the two men. Untying his white apron, he stated his message slowly but directly. "The ball struck the boy directly in the face. His nose was crushed, and neither eye can be saved."

Jerry's mouth dropped open, as he stared blankly and unbelievably at the doctor. Skipper rose and put his arm about the lad.

Jerry closed his eyes and dropped his head into his hands.

"My God!" he cried. "He's blind!"

The Skipper excused Jerry from practice the following afternoon, and little Master O'Connor was honored by an unexpected visitor.

The tiny patient sat in his crib, unaware that he was destined never to see the huge fielder's glove he now treasured in his arms.

"Gee . . . did you really sign it for me?" he asked.

"Sure, Peanut; right there in the pocket." Jerry guided the boy's right hand across the smooth, inked leather.

"Thanks, Jerry," the youngster beamed.

"Forget it," the young ballplayer said modestly.

"I won't — ever," the boy persisted, "and when I grow up, I'm going to be just like you, too. What do you look like? I've never seen you up close. I've got freckles — have you?"

Jerry swallowed with an effort, and proceeded to satisfy the child's curiosity as best he could.

Before leaving the hospital, Jerry stopped in to have a talk with Doc Snyder. Later he visited the chapel and knelt before a statue of the patron saint for quite some time.

"Dear Saint Jude," he prayed, "ask God to restore the child's sight."

The Trisox team boarded a train for Washington without their star shortstop.

"I can't go with you," Jerry told Skipper. "Drop me from the roster if you must, but I can't leave Kansas City yet."

"Okay, Jer," Skip replied knowingly, "Brian should be able to handle short for a week or so. Meet us in Cleveland on the 27th?"

"Sure."

Jerry rejoined his team in Cleveland on the date specified, and suddenly displayed talent and spirit unequaled by the youth ever before. Once again, Jerry became a serious threat to the ERA of opposing pitchers.

When the Trisox again visited Kansas City later that season, one tiny spectator was especially thrilled. Armed with a gigantic baseball mitt, he cheered incessantly when he spotted the big number 28 on the back of a gray uniform leaving the dugout.

"Jerry! Jerry!" he shouted.

"Hi, Peanut!" Jerry grinned.

"Hit one for me!" Mike begged.

"Sure enough, kid; I'll give it the old eye—okay?"

It is quite possible for little "Peanut" O'Connor to grow up in the footsteps of his idol, for Jerry and Mike share a secret, and a handicap.

Pity

the

Man

ANN MARIE HOLLERAN, '63

Pity the man who knows no friend, who walks life's road alone. Pity the man who has no one to go to in joy and sorrow, whose fears and trusts are sealed within the walls of his own mind.

Friendship is a blessing, bestowed by the Good God on mankind. Some men have willingly closed their hearts to this gift. They have shut it out because they do not wish to make the sacrifice that is necessary; for friendship, like anything of value, is not gained cheaply. A man must clear away the worthless and the make-believe things that clutter his heart to make room for this truest of all treasures. A man with even

one friend, one true friend, has a jewel quite beyond all worldly value, and the sacrifices made to attain it are forgotten in its possession.

Man does not live alone; he cannot exist in himself. If he would find himself, he must search in other men. The road to heaven is one that is never walked alone; if we would enter the kingdom of God we must enter with a friend. If we would walk the highway of life — walk and truly know the aliveness of life — we must walk with a friend. Indeed the awful and beautiful truth is: whether we strive for heaven or fall to hell, we are not alone.



JOE KEMPF, '63



**L
I
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N**

I listen—

And I hear things—

Strange and violent things—

And I know that Nature is an angry giant—

I hear steel girders crying out under their burden of cement and
stone ;

I hear forest giants shout in rage as each steel bite cuts deeper into
fibrous veins ;

I hear the bellow of watery mountains as they spend their fury on
rocky cliffs ;

I hear steel rails groan as mighty, metal monsters hurtle along
their shining arms ;

I hear the victorious shouts of leaping flames as they greedily
devour their victim ;

I hear mighty muscles of wood flex when the driving wind bends
them to the earth ;

I hear the uncontrolled voice of thunder after the skies release
their fiery chariots ;

I hear the sound of her voice—

And I know the angry giant is dead.

I listen—

And I hear things—

Joyous and riotous things—

And I know that the World is a laughing clown—

I hear the splash of water and the sound of laughter carried on a
summer breeze ;

I hear the chiding of a contented cricket from the edge of a
goldenrod patch ;

I hear the merry vocals of a winding brook away across the
wooded hillside ;

I hear the tinkling of diamond bells hanging from a spiderweb in
the morning sun ;

I hear the wash of purple waves caressing sandy shores on some
forgotten isle ;

I hear the songs of the winds as they wind their way through the
boughs of ancient oaks ;

I hear the tales told by moonbeams as they fall silently upon
golden waters ;

I hear the rush of a tear on her cheek—

And I know the laughing clown is dead.

I listen—
And I hear things—
Mournful and dejected things—
And I know that Life is a sad, old man—

I hear the melancholy cry of the loon sharing its sorrow with the
heedless world ;
I hear the tired mutterings of a muddy river as it meanders
through red Georgia hills ;
I hear the despair of streets dark and gloomy under the sightless
eyes of broken streetlights ;
I hear faded laughs and forgotten echoes of wild applause under a
deserted bigtop ;
I hear mesmeric murmurings of ancient elms high above the green
waters of a dreaming pool ;
I hear the lonely tongue of a tolling bell swaying free in a
crumbling belfry ;
I hear the hollow tapping of a blind man's cane down the cold
stone of some dark street ;

I hear a laugh from her throat—
And I know the old man is dead.

I listen—
And I hear things—
Serene and beautiful things—
And I know that the Earth is a dreaming woman—

I hear the sound of grass drinking after an early morning shower ;
I hear little green buds growing on the branches of naked trees in
 Spring ;
I hear the groan of mast and snap of white sails before a driving
 wind ;
I hear the farewell shouts of the world as the last traces of amber
 fade from the sky ;
I hear the rainbow after the rain as it plants its legs in the moist
 earth ;
I hear the rustle of sweet-smelling pine needles stirred by a summer
 breeze ;
I hear the shimmering footsteps of moonbeams as they tread
 gently over rippling waters ;

I hear—
What do I hear—?
I hear her saying goodbye—
And I know that I am dead.



NOTHING

R. SIMKO, '60

What is nothing? Is there any place in this universe to which one may go and point and say, "There is nothing"? Does it sound like the chattering of starlings at sunset or the trumpeting of elephants at the waterhole or the lazy drone of the honey bee in search of nectar? Does it feel rough like a cat's tongue licking a drop of milk from your finger or smooth like the glossy coat of a thoroughbred horse? Does it taste sour like the unripened grapes hanging in the sunshine of California or sweet like honey freshly gathered from the comb? Has it the nose-twitching fragrance of a field of clover right after the rain or the repugnant stench of burning trash from the city dumps? Is it an awe-inspiring sight as the first heavy snowfall in the moonlight or as commonplace as the little ant dragging his burden through the forest of grass? Is it as long as the Mississippi River? Is as wide as the universe? Is it as deep as the gorge which the Colorado River has cut through the majestic Grand Canyon? The answer, of course, to all of these questions is NO. Well, we know now

what it is not, so what then is it?

The dictionary says that "nothing" is "the absence of something or anything." It is abstract. But more than being abstract, it is relative. Nothing is merely a starting point for measuring the properties possessed by any person, place or thing, whether it be tangible or abstract. Nothing is merely and simply explained as being a state of non-existence of anything at a given time or place. Nothing could be demonstrated in a number of ways. If you have a thermos of coffee in your hand, and you pour the coffee out of the thermos, the thermos still holds something. But throw the thermos to the ground with the coffee, and you are holding nothing in your hand.

"Nothing" is without a doubt one of the saddest words in the English language. Several eminent writers were once asked for their idea of the saddest word in the English language. The three words mentioned most often were "death," "but," and "if." Death is certainly not the saddest. There are many things worse than dying. And nine times out of ten, the words "but" and "if" merely imply

a lack of character or competence in the speaker. The word that was missing from this list and which very definitely should have been included is "nothing."

Most people go through their entire lives without bumping into that abstract thing known as "nothing." However, it is a very real, and even tangible, thing for some persons. Ask the deaf man what he hears when the happy laughter of children at play is floating on the summer air. Ask the mute what comes out when he stands up to cheer the home-run hitter at the ball park. Ask the blind man what he sees standing on a mountaintop overlooking a peaceful valley at sunset. Ask the amputee what he feels when his faithful dog licks his hand in affectionate companionship. Ask the man who has had a stroke what he tastes when he is fed intravenously. Ask the psychiatrist what the homicidal maniac felt when his guns chopped down a family of five coming out of church on Sunday morning. Ask the atheist what he expects after he dies. Ask the tramp what he owns. Ask the souls in hell what they have to show for their lives on earth.

The answer you would receive from each one of these people is "Nothing." Nothing. Zero. Naught. Nil. And where there is nothing, there is also sadness, tragedy, and even despair. Nothing isn't accompanied by laughter and happiness. Its companions are tears and suffering and heartache. Nothing exists all around us and few people are even vaguely aware of it. God has given us so many things to use and enjoy that our eyes are blinded to the fact that there are instances and places where these wonderful things simply do not exist.

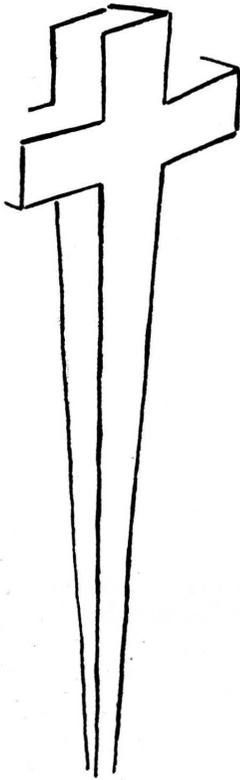
Nothing is as abstract as

liberty, faith, justice or intelligence; but it is also just as real as all of these things. It exists in the mind where it is possible for a person to be hurt much more severely than any blow to the body might inflict. A person who knows nothingness in one of its various aspects knows also the meaning of tragedy, despair, grief, heartache, and probably self-pity. But a person who fights back to overcome it has achieved a colossal triumph, both physically and mentally, that almost would always leave a finer, better person in the end. "Nothing," like many other afflictions, is often a blessing in disguise.

MY FRIEND

You touch my tear-stained face ; you sympathize.
You sense the sorrow in my heart ; you understand.
You know my weakness, my deepest agony.
You wait with outstretched hand, and comfort me.

MARILYN BECK, '60



SENOR

CRISTO



Across the border, down *Mèxico* way —

I see Him in the mountain peaks piercing the sky ;

I see Him in the cactus plants beautifying the sand.

I see Him in the black-eyed baby's hungry cry ;

I see Him in the old woman's praying lip and folded hand.

I see Him in the "I speak a leetle ingleesh, may I help you please?"

I see Him in the pilgrimaging Indians walking on their knees.

I see Him in a sombreroed *niño** leading a laden burro ;

I see Him in a yoke of oxen plowing a furrow.

I see Him in the multi-colored mosaic church domes, shining
bright.

I see Him in the vigil-light stars, glistening in the night.

I see Him in the children playing with laughter, with life ;

I see Him in the children begging for bread, for life.

I see Him in the thatched roof and mud-packed abode ;

I see Him in peddlers selling their pineapples and papayas and
enchiladas along the road—

But selling, most of all, their kaleidoscope of Christ to tourists
from up United States way.

*boy

BY ELAINE THOMAS, '60

The

FRANK STITES, '60

Future

in

History

There is no future in history. This has been and will, in all probability, continue to be a typical statement of that peculiar development of modern society — the practical man. This man examines everything, not only history, in the light of personal financial compensation. What opportunities, he would ask, does history offer for economic advancement? What future lies in history?

The answer, I fear, would

be that history offers little opportunity for the realization of actual, measurable returns. The returns from history cannot be measured. They do not add up to so many dollars or cents, to a house in the country, or to two cars in the garage. An investment in history yields returns which so far exceed these that they are incomprehensible to the narrow-minded practical man. The reasons for this are simple, perhaps too simple.

History deals with man. This is its subject matter; not dates, not trends or movements, but man. It treats man as the individual, the organization; man alone and his relations with other men. It reveals his problems, his solutions, his successes and his failures. It brings out the good and the bad which if proper to one man in any time will be proper to all men as long as man exists. It gives one understanding and appreciation of man.

Can any one thing be isolated from history? Hardly, since the

simple fact that it existed makes it part of history. Let a person choose any field of learning—literature, science, philosophy—and regardless of the lengths to which he might go to divorce them from history, the fact still remains that they are based upon the past. Any product of man from the smallest thought to the greatest monument is based upon experience, and experience, if only a second old, is necessarily the past. The scientist, for example, discovers a new serum. Would this have been possible unless there had been earlier failures? Perhaps. It would have been a first and at the same time a successful attempt. Assume this is true. Would it not also be true that there was an ill from which this cure arose? Further regression is needless; the answer is always evident. Man is depend-

ent upon the past. History deals with man. Therein lies its future.

To the typical practical man and his typical statement I would pose one question. What is it that makes him desire these purely material gains? Is it not a yearning to be like someone else he has known? Perhaps not. If not, then it must be a desire to be different from someone else. Whichever should be the case, his decision is dependent upon his past, upon his history. To him I would point out that his future is also dependent upon history. I would point out that in arguing against history he is only strengthening the grounds upon which it stands. He must prove history in order to disprove it. Finally, I should stress the fact that if man is to have a future, then history is to have a future.

ODE II, xiv

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
 rugis et instanti senectae
 adferet indomitaque morti;

non, si trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
amice, places inlacrimabilem
 Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
 Geryonem Tityonque tristi

compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
quicumque terrae munere vescimur,
 enaviganda, sive reges
 sive inopes erimus coloni.

Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
 frustra per autumnos nocentem
 corporibus metuemus Austrum:

visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytus errans et Danaï genus
 infame damnatusque longi
 Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum
 te praeter invisas cupressos
 ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Absumet heres Caecuba dignior
servata centum clavibus et mero
 tinguet pavimento superbo
 pontificum potiore cenis.

HORACE

INEVITABLE DEATH

Alas, Postumus, years glide swiftly past,
Nor will a righteous life impending age suspend ;
Inchoate wrinkles have their place at last,
Nor can worthy deeds delay man's final end ;

And neither will prodigious bribes and tricks,
The fateful ire of stern Pluto deflect,
Who, in his dungeon by the gloomy Styx,
Keeps Geryon and Tityos ever checked.

To all who may rejoice in nature's gifts,
It was determined in the Heav'nly plan,
That each across that morbid river drifts,
Be he the highest prince or lowly husbandman.

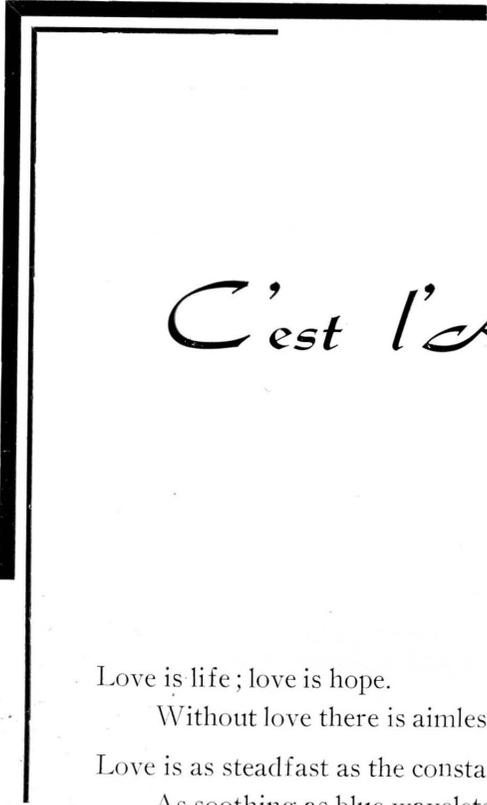
In vain from gory battle do we flee,
And from the deep replete with raucous waves ;
To no avail we tremble fearfully
When South-Wind with its boundless fury raves.

Gloomy Cocytus flowing ceaselessly,
We all must see who pass this earthly way,
Vile Danaus' daughters fraught with infamy,
Bold Sisyphus toiling ever night and day.

Forsaking earth and home and darling wife,
Each man must meet his destiny alone,
Without the trees he's tended all through life,
Except the cypress with its hateful moan.

The choicest wine, saved by a hundred keys
By order of the master in his day,
Now flows full freely as the heir decrees,
More precious far than regal feasts display.

MARY ANN DEITER, '62



C'est l'Amour

Love is life ; love is hope.

Without love there is aimlessness, emptiness.

Love is as steadfast as the constant star,

As soothing as blue wavelets caressing the sand.

Love is sameness ; love is difference.

It is something for each ; something for all.

What is love for an infant? It is security, contentment.
It does not give ; it is.

What is love for a child? It is understanding, sharing.
It takes its first faltering footsteps.

What is love for an adult? It is deep, coursing.
It remains always, because it lives on in another.

Complete love is death, union with the God of Love.
It is peace, sublimity.

Love is Life, filling and overflowing.
It is most precious, for with love, anything,

everything—

is possible.

MARILYN BECK, '60

I was dogging slowly along the slick, rain-soaked streets, letting the pale, yellow glow of the street lights soak into my foggy brain. Somewhere in back of me a low humming drifted through the fine rain and added to my melancholy. I wanted a cigarette to warm my cold, thin body; I wanted some gin to set my stomach on fire and rot my guts out — but I didn't want to die! Oh, my God, I didn't want to die!

But I was going to, for out of the night the hum grew to a rumble, and then to a roar, filling my head with its crescendo. And as I spun around, two shiny orbs sliced through the pale mist, fixing themselves squarely on my chest and blinding me with their brilliance. I saw only a peculiar hood ornament and heard the roar of a powerful engine as the speeding car slapped me to the pavement. Pretty stars and purple lights, a roar between my ears that drowned everything — and then nothing for a long, long time.

I was floating — floating above my cold, stiff body lying there on the rain-soaked street with the pale, yellow lights glowing dimly. They stood like silent pallbearers, the only

Once and

JOE KEMPF, '63

mourners at my funeral as the rain played gently in the red puddle near my head. I felt no pain, not even pity, for the thin body lying twisted and broken, clothed in a tan trenchcoat and dirty, dark tweeds.

I was alive—but how could I be? I don't know—I should have been dead, for I could see my body and somehow I knew that it was dead. And yet, I lived; but this did not amaze me—it seemed natural, as though it had to be.

Even then I could see the small headlines tucked away in some remote corner of the thick *Detroit Times*: “Unidentified Man Struck Down.” In a few disinterested words, some young reporter would go on to tell how the man had been struck, apparently by a hit-and-run driver, how he bore no identification, and how there

Once

Again

had been no witnesses on that wet night. "No witnesses," did it say? Oh, but there were — after all, I was a witness, and I was judge and jury also; my verdict was GUILTY. I turned away from my body and laughed a soft, hollow laugh.

I knew something had to be done and only I could do it. How did I know? I just did — instinctively, you might say. Silently I rose above the cold, stone city and searched — I searched the streets, I searched the alleys, I searched the outskirts of the city, and I found it. Quiet now in the fine rain, it did not look like the killer it was. But it was a killer, for it was black with that peculiar hood ornament; the powerful engine was still now, but it had killed earlier that evening.

Patience, with the infinite patience of the dead, I waited

— waited for him. At last he emerged from the bar, staggering drunkenly, weaving unsteadily toward his car. He climbed in, grasped the wheel, turned on the ignition, and the engine roared to life. Powerful lights cut the mist, and the big black car leaped into the deserted street, speeding faster, racing wildly through the night, trying to outrun the darkness.

Now was the time. Silently I drifted down to the street and stood on the rain-soaked pavement, not feeling the fine, cold rain this time. The brilliant lights fixed themselves on my chest, and once again the black car raced toward me, engine roaring. But this time my laughter drowned out all else and I saw the look of horror on his face as the car slammed through me and went skidding off the pavement, careening, careening wildly, the lights weaving crazy patterns in the black night. I heard him scream once—only once, and then there was only the sound of fine rain on the pavement.

Somewhere across the stone city, lying on a wet street under pale yellow streetlights, a twisted body in a soaked trench-coat and dirty tweeds smiled once more and died.

FATHERHOOD

Spoken Word
of Truths unheard;
Obedient, dependant Son
of Parentage Omnipotent.

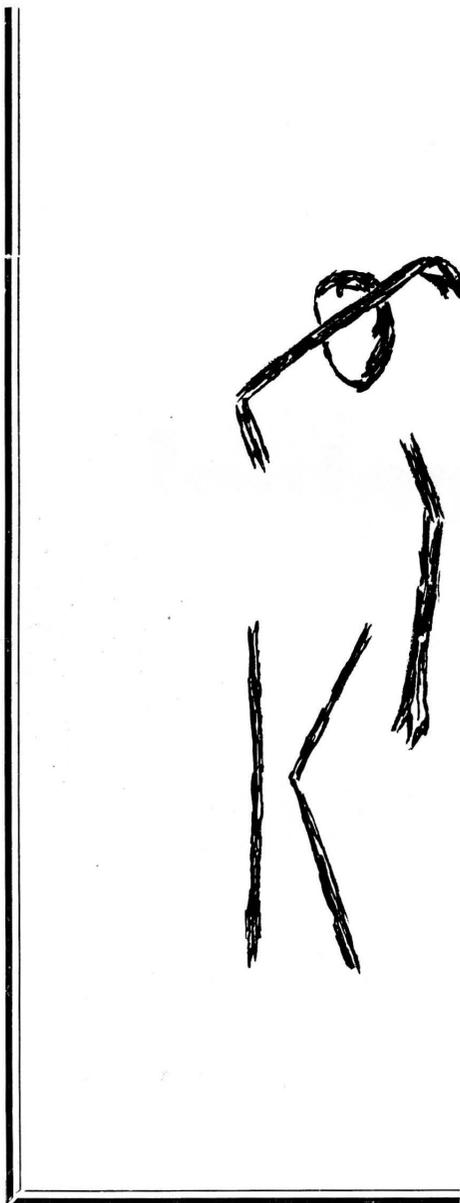
From depths, the cry.
Full time is nigh,
Eternal Rhetorician.

Song of His Hands,
Word, Beautiful,
Race justified,
Emmanuel.

SISTER M. MONA, O. S. F. '60

The
Perpetual
Magnet

BYRON MURRAY, '63



The cries of anxiety and fear tear at my heart and I cry, "No God, it is too great for me, I can not stand the pain of being human. I can not suffer the retribution of my sins." Run, run. I must. I will leave my body and hide my soul. My heart screams, my entrails bellow, my eyes bleed, and my soul shudders. Hide, hide; I must. I will speed into the forest and disappear. The bramble bush of lightning fury follows me and screams to me within itself, "You fool, you fool, you think you can escape my wrath." The bramble bush fades into the night, and as it leaves I hear it laugh at me and make faces. I cry out to God, "God, God, I hate you." I spit upon Him and say, "You have done this to me, O God. You have made me ache and burn inside. You have made me human and I am weak. You whom I hate, make me a dog and then I can live; then the fire and screaming inside me will end."

God looks at me and tears fall from His eyes. He touches my lowly body with His strong and sensitive hands and says, "Oh, my son, my poor son, don't reproach me, your God. Don't you know I could strike

you dead with a thought? I love you in an unfathomable way. I offer you the world of tomorrow — of contentment; love Me and taste of it." God bends down and kisses my soul. I cry to Him of forgiveness and draw back the spit I have cast upon Him. God forgives me, for He is Love.

Again I cry but my tears do not burn; my soul does not ache. My tears go outside and inside of me and fall upon my soul, soothing it and making it content. To the light, to the light I must go. Oh, how beautiful it is; how good it feels to my being. Now I can exist; everything has meaning. My body and soul are together again. My entrails no longer bellow, my eyes no longer bleed, and my soul no longer shudders. I have fallen to the ground and God has picked me up. I shout upward, "O God, I love you." As I say this, I wonder why I say it; then I remember that I say it because I must, because I must. I know that someday I will fall again but My God will be there to pick me up and kiss my soul if only I have love for Him. God will do this; God has power, is Power, has love, is Love.

No
Time
for
Studying

Smoke clouded the room, the jukebox blared out from the corner, the steady bouncing of a ping-pong ball was hypnotic. But the two college men, deeply engrossed in conversation were oblivious to all other sounds except their own voices.

"Hey, we having a test in comp class?"

"I hope not! Why?"

"Thought I'd cut. Got a big math test after that, and I didn't have time to study."

"Good idea. Think I will too. I'm pretty sure I've got another cut left."

"May as well take it now. Only another week left."

"Yeah. Got a cigarette? Thanks. I don't know how I'll ever pass those finals next week. I just don't have the time to study."

"Boy, you know it. All that jazz about college being nothing but fun is really way off."

"You said it! Got any cards?"

"Yeah. Hey, Mike, Joe! How about a couple hands of bridge? Oh."

DEANNA METZNER, '62

"Those two are really characters. Studying all the time! There's only two hours left before lunch. Heck, it takes that much time just getting *settled* to study. They'll never get anything finished!"

"You know, what we need around here is unlimited cuts. The guys at State don't have to show up for anything except exams."

"You really got something there! That way we'd really have time to study. I mean, consider what we have to do in a day."

"Yeah, yesterday for instance. I got up at 8:45, Spanish at 9, history at 10, lunch at 11, chemistry at 12, and then the baseball game . . ."

"Sure, a guy has to support his own team, doesn't he?"

"Right! Then I had to go to

supper, and then we played pinnocle for a while—gotta relax *sometime!*"

"Sure!"

"Then we went swimming . . ."

"Yeah, with all that studying and classes and stuff, you need a *little* exercise. I mean, being cooped inside isn't *healthy!*"

"Right! By then I only had three hours to get ready for today's classes, and you know you can't do all that in three hours. But a guy *has* to sleep sometime!"

"I just don't see how it can be done. There just isn't enough time to do everything. And then the profs think all we do is goof around. That's what really tees me off!"

"Yeah! Hey! I'm late for my math class! Where does the time go?"

The Secret of Happiness

An old man told me one fine day,
 "Happiness is just a mile away.
 Greet everyone with a pleasant smile,
 Then you'll never walk a lonely mile."

All through my life his words have guided me.

I use the old man's recipe,
 By greeting everyone I see
 With a smile that seems to say,
 "Isn't it a fine, fine day?"

FRANCIS ROTTET, '60