

The background of the entire image is a solid, vibrant orange. Overlaid on this background is a complex, abstract pattern of white lines. These lines form a series of interconnected, irregular polygons and elongated shapes, creating a sense of dynamic movement and geometric complexity. The lines vary in thickness and orientation, some running diagonally, others more horizontally or vertically, and they often intersect to form smaller, nested shapes.

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In his autobiographical novel, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, James Joyce sketches a "luminously clear" picture of the artist, Stephen Dedalus. But a reading of the *Portrait* raises the question, how clear is "luminously clear" when we are peering into the mind, soul and very being of another person. Fascinated and enlightened about his character, perhaps, we can still only fall back dismayed and exclaim, as novelist Joseph Conrad did, "how incomprehensible, wavering and misty are the beings that share with us the sight of the stars and the warmth of the

LOUISE DIVER, '59

sun." Why, these other human beings are at least as baffling as ourselves! Clear as a dark cloud they are.

How do I understand James Joyce? What do I make of the young artist, Stephen Dedalus? First, I will have to say that I have considered the novel autobiographical and use the names of Joyce and the *Portrait's* artist, Stephen Dedalus, interchangeably here. There are disagreements among Joycean acquaintances as to how clearly Stephen's consciousness reflects Joyce's own, and I disqualify myself from that controversy. Perhaps a re-reading of the *Portrait* and subsequent enjoyment of the author's other works and readings about Joyce will change my opinions, but presently I offer this tentative analysis of the enigmatic James Joyce, as he reveals himself in the enigmatic Stephen Dedalus, opinions based chiefly on his reaction toward things Catholic.

Joyce, as H. G. Wells has said, was an undisciplined genius. His genius enabled him to perceive the spiritual significance of events, sayings, scenes. His genius intoxicated him with the beauty of words; therefore, he recorded his perceptions so artistically as to intoxicate also his readers. His flair for words

makes reading him twice seem necessary: once for the sheer pleasure of drinking in words and a second for reaching their meaning.

But the genius of Stephen Dedalus stopped short of convincing him that discipline itself was reasonable, for Joyce was and remained a rebel, a non-conformist, at home and at school, in his country and in his Church. He was and remained solitary in sin, and he repented alone. Ego-centric and self-centered (someone said unsufferably so) Joyce remained. What mattered to Stephen Dedalus was Stephen Dedalus and Stephen Dedalus was not about to be subjected to the discipline of the Jesuits nor to the Church. In rejecting Catholicism, he did not claim ignorance; he simply said "*non serviam*." So I would presume to say that Joyce's refusal to serve was due to a sort of ignorance of the very core of that religion which he rejected, for among its messages Catholicism surely has this one: the most confining prison is a selfish life.

Joyce appears to have thought that Catholicism hampered his freedom of thought, artistry, movement. I claim, and claim no originality for paraphrasing an unremembered French au-

thor, that it is freedom which enchains us and law which sets us free. But this truth can only be realized by giving it an honest try. Perhaps Joyce could be accused, with the rest of us, of not having given Christianity a full try; and never having tried it, there remained some deficiency in his understanding of it.

As examples, I cite Joyce's concepts of obedience and of the priesthood, both of which seem reactions to the Jesuitical environment surrounding him as a young artist.

For all his intellectuality, interior musings and reveries, Joyce seems to have failed to perceive that the Jesuits were striving to be obedient religious and devout priests because they loved Someone more than themselves. What did their love ask of them? Or what is love? There is in love at least this: a desire to be united to and conformed in some way to the beloved for the well-being of the beloved. There is a surrender of self involved. This element of love made these lovers of God willing to sacrifice natural pleasures and choose celibacy; willing to give up worldly goods and share a common, meagre supply; willing to sacrifice that supreme human good, the use

of their own free, mighty will and do the will of another. No wonder that—exteriorly—the religious all looked alike, walked alike, talked, and, Joyce imagined, thought alike. They had been reduced by a common denominator: love of God. But even the judgment Joyce passed on them they bore willingly. That willingness to be “just another of the religious” was also part of their self-effacement. It is hard for a non-conformist to understand such selflessness.

Joyce seemed also to think that the life of a priest was dull, routine, sterile. In a way, I cannot understand why he thought so for he had exciting intellectual pursuits and his experience of the remorse and deadening of sin had surely disillusioned him somewhat about a worldly life. What made him think that spiritual activities, prayer, meditation, the ministrations of the priesthood would be sterile? He thought prying into and recording on paper his own soul's state was something worthwhile or he would not have written *Portrait*. Dealing with souls is the business of the priesthood. Did he think that the creatures artists begot on paper, canvas, stringed instruments or in the flesh would outlive the goodness, purity, generosity, charity

those blackrobed zealots begot in the spirit? Joyce seemed not to have had any concept of spiritual fatherhood. He was on the outside of love, looking in, and love never quite makes sense unless one is *in* love.

What Joyce rejected and refused to serve was not the Church nor the Jesuits, but the Church and the Jesuits *as Joyce understood them*. His intellect was over-developed; his powers of loving and giving had not been allowed to add the unique understanding which they alone can provide. Somehow, an integral man attains the "happy medium" where the intellect moves the heart to love, and love urges the intellect to understand anew. Perhaps if it were better for one to outdistance the other, the foremost should be the heart. St. Thomas, whose intellectual attainments hardly anyone questions, said at the end of his career that all his tomes of theology were like so much straw; what he had learned, he said, he had learned at the foot of a cross where Love had sacrificed itself. Joyce's famous "epiphanies" remained in the intellectual order; they needed to be applied also to the heart.

Do I respect Stephen Dedalus? Admire him? Is he appeal-

ing, attractive? James Joyce's intellect, his saturation in Catholicism appeal to me. I admire and desire his genius with words and his powers to reveal himself interiorly. Here again, though, it occurs to me that he is undisciplined. He uses words not only to convey thoughts but to evoke moods, feelings, sensations, desires, without the words having carried the thought to go with them. Is there in this a sort of perversion comparable to our present advertising campaign's psychological attack to get theater patrons to "buy popcorn"?

My admiration and appreciation for Joyce moves me to inquire further. Was he not, in rejecting Catholicism, rejecting the "hand which fed him"? Would Joyce have been anything without it? Surely, the *Portrait* could not have been. Finally, I ask, successful author that Joyce was (on the outside looking in), what would have been his greatness had he been inside the pale of love? Would a *Portrait of the Artist as an Old Man*, after Joyce had endured the personal trials, humiliations and sufferings which he did, have shown a tempered and mellowed-sweetly soul, the same soul which was so sensitive and untamed in youth?

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Fingers once pliable, now hold me fast
I struggle from their grasp
Beg for escape

The while fearfully praying
Is this the human race?

Judging by color, race, and creed,
God!—that I may never be one of these.

Conformity, unbind me, let loose your hold,
Release me from this unbearable mold.

Choking, gasping, wrenching from those hands
I struggle
I plead

Help me! Help me! Give me YOUR hand.

DISTORTED VISION

Lady of distinction with your "savoir faire"
Sophisticated, stylish, possesssing airs —

Long have you labored for a polished veneer
Sacrificing all that you've ever held dear —

At last you've attained it, this sought-after goal,
And now you're free — So act your queenly role.

But do you not know, your throne is of sand?
Your sceptre can be taken by one unwrinkled hand?

You wonder, you question, am I telling the truth?
Yes, you've lost it forever, the power of Youth.

Ruth Ramsdell, '59

a spring day

in

RICHARD SIMKO, '60

Watkins

Horace Barrett was a mild-mannered man of forty-two. His one hundred and eighty pounds were distributed mostly in the middle of a five foot-seven inch frame. His chubby appearance, added to an ever ready smile and a pair of sparkling blue eyes, gave him the appearance of a beardless Santa Claus that people almost always took a liking to on initial contact. Horace was a family man. What the folks in any little town would call a "home-body." His charming wife and three children adored him. He was a faithful church-goer, a credit to his community, and one of the best salesmen working for the American Salt Company. No one would ever think of Horace as an evil man.

It was near noon as Horace swung his two-year-old Ford onto the main street of the bustling little community of Wat-

kins. He had decided to eat dinner before starting his calls to the grocers. The town was beginning to stir as the simple folk of Watkins prepared for the noon hour break. No one paid any attention to Horace or his car as he pulled into a vacant parking space near a likely-looking cafe. Stepping out of the car, Horace took a deep breath of air, stretched his tired legs, dropped a coin in the parking meter, and leisurely strolled up the street to the cafe. It was the first time he had ever been to the town, and he casually surveyed the buildings and the people as he walked. Horace Barrett liked what he saw.

He entered the cafe and sat down at the counter. The diner wasn't very crowded because it was not yet noon. Always good to beat the crowds and not have to put up with the pushing and shoving in the rush. Horace Barrett avoided crowds whenever possible, for his size and shape made it a little difficult for him to hold his own. He smiled at the counter man when he came to take the order. "Good afternoon to you, sir," Horace offered affably.

The man looked at Horace with the innate distrust and suspicion that a small town resident has for a stranger. "Howdy," he answered curtly. Then as an afterthought, he added, "Still mornin'."

Horace glanced at the silver wrist watch on his tanned arm and smiled. "So it is. So it is." The man failed to see anything to be smiling about and said nothing else in the way of conversation as he took the order and shuffled off. He slid the piece of paper through a window, stared once at Horace, then sat down in a chair and picked up the morning paper.

At the same time, another resident of Watkins was picking up the morning paper. Delbert Plews was fifty-two years old and a bachelor. His eyes

were never still. They constantly flitted from one place to another, from one side of the room to the other. This was partially because Delbert had bad eyes and had difficulty seeing objects on either side of him. Doctor Meadows had said something or other about peripheral vision, but it meant nothing to Delbert but a high falutin word. He owned a pair of glasses, but pride wouldn't allow him to wear them in public. He ran his hand nervously through his thinning hair and glanced quickly about the room before he sat down with the paper. Delbert had been scared as long as he could remember. His father scared him with beatings; the farm animals scared him because of their size and appearance; marriage scared him because of the responsibilities; only the coaxing of his brother Wilbur had enticed him to go into the grocery business with him.

Delbert Plews put on his glasses and read the headlines of the morning paper: TEEN-AGE WATKINS GIRL RAVISHED! Even that scared him although he had no earthly reason to be afraid. Delbert read the whole story carefully until he knew all the details. The lurid crime fascinated him; the

thought of the man running about loose frightened him; the moral injustice of the act aroused righteous indignation in him. Something ought to be done about it. But what? Well, he'd run down and talk to his friend, Chief of Police Dexter, about it. He might even learn some more about the crime. Delbert removed his glasses, placed them in the leather case, and slipped them out of sight in his desk drawer. He pulled on a jacket for fear that he would catch cold in the nippy May weather and went outside, locking the door behind him. He climbed into his old pick-up truck and went rattling down the street.

Horace Barrett had eaten his meal in silence, conscious of the curious stares and questioning glances of the diners who came straggling into the cafe after twelve o'clock. Having gone through this before in other towns of comparable size, he sympathized with the people. Feeling that possibly a friendly gesture would thaw the icy composure of the surly counter man, Horace left a fifty cent tip under his plate. He merely gave the man a friendly smile when he paid his bill. He picked up a paper, dropped a nickel in the coin slot and walked back out

into the spring sunshine. The street was still crowded with folks hurrying to and from their lunches, doing some quick shopping, or just out for a stroll. Horace glanced at the headlines describing the sex crime, read part of it, then turned to the sports section to see how the major league pennant races were progressing. He had no place in particular to go and fell behind a young boy and girl walking down the sidewalk with their arms about each other's waists.

Horace folded the paper and slipped it under his arm as he came to the corner and waited for the red light to change to green. The boy said good-by to the girl and told her that he would pick her up that night at the appointed time. They were facing one another, the girl backing into the street with the green light. Something—Horace never knew what — made him look up the street at that moment. He hadn't seen or heard anything, but he had sensed what was happening. In a moment, the whole scene flashed into Horace's brain. The girl, waving farewell to her boy friend, backing into the street; an old red pickup truck obviously coming too fast to stop for the light; the parked

car by the curb, obstructing the girl from view until the driver would be upon her when she stepped from behind it. Without a moment's thought or hesitation, Horace Barrett knew what he had to do. And he did it. He was pudgy, awkward and clumsy, but his body functioned from necessity. He pivoted, took one step and hurled his body through the air towards the girl and struck her with his outstretched hands in the small of the back. The girl had been in the process of turning around with her back to the truck when Horace leaped. She was off balance and the force of his leap carried her from out of the path of the truck. She hit the pavement in the middle of the street, scraping the skin from her left arm and leg, and tearing the dress at the hip. She screamed as she struck the pavement, causing heads to turn. At that same moment, the front of the truck caught Horace Barrett broadside, knocking him through the air for twenty feet. He hit the street, seemed to bounce once, then rolled over three or four times before he stopped. His suit was torn in several places and his right arm was broken and bleeding. His forehead had a three-inch slice running diagonally from his

left eye to the hairline, and his senses were dulled by the force of the blow, but he was conscious. Later, he remembered thinking at the time that his wife would have been proud of him had she seen his heroic deed. Horace Barrett was a hero. He had saved a girl's life.

Delbert Plews had never really known what fear was until he suddenly saw the obese form catapult at the girl and strike the front of his truck. He was too frightened to even think of running away. He hadn't seen the red light. He hadn't seen the girl. He had only seen the man when it was too late. He had run a red light. He had narrowly missed a young girl. He had struck a man. A man who wasn't moving and who very obviously was bleeding profusely all over the street. They put you in jail for that. Even the electric chair. Delbert Plews knew real fear for the first time in his life.

People suddenly gathered like buzzards around carrion. Suddenly over the buzz of excited voices, an idea came to Delbert Plews. The man lying in the street was dead. No one seemed to know what had happened. The story in the newspaper returned vividly to his panicky mind. Someone was shaking

him. It was Sam Mitchell, the barber.

"What happened, Delbert? What happened?"

Delbert took a deep breath and dove in. "It's him. The rapist. I saw him springing at the girl as I came down the street. There was a red light but I went through it to try and stop him. He's the one all right."

Several people had noticed the rapid movement of Horace and the girl, and hastily backed up the story. "Yes, sir, I seen him. Waited on the corner. When she turned her back—wham—he jumped on her."

The counter man had rushed out when he noticed the crowd at the corner. He added his bit. "I noticed him acting funny in the restaurant. Seemed too friendly and all to suit me. Probably one of them fellas what holds it back for awhile, then just breaks loose."

More and more the talk went in this line. More and more people gathered. More and more sure they were of what had happened. The girl was still too dazed to know what had happened. Her boy friend had seen what had happened and returned to her side. Slowly he helped her away from the babbling crowd and up the street to the doctor's office. All

of this time the object of the talk was lying alone on the street. The incongruity of a man attacking a girl at a busy intersection never occurred to them.

Slowly, Horace regained his wits, and tried to raise himself up. At the movement, the crowd noticed him, and, realizing he was alive after all, suddenly quieted. The counter man yelled. "He's alive. Come on boys." The weak pathetic movement he made as he struggled to raise himself fanned the smoldering rage of the crowd to a burning flame.

"He's the one that butchered that poor girl last night."

"Attacked Eloise right here on the street."

"Somebody call Chief Dexter."

"Never you mind. We can handle this."

"How do you know he did it?"

"Delbert Plews saw him after Eloise Jenkins, and hit him with the truck."

"We ought to kick his head in."

"I noticed him in the cafe. Looked mighty sneaky-like to me."

A ring of human flesh surrounded Horace Barrett as he lay in the street, not yet compre-

hending what was happening around him. He got his good arm under him and tried to push up. "Help me," he cried weakly. A man's foot shot from the ring, catching him in the armpit, and he felt a wave of pain engulf his body as he crashed to the pavement. With this encouragement, several more feet kicked him in the face, chest and groin. Some of the feet had high-heeled ladies' shoes on them. Delbert Plews froze as he watched the atrocity before his eyes. It was now too late to admit that he had made a mistake. Pushing the blame on a dead man was one thing; this was quite differently another.

Horace Barrett was jerked to his feet, and the broken arm hanging at an odd angle sent spasms of nausea into his stomach and he vomited on his suit, the people. A fist came flying at him, but only caught him a glancing blow. However, it seemed to snap him to his senses. These people didn't like him. They hated him. For what? They meant to do him bodily injury when he already was in need of medical attention. Why? His mind raced. The realization came to him that he would have to get away. Quickly. Where? He knew no

one here. To whom could he go for protection? The police? Where were they? He looked around him. They were shouting and pushing. He had to get away from them. Where? Anywhere. Run. Run. Run. RUN.

His good left arm slammed into the man in front of him, and the man dropped. His legs churned. A woman reached out and grabbed him. He brought his heel violently on her toes and she relinquished her hold. He bowled another man over as he crashed into him. RUN. The majority of the crowd was stunned by this sudden burst of action, and failed to move as they watched him break away and go scurrying up the street.

"Let's go get him," a man yelled, "we can't let that rapist get away."

As though they were one mobile force, the mob started moving, gathering speed as they pursued the hunted man down the street. He felt no pain from the arm now, but he had to keep wiping the flowing blood from his eyes. He could hear the mob screaming behind him, and he pushed his churning legs a little harder. Storekeepers, hearing the commotion the mob was making, came out to see what was happening. Horace slowed as he neared a hardware store.

The owner rushed out and, hearing the shouts of the mob, attempted to stop him. Horace scooped up a garden hose, and, as the owner came at him, he swung the hose, the steel nozzle catching the man full in the mouth. He screamed and fell backwards, blood gushing from the hole in his face, where his front teeth used to be.

Racing around the corner, he saw an old blind woman in his path. She turned at the noise of running feet. He had no time to argue over right-of-way. His hand hit her in the chest, knocking her with a rattle of aged bones to the ground. Pencils and pennies went flying, scattering over the sidewalk. As she groped for her life's possessions on her hands and knees, the mob rounded the corner. The first few tried to get out of the way. But the woman was trampled under the stampeding hoofs of senseless robots with no thought but to avenge the death and honor of one of their townspeople.

Horace Barrett was the trapped animal now. He looked for any avenue of escape. He was fast losing his energy. He knew he couldn't go much longer. He saw an old barn down at the end of an alley. That would have to be it. He could go no

farther. Maybe he could reason with these people. Find out why they were chasing him. Maybe they would leave and he could sneak out after nightfall. He staggered through the barn door and shut it. As he slid the crossbar in place he heard the mob turn the corner into the alley. They knew where he was hiding! What difference did it make? Dismissing the thought, he quickly checked to make sure all the other exits were locked. Maybe he could wait them out. Then came the angry shouting, the garbled threats through the thick wooden doors, the pounding and beating on the doors.

Horace Barrett sat down on a musty bale of hay. Why? Why? Why? He looked at his watch. One-thirteen. Was that all the later it was? Twenty-eight minutes before he had just performed the most heroic act of his entire life. Endangered his own life to save the life of the young girl. And now this people, this mob, was after him with blood in their eyes. Maybe I can talk with them.

He staggered slowly to the door, holding his right arm which was beginning to throb. "Please," he yelled at the din outside, "let me talk to you. I haven't done anything. Why are you chasing me?"

A roar of vengeance went up as they heard his voice from inside. Then a yell of triumph as though they were cheering. He continued shouting to them, but he might as well have shouted at the wind. That was when he smelled smoke. He looked around frantically, but couldn't find the source. Then he saw it. The roof. They had set fire to the roof. They really did intend to kill him. The magnitude of the thought startled him. He was going to perish at their hands. And he would probably never know why. The roof was blazing now. The barn was old and dry. It would burn easily and quickly. The boards from the roof fell and ignited the hay on the floor. He could hear them jeering. They were all yelling for him to come out. All but one. Delbert Plews stood staring in horrified fascination at the thing which he had wrought.

The smoke was so thick that Horace could no longer stand it. Some of the embers from the roof fell around him and the hay immediately blazed. Horace knew that he had to get out of the barn then or burn to death. As he made his way across the floor, the burning hay set fire to his clothes. He ran as best he could to the huge doors and

unbarred them. As the doors opened, his clothing burst into flame. His face contorted with pain; he screamed and ran out of the barn. He stumbled twenty feet from the barn and fell at the feet of his tormentors. They backed away, cringing from the sight of the flaming man and smell of burning flesh. The old wooden barn from which he had emerged like an avenging demon from Hades became an inferno and collapsed with an earth-shuddering crash. Exactly forty-four minutes after the highest moment in his life, Horace Barrett died at the hands of a mob.

Like an apparition, Eloise and her boy friend appeared in front of the crowd. The lad looked at the scene around him, wild-eyed.

"What are you doing? What have you done?" he screamed.

A man placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Son, you'll be glad to know we've done away with the man who raped that girl last night and attacked your girl today. It's a fittin' end for the likes of him, I say."

"You're all crazy!" he bel-lowed. "I saw what happened. He saved Eloise from getting hit by the truck. He saved her life! And Chief Dexter said they caught that rapist fellow

over at Bear Lake this morning around ten o'clock. You've killed the wrong man!"

"Are you sure about this, boy?"

"Of course. I just now came from the office, tellin' about the accident. I thought that fellow was dead, and somebody would have to take care of him."

He looked at the people around him, the burning ashes of the barn, the burned body. He spoke softly. Only a few people nearby heard him say, "But I guess you all have taken care of him."

He turned to Eloise who broke into convulsive sobbing. He put his arm around her and

led her back through the crowd. Several people made the sign of the cross and turned and followed them. Gradually the crowd broke up and went home. To think. No one would ever forget this day in Watkins. The last man to leave was Delbert Plews. He took one last look at the thing on the ground still smoldering. Then Delbert Plews went home, leaving Horace Barrett all alone.

The boy who delivered the afternoon paper had just dropped a folded copy into the silvered mailbox on which was printed DELBERT PLEWS in bold black letters when the quiet air was shattered by a shot fired inside the house.

FOOL

Modern Olympus is created.
Bacchus beckons all to the bacchanalia,
Aphrodite, his consort.
Purpled lips laugh at
Reddened hands of fishermen:
Fool!
But when the Darkness runs from the Sun:
The wine is vinegared;
The gold is rust;
Life is death,
And death is life.

Jim T. O'Donnell, '59

Excerpts

From

A

Diary

The following are excerpts from the diary of Mrs. Christopher Columbus, born in a small Spanish village in 1469. Her father and mother were of the middle class, her father being the village undertaker.

January 12, 1492 . . . My friend, Anna, and I went today to Madrid to watch the bullfight. It truly was magnificent. While I was there I met the most interesting man, an acquaintance of Anna's. His name is Christopher Columbus. Oh, I hope I will see him again . . .

January 30, 1492 . . . By chance Christopher came to the village today. He visited my home and met my parents. Father did not approve of Christopher though. It seems that Father thinks Christopher is out of his head for believing that the world might be round, and by sailing West one could reach the East. Christopher told me that our King and Queen have promised to subsidize the expedition. He was in the village today trying to recruit a crew. I think he is wonderful, and I have so much confidence

in him. He said he would come and visit me soon.

February 21, 1492 . . . The most terrible thing happened today. Father said I must never see Christopher again. Oh, I do not know what to do. I love Chris so. He has even hinted that he loves me. I will send him a message tonight through Anna.

February 22, 1492 . . . Joyous Day! Chris sent word to me that his heart is full of love for me, and I must join him tonight at the castle of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella to be married by the Friar there. I have told Mama what has happened and she said since I am a grown woman I must make up my own mind. Mama thinks that Father will overcome his bitterness towards Chris. I am going to the castle tonight. My darling, I shall be with you soon . . .

April 20, 1492 . . . Chris is having quite a bit of trouble finding enough men for the crews of the three ships. He says the crews will have to be strong men to endure the hardships that they will have to face. A young boy came to the villa this morning and begged Chris to take him with him on the *Santa Maria*. Chris promised to ask the boy's parents for their consent. Pedro is only 13 years

of age—so young to leave all his friends and loved ones to go on such a long, tedious journey.

April 29, 1492 . . . In my whole life I have never known the happiness I have known in the past two months. But, alas, I am sad, for Chris will be leaving for the long voyage any day. Pray God, will I ever see my husband again?

May 14, 1492 . . . I could not stand it any longer in the hold of the ship. I was so hungry after two days with just a little bread and a small jug of water. I finally showed myself to Chris. At first he was angry with me, but then forgave me. He said he fears it will be a terrible journey for a woman to take, but I told him I was willing to endure anything to be with him.

June 2, 1492 . . . How frightened I was today! A horrible creature was hiding under my petticoats when I arose this morning. I believed it would have eaten me up had I not screamed. The cabin boy, Pedro, came immediately and shooed it away. Pedro told me it was *just* a rat, common to all seafaring vessels. I begged him not to tell my husband, for Chris would think me very foolish.

June 30, 1492 . . . Already

the crew has become restless. There has been no wind now for many days after the huge gales that were upon us at first. Several men aboard the *Nina* got into an argument with the ship's First Mate last night, saying they wanted to turn back to Spain. The fear that we might never see land again undoubtedly caused the fight. I was sitting in our stateroom when Chris ran in, telling me about the prospective mutiny. Chris fell down on his knees and prayed to God that He would give all of us strength and courage to continue. Later in the evening we rowed over to the *Nina* and Chris spoke to the men. Tears were running down my cheeks as my husband pleaded with everyone to trust in God.

July 18, 1492 . . . We sail endlessly on and on. I myself have become anxious, but I must not let Chris see my fears. So many ships have sailed away from their ports, never to return again. What if our small fleet should sail until we abruptly fall off the end of the earth! I cannot bear to think of it any longer.

August 15, 1492 . . . The sickness of the sea has overcome me again. I am just a poor sailor, I suppose. I wish I could

get my "sea-legs" on, as the cabin boy says. Pedro is very nice to me when I am sick, and brings me special meat broth the cook prepares. Although no one has ever said a critical word to me, I feel I am a burden to everyone on the *Santa Maria*.

October 12, 1492 . . . I have much to be thankful for today. Early this morning one of the sailors up in the "crow's nest" sighted a sea-gull, which later flew close enough to our ships that we could see the bird plainly. What a beautiful sight that was, for we knew that soon we would at last reach land after so long at sea. When the sun was high Chris and I had our first glimpse of the Orient, with its oddly shaped trees and beautiful green foliage. All three ships were anchored about one-half mile from shore while Chris and several groups of men explored the land for water and friendly inhabitants if any. Chris brought back several strange looking men. He said that the land we found was an island, which Chris claimed in the name of God for Spain, calling it San Salvador. Pride of my husband is overflowing in my heart, and I know that someday he will be remembered as a great person, my ever dearest Christopher Columbus.

MIS-STEP

NORMALIE RICHARDS, '60

The sun crept stealthily across the peaceful room. The sprawled figure on the bed stirred fitfully, her legs bare in shorty pajamas. A fly buzzed fruitlessly against the screen. Outside cars cruised by occasionally, predicting the usual lazy Sunday.

Sandra opened one eye and

peeked at the clock. She sighed and stretched yawningly. Quiet prevailed. Suddenly she sat up opening both eyes, squinting against the bright light.

"This is the day," she thought. She hopped from the bed. "Damn!" She had bumped her shin against a neglected suitcase, bringing back the memory of her tantrum of last night. Smiling a bit sheepishly, she thought, "I don't see why they didn't let me go on vacation with Ron and his parents. People! Hump! What do I care what people say."

While dressing, she outlined the plan in her mind. "Now, let's do this logically. Point one. Ron has gone on vacation without me. Two. The Summer Festival is next week. Three. *Everyone* goes and *everyone* has a date. Four. I haven't. Five. Greg Templeton has just moved next door to Carey Mathews, which is the whole problem. He will probably want to take her. But," she continued, combing her auburn hair in front of the full length mirror, "he'll change his mind when I get through with him!"

Outside, across the street, the silence was broken by the click-clump of high heels. Two girls dressed in summer-go-to-church styles were discussing

Mr. and Mrs. Heights' oldest daughter.

"She makes me sick!"

"Til! Don't be so vulgar."

"Oh, Carey, won't you ever grow up? Don't you see that Sandra is trying to steal Greg from you? Get wise, kid. This world isn't filled with sweet, naïve kids like you."

"Thanks awfully."

"I'm sorry. But it's the truth. Did you see her yesterday in the Snack Shack? Her big green eyes! I bet the man who said that green stood for envy had her in mind!"

Carey tossed her brown head. No matter what she tried, her hair wasn't brunette or even brownette—just brown. "In the first place, Greg is not my possession. He just lives next door. And besides, he hasn't even asked me to the Festival. In the second place, if he would rather go with Sandra—that's his business, . . . Matilda," she added mischievously.

"Ohhh," Til sighed in despair. "And don't call me Matilda! It sounds like . . . like . . . Stop trying to change the subject."

"Let's *do* change the subject."

"Okay. How're your mother's wedding plans coming along?"

"Just fine." Carey frowned. "I'm not too sure what I think about it. But," she went on, erasing the frown, "a boy needs a father, and heaven knows Mike needs one!"

"Yeah," Til grinned, "he is rather lively, isn't he?"

"Understatement, if I ever heard one."

"I know your brother likes Mr. Harrison, but do you?"

"Well, Bill, that is, Mr. Harrison . . ." she paused, grinning, "if I were ten years older I'd marry him myself!"

"I guess that settles that. Maybe you and your mother could have a double wedding. I'm sure Greg wouldn't mind."

Only the fact that they were within shouting distance of the church prevented a slight case of mayhem.

After church, they strolled to their usual parting place.

"You going to the Snack Shack?" asked Til.

"Yeah, about two o'clock, I guess. I have to clean up my room."

"Right. See you then. 'Carey' me back to old Virginny," she waved goodbye.

"'Til' we meet again," called Carey.

About 1:30 that afternoon, the ting-ling of a bell announced

the arrival of Sandra at the Snack Shack. Rushman's Restaurant, known otherwise as the Snack Shack, was the regular Sunday get-together for the college and working kids during the summer months.

Sandra saw with satisfaction that Greg was the only member of the gang there. She had called him, saying that they had decided to meet a half-hour earlier. She had also asked two of her friends to come in ten minutes later to help her land Greg.

She walked over to his booth and slid in opposite him. "Hi, Greg. Looks like the others haven't come yet."

Greg, glancing up from his coke, smiled at her. "Looks that way," he agreed.

"How does our town strike you?"

"The town's okay. The neighbors are nice too," he added.

She steered the conversation onto safer ground. Their small talk was interrupted by the entrance of Sandra's confederates.

As Jim and Lucy came over, Sandra detected a reluctant look on Jim's face. But Lucy looked willing enough, so Sandra deduced that Lucy had talked him into it.

"Hi, Lucy, Jim. Come join us." Sandra moved to the end

of the booth and Greg did likewise as the two slid in.

Sandra, having rehearsed Lucy on the phone, subtly guided the conversation into the right channel.

"Say, Lucy," she said after a lull in the conversation, "did you hear about Carey's mother getting married?"

"Yeah, Til told me about it a couple of days ago. Did you hear about it, Greg?"

"Ummhum," mumbled Greg noncommittally through his straw.

"I don't think she ought to get married again. Why Carey's father's only been dead a year," Lucy commented.

"I wouldn't want one of my parents to marry again," said Sam a bit half-heartedly.

Lucy nudged him warningly with her foot. Sam, taking the hint, said with more heat, "I think it's pretty indecent. I shouldn't think Carey would approve of it."

"But she told Til that if she were ten years older she would marry him herself," said Lucy.

Sandra thought, "Three cheers for Lucy. She must have called Til and Til loves to talk!" She winked at Lucy with the eye the farthest from Greg.

"Imagine! A strange man taking your father's place at the

table, using his golf clubs, smooching with your mother, ough!" Sandra shuddered delicately, and glanced sideways at Greg to see his reaction. "He looks uncomfortable," she thought with malice. "Maybe we're getting through to him." For good measure she added, "I don't see how Carey can stand it."

As they continued to chatter, Sandra thought, "We'd better not overdo it."

Sandra glanced at Greg again. She saw his eyes light up. She followed his gaze. Carey, Til, and the rest of the crowd were coming in.

"Oh, damn that girl," she thought. "What's she got that I haven't?"

Greg stood up. "Excuse me," he said. Sandra made room and he walked over, took Carey by the arm, and led her to a back booth.

"Good try, you two," said Sandra. "I guess it didn't work."

"I think it was a lousy stunt anyway," said Sam in a low voice. "Carey's a nice kid."

"Oh, men are impossible!" whispered Lucy, as the rest of the gang joined them.

The afternoon passed quickly with dancing, eating, drinking, and just gossiping. About five

o'clock, Greg and Carey, the first to leave, paused at the door. "Coming to the concert at the hall tonight?" Greg called to the gang at large.

"Sure," they chorused.

"Sure," said Sandra to herself, "I'll be there." Carey was to be an usher and would have to sit at the rear of the hall. "Maybe Greg will invite me to sit with him and his parents."

That evening Sandra dressed carefully, wearing her best dress—a pale-green sheer cotton that matched her eyes and set off her auburn hair.

"Got to make a good impression on his mother," she thought. "Mothers are important factors that must be dealt with. His mother probably influences him a lot. When she gets a look at me . . . I look very demure if I do say so myself" . . .

The hall was brightly lit and decorated. Sandra arrived early and stood toward the back, waiting.

Greg entered with his mother. He spotted Sandra and brought Mrs. Templeton over to her.

"Hello, Sandra. Dad will be along in a minute. Mother, I'd like you to meet Sandra Heights. Sandra," he said with a slight emphasis, "I'd like you to meet my step-mother."

This Morning

This morning I came home again,
Home from the storm-tossed sea,
Home from the turbulent world of men,
To my island serene and free.

The sun came up this morning,
On my harbour as smooth as glass,
Showed fruit and flowers adorning
The Island I almost went past.

I knew I could not stay long,
In the peace of my Island home,
For the desperate cry of the sea was strong,
And soon I'd be tossed in the foam.

But this morning I came home from the sea—
For my Home came home to me.

Marguerite Branday, '59

Though modern poetry is a corruption of the disciplined art, its initiator adhered more closely to the patterned forms than do contemporary poets. The prime impetus that modern poetry received is traceable to the great religious poet of the nineteenth century, Gerard Manley Hopkins. Certainly Hopkins' works are not as modern as some of the present day works, but they possess many of the basic tenets that the modern poet draws upon. Indeed, Hopkins' poetry was so advanced that it was judiciously withheld from publication for thirty years after his death. Many critics unjustly scored his obscure imagery and his heavy reliance on alliteration and internal rhyme. Charles Williams, in the preface to his edition of Hopkins' works, defends Hopkins by stating: "The very race of the words and lines hurries on our emotion; our minds are left behind not because they have to suspend their labor until it is wanted, but because they can not work at a quick enough rate."

At first blush, these notations may seem irrelevant but the foundation of modern poetry is alliteration and assonance. As

The Star of

James Jenks, '60

Balliol

the modern poet is to be judged on these aspects, so also was Hopkins. One can readily see that by employing these devices Hopkins drew on all the musical resources of the language: alliteration, assonance, rhyme, and accent are employed to the fullest extent, controlled in such a way as to lend force and meaning to the whole. Charles Williams answers the problem thus: "Gerard Hopkins was not the child of vocabulary but of passion, and the unity of his passion is seen if we consider his alliteration."

Hopkins' innovation to English poetry which modern poets constantly draw upon is his unique meter, Sprung Rhythm. In the poet's own words, "Sprung Rhythm is measured by feet of from one to four syllables, regularly, and for the particular effects any number of weak or slack syllables may be used. It has one stress which falls on the only syllable, if there is only one, or, if there are more, then scanning as above, on the first, and so gives rise to four sorts of feet, a monosyllable, and so-called accentual Trochee, Dactyl, and the first Paeon." If one is discerning, he notices that besides minimizing

counterpoint — the changing of meters to emphasize internal form — this meter is the natural rhythm of the spoken language. This innovation is perhaps Hopkins' basic claim to fame as Father of Modern Poetry, as his works unite ideas that fell from favor in the intellectual circles of the nineteenth century with devices — alliteration, assonance, and Sprung Rhythm — that have become the foundation of modern poetry.

Attacking the problem of form and ideas, external and internal form, one notices that form is suitable to ideas. In Hopkins' curtal sonnet *Peace*, a ten and one-half line sonnet, the inner and outer forms are harmonious. If blending these devices were the sole criterion of judging poetry, then Hopkins undoubtedly would be given recognition. However, Robert Bridges criticizes him for his constant and somewhat baffling obscure imagery. But Hopkins is not obscure; rather, his imaginative and precise diction — he is called by some the "passionate scientist" of vocabulary — depends upon "group clusters," an amalgamation of two or more words to convey an idea more complete than one word amply modified. Its effec-

tiveness depends upon the selection of words according to sound, accent, and meaning, and upon their order.

The constant alliteration and internal rhyme that Hopkins so judiciously employs in his poems have an importance as Williams is quick to point out: "Alliteration, repetition, internal rhyme, all do the same work; first, they persuade us of the existence of a vital and surprising poetic energy; second, they suspend our attention from any rest until the whole thing, whatever it may be, is said."

It is heartening to note that Hopkins is finally gaining the recognition that he deserves. Whether or not the delay in publication affected the ultimate acceptance of his works remains a question still to be answered. However, his poetry, now established, seems destined to endure as long as men seek truth and beauty despite the cost in effort. In the words of one critic, "Hopkins demands as much as every great artist but gives more in return than most so that even with slight practice in reading him, one discovers again and again in Hopkins:

"The fine delight that fathers thought, the strong Spur, live and lancing like the blowpipe flame."

TOO

HIGH

Rose Chan, '59

A

PRICE

"How beautiful the night is! People shouldn't sleep on a night like this. Look at the stars; see how they gleam and glitter! If I only had wings, I would fly to the heavens and pick them for you to keep."

"I don't need them; I am content with the one I have with me now. To me you are brighter and more beautiful than all the stars."

She blushed and smiled, not knowing what to say.

Gently lifting her chin with his long, sinewy finger, he gazed with affection into her mellow gray eyes.

"You have no idea how much you mean to me . . . and you'll laugh at me when I tell you that even a smile you grant to the other fellows or an embrace you give so freely to your friends makes me jealous. I want you all to myself and that is selfish of me. Sharon darling, won't you even consider. . . ."

"Please, Oscar, must we spoil the night by going into that again? Every time we discuss it, we end up quarreling. Let's forget about it tonight and talk about more pleasant things. All right?"

"Yes, Shari, whatever you say," he acquiesced.

For a while neither spoke. The weight of silence hung heavily; and as Sharon scrutinized Oscar's profile, she found it expressionless. His big, slightly protruding eyes were tightly closed and, except for an occasional twitch of his black curly eyelashes, there was no sign of wakefulness. The fullness of his sensuous lips gave an irresolute impression, she thought. This was more than compensated for by his aggressive-looking chin. As her eyes

lingered tenderly on those familiar features, a surge of compassion welled up in her heart. She wanted to throw her arms around him and tell him that she would marry him at any cost!

Roused from his reveries, Oscar asked tenderly, "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," she murmured.

"You're unhappy, Sharon, and thinking I am the cause of it breaks my heart. . . . If things were only different! . . . Shari, isn't there any solution to our misery? Don't we have the right to happiness?" His throat tightened and his voice was hoarse. He tried to see Sharon's face in the darkness. "I am sorry, Shari, I got carried away."

"I know how you feel, Oscar. I wish I knew a way to solve our problem," she whispered.

Except for the chirping of the crickets, all was quiet. . . .

"What do you think of my speaking directly to your parents?" Half eagerly and half hesitantly, Oscar asked, "Do you think that it would help matters?"

"It's no use, Oscar." Her voice was scarcely audible. "They're so prejudiced they wouldn't even listen to you. I

have tried explaining many times myself, but they insist that my love for you is nothing more than infatuation, a passing fancy that will disappear as soon as I stop seeing you."

"What do they have against me? . . . They haven't even talked to me yet."

"I know," she answered quietly. "But my father has heard people talking about us and he told me he didn't like what he heard. As you know, my father is prominent in the city's business circle and both Mother and he take great pride in their family background." Here she halted, debating with herself whether she should continue. She sensed Oscar's intense attention and reluctantly resumed, "The fact that your father is a barber makes them think that you are socially inferior. They insist their only child should marry someone of . . . of equal social status," she slurred over the words as if she were ashamed to pronounce them, "and persuasion from me will not convince them otherwise."

"Though I haven't acquired my fortune, I can offer you a comfortable living, and I promise you anything in my power to make you happy, if love and devotion do not suffice."

Involuntarily, she lowered her eyes, but even then she could feel the warmth of his caressing gaze.

Disconcerted by her long silence, he asked, "Darling, have you no faith in my ability?"

"Of course I do; how could you doubt that?" her trembling voice muttered.

"What is the obstacle to our marriage? . . . Sharon," he pleaded softly, "look at me."

Their eyes met; his filled with pain and hers with tears.

"What is it, Sharon?" he repeated.

As his arms tightened around her, she could hear his fast breathing. She didn't have the courage to tell him. Through a film of tears, she glanced first at his lips, then his broad and firm nose, then his black woolly hair. She ran her fingers gently through it while unrestrained tears rolled down her cheek.

"I might have known!" he cried in sudden despair.

"Forgive me, Oscar darling . . . I do love you! But my father has warned me that he would never allow a Negro to cross his threshold. He said that if I would be foolish enough to marry you, he would disown me. I love you very

much but I love my parents, too. Being their only child, I feel obligated to do everything in my power to make them happy. Don't you see? Oscar, are you listening?"

To hide his emotions of pain and anger, he had turned his back to her, pretending to be looking into the distance.

"If I had any pride, I would leave. But if to gain your hand means that I am to become the despised son-in-law, then I am ready to do it. Though I am a traitor to my own race, my love is strong enough to overcome this. Is yours?"

Torn between love of her parents and this man, Sharon remained bewildered, undecided, helpless. Stifling this emotional strain, she remained silent.

He waited but received no reply. Finally, he broke the silence. "Perhaps this is your way of telling me that you don't love me, I have no way of knowing. Which means more to you, your parents, friends, or me?"

"Oh, Oscar, I do love you!" she burst forth, "but then my parents . . . Oh, God, I don't know what to do. Give me time to think it over."

"We have been together for three months and if you

couldn't decide now, you never will. Don't you see?"

"But, Oscar," she pleaded.

"Answer me. Will you marry me?" Though his voice sounded cold, his heart burned with love. "Or is the price too high?" he added sarcastically.

Tears streamed down her cheeks. What could she say?

Minutes silently passed by. Biting his lips determinedly, he walked away without looking back.

"Oscar, where are you going?" cried Sharon. She ran after him, stumbling in the darkness.

"What more do you want? You have played a game while I was serious. You have won; aren't you satisfied?"

Sharon wanted to defend herself against his accusation, but would he listen?

"Even though we could not share our lives together, couldn't we remain good friends?" she begged.

"Friends? Why sure! Good friends. Ha! Ha!" he laughed, and the sound of his bitter laughter exploded in the stillness. Then, it gradually died in the distance.

Speechless, she stood alone. Suddenly, a car door slammed . . . a motor roared . . . tires squealed . . . then . . . silence.

I Am All Things Great

"I fear no man, no storms, nor do I contend with
tempests that rage in the hearts of other men.
The chilling winds of winter cleanse my soul.
My happiness is in being free, and
in seeing an unseen beauty.

I have yet many things to conquer, and
each awaits its turn.
I walk alone, but I walk in peace.
Each step I take draws me closer to an
irresistible goal.

Striving! Striving! Ever forward!
Make way, you people trees and such
for your masses choke, and
my life-breath gasps in your midst.

Make way! Make way!
for I tread along undaunted,
conquering all things.
With those who bow I no altercation make,
but seek out my enemies to devour them!"

What! Nothing to overwhelm him?
How can he dare to think the thought!
Proud creature, you live in vain.
For it lies in the fate of every man
that he who is fashioned of mortal clay
Must in the end return to dust.

Philip Allen, '61

It Might Have Happened

LORETTA STAAB, '62

"Hi! Where are you going? Mind if I tag along?" A voice out of nowhere spoke to Patricia Long as she walked down Main Street one crisp, clear October afternoon.

She stopped short and looked around, but before she could speak the voice continued, "Boy! Look at that jewelry display. Aren't those diamond rings beautiful? Just the neatest! Say, if you aren't headed anywhere special how about going—," it stopped abruptly. "Oh! I am sorry. I forgot you have never met me before. Most of my friends call me Dan. You probably have heard of Dan Cupid. Well, he's me. I mean that's my full name."

Pat began to sputter, "What do you want? How do you

know me? Where did you come from?"

He ignored her completely for a few moments; then he began, "How do I know you?" A shy grin spread across his face. "I've been watching you for some time now. I am always looking for names to add to my PROSPECTIVE JOBS' list."

"Your what?" Pat was more confused by now. She suddenly realized the policeman on the corner had stopped traffic for her to cross the street. Pat blushed slightly and lowered her head as she passed by him.

By the time they had crossed the street Dan had gotten out a little red book. As he began turning the pages rapidly he replied, "Don't worry, see—yours has been on here since

last Christmas." And Dan offered the book to her.

Pat was still not sure whether she was imagining it or if it was really true, so she reached for the book and much to her surprise it *was* real. Being a sensible girl and knowing her limitations, Pat did not try to understand why or how it happened, but she accepted it with the faith of a small child. "Did you want anything special, with me I mean?" Pat asked slowly.

"No, I am out for a little fun now, sort of a vacation between jobs. The case I was working on took a turn for the better this morning and I don't think I will have to spend any more time on it."

Eagerly Pat exclaimed, "Tell me about your work? Is it interesting? It must be fun!"

"Well," began Dan, "I'm not complaining, understand, but this is a pretty lonely business for only one guy. All the time I am fixing everybody up with somebody else. But I do enjoy my work immensely."

Pat and her new friend, Dan, stopped at THE JUKEBOX, the favorite college hangout, where she purchased one of the typical fashion magazines. But they didn't stay long since Pat had to work on an important English composition.

When Pat sat down that night after supper to begin her composition, she could not collect her thoughts. The only things she could think of were love and the big Homecoming Dance next weekend. Now how could one expect to write a thousand words on love or on the Autumn Leaves Ball and imagine a stuffy old teacher like Mr. Van Keppendike to accept it!

All of a sudden Pat spoke. "I won't beat around the bush; I'll ask Dan's help the first thing tomorrow. He knows more about it than anyone else. He isn't busy now, and well—he just has to help."

Pat was up early the next morning and before Mrs. Long had an opportunity to call her, Pat came tripping down the stairs. "Morning, Dad! Isn't it a beautiful day? Almost like spring, don't ya' think?" Pat did not wait for his reply but rushed into the kitchen and helped herself to a glass of orange juice. As she kissed her mother good morning she said, "Skip the eggs, Mom; I'll just eat some toast. Haven't got time to wait."

Her dad who had followed her into the kitchen commented, "My! you're up early. What's the rush?"

"Oh, Dad, it's a long story. Any way you wouldn't understand all of it. I'll explain later. Okay?" She hurriedly gathered her books, slipped into her favorite jacket and called, "Good-bye!" as she shut the front door.

"What has got into her?" Mr. Long inquired. "She looked like a butterfly the way she was flying around here this morning," he reflected. "At least she's in a better mood today. Last night I thought she was acting a little strange."

"Right now she's worried about the Homecoming Dance. She jumps every time the phone rings and has casually mentioned the dance every day for the last two weeks." Mrs. Long knowingly continued, "She hasn't been asked yet and I'm afraid that is the only thing on her mind. Here's your hat, dear. You'd better hurry or you'll be late for work."

After school Pat stopped and re-read the dance announcement for the twentieth time. "Oh, gee! I might as well forget the whole thing." She ambled down the side streets on the way home just thinking and drinking in the autumn beauty which was all around her.

Reaching home, Pat gather-

ed together a few books. Then after writing a short note of explanation for her mother she made her way slowly toward the library. She was startled by the blare of an extra-loud horn; its owner smiled and waved. Not recognizing the driver, she did not return the greeting but continued on her way.

Pat became engrossed in her research work until — "Excuse me, but are you finished with the July 26th issue of *Science and News Letters*?" It was the librarian. "That boy over there would like to use it."

Glancing shyly in the direction indicated by the librarian, she handed all the magazines to the girl. "I was getting ready to leave any way," she said. To herself Pat thought, "Why he's the boy with the horn." In her hurry to leave unnoticed she dropped half her books on the floor nearly at his very feet. She didn't know what had made her stumble but nevertheless the jumble of scattered books lay at her feet.

"Here, let me help you. How did you ever manage to carry all these yourself? I have my car; why don't you let me take you home, Pat?" The boy took her by the arm and began to pilot her toward the door. Pat started to protest but realized

suddenly she *did* know him. This blond, blue eyed boy was in stuffy old Mr. Van Keppendike's English class. Why! He was the new editor of the college paper, CAMPUS CHATTER. Regaining her poise and self - confidence miraculously, she turned on her most charming smile as she said, "I would really appreciate a ride home."

"Fine! How about a coke first at the JUKEBOX? You know, you are pretty hard to

catch up with, Pat. Before you have a chance to get away again, how about going with me to the Homecoming Dance, the Autumn Leaves Ball, next week?"

As they passed the mailbox at the corner neither of them saw anyone standing there. But there *was* someone standing there. That's right—it was Dan Cupid, chuckling to himself as he crossed off something in his little red book.

GOD'S AMAZING WORLD

I wake up at the break of day
and gaze about and see
the sunbeams dancing in my room
on wall, on bed, on me.

I walk about in summer light
admire the sky above
I feel God's blessing on my head
and in my heart His love.

At harvest time I see the moon
so elegant and proud
go floating in the tented sky
and gossip with a cloud.

All these rare beauties that I see
are from my God and free.

Brenda Hopper, '62

The mornin' of September 21st was one of those lovely days when a man thanks God just for bein' alive. I remember it was so clear that if you were standin' on O'Connell's Bridge as I just happened to be doin' at the time, you could see all the way up the Liffy to the Guinness brewery, or all the way down the Liffy to the fish cannery; dependin' o' course on which way you happened to be facin'. As for meself I was lookin' up stream, because I remember watchin' a whiskey bottle gently floatin' towards me. And sure the sun was shinin' so fair that it looked like a real diamond floatin' there on the green water. Now bein' a pensive sort o' man, and bein' in a particularly pensive sort o' mood, you can just imagine how disturbed I was when I heard a lot o' commotion goin' on behind me. Now I'm not the nosy sort, but it seems that everyone was runnin' up O'Connell's Street yellin' something about Nelson's Pillar. Why I hadn't heard such a fuss on O'Connell's Bridge

Such a

Bernard Dever, '60

since the night the students threw all the statues into the river. So havin' nothin' better to do I thought I'd follow along an' see what was up.

When I got down near the post office I came to a big crowd o' people that extended all the way across the street an' all the way around Nelson's monument. When I inquired about the nature of all the excitement, all I could learn was something about two men on top o' the Pillar. Well, I could see for meself that there were two men up there, but that was no reason for all this going's on. So I inquired further as I moved into the crowd. Well, the more I learned the more I thought of a conversation I'd heard just the night before while I was in Moonie's. It

Constructed in 1808, Nelson's Pillar is an Ionic column rising 134 feet above O'Connell Street in Dublin, Ireland. On top of the Pillar is a great bronze statue of the English naval hero, Lord Nelson, to whom the monument was dedicated by the British rulers of Ireland. Today, although the English have gone, it is owned and preserved by the Bank of England. Respected for its architectural beauty, Nelson's Pillar is loved and respected by everyone in the British Isles except the Irish.

Fine Day

seems I was sittin' there mindin' me own business, when an old fellow came in and sat down with the man sittin' at the table next to mine. Now I'm not the nosy sort, but bein' that a glass o' stout was me only companion I was sorta drawn into their conversation.

The fellow who had been waitin' there, said to his friend as he sat down, "Well, Jamie, did ye get it?"

The old man looked sorta hurt and said, "Sure I got it, Casey, but I wish ye'd tell me what ye want with a hack saw."

"Jamie, that's why I take ye into me confidence, ye follow orders without question; that'll be an asset to ye later on."

"Casey, I follow ye because I don't think I ever met a smarter man than yerself."

"Oh, now I wouldn't say that, but I'm a thinkin' man, and that's what this country needs to save it."

"Oh, I can see that, Casey."

"Jamie, if ye stick with me, ye'll not only be accepted by

the I.R.A., but ye'll be acclaimed by all Ireland."

"Do ye really think so, Casey?"

"I've no doubt at all, Jamie."

"Well, come on now, Casey, an' tell me what we're gonna do with the saw."

"I can't tell ye now, Jamie, but I can tell ye that we're gonna undertake an operation o' such proportion that it'll bring to arms every mother's son in Ireland."

"Oh, now, ain't those grand soundin' words — can I bring along me jar?"

"No, Jamie, this operation'll take cool wits and a steady hand — how much ye got?"

"Just a pint!"

"Maybe ye better bring it along."

Now at the time I didn't think much o' their talk, ye hear that everyday in Moonie's. But as I stood below Nelson's Column I just wondered if it could be the same two fellows. There they were the two o' them, just as big as life, 134 feet up on top o' the monument, just sawing away at old Lord Nelson's statue. And it looked as if half the population of Dublin was standing in the street below cheering them on. Oh, it was a grand sight if ever I saw one.

Now there were several offi-

cers standing by the door at the base of the Pillar. But they didn't seem to be too concerned with what was going on around them; they weren't even trying to open the door. When I moved up a little closer I could hear one o' them saying. "Well, Officer Huddy, how do ye think we should handle this problem?"

"Well, Murphy, I'm afraid ye got me there. It ain't as easy as it might appear. It's a sure thing we're gonna hafta get that door open to get up there to those fellows."

"Oh, I agree with ye one hundred percent there, Huddy, but that iron door is four inches thick, an' those fellows got it barred up on the inside."

"Well, we could use dynamite, but ye just can't go around blowin' up the Queen's property."

"Oh, you're right there, Huddy."

"An' besides, ye just can't depend on dynamite; why I remember in me youth we were trying to blow a bridge up near Enniskillen. Why, we had to blow it up three nights in a row before the damn thing would fall down."

"Ye don't say!"

"It's a fact."

By this time the crowd had

grown to huge proportions. Although it did seem to be a friendly group, everyone seemed to be in a holiday mood, like ye might see at the races. Every now and then someone would yell some word of encouragement to the boys on the Column, an' they would turn to the crowd and graciously bow, holding the saw up for all to see. This would bring forth a great roar of approval. But outside o' that joint effort, the crowd seemed to be divided into small groups with everyone having a merry time with his own little group.

Two police autos were trying to get through the crowd, but since they were making no progress the policemen got out and with a young lieutenant leading them, made their way towards the Pillar on foot.

Seeing the young officer approaching, Murphy turned to Huddy and said, "Well, look who's comin' now. If it ain't our own Sherlock Holmes. He'll solve this case in no time."

"Ah, now give the boy a chance, Murphy. Ye can't hold it against him, because he went to college."

"Ah, those Trinity boys and their high soundin' theories make me tired. They ought to

ship the whole lot o' them off to Australia."

"He's a pleasant enough lad, Murphy, and besides things could be a whole lot tougher for us if we had an old boy who knew his job."

The lieutenant squeezed through the crowd and reached Murphy and Huddy saying excitedly, "Haven't you men got that door open yet?"

"Well, sir," said Murphy, "we've got everything under control."

"That's right, sir," added Huddy. "We've been keepin' this mob in its place."

"I've just come from the Barracks and the Captain is raising hell," the lieutenant said hurriedly. "The Bank of England is threatening the Lord Mayor."

"I wouldn't worry, sir," said Huddy. "There're just a couple o' old drunks up there who are trying to get into the I.R.A. They can't do any damage."

"That's right, sir," added Murphy. "From what we hear it's a couple o' old fellows by the name o' Jamie and Casey who are pullin' some stunt like this, but the I.R.A. even laughs at them."

"Be that as it may, we've got to get them down immediately," the lieutenant said with deter-

mination, "Burns, go get that drill and start working on those hinges right away."

One of his men left and returned minutes later with a power drill. The whole crowd quieted down with a new interest as the police started working on the bolts that held the door on its hinges. In a matter o' minutes the door came loose and the officers slowly removed it from its casing.

It was all over in no time at all, three o' the policemen ran up the circular stairs and brought down their prisoners. There were a few isolated laughs and cheers from the crowd. And the police seemed to be prepared for the worse, but it never came. The only one who caused any disturbance was ol' Mollie McGuire who sells apples in front of the post office. She was preachin' her usual sermon about Ireland not bein' the same as it was in the ol' days, an' how the Irish are always talkin' about freedom but two ol' devils are the only ones who bother to do anything about it.

Ol' Lord Nelson was still standin'. That's about all there was to it. Not much to speak about, but I'll always remember because it was such fine day, an' the sun was shinin' so fair.

DEATH— WITHOUT HONOR?

Peggy Delaney, '60

For awhile, I withstood them. They came, day after day, bearing death in their hands. Always, when they left, the ranks were thinner. Where they walked, they destroyed. Still they returned, and more fell. Yet, when they were gone and the field was quiet, I remained unscathed. I was too much for them. I was strong. They would never take me with their puny weapons. Oh, it was possible. Everything is possible. I realized that. But, in taking me, they would lose more than gain in the struggle. I was strong. For awhile I withstood them.

But . . . I fell. I knew it was the end when I saw them come over the rise of the hill that day. There were too many of them. Never had there been so many. I knew then. They had to take me. I knew it, and was

powerless to stop it. They would break me, but I would not make it easy for them. I would not cringe before their blows, nor bend to sweep the ground before them.

I stood, proud and defiant, waiting for them, scornful of them and of their tiny deadly weapons. I was sure that I was stronger than they, stronger even now, in my defeat, in my death. I was not afraid. I was never afraid.

It took them some time to bring me down. It was not easy for them and for every wound inflicted, they paid. In the end, I lay at their feet. They had broken me and they were satisfied. They did not know that I lived on. Life lingered still though my heart beat but faintly, though my lifeblood flowed but slowly.

I wondered what they would

do with me, now that I was in their hands. I never guessed that I would know the answer while yet alive. I was aware only that they were dragging my body away from the place where I had fallen. My numerous wounds made every inch a separate hell. They did not know. They did not care.

Even as their steps tortured me, I crushed them. My burdensome body made a tiresome journey of their victorious homeward march. They brought me to the walls of their city and abandoned me.

They returned. They always returned. That was the nature of them. They brought another of their kind to draw my form away to some other place. Would this procession never end? Must I live on to endure this agony? Even though there was great strength in this one, he stumbled with my cumbersome weight. The death march went on and on and on. I lived on and on and on. I was alive when the march ended. Merciful heaven! Why could I not have died faster? Do you understand what I am saying? I was alive. . . .

They mutilated me. They twisted me, there on that hill, twisted me into something I was not meant to be. Then,

when I lay there, only a semblance of what I had been, they brought him to see me. They brought him to see what they had done to me. Dying, I knew who he was. I knew their reason for bringing him to see me.

The weight fell upon my body, upon what was left of my body. I shrank from it in fear, in horror. I was afraid, as I had never been before. I knew terror now, when they had never terrified me with their weapons.

I did not shun death, nor the pain I was forced to endure. Death is not to be feared. What is it but the natural result of life? But surely not this death! Surely there are better things to die for than this, better ways to die than this! To be torn apart and hurled, naked, against the sky for all the world to see, is vile enough. Yet this is a thing more unspeakable.

Why must I cast my shadow, my infamous shadow, across the face of the earth through all time and be remembered for this through every century? What have I done that this should be my end? I am innocent, as innocent as he. Why must this be? Why do other trees give their lives to become His churches while I must become His cross?

Une Prière

Parce que Vous m'avez donné une mère
Qui est aimable et belle,
Parce que Vous m'avez accordé un père
Qui est bon et généreux,
Je Vous aime.

Parce que Vous avez créé un monde
De la joie et de la beauté,
Parce que Vous avez appris l'homme
A aimer et à louer,
Je Vous adore.

A Vous je donne humblement
Mon cœur et mon adoration,
A Vous je présente joyeusement
Ma vie et ma morte.
Que peut-je faire de plus encore?

Rose Chan, '59

A prose translation of "Une Prière" made by the author.
Because You have given me a mother who is amiable and fair, and because you have bestowed on me a father who is kind and understanding, I love You.

Because You have created a world full of joy and beauty, because You have taught man to love and to praise, I love You.

To You I humbly present my heart and my adoration. To You I offer joyously my life and my death. What more can I do?