

Helicon
1952

Helicon

"From Helicon's harmonious spring a thousand rills their mazy progress take."

GRAY: *The Progress of Poetry*

Rhode Island College of Education

JUNE, 1952

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Twenty-first Birthday

IT was her twenty-first birthday and Ginny looked more beautiful than her mother had ever before seen her. Her jet black hair curled softly on her neck and the soft white chiffon of her gown looked as if it had been created for her.

Mrs. Dunn was vaguely conscious of the people around her saying nice things about her daughter, but she did not actually hear any of them. She merely gazed at Ginny with tear-filled eyes. She was remembering Ginny at three, persistently trying to tie a bow; Ginny at five, minus a front tooth; Ginny at six, marching off to school for the first time, a pencil box clutched tightly in her damp little fist; Ginny at eight, in the leading role in her school play; Ginny at twelve, fat and grimy, coming home from fishing with the boys; and Ginny in her teens.

Ginny's teens were an exciting time for both Ginny and her mother. They were both very proud when Ginny had been chosen Class Valedictorian for her Junior High graduation. For weeks it seemed that Mrs. Dunn had done little but sew on Ginny's dress and listen to preparations for the speech. She had felt a sense of personal satisfaction and relief when Ginny delivered the address without a mistake.

When Ginny had come rushing home from school in her Sophomore year to announce that she had a date—her first date! Mrs. Dunn had experienced a sinking sensation in the pit of her stomach; Ginny's childhood was over. Soon, however, she was deciding with Ginny whether a silk dress and pumps were more appropriate for a movie date than a suit and socks.

Then came Ginny's first formal. After their days of searching for just the right gown to fit Ginny's idea of sophistication and her mother's idea of what a young girl should wear, the day of the prom finally arrived; and after hours of preparation with mud packs, curlers, and perfumes, THE hour finally arrived. Mrs. Dunn suppressed an urge to laugh as she greeted the tall, gangling youth who held the green florist's box gingerly. But that night too, even as she smiled, her eyes filled with tears as she looked at her daughter in her white gown—that time, her first.

Ginny's high school career progressed rapidly after that. After months of practicing and hoping, Gin was elected captain of her basketball team. This was a major triumph and Ginny thought of little but uniforms, scores, and games for three months.

She fell in love with the captain of the football team and, surprisingly, her love was returned. She gloried in her position as the most envied girl in the junior class and was never so happy as when she was displaying her tiny gold football. The romance, however, was doomed not to last. When it broke, Ginny was heart-broken. Her mother, realizing what a tragedy this was for a young girl, did everything in her power to help Ginny, but Ginny refused to date other boys and was not comforted by anything anyone said.

From her heartbreak Ginny naturally turned to acting. She had the lead in her school play and threw herself wholeheartedly into the melodramatic role of heroine. Her success in the play led to a brief period during which she thought she would like to go to Hollywood.

Hollywood was soon forgotten in her senior year when, as editor of the school paper, Ginny considered nothing important except copy, proofs, dead-lines, and cuts. Printer's ink was in her veins.

Finally, graduation came. Ginny left school without scholastic honors but with many happy memories, and her commencement was a gala affair.

After graduation, Ginny chose a career on the local newspaper in preference to college. There were many parties, picnics, and dances, but the major event was Ginny's engagement to that football hero of several years before. She and Ted decided to be married on Ginny's twenty-first birthday. Mrs. Dunn found it difficult to believe that her little Ginny was old enough to be married, and that soon she would be leaving to make a home of her own. She reconciled herself, however, and soon entered into the plans for the wedding with all the enthusiasm she could muster.

All these thoughts ran quickly through Mrs. Dunn's mind. Not a thought of the disagreements they had had, the hours of anxiety, waiting for Ginny to come home after a dance, of her own disappointment at Ginny's not going to college, or of the work involved in her daughter's illness entered her mind—not as she looked at Ginny in her casket.

Joanne Hurl

An Approach to Literature

"YOU Greeks are always children," said the Egyptian priest to Solon, inadvertently expressing the truth in a sense he did not mean. For the Greeks had a child-like spontaneity and directness expressive of the simplicity of their lives, in contrast to the infantile reticence and fear expressive of the complexity of twentieth century living. The sensitivity of the Greeks had not been rendered dull by the wearisome heritage of an effete culture. Hence, the great literary works of the Golden Age of Greece are valid because they are perfect reflections of a wonderfully balanced culture. This, however, does not obviate the possibility of creating beauty in our present complex culture; it merely implies that our literature must reflect with perfection the complexity of its source.

In approaching literature, let us remember that authors are atrociously human by the very nature of their work, as opposed to dentists or electricians. Moreover, their art stems from diverse climates of opinion, which the reader must take into full consideration before he can attempt to understand an author and pass judgment upon his work. For example, the highly intricate dialectic of the thirteenth century produced, among innumerable other works, the *Summa theologiae*, (which today raises the question, "Should auld Aquinas be forgot?"). And coming to our own noble heritage, we find that the Puritan thought which prevailed in the American colonies gave birth to such anthropomorphic writings as Jonathan Edwards' *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*, only to be later followed by old Ben Franklin's abstract Deism which precludes anthropomorphism. These men did not expound isolated theories; rather did they deliver the fruit of the climate of opinion of their age.

Literary works are artistic creations, and for that reason they are not to be judged solely on the basis of the reader's moral convictions. Indeed countless are the writings whose immortality is NOT due to the moral codes they have encountered. The reader must take into consideration the aesthetic content of literature as well as the moral and judge them according to their respective values, for, as Beethoven declared, "There is no rule that may not be broken for the sake of beauty." Thus, for aesthetic value, the works of an Oscar Wilde survive.

In spite of its seemingly effete stage of development, literature still faces that great gap of man's experience which has not been expressed or communicated with aesthetic value. Will future writers be able to lessen this gap of unexpressed human experience in a literature that is valid and aesthetically complete? This is the question which will be foremost in our minds, and it will have been prompted by the richness of our approach to literature.

Donald Oliver

Summer's in Town

IT creeps under your collar and trickles down your back,
 Roll it up in your palms,
 Let the kids play stick-ball with it.

Summer's in town!
 Swallow it, spit it out from the bleachers at the first base umpire,
 It rides around on a homer and gets lost — somewhere.
 Run from it! Hide! The RKO is delightfully air-conditioned —
 Prices change at 5.

Summer's in town!
 Wipe it off your face,
 Fight for it on the highway — die for it!
 Laugh at it, squeeze it, go on! The Kewpie doll doesn't mind the frozen
 custard on your shirt!
 It wears a Bikini bathing suit and tries to look unconcerned,
 It baby-sits on the weary beach with its petulant grandchildren,
 A mound of unprepossessing, uncontrolled flesh.

Summer's in town!
 Look up, count the stars.
 Sit on a rock, hold your head in your hands.
 Kick the waves with your foot, let your tears stain the sand.
 Summer's in town — and you're stuck with it.

*Lucretia Atwater**Lonesome Sounds*

HAVE you ever heard a lonesome, a really lonesome sound?
 Have you ever heard a lonesome, a really lonesome sound?
 The dry, arrogant sound of lightning-spurred thunder
 Bathed in the sloppy, engulfing-wet sound of
 August's willing rain — an untidy-clean sound —
 A lonesome sound.

Have you ever heard a lonesome, a really lonesome sound?
 Have you ever heard a lonesome, a really lonesome sound?
 The wail of the blues that tries to
 Escape the sweating room (a room of hard laughter
 (And easy smiles) — a stained sound — an unpolished sound
 A sound with closed eyes —
 A lonesome sound.

Typing makes an unemotional patter of finality —
 An efficient sound,
 Knitting needles, a gossip sound,
 A far-off fog-horn, a peering-over-the-shoulder,
 Dull purple sound,
 The sudden rustle of a window shade, a raised-eyebrow
 Sound,
 Lonesome sounds.

Have you ever heard a lonesome, a really lonesome sound?
 Have you ever heard a lonesome, a really lonesome sound?

William Ferrara



Ballerina

SHE listened as the music swelled
Her eyes were gems of light
Around her lips the dimples played
Like fire-flies at night.
Her lovely head bent to and fro
With every singing beat
The music held her heart and soul
And ruled her dancing feet.
She listened as the music swelled
Till she could sit no more,
But like a light and fleecy cloud
She glided 'cross the floor
No longer was she with us then
But in another world
She smiled, but to a different room
As round and round she twirled.

Lucretia Atwater

Fate

A MAN once worked for fifty years

He lived a dreary solitary life.

And stone by stone he built himself a house

Where caring naught for man nor beast he lived alone.

But the day came when counting his money coin by coin,

He said, "At last, I can retire. I am now a rich man.

I shall not work more."

And he did not work more, for that night

God said, "Fool!"

And the man died.

Joan Duval

Plea

NO riches, neither in money nor in soul.

I have no wealth.

And should God forget, who

Then shall save me from myself?

Joan Duval

The Burial:

THE bed was wet and uncomfortable, wet with perspiration from the night of tossing and tossing, and the sleepless sleep that had carried him past his life and the other life, and had filled him with the terror of all his forgotten dreams. He turned after he had slept part of the night. He turned from the quick, nervous sleep he had just finished, his eyes open and frightened, the whites covered with little streaks of broken red. And he looked out the window at the trees. Still cold from the winter cold without leaves, suffering under a thick rain with thick drops falling from a pale, crying sky. Crying and moaning that another day was here, and with another day no sun.

He tried to lift his broken body, but it fell. It fell gently into an endless sleep, with its one uncontrollable desire that for the night had kept him in pain and horror, and carried him in faultless, unerring pageant, clothed and warm in white samite, to the marble steps leading to the grayed, sickly, smiling old man in a dusk brown boat which would deliver him to the dark side of the deep black river, calling him back again.

Back again facing the world in another day. The trees bare, the world cold, the world, the window, and the rain. And he put his stiff hands up to his face, to muffle the cry that, like the sobbing of his unborn child when he had wounded his pink knee with the broken glass in the back yard, would betray him and shake him in his weakened hollow form, hollow and old, old and worn.

This the world

and tomorrow another day.

Come, Tiresias! Come . . . come . . . his deafened ears heard the unuttered call. And his blinded eyes saw the brilliant white column of brooding, uncolored figures walking past, walking quietly and gently into the dark world that would hold them and strip them of their white cloaks, their white samite robes. Come, Tiresias! Come . . . come . . . and he raised his lifeless body that had no sight, nor scent, nor feeling, and had not passion nor desire, that could only hear the single, hollow voice echoing. The voice that would lead him in white cloak to the dark world with another tomorrow and no sun.

And tomorrow another day in an eternity.

Vartkis Kinoisian

Gethsemane

OH garden of roaring silence
 Of feathery choristers dumb,
 Of shadows n'er unbroken
 Even by mid-day's sun.
 Oh garden of tomb-born zephyrs
 Ever shunned by spring
 Whose bosom remains unpierced
 By any living thing.
 Thou are barren.
 Sad as the childless mother:
 Time was ere you were gay.
 Such you were
 When He came here to pray
 That fateful night.
 You saw the angel
 Chalice held in hand,
 You drank the blood that fell
 From Him, the God, the man—
 You heard the words
 "Thy will be done"
 You saw the kiss,
 The pharisees, the scum
 He left.
 So to your life, your beauty.
 And you are sorrowful.
 You are Gethsemane.

*Raymond Fontaine**The Clock*

FOR you up there upon the shelf
 There is no grief or pain
 You measure out our youth and age,
 But always you remain.
 You're there in birth's humility
 You watch us as we die.
 Emotions are unknown to you
 Your face can't laugh or cry.
 For every second that you tick
 A deed is thought and done
 And for each hour that you ring
 A battle's lost or won.
 I've looked at you in sorrow, anxiety, and joy:
 I've counted out the minutes
 Like the hands that you employ.
 I've faced you every morning
 And in the still of night
 I've gazed upon your countenance
 And watched time take its flight.
 I know someday you'll strike for me
 And I will have to go
 But you, you'll never stop to grieve
 You'll tick tock on, I know.

William Ferrara

The Final Test

O H flesh be frozen to this place!
 Let winter's cold wind bleak my face!
 Ice out the pounding voices heard,
 Resounding pity with each word
 Or scorn because their eyes are small
 To those who stray the righteous hall.

Make stiff with snow my worried mind
 So that the sharpest tongue would find
 The wrenching pain that shreds apart
 The prong that wets my frozen heart.

Beat hard and sharp, tormenting blast,
 Let all that's past remain the past;
 And all that is be numb by thee;
 And all that will, let never be.

Let time be lost within your roar,
 For future hopes are never more.
 The Spring has bid its last farewell
 To Winter's everlasting spell.

And now breathe deep one last recall
 Of love and dreams before they fall
 Forever down, beyond the reach of human cares —
 Deep within the frozen layers.

And linger not with doubtful mind
 Of what the future still may find,
 For all the hope that was possessed
 Has died as did love's final test.

And now just coldness does remain,
 For once I loved . . . but not again.

Phyllis Logan

Jealousy

WHAT Fate has caused my mind
 To doubt
 The everlasting vow?

My head I bow — my heart cries out
 In true repentance now.

Phyllis Logan

A Little Freedom?

LOOK around. What do you see?
 A world without a person free!

We are bound. We wonder why?
 To many things: a baby's cry.

Men try to be carefree and gay —
 Yet they know only slavery's way.

We are bound. Yes, you and I.
 We are bound. I speak no lie.

Santo Riccitelli



"On Wings of Song"

Escape through program music

25,000 miles non-stop! Tonight, we are traveling the circumference of the globe by the swiftest route—"on wings of song." Skeptical? Why not join us as we leave for Symphony Hall, where Charles Munch will direct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the annual "Music of the World" concert. At the hall, we settle in our seats. Mr. Munch appears, bowing to acknowledge the applause, and with a tap of his baton commands a silence that floods the hall. Our journey has begun.

The overture to the opera *Peter Grimes*, by Vaughan-Williams, channels our thoughts to a quiet English fishing village. We distinctly hear the ocean waves pounding on the wide expanse of beach. The fishermen are busy on the docks, mending nets, preparing seines, and arranging lobster traps. The approach of Peter Grimes is heralded by a mighty chord from the brass choir. As the theme develops, we picture him talking, laughing, and tumbling with his friends. As the overture closes, the scene is agitated as the inrushing-tide, swollen by the intense string choir, swirls up the beaches and inlets of this enchanting English setting.

Off to Europe! The orchestra paints a picture of Bohemian life, using Smetana's *Moldeau* as the model. The Moldeau River establishes our route, and the music follows a course along its bank, through savage rapids, over mighty water-falls, through serene valleys. Brightly arrayed peasants work and play by the river. In fact, a gay wedding is even now being celebrated on a green river plain! As the Moldeau nears the ocean, the massive bass viols arouse a picture of turbulent, angry seas. With an ever-increasing crescendo, the river ends its course, and we pass into the vast Asian continent.

Scheherazade, by Rimsky-Korsakov, provides our transportation to the strange and mysterious regions of interior Asia. The violins announce the melody of a peasant dance, and we find ourselves perched on a high mountain, overlooking a pleasing valley. Quaintly-costumed villagers are celebrating a feast day, toasting and turning in the gyrations of the native dance, which is part Oriental, part Slavic in nature. Extreme gaiety seems to fill the air, although faint undertones of hardships and poverty are suggested by the ominous tones of the 'cello. We see royalty lavishing in luxurious splendor, while the peasants, oppressed in every way, struggle to snatch a few tiny grains of happiness. We reluctantly leave Asia with a mingled feeling of envy and pity for these oppressed people.

Winging the Pacific Ocean, we arrive in California barely in time to catch the rising sun in Ferde Grofe's *Grand Canyon Suite*. As solemn tones creep over the horizon, we sense a feeling of breath-taking wonder! The vivid orchestral hues create a panorama of scenic beauty hardly surpassed by any of our previous visits. The French horn introduces the principal theme, carrying us over the jagged mountain peaks and the profound depths of countless valleys and streams. This is rugged America, painted with loving care by the most abstract of arts!

Back at Symphony Hall, Mr. Munch is receiving the plaudits of his fellow travelers. We have enjoyed the trip immensely. To quote Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, we have been successful in "escaping the realm of reality," and have traveled around the world on *Wings of Song*.

Albert R. Dalton

No Need for Shoes

IN the lower corner of an old trunk in the attic of my home, lies a little white shoe. The sole of the shoe is bent, revealing the phenomenal activity of a sixteen-months-old young lady in her zest to explore the world which to her was most interesting. I am reminded often of her determination to force open a closed door, and thus the scuffed toes, a silent proof of her determination. The contents of the trunk have been reorganized many times, with the usual discards and acquisitions, but the shoe remains these long years, for God's angels have no need of shoes!

Eleanor Leonard

Fragment: For The Future

1

ALONE and drinking beer, awaiting kisses wordlessly agreed upon, his mind returned to dreams of distant days now never to be known except in reverie. Dreams are deathless even though unwanted.

Recognition of a greater, saner life in contemplation of the Mystery had decided once (he thought for all) the course that he should follow.

What it was that turned his soul he did not know. God was and is and nothing else should matter.

Some things, he thought, are better left unsaid: such things as Birth and Sudden Tragic Death. Even sometimes love should come unannounced, unnoticed, if we are to keep the goal in sight.

2

Alone again, the promised kiss bestowed, he rose to get some beer. Why dreams are as they are he did not know; he could not guess. He only knew unwanted dreams return to plague the dreamer with a kind of sorcery that casts a spell like that of ancient evil witches. A dream, a recollection, can be sweet, but seldom is. We lose the pleasant dreams, only to retain the darker ones.

Recollection of a summer morning writing letters to old and chance acquaintances; spending later time in an old library of great fame reading books that few for decades ever thought of reading, here at least.

Some said he read too much; that reading turned him from his first ambition. That alone was not the reason. Man is made of soul and body; his soul is formed of all the actions and endeavors occurring in his lifetime. Everyone he meets and all he reads and does and writes compose his soul. Nothing then is changeless, only truth. And even that seems different through the passing of the months.

He heard them talk about the kisses as if they were concerned with him or what he did. Surprises cannot be where all is changing: why should they speak of what they see as if it should not happen? Public grief is private sorrow, yes; but private things made public should remain unmentioned if they cannot be erased from public knowledge.

Palmer Wald

Seconds to the End

FINALLY, the phone rang. She heard his casual greeting on the other end of the wire. If she would only remember throughout the conversation to answer in a friendly but not overly anxious way. The trouble was that she never knew what mood to expect and she felt she must play in with them all; she must bend to every passing note in his mind, if they were to achieve any perfection in the conversation.

Why should perfection mean so much? Why did she always sense the currents that too often broke into thunder? She warned herself to not let the thunder explode no matter how much he hurt with his casualness. Even though his words tonight transferred to aches, she must excuse. In her heart, his coarseness would assume the guise of stubbornness; coldness, a just payment for an injustice of hers; boredom, the result of a busy day in which he managed to spare a few minutes to listen to her trivial happenings.

How well she realized in her soul, this deep place where her love for him resided, that she was not the object of a tender love, at all. He was too cold, too logical, too rational minded and she must win his respect through that conversation by playing to those notes, if the thunder began to rock.

Nevertheless, each telephone call was a Waterloo to be crossed. Although her body presently appeared mute to the warnings of her brain, she realized dimly that he and she together were not fated to be. Not much longer could she feed upon an emotion too emaciated to maintain itself. And, like a general, she was tired of predicting future moves. The desire that continually sprang over her was to be insensitive and cruel and loved in the same manner that he was. She grasped the last strand of energy she possessed. "Hello, how are you?" she asked, in the correct tone, to the voice waiting on the phone.

Florence Piacitelli

Olive Trees

OLIVE trees their branches thrust
Crying on nature's abundant breast.
Crossing the way to the land
Where happiness is now on hand.
Come, come, to where man sees
The lesson taught by the olive trees.

Donald Lyons

The Jungle

THE fruits are ripe
So eat.
Eat until you choke.
The tiger showed us how,
Animals devour us now,
On 42nd Street.

Edward Prifogle

Song of Youth

IN a world of tension, dry like mud
 I sing of love:
 Not of the loves that wait
 In painful weekend apprehension
 Nor of the love that buys
 The sweet, the pulsing rose that dies.
 I sing of love:
 A soldier snaking through the underbrush
 Persistently minutely inching back toward life
 His hand impressed to stop its outward ebb.
 I sing of love:
 Of those, who having lost
 Their tigers, shrink against bleak walls
 And fight for death, resisting with each breath
 The kind, the cruel extended arms
 Because life is their love.
 I sing of love that looks at
 Gray cement and soulless steel
 And mud, macadam, sly machines;
 That turning, out of bondage, still alive,
 Can fuse that love with steel and mud
 And make existence real.

Joan Stoddard

Song of Age

FOUR yellow walls *uprise* around
 Hold me within a rigid cage
 From night that calls
 while *clock-ticked time's* rigidity
 Both front and back will circumvent
 And hold me fast
 Pinned like a mounted butterfly
 Within the stone-like confines of a moment.
 I plan escape.
 I draw the thought of death
 Close to my breast—
 A potent stimulant for quickening
 The will to live, the quest of fear—
 And wait for white-hot shocks
 To shoot from sole to skull and break
 The bars through which I peer.
 But nothing comes.
 A body drunk with life
 No longer needs the dream of death to spur
 And death becomes for those, the old,
 An ending natural, the destination
 Of a life-loved trek through
 Time-ticked rooms of hot and yellow cold.

Joan Stoddard

Rain

"RAIN, rain, rain! Isn't it ever going to stop?"

Sergeant Crawford savagely twisted his wheel-chair from the window of the small, white, hospital room.

"Cooped up in here like a rat in a cage. Can't move, can't get out and nothing to do but watch that damned rain beating, beating, beating! His voice broke off in a sob, then the bitter tone returned.

"Nurse, give me a cigarette."

"But the doctor . . ."

"I said give me a cigarette."

The young girl rubbed her hands helplessly. She walked over to the table, took a cigarette from the pack, and handed it to Crawford.

"Light."

She struck a match, standing there for a minute watching him let the smoke escape from his nostrils in viscous little clouds.

"Now get out. Get out and leave me alone, do you hear? I don't want anyone slobbering around with their damned pity. If I'm going to rot here let me rot by myself. Leave me alone!"

She walked to the door, closing it silently behind her. Sergeant Crawford turned back to the window.

"Six months—six months strapped here like a corpse waiting for a grave. Why should I wait?"

His face twisted into a sardonic smile.

"Yeah, why wait?"

He smashed the cigarette on the sill and wheeled quickly over to the little table.

"Maybe I'll never get out of here and if I do who wants half a man?"

His hand yanked the little draw open and fell on a small revolver. He took it out slowly. It was then he sensed he was not alone. In one quick move he dropped the revolver back into the drawer, slammed it shut, and spun around to the door. A tall, bearded man stood there silently. The frank, compassionate eyes unnerved Crawford for a minute, but then he spat out,

"What are you doing here? I didn't hear you come in."

"I'm just a friend," replied the stranger.

"Yeah? Who are you anyway? I don't remember seeing you around here, but you look familiar. You a doc?"

"In a way, you might say I am a doctor."

"Oh, I get it. Another one of those psychiatrists. Think I'm going loco, don't you? Well, maybe I am. What's it to you?"

The stranger pulled a chair over to the other side of the table and sat down facing Crawford.

"Maybe I understand you more than you think I do, Crawford. But how can I help you if you don't have a little trust, a little faith? There was a time when trust and faith pulled me through."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. You're sorry. A lot of good it does me. What do you know of suffering? Probably the nearest you've ever been to pain is a dentist's chair. I know your kind. Full of the milk of human kindness. You can stand anybody's trouble so long as it isn't your own.

"Do you know what it is to lie in a stinking, muddy hole and you can't get up and walk out because your legs are two bloody stumps? Nothing to do but look up at the sky and let the rain beat down on you until you begin to wonder if the hole'll fill up and drown you before you bled to death. And you wait. For what? You don't know and after awhile you don't care. Then one morning you wake up. You're in a hospital. They tell you you've been hit."

He laughed.

"You don't know that! You lie there listening to all the mumbo-jumbo and then one day you finally get it. They tell you you're not going to walk anymore. They're going to cut off your legs. You want to die, but they won't let you. Oh, no, the best doctors the army can give you keep you alive like they're doing you a big favor, see? Then they give you the best wheel chair money can buy, dole you out a pension and that's that. Rot, brother. *We did all we could for you now sit and rot.* Rehabilitation or something they call it.

"What do you mean you understand? Only the guy who gets it understands. Sure. Sure, you mean all right, but leave me alone, will you. You've done your good deed for the day; so let's shake on it, then leave me alone."

The stranger rose to his feet.

"All right, Crawford. If that's the way you want it. Shake."

Crawford took the stranger's hand in his. For a moment he felt sad as he looked into those eyes. He dropped his hand into his lap.

"O.K. O.K. Now leave me alone."

The stranger walked to the door. Crawford had an impulse to call him back, but instead he just sat there staring vacantly at the white wall. It was then he noticed the silence. Without turning he said, "The rain's stopped."

He looked towards the door. The stranger was gone.

"Funny. I didn't hear him leave."

He felt a strange sensation. Slowly he turned his hand over. It felt damp and moist.

"Blood," he whispered. He grasped it with his left hand and held it closer.

"Blood," he said again.

Still holding his hand he turned his head slowly toward the door. He stared at it for a minute. Then he said quietly, "And I said you didn't understand. Nurse. Nurse, NURSE."

The young girl opened the door a little apprehensively and stood there a moment. A smile broke out over Crawford's face. The nurse smiled back.

"Well, don't stand there. Lift the blind. Can't you see the rain has stopped? The sun is coming out again!"

"Yes, Sergeant Crawford."

She wheeled him over to the window and then quietly left the room.

He continued to sit there looking out at the sky, the smile still on his face.

William Ferrara

Compliments of
The Senior Class

Compliments of
The Sophomore Class

Compliments of

The Freshman Class

