

# *Fioretti*

*Marian College*

*Indianapolis, Indiana*

*What is man that Thou art  
mindful of him? . . . Thou  
hast made him a little less  
than the Angels, Thou hast  
crowned him with glory and  
honor: and hast set him over  
the works of Thy hands.*

—PSALM 8.



# THE FIORETTI

AN ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
MARIAN COLLEGE  
PROSE AND VERSE



VOLUME FIVE



*Marian College*  
*Indianapolis, Indiana*

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*Praying hands have been chosen to illustrate human dignity at its height—the very act of prayer itself, acknowledging God as our Divine Master, symbolizes our complete reliance upon God for our existence. Good prayers not only thank God or ask Him for personal favors, but they also express concern for our fellow men. Thus, by asking God to bless our neighbor, we endorse the human dignity that is the equal heritage of every man.*

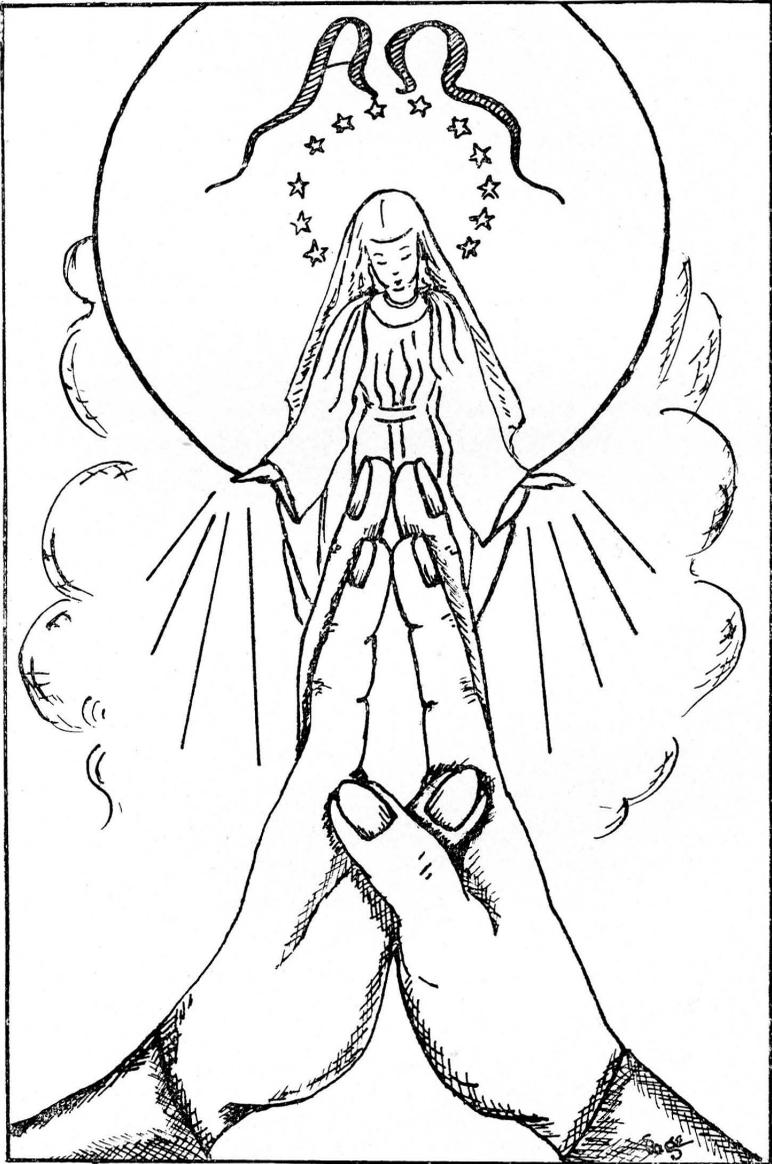
*Above the hands appears the Immaculate Virgin Mary, for by directing our prayers through her we shall more quickly reach God, and our prayers become more perfect as she puts the finishing touches on them—promoting their sincerity and diminishing their selfishness.*

*Mary stretches forth her hands in readiness to bear and keep her children and from her hands flow the many graces she is ready to pour forth upon us. Thus, we fulfill the advice of St. Louis de Montfort to go "To Jesus through Mary."*

*The ALPHA and OMEGA above the Holy Virgin represent God as the First Cause and our Final Goal which is more perfectly reached through Mary.*

*Who can deny the idea, therefore, that on his knees man is truly a brother to others and master of himself?*

—Sarah Page



# EDITORIALS

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## *Dignity of Man*

Ask any eighth grader. Or your kid brother just starting his second year in high school. They can rattle off those glib phrases that are on every tongue these days. "The universal brotherhood of man," the "dignity of man," "winning the peace as we won the war," "the four freedoms." Lots of people can name these ideals. They can tell you they are the reasons Joe and John and Jim went away to fight a war. But what do those ideals really mean? Do you actually know? Or have you ever given much thought to it?

As a college student, do *you* know what these popular phrases mean? You know about them, of course, for eighth graders know about them, too. But look closely at just one of them—the dignity of man. Do you have a clear idea what it is to believe in that ideal? It entails quite a bit of responsibility. Think about it.

As Americans we profess to believe in this dignity of man. In our Declaration of Independence we say that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. The conclusion drawn from this is that man is different from other material beings in the world. His is a destiny which no

others share. It is evident that physically men do differ from each other. We could not possibly proclaim "all men are created equal" and mean that all girls are equally beautiful or that all men are the same in intelligence. This is obviously not true. It follows then that this equality must be within man. It is in the divinely created and divinely endowed human soul. To deny this equality of men, this belief in the dignity of each individual, is to maintain that the strong may enslave the weak. One class may even destroy another class.

That the enslavement and destruction of men can happen in our world is proof that in some way we have failed. A society that can allow such monstrous things to occur is clearly at fault. And as a part of that society we share in that guilt.

As in the case of all ideals, there is a vast difference between professing belief in an ideal and living up to that ideal. Maybe you can recite the preamble to the Declaration of Independence from beginning to end. But do you say, "All men are created equal," yet advise your little sister not to play with the girl down the street because her family is Jewish? Do you con-

## DIGNITY OF MAN

tinue, "They are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights" and in the next breath champion laws which prevent the Negro from voting?

You and I can't write pamphlets on the subject or deliver lectures about it. Sitting in class day after day doesn't seem to offer much opportunity for promoting the doctrine of the dignity of man. Yet even in limited daily contacts we can translate our ideal into action. Getting rid of personal antipathies is a good way to start. The snob, the illiterate, the fanatic, the foreigner, the Negro, and the Jew may be individuals to whom we have an automatic prejudice. Think beyond that exterior which displeases you. Remind yourself that this person is, like you, included in the Declaration of Independence.

We shudder at Hitler and a system which could reduce men to mere machines and slaughter thousands in cold blood. Yet we share in this denial of the dignity of man by regarding servants as merely instruments to do our bidding. A polite request could take the place of a curt order. Does it?

If you believe democracy should have a chance, help give it that chance. Live what you profess to believe. Don't continue on the mental level of an eighth grader. Believing in the dignity of man isn't just a fad. It may well be the determining factor in tomorrow's world. It can spell the difference between your being a slave or a free person. Become actively pro-human. You won't regret it.

—Joan Baumer



## FLECK OF GOLD

Lonely, lonely, all alone

A dark and somber hill.

Shadowed growth and darkest earth

But there a daffodil.

—LOIS TENBIEG

## Mary, Help of Christians

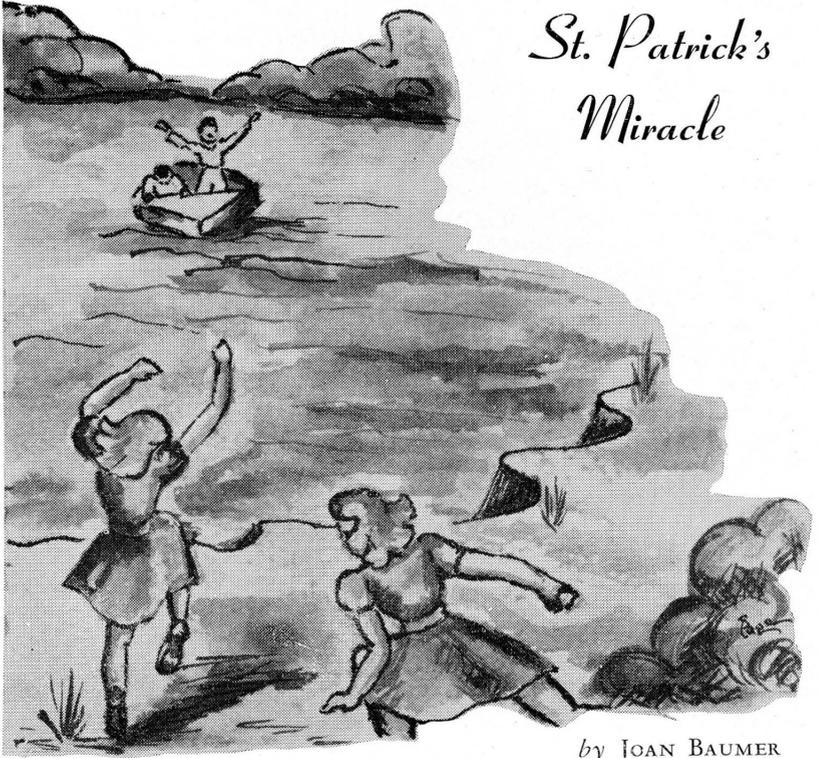
In this 20th century, many of our hurrying cynics, as do the "moderns" in any century, contend that there are no such things as miracles. Yet we know differently. Has science ever successfully explained miracles? Nothing supernatural can be perfectly clear to our finite intellects. But what of the appearance of Mary to the children of Fatima? What of the preserved roses clinging to the statue of our Lady in Canada? We Catholics accept these without question. Almost too blandly, in fact. Can we ever become blase toward miracles? Hardly. We just don't realize the significance of them. We call such things as these "minor" miracles. A paradox indeed! But notice. In these cases, who has been the medium? The one so interested in human affairs, so loving us as to divert herself for a time from

her complete happiness with her Son so as to give us, the proud masters of the universe, a word of advice or warning? It has been our Lady. She has repeatedly cautioned us about our wayward leanings, urging devotion to her rosary. This is not pride in the Blessed Mother, directing honor to herself, for the Church defines humility as knowing and accepting our virtues, and crediting them to God, using them for His glory and our good. How humble, then, is Mary. She knows the power of the rosary, knows her own power with Christ, and urges us to look to her, to ask for help, to show her we are desirous of her heavenly aid. She must also have an infinite patience, to try, as it were, to force favors upon us. Call it patience or call it love. The call is repeated to us now. Let us use her chaplet to save the world.

—Patricia Parker



## *St. Patrick's Miracle*



by JOAN BAUMER

Father was inclined to take a very sensible attitude toward the whole thing. But Kitty maintained it was a miracle. Old Mrs. Flanagan said it was Irish Nick's fault that Kitty got such an idea. I guess the rest of us will never know for sure.

It was Irish Nick who has a shoe repair shop next door to the grocery store that started it. Kitty went down to have her shoes half-soled one Saturday morning. Irish Nick is just that. Few know his last name. It is Italian, which is what his father was. But his mother was an O'Leary who came from County Cork just like our Grandpa Shana-

han did. Nick had red hair when he was young, father says. He knows more stories about leprechauns and the "wee folk" than anyone in our town. Well, that Saturday morning Kitty was gone for two hours having her shoes repaired. At noon mama sent me to get her. I'm ten, but people say I'm serious and act older than Kitty who's my twin. Kitty likes people and stories and especially people like Irish Nick who tell such wonderful stories. At the shoe shop Kitty was sitting on an old box—even though she had on a clean dress—listening to Irish Nick who

was telling her about St. Patrick and how he performed some special miracle each St. Patrick's day. I had to tell her three times to come home for dinner before she would listen to me.

Kitty didn't say much about Irish Nick's story until the 17th of March, which was a week later. We always celebrate St. Patrick's Day in our town because most of the people are Irish. But even people like Mr. Myer, the banker, wears green and tries to say "*Erin go braugh*" with his German accent. Of course, there was no school. Kitty and I had a big day planned.

Right after dinner we were out in the yard playing St. Patrick driving out the snakes. Kitty was St. Patrick and I was a big snake. I was being stubborn about leaving and Kitty said she didn't think I should act like that. Just then we saw the boys.

We had been having a week of spring weather which father said wouldn't last. Our brother John had asked that morning if he and his friend Terry couldn't get out the "Tar Baby." Father said no, the river was still high and the water cold. But now we saw them sneaking around to the garage and looking as if they had a secret. We forgot St. Patrick and the snakes and ran to watch.

The Tar Baby is a boat John and Terry built last summer. They're both in the 8th grade and are smart. Kitty and I think John is the smartest boy in his room and Terry next smartest. But we never tell them so, for boys don't like

that. John and Terry give us money for ice cream cones sometimes and once they took us riding on their bikes. But mostly they want us to leave them alone. That's why we went around to the back of the garage now and peeked at them through the window. They were talking to Tar Baby just as we do to our dolls. "Good ol' boat," they'd say, and, "Look at her. No other boat like her!" When they built the boat it kept springing leaks, so they had to always carry a bucket of tar with them to fix up the new holes. Finally they started calling her "Tar Baby."

As we watched the boys they fastened the front of the Tar Baby to John's bike. The back of the boat was wired to the front of Terry's bike. Then off they drove. They had a hard time keeping together and it was easy for Kitty and me to follow. Besides, we soon knew where they were going, so we took short-cuts and got to the river just after they did.

Our river isn't very big. Usually it isn't very deep, only now with the spring rains it was. That was why father told the boys not to take the boat out. But I know that when John saw the Tar Baby he couldn't help taking her down to the river anyway.

Kitty and I hid by an old shack a little bit down from where the boys were. We watched them put the Tar Baby in the water, shove away from the bank and go floating off.

Suddenly something happened. The Tar Baby must have sprung a

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*Miss Curry was ready to say*

## *Finis*

by RITA SMALL

The sign on the frosted glass of the door read "Timothy Perkins, M.D." The door itself was unpolished and creaked a little because Dr. Perkins never remembered to oil the hinges. It opened now and a tall, spare woman came out into the musty smelling hall. She walked erectly, as though she might be wearing iron braces on her slim shoulders. Her hair was not gray, but a very faded shade of brown and she wore it drawn back from her pale, pinched face. A pair of gold-rimmed spectacles rested upon the bridge of an aquiline nose, and beneath the thick lenses her eyes were light and lusterless. Her name was Sarah Curry and she was going to die—very soon Dr. Perkins had said. Her heart jumped at the thought, but her sturdily-clad feet found their way unflinching down the rickety stairway, and out into the street. She stood for a moment on the sidewalk, planning her best course of action. "I'll have my dinner first," she thought. "I'll have my dinner, and I'll wait until I'm home before I think about—anything." She walked decisively down the street, turning now and then to speak to someone, but never exchanging more than a mere hello.

Miss Sarah was not one to waste words—she had always prided herself on that score. And now she sauntered on into the gathering dusk toward Mrs. Martin's Restaurant. Her mind returned now to the office which she had just left.

Dr. Perkins' diagnosis had come as something of a surprise to Miss Sarah. The dizzy spells had begun such a long time ago that she had come to accept them as part of her daily life. She had ignored them determinedly for more years than she cared to remember, but a few weeks ago she had been stricken at her uncluttered desk in the office of "The Hortonville Herald." Mr. Larrimer, usually brusque and unsympathetic, had been alarmed into a sort of frightened tenderness. It was at his insistence that she had gone to see Dr. Perkins and had answered his patient questions and had finally submitted to an X-ray. Miss Sarah had returned to the doctor's office this evening, confident that he would say her dizzy spells and nagging headaches were due to overwork and nothing more. He would probably advocate rest, but that was impossible. She was fifty and jobs were not so plentiful that one could afford to risk losing the security of a fair-paying position.

Dr. Perkins had been solicitous and unnaturally gentle, but Miss Sarah was not a person to be put off. "I want to know what's the matter with me, Doctor. I want you to tell me the truth." Dr. Perkins had stammered a little before the piercing gaze of her colorless eyes, but he had told her, very simply and directly. "You are suffering from a brain tumor, Miss Curry, an incurable growth which could have been removed successfully, had you come to me sooner. I'm afraid I can't offer you much encouragement. You see, Miss Curry, you aren't going to get well."

Miss Sarah had paled slightly, and her usually steady hands had begun to tremble. Her throat had felt dry and burry—"How long, Doctor? How—how long?" And her pulse had quickened at the quiet finality of his answer.

"A month—six weeks, perhaps. I—can't be sure. I'm sorry." Sorry—an empty enough word when applied to the burning out of a human life.

Miss Sarah came back to the present with a start. She didn't really want any dinner—not now. She turned the corner and walked the half-block to her room at Mrs. Casey's. It was growing dark now and Miss Sarah felt a chill of unfamiliar loneliness. She ascended the steep flight of stairs to her bedroom softly, not wanting to see anyone. She opened the door of her neat little chamber, and stepped quickly inside, wanting to escape the roominghouse sounds and the chattering Mrs. Casey. The patchwork quilt on the iron bedstead looked cruelly bright and she was

suddenly glad of the approaching darkness. She undressed almost automatically without a light, and hung up her clothes methodically. Walking to the window she opened it, and breathed deeply of lilacs and fresh air. Miss Sarah turned back the covers of her bed and knelt for a moment beside the window. She got up and drew herself carefully into bed, pulling the cool sheet over her. Her head ached dully, but she was strangely relaxed. She thought of tomorrow and planned carefully; Miss Sarah always planned her days and tomorrow would be no exception.

She would not tell Mrs. Casey the whole truth. Mrs. Casey was emotional and Miss Sarah hated any show of emotion. She would simply explain that the doctor had ordered her to a rest home for a month or two. Then she would go down to the office and tell Mr. Larrimer the same story, offering her resignation. A few moments at the bank to straighten out her financial affairs—a cousin in Connecticut was listed as beneficiary on her insurance policy, so there was nothing to worry about, really. Day after tomorrow she would pack her few personal belongings. Dr. Perkins had arranged for her admittance to a rest home. Strange how simple it all was—no one would really miss her—things would go on as always and they would forget very soon that there had been a Miss Sarah Curry.

A gentle breeze blew across the foot of the bed, and there was no sound in the room except for a heavy, regular breathing; Miss Sarah was asleep.

*Childhood memories of*

## *A Stay at the Seashore*

by HELEN A. GONZALEZ

I was about six years old when my mother first took me on an ocean voyage to one of the southern islands to spend the summer. My grandfather's villa, where we lived, was about a hundred feet from the seashore. It commanded an unobstructed view of the white sand beach, and beyond it the wide expanse of blue water. To a city-bred child, whose aquatic experience was confined to the wading pools in the parks, the sight of all that water was an overwhelming experience.

For weeks after our arrival, I spent the mornings looking out on the sea, watching the big rollers come in. That the rollers would break and disappear upon hitting the shore was a source of wonder to me. I wanted them to come in farther, and perhaps break just outside our door, but they always seemed to know where they were supposed to stop, and stop they did. I watched them gleefully as they headed toward shore—the little ones, the bigger ones, and the mountainous ones. Their load of foamy bubbles danced as the rollers travelled, only to vanish upon hitting the shore.

I had been told stories of little

fairies who rode the waves on mornings when nobody could see them. I wondered where those fairies came from, and where they went when the waves reached the shore. My imaginative mind drew a miniature city in the middle of the sea, where all the fairies lived and played. I could see them being awakened by the light of the moon and coming out of their little houses, calling their neighbors out to play. I could hear their lilting laughter, their little squeals of delight, as they tried to catch a wave to ride on. Each having caught her own, I could imagine them gliding 'round and 'round, and finally heading out to shore. But what happened to them when the waves disappeared? I decided that each caught a bubble and encased herself in it, returning to the fairy city through some underwater current.

The rollers did not come in everyday. There were many days when the sea looked as smooth as glass. On such days it was my favorite pastime to gaze 'way out into the distance where the sea seemed to meet the sky. I thought of the shore on the other end of the sea, and wondered if a little girl was looking out of her window

and wondering about the side I was on. Did she know about the little water fairies, and didn't she, too, wish she could see them in the moonlight? I keenly regretted the fairies' allergy to humans, for I wished that I might play with them on the shore some evening when

no one else was around. Maybe they had observed how children's games on the shore turned to quarrels. Maybe they were perfectly content to stay away from the complexes and evils of civilization, as some people who are part of it wish they could do at times.

## *Suppressed*

by ALICE REDMOND

She sat in the swing upon the porch and swayed to and fro with unbroken regularity. Fatigue caused her muscles to ache until her whole body was filled with pain. The day at work had been unbearable, for the heat of August had reached its peak. The air seemed ominously still. In the east shone sporadic flashes of pink lightning. Neighbors discussed the weather as they sprinkled their parched lawns. Somewhere down the block a baby cried. From the house she heard the rumbling of her brothers' voices as they discussed a matter which she sensed was important. Her father sat before the radio and through the door she could see the anxious expression on his face as his team played a losing game. The rolling movement of the swing lulled her into semi-sleep. The past year with all its horror ran through her tortured mind. The tears were there but she would not shed them.

"Gretchen! Gretchen! There's work to be done!"

The rasping voice came from the kitchen. The girl, startled, left the swing and opened the screened door. An unexpected wall of heavy air struck her nostrils and stunned her. Her father smiled at his eldest daughter and the action oddly irritated her. Her brothers sat on the sofa and their voices were now raised. She hastened from the room and walked through the dining room into the kitchen. Her mother stood ironing Jim's white shirt.

"Them dishes have to be washed. Don't know why you don't do a little more to help me," she whined.

Gretchen, without a word turned and clenched the edge of the sink. The impulse to scream enveloped her, but she stifled it.

As she looked out the window a streak of lightning jagged across the darkened sky. Thunder answered and the torrents fell.

## SILVER SONATA

Blue and silver sky,  
Black and silver tree—  
Blue and silver,  
Black and silver,  
Both belong to me.  
A silvery sidewalk holds traces of rain  
And grass at its edges as ragged as flame,  
Till boisterous Wind comes rioting through,  
Changing the silver to black or deep blue,  
Makes from the shadows a silvery frame  
And races away with no sign that he came.  
For every tree's shadow is back in its place,  
And the moonbeams wait still with a silvery grace—  
Hills silhouette  
In my memory,  
Blue and silver,  
Black and silver—  
Dream eternally.

—*Josephine Powell*



*A devotee essays on*

## *Modern Art*

*by SARAH PAGE*

Art is not a slavish master forcing man to create. It is not a tiresome drudgery of imitating the works of God. No, art is none of these things. According to the Scholastic philosophy, art is a virtue of doing. Art is gay, free, expressive, enchanting—a tool by which man may rise above his ordinary station to work with God in the creating of things pleasing to behold. Webster says art is that which is produced by skill and taste. Others are content merely to call it man-made beauty. Art never stands still but is always being given new interpretations. Thus around the nineteenth century and even a little earlier, progressive artists saw in it a means of conveying their emotions and experiences to the public by the use of different techniques, color harmonies, and modes of presentation. This has gradually become known as modern art. As with anything new,

misunderstandings have arisen concerning this school. An exploration into this novel and exciting world of art might prove adventurous as well as beneficial. However, before attempting this journey, a review of certain art principles is probably in order that we may view this world with open eyes and mind.

First of all, what constitutes a good picture? The basic requirement is good design, that is, an interesting distribution of lines and spaces. This may be supplemented with color, lights and darks, or texture; but the design itself must be well planned, much as an architect's blueprint. The artist must, of course, have something to express. The picture should arouse some emotion in the beholder even though it may not be the same emotion that prompted the artist to this act of creation. All of these qualities may be found in good modern art.

## MODERN ART

Frequently people will walk past pictures they consider good and proper with a patronizing nod, yet when confronted with a modernistic painting, they pause and study it for a few minutes or they may return for a more minute inspection. When asked for an explanation for this seemingly paradoxical behavior, they are unable or frequently unwilling to give a reason. The truth of the matter is that some inner response or emotion has been summoned by the picture. They may only like the colors chosen by the artist, his design, or simply the feeling they experience looking at the picture. Very often this is where misunderstanding "creeps in on little cat feet." It is not required that one like *everything* about a picture. This might prove impossible. There will be, however, something about a good picture that will appeal to almost everyone if he only takes the time to appreciate it.

The artist of today is seeking to recreate the unhampered emotions expressed by the primitive man in his simple line drawings. This is difficult and presents an intricate problem to the artist because we are so involved in a complex social system that oftentimes even our smallest actions must be taken with regard to their influence upon others.

Perhaps you might say that Picasso's "Woman with a Mandolin" does not at all resemble a woman. Maybe it is not an exact reproduction. The artist was content to leave the reproduction of things as

they appear to be to the photographer. He is probably only seeking to convey his conception of the subject as it may be expressed by line or color. If you claim to see red when angry, you ought give the artist the right to see greens or blues as representing his mood.

Perhaps a better understanding of the principles and aims of modern art may be gained by a brief introduction to a few of the modern schools of painting. One of the most interesting of these schools is that of the Impressionists. Their paintings are apt to be very atmospheric in that they put most of their emphasis on light effects. Line and form have disappeared into the background leaving only a hazy notion as to definite boundaries. The sharp modeling of objects is gone. Especially beautiful are the colors used by students of this school, which are well illustrated in the landscapes of Van Gogh and Cezanne's still lifes. Gone are the dull grays and browns formerly used, and in their place have appeared lively, vibrant colors which seemingly disintegrate, melt, to create a very beautiful and charming effect which is curiously realistic.

An outgrowth of Impressionism is Cubism, the origin of which is usually attributed to Pablo Picasso, a Spaniard. The fundamental aim of Cubism lies in reducing form to geometric planes and rearranging these planes to give a truer emotional expression than was originally given. Movement is their main ob-

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# Adelbert and Adeline

## A Tale of Abyssinia

by JEAN AND CAROL MORTLOCK

Up on the decorated balcony the Emperor's very impressive messenger thundered forth the decree of the Ruler of Abyssinia. The sun beat down upon the crowded square below as he droned on and on about numerous laws, tax regulations, tax exemptions, higher wages for camels, etc. etc. He cautioned the people about minor violations of the past, and warned them about the infraction of rule 66, page 299, concerning very precious and scarce ostrich eggs. To quote: "They shall henceforth be transported in fortified baskets to comply with specifications of the Office of Internal Baskets." Its by-law stated that the eggs should be placed in separate containers when carried any distance exceeding five *grammometers*. And under no condition were the people permitted to put all their eggs in one basket.

These last words had warmed the heart of Adelbert, hero of our story, and recent pledge of the *10th Precinct of the Internal Basket Association*. He had been hoping against hope that a more rigid enforcement of this law would be effected so that he would be able to get a corner on the market of baskets in his home town. It was through a misty haze that Adelbert heard

the conclusion of the messenger's speech for his mind could think of nothing but the probability of his great fortune, and of the good time he would have relating this bit of news to his wife, Adeline. He hastily climbed upon his donkey and rode toward Abbeyville. Still in this happy state of mind he arrived home one month later.

It is sad to say that his wife, Adeline, gave him little encouragement in this noble venture. She constantly harassed poor Adelbert with allusions to her more prosperous cousin, whom she had not seen in the past twenty years. Nevertheless, she continued to compare Adelbert's meager basket-making establishment with her cousin's large goat herd, and she could not understand why she had ever allowed Adelbert to begin in such a business. This constant bickering proved to be too much for Adeline's nerves, and in search of consolation she joined the Veiled Circle whose purpose remains rather cloudy. Meetings which lasted the entire day were held every Wednesday in the greatest of secrecy. As a consequence of this Adelbert was often forced to leave his basket establishment earlier than usual to prepare the supper for his wife and

## ADELBERT and ADELINÉ

himself. He had come to enjoy his work so much that he hated to leave it, and on this particular evening Adelbert stayed to put the finishing touches upon a favorite basket of his. For this reason he arrived home late.

For fear of antagonizing his wife with a tardy supper he hurried to the kitchen, put some wood in the stove, and set about to read the papyrus leaf upon which Adeline had listed the menu for the evening meal. The menu called for baked beans. But before deciphering the letters thoroughly Adelbert ran into the back yard, picked some berries off the nearest bush and threw them into a pan of steaming water on the stove. He had scarcely finished the numerous other preparations when he saw Adeline approaching the house with an unexpected dinner guest—the village's most prominent socialite.

As the two ladies entered the house a strange and somewhat burnt odor met them. Adeline immediately thought that the beans were burning, and she vowed to herself that never again would she trust her husband with supper. Leaving her guest to amuse herself, she went into the kitchen and looked into the pot to see thick, boiling, black liquid. To endeavor to describe Adeline's reactions would be futile. Let it suffice to say that she was beyond consolation. After giving Adelbert several pieces of her mind she determined that she would not let her guest suspect that anything was amiss, and being a rather shrewd

woman, decided that the black liquid would be served as a recently discovered beverage. She immediately set about convincing her guest that it had been imported from Persia, and was extremely expensive. The socialite went home that evening convinced that honey in a black mess of beans was the newest thing for the first course. Adelbert was very much relieved that his dinner had been such a huge success, and said something to this effect to his wife. However, she refused to forgive him and insisted that the woman would find out that it was all a hoax and ruin her socially.

Such situations have a way of surprising those who are responsible. The next day one of the leading merchants of the village approached Adelbert to inquire where he had obtained the berries for this wonderful new drink that everyone was talking about. As Adelbert was about to make known his mistake Adeline swished through the draperies at the rear of the shop, and announced that a cousin of hers, an importer, was able to get the beans in very small quantities from Persia. After hearing her story the merchant requested a sample of this "remarkable liquid." A few sips assured him of its advantages and he generously offered to market them and to give Adelbert a due share in their profits. After receiving his wife's consent Adelbert agreed to sell the beans to the merchant. It seemed that Adeline's dream of wealth was going to be

*(Please Turn to Page 38)*

# *Song of the Shirt*

## *100 Years After*

by MARY PATRICIA SULLIVAN

*Work-work-work!  
My labor never flags;  
And what are its wages?  
A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread — and rags.  
That shattered roof — this naked  
floor —  
A table — a broken chair —  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I  
thank  
For sometimes falling there!*

Thus sang Thomas Hood in a poem which shocked England and the rest of the world one hundred years ago. "The Song of the Shirt" exposed conditions in factories and sweat shops throughout London. These conditions were not new ones, but most of the public were not aware of them. This poem, together with others like the earlier works of Charles Dickens, "The Cry of the Children" by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, *Mary Barton* by Mrs. Gaskell, and Charles Kingsley's *Alton Locke* cried for reform by portraying conditions so graphically that it was impossible to ignore them.

Labor discontent was largely the result of the Industrial Revolution.

Along with the change over all England from man power to machine power another change was taking place. As competition from factories grew, more and more people were forced to leave their rural home industry and go to the city to earn a living. The new life in the factories or in the mines with its rigid discipline so new to the country people and the poor living conditions was a bitter ending for those who had come to the city to gain fame and fortune. Fortune!

During the time which Hood laments the average working day was fourteen hours long. Women and children were preferred for much of the work because they could be paid even less than the paltry sum earned by the men. From the already meager wages there were usually extracted fines for tardiness or minor carelessness. Because of the pittance paid the worker, it was often necessary for his whole family including very young children to go to work. Sometimes children under six years of age worked from before day-

## SONG OF THE SHIRT

light until after dark, never enjoying the warmth and light of the sun.

From the viewpoint of a hundred years of progress we look smugly back and say, "Why didn't the government do something for those poor people?" But the government felt no responsibility for this at first. It had developed a *laissez faire* attitude toward business; consequently, little effort was made on the part of public officials to initiate any reforms. Private individuals did try to do something to aid the workers; they managed to push some reform bills through Parliament. However, the greatest amount of good done for the worker was brought about by a long struggle of the laboring class itself. By organizing into labor unions the working man was able, in the course of time, to make his voice heard above the clink of coins.

Throughout the intervening years the worker has advanced steadily, not only in England but in the United States as well, until now his interests are regarded as quite important when a new program is begun.

The sweat shops with their unsanitary working conditions have for the most part disappeared and clean, light, airy working places have taken their place. Employers are taking measures to see that their workers are protected against sickness and accidents. Another innovation which would have seemed strange to the 19th century worker is the hospitalization plan which so many of the large corporations

have provided for their employees. In the "good old days" if a worker was absent because of illness, it was more than likely that he would lose his job.

Of course, no one would say that the lot of the worker is even now perfect. In the mining industry, for example, the conditions are scarcely better than those of the sweat shops. The miners are forced to work in unsafe mines which could end in the headlines as did the Centralia disaster. However, the mines are not the only disagreeable aspect of the workers' life. For the most part they must live in company-owned shacks and buy their supplies in company-owned stores. Often their whole salary is absorbed by their standing debt to the company.

Statistics show that over one-half of the workers now employed in this country do not have medical services provided for them. These are mainly the employees of small companies which cannot afford to hire doctors. Gradually more and more employers are coming to realize that protection of workers' health and safety pays in dollars and cents. They understand that the old time sweat shop operator could have reaped even greater profits had he tried to help his employees a little more.

May the worker never lose the place of prestige he now enjoys! May we never have to wail the lament voiced by Hood:

*"Ob, God, that bread should be so  
dear  
And flesh and blood so cheap . . ."*

# Supervising the Painter

by MIRIAM SCHOPP

The age of accommodating labour is past; in fact the procuring of labour practically belongs to that era, and the most leisurely have been obliged to turn themselves into their own keepers. These cooks and housekeepers of necessity frequently find their new occupations distressing, but sometimes the labour that does come to the rescue proves even more so.

The long absence of a coat of paint had caused the bleak gray walls of the kitchen to reek with woeful gloom. A narrow gay border of frolicsome Dutch children with scampering geese at their feet, extended completely along the center of the wall, and made the kitchen's plight more pitiful. Each morning the walls diffused more dismalness, and breakfast became a meal eaten in dejection. Peeling paint gave the ceiling a scowling countenance and the family below mirrored it. When Mama successfully persuaded a painter to be hired for a day, everyone congratulated her.

The door bell rang at an early hour the next day, but it was quite shocking when a frail, elderly little man presented himself as the painter. His manner was so strik-

ingly aesthetic that at first Mama thought he had come to paint a portrait, but his equipment assured his intention, and Mama ushered him into the kitchen doubting his capability.

He surveyed the four walls and a ceiling with the seriousness of a great artist measuring his subject. In a grave voice he said, "The room is in a poor condition but I am confident that I will be able to restore it." I felt as if he were going to add, "Chin up."

He unwrapped the paper covering his cans of paint and Mama gasped—the label on each read "scarlet." The labels should have read "cream" to match the bulk of the needed paint in our supply. Utterly unperturbed, and in true creative style he took a ladle and began mixing the two shades in an empty pail, saying "a little of this and a little of that and then we will see what we will get." What we "got" was a delicate shrimp pink, which Mama called salmon and for which she was critically corrected. He immediately set to his task of mixing the rest of the paint and gave the impression of experimenting with the shades on a palette. Half an hour later he

## SUPERVISING THE PAINTER

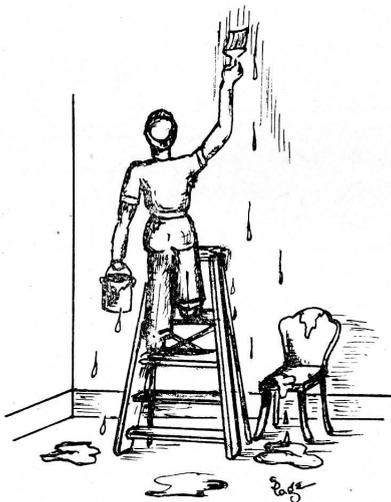
had begun the job of painting, brandishing the paint brush in deliberate strokes, and at regular intervals stepping back to scrutinize his efforts. His face reflected deep absorption and when Mother interrupted him to ask that he remove the curtains from the window, he complied but was obviously annoyed and said "I'm composing." It seemed that painting gave him inspiration to poetical lines. Mama rescued the sugar bowl from the

table just before a blotch of paint fell. I heard Mama say, "Please be more careful—you've spotted the kitchen table. Can you take it up with turpentine?" The painter replied, "I've lost it, it's gone."

"The turpentine?"

"No, my train of thought."

For the rest of the day the painter was left to himself in the kitchen because we didn't dare disturb his composition of poetry and because we were afraid to view our pink kitchen. The pungent odor of paint oil was already putting us into a state of nausea, and our spirits sank lower from the inconvenience of doing without food (an aspect no one had previously pondered). By six-thirty he was finished and everyone was violently hungry. Mama put the soup on the stove to heat before she paid the painter, whose serious air was lessened by a suspicion of a smile, which the gay shade of pink must have inspired. Breakfast would never again be eaten in dejection. As the painter left he handed Mama a card: "Harvey Henderson—painter, piano tuner, and teacher of the clarinet."



"Good is never done except at the cost of those who do it."

—Cardinal Newman

## PLACE OF PEACE

Heavy laden perfumed mist  
Envelopes me.  
The comforting warmth welcomes  
My weary body,  
And bids it lie in rest.  
No distractions here annoy me—  
I can think my best.  
When drooping eyelids fall  
In breathless wonder,  
A harsh voice from down the hall  
Cries, "Aren't you coming  
Out of that tub, at all?"

—*Barbara Hipp*

## TO A JANUARY SUN

Cold, cold sun,  
Gleaming down through starving black trees,  
You white sooty snows  
And cruelly bathe gray houses in floodlight,  
Too bright, unfriendly,  
Flaunting your brittle goldness wide,  
You glance off polished ponds and rails,  
Causing me to shade my eyes  
From your reflected brilliance.

—*Jeanne Gallagher*

## THE RESURRECTION

A white rose is stained with martyr blood  
And the red rose, adorned and burdened with thorns,  
Wilts on the tree of life.  
In the garden of life  
A white rose grows,  
Stronger, more luminous,  
As the blood drains from the wilted flower.  
The last dried brown petal drops,  
And the beauty of the white glory  
Is triumphantly heralded by angel hosts  
Revealed in love to  
Mary Magdalene.

—*Lois Tenbeig*

# Summer Heat

by AMY SNAPP

The summer heat lay in waves along the dusty road. It shimmered and danced off into the parched grass. A small dusky child with a mane of long black hair came skipping through the heat and dust. She was dressed in rags, and her face was dirty, but her dark eyes shone as brightly as the great gold hoops in her pierced ears. She was singing a song in a strange language, a wierd plaintive song. She had reached what seemed to be the end of the tune, when she heard the rattle of a carriage. She leaped from the road into the grass along the side. Soon a large carriage drawn by two dusty white horses came into view. It whirled through the dust and suddenly came to a halt beside the child. The door opened and a lady in a stiff, purple taffeta dress stepped out.

"Come here, child," she called,

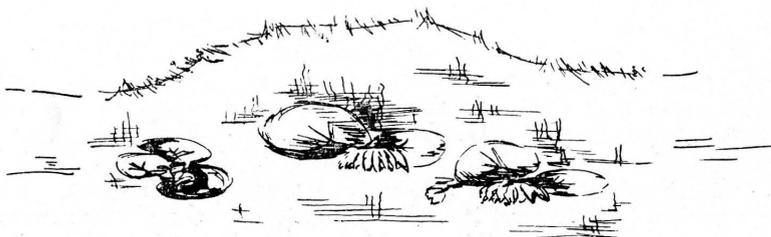
and the girl squeezed lower into the short grass.

"Come here and I'll give you a dollar," the lady called again, and the small gypsy's eyes began to sparkle, and slowly she shuffled through the dust. The lady held out her hand and the girl reached out a grimy fist and grabbed the shiny silver dollar. She backed slowly away and turning, darted off into the nearby forest.

The lady sighed and climbed back into her carriage.

"I felt so sorry for the poor, hungry little thing," she said to her companion as the carriage rattled off through the heat and dust.

In the cool, damp forest the little gypsy laid her new dollar on the soft earth, and reaching inside her pocket, brought out a handful of coins. She began to hum the sad song again as she ran her fingers through the pile of silver.



# *A Night to Remember*

by BETTY BURK

It was a sultry night in June that I set forth on a mission which gave me the most impressive and unforgettable experience of my life—the privilege of observing the birth of a day.

It was my first “night shift” on my Father’s farm. The red Farm-all filled with gas, water, and oil was fresh and eager to begin the night’s work. As I pushed into fourth gear while going down the dusty, dirt road toward the field, the motor hummed beautifully on all four cylinders and seemed to say, “Let’s go. I’m strong and sure of myself. We’ll finish the field tonight.”

Fresh from an afternoon of sleep and clad in clean overalls, I was a little excited and tense about the extra responsibility and accurate co-ordination demanded of a night farmer. I was anxious to get to the field and hitch to the disc before the sun went behind the hill.

After a matter of about ten minutes we arrived at our destination—a thirty acre field that was flat and typical of the Illinois prairie. It was enclosed on all four sides by wire fencing because it had formerly been a pasture. This was

virgin soil and if cared for correctly was sure to raise a “bumper” crop. As we drove in the gate I could still catch a glimpse in fading twilight of the sweet clover field ahead to the east, the grove of sugar maples to the south, and the green pastures to the north. I hurried to “hitch up” while the last ray of light remained.

The safety chain checked, the headlights turned on, and the motor in third gear, I set to work for the night. At last I was truly a modern farmerette. I drove to the center of the field, found the “dead furrow,” and divided the field into quarters. The worst worry in the past, I was now ready for the “kill.”

After the first ten rounds it was fun, for by this time I had gotten the “feel” of the field—just how far from the ridge I must keep the front left wheel in order to cover the ridge made by the previous round and the distance I could go on the ends before making a “spin on a dime” curve. All this had become habitual with me and I could take time to notice things and daydream.

It seemed as though the moment I looked at the sky it became aglow

with flirtatious diamonds darting about on a strip of black velvet. It was "dark of the moon" but I could catch glimpses of the Northern lights. Somewhere in the thick grove of sugar maples a bird trilled a sleepy good-night and crickets in the sweet clover chatted endlessly.

The night wore on and the soft stillness turned to a chilly breeze. I stopped to put on my jacket and the engine roared louder than it had earlier in the evening. Maybe it just sounded that way because we were alone, the tractor and I, on a level field late at night and it was lonesome. At the time I thought it was becoming a bit stiff, like my back, from careening over the heavy clods.

I heard a whinny in the pasture next to us—it must have been my horse, Melody. I was lonesome. I asked him how he was. A bullfrog in the pasture pond answered, "Br-r-r-k." I thought Melody said, "O.K."

My eyes felt heavy and the sensation in my back changed from stiffness to dull pain. My head became tired of holding itself erect on my shoulders and I slumped forward on the wheel and stretched out my legs to relieve the pressure. Once I tried standing up but the end of the "through" came too soon and I almost missed the turn.

Suddenly out of nowhere came hundreds of bugs darting back and forth in front of me trying to get down my jacket collar and getting into my eyes. I fought at them with my arm. Millions of them swarmed in front of the headlights making the reflection of light almost impossible. After what seemed

an hour they disappeared as quickly as they had come.

Then the most remarkable thing happened! The stars seemed to go out in a flash as if God had turned an electric switch in heaven to prevent their glow and the sky and everything close to me was enveloped in a black shroud. I could not even distinguish the outline of my hand, so penetrating was the blackness. Immediately there came a heavy fog swirling in front of the headlights like angry water. I was no longer able to detect the front wheel so I cut off the engine. Stillness and fog prevailed and I thought I was in a different world—maybe I had died and this was that pool of swirling blackness that one goes through before he gets to his destination after death.

Miraculously, I was whisked back to earth, the cloud had begun to rise in a layer and the sky was left a dark gray. The sugar maples made a silhouette of jet black against it and on the eastern horizon, above the sweet clover field, was a circle of white which turned into pink, then a deep rose, and later a fiery red. Everything surrounding me, including the tractor and my own hair, looked and smelled clean with the morning dew.

I found I had only two more rounds to make so I hurriedly finished the field and started homeward. As I drove into the lane a rooster crowed loud and mighty as if to tell the neighbors what time I was getting in.

The gas gurgled in its tank as I turned off the ignition. I patted the radiator. Tractor was a good

## NIGHT TO REMEMBER

worker. In a few hours Dad would fill her up again and she'd have to go through the same grind in the hot sun. She was used to it now—poor tractor.

I was more fortunate than the Farmall. I could slip under the cover and think—think about the

astounding miracle I had witnessed. The same miracle happens daily and I had missed it all these years. My eyes closed automatically and I stretched out. How good God is—what a wonderful miracle the dawn is—how gorgeous—and sleep gathered me in her arms.

## ONE DEAD LEAF

One dead leaf on a tree  
The remains of a populous spring,  
Your brothers are free,  
Why are you bound still  
A shriveled, misshapen thing?  
One dead leaf on a tree  
Hanging listless, like a hopeless sigh,  
Can anything be  
So alone and still,  
Save a man about to die?

—Lois Tenbieg

## GREEN CHEESE

"Green cheese!" muttered the moon  
And he rolled to the fore  
Hoping to cut from view  
The tale of the earthly war.  
"Do not they know," he asked in mocking derision,  
"That all injustices,  
Real or supposed,  
Can be appeased by fraternal sapience?"  
And yet while he spoke  
An offspring of Phoebus  
Nicked the old fellow's crag turreted surface.  
"Lunetta," he cried, "send me my forces.  
I cannot be imposed upon."

—Mary Jane Porter

## *Bustin' Out All Over*

by MARY P. MCCARTHY

I am sure of it now, and I will tell you how I came to know.

Down on the old corner lot the neighborhood kids organized a game of baseball. The teams resembled somewhat a cross patch quilt—all sizes, ages, colors, temperaments. Every head bore a baseball cap with bill nearly touching the nape of the neck. Shouts of "easy out"—"safe"—"strike three"—"take your base" could be heard blocks away. Excitement ran high and occasional disputes grew fiery.

Skyward multicolored kites dipped, dived, swooped, soared and spiraled with the help of the playful wind. They were like children attempting to pull away from an ever watchful parent; they sought escape into the "wild blue yonder."

Some unwise kites nosedived too low and were caught in the clutches of a widespread tree.

Everywhere that fun-loving children came together a game was organized. Champion marble shooters were in the making. Agile, hopping youngsters were completely absorbed in a fascinating game of hopscotch. Others tried their skill at jump the rope. Their sing song nonsense rimes were snatched up by the balmy March wind; faint strains of "Out went the doctor; out went the nurse; out went the lady with the aligator purse" lingered but momentarily.

And that is how I came to know that spring was here to stay—it was "just bustin' out all over."

# THE MAGNIFICAT

*This radio script is one of a series prepared and presented over a local station by members of the Legion of Mary, Praesidium of Mary Immaculate of Marian College.*

ANNOUNCER: During the coming week the Church will celebrate the feast of the Visitation. The historic evidence for this feast is found in the first chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke, wherein he relates the story of the visit of the Virgin Mary to the home of her cousin Elizabeth. When the angel Gabriel had announced to Mary that she was to be the Mother of the Messiah, he had also told her that her cousin Elizabeth was soon to give birth to the son whom we know as John the Baptist. Eager, as always, to be of help to others, Mary shielded her own secret and went on the trip over the hill country to help Elizabeth. It is easy to imagine how happy Mary was within herself at the consciousness of the Divine Burden she was carrying—the thought was ever present with her. When she entered her cousin's home, she was amazed to find that in some wondrous way Elizabeth already knew of her great grace. She greeted Mary with the words:

"Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." Mary's pent-up joy was released. In the realization that

Elizabeth already knew, Mary gave way to a song of exultation that has echoed and re-echoed since from the hearts of the faithful. We call this song the *Magnificat*, or the *Canticle of the Virgin*. The Praesidium of Mary Immaculate has prepared a short commentary on the significance of the verses of the hymn. ———— will read the commentary and ———— will present the words of the Virgin. The hymn will be sung by ———— with ———— at the organ.

*(Soprano solo, Gregorian chant, with organ accompaniment.)*

*(Organ in)*

MARY: *My soul magnifies the Lord and my Spirit rejoices in God my Savior.*

*(Organ out)*

COMMENTATOR: While Elizabeth marvels at the wonderful thing that has happened to her cousin, Mary's thoughts turn to Him Who has done this great thing—and to Him she directs the praise. Her soul would "magnify the Lord," would glorify Him, would rejoice for His great work. It is the keynote of joy, a happiness that no words can really express that Mary

utters in the simple phrase "my spirit rejoices in God my Savior."

We have all experienced moments of bliss, moments in which we have been supremely happy. As we recall such moments, reflecting the while, we can get some small notion of what Mary felt as her heart overflowed with joy at the goodness of God—He had given His Son to her. Her thoughts are all of Him.

She does not delay in pointing out the reason for her joy—

*(Organ in)*

MARY: *Because he has regarded the lowliness of his handmaid, for behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.*

*(Organ out)*

COMMENTATOR: There is no thought of self-glory in these words of the Virgin Mary. No, the thing at which she marvels is that one of her low station should be chosen for so high a dignity—such a dignity, she says, that from henceforth all generations—all people—will call her blessed. It is to her a wondrous thing that God should condescend to come and abide with her, and in humble sincerity she realizes that she has thereby been somehow set apart. With conscious conviction of God's great mercy in the Incarnation Mary continues:

*(Organ in)*

MARY: *Because He Who is mighty has done great things for me, and holy is His Name. And for generation upon generation is His mercy to those who fear Him.*

*(Organ out)*

COMMENTATOR: Mary identifies her benefactor by His attributes: he who is mighty, he who is Holi-

ness itself—these are the characteristics of the Omnipotent, the All-Holy God. And He shall continue to be merciful to man from generation to generation—as long as man is mindful of His proper relation to God. Mary is seeing in retrospect the mercy of God as shown in the history of the chosen people. She remembers special incidents as she sings:

*(Organ in)*

MARY:

*He has shown might in his arm,*

*He has scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart,*

*He has put down the mighty from their thrones, and has exalted the lowly.*

*(Organ out)*

COMMENTATOR: These acts, promised of the Messiah, are all being faithfully accomplished. Mary sees them as existing not only for the Jewish people, but for all who love God. She extols the virtue of humility—she says in other words what Her Son was later to announce—that the last shall be first and the first last; that the proud man would be confounded. Humility, as a Christian virtue, is much misunderstood. It is not a weak submission to all who would lord it over us—it is not a bowing down before the powerful of society. Humility is truth—it is seeing self for what it is. The humble man sees the greatness of God and his own worthlessness; he recognizes that whatever talent or power he has comes from God and is therefore nothing to be boastful about. With St. Paul, the humble man

## MAGNIFICAT

acknowledges "By the grace of God, I am what I am." Mary knows many instances of Jewish history to prove that the proud come to ruin while the humble are raised up to success.

(Organ in)

MARY:

*He has filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he has sent away empty.*

*He has given help to Israel, his servant, mindful of his mercy—*

*Even as he spoke to our fathers—to Abraham and to his posterity forever.*

COMMENTATOR: Mary announces again the promise that those who have their reward of plenty in this life need look for no other, but those who deny themselves on earth shall be bounteously rewarded hereafter. All this, she says, is according to the promise

to our father Abraham—and to all his posterity.

On the glorious note of promise and fulfillment the hymn ends.

(Organ swell—fadeout)

ANNOUNCER: The joy of Mary is crowned with the vibrant notes of humble gratitude and praise for the mercy of God to men which has now been carried to supreme bounty in the Divine Incarnation. Shall we not repeat the Canticle of the Virgin to thank God for this same favor which we share with Mary? Is it not especially fitting as a prayer of joy and thanksgiving to be repeated after we have received Our Lord in Holy Communion? Copy it from your Bible—or perhaps it is printed in your prayerbook. Pray it with Mary each day.

Pray it now as \_\_\_\_\_ sings it again—

(Organ—Soloist repeats the MAGNIFICAT)

Organ continues to TIME.

## ELEGY TO SPRING

It's spring again  
And lilacs bloom  
And joy is everywhere  
Save in acorner  
    of my heart  
Where I have buried you.  
Yes, I have buried  
My mem'ries of  
You and your every way  
But spring comes round  
And I find  
I've made a visit to your grave.

—Joan Baumer

# BOOKS

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## *Pilgrim's Inn*

by ELIZABETH GOUDGE

*But the sap rose from inexhaustible depths and the spring would come again.*

Thus, Elizabeth Goudge, in the closing sentence of *Pilgrim's Inn*, expresses a final act of faith in the compassion of man and the eventual happiness of society.

*Pilgrim's Inn* is a happy novel of post-war England, of the trials and readjustments of a typical English family. It is a happy novel of unhappy people trying to find a peg—a round and polished peg—on which to hang their lives. Miss Goudge waves no banner; she preaches no sermon. She claims to be only a storyteller. Yet through her characters effuses a philosophy—the gentle doctrine that age and love and wisdom are all bound up in one another and that one is not had without the other.

Lucilla Eliot, at eighty-six, is the dominating influence of the Eliot family, still directing the lives of her children and grandchildren.

She is the embodiment of the matriach of the last century, yet is the character most alert to today. She is the example, fundamentally responsible for the final inner-satisfaction of each character who comes under her influence: of her son, General George Eliot and his beautiful wife, Nadine, of her grandson, David, and of Sally Adair, daughter of the portrait painter, John Adair.

Miss Goudge paints her people with a sure hand. She is writing of today, the troublesome age she knows best, but with the charm and tranquillity of yesterday. With the possible exception of George, spent by the war, David and Nadine are the most representative of now, their illicit love, a testimony to the confusion of today. David could find the answer only by turning to the childlike Sally who “expressed loveliness by loving,” perhaps the best way. But the Sallys, whose whole life is giving, are not many and no real answer. George

## PILGRIM'S INN

could only wait for his wife's affection to mature into real love; he had no answer at all except that of time. It is from the women of Nadine's and Lucilla's temperament that the solution will come, only there are not many women of Lucilla's age remaining. It is the Nadines of today, therefore, who hold the power of releasing humanity from the grip of uncertainty. It is in the women of her calibre that Elizabeth Goudge places her faith.

Over all the author has thrown a misty atmosphere, a veil of unreality by the background of the Hampshire countryside, a magic woods and, above all, the house itself, "The Herb of Grace," which once was an inn for pilgrims. The charm of the old, graceful house is a rare charm. The mystical woods

hides an ancient chapel open even to the animals and contains one sacred place—a weeping willow, a cascading stream, or a clump of rue—which is the particular balm for each member of the family, even to the mischievous twins who expend every bit of their five year old energy.

The house casts its spell over everyone—the entire Eliot family; Sally and her father with his unusual insight into human nature; Hilary, the curate, a real good shepherd; Jim Malony and Annie Laurie, traveling show people whose lives become entangled with those of the Eliots; and Jill, nurse of the five Eliot children.

The characters are real, the setting is magnetic, and the story is beautiful, beautifully told.

—Mary Jane Porter

## *Fishers of Men*

by MAXENCE VAN DER MEERSCH

*Fishers of Men* describes the work of the Jeunesse Ouvriere Chretienne (J.O.C.) or the Young Christian Workers. This movement was founded by Abbe Joseph Cardijn, a young Belgian priest, who formulated the idea while imprisoned by the Germans in World War I for alleged collaboration with the allies. He realized, as Pope Pius XI declared many times, that the worker needs to be reminded of his dignity

as a worker, of his divine destiny, and of his "right to achieve that eternal destiny here below." Through his work in the slums of Brussels, Father Cardijn became convinced that some organization was necessary to assist young workers to overcome the deadening effects of a squalid environment and develop a completely Christian outlook. Although the J.O.C. is now a national organization, it first took

form in Clichy, a suburb of Paris, in 1927. At the beginning of the late war in Europe it was a force in the world of French industry.

Van der Meersch's story of the "conversion" of Pierre Mardyck begins several years before the war in the town of Roubaix, France. Pierre is a typical young working man but he is unsatisfied with his life as it is. By chance he meets a Jocist who gives him a handbill from the local club announcing the next meeting. Partly from curiosity, partly from want of something else to do, Pierre attends the meeting. Moved with a new hope for himself and for his fellows, he joins the J.O.C. The first section of the book deals with Pierre's initiation into the methods of the J.O.C., the disapproval and intolerance which he finds even within his own family, and the sacrifices, sometimes to the point of bloodshed, that are required of the members. He tells of his struggles to find work in his new standing. He sees the unfairness and graft of the employers, some of them supposedly practicing Catholics. The workers themselves develop an indifference to their job and sometimes take advantage of an honest and generous employer. Pierre gains the confidence of the younger boys of the town who come to him with their problems. Finally, he succeeds in obtaining a position in an industrial factory where he tries to establish a foothold for the organization.

Part two of the novel is concerned entirely with Pierre's attempts to foil the progress of the Communist elements in the factory.

The Communist leaders, by their bluff, mob appeal, and terrorist methods, influence the laborers to agree to a sit-down strike and to the possession of the factory. With his courageous and often clever attacks, Pierre gains everyone's admiration and some backers, even though he is not able to prevent the strike.

In the third part Pierre marries Lucy Hallewyn. He is now employed at a hosiery factory where he continues propagandizing the J.O.C. He relates the histories of some of the outstanding members of the group, all of them his personal friends. One young man named Siebel he particularly admires for his fine work in visiting the sick at their homes and in the hospital, showing that the *Jeunesse Ouvriere Chretienne* as "fishers of men" can bring hope to all in need.

The book is a documentary novel exposing the methods of the Jocist movement. In the words and actions of the characters the author manages to convey the Christian philosophy of the Young Christian Workers against the materialism of the industrial world. The author's frank, realistic approach may be upsetting to sensitive souls, but the details included are necessary to show true conditions among the workers. The setting of the story could be any industrial community and Pierre Mardyck any sincere young worker.

Van der Meersch's book is a tribute to the high-minded men of the *Jeunesse Ouvriere Chretienne* and interesting reading for any world-conscious person.

—ANTOINETTE PANGALLO

## Two Best Sellers

reviewed by MARY LOU REDER

The national importance of the racial problem is evident by the many books that have been written on this subject in the last few years. No, don't turn the page. This isn't any essay on the rights of man. This isn't a soap-box lecture or a clenched-fist sermon. It is a review of two of the above mentioned books. Two widely read editions concerning that touchy subject "Can men of different races and creeds live together peacefully?"

To us, as Catholics, the answer should be a simple "yes." We believe that all men are equal in the eyes of God. We believe, but do we answer "yes"—and mean it? Do we accept the negro as our next door neighbor willingly or do we accept him as a negro? Do we deal with the Jew as a man or do we deal with him as a Jew?

Laura S. Hobson in her book *Gentlemen's Agreement* and Sinclair Lewis in *Kingsblood Royal* have taken up this problem of racial hatred, but the final decision is in the hands of the millions of people who read these books. Can they destroy hate, man's deadliest enemy? Do they want to destroy hate? Are they indifferent? Are they ignorant?

Miss Hobson believes that people are indifferent and ignorant. They have formed a gentlemen's agreement about country clubs, hotels, beach resorts, etc. A gentlemen's

agreement. If you don't let your Jewish friend belong to the club, I'll keep mine away. A gentlemen's agreement. These people don't know that the thing they are doing is evil. In school they teach their children that all men are created equal but after school they absolutely forbid Johnny to play with Sammy. They don't mean to be prejudiced. They dislike people who are prejudiced. And they themselves, these people who don't realize that their silence, their ignorance, is hate's greatest weapon, are the ones who do the greatest harm, the ones who stimulate racial hatred. This is the theme of Miss Hobson's book. She develops this theme by having her hero pose as a Jew for six months for a series of articles that he is writing on the Jewish problem. His chief discovery is the subject matter of the book; mainly, that the greatest spreader of race hatred is the common man, not the soap box orator, or the fanatic, or the communist, but the man who remains silent, ignorant, the man who forms a gentlemen's agreement.

The second book, *Kingsblood Royal*, concerns the negro question. This book presents a problem—the hero, a prominent business man, well known and respected, discovers there is negro blood in his family. The book follows the presented problem; the hero loses the respect of his friends. He is the same

identical man, but the dreaded word "negro" has destroyed his position in the town. Then the book brings the problem to a climax—the townspeople attack him and attempt to burn his house. In resisting, his family is arrested. But the book goes no further. It does not solve the presented problem. This is left to the reader. If your next door neighbor discovered he was colored would your feeling for him remain the same? He would be the same, but would you be the same towards him? Mr. Lewis doesn't think so. He implies that at some future time prejudiced hatred might be extended to hill-billys, Irishmen, people with red hair, or even to men who wear polka dot neckties. Don't laugh, it is entirely possible. To be able to hate a man because he is of a different religion or a different race makes the hater capable of being prejudiced toward anyone who is different from him. No one is exempt. Everyone is capable of being hated.

These books are written with sincerity and honesty. Neither book is trivial. They have messages to deliver and they deliver them

with earnestness. Mr. Lewis doesn't exemplify the negro as a perfect individual. He shows his faults and shortcomings, but in so doing, gives him a more human appeal. Miss Hobson, perhaps, solves her problem of anti-semitism or, at least, shows in what aspect of life the problem is most evident and who is at fault for its continuance. Mr. Lewis does not solve the problem of anti-negroism; in fact, he implies that it rests in all people and can never be extracted. But, regardless of their faults—overemphasis of man's hatred for the negro on Mr. Lewis' part and a tendency to be melodramatic by Miss Hobson—these books are convincing and should bring the problem of racial hatred sharply and clearly to the reader's mind.

The lesson they teach is simple: To establish love, hatred must be abolished. Miss Hobson and Mr. Lewis believe that only the people can do this. All the books in the world will not create love unless love is in our minds and our hearts. Can we destroy hatred? Yes! Will we destroy hatred? The answer lies with you.

"Joy is the echo of God's life in us."

—*Don Columbia Marmion*

## ADELBERT and ADELINE *(Continued from Page 18)*

realized, and for a while, at least, her allusions to her wealthy cousin ceased entirely. News of Adelbert's good fortune spread far and wide so it is not surprising that one day in a city about fifty *grammometers* away Prospero, Adeline's cousin, heard of his success and decided that there might be a share of the profits available for a near relative. For this reason he decided to pay them a visit. He sold his goats and hurried off to Abbeyville.

Adeline was indeed surprised to see her cousin after so many years of separation, but she was very much pleased by his attentions and solicitations. They discussed their good fortunes, and when Prospero asked how they had come upon their "wonder bean" Adeline, forgetting all caution, poured out the secret of their success. When Prospero had gleaned this surprising information he immediately began to form his four-point plan of success whereby he intended to secure some profits for himself. His plan went like this:

1. Learn the secret of their success (a great deal of which he already had).
2. Gain their complete confidence.
3. Convince Adelbert and Adeline that it would be to their best interest to put Prospero in control of the business.
4. Exclude Adelbert and Adeline from all profits.

With the first step of his plan accomplished Prospero proceeded to work on the second. He offered to

help Adelbert around his store in the village, and he always made it a point to agree with Adeline. The third step was accomplished when he learned that Adelbert and Adeline had told everyone that he, Prospero, had been importing the beans and sending them to Adelbert. After this he did little or no work in the shop, and in time he even neglected to agree with all of Adeline's proposals. Instead he employed his time in making friends among the influential people of the village and in discussing his importing business with them. He often told them that it was becoming more and more difficult to secure the "mysterious beans" because of stringent trading laws, and eventually he made it known that it would not be too long before it would most likely be impossible to import the beans at all. Meanwhile, Adelbert and Adeline were beginning to doubt Prospero's good will toward them. It was not long until their suspicions were confirmed, for within a week his true character was revealed to them. Prospero made it clear that he would not import any more beans unless the entire business were transferred to him.

His words struck as lightning. Adelbert wailed, and Adeline wept, but to no avail. And they finally decided that there remained nothing for them to do except cater to every wish and whim of Prospero—for fear that he would make known their fraud. Their fear became so intense that they eventually

left the village and at Prospero's suggestion took up goat herding.

Naturally their feelings were very sore on the subject of their lost wealth. Adelbert declared that he, for one, would not look at another of those beans as long as he lived. Adeline agreed with him (she had been greatly subdued since she realized that she was responsible for their unfortunate state of affairs). And they both declared that they would never again drink that horrible and mysterious bever-

age because they had not slept a single wink since that first evening when they had served it to their guest. At first it had kept them awake dreaming of riches, and later had robbed them of their sleep for fear of having their secret betrayed.

We may laugh at Adelbert and Adeline for blaming their sleepless nights on a helpless little bean, but ever since their time sleepless nights have been resulting from the "mysterious liquid" which today is known as coffee.

## **ST. PATRICK'S MIRACLE** *(Continued from Page 9)*

leak, for the boys were going down. Kitty and I knew they hadn't brought the bucket of tar along. A leak meant trouble. The two of us screamed. "Swim, swim," shouted Kitty, racing along the bank. "We can't leave the Tar Baby. She'll sink," John yelled back. He wasn't surprised until later that we twins were there all of a sudden. I was getting scared and started to cry.

Then the man was there. We didn't see him come, but he was there all right. He threw a rope to the boys and Terry caught it. Then he pulled them in to the shore. As soon as they landed, the man told them to get home and out of their wet clothes. Then he hurried away.

It was that night at supper when Kitty told us about the miracle. She said it was like Irish Nick had told her. Mama asked what she

meant. "Why that man. He was St. Patrick. Today was his feast and he came to rescue John and Terry from drowning." Father said the only miracle he could see was that the boys hadn't both got pneumonia.

I knew Kitty was convinced. The man hadn't just gone off, as father said. He had been St. Patrick and gone back to heaven. The next Saturday she and I went to see Irish Nick and told him the story. Kitty added something she hadn't told father, for he'd forbidden any more mention of the idea of a miracle. The day of the accident, all of us had had muddy feet from the soft ground on the bank. The next day after school Kitty and I had gone back to look for foot-prints. John always does that when he plays detective. We looked and found our small prints, and the boys'. But there weren't any foot-prints of a

man. Not even where we had first seen him coming from behind some bushes. We told Irish Nick about this. He just looked mysterious and smiled. Old Mrs. Flanagan was in the shop and heard. She says that's what comes of Irish Nick telling

such stories to youngsters. Mama says the man just was too kind to want to be thanked and had gone off. Father says, "Nonsense." I guess I'm just too little to know. But Kitty still says it was St. Patrick's miracle.

## **MODERN ART** *(Continued from Page 16)*

ject. The planes may overlap or be dislocated, but the result is an appeal to the emotions. We often view an object from one side only, thus omitting the other three. The Cubist, however, attempts to put all four sides on the same paper. The result is usually quite stirring.

There is also that school which aims at expressing nothing but good design and pleasing color in a picture. It does not tell a story, as so many of us prefer. This is commonly known as Non-Objective art. The problem, as it presents itself to the Non-Objectivist, is to fill a defined area with effective lines, well-planned spaces, and keyed colors so as to express harmony and balance to the beholder.

Many of us perhaps are acquainted with Salvador Dali, student of the Surrealistic school. Here we may have anatomical parts distorted, objects out of their natural surroundings or unusual themes. The goal, however, is to present an idea to the witness which may be accomplished by distortion, etc. Incidentally, Salvador Dali says only two things are necessary to become a great artist. The first is to be named Salvador Dali and the second is to be able to paint

as he does. But be that as it may, modern art is here to stay.

Many objections have risen against modern art on the basis that it lacks the aesthetic quality which is a requirement for good art. This has undoubtedly come from the fact that inferior modern paintings have been incorrectly judged as representative of the school. Consequently many people have come to believe that modern art is a fraud or entirely beyond their comprehensive powers and hence lacking in aesthetic quality. (The distinction should be made, however, that art which is truly great should embrace both aesthetics and the commentary. They cannot, theoretically, be separated.)

Lovers of the romantic poetry of Wordsworth or Shelley are sometimes impatient with the measured couplet of the sober poet Crabbe. And devotees of the realistic novel are quite intolerant of such dreamy tales as "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight." Yet the fair student of literature can see a place for all of these and one genre need not quench out the life of the other. So it is with modern art. It has its place in art that cannot be disputed.



## VIA MARIAE

Mother, help me, night and day,  
To always live the merry way.  
Children always laugh and shout;  
Their minds have naught to fret about.  
But how can I be gay or kind,  
Without the virtue, peace of mind?  
And with this virtue, peace of mind,  
The other virtues I can find.  
So make me happy, make me gay.  
Help me live the Mary way.

—*Patricia Parker*



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