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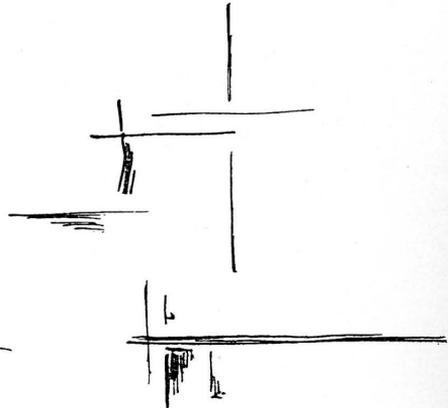
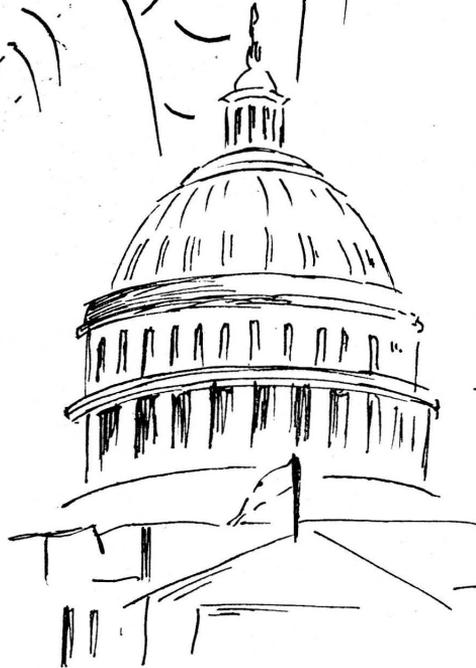
VOLUME ELEVEN



Marian College
Indianapolis, Indiana

1953-1954





JERTI MONTAG

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To

MARY IMMACULATE

PATRONESS OF THE UNITED STATES

this volume

is

lovingly dedicated

107694

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The radiant crown of glory, with which the most pure brow of the Virgin Mother was encircled by God, seems to Us to shine more brilliantly, as We recall to mind the day, on which, one hundred years ago, Our Predecessor of happy memory Pius IX, surrounded by a vast retinue of Cardinals and Bishops, with infallible apostolic authority defined, pronounced and solemnly sanctioned "that the doctrine, which holds that the Most Blessed Virgin Mary at the first moment of her conception was, by singular grace and privilege of the Omnipotent God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, Saviour of the Human race, preserved from all stain of original sin, is revealed by God, and therefore to be firmly and resolutely believed by all the faithful." (*Ineffabilis Deus*, Dec. 8, 1854.)

POPE PIUS XII: *Fulgens Corona*

September 8, 1953

EDITORIALS

The Woman of the Year

It is customary throughout our land to choose a queen for almost every phase of life and industry. Each year a Miss America, a Cotton Queen, Mothers and Grandmothers of the year are crowned. Selected for her talent, beauty, or for some service to mankind, the winning candidate is royally treated during her reign and the entire nation is made aware of her. Admirers form a kind of cult, imitating her and following her activities with great interest.

No other woman in the world could merit as ably as Mary does the title of Woman of the Year, for 1954 commemorates the hundredth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of her Immaculate Conception. Surely Our Blessed Lady had the vote of every Catholic to be crowned Woman of the Year when our Holy Father dedicated this year as the Marian Year.

How does she compare with any other nominee? Of Our Lady it can be truly said, "Thou art all fair, O Mary, and there is not a

stain in thee." Insofar as a creature can be perfect, God's Mother is perfection itself. It was the privilege of her Immaculate Conception that made her all beautiful while preparing her to be the Mother of God. Through the ages artists and poets have vied with each other to praise her beauty. For humanity she spoke her *fiat* on which depended the salvation of mankind. With that *fiat* she accepted the sorrows and joys that her mission of Co-Redemptrix would bring her. And in her role of Mediatrix of all Graces she has never failed to aid us by her powerful intercession.

The Marian Year is an opportunity for us to become members of Mary's cult but, unlike the passing attention and admiration bestowed upon a Miss America or a Cotton Queen, our renewed consecration and devotion to our Heavenly Mother should be not only for a year but a lasting one, thus making every year a MARIAN YEAR.

—Joann Hazlewood

What Are You Reading?

What are you reading—text-books, the newspaper comics, and maybe an occasional story in an out-of-date magazine which happens to be lying around? If so, you are practically the typical college student. It is known, of course, that other books do exist, and someday, somewhere, each student will most certainly find the time to read them.

In college, the stumbling block seems to be that there are so many books that we *have* to read. Faces are made when any "extra-extras" are even mentioned. Periodic lectures which are directed towards making students more book-conscious often send them away growling about the need for a forty hour day to get everything done.

After a day of brain-exercise, something for one's physical powers is most certainly needed. When the much-needed exercise is completed, what then? "Aha," you say, "back to the textbooks." Wouldn't it be better to divert your mind first with different material? The newspaper isn't far away; that could be read occasionally and without too much damage to the brain cells. Most college students are known to fall woefully short on their knowledge of current events, especially if they have no subjects which call for knowledge gleaned from newspapers.

Newspapers were not originally intended to be known to the col-

legiate public only as the lining of bureau-drawers. Besides the comics and the advertisements, they contain the news (for which they get their name) and interesting feature stories about almost every phase of life. When merely the thought of a large book to wade through would appall us, the newspapers and magazines stand by as "quickies" to make us realize and to acquaint us with the fact of a world outside the college.

After the ground is broken in starting "extra-extra" reading (gently, gently at first, then gradually increasing as enthusiasm mounts), we may even have the courage to attempt an entire book—not in one sitting, of course. A good book, spread lightly over a week of lessons, might easily prove a tasty icing for a textbook cake.

A good book is one which interests *you*, whether it be "laughable, lovable, or learnable." It really isn't too hard to find either. A good book might be one connected with your line of study, or not. Its only requisite is its appeal to you.

Once you have started on the path of "extra-extra" reading, however, you must remember to control yourself. The rediscovered joy of reading for reading's sake only must be tempered to fit the allotted time it can be given. For some students, this may mean only one book and one or two magazines a month; others may be able to do better.

Variety of reading will be a good tonic. Try that new thriller there's been so much talk about; how about that book that has everyone laughing, or even that classic you've always been wanting to

read? So go ahead. Don't be afraid. THIS IS THE DAY. Be brave—budget some time for "extra-extra" reading.

—*Judy Rabe*



The Mystery of the Madonna

by JULIA ABRAMS

If you have ever looked at paintings of the Madonna by the great artists of every nation through the ages, you might have thought to yourself: "She's beautiful, but she's not as I would picture the most beautiful woman ever created by God." Take, for example, the numerous Madonnas of that master painter Raphael. You look at them with the eyes of your century and your country and find not your concept of the Perfect Beauty but a woman of the late fifteenth century, a woman of Italian nationality, a woman of earthiness.

Why is it that artists have failed to depict on canvas the perfection

of the Mother of God? Even if artists have succeeded in portraying a composite woman, or one woman, who appears perfectly beautiful, it is that she appears so at first sight. A second look or rather a searching look will perceive something lacking—the perfection of the Immaculate Conception. It seems then that the key to the locked door of mystery is in the impossible—depicting the perfection of a soul never stained by sin; for if any soul could radiate its beauty, it would be the perfect soul of God's Mother. Difficult must it be for artists to find a representative of the physical beauty that

must have been Mary's, less difficult for them to find a composite representative, impossible for them to represent the spiritual perfection that was hers.

In *Our Lady in the Modern World*, Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., offers another key to the mystery of the Madonna, a key that fits the lock perfectly, beautifully, and expressively. He inserts the key by telling of a legend, according to which St. Luke himself painted a portrait of Mary during her lifetime. This Father Lord doubts, one of his reasons being that not even a master painter—let alone St. Luke—could possibly assemble line and color to catch the heights and depths of Mary's beauty. His other reason, which turns the key easily and impressively, is his belief that Christ would not have wanted His Mother's face caught and held on canvas. According to Father Lord, "Christ had a far wiser plan. She would never be painted, yet she

would always be painted. She would elude all artists, yet she would set all artists the inspiring task of everlasting aspiration . . . Christ knew that if no man were sure of what Mary really looked like each man would paint her as the most beautiful representative of his nation or his people . . . Given a portrait of Mary as she really was, artists would copy it endlessly. Without such a portrait to restrain them, they would keep on representing her unchanging beauty in the changing beauty of their particular race and times."

That perfection of womanhood—Mary—is poetically personified by Father Lord as the "Eternal Feminine." As Christ was to be all things to all men, so too will Mary be all beauty to the artists of all races and all ages. Yet never will the great artists of any nation in any age paint MARY.

The mystery of the Madonna? Not really mysterious, after all!



God's Masterpiece

"Behold,"

God said,

"My masterpiece.

This is

The fruit of My will,

The skill of My hands,

The epitome of My aesthetic mind.

Behold Mary!"

The jury praises it;

The critics admit its flawlessness;

Men acknowledge its beauty

And say it is the product of a great mind.

Behold Mary!

—*Patricia Miller*

The Rescue

by MARGARET WINSOR

"We shall never break these iron bands that bind him," quavered a small figure dejectedly to his companion. "Would it not be better to leave him and escape through the hidden passageway than to stay and be captured by the enemy?"

"I did not think you to be so cowardly," admonished the other, "or I would have chosen another to assist me to free our brave leader. Here he is, in a faint from his wounds, bound so tightly he can hardly move, and yet you wish to leave him to face certain death alone."

Shamed and abashed the faint-hearted helper returned to the task that faced him.

For hours, the two had been working to free the shackled figure on the stone floor but all to no avail. The firm bands were only a little looser and now as night drew nigh the enemy's return loomed closer and closer.

The huge chamber in which they labored was shrouded in shadow and only an occasional flash of lightning seen through a window high above them displayed the urgency with which they worked. In the ghostly half-light which surrounded them even inanimate objects seemed to come alive and mock the bold efforts they were witnessing. Besides this, the walls emitted a damp musty odor and huge spiders scur-

ried around small pools of water that had seeped in from the soaked earth outside.

In contrast to a loud boom of thunder which echoed suddenly throughout the room, a timid voice squeaked, "What if the enemy should come upon us now, we would never see them or hear them in time to—"

"Oh, yes, we would *bear* them," broke in the more forceful of the two impatiently. "They are such clumsy, well-fed oafs that one of them makes more noise than twenty of our poor, hungry troops."

With this brief outburst he started laboring again at the shackles of the prisoner, and heartened, the young one helped him.

There was no sound except the filing of a sharp object on iron and the monotonous patter of rain on the ground outside.

Suddenly the prone figure stirred and tried to raise himself.

"Am I free, am I free?" he whispered hoarsely. And then seeing that he was still bound tightly he fell back to his former position with a muffled sigh.

"Courage now, my lord, it will not be much longer," assured the confident voice of the knight.

"It *must* not be much longer," the aged captain replied desperately. "They will be back soon and—"

"And they shall not find you

here, sire. Will they lad?" he inquired of his trembling squire.

The one to whom this was addressed appeared so engrossed in his work that he did not seem to hear the question and as it was more of a statement of fact the old one did not notice the absence of a reply.

As they worked, their leader lay staring up into the darkness trying the thongs at intervals to see if they had yielded any but the result was always the same. As his weakened gaze stared absently at the black space above him, the old fellow's eyes saw some light-colored objects stirring restlessly in a breeze which was blowing softly through the window.

"By my beard," he exclaimed in horror, "are those spirits which pass so freely above our heads or is it a trick of my poor eyes?"

With one brief look, the little squire emitted a loud shriek of terror and ran to a far wall where he disappeared through a small opening into the secret tunnel.

The knight calmly turned his gaze upward and searched for an explanation of this commotion. After a short examination he discovered there were indeed moving objects but they were simply cloths of various colors and sizes suspended from a long steel rod. These, stirred gently by the wind, in the dim light certainly appeared ghostly to the already nervous observers.

Laughing with relief the knight explained what they were but a discussion ensued as to why they were placed there of all places.

"Possibly they are just meant to enliven this dreary place," he suggested.

"To give prisoners like myself pleasure?" mused the captain. "No, I think not; more likely to distress us. What colors do they bear, good knight? No, come back—I pray you do not cease working to go and see. Time is short—but could they be banners?"

"Banners, my lord?"

"Yes, there have surely been other wretched captives here before me and each of them most surely had a banner or standard that showed his loyalty to his lord. These heartless fiends, our enemies, probably took them and hung them up for the next one to see and mourn over, knowing his would be there too."

"They are indeed cruel to do such a dastardly trick. Now I am glad that it is such a dreary day or else we, too, should have seen them plainly and known of their presence before this time."

Just then a slight sound came from one dark corner and both froze with a sudden fear—the enemy! They waited for another movement, another sound, to indicate that the dreaded moment had come. Something crept slowly towards them, noiselessly, soundlessly. The knight prepared to defend his lord but before he could strike, a voice came out of the darkness, "Forgive me for running away but I thought they were truly evil spirits."

And a flash of lightning revealed the little squire who came back to lend his help again.

Before either of the other could give vent to his feelings a loud sound was heard above, then another, and another. The knight's

earlier prophecy had come true; that clamoring could be nothing but the "clumsy, well-fed enemy."

"Help me, now, before the knaves come down and discover us," whispered the knight in alarm.

Feverishly they toiled while the heavy steps thumped above them. With a violent effort the brave defender of the captain succeeded in breaking one of the bands. With a cry of gladness they pulled and tugged knowing it would take only a few minutes more and their leader would be entirely free.

The little squire did not run away this time as he did before but worked courageously beside his idol, the knight, and between them the bands were becoming weaker and weaker until finally with a snap they broke in two.

They were helping the captain slowly to his feet when, alas! he fainted again from loss of blood and as he fell his armour became helplessly entangled in one of the broken bands.

"He is caught again and this time tighter than before," moaned the squire.

"We do not have much time. Work quickly, my lad!"

Again they patiently tried to liberate their leader but time had run out and footsteps approached the big door at the top of the stairs leading down to the captain's prison.

"We cannot leave him thus!" cried the knight.

The door creaked open on rusty hinges and heavy footsteps started down the stairs.

"We cannot free him, and to fight such monsters would be disastrous. There is nothing left for us but to flee," declared the squire.

"You are right," reluctantly agreed the other. "Come, we shall watch from the hidden passageway. Perhaps we shall yet have an opportunity to free him."

The two gray shadows scurried hastily to the secret tunnel and watched with horror as the enemy slowly descended the steps and came into view.

There was only one and she was carrying a huge basket. Setting it down, she proceeded to take some clothes down from the washline.

"Wish I could have hung them out today but that rain just wouldn't stop," she murmured to herself.

She piled the washing neatly in the basket but suddenly she seemed to remember something and looked down at the floor.

"Well, we sure caught a big one," she crowed. And after inspecting it more closely, remarked, "I told Jim we needed a new trap. Just look at that! If he hadn't caught his tail in this broken spring, that old mouse would have gotten away!"



Sophisticated Lady

by EMILIE C. MURRAY

Advertising has produced some startling effects on the American public not the least of which is the deadly desire to become sophisticated. Advertising, in its diverse forms, has succeeded in convincing the average American that knowing how to choose clothing, cosmetics, automobiles, homes, furnishings, entertainment, cigarettes, liqueurs and books is nothing less than a fine art. Education and general knowledge are of minor importance, while small talk and the proper arching of the eyebrows are major accomplishments.

This tirade may lead you to believe that I have not been tempted by the lure of sophistication. Alas, dear reader, I wish that you were right. Led on by this false ambition, I almost wasted one precious day of my Easter vacation.

My decision to become sophisticated was formulated on an otherwise uneventful day. Bristling with fervor, I attacked. First on my list of activities was housework. Not a very glamorous start but I reasoned that even my mundane chores could be handled more wisely and efficiently. Success was somewhat limited and my only consolation was the knowledge that my tasks were finished 15 minutes earlier than usual.

My next endeavor was my appearance. Everyone knows that a true sophisticate can be identified

by a suave appearance. In attempting this feat, I had to ignore three vital items. My clothing might be described as collegiate or casual, which would be a kind way of stating that my wardrobe would not place me as a candidate in the "Best Dressed Woman of the Year" contest. More serious than the condition of my wardrobe is the customary appearance of my hair. Five minutes away from a comb and I have the look of one who has just been aroused from a troubled sleep. However, even these difficulties might be overlooked if the ability to wear glasses was not such a problem. To date, no one has decided if my nose is crooked or if one ear is placed higher than the other, but the fact remains that my glasses are ordinarily perched at an angle which mathematicians would no doubt describe as acute. In any case, *acute* certainly describes the gravity of the situation.

In spite of these encumbrances, I managed to acquire an appearance that seemed fairly good to me, considering that this was my first day in my new role. Blithely, I set out for town. The polite glance from the postman and my four year old neighbor's inability to recognize me assured me that I had arrived at my goal. Unfortunately, my stay was short.

I had hardly strutted for half a block when the sunlight caused me

to think of picnics, hikes, and other such simple pleasures. Sternly, I reminded myself to muse about more elevated topics. Abruptly, the trolley screeched into my lofty thoughts. When boarding, the simple procedure of paying my fare nearly brought destruction to my composure. A trick of fate spilled the contents of my purse onto the floor. To appear dignified while scooping up items like lipstick and chewing gum on a moving vehicle can be dangerous. When the skirmish was over and I was seated, an investigation showed that I had sustained two wounds—a runner in my hose and a smudge on my gloves.

By noon my shopping was completed and all was well. I had encountered no special difficulties in the stores, unless you count my brief imprisonment in a revolving door. But these rosy thoughts ended and my score zoomed downward when I dropped my packages at the foot of the escalator. Passers-by smiled indulgently while I grinned feebly.

Lunch enabled me to start for

home with a reasonable amount of courage. Courage was certainly needed. My appearance was anything but tidy—my suit was rumpled, my gloves were smudged, my hose had lacy runs, and my hat was tipped at a precarious angle that allowed a rose to dangle before my eyes. By the time the trolley reached my corner, I was thoroughly worn out. I stumbled awkwardly off the car, totally discouraged.

Who wanted to be sophisticated anyway? The violets in the rock garden didn't seem to care, the golden daffodils placidly enjoyed the sun, and scattered, truant dandelions didn't act disturbed because the world considered them to be weeds. Perhaps they were right.

Contentedly, I sat on the glider, kicked off my high heels and relaxed. The yard across the street displayed a staunch row of scarlet tulips, that looked like Amy Lowell's soldiers, ready to defend their simple existence. From my own yard the scent of lilacs blew across to me and I smiled.



Soul's Haven

A little room
With a big meaning.
Guilt,
 fear,
 sorrow
Draw people to it.
A man can sit in it
All day . . .
And hear
A million and one stories . . .
Horrible,
 hopeful,
 sweet.
Here secrets are told
Which babbling tongues of humans
Cannot betray.
The only admission—
The admission of one's faults.
 "Ego te absolvo."

—Loretta Schoettle

Superstitions

by CAROLE TIETZ

Today people are not as much obsessed by superstition as were those of former times. However, there are still some persons who believe that innocuous beliefs, such as not returning borrowed salt, or thanking someone for potted plants and flowers, breaking a mirror or lighting three cigarettes on one match will bring ill fortune.

The term superstition, like religion, is a word of uncertain origin. The process by which the Latin word, "superstitio," literally "standing over," acquired the sense of "awe" or "excessive devotion" is a matter of conjecture. It is a relic of the prehistoric ages, of the childhood thought and fancy of the race. As compared with the orderly conceptions of science about the world and human conduct, superstition accepts a strange, disorderly world of chance in which men must combat unknown forces with traditional rites and irrational charms. The practices of primitive superstition are usually directed to propitiation or control of mysterious and lawless powers.

In the early history of the human race is found a huge mass of super-

stitions, born of ignorance and fear. Many of the superstitious beliefs and practices are yet in vogue among primitive tribes and still persist in the backward sections of civilized nations. Indeed, recent studies have shown that few even of the most highly educated men and women, are free of traces of superstition. Many of these appear, however, merely as survivals of childhood practices while others are retained as amusing playful fancies.

Due to the fact that many superstitions arise from efforts to explain phenomena and to adapt human activity to the explanation, a close relationship between superstition and science is observable. This fact is particularly evident in the connection between pseudo-science astrology and astronomy. Astrology mingles much true scientific observation with superstitious reasoning.

Looking at the history of man it is evident that as science advances superstition recedes. While superstition may hold the human mind in bondage to blind magic and fear, science brings increasing freedom through comprehension and rational use of natural forces.

And They Lived

Happily Ever After

by MARILYN STRASBURGER

The old man's eyes twinkled as he picked up the last large piece of tin and loaded it onto his truck. He would soon have this scrap metal delivered to the factory.

When the metal reached the factory, it was reprocessed and came out onto an assembly line. Along this assembly line were huge cutters which cut the metal into different shapes and presses which impressed indentations and characteristic lines on the metal. Out of one sheet of metal was cut a tin soldier, who stood about a foot high.

The little tin soldier was then sent to a man who gave him a shiny new coat of paint. The cherry red jacket contrasted sharply with the light blue trousers and the large black plume on top of the blue hat fluttered softly as the cold, harsh wind whistled in through the half-open window. The little soldier was quite pleased with his new appearance. It was quite a change from the old piece of scrap metal.

One bright wintry day about the first of December, the tin soldier was delivered to a toy shop.

"Hello, Betsy," he said to the small, plump, baby doll, "what

beautiful blonde hair you have."

The store owner put him up on the shelf next to a huge teddy bear. The bear's soft fur was dark brown and out of his mouth hung a bright red felt tongue.

"Grr. Don't take up so much room."

"I'm sorry, Teddy, I didn't mean to bother you. Maybe the owner will move me over after a while."

Just then the little tin soldier lost his balance and toppled over. Teddy just sat there and laughed at him.

"Grr. You can't even get up, you old tin soldier. Don't you wish that you could bend like I do?"

The jack-in-the-box shook his finger at the naughty teddy bear and Betsy started crying.

"Waa! He's hurt! I think the little tin soldier is hurt."

Finally the owner came and picked up the soldier. He examined the soldier very carefully and made sure that he was in sound condition. Then the owner put him back upon the shelf next to the growling teddy bear. The jack-in-the-box climbed back into his box and closed the lid, and Betsy took her bottle and went to sleep. Teddy was very

jealous of the little tin soldier because he was so well liked by the other toys.

One day about a week later a young woman walked briskly into the store and said that she was looking for a Christmas present for her little three year old son. She glanced around at the toys and then her eyes fell upon the teddy bear and the little tin soldier. She stood there looking rather indecisive and then she lifted the teddy bear down from the shelf. After examining him carefully, she told the owner that she would take him.

"Grr. I guess that shows you who is the best toy in the toy shop. I am going to have a wonderful home."

"As much as I dislike Teddy," said Betsy, "I hate to see him go. He could be nice when he wanted."

"I'm not sorry," replied Jack-in-the-box. "He was always causing so much trouble."

Once again peace and harmony existed in the small toy shop. People were always wandering in and out of the shop, some to look at the toys and some just to get warm before they stepped out again into the bitter cold snow. On the Friday morning just a week before Christmas, an elderly gentleman with snow white hair wandered into the shop. He stopped short in front of the little tin soldier.

"This would be perfect for my little grandson!"

He took the tin soldier down and handed him to the owner who carefully wrapped him up.

The little tin soldier was sad about leaving his friends. But maybe someday they would meet again.

As he was being taken from the store, he winked a farewell to all the toys with whom he had become so familiar.

Christmas morning arrived and Teddy was sitting under a large, beautiful tree. All of a sudden a small brown haired boy came bounding into the room. He grabbed the teddy bear and swung him into the air.

"Grr. Ouch!" screamed the teddy bear. "That hurt."

Jimmy then tossed him aside and ran to open his other gifts. Teddy just lay there and moaned and groaned. He wondered if this was the way he was going to spend the rest of his life.

In another part of the city in a small white bungalow, the little tin soldier stood erectly as a little blue eyed boy gazed upon him. Finally he reached down and gently picked up the tin soldier.

"You got me exactly what I wanted, Grandpa!" exclaimed the little boy. "And look at the plume on his hat. I just love him."

Gary opened his other packages, but he kept the tin soldier with him all the time. Gary liked his other toys but nothing compared with the little tin soldier. He sat at the table and even went to bed with Gary. Gary was very careful with his toy, for he wanted nothing to happen to his precious soldier.

That is the way in which the two toys spent the following year. The teddy bear moaned and groaned all the time because he was so mistreated. The little tin soldier always wore a smile because he dearly loved his sweet little owner.

Christmas would be here again in

two weeks and both toys found themselves being readied to be sent to an organization which would give them to some poor child.

Teddy, ragged and torn from rough play and being left out in the rain, was happy to get away from Jimmy, and Jimmy was glad to get rid of that old toy. But Gary didn't want to give up his beloved tin soldier.

"Mother, won't you please let me keep him? I love him so very much."

"But Gary, don't you want to be kind to some poor little boy who doesn't have as much as you?"

"Why can't we give away one of my other toys?"

But Gary's mother went ahead and wrapped up the little tin soldier. Soon he was going to be leaving but he didn't want to go.

The truck stopped in front of Jimmy's house and Jimmy came running out swinging the teddy bear.

"Good-bye, you old teddy bear. I'm going to get a brand new one for Christmas this year."

"Grr."

The truck moved on and eventually came to a stop in front of Gary's home. Gary walked slowly

out of the house and gently placed the little tin soldier on top of the truck next to the bear.

"Grr. I see you are being thrown away too."

The little soldier said nothing but a small tear trickled down his tin cheek.

"Wait!" cried Gary to the truck driver.

He raced into the house and slammed the door. Very quickly he came running back. Under his arm was a drum he had gotten for his birthday. He laid it on top of the truck and reached quickly for his little tin soldier.

"I just can't give you away. I'll never let you go."

"Grr."

The truck started up again and was soon out of sight. We shall never know what happened to the teddy bear, but the little soldier stayed with Gary who loved him so much. They went back into the house, got out the jack-in-the-box, and started to play. You see, Gary had gotten jack-in-the-box for his birthday, but Gary didn't know that he and the little tin soldier were old friends. Jack-in-the-box and the little tin soldier winked knowingly at each other and settled down for a long happy life.



The Mishawaka Hills

by ANNETTE RICHARDS

The Mishawaka hills of northern Indiana, which begin a few blocks outside the Mishawaka city limits, add a mark of distinction to the southern entrance of this growing city. Ribbons of roads tie the hills together. Gazing from the top of one of these gigantic hills, one imagines that the city is cuddled in a small valley. As one looks down on the church steeples which tower above the houses, the hills seem

even higher. Being able to see a whole city from one spot gives a thrill to one who truly appreciates God's vast works. The sight-seer isn't the only person who appreciates these colossal works of nature. The sloping hillsides provide wonderful opportunities for sledding and tobogganing in the winter season. The sides and tops of the hills also offer scenic locations for the homes of beauty-lovers.

The Home of the United Nations

by CATHERINE MATTHEWS

From a distance, it looks like a glass box which has been upended, but as one draws nearer it grows in size until it seems like a glass sheet reaching toward the sky. This fabulous building is the home of the United Nations. The engineering feat of making an apparently solid glass building gives it a striking outward appearance, but the inside is unique in its atmosphere of spaciousness. The beautiful main

lobbies give a very pleasing effect of space, which is heightened by the color scheme. Every office has huge windows. Some of the offices overlook the East River and others First Street. On a bright sunny day the United Nations Building glistens. It stands like a shining symbol of hope to all the people of the world, who realize that it is the site of the most important discussions of our day.

Rachel

I, Rachel, the mournful mother,
Lament my wayward children.
As a child I was a shepherdess
Tending my father's sheep,
For I was the daughter of Laban.

And, I, whom you prefigured,
I, too, am a Mother of Sorrow;
I mourn my wayward children.
Another shepherdess am I,
Tending my Son's white flocks,
Daughter of the Father, Mother of the Son,
Bride of the Spirit, Mary is my name.

—*Patricia Miller*

Miriam

Dark-eyed Miriam watched over the basket
And crooned a lullaby.
The rushes sighed with her, and kind were the breezes
Gently rocking the cradle of Moses,
While Miriam stood by.

Angels were wide-eyed with wonder,
And ceased their *Gloria's*
To hearken to Mary's soft song.
The sweet Jewish maiden bent over the manger
And sang to the Son of God.

—*Miriam Kern*

Victories

God clothed you in a beauty
As lovely as the sun.
Hail Judith, ne'er forgotten
The battle you have won.

The foe was conquered in his pride,
Praise rang throughout the land.
God saved His people once again,
By thy woman's slender hand.

One day upon a drear hilltop
Another war was waged.
Fearsome was the battle
And the foe that was engaged.

Sing, heart, of the woman
Who stood beneath the tree.
With her loved Son she shared
The pains of Calvary.

More fair than lily's glory
And yet the demons fled.
They feared this valiant woman
Who crushed their leader's head.

—*Joann Hazlewood*

The Metaphysical Poets *and Mary*

by RACHEL WEST

"How well her name an army doth present
In whom the Lord of hosts did pitch his tent."

("An ARMY gram" by George Herbert)
MARY

The love of the Mother of God has found expression in English poetry since that language first began to be used as an implement of Christianity. From the Anglo-Saxon of Cynewulf to the modern English of T. S. Eliot, English poets have found the Virgin a fit subject for their particular modes of song.

This is no less true of the group of English lyricists of the early 17th century whom we call the metaphysical poets. With these poets the quality of all English religious poetry, never very low, reached a height not yet surpassed.

The metaphysical poets were innovators, revolutionists in poetry. Not content with the artifices and courtly manner of the poetry of their day, they delighted in expressing the height of their own religious sentiment in straight-forward language, in novelties of expression and rhythm, and above all, in "the combining of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike."

The poets of the group were an unusual lot themselves, numbering

in their ranks religious dissenters of the Puritan type, high Anglican priests, and a Roman Catholic convert. They shared an intense love of God and sincerity in expressing their own religious experiences. And, since religion was the primary theme of much of their poetry, it was natural that they should turn, time and again, to the Virgin and her perfections as a source of their inspiration.

The recognized leader of the group is John Donne, (1573-1631). Born a Catholic, but ordained a priest in the English church, he is rated as one of the finest and most remarkable English poets. Despite the fact that it has been said that beauty was not his chief concern, and that his choice of words was often deliberately crude, his verse contains many of the truly beautiful lines of English poetry.

An inveterate user of puns, extended figures, and striking comparisons, he sang of the Virgin as the early home of the Son of God. "Ere by the spheres time was created, thou

Wast in his mind—which is thy
 Son and Brother,
 Whom thou conceivest — conceived;
 yea thou art now
 Thy Maker's Maker, and thy
 Father's Mother:
 Thou hast light in dark, and shut
 in little room
 Immensity, cloistered in thy dear
 womb."

("Annunciation")

After Donne had shown the way, the poets of England were not slow to adopt the metaphysical style. Though criticized severely for their conceits of style and their emphasis on the purely intellectual, they followed Donne in the choice of themes and in the use of strange puns and contrasts. They turned away from the earlier poetic forms, and they separated themselves from the controversy then raging in the English church to turn inward, seeking religious peace in their own hearts.

High on the list of the metaphysical poets stands George Herbert, (1593-1633), a rector of the English church, whose piety won him the title of the "holy Mr. Herbert." His poetry is distinctive in its reflection of personal holiness. In one of the poems in his collection, *The Temple*, he addresses himself "To All the Angels and Saints," but especially

" . . . I would address

My vows to thee most gladly,
 blessed Maid,

And Mother of God, in my distress . . . "

A disciple of Herbert, a Welshman and an Anglican, Henry Vaughan, (1622-1695), was a true metaphysical poet in his daring use

of figures of speech. Perhaps no better example of this characteristic can be found than "The Knot," in which he calls the Mother of God " . . . Love's knot . . .

Whose beauty tied life to thy
 house,

And brought us saving aid . . .
 For coalescent by that band

We are His body grown,
 Nourished with favours from His
 hand

Whom for our Head we
 own . . . "

One of the last and most extreme of the metaphysical poets is Abraham Cowley, (1618-1667). Today he is more admired for his essays than for his poetry, little of which has endured. His portrait in poetry of the Annunciation is among his best.

"With sober grace an heav'nly
 maid walks in,

Her looks all fair; no sign of
 native sin

Through her whole body writ;
 immoderate grace

Spoke things far more than
 human in her face . . . "

("The Annunciation," from
 Davideis, Book II)

Last, but by no means least, of these few representatives of the 17th century metaphysical movement is Richard Crashaw, (1612-1649). Son of a Protestant clergyman, he was a convert to Roman Catholicism and at one time secretary to the cardinal-governor of Rome. Crashaw is distinguished as the most brilliant and unrestrained of the religious poets of his day. He, "the mystic of the flame," was in every sense a true metaphysical poet in his stress of the spiritual and

in his complication of figures of speech.

Known in his early days as "the chaplaine of the Virgine myld," the religious mystic showed his love for Mary in poetry of obscure beauty and great devotion. A most unusual poem written by him is "On the Blessed Virgin's Bashfulness":

"That on her lap she casts her
humble eye,
'Tis the sweet pride of her hu-
mility.
The fair star is well fixt, for
where, O where
Could she have fixt it on a fairer
sphere?
'Tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n she sees,
heaven's God there lies;
She can see heaven, and ne'er lift
up her eyes:
This new guest to her eyes new
laws hath given,
'Twas once look up, 'tis now look
down to heaven."

Unlike the others of the group, who were more inclined to praise Mary in her role of most pure and

joyful Mother of a Divine Son, Crashaw turned more often to Mary in her role of Mother of Sorrows. Examples of this may be found in his "Sancta Maria Dolorum" and "Quaerit Jesum Suum Maria." In the first, which he called "A Pathetical Descant Upon the Devout Plainsong of Stabat Mater Dolorosa," he speaks of the sorrows in detail.

"O mother turtle-dove!
Soft source of love!
That these dry lids might bor-
row
Something from thy full seas of
sorrow! . . ."

The analogy of Our Lady and the dove, taken from Scriptural comparisons, is a favorite of Crashaw's Marian poetry. He uses it repeatedly in his hymn, "The Assumption."

Frequently obscure, but always devout and ever sincere, these few metaphysical poets exhibited a love of Mary in poetry unique in their day and paralleled in English only by the early medieval Lady-lyric.



Kidnaped

by PENNY KELLY

The slight figure of John Craten was hunched behind the wheel of the one-seated car. Fine lines were beginning to form around his half closed eyes in an effort to shut out the dust, whirling up from the side of the road.

A chubby little girl sat next to him holding her two dimpled hands over her sky blue eyes in an effort to outsmart the dust. The dusky twilight lay over the countryside as the open red car sped down the lonely road.

In the lengthening shadows of the trees, the road ahead was obscure to Craten who nevertheless plunged relentlessly forward. Suddenly, directly ahead loomed a gigantic tree. He swerved to the right in an effort to miss the head-on-collision that seemed inevitable. In another second they were on the gravel at the side of the road. Large tear drops began to fall from little Mary Jane's eyes. She pulled her pink sweater closely around her while the bottom lip of her rosebud mouth began to creep up until at last it was in a definite pucker. She could no longer restrain herself. Her tearful sobs jerked her little body as she looked about at the darkness of the trees and the loneliness of the road.

"Oh, John, please let's go home now. I'm so scared."

John Craten threw the child an

impatient glance and a sneer began to form at the side of his mouth. "Sorry, kid, but you're not going home for some time. At least not until your old man forks over the ransom."

Mary Jane's tears were beginning to disappear but she carried a quizzical look on her rosy face as she sat studying Craten. "John, why are you being so mean. Don't you love me anymore. You always say you do. John, what does that word mean—ransom?"

He pulled the peaked hat down over his right eye with a determined gesture; then toyed with the idea of the purpose of this journey.

He looked about him nervously. Slugger should have been here by this time. Slugger Moran was Craten's partner and pal in this and many other ventures. Slugger had all the details worked out and John wasn't sure whether telling Mary Jane her role in it was included. He took another side glance at the scared little face and his decision was made.

"Look here, Mary Jane, don't be afraid. Nothing's going to happen to you. You might as well know though, that I've been living in your home under false identity and right now my buddy, Slugger, and I are a little short of cash. That's where the ransom fits in. Your old man has a million and you're worth

a good ten grand to him.”

“Millions of what, John?”

He was really getting worried now. An ominous dark cloud hung directly overhead. Slugger was over a half hour late and the night was closing in rapidly. The boss had said he had to be back at the hideout by seven o'clock.

Mary Jane began to whimper about being cold and even John had to admit that sitting in a convertible during a storm wasn't an ideal place to be. With that thought in mind he started the car and headed for the hideout.

From then on it was a race between John Craten and the cloud that was rumbling in the sky.

The big boss wouldn't like it if he brought the little girl back to the hideout soaking wet from the rain. Determinately he drove on.

Mary Jane was looking more contented now. She pushed a chubby fist up to her mouth to smother a yawn.

Any moment the rain would start but John didn't care now, he was almost there.

He could see the picket fence surrounding the little house that served as the hideout. As he drove

the little red car up the driveway, he could see the boss standing in the front window wearing an extremely anxious expression. Then the figure disappeared and in a moment reappeared at the door.

“Johnny Craten, your father and I have been worried to death about you. He was just going to start down the road looking for you.”

“But, Mother, it's only seven o'clock now and you said Mary Jane and I could play outdoors until seven.”

“All right, I guess I did but it's going to rain soon. You should have sense enough to bring your little sister home early. Mary Jane, honey, come in the house with mother while your brother puts his fire engine away. By the way, Johnny, Slugger's mother called just after you left and said that he wouldn't be able to play with you tonight. Poor little Slugger, he's got the measles.”

With that, John pulled his Hop-A-Long Cassidy cap down over his right eye, and drove the red car on into the garage.

Poor Slugger—Oh well, he and Mary Jane had fun playing alone.



Mary's Champion

by JOANN HAZLEWOOD

John Duns Scotus was one of the great doctors of the Church, who dedicated his life to the defense and explanation of the privileges of the Immaculate Conception. His thesis on this prerogative of Our Lady was first given at Oxford where he received the title *Doctor Marianus*.

He was later sent to Paris where there was much controversy concerning the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. There a public debate was held in the presence of two Papal Legates sent by Pope Celestine. Duns Scotus was chosen by the Franciscans to defend

their side of the argument. He refuted with such clearness the arguments of some two hundred theologians who rose to dispute with him that he was applauded by the entire assembly. The University of Paris conferred on him the title of *Doctor Subtilis* and thereafter ordered the doctrine to be taught in the classrooms.

Scotus based his argument for the Immaculate Conception on four words: *Potuit, deuit, ergo fecit*. "God was able to preserve Mary from original sin; it was fitting that He do it; therefore, He did it."

The Seasons

Quadruplets named "The Four Seasons"

Glide quickly from June to May,

Till what was once twelve months from now

Has fast become today.

—Rosemary Blume

The Narrow Path

by MARILYN STRASBURGER

As I was riding through the bustling streets of Washington, D. C., the bus drew slowly to the curb, and my eyes suddenly fell upon the most breathtaking monument I have ever seen. I felt like an ant gazing at a slender, straight pine tree. Each year the millions of people who visit the world famous Washington Memorial experience that unusual feeling.

At a distance, the monument takes the shape of a tall, slim splinter. As I approached, it became clearer and I could see that the

huge base tapered off to a peak. The monumental obelisk is 555 feet high. From the top of the obelisk, the sparkling white Capitol building appears to be a doll house, the Federal Bureau of Investigation buildings seem like rows of match boxes, and the Lincoln Memorial like a striped hat box.

The Washington Monument is an inspiring memorial to a truly great man. To me, this memorial symbolizes the straight, narrow road one must climb in order to achieve great things.

The Art Gallery

Life's gallery is hung with pictures:
I find a portrait in every face that passes mine,
And landscapes stretch out endlessly.
There are pastels in childhood's laughing eyes,
While trees are silhouettes in the sunset glow.
Madonnas are seen on every mother's face.
I need no galleries of stone.
Behold, life, a gallery of art.

—*Emilie C. Murray*

Homecoming For Herm

by ELEANOR L. McCANN

Outside, the pure white winter snow seemed incongruous with the large, black weapons of war. The year was 1945; the place, the Ardennes Forest; the encounter, the Battle of the Bulge.

Inside, the hastily constructed first aid station smelled of blood, sweat, and antiseptics. Groaning men filled the cots and overflowed onto the floor. Sweat-drenched medics ministered to G. I. after G. I.; yet more came. It was like a never ending stream; one could not remember the beginning, nor hope to see the end.

The roaring of the not too distant cannons and mortars easily drowned the grinding of the gears of the ambulances as one after another halted outside the hospital.

Each incoming injured G.I. was given preliminary treatment—plasma against shock, sulfa drugs against infection, and, if necessity demanded, surgery. After this, jeeps moved the wounded back to the main U. S. hospital. Many never lived to get that far.

About 3 P. M. the influx became greater. Sergeant Kingston had completed giving a shrapnel victim a transfusion when Corporal Shaw asked him to "take a look at the guy in the corner."

Wearily the sergeant made his way between rows of cots and over stretchers to the corner. A young

man, barely old enough to be called a man, writhed on his back. High over the suffering figure's head hung a bottle of plasma. The life giving fluid oozed slowly into his right arm. Bloody bandages swathed his abdomen; his legs ended abruptly below the knees. With great effort the youth was trying to talk while stiffly groping with his left hand for something around his neck.

"Whatcha want?," the sergeant asked in his heavy Brooklyn accent.

He then slipped off the wounded lad's neck a heavy black bead rosary and placed it in his hand.

"Don't ya worry, soldier, you'll be O.K.," he said.

After adjusting the plastic tubing the sergeant moved to the man across the aisle.

Still half mumbling, half groaning the soldier clutched the rosary. He tried to pray. These were the beads his mother gave him the day he left. Just then a surge of red hot pain swept over him leaving the lad in a gray mist. Somehow through the mist he saw his family the day he departed.

High in the blue ceiling of the earth the late spring-sun shone down in the little town. At the red roofed station a crowd had collected to bid farewell to sons, sweethearts, and husbands while the school band lustily played a march.

His family gathered close to him, shouting to one another in order to be heard over all the noise. Karl and Marie, the twins, bobbed up and down with excitement; in their young lives they had never seen such a sight. Mama held his hand tightly while she blinked back the tears. Not knowing quite what to say, Papa just stood near him and looked straight ahead.

The whistle blew shrilly, cutting the cool morning air like a knife. He said goodbye to the twins once more, gravely shook hands with his father, and then hugged his mother tightly. As he drew back his mother handed him a small black purse.

"Here, Herm, is your grandfather's rosary. If you say it daily I know your heavenly Mother will take care of you for me."

Herm then swung aboard the train as it pulled out of the station. As it roared away his family faded into the distance.

The roar of the cannons intensified as the gray mist faded with Herm's memories. He was back in the aid station.

Suppressing a groan the lad clutched his beads and breathed, "Mary help me."

There was noise all around him; he tried in vain to remember what had happened to him. All he could think of was the noise and the pain.

Air, heavy with sickening odors, pressed down upon him. He gasped for air but groaned instead. Corporal Shaw hastened to him and moistened his lips with cool, damp gauze. Herm attempted to express his gratitude but could not. Even his pain-filled eyes were incapable

of expressing any emotion.

Once again the gray mist engulfed and transported him to the rolling hills of his home. Herm saw the town where his father was a shoe merchant. "Some day I will be his partner," he thought.

Then he saw Anna. She was exquisite. Her small figure, blond hair, sprightly face, and eyes which danced constantly were in sharp contrast with his tall figure, dark hair, and serious countenance. Again he thought of the future, "Some day we will be married."

Abruptly his dream was ended by the scream of a delirious soldier at the far side of the building.

"My Jesus Mercy," Herm repeated over and over again.

Suddenly the pain became too great and he groaned loudly. Everything grew hazy. The face of the sergeant bending over him blurred sideways and then disappeared.

"Call da Padre," yelled Sergeant Kingston.

Soon the tall, middle-aged chaplain was standing at Herm's bedside. Solemnly he gave the dying soldier absolution.

Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine. Et lux perpetua luceat ei," breathed the minister of God.

The priest searched Herm's "dog tags." On one identification tag was stamped

Herman Otto Kranz
147 Rosenstrasse
Erding, Bayern
Deutschland

Looking down upon the dead lad's face, now smooth with peace, the startled priest realized this was not an American but a German.

Then the priest removed the rosary from the limp hand.

"When the war is over," thought Father Dougherty, "I will send this rosary to his family and tell them how he died."

Then looking around the pain-

filled shack he mused: Yes, he died among his enemies and with his enemies, but it made no difference. When the last moment came, Mary, the Mother of all men, took care of him and all the others. They are all her sons.

A Triolet

National Anthology of College Poetry, 1953-54.

Soldier trodding o'er the land,
Will war bring you new fate?
Our prayers will be your guiding hand,
Soldier trodding o'er the land.
Your weary head may rest on sand,
Your gun may be your only mate.
Soldier trodding o'er the land,
Will war bring you new fate?

—*Pauline Siefert*

The Empire State Building

by MARY ANN BUSEMEYER

In the center of activity in Manhattan, amidst other massive structures, the Empire State Building stands as a giant queen, her head and shoulders towering in the clouds.

At her feet, the world passes by—the hurrying pedestrians, the gawking tourists, loudly honking cars, and taxicabs weaving precariously in and out of traffic.

Airplanes buzz around her head, carefully keeping their distance. TV signals are transmitted from her tower, the tallest in the world, to stations of much lesser size.

On reaching the top, via a racing elevator, the tourist steps out into the thrilling, but frightening, experience of looking down on a

midget world. Far below him, the people and cars, their identity almost lost, seem like ants crawling along.

Looking out from his high perch, the visitor has a bird's-eye view of Manhattan and the surrounding white-capped ocean.

When dusk falls, the lights of the big city are turned on and they begin to glitter like brilliant fireflies. On looking out into the now black ocean, one sees the occasional sparkle of the lights of a passing ship.

After descending, and once again standing on the street, the tourist feels more aware of the might of man and the greater might of God.

Originality

by MARGARET WINSOR

Today I want to be original in a monumental everlasting way.

It's like I told my boy friend this morning—I'd rather do something once that could actually be attributed to my own initiative. He just laughed and said that such an

endeavor should not be hard for me, and now he is gone off somewhere birdwatching. I get so disgusted with him; all he ever does is eat, sleep, and study nature and as for having an imagination—well, he could not even qualify as

a toothpick designer. Anyway to get back to the subject of creating something myself, this idea is not as proud or selfish as you may think. Actually if it were truly original there would be so much of me in this work that others would know that it was I who originated it. That is only incidental though. The main thing is giving something of myself to the world for its use, something practical, different, lasting.

An older, much more intellectual friend of mine, who understands me much better than my boy friend, tells me that I should not be too eager to begin with something so overwhelming. He urges me to try to recall some of my inspirations and then share them with him so that he can help me develop them. But I would rather do this myself without anyone's help. To me it would matter very little whether or not the idea would be a clever one. Originality is what counts.

When one wants to be the first to do a thing he cannot look at the works of others for inspiration. But how can he get any new ideas? Oh, I know. There are so many wonderful things around me and they all seem to show the intelligence,

beauty, or humor in the one who thought of them. But what qualities do I have?

It seems that some seeds of thought took many years to ripen into fruitful ideas. If that is the case, I am too impatient in expecting results today or even next week. Some day though I will think of something despite my boy friend's scoffing. (If I could find someone else around here besides nature boy I would introduce myself in an instant.) Even my wise friend with his well-meaning advice hinders my progress. But ambition will conquer every obstacle and eventually my blossoming originality will be recognized by all.

Eve

Composition for Class in World Affairs

School of Eden

Day before the Fall, 4000 B.C.

Grades received:

Eve—B (She was teacher's pet)

Adam—C (He copied)

Serpent—A (He graded the papers)

Angels—Incomplete (Excessive absences)



Church-Goers

by MARY ANN FREY

The last place that should be used for observation of human nature is a church. It is a place for worship and for talking to God. Nevertheless, without even trying to observe, one can notice some revealing things about people.

Consider a person's genuflection. I know a Sister who makes a perfect prayer of her genuflection. With faultless posture and grace, she makes her descent on one knee in a single fluid motion in adoration of Jesus, present in the Blessed Sacrament. Her ascent to her feet is effortless. After seeing her genuflection, I'm ashamed of my own hurried gesture. I slide down to one knee, wobble back to my feet and go into the pew as if I'm being timed by an efficiency expert. There are some young able-bodied athletes who on the football field show their zest and enthusiasm "beyond the call of duty" but genuflect as if their legs were broken in three places.

Much has been written and said about the manner of making the Sign of the Cross. The classic examples are the comparisons of this acknowledgment of the three persons of the Blessed Trinity to the chasing away of flies or the brushing of dust from one's coat. One can gain great merit by using this sacramental properly but, unfortunately, for many of us it is

practically a reflex action that requires little thought.

A person's posture in church is an indication of his attention and devotion. When I was in grade school, we were drilled in correct church-posture and in the proper times to stand, kneel, or sit during Mass. We were told when going from a seated position to a kneeling position to stand before we kneel. Sliding from the seat to the kneeler, however, was much easier. When I think of it now, it reminds me of a seal sliding from the bank of a river into the water.

At Sunday's early Mass, it is easy to tell who stayed out late Saturday night. The slumped position is the give-away. Sunday is a day of rest, but rest should not begin by *completely* relaxing at Mass.

The sermon is often given as much attention as the TV commercial. Experienced TV watchers possess a mental switch by which they conveniently shut off a dull commercial. Some parishioners use the same means when the priest begins the sermon. They may even choose this time to fit in their daily rosary.

Then there are the late-comers and the early-leavers. The late-comers hate to walk to the front of the church where the empty pews are, but crowd into the already filled back pews, making themselves and everyone concerned uncomfortable.

Not too unexpected is the fact that the late-comers are usually the early-leavers. Some very hurried people have urgent appointments that force them to leave as soon as the tabernacle is closed after Holy Communion. Others find it necessary to rush away as soon as they have received the final blessing. These are the people who would not dream of leaving the theater before

the very end of the last act.

Violations of the rules of church-etiquette are due probably more to thoughtlessness than to disrespect. But if we are so much concerned about the observance of good manners at public gatherings why would we not have the same concern about our conduct when we are in church in the presence of our Eucharistic King?

My Foster Mother

There have been times that I've seen her cry
Bitter tears, when I've taken a wrong path.
There have been times when I've heard her sigh
In moments when I've flung out my wrath.

I've caused her many a sorrow I know,
But I'm glad she took me as her own.
Dear God, I wish that to her I could show
The love which is owed to mothers alone.

—*Loretta Schoettle*

If I Were A Ghost

by LORETTA SCHOETTLE

Passing through walls fascinates me to no end. Imagine being able to enter any room I please without formal admittance.

Of course, if I wanted to be seen, I could shake myself and, behold! I would be solid. My friends would not detect that I was not a real person.

With a mischievous mind I would have more fun than a barrel of monkeys. I might go to London and enter the palace unseen to watch a Queen's daily routine. Naturally I wouldn't scare the Queen with my pranks, at least not much. While in my invisible state, I might wear the royal crown up and down the marble stairs and rouse a little excitement. With a little curtsy I would acknowledge the Queen's presence.

Maybe I would go to Rome and stand beside Mark Anthony's statue and in as deep a voice as I could manage recite his famous speech

to the frightened people: "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears." What fun!

What about becoming an unseen opera singer at the Met. I might be able to find the lost key in "La Bohème" and lift it before the eyes of the audience while Mimi and Rudolph are still searching for it—a comic opera in three acts.

To Spain, the land of bullfights, I would go, to become the greatest of toreadors. By swaying a red cape in front of a puzzled bull's eyes, I could bring home free steaks without a fight.

Spooking can be fun if no evil is brought about through it. I could help someone in trouble. As I've always wanted to be a detective, I could save an innocent person from falling victim to foul play by finding the guilty one.

To one and all, my favorite greeting—BOO!



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Who Did It?

by EMILIE C. MURRAY

At last, the storm broke. For several days they had waited, an anxious community hastily converting their homes into hurricane shelters. Shutters and boards covered all windows; garden furniture and decorations were placed indoors. Cupboards were well-stocked and the oil lamps were filled.

In her elegant beach home, Valerie Winters showed little fear of the storm. A seasoned Floridian, she was accustomed to hurricanes and her only feeling was that of annoyance. Hurricanes did not help her business. People were not interested in purchasing small gifts and novelties when the roofs and windows of their homes needed repairs. Even the tourists preferred to send bits of debris as souvenirs of the hurricane instead of the clever "originals" that were the specialty of her shop.

From across the room, Carolyn watched her curiously. She admired Valerie for what she was, blasé, clever and sophisticated. The author who coined the phrase, "like a page from Vogue," must have been thinking of Valerie. But somehow, Carolyn could not admire her completely. The memory of a phone call from Valerie's brother Phil gave Carolyn a clue to the personality behind the fashionable exterior.

Phil Winters was three years older than his sister but less fortunate

financially. From time to time he had borrowed from her to finance various business opportunities. She had always assured him that she enjoyed helping him and that he could repay her any time. Only part of the statement was true. Valerie enjoyed loaning money to anyone that might not be able to repay her easily. To her, money was the means of making people dependent on her will.

Today Phil had called again. The last loan had not been enough and he needed another small loan to complete his transactions; however, Valerie decided to stop playing the devoted sister. Carolyn recalled the answers that Valerie gave so casually to Phil's desperate pleas: "I'm sorry, Phil, I can't possibly help you this time. You've already borrowed too much from me."

A silence while Valerie listened—then, "Of course I have the money in the bank and that is where I intend to leave it. After all, I can't afford to go on loaning money to you for the rest of my life."

Another longer pause, and "Well, you will have to borrow it from someone else, I'm through. And Phil, if you find anyone willing to take the risk, borrow enough to give back my money too." She hung up and when Phil tried to call her again, she was "out."

The elaborately furnished room gathered deep sombre shadows as the storm blew away the daylight. Valerie lit the candles on the mantel, realizing that the electricity might be off for several hours or even days. Curiosity prompted her to try the phone. That too was dead. The hurricane had forced her to be as alone as one could be in a civilized world.

The wind lashed the house, the rain streamed past the windows. The mounting fury outside made the click of the opening door almost inaudible. Carolyn sat upright, frozen in her chair. Someone was coming in, someone who did not want to be discovered was entering the house. She turned towards Valerie; apparently Valerie had not heard for she was calmly enjoying a snack in front of the fireplace. Carolyn tried to warn her, to call out, but she couldn't. She was too terrified to speak.

Then she saw him, strong, muscular, his height and build accentuated by the oversized slicker that protected him from the storm. His

hands were lean, capable hands obviously accustomed to work. In one of them he held a short rope.

Suddenly Valerie wheeled around, her eyes widened, her face blanched, her body tensed with fear. She was alone, defenseless, and he was stepping closer . . . closer . . .

A voice called sharply out of the darkness: "Carolyn, please turn the television off and go to bed! None of us can sleep with that racket! Besides those stories always give you nightmares."

"But Mom," Carolyn began.

"But nothing," her mother declared firmly, "it is time for bed and that is all there is to it."

"All right, all right," she answered darkly. Disgusted and reluctant, Carolyn turned off the set and padded quietly up the stairs to her room. One little curl, as if agreeing with her thoughts, bounced angrily on her forehead. As she passed her mother's room, her mother smiled when she heard her mutter, "Now I'll never know what happened to Valerie Winters."



Our Lady's House

by MARTHA PICTOR

On the campus of the Catholic University of America, in Washington, D. C., there is an immense bulk of stone and masonry. This unadorned and unfinished structure is the crypt of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. This great unfinished building, when completed, will vie with the celebrated cathedrals of Europe, and will take its place as a fitting memorial to the patroness of the United States in our capital city beside the patriotic monuments of the country.

The completed shrine will be a huge votive church which will serve as a lasting monument erected by the Catholics of the United States to Mary, their patroness. Some of the best art and literature in the world pertaining to Mary will be gathered in the shrine's art museum of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the "Mariana" library. Already the shrine has an imposing array of treasures. The great gift of two popes, the mosaic reproduction of Murillo's *Immaculate Conception*, begun under the direction of Benedict XV and completed under Pius XI, has been viewed by thousands. The women of our country named Mary donated a \$50,000 altar of semi-transparent golden onyx with a base of Traventine white marble

which is the main altar of the crypt, dedicated to Mary Immaculate. The 58 granite and marble columns from all over the world have engraved in their capstones the most powerful and best known prayers to the Blessed Virgin: the Magnificat, Salve Regina, Ave Maria, and Memorare. Of the many smaller donations, an interesting one is an engagement ring given by a young man to obtain the recovery of his fiancée who had been sick for a long time.

After the European style, there will be no pews in the upper church. This will give a magnificent view of the sanctuary which will accommodate the entire Hierarchy of the United States and several hundred ecclesiastics and still have room for the most impressive ceremonies. The completed crypt, which will seat 1200, is in Romanesque style. In general, the interior architecture will recall the spirit of St. Mark's in Venice, but the exterior has little archeological resemblance to any church and could be called "American" in design.

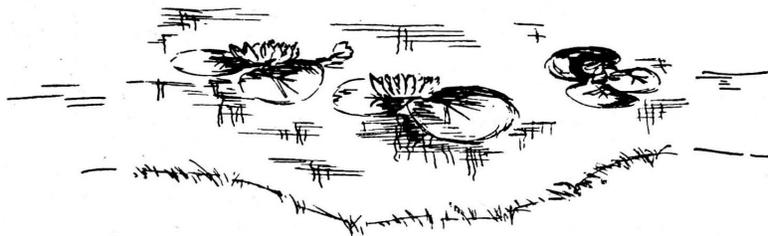
The first mention of a national shrine was made more than a hundred years ago when the *Lowell Courier*, in 1846, stated; "A magnificent Catholic church is to be built at Washington, something af-

ter the style of the cathedrals of the Old World. It is intended by the Catholics to appeal for aid in this great undertaking to every congregation of their denomination in the United States.”

In 1913, when the plans were described to Pius X, he gave them immediate encouragement. The foundation stone was laid in September, 1920, but actual construction was not begun until two years later. Hopes to complete the shrine within thirty years were blasted when the great depression came and by the 1930's work had to be discontinued. Interest never died com-

pletely, however, and there was always a faint flow of contributions, until in 1948, there was a rise in interest and the contributions increased. The national appeal for funds on December 6, 1953, was made in an effort to raise enough money to commemorate the Marian year by beginning the superstructure of the shrine.

When Our Lady's house rises upon the foundation of the crypt the Mother of God will receive in some measure the honor Catholics of the United States owe the patroness of their country.



BOOK REVIEWS

Mary Tudor

by H. F. M. PRESCOTT

After assimilating Miss H. F. M. Prescott's historical biography, the reader will justifiably associate blood with Mary Tudor's reign, *not* with Mary Tudor. Whether or not Miss Prescott intended to make her book a refutation of the "Bloody Mary" of Protestant tradition, she has nevertheless adequately and plausibly done so. Judging from her penetrating character portrayal of this unfortunate queen as well as from her exacting analysis of the religious disturbance of sixteenth-century England, one wonders what justification defamers of Mary Tudor could possibly give. Apparently Miss Prescott let fact speak for itself. Her interpretation of Mary presents the Tudor queen as a life-long victim of circumstances. Her explanation of the schism pins direct responsibility on Mary's lascivious father; but as an indirect cause of the subsequent religious turmoil, her explanation emphatically points to England's economic and social distress resulting from the extravagance of Henry VIII.

More than refuting an unjust nickname, Miss Prescott has depicted Mary in such a manner as to justify the sobriquet, "Spanish Queen of England." That this might also have been Miss Prescott's intention is implied in the title of the first publication which appeared in 1940 as *Spanish Tudor*. Evidence for this inference permeates the book. Miss Prescott stresses the psychological effects that persecution and surrender of one's own principles had on a person like Mary. While stressing the permanent ill effects of such treatment, the authoress reveals Mary Tudor as a person of limited intelligence and of temperament more Spanish than English. Such treatment by a once devoted father, she repeatedly points out, resulted in distrust of all Englishmen, a distrust which grew as Mary lived. She then leads the way to the path which this unhappy queen's affections were to take—first to her beloved mother's native Spain, ultimately to marriage with Philip II of Spain. In her concluding analysis, she shows

how the Spanish marriage involved England in an adverse war with France. Thus one is shown how Mary's unrequited love for a Spanish monarch thwarted the country over which she impotently and briefly reigned.

From one stand-point, Miss Prescott fails to convey the historical people and events of the past to present reality. Her accounts—always detailed, sometimes unnecessarily so—of, for example, the domestic and foreign intrigues against Mary and England are prosaic rather than dramatic. For these reasons, it is unlikely that the reader who shuns textbooks will

do more than "taste" a few pages of *Mary Tudor*.

Yet the reader who looks for a book that he can "chew and digest" will find satisfaction in the information-packed pages of *Mary Tudor*. For the scholarly reader it suffices to mention the scholarship, comprehensive research, twofold factual view of controversial points coupled with a seemingly impartial personal interpretation. As further inducement, however, one need add only that this biography, which was republished in 1953 after revision and expansion, in its original form has already merited the James Tait Black Historical Prize.

—*Julia Abrams*

Six O'Clock Mass

by the RT. REV. MAURICE S. SHEEHY

Six O'clock Mass is a novel combining the life stories of the people who regularly attend Father James' six o'clock Mass at St. Jude's. These nine people from all walks of life are united only by their participation in the sacrifice of the Mass. Genuine human interest is clearly recognized in each character whose struggle for God is movingly portrayed by his daily, ordinary life.

This book seems to be a dedication to St. Jude, the saint of the impossible. The author adds his own personal touch by inserting letters between himself and this saint to

whom he is apparently very much devoted. In the narrative itself, Father James, the young pastor who dedicated his new parish to St. Jude in anticipation of the laborious task before him, is made a champion of the saint of the impossible.

For light, restful, yet informative reading on the Mass in popular, fictionalized form, Monsignor Sheehy's first novel provides what may be spiritually helpful to the busy housewife as well as to the carefree high school student.

—*Charlene Hatherly*

The Mouse Hunter

by LUCILE HASLEY

Few authors have attained the recognition with one book that Lucile Hasley achieved with her first book, *Reproachfully Yours*. In her second book, *The Mouse Hunter*, she proves herself worthy of praise, not by writing it exactly like *Reproachfully Yours*, but by doing something different. This time she divides her book into three groups, Essays, Dibs and Dabs, and Short Stories.

The essays quite naturally follow the style of her earlier work. She blissfully writes about any topic that pleases her fancy. The trials of public speaking, high school reunions, airplane trips, marriage problems, and movie stars are a few of the subjects that she makes appealing to the public. Three essays that deserve special mention are: "The Name is Susan," a humorous story of her daughter's desire to be named Kristy; "Feelings Don't Count," a plea for more kindness in the Confessional; and "Load That Plate, Lift That Fork!," a practical way of solving the problem of racial prejudice that every individual must face.

"Dibs and Dabs" are just what the name implies. These short essays have an average length of two pages

and have as wide a subject range as the longer works. "Hoo-Ray for Eddie!" and "What Flavor?" are the most humorous of this group.

The short stories are only five in number but they can be easily called the most important section of the book. In them, the author reveals a rare understanding, a sincere compassion for people that is often hidden by her humor in the essays. All of them are serious in tone, dealing with problems and situations that are shared by hundreds of people. They are in sharp contrast with the current crop of short stories which are most concerned with the love triangle. "The Mouse Hunter," a story of a parish priest, is the most realistic.

The book can be read as a whole or the reader can choose what he wants. Miss Hasley's style is free and natural, modern without the faults of modern writing, and thought-provoking without ever presuming to preach. If you read a great many books, *The Mouse Hunter* will be a refreshing change. If your reading is confined to magazines because of a lack of time, this book will offer you short articles that are different and unusually entertaining.

—Emilie C. Murray

The House That Nino Built

by GIOVANNI GUARESCHI

translated by FRANCES FRENAYE

The House That Nino Built is an inside view of the family life of the creator of Don Camillo. Giovanni (Nino) Guareschi, leads a life complicated by the personalities of his wife, Margherita; his son, Albertino; his daughter, baptized Carlotta, but appropriately called the "Duchess"; and the world's most temperamental cat.

The central theme concerns moving the family from Milan to a house in the country, but the reader almost loses sight of it in the absorbing incidents which fill each chapter. The stories deal with the purchase of a plot of land, the problems of building, and the process of moving in.

When strong personalities such as those of the Guareschi family meet, there is bound to be a clash, but Nino is never defeated. Somehow he always manages to prove he is still the head of his own house-

hold. Margherita's lack of logical reasoning is balanced by her eagerness to do her best and to be a good wife and mother. The taciturn Albertino manages to make his personality and ideas known without benefit of the spoken word. He even confines his essays to a few terse sentences! A young lady of strong convictions, the Duchess is the exact opposite of her brother, for she never fails to make her will known to all concerned, and to some who are not.

Don Camillo fans will certainly enjoy the gay charm of Giovanni Guareschi's latest book, even though their beloved Don Camillo is not even mentioned. Some of the credit for this delightful book is due to Frances Frenaye who has done an excellent job of translating it from the original Italian, without losing any of the sparkling humor.

—*Martha Pictor*



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