

ALUMNI

Fioretti

25th

ANNIVERSARY EDITION

SILVER ANNIVERSARY
EDITION

1937-1962

THE
ALUMNI
FIORETTI

AN ANTHOLOGY OF
PROSE AND POETRY
FROM
MARIAN COLLEGE
ALUMNI

SILVER ANNIVERSARY—what thoughts these words recall. The memories are of twenty-five years made up of days, hours, and minutes—many filled with the monotony of sameness, some filled with the discouragement of setbacks and failures, and still others bringing sweet triumph for a goal achieved. Since its birth in 1937 Marian has experienced all the familiar growing pains of these first twenty-five years; but now a milestone has been reached. We former students and alumni of Marian join with the students of today, the faculty, and the administrative officers to rejoice in the progress of the past and look forward to a bright future equally as fruitful. As befitting this festive occasion, some Marian alumni have made original contributions in the fields of art and literature. These able representatives speak for all students of past years.

Margaret Ann Fleetwood,
Chairman of the Board of Directors
Alumni Association

The *Fioretti* has been the showcase of student prose and poetry for the last 20 years. Now, a special edition makes its appearance in recognition of Marian's 25th anniversary. Perhaps alumni will find a friend and former classmate here; perhaps a present student will feel a bond with the students who have been a part of Marian in the past. If so, our purpose has been accomplished.

This page would not be complete without thanks to the alumni whose work appears within. It has been an honor and a pleasure to be a part of this commemorative anthology.

Maribeth Schubert, '63
Editor

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Confessions is one of those writings which transcend cultural boundaries and time. Written by a North African some sixteen hundred years ago, it still reflects the basic psychological and spiritual dilemmas of modern-day people. Strikingly contemporaneous are the two aspects of the book dealing with man's quest for happiness and his search for truth.

However dissenting people may be about the nature of happiness, everyone considers its pursuit a fundamental element of human existence. Man today, is, as ever, eager to be happy. He whirls himself in a universe he wants to re-fashion, trying to catch and hold on to the flow of ephemeral

pleasures derived from knowledge, power, wealth, lust. These did Augustine pursue and experience, until in utmost disillusion, he uttered in anguish: "Lord God, you have made us for yourself, and our heart and mind are without rest except in you!"

Restless also is modern man. Restless amidst the uncertainties of a tomorrow he cannot fully foresee nor control, tormented and impotent before the works of his brains and his hands. Restless, because more than ever he is lonely, despite the networks of instantaneous communication. Restless, because no human is for another forever loving, trustworthy, and understanding. Restless, be-

Incidental

Phan Thien Long Chau, '61

Reflections on

Augustine's

CONFESSIONS

cause his body, his heart, his mind, his soul are forever dissatisfied with the tangible, the transient, the visible, the finite.

Yet man yearns for security, friendship, love, and joy. Modern man loses touch with happiness by attaching himself to the pleasures he loathingly seeks; with the eternal by tarrying amidst the ephemeral; with the essentials of life by overworrying about accessories; with reality, by lack of inner life and contemplation. Like the dried up dandelion under summer winds, man is scattered by currents of thought, fashion and fads, desires of the flesh, hunger for the "fast buck," and thirst for domination. Today, as thousands years past, man can have many things he wants or dreams of, except peace and happiness, which he cannot find but within himself, a self submitted to and oriented toward the One who gives joy to the heart of man.

Inseparable from man's quest for happiness is his search for truth. The question of truth did not originate with the "modern" schools of thought, neither did it with Augustine, but perhaps ever since man was given an intellect to know, understand, and wonder. And although man's intellect is in many ways limited, it was created aspiring to learn about the unknown, to understand the incom-

prehensible, to unravel the inextricable. And man, wherever and whenever he has lived, seemed to have been preoccupied with the reasons of why and for what did he exist, where was he from, who was he, what was he doing on earth, where was he going, why was he born, why was he suffering, and why had he to die. And, after death, WHAT?

Time and again, man has tried to find answers for these questions, and time and again on his own he has not found the truth that could satisfy his mind. From the magic of the primitive man to the elaborate systems of thoughts of modern thinkers, all have proved to be inadequate which relied on the ingenuity of the intellect alone, for man needs more than mere intellect to understand. He also needs faith. Before this limitation which Augustine recognized after years of smug anxiety man may revolt in folly and intellectual anarchy, or like Augustine, he may submit in humility and dignity to the One who is the Way, the Life, the Truth.

When his heart is in anguish and his mind bewildered, perhaps the only way for man to find again peace and happiness is to clamor from his nothingness: "Lord God, you have created us for yourself, and our heart and mind find no rest except in you!"



Margaret Winsor Vespo, '57

“How could you do it?” shouted Bob, his usually pleasant disposition completely routed. “How could you spend \$25.00 on a child’s toy?”

“Oh, but see how he enjoys it,” Nancy replied in an effort to soothe her husband’s ruffled feelings.

Bob’s angry gaze fell upon a scene which would normally bring pleasure to anyone else. A beautiful brown rocking-horse, complete with a lifelike mane and tail, was being ridden by a bouncing baby boy seated on a real leather saddle.

Nancy hastened to explain the many fine features the horse

possessed.

"He's not only handpainted—he's handcarved. Look what a cute expression he has."

"Yes," growled Bob, "and look at the cute price tag on his ear."

How could she have forgotten to remove that indelicate reminder.

"Baby loves him already," she proceeded with an enraptured expression. "Remember how he enjoyed little Johnny Stevens' rocking-horse? That's what prompted me to look at them downtown last week and when the salesman explained all the extras this one had and the fact that this was the last one they had in stock, well, I just had to buy it!"

Bob did not seem to be impressed.

"He isn't even made well. Listen to that noise."

"Squeek. Squeek," said the rocking-horse.

"Well," sniffed Nancy, feeling that she wasn't making much of a gain in the discussion, "I suppose you want me to send it back even though all the other children we know have rocking-horses."

"They aren't buying a new house either," exploded Bob. "Since you've already let him see and ride it, I guess we'll have to let him keep it; but you tell

me where that \$25.00 is coming from."

Relieved at this much of a concession Nancy hurriedly followed up the advantage, "Why, dear, I've been saving out of the house money for months and I've paid for most of it already."

Bob's face brightened. "Why, that's fine, dear. How much do we still owe on it then?"

A weak voice replied, "Twenty dollars."

With a look of complete despair Bob sank into his easy chair with the evening paper and disappeared from view all the more completely since the chair was quite old and the stuffing no longer had the resistance it once had.

Nancy turned away from the injured husband, cooing Baby, and squeeking-horse to prepare supper, completely disgusted with herself. Why didn't she use some sense in buying things or at least in telling her husband about it. The books say wait till *after* supper and then when husband is full and content, tell him the bad news. Unfortunately, she was preparing a Friday tuna casserole. Bob had eaten tuna casserole the past two Fridays. That probably wouldn't have worked anyway. If only she had waited two more weeks — then they would be in their new house and

there would be plenty of room—at least Dobbin, as she fondly named the horse, would be less noticeable there than he was now in the middle of the living room where Bob would have to climb over or around him until they moved.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the cupboard door which had stuck shut. Deftly she banged on the left-hand door and the right one magically flew open to reveal the dishes she needed.

“I wish they would regulate this heat,” she muttered looking from the sticking doors to the maze of pipes which criss-crossed the ceiling of their basement apartment. The apartment itself was far from exclusive but nothing about it bothered the young couple as much as these ungainly and sometimes noisy ceiling fixtures.

Baby Bobby’s chubby fingers had to be pried away from Dobbin when supper was finally prepared. His squeal of protest and then his happy gurgling over supper were practically the only sounds made as the other two members of the Clark family ate in an unnatural reserve.

After supper Baby toddled back to Dobbin and Bob noisily scrambled around them to his beloved Hi-Fi. This was his pride and joy. He had bought and as-

sembled it himself several years before they were married and whenever he sought relaxation or consolation he turned to its brightly polished surface and beautiful tone.

Nancy spiritedly cleared away the dishes as *Carmen* sang wildly in the living room.

It was time for Baby to be bathed and put to bed, and he splashed to tunes from *South Pacific*.

Finally, as she settled down to some unfinished mending, the bubbling waltzes of Lawrence Welk announced that Bob’s anger was subsiding.

“You know it’s not that I don’t want Bobby to have it,” he finally said. “But we’ll have our house payments as well as utilities and other bills . . . well, we just can’t afford it right now.”

“But Bobby doesn’t really have many toys because we’ve tried to save so much for the house and this is one toy that he will really like and play with.”

“Yes, but I’m sure we can find one for less money with fewer ‘extras.’ Look at him! He’s much too fancy to belong to the Clark family, don’t you think?”

Together they looked with dissatisfaction at the regal trappings of poor Dobbin sitting in front of the Hi-Fi offering no defense for himself.

"Well, I'll see if they won't take him back at the store tomorrow," Nancy sighed but still not entirely convinced.

"I have to go past the store tomorrow anyway," remarked Bob sensing her reluctance. "I'll take care of it for you if you want me to." She nodded her assent as he shut off the record player.

The only music left in the apartment that sad winter night was the singing of the overhead pipes as the last heat made its way through before morning.

Bob was a heavy sleeper and seldom dreamed; but Nancy, even though she slept deeply, dreamed a good deal and tonight it was a nightmare. It concerned Dobbin. Baby was riding him and Dobbin was running away with him to get even with them for planning to take him back. The little rocking-horse was going full speed — his squeek-squeek sounding above the roar of a waterfall over which he was passing. There was the constant squash of the waterfall and Dobbin's squeek-squeek, squeek-squeek. Suddenly, the dream was gone and Nancy knew she was awake, but the noise continued.

"What can it be?" she thought. In sudden alarm she jumped out of bed but just as suddenly she jumped back in, for her foot had

been submerged in over an inch of icy water.

"Bob. Bob. Wake up!" She could imagine how Noah's wife felt. "Bob, there's water creeping up the side of the bed."

Bob awoke and leaped into action, but promptly leaped back again to the refuge of the bed.

"What's happening?" he demanded.

"I don't know. The squeaking of the rocking-horse woke me up and I found *this*. Listen to that gushing noise. It's coming from the bathroom, isn't it?"

By this time Bob had his pajamas rolled up and was wading into the bathroom.

"A pipe's burst in here," Bob reported above the noise. Not being able to find the shut-off valve, he rushed down the hall in search of the custodian, his pajama shirt-tails flying.

A sleepy custodian and the two Clarks frantically attempted to stop the flow of water and mop up what had already accumulated.

"It's a good thing these rooms slope. The bed is the only piece of furniture wet in here," reported Nancy after most of the excitement was over.

"How is everything in the living room?" she called to Bob where he and the custodian had just started to mop.

Not receiving a reply and fear-

ing everything had been ruined she rushed in to find Bob frantically mopping up the water which had lapped up to within an inch of his Hi-Fi.

"Oh," she gasped, "is it wet?"

"No, caught it just in time."

She quickly surveyed the rest of the room. About half of the room had been covered with water, which the custodian was busily mopping up. Bob was fussing over the Hi-Fi to make sure it wasn't injured. Several chairs would have to be dried out and . . .

"Oh, no," she moaned.

There in the middle of the room, still wet from the sudden flood, was Dobbin. The paint was flecking off and she knew he would never be the same. He was warping already.

"He looks as if he were protecting it," Nancy murmured.

"Who?" asked Bob seeing her glance at the Hi-Fi which was partially concealed by Dobbin.

"Why, Dobbin, of course. If it weren't for him, all our furniture might be ruined. It was he who woke me up, remember? The water lapping against his rockers must have set him in motion."

She gently moved him to a dry spot and wiped him off. Now Bob really would be mad. Poor Dobbin wasn't good as a toy nor could he be sent back to the store.

In an effort to get everything

cleaned and packed and ready to move into the new house the now useless rocking-horse was put back into his box and stacked with the other crates and boxes. Perhaps Baby searched for him but even he, sensing the excitement of moving, forgot his friend.

Moving day finally came; and as all moving days are, this one was just too short to get everything accomplished. As she put the last dish into the easily-opened cupboards, Nancy marveled at the space she had and wondered how everything had fit in only one, sticky, old cupboard.

"Come here a minute, Nancy," Bob called.

He had been setting up furniture in Baby's room and probably wanted her to approve the arrangement. Baby was staying at Grandma's tonight to give them a chance to get settled.

When she reached the doorway she stopped in surprise; for there, rocking back and forth minus his squeek, with new rockers freshly painted, was Dobbin.

"But how, why . . .?" gasped Nancy.

Bob grinned sheepishly.

"Well, I began thinking how much he had done for me, not to mention how much you and Baby thought of him, and I decided that he just might be a good addition to the Clark family after all."

PATTERNS

Lois Tenbieg Godollei, '48

Each oak leaf is scalloped, toothed,
In intricate design.
Each vein relates intelligently,
Immutably, to the law that makes
it oak.

The stomata range in patterned
line

And green grows the leaf in sea-
son.

What enormous impossibility
Of chance governs this?

Each tree is leafed, seven times
Seventy times and more. Greened
with leaves

Brown-barked trunks arise
Lifting limbs in strongly bound
pattern.

An anarchy of unshaped form;
In the midst of order, chaos reigns.
Each leaf unique, each, yet, pat-
terned.

Am I, too, patterned? Must I be?

The Dignity of Man is as universal as the existence of man; for wherever this remarkable creature is found, there also is dignity. True, it is not always obvious — and therein lies the shame—for this particular quality lies within man by his very nature, and his own frequent denial of it through animalistic behavior does not disprove the fact anymore than the lively fussing of a child disproves he is tired and should be put to bed.

What is this dignity that every man of even the humblest means possesses? The word itself seems to sound like its meaning—that of stateliness, nobility, and *worthiness*. Of the three synonyms, worthiness perhaps best describes the dignity of man. He is, through his creation as the finest and noblest of all living beings, and through his importance as the object of Godly redemption, worthy of highest respect from his fellow creatures. If the Supreme Being has seen fit to bestow such honor on humanity, how much greater, then, must be our obligation to uphold it!

Yet, see how man has received this stately position and the obligation involved. He has used the incomparable faculty of his mind to design and develop schemes worthy of the foulest devil. Man's

THE DIGNITY

inhumanity to man is practiced freely, and at times, sadistically, in the most violent acts of murder, rape, and mutilations. While these may be the doings of a small percentage, there are the countless insults and degradations of a lesser, yet intolerable, degree of unworthiness that mark daily behavior.

The obligation to respect the

OF MAN

Katie Bashe Henseler, '54

fundamental dignity of man rules out such petty things as harboring racial prejudice, jostling others in grim determination to get a seat on the bus lest it become necessary to stand for ten or fifteen minutes. (How long was it that He hung by spikes from that cross?) And every time the human body is used in illicit pleasure, that being has spit upon his own

dignity. Observe (and it would be difficult not to) how mankind has come to dwell upon portraying as acceptable the more brutal aspects of his devices under cover of "naturalism," while the quality of quiet dignity is buried beneath the rubble. What worthy purpose can possibly be served by dragging down a fellow man in slander or curses? And does that preserve our own dignity in his estimation?

There are far too many fine qualities and undeveloped potentials for love, peace, and simple happiness within human nature to expend energy on those which lead to depravity. The exquisite beauty of God-given nobility which belongs to man is a precious jewel in the pocket of each, regardless of his social or material status. It is that jewel of nobility which reflects His likeness; and as we wish to keep ours secure, so also we must refrain from chipping at another's.

In this dignity we stand, albeit unsteadily at times; but to bend is to deny our respectability. When we, in the Christian fellowship, permit and contribute to the degradation of humanity, we are, in effect, inviting total repudiation of the Dignity of Man and, ultimately, enslavement to brutish society.

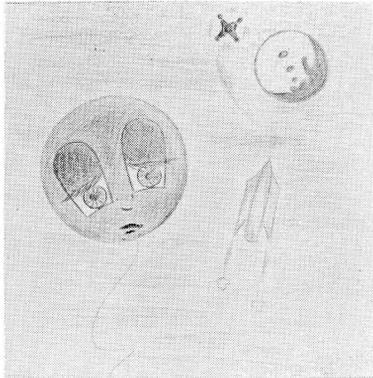
THE

Margaret C. Braun, '47

SAD

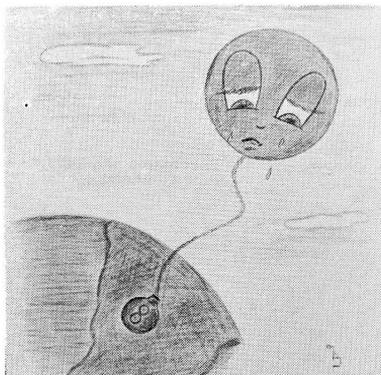
BALLOON

Dedication: Especially for Mom and Dad
and their grandchildren, a baker's dozen.

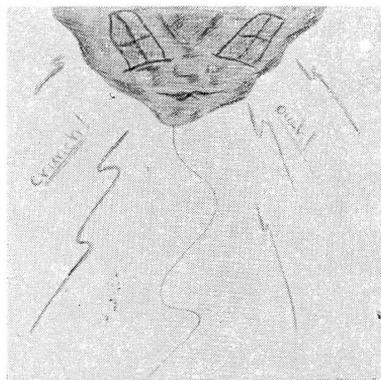


I am a great big sad balloon
Who'd like to rocket to the moon.

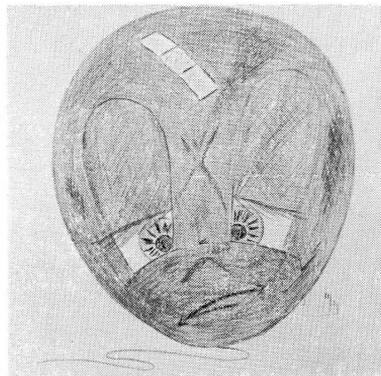
Tied to this earth by one fine
string,
A nothing, when I could be king.



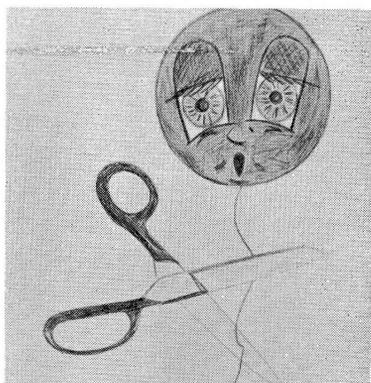
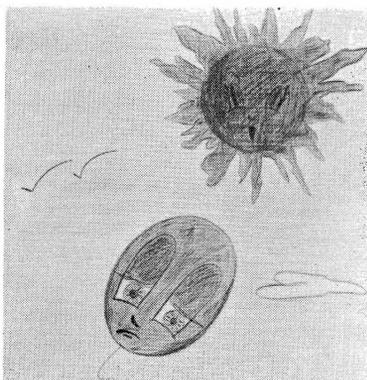
Bang my head upon the ceiling,
They must think I have no feel-
ing.



Some little children play so rough,
I thank my stars my skin is tough.

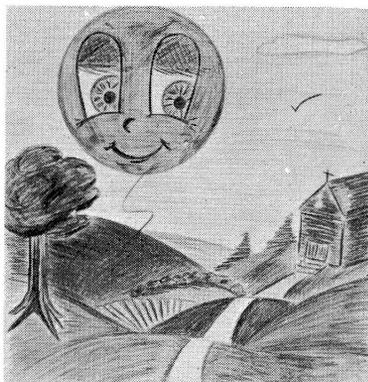


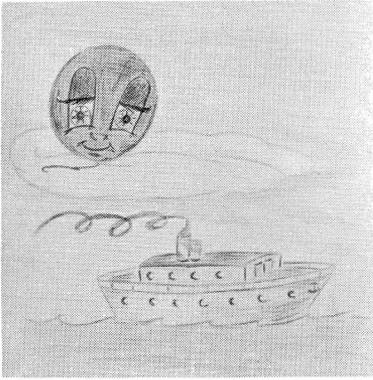
Unhappy life for such as I,
When I long to be in the sky.



Why, for two cents I'd cut this
string,
And into outer space I'd spring.

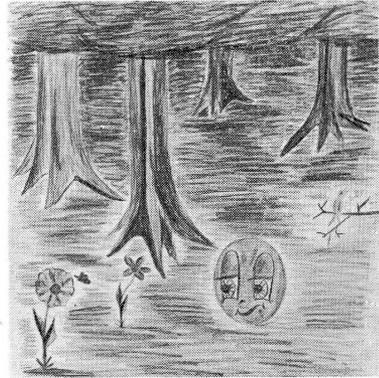
To drift with the breeze, up and
down,
Get a bird's-eye view of the town.



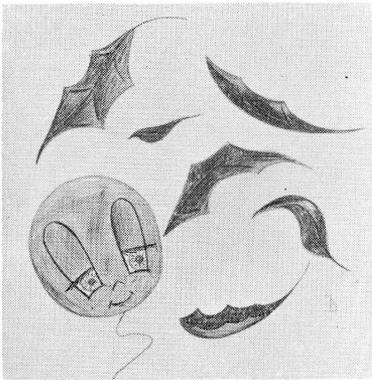


Out to sea on a cloud I'd float,
Follow the course of some big
boat.

Find a forest of great big trees,
Talk with the flowers, birds and
bees.



As the autumn leaves skip and
play,
I'd dance with each one, bright
and gay.





And if a storm begins to blow,
I'll tumble with it, to and fro.

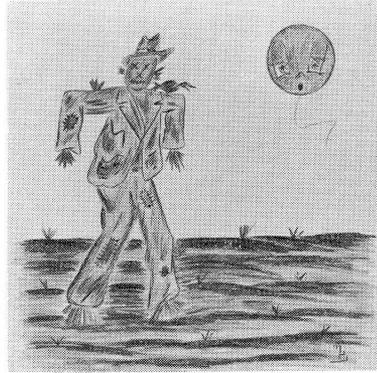


Visit a snowman, big and strong,
Straighten his hat, it's tilted
wrong.

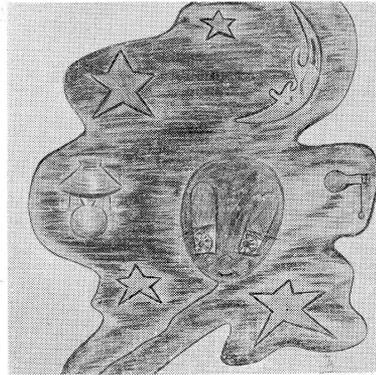


I'd even borrow Jack Frost's
brush,
And paint a blue bird or a thrush.

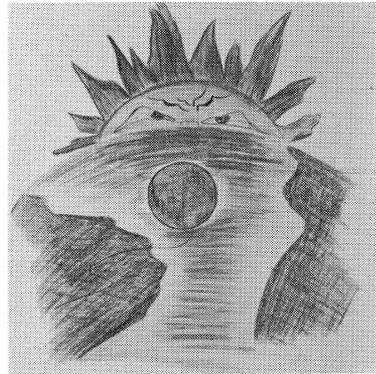
Stop and talk with an old scare-
crow,
He won't frighten me, that I
know.

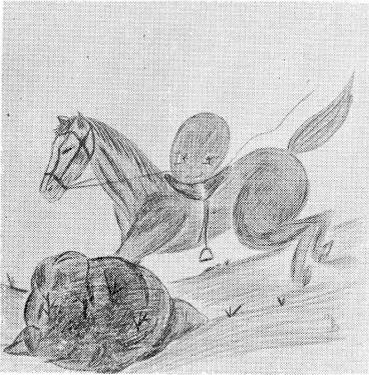


Leap up into the cool, black night,
To help the stars turn on their
light.



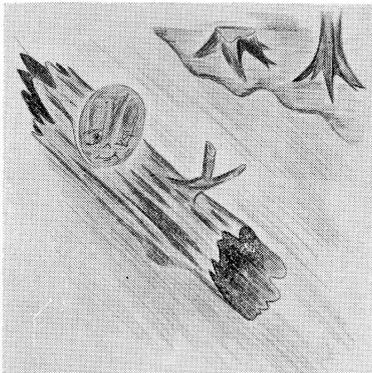
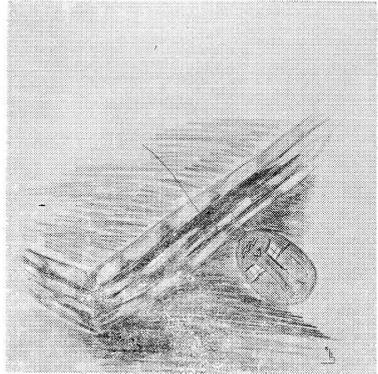
Or watch the lazy sun up high,
Fall to earth with a heavy sigh.





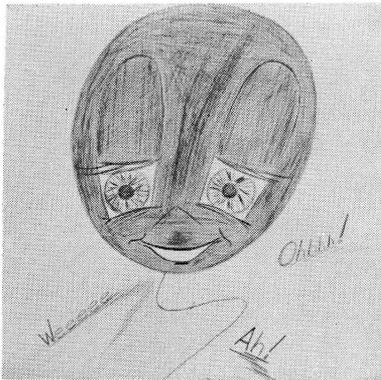
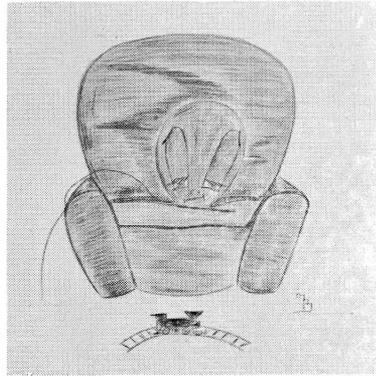
I'd saddle up a great big mare,
And ride along without a care.

Leapfrog over an old stone wall,
Probably take a nasty fall.



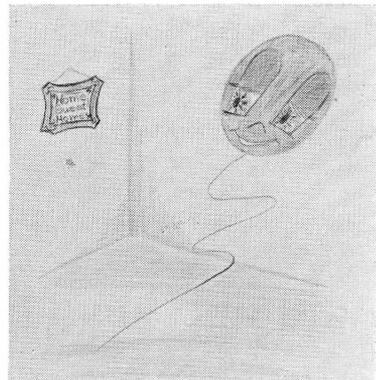
Drift downstream on a slippery
log,
Could get lost in a soupy fog.

Of course, this can never be.
Many children depend on me.



They greet me with squeals of
delight,
To deny them this, isn't right.

Soooooooooooo, I guess I had better
stay.
I really couldn't run away.



REVEILLE

FOR

LATENT

WRITERS

Katie Bashe Henseler, '54

"The literary artist speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives; to our sense of pity, and beauty, and pain."—Joseph Conrad.

Among the treasures buried in the depths of human intellect lie the uncut, unpolished gems of many a would-be writer. The romantic, yet very real, urge to be an author frequently plagues these people in a manner suggestive of the disquieting methods of the devil himself. But, generally, it is the fate of this prompting to be relegated to the world of day-dreams where authors thrive with the flourish of a pen; seldom is it permitted to surface in the reality of daily routine. After all, says the dreamer upon waking, one does not become an author in the same manner one becomes thirty-five, and he dismisses the notion with a shrug. And indeed, an accurate observation, that, but by no means grounds for discouragement. Rather, let him face squarely the true nature of the challenge and take heart from the realization that, like most recognitions,

authorship is approached from a simple and accessible beginning.

To be an author is to write, and write, and re-write. People are not born authors any more than they are born secretaries, chemists, fathers, and/or saints. Authors are writers developed by a peculiar sort of training, and, except for orientation in the fundamentals, they are trained by themselves. Authorship is an end; writing is a means to attain it, and the means are inviting.

Many a timid aspirant to the literary world — after sitting down to a desk equipped with sharpened pencils, reams of paper, and a book of synonyms—experiences an acute sense of aridity. He suddenly feels that he has called his own bluff, that he really has nothing to say, and that even if he did he would not know how to begin saying it to the satisfaction of readers. At that unfortunate moment of disenchantment possibly one more measure of leavening is withheld from the flat spirit of contemporary life. We can hardly afford the luxury of that risk.

Creative writing is the sharing, in an intimate way, with the reader one's knowledge, experiences, convictions and emotions through a nearly unlimited medium of literary devices. It provides the writer with an intellectual

challenge and promise of the incomparable reward of reaching the mind and emotions of others. Such sharing of knowledge and feeling is a continuing process whereby the whole of humanity is stimulated, and occasionally refreshed, by the contributions of its individuals. Certainly, the sense of values so apparent in our society is one indication of that need for refreshment which only an informed and mature theist can provide. Assuredly, not all of the people subscribe to these values, perhaps not even a majority; but the stifling notion of conformity for conformity's sake, the loud and liberal misuse of mass communications (which seem to cater to the lethargic audiences' plea, Speak to us in platitudes and say only what we want to hear) overwhelm or discourage those individuals who would abide by their nobler convictions if their sense of freakishness were diminished by discovering kindred souls through literature.

Unfortunately, the attempt to create literature that will inject a dash of Christian tradition into our culture frequently is reduced to ineffectiveness by the blunt manner of thrusting moral principles at the reader. Sermonizing is literary suicide for the creative writer today; it has the same scattering effect as the cry, "Un-

clean," must have had centuries ago. There are much subtler ways of adding the leavening. (Genuine humor, for instance, is a scintillating vehicle, and a relatively safe one—there is not likely to be any humor in hell.)

Creation of distinct characters, natural dialogue, absorbing mood, and plots with a novel twist to entertain the prospective reader require originality and the mastering and manipulation of language. As the writer's ingenuity is exercised, a few mental muscles are likely to be stretched thus increasing the capacity to create with facility. To the sincere aspirant the acceptance of this challenge provides both an outlet for intellectual productivity and a path to fulfillment (which well may be his only recompense in those months or years prior to publication). Indeed, writing maketh an exact man; it also makes a complete man.

Serious creative writing (plays, short stories, poetry, novels, all of it) requires a remarkable amount of material—something akin to the bird who is said to consume his weight in food each day; however, one need not possess knowledge of Aquinas-Einstein-Toynbee proportions, nor to have a background of experiences from street preaching on Skid Row to hunting abominable snowmen on

Kilimanjaro. Authors would have become extinct long ago if that were a criterion.

The writer may never have brought forth a child in labor and unspeakable joy, nor have lain in a foxhole cringing inwardly, swearing outwardly, in anticipation of the unknown worst. Yet he does understand these and other feelings which he has experienced vicariously through reading, imagination, and by a sort of proxy. In this latter respect much is acquired by "hearing" with the eyes because so much is "spoken" through the eyes of others.

It is sufficient—and essential—to know oneself honestly, to be keenly aware of the various characters (no sarcasm intended) encountered in ordinary circumstances, and to develop the six senses (Who doesn't lay claim to a sixth sense about one thing or another?) until they can detect the finest in the world of man. Gradually, as a pattern running through individual differences becomes apparent, there comes an understanding of human nature—the same human nature in mink or in a barrel, in chapel or in a bar. The artist is free then to reconstruct or to create plausible situations resulting from that nature.

It would be a pity if any one of our writers-in-reverie-only were withholding his pen because

"it's too tough to break into the literary market." The profusion of published creative writing (consider for example the consumption of television scripts for one day of programming) attests to the vast market for this form of entertainment; and the profusion of published creative writing of a deplorable nature attests to our failure to offer intellectually honest material with meat on its bones, presented with a fresh slant, and aimed at man's edification. We have already defaulted in our responsibility; the simple alternative (fortunately there is one) is to force the tons of banal junk from the market by sending in superior material as competition. The reading public has a voracious appetite and when we fail to satiate it others supply the demand with a much less nourishing diet. However, the fact that the alternative is simple to state is no assurance that it will be effected with ease. People are not born at the literary summit anymore than the Christ was born atop Calvary—but where there is a need, and a will to meet it, there is a way up. The writer's journey has the added incentive of being enjoyable and fascinating.

The hour and the circumstances are ideal for the potential author; today is that "someday" of which he has been dreaming.

DAY DREAMS

I sit alone,
I feel so blue,
I find my thoughts drift back to
you.

I see you near, you speak my name,
I find you in my arms again.

We stroll along, hand in hand,
The world, it's like a wonderland.
Your lively voice, your sparkling
eyes

Much bluer than the summer skies,
Your smile so tender, so very
warm

Bring my heart peace and calm.
But dreams must die and mem-
ories fade,

And we forge on to each new day.
Yet, my heart, my foolish heart,
has just one plea—

Dearest, please, come back to me.

—Francis Rottet, '60

Our Ambitiously Unhappy Generation

Rosemary Tisserand Geiss, '56

“For as much money as I make working at two jobs, you would think we’d have no financial worries. We must be living too high, Gloria.”

“But, Fred, we don’t get everything we want. When I look around the house, it doesn’t seem as if we have so much; and I’m sure we don’t go out any more than our friends.”

"You can't gage our activities by our friends. We are the only ones with children in the group we seem to prefer. We have got to keep our head above water, what with the new baby coming, the fence to be paid off, and the rug I know you need to show off your new couch. We just go on and on. This is the worst we have ever been."

"Fred, I am truly sorry for getting us in this shape. If I could just learn to say NO, I am sure we'd do much better—financially and spiritually! I will try harder, dear. Please don't worry yourself sick. I am well aware that after four years we should be in better shape than we are at the present. We'll just have to stay home more, and cut down on wining and dining our friends. The one activity I would like to continue is having your mother and my father for their weekly dinner here. That will be the last thing to go."

"All right, honey. Let's try again. We've got to slow down this time. There is no alternative. If you could just be content at home, Gloria, we could be so happy together."

Gloria drew the cover up to her neck. Pretty soon summer would be past. Then it would be Christmas-time, with baby-time just three months away. She

would have to improve. Like Fred said, there was no other way. They had to get back on their feet, and live according to their means. No more parties. That meant the meals would be slim that week. No more living from payday to payday. Fred worries so much about an emergency. If we just had some money in the bank. . . . Sleep had conquered Gloria's worrying mind. There was really no sense fretting about their financial matters. After all, she knew what must be done!

As Gloria knelt in Church that next morning, the Mass held something new for her. Yes, they would look towards God more in the future. God had put two lovely boys in their hands to rear according to His image and likeness. She had always been so busy going places, hiring babysitters, and having company. This settling down would be a new experience for her.

But weeks flew by and the situation did not change, despite Gloria's wishes for a brand new life with her family. After being caught up in a whirlwind, it was by no means easy to steady her feet on the ground again. Now, all of a sudden, she wanted the invitations to stop. It was so hard to say NO, because people would

not understand their sudden "unwillingness to socialize." As much as Gloria wanted to change, the change just was not taking place.

One gloomy morning in November Gloria was awakened by sharp pains in her abdomen. She reached over for Fred, and, with tears in her eyes, moaned, "Please call the doctor, Fred, right away."

As the doctor was speeding over to the Raibleys, Fred was busy on the phone contacting Grandmother. Grandmother had missed the boys so much while on her trip. Let's hope she would like to have them for a while now.

"No, Gloria and the baby are not in any danger, unless . . ."

"Unless what, Dr. Davids?"

"Unless, Fred, she keeps up at the pace she has been going. I don't mean just to temper her housework; I mean she has to slow down on all activities, inside and outside the home. This attack was a warning for her, and there are a fortunate few who get a warning. She has got to slow down for her sake and for that of the unborn child. I have

told Gloria all this, Fred, and now she has to conform to my judgment."

"Maybe she will listen to you, Doctor. I've told her this since we've been married."

"Fred, she has got to do as we say. She has no alternative."

As Gloria lay in bed that night she was frightened — frightened that she had gone so far with the life of her child. Maybe a big scare like this was all she needed to straighten out her life. She would stop pleasing other people and start satisfying her family. It was sad that it took a threat upon an unborn child's life and her own life to make her become realistic for the first time. "There are a fortunate few who get a warning," Dr. Davids had said. God had been in there pulling for her again. She had been one of His fortunate ones throughout her life.

In the darkness of this eventful day, Gloria found sleep. Never again would she close her eyes but to sleep, for Gloria's eyes had been opened widely to reality today.

WINGS

Lois Tenbieg Godollei, '48

You butterfly,
Firefly,
Gadfly thing.

You elude me,
Wispwilled,
Pursue me

I have no quick
Worm teeth
To flee down:

No glimmering
Gleamed light
Bright to guide:

Sun glittered wings
A-sky
I have not.

Go, go away
Wing thing.
Let me be.

Lois Tenbieg Godollei, '48

The
Birthday
Party

The privileged children go to
parties;
Clean and smelling sweet;
In organdy and well brushed
hair,
Shining.

Early aged, they know intuitively
Prideful right to place.
In innocence, they press their
claim
To this

Increment, these children of the
chosen.
Give them place; they have
Relentless rights and heritage.
Make way!

SOME
THOUGHTS
on the
STUDY
of
HISTORY

Rose Chan, '59

For scores of years, history has definitely been an integral part of the school curriculum. Whether he is in Europe, America or Asia, a youngster in primary or secondary school finds himself face to face with at least a three-period-of-history-per-week schedule. He does not know why he should be made to spend so much time on such a subject, but he does not protest because he knows it is futile to do so. He cannot see the necessity and significance, if such there are, of studying about peoples and things long dead and gone, and at times quite alien to him and his immediate surroundings. World history! Ancient and mediaeval history, indeed! How boring! What an utter waste of time! He would much prefer spending the time on subjects like "crafts," "nature study," or "gym."

Once an English schoolboy—an equivalent of a 6-grader in the States—was asked what he knew of ancient history, and without much hesitation, he replied, "Julius Caesar."

"What about him, my boy?"

"He crossed the Rubicon."

"Oh! What else do you know about ancient history?"

"The Romans conquered the world and were great road builders. Their gods lived up in the

high mountain of Olympia. And," the boy added after a moment's thought, "Alexander the Great was the greatest soldier ever lived. He fought his most famous battle at Salamis. He was a Greek, I think. And the Egyptians buried their kings in PYRAMIDS."

"Do you like ancient history, world history and the like?"

"Well, I like to read about battles, heroes, and all that sort of thing. But none of that political business for me. It bores me to death."

Action, vitality — the symbols of youth. History, on the whole, is too dull, too static for their young energetic but untutored minds. The study of history demands a disciplined intellect, a genuine and profound desire to know, to understand. But young eager minds can and should be disciplined; a little imagination, an abundance of patience are the necessary tools.

As the English schoolboy enters secondary education, he studies his own country and his own people; and foreign events, peoples and names are mentioned only when they have a definite bearing on national affairs. He now begins to get a clearer and more detailed knowledge of his country's past: its glories and its tragedies, its

shames and its distinctions. His approach, guided unswervingly by his teacher, is one of compassion, patriotic and indulgent. As he studies his nation from its beginning to the present, he is thrilled with a sense of intimacy, of belonging. He now loves his country deeply and passionately, like a man loves his mistress, most forgiving of its faults and immensely proud of its virtues. Secretly he swears undying allegiance to it while he kisses the unfurled Union Jack with lips quivering with emotions and eyes almost blind by tears of reverence.

From then on, his heroes are no longer the big brother of so-and-so, or this-and-that movie-actor. Replacing these fallen idols are historical figures of the magnitude of Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror, Richard the Lion-Hearted (and Robin Hood, of course), the "enlightened Tory" Canning, the iron Duke of Wellington, the unique Lord Palmeston, the romantic freedom lover Lord Byron, the memorable Lloyd George, the incomparable Winston Churchill, the far-sighted Gladstone, the daring Disraeli . . . With an unquenchable thirst, his eyes drink in untiringly all the historical works within his reach. He devours biographies of his heroes; he absorbs historical fic-

tion with the credulity of the innocent and admiring; and his history text—he thumbs heavily the pages—serves as his guide to knowledge, stimulation. Heroic deeds, great men and the wicked world—ah! there is nothing like History! What fascination! He is spellbound by the magic of history, national history—and he swears that he will be a history major in college.

Like his English cousin, the American schoolboy, too, becomes enthralled by his own nation's history. He did not like the idea of studying American History at first. But it is compulsory in high school, he realizes. More years of fact-stuffing, memorizing of atrocious names and DATES to look forward to!—Oh, blast it anyway!

But his teacher turns out to be a "peach," a "gem." She is absolutely "fantabulous!" She seems to breathe life into the American past; she makes dead heroes live by her vivid imagination, and historical events leap from the dull pages of the history text to become dramatic scenes on the living stage! The Spirit of 1776, the Albany Plan, the Virginia Company, Thomas Paine and the Age of Reason, the founder of the Republic, Hamiltonian aristocracy, the Federalist Papers, Jefferson-

ian democracy, Wars of 1812, 1856, 1898 . . . —they are not so difficult to remember after all! And King Andrew!—the, ah yes, symbol of the untamed West. The West, still uncorrupted by civilization, rich with natural resources, sprawling unpretentiously beyond the Appalachians. It was like a new-born baby, endowed already with the potentials of every manly virtue and beauty, waiting to be loved, admired, fondled and caressed.

Completely enamoured by the wondrous Wild West that was, and is no longer, our American friend experiences a deep sense of regret. If only he had been born a century or so earlier! But the thought that all those legends and tales of the Great Wild West were part of his nation's past consoles him immensely. They belong to *him* as an American. He begins to conjecture and finally believe that his great-great-grandfather was one of the pioneers in the Westward movement, he was, perhaps, a gunman; *he* might even be a kinsman of Jesse James!

Our American schoolboy proceeds to read all he can about the lives of the pioneers; he becomes acquainted with Indian smoke signals, their trails and what-have-you, like he is with the palm of his hand. In his world of make-believe, he is at once

the young, courageous leader and protector of a group of pioneering men, women and children and the wise, elderly chieftain of a wild, semi-savage Indian tribe.

Next to the West, the Civil War comes closest to his heart. Names like General Grant—the Union patriot—and General Lee—the military genius of the South—stand out among hundreds of other Civil War heroes. Our friend is by principle and family tradition a Unionist. Nevertheless, he has great admiration for General Lee—the perfect Southern gentleman. Somehow, for some inexplicable reasons, he feels a deep nostalgia for the “good old South” where life was nothing but an interminable period of hunting, sports and other manly pursuits, sumptuous dinners and balls. Yes, he reads about them in historical novels as *Gone With the Wind* and such books as *American History Made Simple*. And everyone knows books don't lie.

Unlike his English cousin, the American schoolboy does not become zealously and passionately patriotic as a result of his knowledge. He can only feel complacency. He is glad, yes, very glad, that he has born an American. Past glories hold rather slight attraction for his practical mind; he loves the present and the im-

mediate, and is quite optimistic and complacent of the future. He respects what is concrete and is duly sceptical of the abstract. The image of the self-made men—Carnegie, Rockefeller, Harriman, Vanderbilt, etc. — provides material for endless dreams. Someday . . . someday . . . he murmurs to himself. History, as far as he is concerned, has served its purpose: it has installed in him ambition, and given him hope. It has whispered to him through its pages of turbulent events what the promise of American life really means.

True to his pledge, the English schoolboy enters college and chooses history as his field of concentration. It is here in college that he begins to realize that the study of history is an art. Yes, an art! A prospective historian does not memorize facts, dates, names like one does mathematical tables or chemical formulas. Nor does he reproduce historical information like a parrot, devoid of comprehension. He knows that studying history does not mean the raking up of old leaves or the autopsy of a mummy. On the contrary, history is very much alive: it is of flesh and blood. It bleeds under the penetrating glance of the historian as does the victim of a surgical operation; and it cries out like a soldier at

the battlefield ready to charge, defiant, frightened yet meaningful. . . .

Among his college professors, our English fellow finds one who seems to him the embodiment of all scholarly virtues. His (this professor's) rich and sonorous voice gives colour to his otherwise too lengthy lectures. Like a magician he breathes life into the panorama of history as he unfolds it in front of his students; they listen, enthralled. He thunders accusations at the characters of the past for their undue ambitions and inexcusable errors, and with equal earnestness, he exalts them for their achievements and virtues. He delves with penetration into the past acknowledging his hopes to find therein the answers to the riddle of history. He ventures bold interpretations on historical grounds still untrod by his fellow historians, and he welcomes original ideas and new viewpoints from his students. Like a tyrannical trainer, he whips their minds into intellectual alertness by hurling at them, incessantly, complicated historical problems, demanding and accepting from them only plausible solutions. Haziness of mind and indecision he absolutely abhors and condemns.

Yes, this professor is a man of definite and bold ideas, with a

burning desire for truth. And our English collegian worships such qualities. He has now met Socrates and he feels it his duty to be Plato.

With our American friend, it is a matter-of-course that he enters college—an Ivy League one if his father's bank account is large enough. Even his choice of history as a major is a matter-of-course, for history would serve as the best prerequisite for his law studies after graduation. To be a corporation lawyer, snugly established in Wall Street, is the dream of every young prospective law student. It might sound incredible to say that this narrow, overcrowded street can lead to a land overflowing with milk and honey, that its endless hustle-bustle is the magic key which unlocks the secret door to the so-called "American life par excellence." But such it is, they say.

Unfortunately, our American collegian finds history in college rather dull. His major professor's incessant emphasis on impartiality and objectivity in passing judgment on historical events somewhat irritates him. Not only are his opinions, in many cases, considered partial and biased, but a number of his long-cherished theories openly attacked and refuted as unscholarly. He argues

and defends them whenever he feels himself in the right in the best way he knows how—devoting extra hours to serious studies of historical works by famous historians, analyzing controversial problems with a critical eye—and as a result he gains the awesome reputation of "radical." But he learns more about history in the process than he would have had he remained a docile class-attender.

True, he accepts the value of viewing history as an "outsider" but a great historian does not necessarily have to be an unopinionated reporter, he argues. Often times, he feels that the non-communicative relationship between professor and student stifles the intellectual progress of the latter, but he is unable to suggest a remedy for the situation. Time, yes time, he suddenly realizes, is the assassin of intellectual dynamism in American youth. No, in all Americans, young and old. Hurry! hurry! — from nowhere to nowhere! "Wake up, my fellow countrymen! Wake up and live!" he cries. His voice comes back to him in an echo: he is alone, defeated. However, like all Americans, he is practical minded. He accepts his defeat as an indirect invitation to re-enter the "time-

honored respectable society." He is the prodigal son—home again.

* * * *

An After-thought . . .

Believe it or not—I wouldn't if I were you—Graduate School is for die-hard "egg-heads" only.

Invariably, the graduate student finds himself confronted with a ten-mile long reading list from each of his professors, and like a dutiful student whose only fault is his eagerness to learn, he tries his very best to fulfill his assignments. He burns the midnight oil and reads till his eyes almost "pop out" from strain. From a twenty-twenty vision, his eyes worsen to become victims of bi-focals — and later, tri-focals. However, he has the miserable consolation of knowing that whereas most of his fellow grad students fulfill only three-eighths of their assignments, he is among the small élite who fulfills five-eighths of them.

True, he finds many of his professors most dynamic; their lectures inspiring and their questions thought-provoking. But he is at a loss as to what to think of his discoveries from his extensive outside reading. Some historians of world renown, he finds

to his dismay, have devoted volumes to disproving the existence of the long established "Industrial Revolution"; others have testified that "Renaissance," "Enlightenment" and "America" are misnomers. Still others have questioned the actual occurrence of the "French Revolution," of "Moses crossing the Red Sea on foot," and of the truth of the report that Kaiser Wilhelm II and Czar Nicholas II addressed each other "Willy and Nicky" shortly before German and Russian soldiers began massacring one another at the Eastern front.

Perplexed, confused, saddened —our industrious graduate student no longer knows what to think or believe. He gropes, patiently, in the dark, hoping and praying to find light eventually. He does. One day, a fifth year graduate student — a professional student of rather scholarly appearance — comforts our bewildered historian-to-be on hearing of his difficulties. Like a ray shot through the darkness and shattering it completely, the words of wisdom of the "professional" ring: "The aim of graduate school is to help you unlearn *all* that you have learned before. When your state of confusion becomes unbearable, you *know* you have graduated from Graduate School."

Margaret Winsor Vespo, '57

REUNION

Hand in hand
My love and I on pink clouds did
parade.
And men would smile and angels
wink
At lofty bliss displayed.

Heart to heart
My love and I did talk; but others
feared
We would not keep love's unity
When raging storms appeared.

Side by side
My love and I now rest beneath
the sod.
But lovingly, two minds as one,
Our souls rise up to God.