

Fioretti

Marian College

Indianapolis, Indiana

The Fioretti

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After the death of St. Francis, incidents of his life were recalled by his friends and told again and again. Legends sprang up about him and were treasured with pride and reverence. Finally, both true incident and legend were written down and received the Italian name Fioretti, or, in English, Flowers. From that collection the name for this anthology was chosen. Keeping this fact in mind, we wish to dedicate this issue especially to St. Francis of Assisi and pray that the inspiration and joy contained in that first book may be found also in its namesake.

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Editorials

The Spirit of Marian

As the semester draws to a close we find we have many pleasant memories of events and personalities associated with the past year at college. However, these recollections are bound together by a definite feeling or spirit that makes them unique and labels them as being a part of a special school, a school distinct from all other institutions of learning. Of what does this spirit at Marian consist? Where does it begin?

It may be said to arise from the campus itself where Nature paints in turn with fire, frosting, and melted jade as autumn, winter, and spring pay their brief visits. Both the beauty of the trees and shrubs and the shelter of the buildings stimulate a just pride and provide a suitable environment for a school spirit.

The professors in their attempt to encourage mental activity form the core of our school life and by them the intellectual spirit of Marian is maintained. Much of our loyalty to a college comes from our belief that it contains the knowledge we seek. Wisdom is here; desire and perseverance in obtaining it are requirements for the student.

Though campus and professors

contribute much to the spirit of a school—of Marian—we find that a greater element is the attitude of the individual student. The Marian spirit is formed by what *you* think, what *you* feel, and what *you* do. Remember the greeting you gave and received in return on the way to class? That was a part of this spirit—the spirit of friendliness. What about the enthusiastic support you gave a losing team and their continued effort despite these losses? That was the spirit of loyalty and good sportsmanship. The initiative and enthusiasm of your class or group which sponsored a card party, talent show, musicale, or dance were a part of it as was the large attendance at these functions indicating your willingness to support school activities. Besides, there is your desire for knowledge and self-improvement indicated simply by your being a part of it all. These qualities represent part of the Marian spirit—your spirit.

You have probably discovered that the greatest force emanating from the school and the most important is still to be named. Without this there would be little distinction between Marian and other colleges. They certainly have devoted students who, for all the previously mentioned reasons, believe

their college to be the best. Yet they lack what we at Marian possess in our devotion to Mary, the Mother of God. It is she who is the

all-pervading spirit of our school, who protects and guides us in all things. There can be no spirit at Marian without the spirit of Mary.

MARGARET WINSOR

Why Education?

Some students are not students. They attend college expecting to enjoy themselves four years and then suddenly, magically, be qualified for a high-salaried position. They don't even attempt to educate themselves; they just accumulate credit hours which are transferable for the all-important degree. The extent of their education is often something like this: from teacher to notebook, through mind to bluebook. They expect the teacher to parrot the textbook in class because they haven't bothered to study it. This type of pseudo-student lowers the scholarship level of the class and eventually that of the college, because the college is only as good as its students. These individuals are *not* students because they don't realize the important role education will play in their lives.

The true purpose of education is the perfection of the intellect, man's greatest gift and highest power. This perfection of the intellect, best accomplished by study, enables man to live a better life; for although many of the particular

facts learned are soon forgotten, the basic ideas always remain. These ideas form the comprehensive conceptions into which new facts and ideas can be integrated.

Education furthers the development of insight into the nature of things. The student learns how to criticize and evaluate what he hears and reads. He doesn't have to accept the opinions of others, but is capable of forming his own. The truly educated person doesn't mind being alone; he has many things to ponder.

The college develops an inquiring mind. Many things provoke the interest of the student, but he hasn't time to delve into all of them. After his formal education is completed, he will have the time and interest to investigate these things.

A trained intellect provides a person with the eternal joy of understanding. Education is preparation for heaven. The better the individual's ability to understand, the greater will be his love and understanding of God.

MARY BYER

Reparation

Look out the window
And tell me what you see.
A man digging in his garden,
In God's earth?
Yes. But more than that to me.

I see a man patient
 With immature deeds.

I see a man thoughtful
 Of children's needs.

I see a man loving
 Without degree.

I see a man knowing
 God and Nature—and me.

At first I pretended
I could not care.
Now I must tell you
These things are there.

He is a good man, my step-father.

CARYLOU SIEDLING, '57

The Rose Bush

EMILIE C. MURRAY, '57

Sarah Kemble was a brave woman. The settlers all agreed to this. No other woman had lost so much during the feud between the farmers and cattlemen. All of them had suffered: there had been fields torn up, fences knocked down, livestock killed and some houses ransacked; but only Sarah had lost two sons.

This was because Sarah's men refused to give up when some Kansas cattlemen wanted grazing land. They would not give land but gave their lives instead. There had been three of them, her husband, George, and two sons, Tom and Ken. And now George and Sarah were alone.

The funeral was to be in an hour. Sarah walked to the doorway and stared at the landscape before her. It wasn't particularly beautiful, just broad expanse of land with a heavy blue sky overhanging. There were no trees, no flowers. At least no flowers blooming in wild fashion. There was Sarah's rosebush next to the cabin door offering one perfect pink bloom. Instinctively Sarah touched the petals lightly. This was her one treasure, something from the home they had left when they came West.

The faint smell of a newly blooming flower reminded her of the garden that she had left. It had

been a lovely home with flowers blooming every spring and trees turning scarlet every fall. And there had been neighbors, relatives and all the luxuries of an established community. The day they left, so near and yet so far in time, came back to her now. For weeks they had planned so carefully deciding what to take west in the wagon. George worked quietly with an air of suppressed excitement and the boys, those strong young sons, worked but not so quietly, and suppressed not one bit of their eagerness. And then, that bright morning, when the last bit of furniture that could not go had been given to a distant cousin, and the last rope had been securely tied, they started out. There were ten wagons in their train and it was a happy group that turned their faces toward the sun. Sarah remembered thinking that she did not feel like a pioneer then.

But a few weeks later she did feel like a pioneer. It had been a severely hot day. Her throat was parched and sore, and dust seemed to coat the earth and all its inhabitants. She had been using a little of her water ration to keep the roots of the roses alive and ready to plant when they reached the new home; and so there was a certain satisfaction in her thirst,

knowing that it was preserving that little bit of beauty. There was no satisfaction, however, in hearing George say that once again it would be necessary to leave some of the belongings on the trail in order to lighten the load for the horses. There was only one logical item left. That was the small cherry wood dresser of her mother's. Wordlessly she nodded assent and it was set on the side of the trail. She shivered. It had made her feel cold that day and she supposed that the memory of the last piece of furniture abandoned always would. But the rosebushes were saved in spite of all the hardships.

Almost before the sod house had been finished, Sarah had planted her rose bushes. Three of them refused to take root in the stubborn Kansas soil but one had taken root and bloomed defiantly. It was the one brave hope that Sarah clung to now.

George came and stood beside her. She turned and saw that he was ready to leave. Mutely she took her bonnet off the hook and started out towards the wagon. She felt cold and tired as if she had lived a thousand years and buried a hundred sons. Six months ago she had gone to Tom's funeral. Now it was Ken. Somehow she had not thought that Ken would be beaten by the cattlemen. He seemed too full of frontier life and youth to be stopped by a mere bullet. She wished that she did not have to go to the funeral. There was nothing she wanted to see. Once had been enough. But the rest of the farmers and their families would not understand how it was with her.

George picked up the reins and quietly started the team down the road.

* * *

The funeral was nearly over. Jess Parker had read a psalm and the group had prayed together. Now the men were lowering the box into the grave. Sarah could feel the eyes of the women upon her. They were waiting and wondering. Waiting for her to cry and wondering why she did not. But she could not. She had not been able to cry for Tom and she could not cry now for Ken.

Two men started filling the grave. At first each shovelful echoed with a dull thud. And then the sound became softer as the casket was covered and earth fell on earth. In a few minutes they were finished. George placed a cross at the head of the grave. And all this time Sarah had not moved. She had wanted to cry out: "I've seen this before. Must I watch again? Will I have to see it again?"

But she had not spoken. Immovable, straight and tall she had carried her grief well. She knew that she could not break; she was a pioneer woman and the code was strict. You gave up your homes and journeyed a thousand miles. Then you gave away the last few remembrances to the roadside so that you could journey a thousand more. You gave yourself over and over again to the daily routine, and if need be you gave your sons. This was the new life of the West. Give, give, give until everything was gone; give until you no longer care to own anything because you know it will have to be given sometime.

The settlers were coming towards her now offering their sympathy. A few said, "God keep you," or "We're sorry, Sarah." Some did not speak at all, they merely nodded or clasped her hand and then went on. The simple acceptance of grief was typical, and Sarah realized that there were few words that could be used at this time and valued the sincerity of their silence.

They were on the road home now, and it seemed longer than the last time. "God, don't make me travel this pathway again," she prayed. But she knew that George would continue to work and fight alone, and that she would probably live to make this trip alone. For if other men would quit, George would not. And it was for this that Sarah loved him. Always the right thing, always finishing any undertaking, he was the spirit of determination. She glanced at him, but could not tell if his thoughts were like hers.

They were approaching the cabin. Sarah felt that it had never

looked so much like home. It was just like the other sod houses that everyone else had built but somehow it was comforting to be coming home to it. But the gate was open and that was odd. They always took special care to keep the little yard safe from the stock. And there was that cow, that Bess, that was always lost, nibbling at some grass in the corner of the yard.

George started towards the animal intending to lead it back out of the yard when he heard Sarah cry out. Turning he saw her, like a crumpled bolt of calico on the earth, digging her fingers into the soil. She was at the doorway where she had discovered her rosebush, torn from the soil, the root nibbled upon, the leaves eaten and the soft pink petals pressed into the earth. It could never grow again, no plant could live after destruction.

Uncertain of what to do, George hesitantly drove the cow out of the yard wondering, that now that they had started, if Sarah's sobs would ever come to an end.

The Search

March Wind, come, take me by the hand
To a land where peace abounds.

Your hand, March Wind, it falters at my quest
No longer can I wait—

Instead I clasp that darker hand that brings
me to my rest.

RUTH RAMSDELL, '59

Recollections of a Swiss Sojourn

JULIA ABRAMS, '56

Switzerland—October, 1954, to July, 1955. The mind is impressed by facts, personal experiences, and "human interest stories." It is the facts that we should bear in mind, but it is personal experiences and incidents of human interest that are at the beck and call of our mind.

Yet facts can be interesting. They live a fuller and longer life outside textbooks. For instance, I saw Switzerland off the map, "in the flesh"—pardon the slang. Now I am more impressed by the fact that a comparison between Maine and Switzerland shows one of our United States to be a little more than twice the size of this Central European country—Maine being 33,040 square miles in total area, Switzerland being 15,944 square miles. Now I am aware of the fact that Uri, Schwyz, Obwalden, and Nidwalden got together in 1291 in the form of a confederation for the common purpose of defense. The confederates I know to be not persons but cantons, as the Swiss say—we would call them "states." I now recognize the fact that from 1291 till 1815 the confederation grew to twenty-five cantons and adopted in 1848 a federal constitution, which was superseded in 1874 by the constitution now in force.

These twenty-five cantons I now associate with a predominantly urban population of 4,925,00 (as of June 1, 1954).

Switzerland, I observed, is a land of liberty of conscience and of creed. As in America, there is no national religion. Protestants (according to the census of December 1, 1950) are in the majority (56% of the total Swiss population) in twelve of the cantons; and Catholics (42%), in ten cantons. Jews are 0.4% of the population.

As the unique impresses my mind, I made mental note of the unusual features of the Swiss political set-up. Election year is every year. That is because there is plurality of the chief executive authority, which is invested in the Federal Council (*BUNDESRAT*) composed of seven members elected for four years by a joint session of the bicameral Parliament. The President and the Vice-President of the Federal Council are the first magistrates of Switzerland. Both are elected by the Parliament for the term of one year, January 1 to December 31, and are not re-eligible to the same offices until after the expiration of another year. Customarily, however, the Vice-President is elected to succeed the outgoing President.

Such are some facts about Switzerland. They are not likely to be written indelibly in the mind of the sojourner. To be retained, to be recalled are those personal experiences that personify Switzerland, those human events that are native to Switzerland like

The tremendous thrill of standing atop a mountain and overlooking a little of Switzerland the size of a doll world. It is a feeling possibly akin to that of Jack and the Bean Stalk. One might wonder at this stand-point how God feels in His heaven, especially when all is not right with the world. Whatever the musings, it is no wonder that mountain climbing is a favorite sport with the Swiss.

In mountain climbing as in skiing, another Swiss favorite, danger is forgotten for the thrill. The fleeting excitement of sliding down a mountain slope on one's feet. It is a sensation that can be easily and abruptly exchanged for that of sudden, unexpected collision of two or more skiers or of skier and tree.

One such collision to which I was witness had the fortunate outcome of humor, rather than of broken bones. Although it happened on an Austrian Alp—owing to the circumstances that Switzerland had little snow in the region of my sojourn it could have occurred as well on a Swiss slope since Switzerland is quite cosmopolitan. The skiers involved were a young British gentleman and a young American lady. After the involvement and the consequent duet of somersaults, and as the young Britisher was helping the young lady untangle

her skis from his, he momentarily stopped to exclaim, "By jove! I don't even know your name!" That I think is an incident of human interest as it is indicative of possible British reaction and of what might happen on any cosmopolitan mountain when skiers get together

Yodeling—one of the first things I attuned my ears to upon arrival in Switzerland. But yodelers were not to be encountered as passers-by on a mountain, or even on a sidewalk. They are seen and heard in numbers at what Americans would term "conventions"; and when they convene, they are heard from night till morn till night with time out only for beer drinking. The effect of multi-mixed voices yodeling in close harmony is delightful, except perhaps between the hours from 2:00 A. M. to 10:00 A. M.

As yodeling is to singing so the Alp horn is to wind instruments. Originating as a device for communication among Swiss mountaineers tending their grazing cattle, the Alp horn is as unique in sound as in appearance. It looks like a much overgrown pipe and sounds very much like a cow. It is heard at yodeling conventions

Spring green. Spring green shall always recall to me the verdant beauty of Switzerland. As Joyce Kilmer might have put it, I think I shall never see a green as lovely as a Swiss green. True greens, blue-greens, yellow-greens on a spring bright, sun-brightened day, when contrasted to the deep blue or green-blue of a valley lake, to the snow-white of a mountain top,

comprise a portrait of nature so perfect that it is difficult to believe its reality. Yet it is real; one can look again and again and find it still present and as lovely as it was before the viewer's eye became that of the critic, who is at a loss for words.

To feel the beauty of Switzerland, I recommend a bicycle trip from Fribourg, a small university town of western, central location, to Gruyère, a quaint little mountain town still completely enclosed by well-preserved walls, south of Fribourg. The ride is uphill for approximately fifteen miles; but that means it is a fifteen-mile return trip downhill. When viewing Switzerland for thirty miles on bicycle, one gets a dual feel of it, especially the day after.

From Fribourg to Gruyère there is one colorful contrast after another. This is particularly experienced at the unanticipated sight of a mountain, its slopes at one angle blanketed in snow while at another flourishing in spring green.

Bicycling, a favorite form of exercise as well as a current means of transportation on the Continent. If exercise be the motive, I urge that it not be done in a half-way measure. Go whole-heartedly European. Take along a picnic lunch consisting of a bottle of wine, a roll of bread, and cheese. As Gruyère is the destination, make it Gruyère cheese. Even a customary non-cheese eater will admit that Gruyère cheese deserves its world renown.

Cheese, a meal for the Swiss. They call it "fondue"—thick,

liquid cheese, to which butter, spices, and a little kirsch might have been added. It is flame warmed, on the dining table, in a community bowl, into which forks holding pieces of bread are dipped. Usually, this dish is accompanied only by white wine

Close buildings, narrow streets. To illustrate the proximity that is characteristic of Switzerland and of Europe in general, a fellow sojourner was reading in bed one night before retiring. The room becoming smoky from cigarettes, she got up to open her balcony doors, which would reveal almost all the room. She then went to seat herself beside the wardrobe so as to continue reading. This she felt was a necessary action as she did not at the moment look her best. Her hair was in pincurls and covered by a scarf tied aimlessly. Three circles of cold cream made a definite appearance on her forehead and cheeks—this beauty care was peculiar to her. Her pajamas were a little worse for wear but comfortable, and these she wore knicker style. Her feet she wore bare. This being the over-all state of her looks, and upon hearing male voices from without, she deemed it wise to crawl from the region of the wardrobe to turn off first the ceiling light, then the bedside lamp. The path to the light switches developed into a triangular crawl of the room. Lights out, she, still in crawl position, cautiously proceeded to close the doors when, from a balcony across the street, voices belonging to five male Swiss-Italian university students posed in broken English a question that sounded rather like

"Do American girls always move around like that at night?"

How people talk! Bern, capital city of Switzerland, is only twenty minutes by direct train from the town of Fribourg; the difference is that of two languages. In both the city and canton of Bern, the majority of inhabitants speak the German language. This is true of eighteen other cantons that include chief Swiss cities like Zurich, Basel, and Lucern. However, French is spoken in five cantons, where Geneva (Genève) Lausanne, and Fribourg are located. In one canton—Ticino—which is in the South of Switzerland, Italian is spoken. These are the three official languages of Switzerland. But there is a fourth national language called

Romansch; it is spoken mostly in the canton of Graubunden, found in East Switzerland, and is the language of only one per cent of the entire Swiss population.

Strange that we can utter similar sounds that have nothing in common in the light of meaning! While listening to a French song on record I heard what sounded like "Shut the door," something I could not imagine the French or the Swiss-French would sing about. I later learned that the words were "Je t'adore" ("I adore you"), certainly more in keeping with French sentiment

Of such are my recollections of a memorable and fruitful Swiss sojourn.

Tomorrow

Wishing it were tomorrow,
Recalling the joys of yesterday,
Carelessly—and to our sorrow,
Forgetting to live—today.

Many days have now fled by,
And life is nearly through,
The end will come after years
pass by,
Life, then, starts anew.

CAROLYN WIEGELE, '59

Genus: Books

MARY BYER, '58

Intellectuals have written so many books that ecclesiastical authorities finally had to index them. Books were invented because a man who never could find listeners for his learned dissertations thought that when people eventually tired of playing bridge and jitter-bugging around the campfire, they would pick up his books and read them. Soon after this a few ancients were inspired to write sagacious tomes, otherwise dubbed Great Books; ever since that time men have been prolifically penning away. In the prodigious amalgamation of books that our generation has inherited we find many different species of books: textbooks, outline books for cramming, notebooks, reference books, books to copy term papers from, books for freshman book reviews, how-to-do-it books, and comic books.

The textbook is perhaps the most common type of book on college campuses. In fact, it can usually be purchased *new* from any student as he leaves the final exam. After all, one night's use doesn't wear out a book. Accompanying the textbook we find the outline book, written for the sole purpose of clarifying and condensing the textbook. Some students also have notebooks in which they annotate, in a special type of shorthand called doodling, the contents of the class lecture.

Reference books are always bound in a dull, unattractive manner as a warning to students that

the subject matter is of an esoteric nature. Most of these are chained to shelves in the library. Books to copy term papers from are usually found in a big catalog in the library although some few are kept in stacks. It is customary that authors of this type of books put letters after their names.

Now we come to the novel or book for freshman book reviews. Its author probably had some specific thesis which every reader easily comprehends. In the novel we find characters who act just like real live people; they are bewildered by conflicts which freshman book reviewers discover and analyze.

One day an author accidentally discovered that people like to know how to do things; thus were born the how-to-do-it books. Now books will tell us how to do anything from opening a can to building a yacht. There are even books on how to write books, so you can see that we are caught in a vicious circle.

Reading comic books is recommended for children and required of all college students because they are the epitome of our high-browed culture. An added advantage is that the superb artistry and superior paper of comic books is conducive to the betterment of one's eyesight.

Although you may think that all species of books are odious, you must concede that they are a necessary evil; if there were no books we wouldn't know how Morey Bernstein found Bridey Murphy.

The Call

When the pine gives off its sweetened scent
That's freshened by the morning's dew,
And the birch so white reflects the light
Of the sun above the Sioux,
I'll paddle back into the wilds
And leave behind the beaten trail,
To find at home the deer and moose
And drink the cool brook's ale.
Alone in the land where timber is tall
The Northwoods Country—never dead.
It's where the Red Man still is found,
"Minaki Land," he said.
On through an inlet and past a point
Then down a rapids fast and free,
Where Nature gave her greatest gifts,
What wondrous sights I'll see!
Then as the sun sets in the west
I'll find a bay that's rarely seen—
To drift along in full content
On a sea that glows with green.
And on and on throughout the woods,
That paradise of peacefulness,
I'll hear the call—I hear it now—
The call of the wilderness.

LARRY ITTENBACH, '58

To Ski or Not to Ski

ALICE HAYWORTH, '59

The excitement of something new and different attracts many men—no matter how prosaic they wish to think themselves. There comes a time in the lives of all when, at the risk of life and limb, nothing will satisfy us but the embarkment on a strange, delightfully new adventure. So it was with me.

A sparkling clear lake, its banks heavily overhung with weighty green branches, set the scene for this great day of bold undertaking. An air of breathless excitement seemed to possess the small group of people gathered at the boat dock, and I was certainly no exception. With a slight uneasiness in the pit of my stomach, but an outward show of bravery, I casually stepped to the small ticket window and purchased the right to take their special two-dollar Saturday afternoon course in the fine art of water-skiing.

In hardly any time at all, the stocky, sun-browned instructor had us all sitting on the cool green banks, disinterestedly reciting the rules and regulations to be observed.

Besides myself there were only three young boys, two teenaged girls and an elderly, white-haired old gentleman. As I listened with only half an ear to the droning voice of the teacher, I couldn't help

speculating on my fellow students' chances of mastering this difficult sport.

Immediately ruled out were the two giggling girls (obviously here for the instructor, not instruction.) After considerable thought the small boys were eliminated. (They sat on the grass, each wearing that "mother-made-me-come" expression on his face.) Last, but not least, my gaze shifted to "Grandpa." I couldn't quite stifle an amused chuckle at the thought of this spindly-legged old gentleman gracefully skimming across the blue waters. Not with a feeling of pride, I fancied (quite wrongly, as you shall soon see) that the instructor



was probably offering thanks for having at least one promising pupil in his class (that pupil, of course, was me!)

After what seemed an eternity of dull, and, I was quite sure, utterly useless rules and regulations, the instructor led us off to the boat house to choose a pair of skis. My eyes immediately fell upon a bright, shining red pair, and nothing could satisfy me until they were in my possession, even over the teacher's polite suggestion that perhaps a size 11 was slightly large for my 6½ foot.

Calmly hoisting their skis to their shoulders, the others in the class proceeded to the pier. But I, with a professional-sounding, "Just want to get used to the feel of them," insisted on stumbling and sliding down the grassy bank, atop the shiny red skis. The fourth spill convinced me that perhaps I should have taken the instructor's advice and carried them. Rather sheepishly, I slipped out of the skis and meekly followed behind my fellow students, who were, by this time, casting strangely curious, yet somehow respectful looks my way. Under this small show of admiration, I confidently suggested to the instructor that I could perhaps give the rest of the class the benefit of my previous experience in water-skiing by being the first in the water. (This "previous experience" consisted of watching several travelogues.)

With obvious misgivings the teacher, now familiarly called "Coach," agreed to let me be the first vic—uh, skier.

The main difficulty of beginning skiers, the teacher informed us, was

in gaining a standing position after the "towing" boat had begun to pull. Starting in a squatting position, we were supposed to let our stiff arms serve as the lever to hoist us into the desired upright position.

Inwardly scoffing at the emphasis the instructor was putting on such an easy point, I confidently donned my skis, and signaled the driver of the boat I was ready . . .

Amid the hoots of laughter from the others, I pulled myself dripping from the water, with a stunned look on my face and a great ache in my arms. "Guess 'Coach' knew what he was talking about," I mumbled shame-facedly. However, when my breath returned, so did my confidence, and I insisted on another try.

Gritting my teeth, inwardly reciting the instructions, and grasping the "tow-line" with a death grip, I grimly gave the driver the "go-ahead" signal. I had firmly determined to keep hold of the line this time, whether or not.

As the slack on the line tightened, I felt a great wrench course through my body . . . again I was in the water, but this time I still clutched madly at the tow-bar. After several seconds of thrashing frantically through the water behind the tow-boat, I managed to loosen my grip and release the bar. Flopping over on my back and hungrily sucking in water, I became increasingly aware of the derisive laughter floating across the water to the place where I lay, half-stunned from gulping down so much water.

Even this did not shatter my confidence. I slowly swam back to

shore and coldly informed the still-laughing group that I'd be happy to see one of them do any better on the first try.

Throwing my words back in my face, the three agile youngsters all succeeded in skimming the water quite professionally in less time than it takes to tell about it. Before I was able to think of a suitable comment to make, the two teenagers were joining the boys in a short run around the lake. Comforting myself with the thought

that they were young and probably in the peak of physical condition, I eagerly awaited the attempts of the old gentleman . . .

As his white hair whizzed past the pier on his third time around the lake, I stealthily replaced my skis in the boat house and stiffly vacated the scene of my humiliation.

. . . . So it was with me. For my entire afternoon's time, the two-dollars, and the loss of my pride I had only one thing to show for it—two very badly blistered hands!

Spring Comes Creeping

Spring comes creeping gently
Upon bleak winter's flight.
It covers the earth freely
And turns it green o'ernight.

The wind's tone softens
To lightly grace the hill.
And in the fading distance
Peeps forth a daffodil.

JOAN SCHLACHTER, '59



Morning Musings

LOUISE DIVER, '59

Indianapolis is sometimes very cold in winter. This particular morning, an icy wind swept past the door as I stepped down to the street. Its sharpness cut through my coat as soon as I had gone a few feet from the hotel's warmth. Shuddering as I turned up my coat collar, I regretted having given in to the vanity of a hat instead of the more sensible, if unflattering, old green headscarf. The time was 5:45, but it could well have been 1 or 2 a. m. for the street lights were the only source of brightness. Down the long street they stretched, separated from each other first by long distances, then by progressively shorter spaces, finally giving away to a steady line of light which marked one of the city's busiest thoroughfares. Only a few cars, no more than three, passed as I walked the first two blocks. In a few hours, traffic here would make jaywalking perilous. I left the brightness of Harvard Street as I turned right.

The darkness here, the silent neighborhood of sleepers, and the strange shuffling I had heard there one morning impelled me to walk faster, to move into the center of the street, shifting my eyes from right to left without suspiciously moving the head, listening intently to what passed from view, closely observing the way before me. My pace hastened me toward the welcome lights of the hamburger house for they beacons safety from my

imaginary pursuer. Flattened cardboard boxes from last night's customers lay strewn about the paved lot, each bearing plainly "Deposit me in the container. DON'T be a LITTERBUG."

Much of the city is concrete, I thought: the buildings, parking areas, curbs, service station drives, streets, alleys and avenues. All looked cold and unyielding. That is symbolic of the way a city is, I reflected. Cities are made up of people and people are like that—cold and unyielding. Especially me, unbending, unresponsive to almost everything—even the fire of Divine Love.

The stout iron posts of the car lot, linked together by a strong chain, stood bare and frozen. Alongside them I trudged, down the alley and into view of another familiar scene. To my left were several dowdy and run-down houses. From their windows, stringy, soiled draperies were silhouetted by red lamps. They had been burning since yesterday evening. All was quiet there now. Were there children in these homes? Were they snuggled in clean beds? Had they slept last night? To what kind of day, what kind of life, would they awaken?

A change of scenery moved my mind to last Sunday's parish bulletin. I was kicking the gravel chunks at Joe Holmes' Tire Shop. I remembered the announcement that the 7:00 o'clock on Wednesday

would be for Joe Holmes. I would pray for Joe Holmes.

By then my destination was barely visible through the morning's frosty bleakness. If I looked steadily for a few moments I could see over the billboards to perceive two pointed spires. They were only dim, gray pointed needles from this distance. Nothing more than shape was discernible.

The path to the spires led into the parking area of the theater. That morning, only the chilling wind swept fickle snowflakes where last night excited actresses had made stage door entrances, spoken lines, taken bows, exchanged greetings, blown kisses and made their exits. The snow itself, banded

about in swirls, seemed reluctant to come to rest here.

Only one more street had to be crossed, but it was the worst of them all. Four or five cars aligned themselves hood to hood, lunged, then roared ahead as the green signal flashed. I recalled an apt description of these drivers and their runaway: "the madmen of Suicide Street." The opposite side, my goal, was reached safely.

To my right was Immaculate Conception Church. I grasped the handle and felt her strong, tall door give to my pull. Before me was the scene: candles, altar, wine, a veiled host waiting. A priest entered. What more was necessary to transform coldness to white hot heat? I knelt. I prayed:

God bless Indianapolis,
God bless all who are sleeping,
All who are awakening,
All who are laughing,
All who are crying,
All those who are in sin,
(All those who sinned in those
houses last night and all the
children who were sleeping),
All those who are pure and sin-
less.

God bless Indianapolis,
All the rich and well-fed,
All who are poor and hungry,
All who are sick and dying,
All who are dying this moment,
(God rest the soul of Joe
Holmes)
All those who are living without
thought of death,
Before it is too late, God, bless
them.
God bless Indianapolis.

Prejudice

Prejudice
Is
That
Long, sharp whip
That
Reaches out,
Plucks its victim,
Then twists,
Turns,
And distorts
Him
Until
He is no longer
Acceptable.

GAIL EBACH, '59

The Last Night of Nina Brown

CARYLOU SIEDLING, '57

The heat of the day had tapered off to a gentle, welcome coolness. The sun had set reluctantly after its debut of summer. From the porch of the Browns' large white frame home there was a good view of the daily sunset. Clouds of pink streaked with gold had clung to the western horizon prolonging the light of this longest day of the year with loving care. With casual certainty the sun had set and slowly dissented to the darkness of the night.

Nina Brown sat at the top of the porch steps with her head resting against the low pillar of the porch railing. She stared ahead at nothing and her thoughts were far away.

"Nina, dear, don't you want a sweater? It's getting cooler," said the girl's mother sitting in the porch swing behind her.

Nina shook her head in reply. The mother turned to her husband beside her with the look of What else can I say? The father put his arm around his wife's shoulder but said not a word.

In fact there was nothing to be said—or done. The plans and preparations for the occasion had been carried out with foresight and accuracy; all that remained was to pass the time until tomorrow should come—the wedding day. The family had had dinner together and

was relaxing at home for Nina's last evening with them in her status as eldest daughter of Charles and Helen Brown and "big" sister of Ellen and Peter Brown. Tomorrow she would change her name to Mrs. David Hunter. Nina thought The day was so long and only a few hours are left. And now I'm not so sure about all this. Dear God! Forgive me but I'm beginning to be afraid to take a chance on the future.

Noises of the summer's evening blended into the darkening night. Tiny, flickering lights of the June bugs delighted Nina's six year old brother, Petie. He dashed about the yard clad in his T-shirt, short pants, and tennis shoes studying the patterns of light with plans of catching as many of the golden beacons as he could.

"Peter," called his mother. "Let those bugs alone. You're not bringing them into the house. Do you understand?"

But the little boy had escaped his mother's view and voice range. Petie had gone behind the house to join the neighbors' children in the exciting hunt.

The house was quiet enough for the regulated squeaking of the porch swing. Ellen, the 14 year old daughter, called from an upstairs window to the people below.

"Somebody come and help me. The zipper is caught in this dress and I can't get out."

The woman on the swing got up.

"That girl will have the dress worn out before she ever wears it in the wedding tomorrow."

"Oh, she's just like the rest of you women, Helen. She likes to see herself all dressed up," the father retorted with a smile.

"I'll help Ellen out of the dress and go on to bed, dear."

The mother leaned over and kissed her daughter.

"Good night, Nina. And come to bed soon, dear. Tomorrow's your Big Day."

"Good night, Mother. I'll sit here just a while longer and then come up."

The woman put her hand on her daughter's head. Keep everything natural, her husband had told her. Helen Brown thought of many things to say to her daughter but she held them back. No tearful reminiscing Charles had instructed. The mother kept repeating to herself Don't cry! For Nina's sake, don't cry! and entered the house.

The porch swing's squeaking, squeaking interrupted the silence.

"Pop?"

"Yes, Nina."

"Does everybody get doubts at the last minute about leaving home and getting married, or is it just me?"

The girl turned toward her father but it was too dark now to see his face.

"Oh, I guess everybody wonders about his future at times, Nina. But folks are usually too busy with

what's going on about them right at that moment to worry about what's to come with years."

"But I get frightened sometimes, Pop. And I think maybe I'm hurrying so fast through my life that I should stop now and wait a while before it's too late."

The father smiled but the girl did not see him.

"Aren't you letting all this build up and get the best of you, Nina? Living a human life is—well it's like a race. All of a sudden you find yourself running and you can't stop before the end. But it happens that everyone has to run the race and play the game."

"UmmmHmmm. But I can't help thinking Look World! I'm Nina Brown. I'm 20 years old and perfectly happy with my family. Stop pushing."

The father smiled and let the girl continue.

"I feel like a westward settler at the jumping-off place and now I've got to decide whether I want to go forward or if I should go back."

"You can never turn back, Nina. The past is over. It's something to remember now and then, but you can never have it again."

The swing kept steadily creaking back and forth answering its own conversation.

"You love Dave, don't you, honey?"

"Of course I do, Pop."

"Then let me ask you this. If you had your choice between living your happiest days again here with the family and your new life

with Dave, which would you choose?"

Nina hesitated a few seconds.

"I can't answer that now. I just can't, that's all."

The father rose from the swing and stood behind his daughter.

"Consider that same choice two nights—or even a thousand nights from now. I'm sure you won't hesitate with doubt again."

"I suppose I am being silly about the whole thing. But I wish there was some way, some sign that would give me the feeling that everything's going to be all right for Dave and me."

The father smiled and shook his head.

"Nina, Nina. If I could give you a crystal ball for a wedding present I would. But don't become like your aunt Millie and expect a falling star to direct your path."

Nina reached up and took her father's hand.

"I'm acting like a scared kid, aren't I, Pop?"

"You'll always be my daughter, Nina. When you have children of your own to love and comfort and care for, you'll know how I feel."

Charles Brown kissed his daughter on the forehead.

"Good night, Nina Brown."

"Good night, Pop."

The father entered the house and closed the screen door softly behind him.

Nina sat for what seemed like ages thinking of her father's words and yet, scanning the heavens for a streak of light of a falling star.

Dear God! she thought. Just this once, please give me a little sign.

Suddenly out of the darkness jumped the figure of Nina's brother. The little boy startled Nina and she jerked away from him.

"Did I scare you, Nina?"

"I guess you did, Petie," answered his sister. "But I'm glad it's dark out here because I jumped clear out of my skin."

"I didn't mean to scare you that much, Nina. Honest."

The apology was so sincere Nina smiled. The little boy sat down on the step very close to his sister and Nina put her arm about his shoulders.

"You're going to get married tomorrow, aren't you Nina?"

"UmmmHmmm."

"And you're going to go away with David and live in his house, huh?"

"Yes, I am, Petie," Nina answered. Then she asked, "Will you miss me a little bit?"

"Sure I will, Nina. 'Cause you won't be here to tell me stories when I get scared of the dark."

Nina roughed her hand over Petie's head and his crewcut felt like the fine bristles of a baby's hairbrush.

"I thought you weren't going to be afraid of the dark ever again?"

"I'll try awful hard, Nina. But sometimes it just might take me by surprise."

"Oh," said Nina thoughtfully. "I think I understand, Petie. Once in a while it takes me by surprise, too."

"Will David tell you stories when you get afraid of the dark?"

"Maybe he will, Pete. Most big people just wait, though, until the darkness passes."

"Oh," replied the boy. "That's too bad. It's a lot better when there's something right there with you to make you happy."

The chimes of the clock in the house faintly found their way to the porch.

"Good heavens, Petie! It's 10 o'clock and way past your bed time. Mother will skin you alive for being out so late."

"No, she won't, 'cause I have to be dressed up for your wedding tomorrow."

"Well, you get to bed anyway, you little scamp, or you'll fall asleep during the ceremony."

"Okay, Nina. Good night, sleep tight. Don't let the bed bugs bite!"

Nina kissed her brother on the forehead and called "Good night" after him as he banged his exit on the screen door. Nina smiled to herself and was amusedly thinking of the little boy's antics when he banged his re-entrance upon the scene.

"Ohhhh, Nina. I almost forgot to give you your wedding present."

Petie held out an object to his sister that had all the appearances of a neon fruit jar.

"It's just a lightning bug, Nina. But it's the brightest one I ever, ever caught. And you can keep it in your room tonight in case you get scared of the dark."

"Thank you, Petie. It's a beautiful present and I'll put it right beside my bed where I can see it when I go to sleep."

"Okay. Good night, Nina."

"Good night again, Petie."

With the last farewell the porch was quiet again. Nina was alone with her thoughts in the night. At last she stood up on the steps and stretched and yawned.

Hey! she thought. I asked for a star and I got a jar. I'll have to tell that to Dave tomorrow.

The glow continued inside the jar as Nina hooked the screen door and carried the little boy's present upstairs to her room.

When she was in bed Nina watched the little firefly's light flicker on and off for a long time. Nina was asleep, though, before the clock chimed twelve and ended her "last night."

Three

Thrice screamed the cock from yonder wall so loud.
The bar-maid laughed, and gazed at Peter, still
And white, his thoughts a slow-descending shroud.
Thrice shattered now, thrice struck his iron-clad will.
Then down in sets of three there ran hot tears
Which, burning deep, cut clean thru pride and self
And lashed the soul that sold itself to fears
And trembled now, on edge of God's great shelf.
What thought he then, of promises thrice made?
How screamed his soul, as he denied God's love
Stripped of all, what tatters of his faith then stayed
To lift him thru black shame to look above?
Deep in a cleft, Despair hung from a tree;
High on a hill there sobbed Humility.

JUDITH C. RAHE, '56

Term Paper Alley

EMILIE C. MURRAY, '57

Hear that steady click-clack? No, you are not in a Royal typewriter testing plant. That rhythmic tapping interspersed with groans of anguish is merely ninety students (in one dorm) completing term papers before the crack of doom (otherwise known as The Deadline). Why are they not finished ahead of time? To teachers that is the \$64,000 question that they never expect anyone to answer. To students, the answer is perfectly clear until the deadline is only a few hours away. Then, they too begin to wonder about all the good reasons they had for not starting the work sooner.

In the interest of preserving research I decided to conduct a study on term papers. Just what is wrong with them and why do students find them so difficult to complete? If there is a simple, direct solution, then certainly all students will be interested. And if it can be proven that there is an inherent evil of such magnitude that would justify abolishing them altogether, there is no doubt that this would create more than an oldfashioned stir in our academic world.

Unfortunately most books about term papers merely explain how to plan them, how to write them, how to type them but do not explain the more important question of how one is to finish them on time.

Since there was little to be found in books, nothing could be done but turn to original sources. (For the benefit of the uninitiated layman, original sources include public records, pre-historic texts and rather dull diaries printed in Middle English.) Most of my teachers looked upon my project as subversive and decided to use the Fifth Amendment to protect themselves. And so the only source of information available to me was the students. Such fountains of information! Such verbiage! Indeed it is the unfortunate truth that I am not able to record everything that was said once I started the conversation with a casual comment like "I think term papers are a frightful bore." From there on I was hard pressed to write as fast as they talked and so I attempted to jot down only the key words. My notes read something like this: stupid . . . idiotic . . . goodness, doesn't mention such things in pub. . . . nev herd ov thm . . . jklfg. However, my memory captured many ideas that my twenty-nine-cent liquid lead pencil missed completely, and so these conversations proved to be most profitable. In fact I based my whole project on them. (In some instances my own personal experiences influenced my trend of thought even though I strove for complete objectivity.)

My discussion of the term paper shall be student-centered inasmuch as I believe that this is the person most vitally concerned.

Most students find that the topics are the most discouraging thing about most papers. For example it is difficult to arouse enthusiasm (and deliver us from the uninspired word) for a topic like "Spinach Culture on Venus," "Political Scandals in Oz" or "Typewriter Repair in Ancient Egypt." Indeed it is difficult to arouse much of anything besides the student's ire.

The effect of some topics on students is reason enough to study the problem more thoroughly. I once had a roommate who filled our charming 2 by 4 with all sorts of acrobatic equipment in an effort to really get the feel of the stunts performed by the ancient aerialists of Macedonia. Result: she flunked a history course because of excessive absences (those bruises, you know) and for six weeks the only way of leaving our abode was by swinging out on a trapeze.

My careful research uncovered other such strange subjects. (Not the least of these is the uncovering of a student who had been lost for three weeks in an attempt to reconstruct a Catacomb.) My records reveal roommates who raised seventy varieties of poison ivy on the windowsill, a young gentleman who collected enough stones for a geology project to provide his roommates with a rock garden, and the enterprising student who carefully collected 69 species of beetles only to discover that his specimens carefully proceeded to eat all of the notes on his study, and were

bent on the destruction of his textbooks.

Besides all these impediments the student faces the use of note cards which reveal nothing of his careful reading, the tracing of carefully garnered quotations that do not have sources marked, and the typing of the paper which for one-armed students is especially difficult. A word about bibliographies might be in order here. Endless hours are spent attempting to type a bibliography in the style prescribed by the instructor. Inevitably the student does not make a note of such important items as the place of publication, and a hurried trip to the library reveals that the book has been taken out by the instructor.

As can be seen, the nerve-strain that the students suffer as a result of this endeavor naturally impedes the normal learning processes and thus actually becomes a detriment to the educational aims of a college. Another word or two might be said about the trials of a professor attempting to correct these efforts, but I am afraid my sympathy is not too great considering that the assigning of the paper was his own idea.

The result of my study was the conclusion that term papers are in themselves evils existing only to harass students and thus should be forbidden. After my research was finished and the results neatly typed for publication, I shook my hand and congratulated myself for accomplishing something that I have heard other students claim they had done. I wrote a "term paper to *end all* term papers."

A Recollection

RICHARD BECK, '59

When the conversation invariably shifts to those none-but-pleasant memories of yesterday, I must recall those of my old '33 Chrysler.

In her youthful days she must have been the "pride of the highways" with her long, low-slung, streamlined body; her chrome-plated, heat-controlled hood vents; and those hydraulic brakes that surely caused quite a furor in those earlier days of motoring. Even when I met her, seventeen years later, she had about her structure an air of complacent dignity.

I was in dire need of an auto—and finances too for that matter—when a friend introduced me to her. With but little hesitation, I

purchased her for the humiliating sum of twenty dollars. I hoped that she hadn't overheard the transaction; at least, she never acted as if she had.

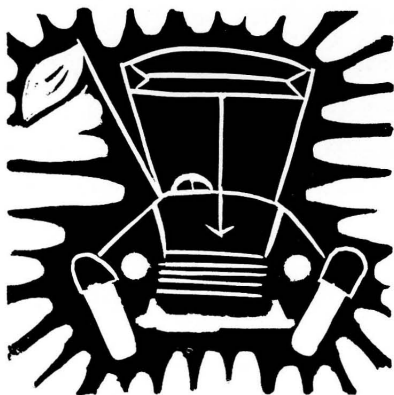
Gazing upon her ancient framework, one naturally asked:

"Does it really run?" She ran all right and surprisingly well, too, despite certain discrepancies inherent in old age.

She was still the proud possessor of four wooden-spoked wheels, even though the tires were a bit slick; four doors that actually opened and closed; an engine and all the other requirements necessary for locomotion. The old vehicle could also boast that she was wearing (still in fair condition) her original coat of paint.

I soon learned that I could depend upon the old sedan for necessary transportation. She never failed to start, even in the coldest weather; just touch the two wires together, and she would promptly respond, time after time.

You must remember though, that she was a bit ancient and consequently far from being in the best physical condition. Personally, I didn't find it too difficult to steer the car, due perhaps to the fact that I was employed as a freight-hostler in those days, possessing a



sufficient amount of strength in my arms. Even then I had to beware of those quick, sharp turns.

Somehow, somewhere, the old girl had lost her front and two of her side windows. She might have been called a "fair weather friend." Driving through wind, rain or snow was slightly uncomfortable. It was only after I had acquired a weathered complexion and sufficient funds that I bought her a new windshield.

Yes, the engine (her heart) was still beating and no particular "knock" was to be heard. It had instead a combination of several peculiar sounds, unified into but one simple beat. It sounded somewhat like a sewing machine, sewing away on a piece of cast-iron. My friend had warned me not to drive over "thirty," and after listening to the rising crescendo proportioned to an increase in speed, I understood why. After all, she was old.

The old Chrysler had one of those once fashionable, tar-covered cloth tops that had finally refused to keep out the rain. In a rain-storm one could never fall asleep at the wheel. I soon abandoned the cumbersome umbrella and redressed her top.

Later she was to receive the "acid test" of her apparent dependability. I was to join my family who had moved to another town a hundred miles distant. I had ac-

quired enough faith, thus far, to give the old car a try.

Off we went with great exuberance early one cold, winter morning. Now she had a new windshield, plywood windows, and all her unwanted vents stuffed with newspaper. Twelve quarts of oil, and a day or two later (my family still insists that the trip could not have taken more than seven hours), I parked the car at our destination and crawled out, cold, weary and hungry.

Well, she made it and I was proud of her, but this was to be her final trip. She had made her last valiant effort. A day or two later (after a much needed rest), I attempted to "show her off" to the family, but she refused to show any sign of life. For days, for weeks, I continued my efforts to revive her, even installing new "organs," administering "artificial locomotion," pleading, and even praying for her—all to no avail.

Her time had come. No more would she enter the parade of the highway; no more would she be of service. She had done her duty and done it well for over seventeen years.

For these reasons, I shall always remember the old "auto," aided at times by the recollections of friends who knew her also. Even now and then one of them will ask, "By the way, what ever happened to that old Chrysler you used to own?"

The Sun

Look up and see what God has done.
That blazing light we call the sun
Shows us mountain, plain, and tree,
Reflects its crimson on the sea.

A sphere of flame that ever burns
To nourish flowers, fruits and ferns,
To warm us in our work and play
With golden shafts of light each day.

A sun that peeps through clouds to show
The wonders of the earth below,
The bubbling brooks and splashing springs
And hosts of tiny living things.

I pity those who have not sight
To see the splendor of God's might
Who cannot see what God has done
And shows to us with flaming sun.

RICHARD DELANEY, '59

Avoiding Work Successfully

GAIL EBACH, '59

Somewhere between the State of Idea and the State of Accomplishment is the Field of Work. To those who fall prey (though often unconsciously) to this bitter interlude, it may bring disaster. How often do we read in the daily news an article like the following:

DONNELLEY DOESN'T DODGE

In Redford, Michigan, Elmer Q. Donnelley, noted draftdodger, was trapped at last. Resting at his great aunt's bee farm, Mr. Donnelley was caught by the Army when he got up to fix his hammock cord.

Army officials report that they had been scouring the neighborhood for a runaway jeep when an MP spotted the familiar face of the nation's number one draftdodger. There was no struggle.

When awakened for comment, Donnelley protested that had he not gotten up from the hammock, they never would have spotted him.

Similar tragedies can be averted if the following precautions are observed.

First, be discriminate with your ideas. By this time, you surely can distinguish Lofty Ideas from Energetic Ideas. However, if this is not the case, I shall illustrate a few examples.

Under the heading of Energetic Ideas come such thoughts as: Should I mow the lawn today? Shall I paint the house? Or, will the house look better if I dust the furniture?

Avoid such thoughts at all costs! They are extremely dangerous to the potential lazzarone.

You may replace such injurious reflections with Lofty Ideas, such as: How may I secure my first million? Where is a likely spot to discover uranium? Or, how may I permanently silence my alarm clock?

You can readily see how constructive these concepts could be.

Second, you should prepare a list of possible and effective excuses.

However, these excuses should be used sparingly so as not to arouse suspicion. Some typical ones are: the funeral of a favorite canine friend, a flushed face to denote illness (this may best be achieved by holding the breath), and a prepared list of Other Things To Do. When using the latter, be sure to breathe rapidly, dart the eyes back and forth in a frenzied manner, and constantly consult your watch.

Third, physically avoid work if the other two precautions fail. Here your ingenuity and natural talents can be given full vent.

By making use of Precaution Number Three, you will become

very adept at hiding behind water-coolers, catching forty winks in the supply room, feigning headaches when approached by work-happy souls, and running (literally) away from undesirable situations. Also, by losing a little weight, you may flatten against walls more easily if the occasion should arise.

If, however, all these precau-

tions fail, you can only smile, submit, and slave.

But, if they succeed in helping you to avoid future work, I shall consider this writing worth the work that went into it.

Loafers of tomorrow, I would wish you good luck, but I am pressed for time. (Notice the subtle use of Precaution Number Two.)

Night

ALICE HAYWORTH, '59

The soothing blanket of black night cuddles softly around the sleeping hills and valleys, gently lulling the earth to rest.

As if from a great distance, there comes the wierd, yet caressing, hoot of the solemn, old owl. Faint croaks and chirpings of sleepy frogs and crickets pierce sudden holes in the soft, thick darkness. Earth sleeps but the creatures of night maintain their ever-constant vigil.

Overhead the black heaven is rescued from dismal gloominess by the winking and blinking of countless tiny diamonds—the stars. A

pale moon casts its soft, luminous rays over the shrouded earth, giving everything a spiritual, unreal appearance.

As if reviving the world for the bright, new day of tomorrow, a cool, zephyr wind sweeps cautiously down from the mountains, dispelling care and woe.

Night is tranquil, soft, and soothing; all nature is at peace. During the long, black darkness, God gazes down at the world, as a fond father watches his sleeping child, and He smiles . . . making night even more beautiful.

A Worm's - Eye View

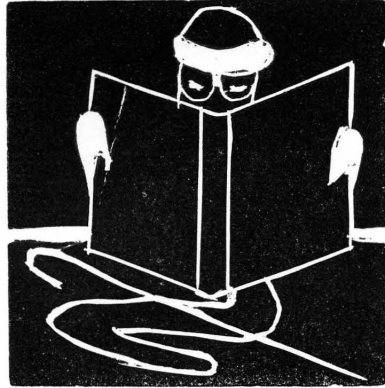
BARBARA DUNN, '57

I am a *Sitodrepa Panicea*, more commonly known as a bookworm. As far back as my family tree can be traced, my ancestors have reigned over the shelves of libraries, indulging, if the word may be so used, in the great works of Bill and Charles (Shakespeare and Dickens to you).

This morning as I was feasting on a rare copy of *Arabian Nights*, I was alarmed by a summons to report immediately before the "High Panicea." Shaking and shuddering, I tapped lightly on his book, hoping the knock was neither too gentle nor too loud to disturb his majesty's meal. The cover was opened immediately and I was ushered silently through the title page and down the long table of contents to the throne of my ruler.

My tail shook so hard that it played a tune on the binding, and I almost fainted when he began to speak. The whole shelf, maybe even the whole case, vibrated as he said, "Oscar (that is my name), in recognition of your heritage and tireless efforts, I dub you Sir Timrod and assign you to take the place of the late Sir Melvin in the Library of Congress."

A weak "yum-yum" was all I could manage to say when I arrived the next day at my destination. The awesome beauty of the greatest library in the world so overwhelmed me that I could hardly wriggle



from the carriage to the reception desk.

Here I received my first assignment. I was to eat through two volumes of the library's history from its establishment in 1800, through both devastating fires, to the erection of the new \$6,500,000.00 building in 1897. I passed through the archway to find the volumes and stood transfixed at the sight that met my eyes. Never before in all my travels had I seen anything so impressive. Why, it would take all my relatives—past, present and future—plus any other willing friends, even to make a start on the bindings of all these books! I made a conservative guess of about 9,000,000 books, engravings, lithographs, maps, charts, manuscripts, compositions and pamphlets.

A mysterious conveyor belt at one side drew my attention. This, I later learned, carries books to and from the legislative chambers of the Capitol. Some day I must remember to take a ride on it. Now, however, I had what seemed an impossible task.

During the next few weeks I learned that when my new home had been established, it had been merely a small room in the Capitol building used only for reference by senators and representatives. It had grown so rapidly that additional space was continually being sought. In 1814, when the Capitol burned, the library was completely destroyed, but Congress quickly established it anew by purchasing for \$23,950 the 6,760 volume library of Thomas Jefferson. It was in 1851, when fire again destroyed 23,000 volumes, that Congress decided the library should have an

adequate building of its own. This eight-year building project was begun east of the Capitol in 1889.

The library receives two copies of every book in the world for which a United States copyright has been requested, thus many rare and beautiful books are among its prize possessions. Right now I am having a delicious time working on the Preamble to the Constitution (the original, of course, for Sir Timrod).

If you ever get to Washington, and you have a little extra time, please look me up. I'll be an old-timer by then, and thus be more able to show you plenty. We might even take that ride to Congress together. You'll probably find me at the twelfth amendment, or you can stop at the information desk. Just ask for Sir Timrod. I'll be looking for you.

Ballast

Chained to matter, to convention
Bound by custom and lusts,
Small wonder that
The soul manufactures its own
Brand of gravity
That keeps it earthbound.

EMILIE C. MURRAY, '57

Wonder

Wonder is a mighty thing—
A gasp, a sigh, a shining of the eyes.
No armor too thick for its sword to pierce,
Pride is bewildered and doesn't know why.
Wonder is the shining snow,
Beautiful particles of awe
Sprinkled on cold earth;
In Spring will wonder thaw?

JUDITH C. RAHE, '56

Clouds

Scuttling across the vast grey sky,
Bumping, thumping—thunder rolling,
In terrible haste, busy clouds rush on
To start the tears of April's gentle
rains . . .

ALICE HAYWORTH, '59

Out of the Mouths of Caves

JOANN HAZLEWOOD, '56

Hey there! Yes, I mean you. Why don't you take another look at that stack of books you tossed so carelessly into your locker. A battered physics, a worn history, and a bright new Spanish text! They have come far since it all began but then I'm getting ahead of myself.

No one knows exactly how it all began. For many centuries all communication between men was by speech or manual signs and then one day some enterprising soul discovered that by drawing pictures he could leave messages that his friends would understand. So the cavelady who came home after gossiping with the neighbors in the next cave and found a fish drawn on her front door knew that her husband had gone fishing again. The skin he was tanning for her spring outfit would never be ready on time.

These pictures were so often used that a type of shorthand developed in which only outlines of the object were used. These changed still more until little or no resemblance remained of the object for which the picture stood. Later the picture-symbols came to represent a sound and the way was open for men to write any word they desired. It had been difficult during the picture-symbol period to write symbols for such words as think, believe, or love.

Once there were alphabets, books began. But they were not books as we know them and not everyone

wrote. Writing was a profession just as medicine, farming and painting. Not even kings always knew how to write. They hired professional writers known as scribes who did all the necessary writing—and reading.

Not every nation had its own alphabet but almost all had characteristic writing materials. The Mesopotamians wrote on wet clay tablets which were baked for permanency. More ingenious were the Chinese who wrote on bone, silk, and other textiles and who invented paper in about 100 A.D. The Egyptians used papyrus, a kind of paper made of stems of reeds; in India, Burma, and Siam the scribe plied his trade on palm leaves. Many treasures of literature have been lost to us because the writing material of a civilization was not permanent. Books were found only in the homes of the very wealthy and thousands of people lived and died without ever having seen a book.

Books lived a rather perilous life. When they were not decaying, some conquering general was burning down libraries or some religious zealot had a holiday destroying them. For every manuscript we have today thousands have been destroyed.

The Greeks were a people who appreciated learning. When the Romans conquered them some of the wiser Romans took Greek

scrolls back to Italy. Later, Christianity fell heir to many of these writings.

St. Benedict, when writing his rule, declared that reading should play a part in the lives of his monks. So began the work of copying by hand the desired manuscripts. A special section of the monastery was set aside for their work and was known as the scriptorium. In every Benedictine monastery this beautiful prayer was found in the scriptorium:

"Vouchsafe, O Lord, to bless this workroom of Thy servants, that all which they write therein may be comprehended by their intelligence and realized in their works."

The armarius was in charge of the scriptorium and allowed no one but the workers to enter. The precious books that were to be copied were borrowed from other monasteries and libraries. Security had to be given before the books were taken by the borrower. In some regions an anathema was issued against those who destroyed or stole a book. No artificial light was permitted in the scriptorium due to danger of losses by fire.

The armarius provided the tools—parchment, pens, ink, knives, awls, and rulers—that the monks needed. Silence was required at all times in order that the worker's concentration be complete. Accuracy was important since errors, after successive recopying, would be great. Scribes could never make changes when copying even though a great mistake was apparent.

Early books were plain but as wealth increased beautiful books were in demand. Rich men pur-

chased them from the monasteries. Later scriptoria were set up at the universities.

The first ornamentation consisted in the first letters of opening sentences being larger and colored. Page margins were then decorated. Later, pictures were introduced. The colors used most frequently were red, blue, and gold. Purple, yellow, and green were used less frequently.

Not only did the scribes copy such volumes as the Bible, scripture commentaries, and the writings of the fathers and doctors but also profound writings such as works of Cicero, Pliny, Ovid, Terence, Homer, Plato, and the Greek playwrights.

The scribes worked six hours a day—the light could be trusted only that long. In winter the working day was even shorter. Margin and guide lines were ruled in with a blunt instrument. The parchment sheet was held in place by an awl.

Parchment, made from animal skins, has two distinct sides—a hair side and a flesh side. The pages were arranged by the scribes so that the facing pages matched. Some scribes worked from dictation but as this method increased the possibility of error it was not employed as often. When the scribe finished a page he proofread it and sent it to the rubricator. The rubricator did the fancy lettering. It was his job to insert titles, headlines, and elaborate initials into the manuscript. (Rubricator means "he who writes with red ink.") If pictures were to be used the work was sent on to the illustrator. The Egyptians used both red and black inks in

their writing. Red letters were used to indicate the beginning of a chapter, etc. Another inheritance from the Egyptians is our word rubrics.

Formerly books consisted of scrolls of writing material. The codex or book form we know today was made by the monks by sewing pages on ox sinews placed in rows of five or six on the back of the volume. Wooden covers bound with parchment or dyed skin were sewed on the book. Deluxe covers were made of brass or ivory carved or ornamented with jewels.

Older scribes were larger and works written on cheap materials. When parchment came into use, small letters came into existence since the parchment was expensive.

The labor of the scribes must have been exhausting and hard on the eyes. At the end of one of the medieval manuscripts some unknown scribe (strictly against orders) wrote this bit of doggeral:

I have made an end at last,
And my weary hand can rest.

Now that I an end have made,
See that what I'm owed is paid.

The golden age of manuscript occurred in Ireland in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries. Irish missionaries introduced the beauty of Irish manuscripts to the continent. Students from Europe came to the land of saints and scholars to study the classics under Irish teachers and so the Irish manuscript came to be highly prized.

Yet books remained the possession of the wealthy. Even if the poor had had access to libraries they had never learned to read due to lack of books.

It was not until the fifteenth century when Johannes Gutenberg perfected the process of printing with movable type that books began to become available to more people. With today's modern printing presses we take our daily newspapers for granted. To the man of medieval times it would have been an object of wonder and have cost a scribe countless hours of labor.

Lament for a Girl's Ponytail



You are comfort, convenience.

My joy! My prize!

Oh, that you could learn

How to swish flies!

CARYLOU SIEDLING, '57

All for Nothing

LARRY HAMMERSTEIN, '58

Jimmy McBride was scared. He was really scared. Yet he felt he had to go through with it. There was no other way. Besides, he'd gone this far—why turn back now. He guessed he'd already sinned the moment he'd decided to do it.

Well, anyway, here he was now, in Kraft's Drug Store and it was really dark. It sure looked different now than when he was working. During the day and in the early evening it was all bright and full of colorful merchandise and fixtures. It was usually full of people, too. After all, Kraft's was the biggest drug store downtown. They always did a good business, even during the racing season when most of the people in town would rather bet on horses at the nearby track than buy the medicine that would cure their ailments.

Jimmy had been working at Kraft's for just two months now, mostly behind the cigar counter, waiting on customers. He and a couple of other boys swept up before closing time, and once in awhile, he would take deliveries to the doctors' offices in the big office buildings near the store.

There were a number of fellows and girls his age or a little older who worked there. He had gotten

the job after his sixteenth birthday, so actually he was the youngest boy there, because Mr. Miles, the manager, never hired anyone under sixteen.

It sure was dark in the store now, he thought. It must be about eleven o'clock. The store had been closed for three hours.

He hadn't worked today. It was his day off. He guessed that if it hadn't been his day off everything would be okay. He would have come to work and nothing bad would have happened and he wouldn't have to do this now.

Well, no use worrying about that. He was here and he had to do it. The store always left dimes, nickels, and pennies in the three cash registers and left the registers open so that if a petty thief should get in, he might be satisfied with just that and not try to break open the safe in the back room. He wasn't a petty thief, but he ought to be able to get ten dollars worth of change and that was all he needed. He knew it was wrong, but he had to have the ten dollars. Besides, he thought, he would pay it back; it was just that he needed it now, not later, and he didn't know how else to get it.

It wouldn't have to be this way

if it hadn't been his day off. Jimmy and his Mom and Dad were going to St. Louis Sunday to see the ball game. The Cardinals have a ticket seller in an office just around the corner from Kraft's on Fourth Street.

Just this morning, his dad had given him a ten dollar bill to get the tickets with.

"Brooklyn will be playing and there's bound to be a big crowd," his Dad had said. "Pick up three tickets on the third base side when you go to work tomorrow."

Now where was that ten dollar bill, thought Jimmy. Gone. He didn't know where. He'd searched all through his dresser and emptied his billfold looking for it. It was just gone. He'd lost it.

How was he going to explain that to Dad! He couldn't use his own money. He only had about a dollar and a quarter to his name. Payday was four days off and he was supposed to bring the tickets home tomorrow. Nearly all the money he'd made so far had gone into Dad's savings account. For his college education.

Ordinarily he guessed he could have explained that he had just lost it, but not after what had happened this morning.

He'd borrowed the family car to play golf with Bobby Lane. He'd driven Dad to work, then went after Bobby and driven on to the public links. He hadn't played too badly; got a 43 for nine holes.

Jimmy had only been driving for about a month and when he got home and turned into the driveway, he misjudged his distance and before he knew what had happened,

the whole front fender had scraped against the side of the garage door.

Boy, Dad had sure been mad!

"That'll cost me plenty," he'd almost shouted.

It was this afternoon when Jim realized he couldn't remember where the ten dollar bill was. Well, he couldn't tell Dad that. Dad had already been so mad, Jimmy thought he would have a stroke.

After he had decided what he must do, it had been easy for him to leave the house. When Mom and Dad came home from the grocery about six-thirty, he told them Bill Horn had called up and asked him to go to a drive-in movie. He said he'd be home about midnight. Dad was still so mad about the car he hadn't said anything and Mom just said the usual about being careful.

He'd walked into the store about 7:30 and bought a tube of toothpaste. He'd chatted with one of the younger clerks for a minute or two and then when no one noticed, he'd gone into the back room and up the stairs to the stock room. He'd waited up there, back behind some stacks of crated merchandise, for three whole hours, until he was sure that Mr. Miles had left his office, checked the doors and gone home.

Now, here he was among the darkened counters with their stacks of drugs and sundries and household goods.

A car came around the corner of Locust Street and turned up Fourth. Through the plate glass store front, the lights made a sweeping arc around the dark store, making the toothpaste boxes bright

again and the glassware sparkle, all for just a second.

Jimmy crouched low behind a counter. It was a police car. Of course, they hadn't seen him. They were half-way down the street by now. But, Lord, he had to be careful. The police were awfully nervous now anyway. There'd been three unsolved murders in town in a period of three months. The police chief said it was a homicidal maniac.

He moved over to the cigar counter and went to the register. Sure enough. The drawer was open and the change was in there. He was just able to see what he was doing with the help of a light from the neon sign of the all-night diner across the street.

Jim reached down and got a paper sack from the shelf under the counter and dropped the nickels and dimes into it. Then he moved across the store and took the money from the big register.

He was walking carefully back to the prescription department where he saw the shadow at the side door. He froze in terror. It was a policeman walking his beat. The policeman looked in and then continued walking down the street, swinging his night stick in a leisurely manner.

Jim let out a little sigh. He'd been gripping the paper bag so hard his fingers hurt. The perspiration from his hand had made the bag soggy.

He started once more for the register and then a thought struck him. Here was Jimmy McBride scared to death because a policeman had almost seen him. Here was Jimmy McBride almost in tears be-

cause he'd almost been caught stealing. Here he was with someone else's money in his own hands, and he was going to take it! Well, he had to, didn't he? No! No, no, a thousand times no. It was wrong. Mom had always taught him that. Dad had told him when he was a little boy that he should respect policemen, not fear them. But he had good reason to fear them now, didn't he?

I can't do it, he thought. Nothing, Dad's anger or some punishment, or whatever might happen, wouldn't make it right for me to do this.

He threw the bag down on the prescription counter and found his way into the back room. He removed the heavy bar from the door that opened into the alley and then unlatched it. Slowly he opened the creaky door and stepped out into the alley. He looked down it both ways and then closed the door. It stuck a little so he pushed hard and pressed his knee against it. It slammed shut with a loud noise.

Jim backed away, then turned and started for the street. He thought he heard a noise behind him; he started to run. He hit the metal trash can with his right leg and sent it crashing into the middle of the alley. It was a miracle he didn't fall. He didn't look back. He just kept running.

Officer Brannan had turned into the alley when he thought he heard a door slam. Then he saw a figure half stumbling down the alley in front of him. It looked for a minute as if the figure had tripped, but it was so dark he couldn't be sure. He started running down the alley.

"Stop," Brannan yelled, "Stop, or I'll shoot!"

The figure kept running. Brannan, with visions of the murderer in his mind, raised his gun and fired. Then he tripped over the fallen trash can and landed full-length on the bricks of the alley.

Jimmy heard the sing of the bullet as it whined past his head. He turned and looked just in time to see the policeman go sprawling over the trash can.

Then he turned and ran once more, and all of a sudden he was on Main Street. The clock in front of a jewelry store said 11:45. The busses lined up in front of Loew's Theater for the last regular run of the night were just starting to move.

In about half a second he found the Parker Boulevard bus and practically bounced aboard.

"Say," smiled the driver, "You almost missed me, didn't you?"

"I sure did. I had to run about the last block to make it."

He picked out a seat near the middle and sank into it.

Quite a night, he thought. I almost got killed for ten lousy dollars. No, he wasn't dead, but he wondered what would happen when Dad found out about the missing ten.

"Dear God," he prayed, "I can hardly ask you to keep Dad from being angry. I've done a pretty horrible thing tonight, God. I'm sorry. I really am."

Jim felt pretty dejected. He slumped farther down into the seat and stuck his hands into the pockets of his jacket. There was a piece of paper in one pocket. He pulled it out. It was the ten dollar bill.

Imagination

The slopes of Italy?
Beauty uncomparing
With grape-laden vines
Awaiting careful peasant hands.
The warm, brown soil
Offers scents of fertility and harvest
To please man's nostrils.
And a stream of Mediterranean sunlight
Busily ripens the olive tree.

When was I there?
Why, child, I have
Never been.

EMILIE C. MURRAY, '57

The Promise of Faith

JANICE PARROT, '59

When I see a tall tree, a wild flower, the roaring ocean, a winding river or a pool of rain, I believe in the creative power of God. As I gaze upon a house, a highway, a cultivated field, a school or a church, I have faith in man's capacity for achievement.

We who were children yesterday have grown to young adulthood. Our faith has not disappeared with our childhood toys and dreams. We have faith in many things: that the sun will rise tomorrow morning, that we shall have three good meals or that this will be a wonderful day. But there is a deeper faith. We young people are called to be leaders of tomorrow. At no time in history has this responsibility been so great. And we must find this deeper faith if we are to meet it successfully.

The scene of a child saying his prayers and kissing his mother good night is repeated night after night throughout the world. What better example is there of faith? The child entrusts his life to his mother, but the adult entrusts his life to a higher power which is God.

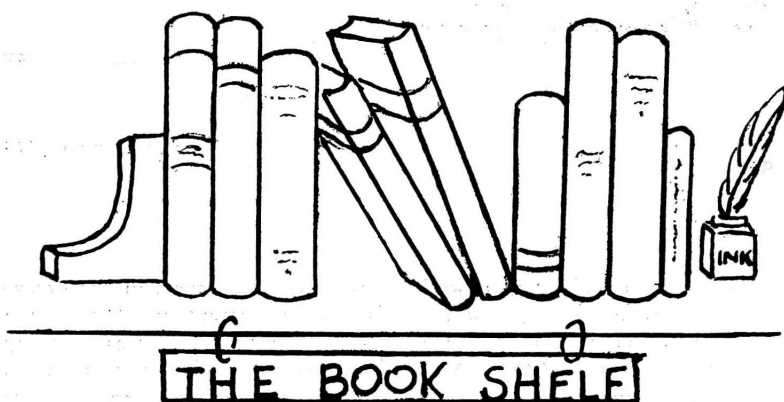
All faith springs from belief in a religious creed: Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant. It is not an ornament which is to be displayed only on certain occasions. Faith is a definite,

steadfast, living trust in the everyday things around me. My Roman Catholic religion is the basis of my faith. Anyone who is firm in his belief in a Supreme Being has the foundation for a living faith which affects everything he does, every day of his life.

All of a sudden it dawned on me. Here I am in college, not knowing what life is really about. In what do I believe or place my faith? The questions have always been there but they were never brought forcefully to mind until now. It didn't take long for me to discover that my parents and friends couldn't solve them. I found that the answers lay within me. It took much serious thought to bring them to the surface. Once there though, I found I had a goal: a faith to live by.

No one has to feel God's hand pushing him or hear a mighty voice from heaven to know that God is always behind him, helping and guiding him in every action.

I discovered that before I could plan my future the first thing was to know myself: the real me, the person on the inside. With faith, I will find the courage to try again when I fail, the strength to forgive and most of all the confidence to pray.



ANDERSONVILLE

MacKinley Kantor

World Publishing Co.

New York, 1955 \$5.00

Captain W. S. Winder boasted when Andersonville was built that he would kill as many Union men there as were killed in actual battles; he almost succeeded, to the tune of 14,000 men killed in eighteen months. This Civil War prison camp was located in Anderson, Georgia; a glorified, festering latrine where the spark of humanity was so dim so as to be at times almost indistinguishable amidst the bestial actions and aspect of the prisoners and their "keepers."

This book, which was over a quarter of a century in the writing, holds the reader's interest intensely throughout. Some passages are so macabre and naturalistic as to be almost repugnant; others

reach poetic heights and show in bright contrast to the novel's darker moments.

The prisoners of Andersonville—Captain Henry Wirz, the commander, says they must never be called *men*, always "prisoners"—are a rotting, scurvy-ridden bunch; most of them are illiterate and know they only joined the war that the Union may be preserved, the country kept whole. Their particular way of keeping it whole inside the stockade is to refuse to take an oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, which would gain them blessed freedom, dreamed-of-meat, vegetables free of worms, blankets and clothing not lice-ridden, and safety

from the savage Raiders among their own group.

Character portrayal in this impressive novel is, I think, exceptionally good. By revealing the innermost thoughts of the nightmare population of the stockade with quick, sure strokes, the author gives the reader a deep understanding of the characters. They become people we have known, liked or disliked, chuckled with, or thought a "little odd." In viewing the people of the novel, one is struck by the contemporaneity of the past and its events and actions of people.

Although life inside the stockade is realistically given, descriptions of the life of some of the townspeople who live near it seem to revert to oversentimentality, with which many Civil War stories are touched. Too much happens to them and the happy endings are almost all resolved for the outsiders; the wisdom of many of the Southerners is crowded into one man, Ira Claffey, plantation owner. The low-life and Tobacco-Roadness of parts of the

South are shown in the Widow Tebbs, a prostitute who raises her illegitimate family of four on pay from stockade guards. The guards themselves are mostly doddering old men, some cripples, some youngsters like Florel Tebbs, who cannot wait to kill his first Yankee, "just for the fun of it." He gets his fun.

This picture of the Civil War is a deeply felt segment of a much broader struggle. We are reminded of one immutable fact; that war is ever terrible. The men we call heroes did not look like heroes in the midst of battle; they fought because they had to, for as many reasons as there were people fighting.

Through all the long pages of this book the prisoners march, curse, suffer, rot and die in their hated home, until the few left are finally freed to spend the rest of their lives always remembering and dreaming of the living hell that was eighteen months in Andersonville.

JUDITH C. RAHE, '56

The Autobiography of an American Negro Woman

THE THIRD DOOR

Ellen Tarry

David McKay Company, Inc.

New York, 1955 \$3.50

This autobiography is more than Ellen Tarry's tale. In it, Miss Tarry has cried out against "the outrage of racial discrimination and its attendant ills" which she has en-

countered. *The Third Door* remains closed. Things which cause the Colored great suffering are revealed: Jim Crow practices, the opinion that "all Negro girls" indulge in

sex freely, and the uphill struggle for Negroes' civil, vocational and educational rights. The author's bitter experience of having her child called a "nigger baby" indicated a deep sensitivity to discriminatory abuses.

Miss Tarry is a mulatto (the word commonly used to designate a person of mixed Caucasian and Negro lineage), of Negro blood chiefly but White in appearance. Her parents lived in Birmingham, Alabama. Early in life, she decided that she should mission to the African heathen. Later, she knew that Alabama was her "Africa." While attending a Catholic school for Negro girls, Ellen Tarry made a more radical change: she left the Congregationalists to become a Catholic.

After successfully completing more schooling and some teaching, Miss Tarry's journalistic vocation crystallized. Then from job to job, city to city, from apostolic venture to adventure, in success and in failure, we follow her. We meet writers and entertainers, Northerners, Southerners, and Mid-Westerners, study groups, Friendship House, the USO, NCCS, and what-have-you. Ellen Tarry has done a heap of living in her forty-plus years. As she introduces her acquaintances, anyone active in Catholic Action may expect to meet old friends. She also introduces Negroes

about whom we need to know more: G. W. Carver, Booker T. Washington, Crispus Attucks; she recalls people and incidents we would rather forget: the D. A. R.'s ban against Marian Anderson and the tirades of the late Senator Bilbo.

Some of Miss Tarry's experiences, however, seem to have happened because she appeared to be White. Negroes felt that she could not understand their problems because she lacked their pigmentation; Whites expressed prejudices not knowing that she was Negro. These circumstances, plus the facts that she enjoyed a social and educational background and a journalistic talent not enjoyed by many Negroes, suggest that her story might not be as typical as that of other American Negroes.

The reader may turn page after page of *The Third Door* with the vain hope that Ellen Tarry will seize one of those precious opportunities to suffer in order to imitate Our Lord Jesus Christ and, like Him, to offer the pain for her persecutors and for her own persecuted people. Once or twice she makes vague reference to such a sentiment. It is unfortunate that her autobiography could not have offered this practical spiritual outlook which might be the means most effective for opening the door "free from racial designations," the desired "Third Door."

LOUISE DIVER, '59

HEAVEN WAS NOT ENOUGH

Constance O'Hara

J. B. Lippincott Company

Philadelphia, 1955 \$3.95

Here is a deeply moving story of the losing and regaining of the faith in the life of Constance O'Hara.

Miss O'Hara seems to have a talent for writing her deepest emotions. Anyone who has ever felt loneliness cannot help but read with sympathy her most lonely experience—loss of the faith.

As an extraordinary child, Constance was acquainted with the personages of the day and even became friends with some of them. Later in life Miss O'Hara met Clare Boothe Luce and gradually came to love and respect this wonderful woman. Clare Luce and other people, not so famous, had a profound effect on her life. Miss O'Hara writes with clarity of those instances and circumstances which were instrumental in her fall. As one reads he can easily see the picture unfolding.

"Now, Constance, do not dramatize yourself: you are not a black sheep; merely an unattractive, dirty gray." Spoken by a dear friend of Constance, Sister Julie du Saint-Esprit, these words adequately sum up the situation of Constance as a lost soul. Even after the rejection of the faith completely, Miss

O'Hara, nevertheless, finds that her Catholic training has had a lasting effect on her and everything that she does.

As a woman of the world, she reaches futilely for success without ever quite attaining it. Although she was a talented writer and a lover of the theater, she was not able to write a play of any worth. Three or four times she rewrote her *Magnificent Heel*—all to no avail.

Even as her fall came about gradually, so did her triumph over darkness. More than once she sat in church trying to summon enough courage to confess her sins. More than once she failed. Finally, just before she was about to be operated on for a cancerous growth she reclaimed her lost faith.

Still the road to complete faith was not an easy one. Miss O'Hara's portrayal of her trying moments when she was about to reject her Catholicism once again and each minor triumph which eventually led her to a firm belief in Catholicism are vividly and accurately written.

Heaven Was Not Enough should be interesting reading for any person who is looking for a greater appreciation of the Catholic faith.

JUDY HIRN, '59

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