

Fioretti

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Marian College
Indianapolis, Indiana

The Fioretti

AN ANTHOLOGY
OF
MARIAN COLLEGE
PROSE AND VERSE



VOLUME TWELVE



Marian College
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One of the most personable and loved people who has ever lived was St. Francis of Assisi. After his death a series of legends grew up around him. How much of the true they contain we shall never know but we owe much to the person who wrote them down lest they be lost. This collection of fables is known as the FIORETTI or little flowers of St. Francis.

The modern day FIORETTI is as a garland of blossoms in honor of her whom St. Francis served as his queen and who is the immaculate patroness of Marian college.

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*To the memory of Sister Mary Kevin, O.S.F.,
Ph.D., former president of Marian college, faculty
advisor of the FIORETTI, and a beloved teacher,
this volume is gratefully dedicated.*

Editorials

The Holy Spirit in the World

In the dawn of creation God walked upon the earth and, according to an old spiritual, His feet in their passing hollowed out the valleys and made the mountains. God created man and roamed with him the paths of paradise until the dark day when man exiled himself and lost his original close intimacy with God.

Time passed, and the prophecy of salvation was fulfilled. The fields of earth knew again the step of God. The Creator lived among His creatures as one of them. When His task was accomplished, Our Lord ascended to His Father. But it would have been a cruel thing to leave the human race orphans after once more filling them with hope.

For ten days twelve men and a woman awaited the coming of the Third Person of the Sacred Trinity. When He came it was with a rush of wind and the appearance of fiery tongues. When He came He came to stay until time would end.

None of us need ever look back wistfully to the time of Christ. God, the Holy Spirit, dwells intimately with us and within us, closer to us than our oldest friend, knowing us better than we shall ever know ourselves. The Paraclete lives in the soul of our roommate, the newsboy on the corner,

the fellow who scratched your fender. He rules the world, but He is a forgotten King who never demands tribute, proclaiming His presence only in gentle whispers. The loud noises of our lives clamor for attention, and we fail to hear or deliberately close our ears to His gentle pleading. So we become as Caryll Houselander's *Young Man* who

*... does not know,
and in him
the Holy Ghost
is a poor little bird
in a cage
who never sings
and never opens his wings
yet never, never
desires to be gone away.*

And yet this age of ours is the age of the Holy Spirit. Ever since the first Pentecost Sunday the universe has come directly under His rule. On that day He came as the Soul of the Mystical Body of Christ. He was to be to us the Paraclete, the Comforter, a Divine Guest, the Bearer of Light, as a Holy Anointing, as a Poet and an Artist. With Him he brought His seven gifts and their twelve fruits.

To the suffering He was to be the calm in the black storm that threatened to drown them in bitterness, their solace in the noon-day heat. Every man could know Him as the Holy Guest, a Divine

Friend with whom conversation flowed most easily, who never left him, waiting patiently until His creatures could find time for Him. Men who sought truth would find in the Holy Spirit and unflickering light. They would recognize as did St. Thomas that "All truth, whosoever speaks it, flows from the Holy Ghost." He would be the Artist to mold the poor clay of our being into a fitting shrine for His dwelling. He was a Poet, the same who inspired the Queen of Poets to sing her joyous *Magnificat*, to take our imperfect praises and compose of them a melodious hymn, pleasing to the ear of God.

He is the Soul of the Mystical Body. His first gift on Pentecost

to the Church was that of life. Through Him, with Christ as our Head, we form the living organism of the Church. It is through the Holy Ghost that we call God "Father," and our neighbor "brother." Having loved Him within ourselves, we love the Holy Spirit in the souls of others. His seven gifts make us Christlike while the twelve fruits insure us a life blest with happiness in His service.

Numbered among these gifts is one labeled peace. It is no coincidence that peace is symbolized as an olive branch borne in the beak of a Dove. It is through the Holy Spirit, who alone is the giver of peace, that we can ever hope to obtain that precious blessing.

—Joanne Hazlewood

A Liberal Attitude

There is a new trend in the field of liberal arts today. Corporations have announced their intention of encouraging financially the liberal arts colleges. Some companies have also inaugurated programs of study for their employees. This generosity towards the arts is not entirely a benevolent program. Employers of even the most specialized companies have realized the value of the graduate who has developed himself as a whole person rather than as a specialist in his field.

Besides the obvious possibility of this plan, business controlling the centers of higher learning, the greatest danger is in the effect on the individual student. Heretofore

content to be a specialist, he will now turn to the fine arts merely to enhance his opportunity for a position after graduation. The problem now is one of attitude.

Given the financial support they lacked in the past, educators and students alike must work to keep a healthy attitude towards the liberal arts. A Christian concept of education becomes a necessity in this endeavor. Education must be primarily a development of the gifts bestowed upon the individual by God. It is an awesome thought to realize that God has given to one individual the ability to study the physical sciences, mathematics, biological sciences, music, lan-

guages, history, art, literature, theology and philosophy. The opportunities are unlimited as given by God. Man limits himself, thwarts the concept of the whole man by deliberate neglect of the vast field of knowledge available to him.

Becoming a specialist in one field and ignoring all others is analogous to a jeweler cutting and polishing a few facets of a stone

and leaving the rest of the stone dull and misshapen. Only by cutting and polishing each facet can the jewel refract rays of light, sending forth a myriad of color. Likewise our soul, if each facet of its intellectual potential is polished by learning, will radiate eternally the power, the glory, the wisdom of God.

—*Emilie Murray*

Choice

Fledgling in flight, wings unfolding, greets the virgin day
Of an ancient world;
Leaf buds burst with living cells warmed by dawn's first ray
On limb of aged oak.
Fresh breezes stirring, sway sapling, bend the reed,
Move clouds unfurled,
As restless earth rolling in its universe must heed
Its course; yield to yoke
Of God's divine law.
Child in the Temple filled with wisdom, with free will,
As youth and mortal man,
To choose, to yield or to defy, submits to obey
Because of love and not by plan.

—*Margene Schuck*

The Quest

LARRY HAMMERSTEIN

We started down the trail that day with some misgivings. Nothing had gone quite right from the beginning. Even that afternoon back in May when we had all met in Dr. Blanding Harwood's office in lower Manhattan, there had been what was almost a bad omen. It had been raining all morning, not the usual spring shower, but a steady downpour. A bolt of lightning had filled the room with light and then plunged it into semi-darkness by stopping the electricity. The map Bob Walker held in his hand had burst into flames. He quickly extinguished it, and only a corner of it was burned. The suddenness of what had happened had startled us all, though it was quickly forgotten; but it was the only time it had lightened all day.

I held that map in my hand right now as we proceeded down the path that was barely discernible in the thick underbrush. As I noticed the charred corner of the frayed map, I remembered that episode was not the only unusual occurrence that had preceded this strange quest.

The story began when, at the request of my old friend, Dr. Harwood, I had gone to his office in New York on the fourteenth day of May. There I had met David Jackson, a recently retired army colonel whose father

owned part interest in a race track in Florida with Dr. Harwood. Also present was an old friend of the doctor's and mine, Robert Walker, a rather well-to-do lawyer from Jersey. The doctor introduced the three of us to a dark-skinned good looking man named Philip Sánchez.

And then was told a story which has meant much to all of our lives. Philip Sánchez was a direct descendant to the ancient kings of a lost tribe of Incas, that inhabited the jungles of what is now Brazil. For centuries his family had not had a chance to reclaim what was theirs, but now through his new acquaintance, Dr. Harwood, Sánchez hoped to obtain enough financial support for an expedition to recover the crown jewels of the ancient kings of the Incas. He produced a map, yellowed with age, which apparently showed the site of an Inca palace lost in the dense tropical forests in the heart of Brazil. The palace, Sánchez told us, had been lost to civilization for hundreds of years, but his grandfather, right before he died, had given him this map and told him it had been passed down from generation to generation from the first king who had been forced to leave with the coming of the Portuguese.

The crown of the Incas, Philip told us, was fabulous. From his grandfather and father he had

learned that the original crown was of solid gold with ruby-studded silver bars laced around it. A few years before the land had been taken by the Portuguese, a weird old priest named Aktutin was supposed to have added to the top of the crown the figure of a large black cat. The only big cats common to this part of the country, Philip told us, are jaguars, and they are not black. But Aktutin was supposed to have prayed to a big, mysterious black jaguar, which he had asked to destroy anyone who tried to take the crown of the Incas. But a few days before the coming of the Portuguese Aktutin himself had stolen the crown and was said to have been seen walking about the palace with the black cat on a leash looking for a place to hide the crown from the white man.

We soon made the necessary plans for our trip into the jungles of the Amazon, a trip which we hoped would mean a fortune for us all. We agreed that no one would know the real purpose of our expedition, lest others try to take the treasure. The map was entrusted to me for safekeeping at my estate. Quickly we were to make ourselves ready to depart, and on the third day of June meet again in New York prepared for a hunting trip into the wilds of Brazil.

That danger might lurk ahead we guessed, but to what extent, we did not realize until too late.

The dark path we now walked in this hot, damp tangle of tropical forest ended abruptly, and we



had to cross a waist-deep swamp of about thirty yards to regain it. As we splashed along, I remembered our journey down from New York. Soon after our stop at San Juan, Puerto Rico, a violent storm hit our ship with thundering force. The captain had received no report of bad weather, and storms were uncommon at this time of year. The thundering clouds drove us back to port and held us there for a day. I had never seen such deep black clouds as I saw that day.

We arrived finally at Belem, Brazil, at the mouth of the Amazon. Sanchez had wired ahead for the services of two pack bearers to help us with our load. They were waiting for us at the port; one fellow, a swarthy Brazilian, introduced himself as Victorio, and his companion, a rather simple-looking fellow who smiled at us with broken teeth, we called Sam. We hired a jeep and started out immediately for camp. It was dark by now, and slow going along the bumpy, twisting road. The jeep had stalled twice for no apparent reason, making even later our arrival at camp.

When we arrived at the place we had chosen, the place nearest to the lost palace that we could get by jeep, we discovered that we did not have the crate containing our newly acquired knives. I volunteered to take the jeep, and with Victorio accompanying me, to return to the dock for them.

Night had fallen as we began our return trip, and a full moon was shining. Victorio, sitting sourly beside me, had said little or nothing the whole way. It was hard to see the twisting road, brightened

only by the sallow moon and the faint headlights of the jeep. Two bright and shiny eyes were suddenly picked up by the jeep's lights. A large animal, big and black, was standing on the road ahead of us. Victorio came suddenly to life.

"Stop!" he screamed. "Do not go farther."

If he thought I was stopping now, with no guns, a jeep that liked to stall, and a big something staring me in the face, he was crazy. I swerved the jeep to the left, and the animal dashed into the bush just as we got to it. I kept going for about a mile, then stopped the jeep and looked at Victorio. He stared straight ahead, his features hard and set.

"Why did you tell me to stop?" I asked, angry because of the authority he had assumed.

His answer was tight-lipped. "I was afraid we would crash."

I started to say more, but I changed my mind. I turned to start the jeep. It would not start. I tried and tried. The motor was dead. We walked back to camp. All the way, I seemed to feel the eyes of the big animal on my back. I yearned for a gun.

Now we were nearing the place marked on the old map as the site of the ancient palace. Though it was the middle of the day, the forest around us was dark and foreboding. The strange sounds of the jungle bird added to the weirdness of our surroundings. An occasional rustle in the bush to the side of the trail would startle us until we could see a multi-colored, large-beaked bird to which we could credit the noise.

Dr. Harwood was about fifty yards behind us examining some wild flowers we had just passed. We heard the loud piercing scream, and when we turned, there was only a movement in the bushes to show where he had been standing.

Dave Jackson, nearest the spot, turned and ran toward the place where the doctor had been. Walker, Sanchez, and I hurried after him, our guns ready to fire. Jackson screamed as we ran through the tangle of foliage to reach him. I almost stumbled over him where he lay on the ground with a knife in his back. The simple looking Sam, our hardworking pack bearer, stood over him, an odd expression on his twisted face. It was his knife that protruded from my friend's back. I raised my gun to point at Sam's head. The wild expression vanished from his face, and he fell suddenly to his knees. Before me sprawled on the blood-soaked ground was the body of Dr. Blanding Harwood. I knelt before him; he did not move. I reached forward to lift his head. The back was almost gone. Then I saw the claw mark from the back of his head around to the front of his neck. I turned back to Sam.

"I had to do it," he screamed. "I had to do it. He made . . ."

A shot roared out from the brush up the trail. The bullet slammed into the back of Sam and he pitched forward on his face. There was silence.

I stood looking about in utter horror at the death all about me, not knowing when my turn would come. The silence seemed to echo. Sanchez stepped over to look at

Dave. He was dead. Behind me Dr. Harwood lay dead. In my crazed mind the events began to fall into place. The doctor was dead. Jackson was dead, Sam lay dead. Walker and Sanchez stood near me shaking, their guns ready to fire. What had he tried to tell me? He had killed Dave. Why? He said that he had to. Someone had made him. Who? Blanding Harwood had been clawed. By what?

It was a while before anyone spoke.

"Where's Victorio?" said Bob crisply.

Sanchez, still shaking, walked up the trail a little and returned.

"I cannot see him." He spoke, frightened, yet determined.

"We must go back," I said almost breathlessly.

"No!" he said. "We cannot return now, nothing is accomplished. We are so near. We must get the crown."

"Nothing accomplished!" I screamed. "No, we haven't got your rotten crown, but Blanding's dead; David's dead. Do you want us dead too? Did you have us come this far to die? Do you want the crown for yourself?"

Bob Walker grabbed hold of my shoulder. "Get ahold of yourself," he said. "We've got to think straight. Three men have been killed; there are three of us left. Sanchez had nothing to do with it. He was with us all the time, and just as scared."

I sank down beside the doctor and held my old friend's hand.

We buried them there, late that afternoon and made little crosses out of twigs to mark their graves.

It was shortly before dusk when we started cautiously down the trail again. I made Sanchez walk in front of me. My gun was ready. I still did not trust him; he seemed too anxious for the treasure. The sour Victorio was not seen anywhere. It had undoubtedly been he who had fired the shot to kill Sam. They must have planned to kill us, and Sam had been petrified by fear after his deed. Victorio had shot him to get rid of the dead weight.

I felt strongly that Philip Sanchez had arranged it all to keep the crown for himself after we had paid his way here. I shuddered slightly as I realized that that didn't explain the awful claw mark on Dr. Harwood's neck. What had Sam been yelling? "I had to do it." He started to say, "He made me do it." I thought again of that terrible claw mark. Who had made him? I forced the crazy thoughts out of my mind.

As darkness closed in we stopped to rest and eat. I ate little. I thought a lot. I thought of the wild cries of Dave Jackson and the doctor. I never took my hand off my gun.

Before dawn we started out the dark trail. We were very near our destination now, and we all seemed to sense it. Sanchez almost stumbled into a large growth of foliage which grew straight across the trail. He turned back to me.

"This is perhaps the outer defenses of the palace," he whispered. "My grandfather once told me the defense works of the palace were intricate and almost impregnable. The palace was given up without a fight, however, after Aktutin took the crown."

Whispering seemed the correct thing to do in this environment, and so I whispered back that I would go through first. It was very quiet. I threaded my way through the thick tropical growth and almost stepped into a deep-looking canal-like stream of water. I surmised that it was used like moats around the castles in Europe. There was foliage on the other side too. Indians could conceal themselves in the thick foliage and fight anyone coming through the jungle. Then, if necessary, they could retreat across the moat on fallen logs, throw the logs into the deep water and continue fighting from the



thick foliage on that side. A log was lying across the water now even with the trail. Balancing myself with my rifle, I stepped onto the log. As I neared the other side, I noticed Sanchez about to follow. The grey stillness was shattered by the screaming roar of a big cat. I jumped to the other side. My sudden movement knocked the log into the water. I saw Sanchez disappear back into the foliage. There was a shot and then another. Minutes passed. I couldn't stand this. I was about to try to swim across when Sanchez reappeared. He did not hesitate; he dropped his gun and dove into the water. I helped him out. He stood, almost fear crazed.

"It was a cat. Walker's dead. His neck was broken. I did not see the animal. I fired at the movement. They are the biggest tracks I've ever seen." He seemed almost ready to collapse, but he turned to me and said, "You have the map. There is a maze of trails now leading around this island. The map will tell us the way to go."

I got the map out of my pocket. The area around the palace was marked with pits and swamps. For about a mile in circumference hundreds of paths ended at these pits and swamps with death awaiting their traveler. One path was marked plainly as being free of obstacles. Even this one wound around and around crazily with places for ambush concealed here and there. By the map we found this path, and for nearly three hours we wandered along this trail, our ears tuned to the slightest noise when we breathlessly passed the places suited for an ambush.

At length we reached a clearing. There it was, in the misty light of mid-morning. The highest part of the ancient palace reached to the tops of the jungle trees. Jungle vines reached upwards to encircle its ornaments, and a green moss covered much of its grey walls. Sanchez started with renewed strength up the path to the gate. There were no jungle sounds now, no birds, just quiet. I followed Sanchez through the entrance. We were in a long ornate room, barely lighted by the outside windows. The floors were gone, and the ground was damp and soft. We walked along slowly, looking for signs of riches, but I saw nothing but the weird carvings. The Portuguese must have gotten everything but the crown.

At the end of the room was a large throne built at the top of what had been white steps.

"The throne of my forefathers," said Philip softly. He looked up at it a moment, standing noble and erect, and then moved to the door at the right. We passed onto the dirt floor of a smaller room which contained many bowls and jars. Odd-looking instruments lay on a table.

"This must have been the room of the priest Aktutin," I whispered. I laid my gun against the table to examine an oddly shaped bowl. We noticed at the same time the shaft of light which came from the room to our left. Fearfully, I followed Sanchez to the door. There, in a large room was another throne. Flickering lamps at either side shed a wavering light across the room. Seated in the throne, a large crown in his lap, sat Victorio. His

hand held a leash, and at his side sat a huge black jaguar.

"Come in, my friends," he spoke in a loud clear tone. "No doubt you wonder at the things you see."

We stepped forward as do robots.

"It is simple," he sneered as us. "You are in search of this crown that belonged to my ancestor, Aktutin." He almost screamed, "The curse of the Black Cat will not let you have it." He looked at Sanchez. "You," he roared, "it belonged to you once." He seemed hysterical, but then sat back and smiled. "It was yours. Yours until that man of your blood feared so much that he would have given it to the white man to save himself. Aktutin saved it from the white man's grasp, and now you bring white men to get it. No!" he screamed, "It's mine!"

Philip Sanchez stiffened at my side; his hand went to his knife, and he darted toward the throne. A gun appeared in Victorio's hand. It fired, and Sanchez dropped headlong to the dirt floor.

Victorio looked at me. "You are the last of the men who came to steal my crown, but you will not get it. It is my wealth now and with it I will rule. It will be my wealth and power."

The Black Cat sprang to its feet and growled ominously. Victorio turned and spat in its face, jerking the leash.

"Quiet, you beast," he rasped; "I do not need you now. My crown is my power."

The big cat sprang to his feet and leaped at the man. Victorio was knocked to the ground; the gun, jarred from his hand, flew across the room. His other hand still clutched frantically to the fabulous, sparkling crown. One gigantic sweep of his claw, and the cat had ended this self-made monster.

The cat turned from the still form and started toward me. I backed up against the wall, frozen with horror. The thought fairly screamed into my pounding brain that my gun was lying in the other room. Those yellow eyes seemed to peer through mine into the depths of my soul. He was as black as the shadow of death. My nerves seemed to break as he approached me. I smiled as I thought, "What devil works in you? Does Satan's power give you that fiendish strength?" I thought it funny that I should notice what huge tracks his claws made in the soft earth as he approached me. I could feel his breath now . . . A black darkness fell over me.

I awoke as suddenly as I had fainted. I looked around dazedly. The cat was gone. I stumbled over to Sanchez. He was dead. I went to Victorio. His hand was still clenched tightly but the crown was gone. I stared at the ground; there were no tracks.

The yellowed map is all I have left from my trip to Brazil. They won't believe me though. They want to know what I did with the crown. Through my cell window I can see a dark, black cloud. It reminds me of the cat.

Folly

He ran so fast to self surpass,
So eager to succeed,
Forever seeking higher realms,
Embracing nobler deeds,
Forever raising temples high,
Their spires against the blue,
Forever courting dreams of youth,
Their phantoms to pursue,
Until at last with trophies won,
With honor on his breast,
He turned to find himself alone,
For Love had stopped to rest.

—*Joseph Acker*

Another Son

STEVE GERARD

There is a holy picture in my missal which I cherish above all my treasures. It is but a plain and simple card, picturing Mary, Our Mother, Refuge of all those who would trust in her. There is no specific artistic beauty in it, but unseen within is painted a beautiful and touching scene.

It was my first active patrol mission, close to enemy position. I had never killed before; I had never even seen a Jap. But I did know what to do when and if I should see one. And yet I wasn't quite sure that I could do it—despite the fact that "this is war." As we were leaving the frontlines, skirting about them heading back to camp, we spotted a lone Jap—a straggler from yesterday's retreat. Before any of us could fire, he quickly threw himself into some thick underbrush. A marine alongside of me fired after the moving leaves. A light, audible curse escaped his lips as he missed. We lay crouching, waiting for the enemy to make a move. Then I thought I saw him, barely discernible against so confusing a background of multi-shaded jungle. I didn't dare to think, I didn't have time to think—I only aimed and fired. With a

soft cry of quick death, he came falling through the green foilage.

I tried to keep from looking at the young face before me as I searched his pockets for information that might be helpful to headquarters. He was very young, no older than my kid brother back home who wasn't yet acceptable for the armed service. I know I shouldn't have allowed myself any feelings for this "ruthless enemy" lying prone at my feet, but just the same, I felt like a killer.

There was nothing unusual about the stuff we took from his pockets; identification tags, an American lighter, some small Japanese coins, a battered old wallet with pictures of his family, and a crumpled pack of Luckies, undoubtedly coming from the same place as the lighter. But there was something else too. It had a little blood on it as I gently withdrew it from the shirt pocket over his heart. I stood there and looked at it for I don't know how long. There, smiling up at me with kind and merciful eyes, was the Virgin Mother, her flowing blue gown stained with the blood of another son—faithful and loyal—"even to the death of the Cross."

I have a holy picture in my missal . . .

Caryll Houselander

and the Indwelling of Christ

MARGENE SCHUCK

"The flowering of Christ in man," says Caryll Houselander "is the theme which recurs in all my poetry." But in actuality it exists in all the books she had ever written. It would be useless to speak of each of Miss Houselander's books separately for they all emerge from the same central idea. The originator of this beautiful idea, a noted spiritual writer of our time, has achieved fame not only as a writer of such books as *Guilt* and *The Reed of God*, but also for her beautiful pencil and chalk drawings as well as her realistic carvings. With her death in 1954 a promising British poet was lost to the world.

Miss Houselander did not choose her theme haphazardly. Nor is there anything accidental about her choice of the word "flowering." It can best be understood when you realize that *The Flowering Tree*, the title of her book of poetry, is the Cross of Christ. Flowering is a word very common for her to use though not because of any prettiness about her work; she is also capable of directness and tough-minded realism.

She writes with special emphasis on Christ in His Mystical Body, Christ as He is in man. She does not picture Him walking the roads of Judea, or sitting at the right hand of His Father, but rather she

prefers picturing Christ as living within each of us. Take for example this passage on Christ's suffering:

"It is never easy to meditate on the Passion. Indeed it becomes impossible, because once we know inwardly, with our hearts, not only with our minds, how real Christ is—and what suffering is—we can no longer bear to have beautiful thoughts about the suffering of Christ. The mind becomes bleak, we begin to suffer with Him—and that is what real meditation on the Passion always becomes, suffering with Him.

"It is more than that, it is actually Christ suffering in us. We are united to Him, we are one, and it is when His Passion becomes real to us through experience and love, that we grow aware of His presence in us."

It is this special awareness that Christ is truly in us and just as truly in others that Miss Houselander wishes us to practice. Again, realizing the difficulty of our ability to let Christ dwell within us, she shows us with her own special perception how the incidents of Christ's life are relived today. For example, Christ is stripped of His garments again in a woman stripped of youth and beauty by a disfiguring illness, or in a lone convert who

must give up the habits and indulgences of a lifetime. She illustrates for us "the Host life," lived in hospitals, workhouses, tenement houses, and prisons, lived by the blind and by mental patients, by "people who have to be wheeled about, washed, dressed and undressed by others, who are literally obliged to offer themselves to God in the hands of other people like the Host in the priest's hands at the Mass."

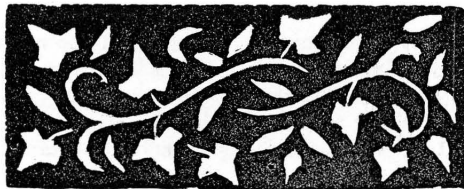
Willie Jewell, the small crippled boy in Miss Houselander's novel, *The Dry Wood*, is an excellent example of Christ's helplessness as experienced in individuals. This novel is an unusual and often beautiful meditation on the suffering of the innocent.

Perhaps the most impressive thing about Caryll Houselander is her objectivity. She believes that Christ abides in everyone. She insists that Christ abides not only in saints with painted haloes, but also in our intimate friends, relations and disagreeable associates. She feels that it is our duty to find the Christ-likeness in all people. She fully realizes how much this idea repulses us for she states:

"It is very easy to believe in the indwelling presence of Christ in the souls of imaginary people; to

believe in it in people whom we do not know; but it is very difficult to believe in it in the case of our own relations and intimate friends."

Miss Houselander's objectivity is one that has not let a keen sensitivity to suffering lessen her capacity for communicating happiness. She is not given to that gloom which is so prevalent in twentieth century literature. True, she writes realistically about life in London, the cruelties of war, the mental suffering of our age; but she does not expound upon them in a dreary, melancholy way. She simply states them as conditions with which one has to cope if Christ is truly to have birth in us. These hard conditions are merely the hard soil out of which He is to grow. For Christ's dwelling in us is a process of growth. Miss Houselander speaks of the Advent period in Our Lady's life and of the virginal emptiness that preceded it. A similar empty period must occur in each of our lives before Christ can be born in our hearts. Even when he has been born we shall lose Him again, as Our Lady did, and our finding of Him may also be on the Cross. Only our cross will be our death, the price we must pay for the perpetual renewal of Christ's birth and indwelling in our hearts and souls.



But For Our Follies

MARY BYER

The old man himself, D. E. Templeton, rushed into the office of *Sol Science Stories* waving a copy of the just-off-the-press first issue of the same. He stopped at the desk of its editor, Matthew Watson.

"Watson," he roared, "you're fired! I don't ever want to see you again, and that's final."

"Say, Boss, calm down. If I'm getting fired, I'd like one good reason to give to the wife."

"Look at this contents page!" blared D. E. "There's certainly something missing."

"What? I don't see anything wrong; in fact, it looks pretty good to me."

"How can any man be so stupid? Can't you see that our announcement that the characters and situations in these stories bear no resemblance to actual person, living or dead, is missing?"

"Oh."

"Is that all you can say for yourself? Think of all the libel suits! We'll be ruined for sure. Watson, you're fired!"

Katz G-21 decided to get a magazine to read in his hotel room that evening. He picked up a copy of *Sol Science Stories* and started up. On the front cover was the

picture of a space ship; it reminded him of the ship on which the Katzians had come to Earth on their quest for new lands. As he settled down to examine it more closely, he discovered that the four-tenacled purple creatures on the cover strongly resembled his native Katzians.

The resemblance made him so homesick that, in direct defiance of orders from headquarters, he pulled down the blinds and turned off the gadget that set up the hypnotic field around him. Once more he was four-tenacled and purple, instead of two-armed and pink, and it made him feel wonderful.

Then he began to read the stories. The first concerned an invader from another planet who was on Earth disguised as a man. "Good Pauker!" he thought to himself, "They're on to us." He scanned the story again. Of course, the scrawny Earthmen had some of the details wrong, but just incidentals such as calling them Saturnians instead of Katzians and giving them claws although they actually had none. But for the most part the story was a circumstantial and convincing account of the capture of a Katzian spy. The incident had occurred in Washington, D. C., which meant that they had L-19, his good buddy.

He picked up his tele-oscillo-
phone and called the home base on
the other side of the Earth's moon.

"This is G-21," he reported. "I
have just read in a Terrene publi-
cation the details of the capture
of L-19."

"Impossible," was the quick re-
tort, "we have been receiving regu-
lar reports from L-19."

"Then they must have replaced
him with a human spy," came the
quick answer.

"Okay, G-12, we'll be on our
guard."

Curling his purple tentacles be-
neath him, G-12 sank back into
his chair and began to delve fur-
ther into the magazine. The next
story told of an Earthman land-
ing on Mars. But Earthmen hadn't
landed on Mars.

Or had they?

This situation was becoming
more and more distressing. G-21
mused over all the possibilities.
Could it be that this magazine con-
tained only fiction? But the title
was *Sol Science Stories*. He re-
membered reading a similar maga-
zine called *Startling Science Fic-
tion*. Was the distinction between
"stories" and "fiction" significant?
And there was no disclaimer on the
front of this book. He decided that
the Katzians had better lay off,
because they seemingly didn't
know enough about the Earth's
culture.

He called the publishing com-
pany of *Sol Science Stories* and
asked for the editor, only to find
that he had been fired that very

morning. Discharged, he meditated.
Why? Could it be that he had
given up a security secret of the
government? That must be it.

He called headquarters again
and informed them that the Earth-
men had landed on Mars.

"What?" was the answer. "Don't
be silly."

"But a magazine published an
account of it, and the editor was
discharged this very morning for
security reasons."

"If they've got L-19 and have
advanced that far, there's no tell-
ing how far they might go. It's
not safe on earth any longer. Re-
port to the saucer center immedi-
ately. You're all coming back to
headquarters. We'll get away from
this Earth as soon as possible."
And then, "Get out the word to
all of the other agents."

"Except L-19."

"Yes, of course; we'll have to
leave him behind. It's really too
bad. This planet offered such
promising opportunities."

They hung up.

"No, Watson," screamed Mr.
Tallyhough, "our magazine can't
use you either. We can't have an
editor who's careless enough to
leave off the standard disclaimer.
Why there's no end of trouble
we'd get into without that little
announcement."

Christus

A star came down to Earth,
Took root, and grew into
A flower; a lily of such
Wondrous beauty that all
Who saw it praised, and
Were amazed anew when it
Became a Tree, quivering
In sudden and violent
Rain and bent with the heavy
Weight of a crowd; soon dawn,
And a snow-white dove
Circled once in the sky,
Then,
Bearing its sacred olive branch,
Winged home, and was seen
No more, until the end
Of Time.

—*Judy Rabe*

The Other Side of the Moon

EMILIE MURRAY

When Tom Harris and his family moved out of town, to many of the old families it was like finishing a novel with an unhappy ending. As much as they disliked the turn of events, they realized his solution of his problem was the right one. It was sad though, for there had always been a Tom Harris in the town. His great-grandfather and his father had fought their battles in the legislature, trying to restore some of the wealth that tobacco, cotton and slaves had supplied. And now, the youngest Tom Harris, a prosperous lawyer, had sold out and was planning to move East, his southern heritage seemingly forgotten.

The whole affair began one morning when little Amy Maxwell awoke early because of a stomach ache. It was then that the Maxwells discovered, as every other family would soon discover, that their entire family had changed. Not really different in themselves, only their skin had changed—from white to brown. The pandemonium that ensued will long be remembered, especially by Miss Parsons, Doc Wilkins' nurse. After it was all over, she was often heard telling her friends about that hectic day.

"It was lak havin' an eppedemick and a disastuh, all at the same time. People kept callin', some mad, some cryin' and sobbin', all

beggin' the doctuh to do somethin'. Weren't nothin' he could do tho. When the moon turns around, what do they expect an ordinary doctuh to do?"

Yes, when the moon turns around what can anybody do? The mayor, the sheriff, the police chief and the fire marshall all agreed that there was little they could do to help the matter.



That the people found the solution given in the newspapers difficult to believe is understandable. Almost all of them saved the clippings for they were sure that they couldn't remember the scientific theory that was the foundation for the explanation. The article, in part, read as follows:

"Science has long recognized the fact that because of the complex rotation and revolutions of the earth and the moon, the moon always has presented the same face to the earth and that man has never seen the other side of the moon. However, last night a strange movement in the universe was observed by Prof. L. C. Clinton of the Preston Observatory. The result was that several stars have changed their orbits and that the heretofore hidden side of the moon is now the side facing the earth. It is believed that the light from the moon in its new position is responsible for the otherwise inexplicable phenomenon of all humans possessing the same brown color of skin, regardless of race. It is not known whether or not the change is permanent."

The effect of this article on the people was startling. The Midburyites had carefully preserved the line of discrimination between colored and white. The principle of segregation had been part of their code of living. Now that it was impossible to distinguish on basis of color, how were they to continue the old way of life?

That afternoon, a committee consisting of the Mayor and Mr. Sherwood, a member of the city council called on Tom. Visibly disturbed by the recent changes, they

seemed nervous, worried and afraid. Not waiting for Tom to invite them in, they stepped inside the hall and proceeded with their business.

"Good afternoon, Tom," the mayor said. "I've, er, that is, we've come to you about a very important matter. The citizens have called an open meeting for this evening in the Civic Auditorium at eight o'clock. Naturally with everyone so . . . so upset, we feel the need of having some definite plans to present to the public in order to forestall any mob action." The mayor sighed, mopped his brow, as if the whole business were too much for him. Thank goodness for men like Tom Harris, he thought. One could always count on him.

"What kind of plans, Mayor? And just where do I fit into them?" Tom asked warily.

"Well, plans for the future, Tom. After all, considering the recent developments, we can hardly continue without making certain provisions for the benefit of the people."

"Do you pretend to believe that everything is the same as it was before last night?" interrupted the council member. Previous to this indignant outburst, he had done nothing but nervously play with his hat. Now he stared hard at Tom, waiting for his answer.

"Wait a minute, gentlemen. I merely asked about the plans. I'm not challenging them or the need for them. You should know that I'm as interested in the development of our community as anyone. You obviously have something specific you would have me do. Suppose you tell me about it."

"You see, Tom, at this meeting tonight it is quite possible that a number of our citizens may desire a very radical program. We believe that it will be possible to draft a plan that will be reasonable and will still keep the status of our white citizens at its proper level."

"I'm still curious about my role in this little drama."

"Your part is very simple, Tom. As a voice from the crowd you can help us to keep the group from getting too emotional. In other words, we want you to be an unprepared speaker who will be prepared for any outburst from the crowd. We can't afford any violence. It would certainly look bad in the papers." The mayor paused, then added persuasively, "You'll be performing a great service to your community."

For a few moments the room was silent. The politicians watched Tom closely. They felt his decision was vital to their plans for he had the kind of prestige that this town cared about—education as a lawyer, enough wealth and most important—the family background.

Tom looked up at them and firmly announced, "Mayor, I consider it an honor that you've asked me to help. It's the least that any citizen could do. And you know my family has never hesitated to work or fight hard for what they believe in. I'll be there mayor, you can count on me."

The mayor and the council member exchanged glances. This had been easier than they had anticipated.

"You won't regret it," said the

mayor significantly. "You'll remember this day for a long time."

The men shook hands solemnly. That their hands had been a different color the last time they had performed this ritual didn't seem to detract from the significance of it at all.

When they left, Tom lit a cigarette and sat in his favorite chair thinking.

His family had always been known as an active member in the community and in the state. He remembered that as a child he had planned to be like his grandfather—a dashing colonel in the cavalry, wielding a sword for states' rights. As the years had gone by, this vision had changed until he could picture himself as a dynamic orator like his father, arguing, explaining, proving his ideas correct in the legislature. So far he had done little in politics. Oh, he had made the right contacts, but there just hadn't been a place for him in any of the local set-ups. This was his first real opportunity. Somehow he was not as elated as he should be. This was the opportunity he had looked for and now that he had found it . . .

They had been gone for some time. Tom lit another cigarette. He looked at his hands—brown. Strange that it should make any difference to anyone, this change of color. He was not different from the man who had been in this room the day before. He was still Tom Harris, married to Eileen Harris and they still had two girls, Patsy and Lou. This house was still his, and that office with the gold lettering on the door, that was still his too. He hadn't forgotten the con-

tent of those books he cherished; his belief in God was as strong as ever. Well then, what was the difference? Was color enough to make a man different? Realizing what he had just asked himself, he started. Could the man who had just asked himself that question be the same man who had, only a few hours ago, agreed to be a planted speaker at a public meeting? What was his position now? He had agreed to the plan, but he no longer agreed with it. He crushed out his cigarette angrily. How did he get into this predicament anyway?

There was no doubt in his mind that he had promised to help them set up some system to keep alive the false notions of race discrimination and segregation. Neither was there any longer any doubt in his mind that these principles were false, in fact that they were moral evils.

Echoing in his mind was his own voice repeating over and over, "I'll be there, Mayor, you can count on me." Remembering the handshakes he realized that he could not avoid attending the meeting that evening. Regardless of consequences he must go.

The hours of early evening dragged by. The usual routine, dinner and then a bedtime story for the girls, was a chore. If Eileen noticed, she didn't say. She hadn't even questioned him when he suggested that she stay home with the girls that evening.

Then, as if time had suddenly decided to atone for its slow pace in the evening, it was eight o'clock and he was standing in front of the auditorium. The people hurried by him, all in a state of half-suppressed worries and fears, all anx-

ious and questioning, all fearful of the days to come.

When he entered, the mayor had already started his speech. With an oppressive wordiness he assured the group that their city government had already made tentative plans, that the purpose of the meeting was to formulate a policy with the assistance and approval of the citizens. It sounded like most political speeches until the mayor reached the closing part of his address.

"For it is certain that we are still of the same white race. We have not changed our fundamental characteristics, our superior qualities, simply because by a freak act of nature our skin appears to be the same color as a race that is not of as high quality as our own. It is with this thought in mind, that we present a plan for your approval. Mr. Sherwood, a member of the city council, will explain our plans to you. Mr. Sherwood."

The applause was loud and strong. In Tom's ears the steady clap, clap, clap seemed to shout at him "Count on me, count on me—" He sat there, hesitant, tense and afraid. What of the future? There were not many opportunities like this one today, he thought. Tom smiled to himself; indeed, there are few moments like this in any man's lifetime. Resolutely he rose and addressed the mayor.

Over the applause came his voice, "Your honor . . . your honor, may I speak please?"

The mayor was not pleased. He looked over the crowd, trying to locate that voice. Yes, it was Tom Harris, but it wasn't time for him to say anything. He might spoil

things. Puzzled, he gave him recognition.

"Friends and fellow-citizens, tonight the issue of greatest importance is not the means we will use to discriminate between two races. What we need to decide upon is the reason for discrimination. Is there a valid reason? I think not." An indignant protesting murmur went about the room. Tom felt himself grow cold, his hands grow clammy. He continued.

"We all hasten to agree that just because our skin has changed color, we are not different than we were yesterday. Could we not go a little farther and agree that color makes no difference, that color is not a determining factor of the value of a man? If we could, then we could forget the supposed differences in humans that separate them in small groups or races. In brief, we could declare ourselves

members of the human race, all created in the image and likeness of God."

For a few moments there was silence. Then the storm broke. Tom could not see one friendly face. All opposed him, all preferred life in the old way. As he left the hall, he could hear the mayor calling the meeting to order.

Walking home, he realized that he had not changed anything, that they would continue, even more passionately than before, the pursuit of their original goal. He knew too that this town was no longer his home. But there were other towns with other houses, other offices, and maybe he could find one with fewer prejudices. He quickened his pace. He wanted to tell Eileen.

And the moon, that turned-around moon shone down upon him, a lone courageous man in a darkened world.

Daffodils for Our Lady

I bring you an armful of sunlight,

A sheaf of spring,

To lay at your slender white feet,

Lady of my delight.

—Joann Hazlewood

Preparation for Marriage

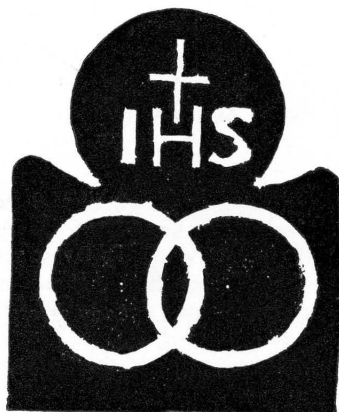
DELORES RILEY

Marriage is the contract, the career, the vocation into which most men and women enter. As a contract matrimony is of highest importance; this contract is to last for a lifetime and can be dissolved only by death. Marriage as a career is of importance because this career is concerned with the husband and the wife dedicating their lives to one another and to the children to come. Marriage as a vocation is vital since this vocation is a holy state, a means of sanctification, for the husband and wife, if both fulfill their vocation according to the will of God. With this in mind, one cannot deny the universal need of remote and proximate preparation for the married life. Success resulting merely from chance is rare in any undertaking; true success in marriage implies happiness in this life and in the next.

The basic requisites for happiness in marriage should be laid in the home, for it is here that the child begins to prepare for marriage by developing a wholesome character. It is important for even the small child to begin to discipline his will by practicing self-control and habits of mortification which will prove to be of infinite value to him later on, habits which will help him to attain a state of unselfishness and sacrifice. The child who is taught in the home the value of

truth, the seriousness of sin, the need of prayer and frequent reception of the sacraments; the child who is given religious and moral training in the home so as to gain a clear knowledge and understanding of himself and his relation to God; the child who is given in the home Christian instructions on sex so that he forms correct ideas about God's plan, the reverence of sex, and the nobility of purity, will undoubtedly be the adult who brings the results of this training to his marriage.

In addition to this, it is equally important as a part of remote preparation for marriage that one gain a clear and true understanding of the real meaning of love. This meaning of love first commences to



unfold itself to the child in the home, for here he sees love, as it is and as it should be, growing day after day. Then, upon the threshold of maturity, one should realize the elements of *true* conjugal love—the physical element, the spiritual element, the supernatural element. It is Father Bakewell Morrison who said that “to love is first to discover what is another’s good and then to set about helping that other to acquire this good.”

One contemplating marriage should be alert to develop certain qualities in oneself and to search for these qualities in one’s partner. The presence or absence of such traits as good morals, intelligence, sincerity, constancy, congeniality, unselfishness, and professional competence can easily mark happiness or unhappiness in a marriage. One can see that a choice of partner for marriage should be made only after careful deliberation, persevering prayer for guidance, and the prudent advice of one’s parents.

The dating and courtship periods are means of selecting this life partner; their purposes are to give the young man or the young woman contemplating marriage sufficient, intelligent knowledge of an ideal life’s companion and to teach the real meaning of love.

Courtship is a beautiful lesson of unselfishness and self control for “love is becoming so strong that it seeks to find expression.” However, if one understands the true meaning of love, he will realize that purity is an expression of love in itself; complete love of God, reverent love for the mystery of sex, and unselfish, respect-

ful, spiritual love for the other’s good. The couple should strive to understand one another’s nature and impulses and thus aid the other in overcoming temptation. If they are intent enough in their love to safeguard it, if they are strong enough in their moral standards and ideals to uphold them, if both do their share; if both consecrate themselves to Mary, pray constantly, sacrifice much, and receive the sacraments together frequently, the battle is won.

Marriage is a life-time contract, career, and vocation in which both seek happiness and find it by earning it *together*. In such a serious undertaking as marriage, with its joys and its sorrows, its rewards and its sacrifices, its rights and its responsibilities, it is important that both persons have attained physical, intellectual, emotional, and vocational maturity before this time. If both are not fully mature, they are placing a handicap upon their success in marriage. With such a handicap they are making happiness in marriage almost an impossibility.

In order that the engaged couple understand the Christian meaning of marriage as Christ, its Institutor, intends, the Church furthers this proximate preparation for engaged couples by giving them the opportunity they need to approach marriage as a holy state. Pre-Cana Conferences, conducted by physicians, lawyers, married couples, and priests, do not teach anything new about marriage. Instead, they give a Christian approach to it by treating of the threefold union in marriage: the physical union, the psychological union, and the spiritual

union. Their theme is God's plan in matrimony and the power of love between the husband and wife that will lead them to God, thus giving the couple a recipe for happiness in marriage. Their aim is the restoration of the dignity of Christian marriage, and in this way, they answer the needs of engaged couples today.

In order to attain sanctification through marriage, the couple must have the proper attitude toward their marriage—to live according to God's plan, to fulfill the purposes of the state of life, and to keep their marriage contract.

As Bishop Sheen says, "It takes three to make love—the lover, the beloved, and Love." Therefore, it takes three to make marriage a success—the husband, the wife, and Christ. By drawing on the

grace that God gives them, by procreating life with Him, by unselfishly giving training to the children born of them, by co-operating with one another in all phases of married life through unlimited love, devotion, and self-sacrifice, happiness in marriage will surely be the result; salvation in heaven will eternally be the reward.

Such a reward will be given to those who prepare for the sacred and serious state of matrimony as best they can. Since marriage as a contract, a career, a vocation, a sacrament is to be a state of love and happiness and is intended to lead those who enter it to the Source of all love and happiness, those who travel this road to heaven, this way to happiness, can only reach their destination if they prepare for the road ahead.

I'll Never Forget

ANTHONY VESPO

The constant rhythmic tapping of the cane was broken by the sudden screeching of tires, followed by a thunderous crash and the tinkling of shattered glass, hitting and bouncing along the pavement. I was instantly struck with a nauseated feeling, remembering, only too vividly, the accident I had encountered in earlier years. My temples were pulsating wildly; I thought my head would split. Too well I remembered how I had crashed through the windshield, the glass edge peeling the flesh

from the bone of my face. Again I felt myself skidding over the pavement, and experienced the burning sensation like that from a fresh cut wound treated with salt. The obnoxious odor of gas fumes and burnt rubber permeated my nostrils, leaving me in anguish, almost as if it had actually happened again. I stood tense for a while, aware of the voices of excited people; then, with an effort, I moved on, to the syncopated tapping of the cane.

Token to Remember

We walked out into the dark, cold night

Across the frozen field

Which slept beneath a blanket of pure snow.

In the windy sky above, a few stars

Dared to peek through the swollen clouds

While the moon hid her pale face.

Naked trees waved on the hill, while all about us

Majestic pines stood guard,

Beautiful trees, dark and proud,

Proud of their pungent needles.

Yet one stooped to give up to your hand

That bough on which I piled all the memories of that night.

—*Margaret Darnell*

Baffled

BOB ROTH

Oscar, Herman, and Matilda were their names; and six, four-and-a-half, and three were their ages. Their thoughts were a dark mystery as they stood three abreast, blocking the doorway. Silently they stared at me, and speechlessly, I stared back.

Five minutes before, I had been a gay young man with a completely free evening to spend as wisely or as foolishly as I wished. Then a frantic new neighbor came pounding at our door, and I was thrust into a situation entirely foreign to me.

Throwing my best palsy-walsy smile at them I said, "Hi!" Soberly, Oscar replied, "Hi!" Matilda said nothing, she just looked.

"Your mother said you could stay up for half an hour," brought no show of elation from them as they stood quietly in the doorway.

"Want me to read you a story?" was answered by silent stares. I looked around the room but found no children's books. They followed me with their eyes, almost accusingly, as though I were searching for their family silver.

"Come here and I'll tell you about the three little pigs." They didn't move. "Once upon a time there were three little pigs named Oscar, Herman, and Matilda." Evidently it wasn't funny. Determinedly, I went into the best

performance of my life—I howled like a wolf, squealed like the pigs, and filled the story with such drama and tenseness that I could hardly stand it myself. Mopping my brow after the wolf's lingering death, I suddenly realized that my audience had neither moved nor spoken.

I began to feel queer, as though my hair had turned green. A long look in the mirror over the mantel proved that there was nothing unusual about my appearance. Just the same old handsome, wholesome collegeman I had always been.

Surveying the three little statues in the doorway, I decided they were frightened. Maybe they had been mistreated at some time by a man about my size. Sympathy and pity filled my heart as I got down on the floor and smilingly asked, "Would you like to play horsey? I'll be the horse and you can each have a ride! Come on, who'll be first?"

It was like a tableau with me on my hands and knees grinning charmingly at three sizes of grey-footed sleepers topped by three tow-heads with solemn eyes.

"Watch me buck!" I bucked. They watched.

"Now I'm going to run away!" I whinnied coyly as I trotted to the big chair and crouched behind it. This'll get them into action, I

thought. Minutes went by. Silence. Finally I could stand it no longer and took a peek. Looking completely bored and indifferent, they watched me peek.

Desperately, I glanced at my watch and declared, "Hey, it's past your bedtime." But even as I was saying it, the three little figures turned and padded silently down the halls. By the time I reached their room, each was in his own bed, the covers pulled up under each chin. Three pairs of big eyes regarded me as I stood in the doorway.

"Good night Oscar, Herman, and Matilda," I said, and the three little heads burrowed sideways in

their pillows as three pairs of eyelids squeezed shut.

I went back to the lounge chair and listened for the inevitable giggling and shuffling. Not a sound. In fact, the silence was overwhelming. Tiptoeing down the hall, I peered into their room. My three little neighbors, completely relaxed and breathing quietly, were sound asleep.

Tiptoeing once more back to the chair, I pondered over the significance of the fact that I knew only what I had learned at the beginning of that weird evening—their names were Oscar, Herman, and Matilda, and their ages were six, four-and-a-half, and three.

The Beauty of God's House

MARY BOSE

I woke this morning to see and hear the praises of God. Outside, the wet-earth smell was everywhere, and the young morning sun was shoulder-high and filtering through the trees. Soon it would be strong, and steam from the fertility of ground-growing things would rise.

Things! There were big and little things all over, performing their tasks with perfection and praising God. The birds were building their nests, were praising the Lord. I saw a flicker. And he was pecking a hole in the dead elm on the corner. His pecks and hammers were deliberate and precise, and soon the

hole was deep and round. Later his mate flew down to inspect and sat on top of the jagged fork of the tree and chirped, woman-like. Then I saw two snails. They were sitting in the mud, being very quiet and snail-like; but I bothered them; I picked one up. He was frozen still for a moment, then his horns disappeared and he slowly turned in on himself and vanished into his shell.

When I came back to the house I thought, "This is perfection. This is what God's creation and beauty mean. Thy house is beautiful, oh Lord!"

The Cross of Karma

GORDON MOREY

A long breeze, cool and piercing, swept down from the upper wastes of the snow-capped range, and swirled around them, whipping their trousers legs about effortlessly; they shivered as the cool fabric beat against their warm flesh.

They stood high up on a promontory, close together as if for solace or warmth, looking down into the desolate valley below. No word was spoken as they watched the soaring vultures gather themselves for the vicious plunge into the fleshy morass below. They watched as the great ugly birds fed lavishly on the bloody corpses which were piled high like driftwood in the long shallow ditch of the now deserted village of Karma.

Finally, one, a tall striking man, whose small, blond, well-trimmed moustache was the most prominent feature of his countenance, spoke to the other, whose eyes were shining now as if, in this moment, there existed unbounded pleasures.

"Not a very pretty sight," the tall one muttered, half to himself.

"It's a wonderful thing," the other replied sensually, and then turned to the tall man suddenly.

"You amaze me, doctor," he said smiling, "you really do. Don't you see that this is a great lesson for us? For these scavengers, these sa-

prophytes of the sky are teaching us a remarkable philosophy." He turned back to the scene below and smiled.

"Look at them; just like us, greedy, selfish, egotistical, and yet, in their ugliness, they have little to brag about."

"You talk like a fool," the other said sharply.

"There's no fool like a wise fool, Doctor; you should know



that with all the education that you've had." Then he laughed, loudly and uncontrollably. "Yes, that's funny too, Doc. Here we are, you and I, especially you with about fifteen years of medical education behind you, and myself, one of the greatest musicians in the world, and here we are in crazy India with not a cent to our names, being chased by a pack of idiots who are out to destroy the world and themselves with it. Oh, that's irony! But we're lucky, I guess; we're alive, though not happy—but were we ever happy? And below we have a beautiful play being enacted for us."

He pointed excitedly at the vultures as if he had thought of something else. "Look, Doc, take that valley as a stage, those mountains over there as a backdrop, and those pretty birds as actors—and actresses, too, I suppose, though at this distance one can't be sure—and you have before your eyes a play of portent. It surpasses Shakespeare; it's better than O'Neal." He shrugged and sunk his hands deep into his pockets.

The doctor shook his head. "Why, by all that's decent," he asked, do you compare that gory scene with Shakespeare?"

"Why? Why, indeed," the other said. "But don't you see that this is an encouraging thought? Just think, after you and I are dead, we will sustain the lives of flies and worms and . . ." he pointed to the scene below, "yes, the lives of those lovely birds. Isn't that encouraging?"

He laughed then, and the sound of his mocking laughter prodded the doctor into speech. "My for-

mer supposition is now more firmly fixed in my mind; you are a damned fool."

The great pianist laughed, then sobered quickly. "We could stand here all day and call each other names, but I don't believe that this is the time to have a tete-a-tete, with those madmen on our trail."

He picked up his pack, not forgetting this time to sling it from both shoulders instead of from the left only, which was now sore and aching, and together they began their slow and difficult ascent through the jumbled mass of rocks. As they moved along, painfully gasping for breath, the doctor again broke the silence.

"Back there," he said between breaths, "I got the impression that you are a somewhat cynical man. I would even venture to say that you are one of the most sarcastic men I've ever had the misfortune to meet."

"Sarcastic?" asked the other. "Perhaps. But there is a reason, and since you're so curious I suppose I should explain. But that's a harsh word, Doctor, a harsh word. Amused would better fill the bill. Amused at life, at people, at you, at myself. And why?" He stopped and leaned against a boulder, crouching down until the weight of the pack rested upon the rock. "Because," he continued, "all my life I've loved hard, hated hard, experienced all the emotions of my human personality to the best of my ability. I've been jealous, kind, envious, hopeful, and now, nearing the end of this life, all of it seems so funny that I must laugh everytime I think about it."

Pausing, he stared at the dusty ground, musing over the words. "Yes," he went on, "I'm cynical, sarcastic, pessimistic, and every other naughty word that I can think of. But that, Doctor, is a mark of greatness. Look at Voltaire or George Bernard Shaw; more sarcastic lads you can't find. Never doubt this, Doc, sarcasm is a highly developed art and requires great practice." He chuckled softly. "I gain great pleasure from sharpening my barb and then when a person is least expecting it, plunging it into him or her—women are more susceptible, Doctor; watching the surprised and hurt look on their faces gives me the greatest satisfaction I have ever known."

"You speak as if you have known everything about life."

"I have."

"Then I know that you're a perfect fool."

"'Call no man a fool', Doctor, that's what the Bible says." His words were tinged with an amused bitterness.

"Bible?" asked the doctor, "don't tell me that you believe in the Bible."

"No, I don't believe in the Bible, but sometimes it is a marvelous way to win an argument."

"You're a miserable person."

The atheist snorted. "Thank you, Doctor, that's a compliment."

Then he stood up letting the weight of the pack down upon his shoulders. He turned his head toward the direction from which they had come and seemed to be listening for something. It was a full minute before either spoke;

when words broke the deathly silence, it was the doctor's voice which uttered them, slowly and deliberately.

"But tell me this," he said, "aren't you frightened by the prospect of death? Doesn't the thought of what these bandits will do to us when they catch us frighten you? They will, for they're Indian and know every inch of this territory."

"Why should it?" the other asked smiling. "To be afraid of death is for Christians; they have something to be afraid of—judgment. Me? I'm not going anywhere after I die; why should death frighten me?"

"I should think," the doctor replied, "that it should be the atheist who would be frightened, not the Christian."

The atheist turned his head slowly and looked at the doctor. "Doctor, my version of a Christian is a person who prays like hell to go to heaven and when death comes, prays like the aforesaid not to go." He waved away the doctor's remonstrance. "It's no use, Doc; I've seen too many Christians die—crying."

Then he looked down the mountain slope and laughed shortly. "And if we don't hustle," he joked, "I'm going to see another one die."

They shouldered their packs again, and with a quick glance behind them, set off painfully upward, ever upward, toward the ridge and perhaps—freedom.

The atheist climbed easily, leaning well forward to allow the weight of the pack to shove him on, but stopped every so often to rub his shoulders where the pack

straps were beginning to cut the flesh. He tore a piece of cloth from his shirt and stuffed it under the left strap.

Then, from above, came an ominous sound. They started and listened. The doctor looked at his companion.

"Slides are common this time of year," he muttered, as if he were finding an excuse for the noise.

The atheist turned.

"How is it possible that they've gotten around us?" he asked, and it was then that the doctor noticed a slight trace of fear in his companion's eyes.

"They could have taken the other trail," the doctor nodded.

They were standing in a slightly cleared place now, listening and waiting. The air was stilled mysteriously. Nothing moved and the sound from above did not return.

The atheist laughed suddenly. "Maybe we're getting old, Doc. Come on, let's move on."

His last few words were drowned out by a sudden crashing above. They leaped aside just in time, as a huge boulder bounded by them.

"It was too close," the doctor muttered to himself from where he lay, "and too certain."

The atheist lay where he had fallen, the pack thrown off, his hands stretched out as if he were fearful of being swept away. Across the narrow trail the doctor sprang to his feet.

"They're up there," he shouted, "our best chance is below."

Together they scrambled, fell, slid, down the mountain trail, the rocks and sand cutting their knees and hands and the sweat running

in rivulets on their faces, streaking white lines in the dust.

They reached the promontory from where they had watched the vultures, and then—they stopped.

There, blocking the trail stood ten grinning horsemen.

It was a perfect trap. One man above to shove boulders down the mountain, a little fear, and the birds are snared. The atheist laughed at the huge joke. But it was a hollow sound.

They were led downward from the mountain into the valley to the camp of the bandits, like a pair of criminals with a rope around their necks joining them, and their hands bound behind them. They passed the ditch where the vultures were feasting, and the stench hung heavily in the air, like a fetid prophecy. Death was a common thing today.

The bandits led them to a heavy bearded man, a dark Moslem, who was the leader of the band. He motioned them to be tied to two poles and then spoke in Urdu to three of his men. They, in turn, rode off in great haste, laughing.

The atheist spoke for the first time since their capture, wetting his lips and drawing the words out of himself.

"What's going on, Doc?" he whispered dryly, "I didn't get that Hindu."

The doctor smiled mildly.

"Well, old man, it looks as if we're going to be treated to a rare party."

"A rare party?" the atheist asked. "What do you mean?"

"Crucifixion," was the brief and solemn reply. The word came

slowly and the two men looked at each other mutely.

Then the doctor smiled, the action cracking the grime on his face. "They couldn't have picked a better time," he said softly; "this is Good Friday."

The three bandits returned dragging long, heavy wooden beams behind their horses. The two men watched silently while two large crosses were fashioned from the wood. Then two holes were dug near the stinking ditch and the two prisoners were stretched onto the crosses.

The atheist began to cry now, loudly, struggling with the Moslems who held his arms outstretched. He could hear the doctor scream as the hammers pounded

the nails in, and he sobbed because he knew that it would happen to him.

"But I'm not a Christian," he shouted; "I'm not a Christian, you fools! I'm not a Christian."

He shrieked in pain as the nails were driven in. He felt the cold metal cut his flesh and then the sickening lift as they hoisted the cross into the hole. The weight of his body tore his hands, and the bandits laughed and clapped their hands and threw wine in his face shouting strange words.

The atheist looked up slowly and saw the vultures circling above him.

"No, Oh Lord, it's not a pretty sight."

Ride the Tall Wind

Ride the tall wind
Leap with it through the skies
Till you pass the sleepy stars,
And wake them with a shout.
Ride the tall wind
Buck it to the watchful moon.
Whip the tail of it with a crack!
And send the clouds flying.
Ride, ride, ride!
Ride the tall wind
Over sunset through dawn.
Awake in bright day with a start,
And the tall wind? Gone.

—Judy Rabe

The Role of the Fine Arts in Christian Education

MARY BOSE

The child is a painter. He is totally free and unexcelled in conviction and confidence. He scribbles with red crayon on a sheet of white paper with infinite patience and sincerity and then brings it for us to see. He is saying unconsciously, "I made this; this is from me; this is what I am and how I feel. Look!" For the child, art is not a utilitarian tool; it is merely a means of expression, a natural and necessary outlet for his deeply rooted creative impulse. Since his thinking is different from that of an adult, his expression must also be different. The child draws the world, not as he sees it, but as he himself experiences it; not according to the traditional concepts of visual reality, but subjectively, according to himself. The art of a child during his developmental stages, from pre-school age through high school, is like a record of his psychological and mental growth. His ability to observe and perceive, to clarify and communicate, his freedom of imagination and his emotional well-being are all evidenced by his creative work.

Apart from being an invaluable psychological thermometer, the role of art as a means toward intellectual and spiritual development is great. By creating, the child learns to correlate his impressions

and his ideas. After observing and discovering specific principles about art, he applies them to other fields of study and vice versa. He achieves learning as an integrated whole. All his experiences are made meaningful and interrelated.

After having briefly discussed some of the psychological and intellectual values of art, we come to that part of art appreciation which is the only profound and valid reason for art's existence, the sacramentality of creativity. Creation is holy work. Man's artistic creation is holy work; holy, in its doing and in its effects. The aim of man's creation is to glorify God by giving Him back the praise of His creation. The child perceives a thing, or an action, or an idea. It is a beautiful God-made thing and he enjoys it. He paints it; by doing so he is giving praise to its Creator. He knows that his painting of the thing is offered to God just as his prayers are offered, so he does his best work in order to give God more praise. He realizes that the arts come from God, remind us of God, and lead us back to God.

In Catholic schools creativity has a greater degree of freedom and purpose and meaning because of the rich cultural heritage of the Church. The Catholic school child should have a knowledge of and a

familiarity with his art heritage. He, above all others, is obligated to learn about his Christian culture, which so expresses and animates his Faith. He should keep mindful of the Liturgical year, its symbolism and meaning, by means of

its expression in various art works. The Catholic school should work towards a conquest of secularism in the arts, the arts divorced from God and truth, and for the restoration of human creative work to the kingship of Christ.

Smoke Gets in Your Imagination

PHILIP SCHLUND

There is no aroma more wonderful in all the world than the tang of the grey smoke that billows from the burning heap of autumn leaves. Raking the multi-colored leaves is a task that is accepted without complaint, for in the destruction of the leaves by fire there comes a time for rest and a time for dreaming and adventure. The colors of the tumbling leaves are so varied that one can imagine that the cloaks of kings and emperors were no more brilliant and gay. One can fall into a heap of them and be arrayed as gaudily as Caesar or Constantine.

The leaves burn best when they have been strewn on the lawn for several days, and left to dry in the bright warm autumn sunshine. Some of them become as crisp and brown as the crust on homemade loaves.

It takes only one match to light the side of a great pile towards which the wind is blowing, and to send the first swirls of aromatic smoke swirling into the bright day. A person can then recline on the grass nearby and watch the miniature ballet of flames dance through the vast crackling pile until it roars like a little furnace, and then sends its billowing incense of thanksgiving into the heavens as a sacrifice to the God that created them.

And like an Aladdin's lamp, the bonfire forms strange shapes and genii that can plainly be seen in the crisp air as the smoke ascends into castles and battlements and cascades down with the wind to form a delicate haze on the landscape.



Just One of Those Days

BERNARD SHEEHAN

One Friday last summer, I awoke to see my faithful alarm clock reach 8 o'clock, at which time I should have been entering my place of employment.

Leaping up, I dressed hastily only to discover I had put on two different shoes. As I replaced the black shoe, a broken shoestring greeted me. This only took four minutes to knot.

Grabbing my trusty razor, I removed the old blade, which proved to be the only one in the house. Well, if all the barbers in town weren't ill, I would get a shave at noon.

Sacrificing my morning cup of coffee in the hope of catching the bus, I raced for the corner in time to read the advertisement on the rear window.

Seven cigarettes later, I arrived at the office to be met at the door by the "bull out of the woods." His frigid glares were equally divided between his Benrus and me.

The remainder of the morning was spent wiping the foam from my mouth.

After standing in line thirty-two minutes, I selected a juicy sirloin and elbowed my way to the nearest table. Opposite my table there was a mammoth calendar showing a whale covering today's date . . . Slowly I sipped my coffee, hoping it would curb my appetite. It didn't.

I left my sirloin untouched in search of an idle barber. In a basement shop I shed my five-o'clock shadow at the cost of a small portion of my chin.

The remaining hours of the afternoon were spent breaking pencil points, typing errors, avoiding the boss, and wondering why I was born.

I left the office on time to meet a torrential cloud-burst. Dashing madly towards the bus stop, I caught a glimpse of the same advertisement I had read that morning.

I hailed a cab and slumped in the back seat, wet, cold, and shaken.

It was just one of those days.



Flight West

STEVE GERARD

It seemed impossible. Paul just couldn't find a comfortable position. No matter which way he turned and twisted, they all felt alike, uncomfortable. For the hundredth time he shifted his lanky frame about the tight contour of the Hellcat's bucket seat—for the hundredth time his aching body cried no. Resignedly, he forced himself to be content with it. It was no use. True, he mused, the plane's cockpit didn't allow for much ease, especially for his oversize stature. But what was wrong? Long ago Paul had learned to adjust himself to the cramped space of the Hellcat. It was something else. Perhaps it was just the plain boredom of his flight. Milk Patrol, he thought disgustedly. It was the fourth one in as many days. He was sick of it. What was Carlson trying to prove, anyway. Four days of patrolling nothing but endless stretches of sparkling blue ocean. He thought he knew each wave and crest by sight. Four days of finding nothing, nor hope of finding anything, for that matter. Paul squirmed again. Nothing seemed to fit. It was as blank as the warm waters of the Pacific beneath him.

He scanned his instruments, trying to break his thoughts. Everything checked. He glanced at his



watch. One more hour, he sighed. Then he could stretch . . . play some pool and maybe shoot the breeze over a glass of beer. Still he was uneasy. The question wouldn't go away. Why the devil was he patrolling to the west of the convoy? There weren't any Japs out here. In fact, he was beginning to believe that there just weren't any such beings. Four days and nothing. There wasn't a Jap within a thousand miles of here, Paul muttered aloud. Except in China . . .

China. The thought stuck with him. Yes, there were Japs in China. But that wasn't all. A warm tingle crept up his spine. China meant a lot more than just some Japs. Jack was over there—somewhere. The thought of his older brother relaxed him. Jack. Paul's black Irish eyes took on a sparkle they hadn't known in weeks. Happily, he began to relive the memories they had shared together back in the States. The little grey, frame house on Barton Street with the biggest

hedge in the neighborhood. Paul laughed when he thought of all the arguments he and Jack had had about whose turn it was to cut it. Nothing they loved better than to argue. And college. The rambling brown stone buildings of Grenlon College. Its quaint campus of tall poplars and posey beds. He thought of all the time they had spent together out at the airport on their old Fairchild. Paul tossed his head back and smiled delightedly as he mulled over the troubles and arguments they heaped on the old crate. What a plane! How it ever flew, Paul didn't know. But it did, and did they fly it! Between their Irish deviltry and brotherly daring, they had the small midwestern town constantly in awe as to which would go first. Jack sure could fly that crate. Paul would never think of telling his brother that, but he admitted it to himself. Perhaps that's why Jack had joined with Chenault back in forty. The A.V.G. needed fellows like Jack. Paul touched his dark sunglasses. He didn't want to think any further. That was enough. Just the happy part, no more. But he couldn't stop. He had gone too far. Paul thought bitterly how he and Jack had argued. Not the usual kind. A real one. Paul had wanted to go with him. Jack had said no. So did Dad. And so Paul spoke words that he wasn't sorry for until later—later when it was too late. Jack was in China now, he reflected. Jack must be giving those monkeys a rough time, though. No one could outfly Jack . . . not even Paul.

For once in his reckless, easy going life, Paul wanted to apologize

to his brother. Maybe it was being apart that made him feel that way. Well, there's plenty of time for that. After . . . Paul didn't finish the thought. Something ugly stuck its head into his mind. It was a word Paul would never let himself even halfway consider. And yet there it was. Paul's eyes filled with pride and boastfulness. It was impossible. Jack wasn't the kind to let himself get . . . The word wouldn't come out. It tasted foul, like salt water. But still it persisted. Then maybe that's why Paul was uneasy. He shuddered involuntarily. With a shake of his head, he dispersed everything from his mind. Jack was alive. He had to be.

Paul took to gazing aimlessly over his stubby left wing. Water and sky. Would it never end? It stretched from horizon to horizon. All of it empty. He swung around to look at the wastes behind him. Then he saw them. Three hurtling specks coming out of the early afternoon. For a second he felt hypnotized . . . he couldn't move. Then instinct took over. In an instant his Hellcat went screaming into a wing over. The fighter bucked and strained as he pushed the stick to his knee and tramped hard on the right rudder pedal. Streams of tracers flashed by his left wing. Pretty good. He was himself again. He pulled out and brought the stick into his stomach. Again the plane howled as he prop-clawed for altitude. His teeth clenched and his eyes dancing, he prepared himself for battle. Dumbfoundedly he watched them head west. They were running. Paul's jaw nearly dropped off. He let out a curse that could be heard

over the drone of his engine. His Irish temper was up. And what was worse, he was confused. Muttering under his breath, he circled lazily until the planes became distinct dots on the horizon. Confounded crazy Japs. Three to one and the odds stacked high. Why would they run? Paul recognized them as the latest type Zero and carrier based as well. Carrier based. The sudden realization penetrated his angry thoughts. So there was a Jap convoy out there. Paul set his course, checked his panel and sighed heavily. Only a half an hour more and he would be landing. The azure waters of the Pacific stretched endlessly before him. Again he was uncomfortable.

As a weary skua alighting a rock, Paul's Hellcat took a soft jump and trundled slowly to a stop at the far end of the carrier's tarmac. The prop gave a final wheeze, suggesting that it was as tired as its pilot. Paul shoved the greenhouse back and carefully untangled himself from three hours of torture. His white scarf blew carelessly in the warm breeze as he jumped down from the wing. Yawning contentedly so that he could be heard across the deck, Paul stretched his weary arms and legs. In the midst of his pleasure, a young, ruddy-faced ensign came forward as from nowhere and gave him a snappy salute. Order and neatness were written all over the young officer. Paul finished his yawn, returning the compliment casually. The ensign's voice was as sharp as the salty air "Commander Carlson requests your presence immediately, Captain Donaghue." With that, he turned on

his heels and left. He didn't even salute.

Paul unbuckled his chute and slung it over his shoulder. Wonder what the old man wants now, he murmured under his breath. Must be important . . . had to send the spit and polish just to make sure. He ambled across the deck, throwing his chute by the hatchway. Get it later . . . better see Carlson first. A minute later, Paul was at the commander's quarters. As he raised his hand to knock a gruff voice from within dispensed the formality. He hesitated a moment to enter—a sudden yet culminating uncertainty made him more fidgety than ever. What was so important that he would have to make a personal report to Carlson? Perhaps it was something else. But what? Paul's mind became more confused.

"Come in, I said." Carlson's voice shattered his thoughts.

"Sorry sir, didn't mean to keep you waiting." Paul closed the door behind him and stood at attention, waiting for Carlson to speak.

"Sit down Paul." He motioned to a chair by the desk. Paul noted his tone was soft . . . he didn't even glance up. Carlson kept looking at his fingers, drumming on the desk's steel surface. Paul sat down and waited. There was an agonizing pause. Paul could feel tension mounting inside of him. Something was wrong, terribly wrong. The officer spoke casually, as if he were going to discuss the weather.

"Anything unusual, Paul?" His eyes looked up and drilled into Paul's. Paul knew he wasn't interested in the report at all. He could

read it later. It was a pass for time. "I'm afraid it wasn't the usual this time, sir. Tangled up with three carrier based Zeros . . . about hundred and fifty miles west of here. They're the newest Tojo's got."

The command appeared only mildly surprised. He had known all along. How? Paul was too mystified to bother now.

"Anybody get hurt?"

"No sir, they ran after making a pass."

Carlson began drumming again. Another pause. Paul waited anxiously. The commander's silence was unbearable.

"Paul, I'll get down to bare facts. I didn't call you in here to listen to your report. We've known for some time that Jap fleet was near here. Where . . . we didn't exactly know. You found that out. Now we can attack with assurity."

Carlson cleared his throat. His hands began twisting a pencil. Paul knew the inevitable—whatever it was—was giving the commander some trouble to get out. His black eyes were riveted on every twist of the pencil, as if life and death might be hanging in the balance. His heart mounted at each turn of the yellow, wooden object. Carlson's eyes lifted—his face was kind and mild, his voice gentle.

"Paul . . . we received word today . . ." He tapped the eraser a few times on a paper before him. "Paul, your brother Jack—he's dead. We got the news from the radio station at Chunking . . . they've been gloating over it all afternoon. Your brother was well known to them . . . they feared his flying like the devil itself. It

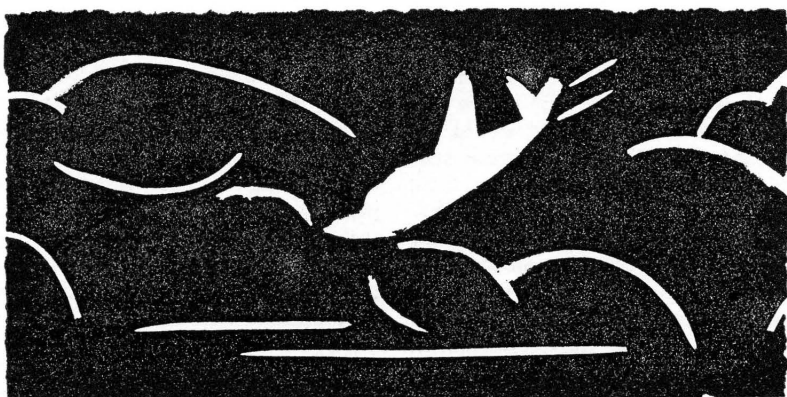
happened two hours ago. Sorry Paul . . . I know he meant the world to you. Brothers usually do . . ."

Paul's eyes kept following the twisting pencil. He didn't move, just sat there, the corners of his mouth twitching. An eternity passed. Neither spoke, neither moved. Only their heavy breathing accented the silence. Slowly Paul got to his feet. His voice was a cracked whisper, his words barely audible.

"Is that all, sir?"

Carlson nodded. Quietly Paul closed the door behind him.

The five V-shaped formations of Hellcats crawled slowly across the ceiling of the red and silver streaked Pacific sky. Like tiny birds against the morning dawn, they gleamed weirdly in the fantastic array of the sun's rising beams. They were flying west. Yes, flying west, Paul thought. To a west he didn't know—yet knew only too well. He was relaxed for once. The drone of his Pratt & Whitney seemed to soothe his aching mind and heart. The calmness of God's beauty eased his torturing thoughts. It would not be long now . . . twenty more minutes. And then the serenity of the empty Pacific would be filled with the sharp echoes of machine gun fire and booming ack-ack. It would be filled with cries of pain and death that would be heard over all the world . . . yet not there. Hopes and ambitions would fall in flame, love and peace would crash into the warm waters of the Pacific in a tremendous roar. The ocean would feel no pain, only the homes of loved ones in a world as remote as



Paul's own thoughts. They would feel the agony, they would shed the tears—the Pacific would still be peaceful and tranquil. Just as always. The summer sky was now clear and deep. The sun was well up.

Paul turned to his left. Everybody was in line. Eddie Wagner his wingman gave him the assuring old high sign. He was smiling . . . he always was. Paul checked the right. Everything was okay. He slouched into his old position again. Eighteen more minutes. Eighteen more minutes to life . . . or eternity. His eyes were black and shining. Yet they were listless; they had no fire or life. Only determination remained. Grim and hard.

West. Paul looked unblinkingly into the deep brilliance of the western sky. What lay before him? What spell did it have on him? It had killed half of him already. The other half . . . Paul's mouth twisted convulsively. He would soon know. He wasn't afraid of what lay before him. Death would be easy. Paul glanced at his watch. Almost time. Somewhere in the

sparkling azure of the Pacific lay a Japanese Fleet. Somewhere to the west. Somewhere in the tangle of warm jungle growth lay a broken plane and a still body. Somewhere to the west. To a far west . . . a flight west.

"There she blows, men!"

Eddie Wagner's voice startled Paul. He glanced at his watch again. It was zero hour. Below his Hellcat's stubby nose lay the Jap array of sea power. He methodically counted the ships. It was big, real big. His body tensed, his eyes regained their lost fire. He was Paul again. Back of him he noticed that the torpedo planes had fallen in line. Somehow he couldn't remember when they had picked them up. Must have been dreaming . . . he rubbed his forehead. With quick, sharp sentences, Flight Captain Paul Donaghue rattled out the order of attack. This was it.

"Read you loud and clear, you homely Irishman."

Eddie's cheerful voice gave Paul a mental lift. Paul nodded to the fleet and chuckled to himself. Good old Eddie, best wingman a fellow could have.

"Ooops, there they are! Company men! Two o'clock. Let's go."

Paul watched the zeroes peel off to his right. There were twice the number of Hellcats. It would be a good fight. The odds were still stacked high.

Paul was the plane's namesake. Never before had he fought and flown so wrecklessly, so dangerously, yet so skillfully. Two Zeroes had already gone down before his withering fire. A third was within sight. A little more . . . just a little more. Paul's plane was in a steep dive right on a Nip's tail. His thumb rubbed the little red button on the stick like a hunter's finger twitches on the trigger. Another second. He squeezed. The Hellcat vibrated at the burst. Paul watched the white tracers eat away the Jap's left wing. Another for Jack. He smiled to himself. That makes three. One more, dear God, just one more . . . he was praying hard. Just one more.

"Skipper, Skipper!" Company on your tail. Get out!

Eddie's voice broke into Paul's thoughts over the R. T. He didn't bother to look. He kicked the plane over to the right. It wasn't soon enough. The plane shook under a barrage of nickel jacketed lead. Something white-hot hit his back. The controls buckled. What was wrong . . . eyes wouldn't focus . . . couldn't move his hands. Paul felt the rush and scream of the wind buffeting his Hellcat as it headed for the Pacific.

"Pull out skipper, pull out. Can you hear me, Paul, pull out, pull out!"

Ed's voice screamed into Paul's blurry brain. Pull out. He couldn't pull the stick. It was like a night-

mare. He was paralyzed. Move Paul, bail out. It's your only chance. Bail out, Paul. He shouted the words at himself. He tried to reach up. His hands wouldn't move. He stared at them. They clutched the joystick . . . the veins protruding enormously. Move, move. The words seemed to be Eddie's, but he wasn't sure. Couldn't understand . . . didn't matter. It was too late . . . nothing mattered now. It was all over. Paul closed his eyes and prayed. The Hellcat was howling like a demon. He clenched his teeth. His body became taut. A great thunder took possession of his whole being. He felt as if he were being hurled through a great, dark abyss. Then all was quiet.

It was definitely a noise. Or perhaps a group of noises. Just the same, it penetrated Paul's brain. He couldn't place them. In fact, he had never experienced such sounds before. He could smell something rotting. That was it, something rotting. If only he could see. Then he'd know what was puzzling him. But somehow he couldn't quite do it. He didn't feel co-ordinated. His senses seemed to be taking hold of him one at a time. His mind felt fine. Only it was a blinding light. And it prevented him from seeing. No, he could see something. The light began to take on some color, dazzling colors. Green, brown, yellow, red . . . but they were all jumbled up. They whirled and whirled before him. He tried hard to clear his mind, like trying to shut his eyes after looking into the sun. He waited a second . . . this time they stopped moving around. They were all in place. Instead of

a mass of color, Paul could see tropical trees and flowers, vines and foliage all about him. The sounds fitted now. It was the jungle that was making all the noise. Birds and insects. With a start, Paul sat up.

Where in the world . . . he muttered aloud. His words were lost in the commotion of the jungle. Paul rubbed his eyes and looked again. He was still there, alone in the midst of a tropical nowhere. Paul tried to remember. It was hard . . . he couldn't think . . . his mind wasn't able to register. He surveyed his position. Nothing clicked. He only drew blanks. Then he spied it. Off to his right. Paul started for it . . . then stopped dumbfoundedly. It was an airplane, an old P-40. It was twisted grotesquely. It had crashed hard. The snarling teeth of a Tiger Shark painted on the nose made it look even more frightening. Paul stared. It was a plane like Jack would fly. But it couldn't be! Then he noticed something else. A double line of small holes dotted the fuselage and greenhouse. Inside a motionless figure was slouched against the panel. Paul walked . . . then ran to the plane. His heart was beating madly. It can't be Jack . . . Jack's too smart a flyer to get . . . The words pounded through his mind. He stopped a few feet from the plane. He could see the figure clearly. It was a horrible sight. Caked blood tangled in dark hair . . . black hair, curly and mussed . . . just like his own. Paul got up courage. He gently lifted the head and looked. It was Jack.

Paul just stood there, looking into the face of his dead brother.

He couldn't believe it. Jack couldn't be dead . . . not Jack. Please dear God! Not Jack! Paul shouted the words. The jungle became quiet. He turned away from the body, standing with clenched fists. Where could he go? Where was he? He felt like screaming at the top of his voice.

"Easy Paul, just keep your temper down. It's not as bad as all that." It was Jack's voice. Paul whirled around. There, in front of him, stood Jack. Alive and real. He was smiling, and his eyes were filled with mirth. "Surprised?" Jack's voice was almost mocking.

"But you're dead . . ." Paul turned and pointed—the plane was still there . . . but the body . . . Jack laughed heartily and took his younger brother by the arm.

"Easy kid, don't try to think. Just relax. I'll explain later."

Paul was still bewildered. Nothing seemed right, nothing was explainable. It was just a cockeyed dream.

"Come on, sit down."

Jack motioned to a small clearing. They both sat down, facing one another. Paul waited, he didn't dare to think. Jack's soothing voice felt good to Paul's troubled mind. They talked over old times . . . back home, college . . . flying their old plane. Paul listened. He was beginning to remember now. Everything began to flash before his memory. The patrol, the news of Jack's death, the flight . . . and then the crash. Jack sensed his thoughts.

"Remember now?"

Jack's grin made Paul feel good.

"Sure I remember. But Jack . . ."

His face became troubled. "How did I get here? I'm dead. I crashed.

I remember it as plain as day. I couldn't pull out, Jack. I was paralyzed . . . couldn't move . . . I'm dead, Jack, dead, dead!"

He covered his face with his hands. Jack shook him.

"You're not dead. Come on. snap out of it. I'm the one that's dead, not you."

It didn't make sense. He opened his eyes and looked at his brother. Jack was still there. He was sitting just as before, tangled black hair, grinning face and the devil in his eyes. Jack looked at his watch, then spoke.

"Look, Paul, it's time for me to go. I'm being paged by Headquarters." He glanced up. Paul looked up too, but he saw nothing. "Paul, I know you don't understand. Don't try. It was all my idea to get us together before you get picked up. Took a little bit of work, but they finally agreed. Just wanted to let you know . . . well, it's kind of hard to put into words. Paul, I'm sorry for the argument we had. I never thought it could tear us apart so. I . . . I really wanted you to be with me, Paul. But I was really afraid for you. I didn't want this . . ." He turned toward the crashed plane, "to happen to you. Honestly, it wasn't what I said then, about being too hotheaded . . ."

"But Jack, it was me . . . not you . . ." His words seemed distant and far away. Jack became a little blurry. He was getting up and leaving.

"Don't go, Jack. Don't go. I'm sorry Jack, it was all my fault, my fault." His words echoed and re-echoed.

"Thanks, kid. Glad we could get together before they find you. And Paul, we'll always fly together now . . . the two of us. They'll never get us Donaghues if we stick together. See you kid. See you later."

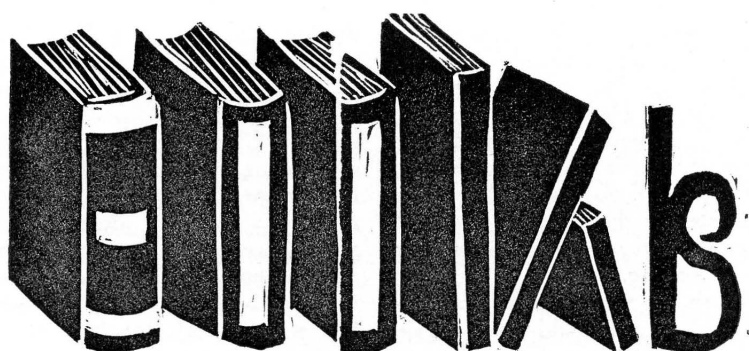
The words kept hitting his eardrums. Jack seemed to be fading away. Paul tried to run after him.

"Jack, come back! Come back."

Everything was topsy turvy. He couldn't seem to run fast enough. Jack kept becoming more indistinct. He was still smiling . . . his eyes were happy.

The ground seemed to swell beneath Paul . . . it threw him off balance . . . he fell. He yelled at Jack again and again . . . the name reverberated through every chasm of his weary brain. He knew his senses were running out. Paul clawed at the ground, struggling to move. But the ground wasn't hard, it was soft . . . and wet. Like water . . . rolling water, warm and relaxing. It heaved his body gently. A dull ache began to pervade his back. His head felt like a bloated balloon. He couldn't move.

Paul tried to stop the world from whirling around. Slower and slower—it stopped . . . spinning blue and red. Then it righted itself. There was little light. Only endless stretches of placid deep water met Paul's pained gaze. It was dusk. The Pacific rolled Paul's half dead body gently in the life raft. The sun was almost gone now, hanging above the western rim—a great drop of blood. Paul smiled to himself as it sank leisurely into the west. Somewhere into China . . . to a far west . . . a flight west.



I'LL CRY TOMORROW

Lillian Roth

Frederick Fell, Inc.

New York, 1954 \$3.95

"That *one can come back*—that there is a way out from shame and despair and utter hopelessness—that is the sum and substance of my book." So the story begins. It is a long story, which well shows the reader how dizzyingly high is up, how tragically low is down.

Lillian Roth began her career in show business at the age of six. At a time when other children were growing up normally, she was haunting casting offices with her mother and sister, going on long vaudeville tours, and being taught the facts of life from her theater companions—many of them most unwholesome company for a young person. Lillian went up and up, yet always there seemed to be a confusion, an uncertainty in her heart.

She met and fell in love with David Lyons. They wanted to be married, and the way they planned and saved was one of the only things in her life in which she was like any other girl her age. Her life

revolved around David; his visits, his letters. Then, one night while she was in the middle of a show, David died.

Lillian's life became a meaningless jumble of tours; each week a different dressing table held David's picture; each day it took one more drink to bring sleep and forgetfulness. She married Willie, then the judge, then Mark, who at that time more than matched the cheapness in her alcohol-stained life. When she finally escaped from Mark, she was at the bottom of a road that had led a long way down. Marriage to Victor helped nothing, and when he left her, she was even more alone than she had ever been in her life. Now, there was nothing. Nothing at all.

The way back was very long, very painful, and filled with setbacks. Why take a cure when there was nothing to be cured for? Finally, when she realized the desperate need for self-respect and



the respect of her fellow-men, Lillian joined an Alcoholics Anonymous group. She was on her own this time. Her mother, sister, friends, none of them could help her now. It was a long shot to try, but where all else had failed, from this attempt she achieved a sort of success, however wobbly it was in the beginning.

When she was more sure of herself, when she could work again and face people, and even try to help them as she had been helped, Lillian became aware of a still greater need. Through her husband, Bert McQuire, a fellow A.A., she knew a little of the Catholic faith (he was a fallen-away Catholic). When she overcame her feeling that a Jewess should not be a Catholic, she took instructions, and her husband re-entered the Church.

Today, Lillian is singing again in nightclubs. Her husband, who also acts as her manager, is always with her, for who knows when the temptation may come for just *one*

drink—and then another and another as the tension and the need builds up? It isn't easy to level out from a tailspin.

But at last there is a higher motivating power in her life. There is a reason for her doing a thing right or wrong; a deep security within her, which may be touched and perhaps shaken as the memories come back in dreams and faces, but which, with the help of the God she now firmly believes in and loves, will never again be shattered. The emptiness is gone from her.

Lillian Roth's book will probably never be called a great literary classic, but it was not meant to be. It is marked by sincerity and a simple, direct style of writing which makes the content even more alive and vivid to the reader, even one who would know little of the world she walked in.

She has fulfilled her objective—she has shown that “one *can* come back,” if one only believes in self, in others, and supremely, in God.

THE STORY OF THOMAS MORE

*John Farrow
Sheed and Ward
New York, 1954 \$3.50*

St. Thomas More lived and died during the religious upheaval of an England that was accomplishing the transition from medieval to modern times. His canonization occurred however during the twentieth century, a distance in time of

400 years. The similarity of the period can be found in the striving for liberty of conscience. In More's day the battle was against a new Protestantism, in our own against atheistic Communism and materialism. It is because of this

similarity of centuries that the story of Thomas More is important.

John Farrow's presentation is not, in his words, an "exhaustive biography." However, it is in its way comprehensive. The reader views More, even if only briefly in some instances, as a student, a lawyer, a husband, a philosopher, a writer, an ambassador, the Chancellor of England and finally a martyr. Through all the phases of his career the reader is faced with a single fact—he is a model for the Catholic layman. Regardless of royal favor, wealth and literary renown, he was always God's servant.

The emphasis in this biography is on Thomas More, the man, not the public figure. The author presupposes in the reader a knowledge of the Reformation period. His purpose is not to explain the period fully but only to view the period in relation to its greatest saint.

Minor as they appear in this presentation, Henry VIII, Catherine

of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Wolsey and greater than these, Erasmus, are none the less clearly sketched so as to leave a permanent impression of their personalities. In a biography any character that does not become realistic is clearly the fault of the author. Not one character betrays such a fault in Farrow's writings.

Farrow is known for other successes in the biography-history field. *Damien the Leper* has received wide public acclaim leading to its twentieth printing. *Pag-eant of the Popes* has been recognized by such distinguished awards as the Catholic Literary Prize and the Thomas More award. This book should equal the appeal of its predecessors especially since it is a source of inspiration for the layman of today. It is not a pretentious book nor is it an overpowering one. It is everything that the title implies—"The Story of Thomas More."

—Emilie Murray

THE WHITE AND THE GOLD

Thomas B. Costain
Doubleday and Co., Inc.
Garden City, 1954 \$3.50

The White and the Gold, the story of the French regime in Canada, by Thomas B. Costain, is the first of a series of books planned by a group of Canadian writers to give a complete history of their country down to the present day,

each by a different author.

Costain has started the work with his contribution which begins with the voyage of Cabot and ends with the Death of Louis XIV. The author of several historical novels of the filing-card-research-school,

the author has done a staggering amount of research for this book. However, this is not a novel, nor is it exactly a history. While it does give a chronicle of events, and a very good one, it merely touches the surface and does not go into causes, effects, or the reasons behind the facts it relates. It is an account of the lives of the people, great and small, who made the history of Canada. Costain himself says that it was a "labor of love" for he became so interested in the research that at times he was carried away by the spell of the romantic setting. These are the times when he forced himself to look into the lives of the little people, the settlers, the missionaries, and the soldiers so that the book might be better balanced. The period itself was brave, lusty, colorful, and romantic and was rather unbalanced in reality.

He pays tribute to the missionaries, so intimately connected with French colonization. He also relates the constant wars with the Indians, chiefly the Iroquois, and does not fail to give space to the deeds of the women who sacrificed to help the spread of the faith. For

individual heroism he singles out Madeleine de Vercheres, who as a girl of fourteen, commanded a defense against an Indian attack and held them off for a week until a rescue party arrived from Montreal.

Costain gives no bibliography because he used about a thousand items, books, manuscripts, papers and extracts. He states his debts to Francis Parkman who wrote a very comprehensive history of Canada about two generations ago, and to the seventy-seven volumes of the *Jesuit Relations*, both of which he relied on for a great part of his information.

This book will never be a volume to be called a good history reference because it is too much a statement of the facts and too little of the causes. But, while it will not enjoy the popularity of a novel, it is interesting and has information enough to be profitable reading for the person who wishes to learn something more about history than is in a novel and does not want to be bored by the bare recital of facts.

—Martha Pictor

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

Ernest Hemingway
Charles Scribner's Sons
New York, 1952, \$3.00

It is truly great, this *Old Man and the Sea*. It is truly worthy of the award, 1954 Nobel Prize for literature, bestowed upon the author who put the old man's tale into words, Ernest Hemingway.

To one who has been enchanted by the story, it is unthinkable that the book by any other name would be the same. What is the story about? Precisely what the author

says—the old man, Santiago, and his friendly enemy, the sea.

The Old Man and the Sea is human—it's just Hemingway. He introduces Santiago thus, "The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropical sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep creased scars from heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert."

The tender care and handling of words almost coaxes the reader's enthusiasm in wishing the old man an incident of good fortune, for he had been very unlucky. "He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated." Hemingway's magnetism lures attention to the old man's plight as a whirlpool holds captive the attention of one who is fascinated by moving water. Even the picture of the old man's skiff is clearly envisioned as it sails on the lonely waters. "The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat."

Hemingway's original technique of the short sentence, narration, and repetition could possibly be termed an idealistic model for modern writing. It draws the greatest amount of sincerity and feeling from so short a study. In a natural

and convincing manner, the characters and their emotions are related. "Gigantic" best fits the description and silent impact of the complete book. Hemingway's spoken words are strong but those unspoken are stronger. His underlying feeling is present even though the exact words are not there black on white.

Santiago had luck in hooking the Big Fish, but it was not until the second lonely day at sea that the old man saw the prize catch above the water. The fish ". . . came out unendingly and water poured from his sides. He was bright in the sun and his head and back were dark purple and in the sun the stripes on his side showed wide and a light lavender. His sword was as long as a baseball bat and tapered like a rapier and he rose his full length from the water and then re-entered it, smoothly, like a diver and the old man saw the great scythe blade of his tail go under . . ."

The author's experience is weathered and seasoned. Even after the book has been read a second time, it still leaves the same acute impression. It is difficult to escape the penetrating vividness of the tragic climax of the Big Fish and the old man's dream. One could scarcely forget or ignore the cruel circumstances that defeat Santiago's hope and which he accepts with the finality of a man truly wise.

The Old Man and the Sea is the yield in return for Ernest Hemingway's careful cultivation and development. It is a rich yield and a beautiful creation—a lasting reminder of his superiority as a writer.

—Carylou Siedling

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