

44-45

Fioretti

Marian College

Indianapolis, Indiana

THE FIORETTI

AN ANTHOLOGY
OF MARIAN COLLEGE
PROSE AND VERSE

VOLUME TWO



Marian College
Indianapolis, Indiana
1944-1945

To Our Beloved Archbishop,
His Excellency,
THE MOST REVEREND JOSEPH E. RITTER, DD.,
First Archbishop of Indianapolis
and Chancellor of Marian College,
this volume of the *Fioretti*
is lovingly dedicated
under the patronage of
St. Bernardine of Siena
(1380-1444)
“the greatest Franciscan
since the time of St. Francis”.

FOREWORD

This volume is not a history of Marian College during the past twelve months, in the sense in which the original *FIORETTI* is the history of the earliest Franciscans. Yet, it is a record.

Some articles commemorate events significant to Marian students as members of larger social groups than the college. Some reflect campus life and activities—religious, social, scientific, literary, and artistic—in that indefinable way in which expression mirrors experience. Some are the unfoldings of inmost thoughts and emotions evoked by the present world situation; others are personal responses to the appeal of universal truth and perennial beauty, independent of time, place, or events. Each is the record of an idea, caught and held fast and transmitted to posterity through the medium of written language.

That the success attained in the art of literary self-expression by the contributors to the present volume will be, for them, an incentive to further production and to all Marian students an encouragement to cultivate the art of writing, is the earnest wish of the editors.

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AT OUR LADY'S DOOR

RITA KREKELER, '45

Pardon, Madam, this interruption.
I realize how busy it must keep you
Being mistress and lady of this heavenly house.
Surely such a place, as large as this,
Requires a lot of time and attention.
Your earthly children, too, must cause you
Many anxious moments.
But some one chanced to mention
The visits you pay each Saturday
To the poor suffering neighbors
In Purgatory and the good you do for them.
So I thought you might
Spare a moment to listen to my trouble
And ask the Master of your house to help.
You see, my little boy is lost.
His Uncle Sam—my son was staying with
His uncle at the time—
His Uncle Sam writes that he was lost
While playing with a boat.
He was wearing a sailor suit
And he was with a gang of boys
Just about the same as he.
I miss my son so much—
You know how it is.
And I was wondering
If you would keep
An eye out for him
And send him right home
If you see him.
I won't keep you longer, Madam,
I hear your children calling
Thank you so much for listening,
And please watch for my Junior.



Guarding the Campus

BETTY ARMSTRONG, '45

Have you ever walked leisurely up the main drive at Marian? The first object to stand out individually from the entire view before you, is the familiar statue of Saint Francis. In the white winter, budding spring, drowsy summer, or colorful autumn, he stays there faithful to his Marian charges. The benevolent smile and the welcoming arms call each Marianite to place her entire trust in him.

In the morning hours, as each bus, loaded with gay, laughing students pulls up before Alverna hall, Saint Francis is the first to greet each girl. He blesses each as she drifts, or rushes, into the cafeteria at noon; and he smiles and silently commends each to God's care as, finished with another day's classes, she takes her leave of Marian.

The task, however, is not yet completed, for there remain on the campus numerous girls whom the Saint must guide and guard through the remaining hours of the afternoon and night. Then, too, there are teachers whom Saint Francis aids and counsels. The birds and animals about our campus love to frisk and play near him, emulating their more fortunate kindred.

Saint Francis is always the staunch, loyal friend. The friend who is ever at hand to accompany each girl through the happy "Marian years". Look at him today, and ever remember the way he smiles at *you*.

Freshmen

DOROTHY KISE, '47

Timid, awe-struck creatures, scurrying on and off busses, carrying loads of books heavy enough to put a strain on Atlas—these are first-day freshmen. Without them high schools and colleges would cease to exist.

Who else bear the brunt of foolish jests by upper-classmen? Who else must inquire the way to the most accessible classroom or laboratory, or be assured that the art studio is not the chemistry laboratory? Who else are looked down upon with condescension and reminded how happy they will be when they reach the exalted state of sophomores?

In their own naive way, freshmen are docile and quite ready to listen to tales of senior bravado. This austere group considers it a duty to acquaint the freshmen with all the ancestral dignity and hallowed tradition—to say nothing of regulations—of the venerable institution which they are attending.

Orientation week, however, is the true touchstone of freshman prowess and endurance. No room for vanity is there in the horribly mismatched outfits and grotesque accessories. No trace of uppishness can abide the sanctions of the kangaroo court.

Compensation comes—eventually. Not only is there toleration for their slow learning and their oft-erring ways, but genuine affection. If freshmen good-naturedly accept what is given, they will soon find themselves treated like true college students, sometimes even like seniors.

Watchword

MARIAN GUENTER, '47

Liturgy, history, and heraldry meet in Archbishop Ritter's motto.

"*Miles Christi sum*" (I am a soldier of Christ), the official motto of the Most Reverend Joseph E. Ritter, D.D., takes on new significance from the Archbishop's installation, December 19, 1944, as first metropolitan of the archdiocese of Indianapolis, and from the simultaneous erection of Indiana into an ecclesiastical province.

Scripture and the liturgy unite in establishing the special appropriateness of the motto. Deriving its basic inspiration, perhaps, from St. Paul's counsel, "Conduct thyself in work as a good soldier of Christ Jesus" (Timothy 2, 3-4), the motto receives a fuller explanation from the same writer's outline of Christian warfare. (Ephesians, 6, 10-17.)

The episcopal insignia are a form of armor. The mitre, in the language of the liturgy of the consecration ceremony, is "the helmet of protection and salvation" and a prayer is offered that the recipient, "armed with the horns of both testaments, may seem terrible to the opponents of truth, and . . . may be their steady adversary."

The crosier, bestowed so that the bishop "may be lovingly severe, giving judgment without wrath . . . not neglecting strictness of discipline through love of tranquillity," easily supplies "the breastplate of justice" and "the sword of the spirit."

That the position of archbishop entails a new call to spiritual valor is recognized in the petitions of the installation chant, *Protector Noster*, "Let not Satan prevail over him." "Nor the son of iniquity have power to harm him."

Studied in its setting on the Archbishop's coat of arms, the motto has further implications—personal and historic. Inscribed on a scroll the full width of the blazon, it applies both to the crest, containing the archepiscopal insignia, and to the shield, or escutcheon.

From the symbolism of the sinister half of the shield, the words, "I am a soldier of Christ," draw special reenforcement. On a silver background, honoring Mainz, the ancestral home of the Ritter family, is emblazoned the red cross of St. George, patron of knights. ("Ritter" is the German for "rider" or "knight"). Occupying the central position is a gold ciborium, signifying Christ in His most intimate relation with men, the Eucharistic Lord of hosts. This symbol is also a tribute to Bishop Chartrand, Archbishop Ritter's consecrator and predecessor in the see of Indianapolis, who earned the title "the Bishop of the Blessed Sacrament." The pierced mullets, or spur-rowels, flanking the ciborium, complete the symbolism of knighthood. The four patches of ermine suggest the Archbishop's first name Elmer, the Latin equivalent for which is "Ermelius", akin to "erminia." The name itself is of Anglo-Saxon origin and means "noble", "great".

The dexter side of the shield, dedicated to the diocese, commemorates two historic influences—the French and the Indian.

The blue cross on a field of gold and the fleur-de-lis are borrowed from old French heraldry, the fleur-de-lis appearing on the French national coat of arms in 1179. They are a tribute to the French colonists who laid the foundations of Catholicism in Indiana, to Vincennes, the seat of the present archdiocese of Indianapolis, 1834-1878, and, especially, to the first six bishops of the diocese, all of whom were of French lineage.

The Indian element is embodied in the fish and fishing-spear. Indiana, "land of Indians", and Indianapolis, "city of the land of Indians", are designations which pay tribute to the Algonquin tribes who once peopled the state. According to current interpretation, the name "Algonquin" is derived from the Micmac *algoomaking*, "at the place of spearing fish."

That local history should have so prominent a commemoration in the archdiocesan blazon is peculiarly fitting, since Archbishop Ritter's own career is completely Indianian. Born, reared, and educated in the state, his priestly and episcopal service has been given to the people of Indiana.

The inspiration of eleven years of zealous promotion of Catholic life and activities, on the part of the Archbishop, his motto may well be a spur to all who serve under him.

ORACION A LA VIRGEN

Original Spanish poem

MARY TOFFOLO, '44

Señora, reina del cielo,
Como sonriés dulcemente,
En tus ojos eternamente
Hallaré esperenza y consuelo.

Buena eres y poderosa,
O Madre del señor nuestro,
Como con el niño vuestro,
Sé conmigo bondadosa.

Madre, en mi afflicción,
Cuando pena es mía
Y en mi última agonía,
Sé tu mi protección.

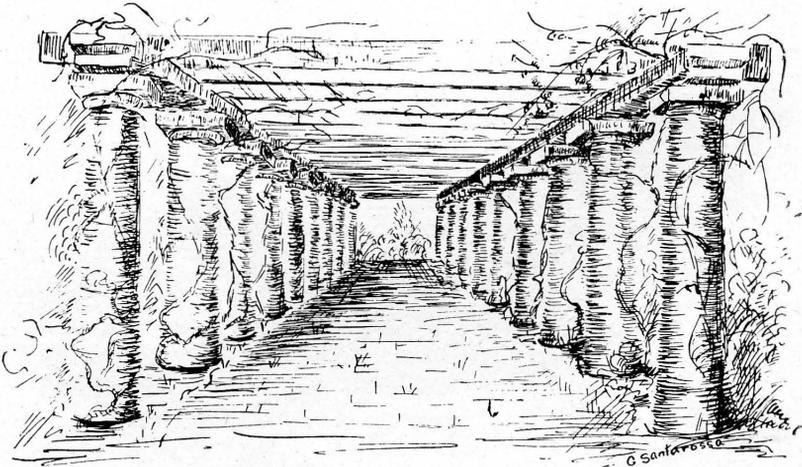
Dama, madre de dulzura
Tú, que tanto has sufrido,
Cuando yo esté afligido,
Ven, siempre sé mi ayuda.

Señora, ruega por mí;
Cuando veré a mi Dueño
En aquel eterno sueño,
Yo pondré mi fe en tí.

LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE

NAOMI RANEY, '44

I have delved into the realms of science and I know
The reasons that the wise men give
For winter dawns and azure skies,
For purple shadows, and the blue
Of lilacs after April rains.
All this I know—and yet
When I have slipped away
From books and tasks
To walk along autumnal roads,
I find a faerie people waiting there
To blind my mind to scientific truth
And lead me, unprotesting,
To a land of Make-Believe,
Where elves and gnomes are frolicking,
And tiny hands are daubing busily
At maple leaves.



Twin Inspiration?

JULIANA DILLHOFF, '46

That a bird should serve as the starting point of a comparative study of two great authors is somewhat of an anomaly.

William Wordsworth and Percy Bysshe Shelley in the poems *To a Skylark* reveal not only their respective literary merits, but their divergent philosophies of life.

Wordsworth is content to draw what joy he can from the companionship of the skylark—its beautiful song, its simple way of life—and then to hope for greater personal happiness in the life to come. Shelley is not so content. He must delve into the mystery of the skylark's joy, questing for an explanation in the fields, the mountains, the waves, and the sky. Not love, nor ignorance of pain, but the possession of thoughts more true and deep than man's is the satisfying explanation—an answer which only whets the poet's desire for equal joy. Shelley seems to have an inborn longing to rise above the levels of space and time, to perfection. According to one critic, "He wove together the beauty of creation and its Creator, understanding neither, but struggling for knowledge of both."

Imagination, as Wordsworth defines it, is the "accurate, faithful, and loving observation of nature." Shelley's sense-experiences, on the contrary, are enriched with an almost superhuman insight. He can see through the screen, spying "the warm light of life." To Shelley, the skylark is, in turn, a spirit, a cloud of fire, a star, a poet, a maiden, a glowworm, and an embowered rose.

As to style, Wordsworth's distinction as a poet rests largely upon his power of expression. "At his best he could combine a towering splendor of diction with passionate feeling" as he does in the following lines from the longer of his two poems called *To a Skylark*:

I have walked through wildernesses dreary
 And today my heart is weary:
 Had I now the wings of a Faery
 Up to thee would I fly.

There is madness about thee, and joy divine
 In that song of thine:
 Lift me, guide me, high and high
 To thy banqueting-place in the sky!

Such rare felicity of diction is almost natural to Wordsworth when he forgets his theories about the "very language of men." His poetry then becomes "solemn and fragrant as incense burned before a shrine."

Shelley, like Wordsworth, has a rare power of expression, but with this he combines remarkable lyric excellence. His was the power to represent unseen things in melodious picture-language, to find images for thoughts, aspirations, and emotions, which enchant the soul. Image and personification, condemned by Wordsworth, thus reappear in unsurpassed subtlety and splendor. His language thrills with emotions of supreme grace and intensity, whether the mood be cheerfulness or blank despair. *To a Skylark* abounds in new and exquisite rhythms expressing the inner rhythm of thought, as in the following lines:

In the golden lightning of the sunken sun
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning
 Thou dost float and run
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

Shelley was, for his generation, a creator of beauty, as Wordsworth, it seems, was a prophet of nature. To Shelley, "Nature's vast frame" and "the web of human things" were not only a source of consolation, they were a problem—a problem to whose solution he was certain his pantheism was the key. Nature, to Wordsworth, was a conservative ideal. He looked upon the world as an object of religious meditation, believing that in its depths the Spirit of God dwells and functions.

In the Wordsworthian sense, Shelley is not a poet of Nature. "For, with Nature, Wordsworth will admit no tampering: he exacts the direct interpretative reproduction of her; that the poet should follow her as a mistress, not use her as a handmaid." To such a following of Nature, Shelley felt no call. "He saw in her, not a picture set for his copying, but a palette set for his brush." Fundamentally, however, the difference between Wordsworth and Shelley, as Nature poets, is merely that Shelley's love of Nature was the more passionate; Wordsworth's, the more profound.

Mosquitoes

BEATRICE HYNES, '46

Perhaps war was responsible for this. Who knows?

Have you ever stopped to realize the plans and preparations that must be made before a mosquito can bite you? This mosquito-biting is not a helter-skelter, devil-may-care proposition—rather it is a carefully laid scheme, executed by only the best trained mosquitos and motivated by sentiments of retaliation for centuries of persecution.

Spring training for mosquitoes usually begins about March 15. There is a mass meeting of all the mosquitos in a certain precinct. Nominations are proposed, votes cast, and promptly on March 18, the precinct leader and his executive committee are announced. Immediately things begin to pop—reconnaissance groups are organized and sent out to determine the number of inhabitants in a given area, to search garages and cellars for the number and power of window screens, and to investigate local supplies of insecticides. All mosquitoes over the age of two weeks are submitted to a rigid physical examination, and the Joe Louises of the diptera tribe are selected to undergo bite training. Those who are not perfectly fit, perhaps having a crooked antennae or flat tarsi, are drafted to work on the ground crews or to do other essential home front tasks.

Promptly, new flying fields are built from discarded pie plates. Over-turned thimbles serve as hangars and storage centers. Mosquitoes enlisted in bite training are geared in preparation for almost any opposition from the enemy. Patented armored masks resist the ack-ack fire of any ordinary flit gun. A secret chemical formula loosens the sticky grasp of fly paper. Days are filled with drilling, test flights, and

maneuvers. Then after days of rigorous studies, these trainees are graduated. On the day of graduation each mosquito is given a detailed map of the house to which he has been assigned. There are about twenty mosquitoes to a house, depending, of course, upon the number of inhabitants. Then the graduates retire to secret stations to meet with their comrades who have been assigned to the same house. Here takes place further charting and planning, and an up-to-the-minute schedule is worked out for the group. This schedule records the time in which the enemy rests on the front porch glider, the approximate hour in which he waters the lawn, and most important of all, the determination of the hour at which he retires.

Having taken care of all minute details, the mosquitoes await the coming days of revenge. Then, one balmy May evening they strike. Attacked without warning, you are incapable of resistance. It is not until about their fifth mission that you even think of going down to the hardware store for some new screening and a can of Flit, or to the drug store for a bottle of citronella. And each time you scratch those itchy bumps, you realize what a formidable enemy you are now facing. So the next time a mosquito lands within firing range and your swatter is aimed to kill, KILL HIM!!!

NAVY WIFE

RITA KREKELER, '45

My heart has gone from me today
As it's never been gone before.
My heart has fled from out my breast
To some strange, distant shore.

A full life now I seek in vain;
My life has been curtailed.
A part of me is torn away;
Today he sailed.

College Spirit at Marian

CATHERINE PANGALLO, '46

What is college spirit? It's four years of learning, prayer, and fun; not just four years of courses ending in a degree. What makes an uninitiated freshman go through the two-edged fun of orientation week? The assurance that the experience will achieve an invaluable something—it will make him a college student. Yet, it is a precarious dignity, sometimes jeopardized by freshman exuberance.

College spirit is enjoying field trips if you take biology, or delving into indoor experiments if you take chemistry. It's breezing along with studies in October, and being jolted by quarterly examinations at the end of November. It's studying feverishly for a philosophy examination and looking glum after it.

Browsing around the library when you should be looking for a reference book is one symptom of it; the feeling of accomplishment when you make a good grade, or, better still, the passing of an unexpectedly difficult test is a more telling indication. Deciding what to give at class assemblies nurtures it; the queer feeling you have when you first wear your cap and gown is close to its essence.

You can't mistake it in the thrill you get from your first college play, the pride in the school's literary publications, that humble feeling that steals over you after retreat, and the special pleasure that comes from hearing Mass in the college chapel.

It's evident in the first campus snow fall; in the ejaculations that laud the blessed warmth of Marian Hall, after a trudge in the snow. It prompts the excited preparation for the first college dance, and the causerie following it. It is the drive that brings a similar enthusiasm to all college activities. You can see it in ridiculous snapshot poses; you can hear it in the passing of classes and, more emphatically, in the running for the bus. You can feel it in the general satisfaction that accompanies a chili luncheon.

College spirit implies noticing how lovely the chapel looks at Benediction. It's the natural way you praise the school to

others, no less than the crazy things you do and say among yourselves—covering up Saint Francis, for instance, because he's cold. It's calculating when the new building is going up. It's looking with interest at all the exhibits in the art gallery. It's shivering, slipping, and sliding, but still being determined to ice-skate on Lotus Lake. It's looking at your friends and wondering whether you will ever see them again, and desperately wanting to. It's the wrench your heart will know when you are being graduated.

It's that cocky, inquiring air of the freshmen, looking for and discovering something new about college every day; the superior feeling of the sophomores, especially about the freshmen; the complacent, knowing, dashing attitude of the juniors; the in-class dignity, the unchallenged knowledge of the seniors.

College spirit exists even after graduation. It will come back to you, wife and mother or career woman, when you least expect it, making you realize that you have a special warm spot always in your heart for Marian.

FROST FAIRIES

National College Poetry Anthology Entry

LOIS TENBIEG, '48

Dancing on the city panes,
Drifting in the country lanes,
Light and airy,
Clean and white,
Frozen fairies of the rains.

Glistening on a window sill,
Spinning cobwebs on a rill,
Small and dainty,
Pure and sweet,
Giving all they touch a thrill.

Tiny mites of peerless white,
Shimmering 'neath the moon's pale light,
Frail and fragile,
Thin and small,
Disappearing now from sight.

Pan-Americanism

CARMEN DE BARROS, '44

A sincere statement of inter-American friendship in practice by one who is both a true Latin and true American.

Pan-Americanism, Good-Neighbor Policy, Good-Will articles, Pan-American societies, Inter-American projects—each has its part to play in the great scheme of uniting the Americas in a closer bond of friendly unity. Yet, do all these combined phases of Pan-American activity tend to bring about the relations desired? My answer is no, not entirely. Complete success will not attend our efforts until the obstacles which separate us are removed. The truth of the matter is that we do not know each other as neighbors should, and, until we do, we will not be good neighbors.

It is true that we live in the same New World geographically, but the people of Central and South America are even farther removed from their northern neighbors than the Europeans are. They speak Spanish and Portuguese, their civilization is Latin, their religion is Catholic, and their economy is agricultural. Contrast this with the situation in the United States, and the great cultural abyss between them is only too evident.

A lamentable ignorance of each others' habits, customs, peculiar mannerisms, and even appearances further tends to widen the gap. The average North American is inclined to regard life south of the Mexican border as one continuous round of music, dancing, and romance; he envisions that vast southern expanse as a luxurious tropical vacationland made gay with bright caballeros and lovely dark-eyed señoritas of highly emotional temperament. Whereas, the Latin-American thinks of his northern friend as tall, slender, blond, red-cheeked, with little or no emotional response, and apparently

unaffected by changing circumstances. Furthermore, he is led to believe that his North American neighbor entertains imperialistic ambitions, holds himself superior to his southern friend, and is chiefly concerned with the hard practicalities of life. Of course, nothing is farther removed from the truth.

In an attempt, then, to understand each other we must seek to correct prevailing views and ideas, to surmount purely superficial differences, and to establish a common bond. It is precisely here that the Catholic Church plays a vital part. Latin America is Catholic; the people feel their religion strongly, in fact, Catholicism permeates and gives significance to their social and domestic life. If approached from this angle, they cannot help but be won to complete confidence and friendship. However, if Catholicism is to be the means of approach, it must be true Catholicism, based upon the universal law of human solidarity and charity, as taught by the Church and recalled so urgently by our present Holy Father.

Another potent means of establishing friendly relations with South America is through education. Catholics of the United States can contribute tremendously toward inter-American friendship by exchange of students. Through the National Catholic Welfare Conference an increasingly large number of scholarships is being offered each year to lay-students of Latin America. There is no better place for fostering the growth of inter-American neighborliness than on the Catholic college campus. Here the Latin American will find an ideal atmosphere for the study of the English language, for learning American ways and customs, and for establishing a better feeling. Through social contacts at college he can visit typical American homes, attend Catholic forums, and take his place among Catholic students at social gatherings, conventions, and the like, where he has the privilege of expressing his own views and hearing those of other students.

For the past four years it has been my privilege to attend Marian College. Here I have found a home second only to my own in Cuba. There is nothing that I would take in exchange for the wealth of experience I have gained here. Not only have I acquired additional knowledge, but I have changed many erroneous views and ideas. North Americans are not at all as I had imagined them—a cold, calm, undisturbed, am-

bitious people; on the contrary, they are kind and lovable, full of life, and satisfied only when they can share their happiness with others. Their eagerness to listen for hours to stories of our beloved homeland, customs, and manners alone proves their genuine interest in us. Just as they have shared their home joys with us, we hope to share ours with them. We, therefore, invite North American students to come to South America, to attend our schools, to learn our language, to observe our way of life, to meet our friends, to share our hospitality. Only when the visit is returned will the bond of friendship be complete and Pan-Americanism truly a success.

TO A ROBIN

ANNA MEHN, '44

Dark are your wings and head, little bird,
And red is your little breast,
Small are your blue, unspckled eggs,
And of strings and of twigs is your nest.

Swift is your flight and keen is your eye,
Sweet is the song you sing.
After King Winter has had his reign,
You come to herald the Spring.

Perched on a bough, you saucy bird,
Rocked by a soft, summer breeze,
You sing to all nature your glad'ning song,
Of flowers and verdant trees.

I'll sing with you, my dear welcomed friend,
Twitt'ring as happy can be:
You sing of your happy life in the wood,
I'll sing of "the land of the free."

SPRING SONG

Fioretti contest prize poem, 1944

NAOMI RANEY, '44

Yesterday I saw the snow clouds scudding
Across a dark and dreary-looking sky.
I felt the tangy bite of wintry breezes;
I heard a shivering kitten cry.
Today, what magic wonder fills the air?
A robin's hopping on the lawn,
And crocus leaves are struggling toward the light.
The ice is breaking on the lake below,
And a young sun is making the world bright.
Yesterday you were not here,
The world and I were lonely.
Today you came,
And suddenly, it's spring!



"Q"

MARY ANNE GALLAGHER, '46

A critic stands criticism.

His close friends and acquaintances always referred to him as "Q." It was a nickname given to him in schooldays, and it stayed with him throughout his life. In literary circles, however, and to the vast numbers of his admirers, he was Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, British man of letters. His death, May fifth of this year, although a great loss to the world of literature, has caused him to be recognized by many who until now were not acquainted with his life and work.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch was born in Fowey, Cornwall, November 21, 1863, and received his education at Newton Abbot College, Clifton College, and Trinity College, Oxford. It was while at Oxford that his literary ability first manifested itself, and his career as author was assured.

Quiller-Couch combined the arts of critic, novelist, poet, and teacher. It was as critic that he gained the highest distinction. His volumes of critical essays, thought-provoking, yet humorous, rank with the best of twentieth century English literature. The universal recognition given to *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, an anthology edited by him, is a standing tribute to his power of discrimination, no less than to his erudition. Shortly before his death one of his fellow-countrymen remarked, "There is no sounder critic living today." This opinion, however, is not shared by all modern critics and poets; some consider his taste too conventional.

Dead Man's Rock, an adventure story comparable to Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, was not only his first novel, but also his first published literary work. Cornish in locale, his novels reproduce the dialect, mannerisms, and entire way of life of his native province. Not without reason has he been compared with Charles Dickens. His novels like those of Dickens have depth of plot; they are vigorous and soundly argumentative. By means of compelling narrative and vivid

description, he forcibly records the moral and social ideas of contemporary England.

The poetry of Quiller-Couch, marked by lyric quality of high order, fills several volumes. His style is clear-cut, his humor, subtle and poignant, and his imagination, vigorous and colorful. As a parodist he is outstanding. His serious poetry is both meaningful and effective.

As an educator, he is easily a leader. John Cournas says that Quiller-Couch had the supreme gift of being able to charm while he instructed. He had very definite ideas about the advantages of higher education and fully believed that a liberal education was not an appendage to be purchased by a few. On the contrary, he held it to be the right of the human individual.

One of Quiller-Couch's pet theories was that of the improvement in the manner of teaching English in the grammar schools of England. He was convinced that the real battle for English takes place in the elementary schools and in the training of elementary school teachers, for there the foundation of a sound national teaching has to be laid or it is there that a wrong trend will lead to incurable diseases.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch taught that literature was not a mere science to be studied but an art to be practiced. Great as is the national literature of England, he considered it a legacy to be improved. He believed that any nation which potters with the glory of its past as a thing dead and done for, is to that extent renegade. He once stated,

Not all our pride in Shakespeare can excuse the relaxation of our effort however vain and hopeless, to better him or some part of him. If with all our native exemplars to give us courage, we persist in striving to write well, we can easily resign to other nations all the secondary fame to be picked up by commentators.

Quiller-Couch was forced to admit, however, that since 1900 much of the most thoughtful work on English has come to the English-speaking world from America.

The many works of this distinguished author will stand, in coming ages, as a memorial to one who "wore his learning lightly and bent it to bright use."

David

MARYANNA TODD, '44

*A debutante and a seaman—worlds apart—
but one of them will never forget.*

It was her first service-man's dance, and she was enchanted. With that thrilling new cloak of assurance the age of seventeen imparts to its possessors, she stood near the entrance, watching the dancers.

There was glamour for her in the soft beat of the music, the mingled scents of perfume, the muted conversations, and the contrast of gayly colored dresses with the somber navy and dull khaki of uniforms. All this spelled excitement and romance to her young heart. So thrilled was she, that she half hoped no one would disturb her, as yet, with an invitation to dance. This was a new experience, and she must drink it in, deeply and eagerly.

As she surveyed the bright scene, her gaze rested upon a young coast guardsman, standing with a group of his friends. Her body became tense, and she drew a soft, quick breath. For there was "David", of whom she had always dreamed. Yet "David" was to have been tall and dark, dashing and handsome, an Army Air Corps pilot. This young man fulfilled none of these requirements, but she knew without hesitation that he was the "David" for whom she had waited.

She would have been content to stand watching him all evening, but she was claimed for dances. "David" stood with his friends, all of whom were apparently uninterested in the dancing.

The room was suddenly quiet as the hostess asked for volunteers to present an impromptu program. Several of the coast guardsmen glanced significantly at "David", whispering and nodding their heads. Two in the group took his arm as if to push him, but, finally disengaging himself, he walked rather casually and indifferently to the piano.

He was young, not over nineteen, of slight build, and with thick blond hair. His face had an oddly finished look to it, as though life had touched him unkindly. His thin lips

had an uncompromising look, strange in a youth. Only his eyes were different, brown and wistful, the eyes of a dreamer.

His long fingers touched the keys of the piano caressingly, lovingly, coaxing forth the aching sweetness of *Intermezzo*. The warm throb of the music seemed to course through her whole body. She was oblivious of everything; only the pianist, with his exotic music that filled every corner of the vast hall, existed. It was as if time had ceased; he might have been playing a minute, five minutes, an hour. The rhythm of the music seemed to be her own heartbeat.

Then the music ceased, and "David" arose, accepted the applause with a shy, half-smile, and joined his friends again.

As she stood there, she realized the utter improbability of the situation, the uselessness of her dreams. At seventeen, that age of illusions, she held no doubts about her future. She felt with a strange wisdom that life would be good to her. Happy girlhood days, a fine husband and children, a life rich and complete—these were what she asked of fortune. Yet she felt, with deep intuition, that she would never quite forget a slight, dreamy-eyed boy and the haunting loveliness of *Intermezzo*.

As the dance ended, the group of coast guardsmen hesitated at the door, thanking the hostess. Then "David" walked out of the door, carrying with him forever a precious bit of her heart.

Black and White

MILDRED DANIELS, '47

There was a swift movement, and then silence. Almost simultaneously came the rattling of a long brown Rosary and a flutter of black cloth just above a pair of plain black oxfords. A white cord, with three knots near one end, hung from the waist and over it was a black scapular. A veil, also black but lined in white, framed a rather small brown face. It was a very lovely face, with dark, laughing eyes, expressing more feeling than a book of many pages.

Now the Sister has gone, but she smiled as she whisked silently by, and this alone makes me glad she passed my way.

A Meditation

JOANNE (LAUBER) KERN, '46

O Lord, Jesus Christ, who art both the pattern and the reward of true humility: we beseech Thee that even as Thou madest blessed Francis follow gloriously in Thy footsteps in the contempt of earthly honors, so Thou wouldst grant us also to become his companions alike in following Thee and in his glory: Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.
(Collect—Mass of St. Francis Borgia, October 10)

O Lord Jesus Christ
 Creator of heaven and earth
 King of all Thou surveyest
 Lord and Master of every creature
 Babe on Mary's knee
 Child in Joseph's workshop
 Leader of the Apostles
 Teacher of the rabble
 Savior of mankind
 Friend and Confidant of all

Who art both the pattern
 Our perfect Model
 Our complete Example
 Our true Ideal

And the reward
 In the Blessed Sacrament
 at Benediction
 at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass
 in every tabernacle
 In Holy Communion
 when thou unitest Thyself with lowly mortals
 when Thou comest to me

Of true humility
 As found in the Blessed Virgin
 As found in the lives of the saints
 As found especially in St. Francis Borgia

We beseech Thee

In our hour of need
 In time of sorrow
 In time of temptation
 In disappointments
 In time of war

That even as thou madest blessed Francis follow gloriously in
 Thy footsteps

As a child
 As a man
 As a duke
 As a husband and father
 As a priest
 As "another Christ"

In the contempt of earthly honors

When Francis released his dukedom
 When he refused the friendship of an earthly king for that
 of his Divine King
 When he denied all worldly pleasures and dignities to en-
 ter the Society of Jesus

So Thou wouldst grant us

All that we ask of Thee
 All that is good for us
 because we are Thy children
 because we are members of Thy Mystical Body
 because we are temples of the Holy Ghost
 because Thou lovest us

Also to become his companions alike in following Thee

To cultivate the same virtues
 To model our lives on his
 To attain the same goal

And in his glory

In heaven in the communion of saints
 In union with Thee

Who livest and reignest

Over heaven
 Over earth
 Over hell
 Over every creature
 Over me

World without end

Eternal—Everlasting—God's world. Amen.

Floral Accent

JOAN BISCHOFF, '48

When you're walking along Marian lake shores in autumn, your eye is caught immediately by the colorful array of beauty that nature has lavished there.

The white-jeweled foliage of Virgin's Bower, tangled and trailing, almost hides the meadow fence from view. Poised between shrubs that flaunt their multi-colored autumn leaves, Spotted Touch-Me-Not fringes the water's edge and casts bright orange bells into the water.

Should you grow tired while tramping through the tall meadow grass close to the marshy ground between the lakes, a rare pleasure awaits you. Resting in the grass, you can glimpse the delicate tints of the Dayflower, its pale blue corolla, bright yellow center, and leaves of the softest pastel green. The wide, solid yellow petals of the Evening Primrose shoot boldly through the grasses, nearly keeping from view the dark, dull blue of the short-stemmed Self-Heal.

Beyond, in the meadowy stretches, the Dandelion sprinkles the grasses with its golden blossoms and white tassels. And, on the hilly slopes between the lakes and the orchard, still thrives the purple Violet, fondest of childhood's floral memories. Shyly hiding from view beneath autumn leaves and weeds, it bows its twisty petals over tall slim stems.

Blending with each familiar autumn fragrance, yet alone pervading all the atmosphere, is the rich aroma of Honeysuckle.

A TOMB

National College Poetry Anthology Entry

NORMA VEIDERS, '48

A tomb, a dark and dreary place,
A tomb, a last and weary place,
A tomb, where shells of persons stay,
A tomb, end of life's busy day.

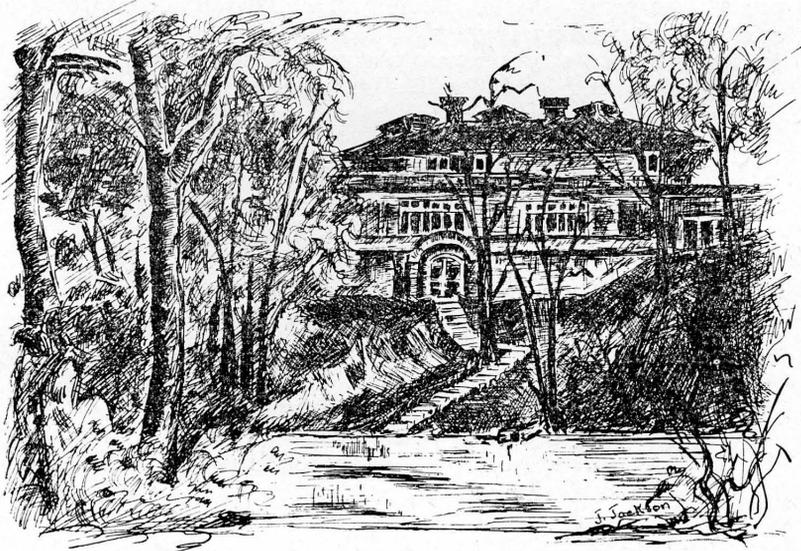
A tomb, where everyone must rest,
A tomb, of resting places, best,
A tomb, where each must spend his might,
A tomb, where dwells no day nor night!

TO WORDSWORTH

National College Poetry Anthology Entry

BEATRICE HYNES, '46

I found you
And with you a new feeling,
A wonderment that
I had thus far ignored.
I looked and I saw
Cool green valleys and steep slopes
On which truant sunbeams played.
I saw a budding twig and
For the first time realized its essence.
Now the humble daisy
Exceeded the parasitic orchid.
You made me also understand
That whatever is, is right
By mere fact of its existence.
O may I see
The hand of God in the simplest thing
And remember what you taught me
Always.



The Nature of "Swing"

MARIAN GUENTER, '47

A popular subject from a scholarly point of view.

The battle between the scowling, long-haired followers of Beethoven and the gum-chewing, jitterbugging fans of Dorsey rages on, as perhaps it is destined to do forever. It is difficult to imagine it otherwise, for the Beethoven worshipper could never find inspiration at a juke box, and the "hep cat" could never find his "beat" at the concert hall. Both factions, however, can develop an appreciation for the other type of music, as both have definite contributions to offer. What has swing to offer against the deep-rooted age-old conventions of the classics? The following discussion of the constituents of this "modern" music is a partial answer to that question.

Swing, it has been said, is music of unknown quantity and quality. Its characteristics can best be described by a series of comparisons and contrasts.

The first and foremost thing a student of the classics learns, is that all music printed on paper is dead music until it is properly interpreted. The first and foremost thing a student of swing learns, is that the printed music is only a background—a kind of canvas on which his abilities and talents permit him to embroider whatever he chooses. This is the real meaning of swing. In most music, the composer creates the musical idea, and the performers re-create these ideas as nearly as possible as the composer conceived them. In swing, however, the performer does not simply transmit to the listener what was original with the composer; he, himself, creates the musical substance which is heard. True, the melody is often the work of another, but the performer makes that melody individualistic by improvising around it, transforming or arranging it to his own tastes. The tune is no more than a taking-off place, so that the members of a swing band are creators as well as performers. The beauty of the finished product depends on the personal genius of the performers.

Therefore, unlike other music, swing is accidental and never twice the same. While other music is premeditated and fixed so that it may be performed over and over again, swing is the result of whatever may happen. Sometimes the result is very beautiful, while at times it is merely a deafening kind of maniacal din.

Now that the elements of swing have been pointed out, it may be well to stop a moment and consider its origin. Swing has been developing for years, as a result of the combination of ragtime and jazz. Some contend that it sprang up from the early Negro bands of New Orleans, while others hold that it found its real birth in the "honky-tonk" of western mining towns.

The jazz element in swing accounts for its peculiar canons of rhythm. A continuous rhythm is fundamental in jazz, but it is not jazz itself. Rhythm is inseparable from swing, but only as a means of developing a continuous melodic pattern. Also, all jazz music must have "swing." "Swing", in this sense, is a dynamic element—a rocking of the rhythm and the melody, which makes for dynamic power. It is the vital element of this new music, the very essence of the performance.

Swing is a gift—either one has it deep within him or he does not have it at all. If a person can play with absolute correctness, he can hold a good place in a symphony orchestra; and he can obtain this skill by study and hard work. But neither study nor hard work will help one in jazz if he does not have a natural instinct for swing. Swing carries a sense of ease and freedom so that it makes every performance different from the last.

Much swing music, while it professes to be primitive and semi-savage, is often little more than a rowdy spree of sound; but out of it all, there are likely to be born, ideas of permanent worth. Its moments of beauty, though seldom, are nothing short of the expression of the spirit of young America, restless and adventurous in its seeking for new paths to explore. Contrary to the predictions of wishful thinkers, it has captured the hearts of many peoples. Swing music of the crude sort has given way to many beautiful harmonies and instrumentations that even Debussy, Berlioz, and Wagner would have appreciated. Where it will lead in the future, only time can tell.

It All Depends

JOAN DUFFIN, '45

Some authors tell stories; some authors create people. Here is one who creates people and lets the stories tell themselves.

To some, the obituary of Harold Bell Wright, carried by the daily papers last May, didn't mean a thing. To others, it meant the passing of an era of frontiersmen—strong, silent Americans.

“Rugged individualism” with its philosophy of equality is a phrase that has been bandied back and forth in the history of the United States. As a national trait, it finds exemplification in the lives of the pioneer settlers. Here it is seen not only in outline, but with the wealth of detail expected in a finished picture.

Harold Bell Wright uses that pattern from which to trace his ideal of American manhood and womanhood. The people of the West are to him the “real” people of the States. A master of characterization, he peoples otherwise ordinary stories with living exemplifications of that philosophy.

Plot is a secondary element in Wright's story; character is its *raison d'être*.

While his style is, at times, actually naive, the author's subtlety in impregnating his creations with the “Golden Rule”, for instance, is refined. So delicate is his touch that the reader does not suspect the lesson he is being taught. The good thus effected often takes deep root.

The people of today read a great deal. But what do they read? Best-sellers, it would seem, form the major portion of their book reading. Would that the sentiments expressed and the ideals lauded in all best-sellers were worthy of their wide circulation. The plots of Harold Bell Wright, it must be granted, are not as complicated or as ultra-emotional as those of the books which the public clamor, but his interpretation of life is far more wholesome.

Wright does not limit his literary work to the painting of character. His books abound in picturesque settings. Sometimes, as in the following, the setting is made the subject of almost poetic contemplation.

The far-away cities were already in the blaze of their own artificial lights—lights valued not for their power to make men see, but for their power to attract, and intoxicate—lights that permitted no kindly dusk at eventide wherein a man might rest from his day's work—a quiet hour; lights that revealed squalid shame and tinsel show—lights that hid the stars.

Simplicity of plot and structure is balanced by the aura of mystery with which Wright surrounds his stories. There may be mystery about one detail only, but that one detail is of sufficient importance to keep the reader with the story until the end.

Doubtless, the works of Harold Bell Wright will never gain immortality. They do not possess the necessary qualities of greatness. In ignoring his books, one will not miss the presentation of some astounding literary or scientific theory, but he will have passed by many an enjoyable and fruitful hour of reading.

A POET'S LAMENT

National College Poetry Anthology Entry

MARIAM WILLIAMS, '47

Oh heart of mine so drenched in sorrow's dew,
That shall ever long in vain for one last glimpse of you,
Whose face I see before me day by day,
Whose arms could thrust all fears and doubts away—
Such love could fill my heart with ecstasy again,
Had death not made my hopes to be in vain.

Oh love, to do whose wish was joy abounding,
Whose gentle voice I hear in fancy fond, resounding,
I would not call you back from Heaven's perfect bliss,
E'en though my heart does always ache for one more kiss.
But, though I miss you more with each succeeding day,
I know more love than grief can ever take away.

Translations

This section of Mary-poems translated from Latin, French, German, and Spanish sources is a special tribute to Mary, patroness of Marian College. Selected from mediaeval and modern literature, they represent a variety of poetic forms, each praising her through a distinctive, delightful approach.

O GUIDE THROUGH THE BILLOWS

Translated from the German

ERNA SANTAROSSA, '44

O guide through raging billows
 This fragile bark of mine,
 Sweet Mary, to thine altar
 And to thy hallowed shrine.
 Help in temptation's hour,
 When dreadful tempests lower.
 O Mary, O Mary, Mary, Mother, help!

O Dove in grace abounding,
 Bless our beloved land—
 The grain fields and the vineyards,
 Our toil of brow and hand—
 And those who dread in sorrow
 The hunger of the morrow.
 O Mary, O Mary, Mary, Mother, help!

Obtain us peace, loved Mother,
 And holiness of life;
 Unite what is asunder,
 Appease all hateful strife
 That each as friend and brother
 May greet thee as his Mother.
 O Mary, O Mary, Mary, Mother, help!

THE VIRGIN AT NOON

Translated from the French of Paul Claudel

By DOLORES MARTINI, '45

'Tis noon, I see the open church and enter there.
Mother of Christ, I do not come in prayer.

I have no gift to bring, no cause to plead anew;
I come, Mother, simply to look at you.

To look at you, to weep for joy to know
That you are near this son who loves you so.

To let the world, its cares, go by a while,
To be with you, Mary, in this quiet aisle.

To say no word, to gaze upon your face so calm and still,
To let my heart sing on unhampered by my will.

Not to speak, but sing; because my heart, so full of joy, must
sing,
Like the blackbirds whose thanks in sudden trills through
woodlands ring.

Because you are so beautiful, because you are immaculate,
Because it pleased our God, in you, grace to reinstate.

Because your soul alone was made all pure within,
Because its splendor never knew the dark'ning touch of origi-
nal sin.

Wholly pure because you are the mother of the Eternal Light,
Our only hope, a beacon to our weakened sight.

Because you are the woman who righted Eden's wrong,
Who with a single look brings repentance to the throng.

Because you have saved me, because you have saved France,
Because it, like me, was favored by your glance.

CANTICLE TO THE VIRGIN

Translated from the Spanish of Gil Vicente, 1470-1540

MARY TOFFOLO, '44

How graceful is the maiden
How sweet and lovely is she!

Will you say, O mariner
Who on the ships and seas dwells,
Whether the ship, or the sail, or the star
Is as lovely?

Will you say, O holy knight,
Clad in your armor,
Whether the steed, or coat of arms, or the war
Is as lovely?

Will you say, O little shepherd
Who guards the flocks,
Whether the flock, or the valleys, or the mountain
Is as lovely?



Coast to Coast

BEATRICE HYNES, '46

The announcer's clear tones rambled along the ether waves . . . "The Allied Scientific Research Corporation in conjunction with the Central Broadcasting System is happy to bring to the radio audience one of the foremost authorities on American postwar problems and prosperity, Senator Carter Clarke.

Good evening, my friends. I am happy to have this opportunity to speak to a nation-wide audience, an audience which represents the heart and core of democratic life. During the dark days that lie ahead . . .

C-L-I-C-K

"Johnnie, you know you shouldn't fool with the radio. And please put down that airplane. You know I've asked you not to play with it. Come over here and give it to mommy."

The dimpled knees of a four-year old reluctantly toddled across the living room floor.

"Here are your color books and crayons." Elizabeth dangled the bright color book before his eyes while retrieving the plane from the caress of the little fist.

"But why can't I fly my plane just like daddy?"

Elizabeth felt the little whimper drilling her heart. Just like daddy. Just like daddy. She had to break Johnnie of his growing interest in "bird-machines." How was she going to tell him that his father had been killed on a bombing mission; that in some devious way his plane had turned upon him and exploded, shredding his body and the bodies of all the brave men aboard. Some opportune moment would come when his young mind would be more receptive, more mature and understanding—some time in the future when his eyes would glow with wonder and warm pride upon seeing the DFC.

The advancements of science will bring us marvels and comforts of which we have never dared dream. The

inventive progress will be tremendous—there will be strides in every field.

A bitter grimace spread over Elizabeth's fragile features. Progress, inventive strides—could any of these bring back her husband? Marvelous new mechanisms would bring her no relief, while she longed for a pair of strong arms, an unruly shock of hair, and a wide, friendly grin. Deeper and darker grew her philosophizing. Wars, she was sure, would go on and on as long as man was man. Helicopters and television would not effect a revolution in man's heart . . . For a bar of steel, a bolt, a screw, man would even forsake his God.

Johnnie was now complacently outlining Superman with a purple crayon. Elizabeth watched the stubby little fingers tighten and loosen, she watched the active little head bob up and down. Johnnie was big for his age. Already she could see him leading the rest of the neighborhood boys, first to attempt what to them seemed impossible. He would grow healthy and strong as a rock, and then some day he would come to her, and they would talk together about his future. He would tell her all his hopes and dreams, and he would announce to her in a clear-cut tone that he wanted to . . .

Elizabeth sprang from the chair and hurled the plane to the floor. IF GOD HAD WANTED MAN TO FLY HE WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM WINGS. For a moment she stood trembling and then rushed from the room. Superman immediately lost his fascination for Johnnie. He looked around and finally spied the forbidden treasure under a chair. He tried to put the bent wing back in its place and smiled when it yielded to his clumsy tugging.

"Now," he cooed, "I can still fly like daddy."

* * *

The end of the war will see the opening of a new world. We will triumph over our blind stumbling of the past. We will surge on and break the shackles of illiteracy and scientific ignorance which have held us enslaved so long.

C-L-I-C-K

"But, Mr. Simpson, your schedule doesn't call for radio-listening after eight o'clock. Dr. Jameson will disapprove, I'm sure." The figure in white starched linen entreated.

"I don't give a blast what Dr. Jameson disapproves of and you know it. Now get out of here and let me alone. And take that glass of milk with you!"

Old Simpson pursed his lips and ran his fingers through the few remaining white patches on his head. Just because he was over seventy was no reason they could pester him, of all people, with their coddling. Yes, sir, they could tab all the "exclusive sanitarium" signs around they liked, but when you got down to it, this place was no more than an old folk's home. But, at least, you had company here—it wasn't like living in a twenty-room house by yourself, without even a stray ghost or two to haunt you. He'd thought he'd always have Gwenn, but then children grow up, fall in love, and pretty soon you wake up and find that once more you're all alone.

. . . we'll do away with the drudgery of the past, and open the door to a bright new future. Outmoded contraptions and outmoded ideas will be swept away by the onrush of a truly modern civilization.

"Drudgery of the past . . . modern civilization . . . I wonder." He began turning the pages of his memory, pages yellowed with age but still quite readable. He recounted his greatest joys, and found that they were the simplest things. The sensation of the mud from the river bank oozing through his toes when he was a little boy. His father's contented smile when he was pleased with his son. The wrinkles of his mother's hand outlined with snowy white flour. The smell of newly cut lumber that came from the old sawmill. The shock and thrill of realizing he was in love with Mary. Gwenn's first "Da-da." "After all," he mused, "these are the things that really matter, and they can't be concocted in a laboratory. Already mankind has been pampered to a state where it is becoming sluggish and slovenly."

Simpson slipped on his jacket and opened his door quietly. He sneered at the elevator and descended the long flight of stairs. He pushed open the door to the huge kitchen.

"Why, Mr. Simpson!"

"I came down to get a glass of milk. Anything wrong in that?"

The opportunities that will be presented to America's youth are numberless. Unemployment will be blotted out. Every hand will be a skilled hand, every mind will be given the chance to become of industrial value.

Jo came bursting into her room in the sorority house. She grunted a greeting to her roommate, Jennie. Flinging herself on the bed, she pulled an apple out of her blazer pocket. She stopped munching only long enough to give vent to her feelings.

"Girls, girls, girls!! I'm sick of the feminine gender. That's all I see from morn till night. My mother told me this college was co-ed. Well I'd sure like to know where Ed is."

Jennie, knowing it was best to ignore Jo at times like this, started swirling the dialer on the radio.

Jo grunted again—"See what you can pick up in the way of jive on that Marconi miracle."

"Don't you ever get tired of jam?"

"Only in jars, date-bait, only in jars."

The switch from station to station revealed no scintillating symphonies.

Jo, the apple in one hand and the door-knob in the other, paused with the slightest gleam of hope in her brown eyes.

"I'll be down with Rosamond if someone calls, or something."

Jennie watched the pair of saddle-shoes shuffle out and shortly the door banged. Jo was a little hard to take sometimes. Maybe if Jen hadn't possessed one of those never-say-die spirits, she would have told her roommate off long ago. But the optimist in her conquered again and once more the dialer was swirled.

"And, in conclusion, I make a special appeal to the younger generation. Enrich and enlarge your mental and physical abilities as far as possible. The future lies in your hands. Prepare for it. There will be many new worlds to conquer. Good night."

Cameron College's outstanding sophomore turned off the radio and settled back. New worlds to conquer. The chemistry manual slipped to the floor.

Jen was in a white lab apron peering at a yellow-green mixture in a test tube. The rays of the afternoon sun were playing hide-and-seek among the bottles on the acids shelf. She had received the official thanks of the government and had even been nominated for the Nobel Prize. She was a savior of humanity, another Madame Curie. She lighted the dark paths for mankind with her Bunsen burner. She had rooted herself in research and nothing could upset her equilibrium—not even the odor of carbon bisulfide.

Down the hall a door banged. Jennie heard the race of footsteps and recognized a bit of melody from *Aida*.

Down in the pit the orchestra was tuning up, and an air of eager expectancy filled the Metropolitan. Jennifer Stevenson, famous colouratura, was spraying her throat. The climax of her operatic career had come. . . .

A familiar grunt broke into her reverie. Jo was back again.

"You still here!"

"Yes, chum, but why so glum? Surely you're not going to let a dreary evening get you down," Jen chirped.

"Oh, it's just that there's nothing to do—nothing to live for."

"But there is, Jo, there *is*. Let's go down to the fountain and have a malt. I want to talk to you."

"Okay, seein' as how I don't have anything better to do."

Jennie put one arm around Jo's shoulder and drew her toward the door. Methodically she switched off the light.

"You see, Jo, our world is going to be very wonderful—very, very wonderful!"

The door slammed on *two* pairs of retreating saddle-shoes.

Nominal Confusion

SUZANNE PURSIAN, '48

Joneses and Browns may find fault with the too great commonness of their surnames, but I think the bearers fortunate. In fact, I consider anyone fortunate who does not have my last name, Pursian.

First of all, it is the spelling that causes confusion. The fact that there is a Persian cat is reason enough for some persons' spelling my name the same way, and nicknaming me "catty". The continual joker exclaims, after being introduced to me, "Are you General Pershing's daughter?" If he were more attentive to the introduction, he would notice that my name has a pronunciation far different from General Pershing's.

The worst of such disconcerting experiences, however, came to me one day in a confectionary store. Hardly had I seated myself when someone called, "Persian nut." At first I thought my ears were deceiving me, but when I heard it repeated, I knew that I was hearing correctly. I looked around to see who my assailant might be. Not being able to identify the offender, I called a waiter, expressed my indignation, and asked his intervention. He began to laugh and promptly announced to the other waiters that there was a live Persian nut in the store. Thoroughly angered, I demanded to see the manager.

He came. Hearing my story, he explained that Persian nut sundaes are a specialty of that store, and that it was the waiters I heard calling, "Persian nut." With genuine courtesy, he even offered me a Persian nut sundae free of charge.

Here's to the common name, the safeguard against unwanted publicity.

Pageant of Memories

GERTRUDE SCHROEDER, '46

Few autobiographies cover seven decades so packed with things humanly interesting as does the subject of this review.

Far more than a personal history, William Cardinal O'Connell's *Recollections of Seventy Years* is a panorama of historic events, a running commentary on contemporary life, made by a keen analyst and deep sympathizer. Popes, presidents, European and Asiatic royalty, and world leaders of thought are introduced with a familiarity born of close intimacy.

William Henry O'Connell was born in 1859 on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the youngest of eleven children. Of his childhood home, he writes, "Standing out as the centre . . . is the vision of my dear mother, a noble figure, crowned with a wealth of silvery hair, a look of quiet power and confidence in her lovely face." His saintly father died when William was four years old.

He received his elementary and high school education in the public schools of Lowell, Massachusetts, at that time the center of bigotry and hatred toward the Catholic population. The account of his boyhood experiences, of life in the cotton mills, and of Catholic life in general in a New England permeated by Puritanism are contributions to history. "Adam Smith, John Locke, and Stuart Mill," he explains, "were the patron saints of industry both in England and America . . . An ordinary slave in the South, under a humane-minded master, was leading a far more humane existence than the mill workers."

Responding to an early recognized call to the priesthood, Cardinal O'Connell, already distinguished for his rare intellectual gifts, studied at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Maryland, at Boston College, and finally at the North American College in Rome.

In his recollections of these college years he sketches pictures of professors and fellow-students, as well as reproduc-

tions of humorous class-room scenes. Recalling Father John Tabb as professor of English, he writes, "Words with him became jewels of speech."

Journeying to Rome in the "gay nineties," he toured Ireland, England, and France. Keen is his analysis of the Anglo-mania or "American Invasion of England" then at its peak.

Student days in Rome laid for the Cardinal that broad international outlook which, later, in critical situations, he firmly maintained. Contrasting the East with the West, "enamoured of its own activity," he remarks that "the Orientals value infinitely more than any creature comforts, the tranquillity which allows thoughtfulness and meditation."

The calling to Rome of all the archbishops of America in 1883 prior to the First Plenary Council of Baltimore, gave him an opportunity of meeting many noteworthy prelates.

Ordained at St. John Lateran, June 8, 1884, Cardinal O'Connell shortly afterwards returned to Massachusetts, where he served as curate first at Medford, then in Boston.

After ten years of hard labor among the twelve thousand souls of St. Joseph's congregation, he was appointed rector of his *Alma Mater* in Rome. This appointment, as well as his subsequent assignments—domestic prelate of the papal household and, later, assistant at the papal throne, Bishop of Portland, Maine, Papal Envoy to Japan, Coadjutor Bishop of Boston, Archbishop of Boston, and finally, Cardinal, he received with genuine humility. He could say in truth, "In all my work and in the various posts of responsibility which I have occupied, I have unswervingly looked to God alone, for help, encouragement, and consolation."

The six years of rectorship were crowded with social contacts. "One of the charms of living in Rome," he comments, "is that there one meets all the world." The one person, however, whose friendship he valued most was that of Pope Leo XIII. Present at the Holy Year proclamation, 1900, he saw the aged Pontiff, "his face, though pallid as death, still lighted up with those eyes which refused to weaken or grow dim with time. He seemed like a great mediaeval saint, who had come from many ages past to proclaim and to bless the twentieth century now opening."

His memoir on the mission to Emperor Mutsuhito, as personal envoy from Pope Pius X, 1905, is peculiarly interest-

ing. He speaks of the Japanese as "a people whose very religion is politeness and formality," and is relieved to find them "uniformly kind and sympathetic."

As bishop, archbishop, and cardinal he was distinguished for tireless zeal. In Boston, he completely reorganized the archdiocesan system of charitable institutions and built many churches and schools. He made *The Pilot* the official newspaper of the archdiocese. An engineering project sponsored by him saved from ruin the church of San Cletette, Rome, of which he was cardinal priest.

The same sincerity that characterized his ecclesiastical duties also stamped his dealings with political leaders. He says of himself, "from President McKinley to President Franklin Roosevelt, I have always stood in that relationship, asking no favors, but only wishing to serve."

He was not only a man of letters, but a profound student of science and philosophy, and master of languages. *Holy Cross* hymnal, containing twenty-two original hymns, is a memorial to his musical ability.

At his death, April 22, 1944, universal tribute acclaimed him not only a great ecclesiastic, heroically devoted to duty, but a true patriot and brilliant scholar. Cardinal Dougherty, of Philadelphia, is his sole survivor in the native cardinalate of the United States.

TWO SCENES

ANNA ROFFELSEN, '46

Two scenes I love to contemplate
 At Marian.
 In one, old Sol has risen from
 His icy bed,
 And sprinkles snow-clothed twigs
 With golden warmth.
 The other finds him hov'ring o'er
 His spring-kissed bed,
 And making gold the lake 'neath clumps
 Of orchid lilac trees.
 The white and gold of winter morn
 Speak best of purity;
 The gold and orchid springtime eve,
 Of royal dignity—
 At Marian.



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