

Fioretti

Marian College

Indianapolis, Indiana

THE FIORETTI

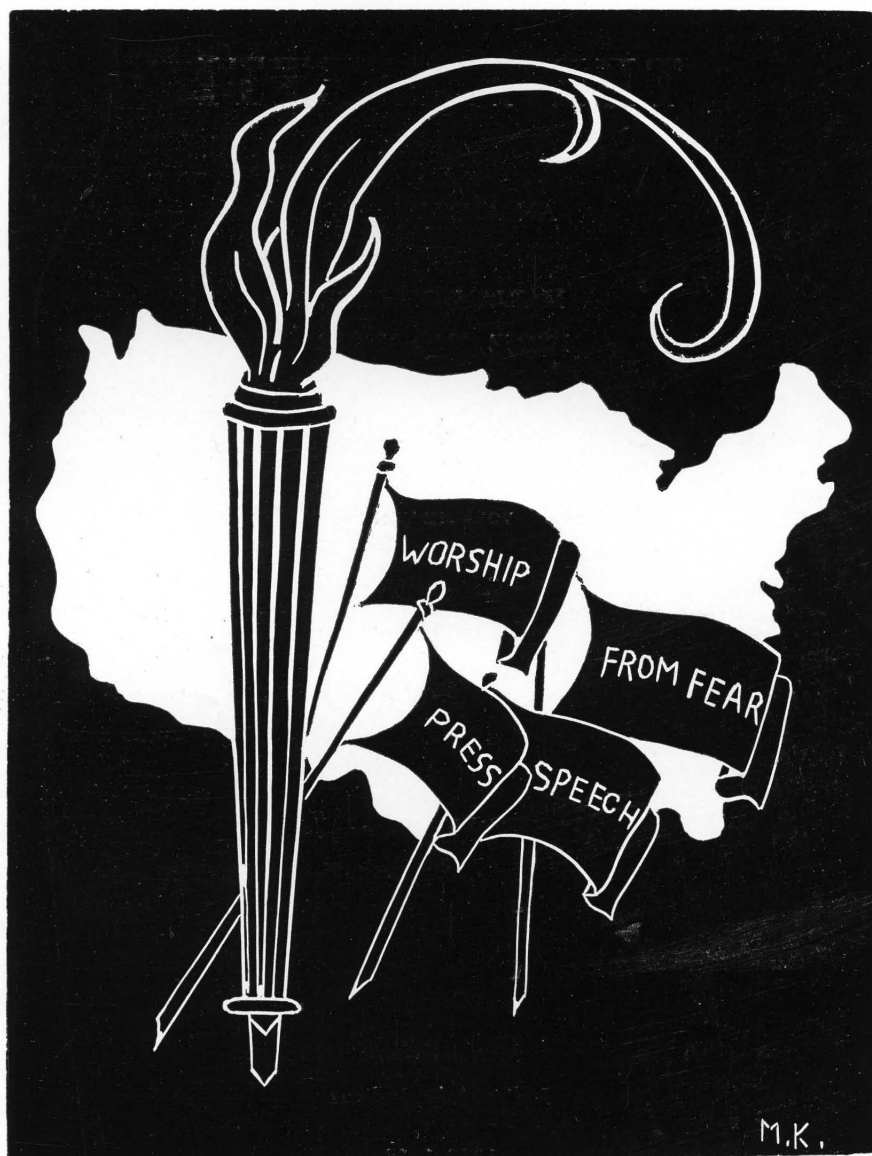
AN ANTHOLOGY
OF
MARIAN COLLEGE
PROSE AND VERSE



VOLUME TEN

Marian College
Indianapolis, Indiana

1952-1953



OUR AMERICAN HERITAGE

To

MARY IMMACULATE

PATRONESS OF THE UNITED STATES

this volume

is

lovingly dedicated

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'Neath Mary's Care

To live in a land where the springtime brings
A song to each human heart,
A land with the freedom and friendship one needs
To feel he's a worthwhile part—

To walk down a street and smile at your friends
And know they are smiling too,
Or greet a stranger you've never seen
And feel that his words are true—

This is to live 'neath Mary's care
In America, the great, the fair.

—Joyce Ann Edwards

EDITORIALS

One Little Candle

"It is better to light just one little candle than to stumble in the dark," is the beginning of a song that Bel Canto members have been humming all year. Perhaps not one of us will become a president of the United States, a world famous writer, scientist or T.V. star, but each of us will be an individual citizen with his own distinctive contribution to make to the collective greatness of America.

Much stress has been placed, in the twentieth century, on collective security—in the world as a whole through the League of Nations and the United Nations, in the Western Hemisphere through the Pan-American Union and the Organization of American States. Realizing their impotence while working separately, the nations of the world have united to fight Communism and to face their other problems. They work together toward a common goal, each retaining its individuality and offering its own customs, resources and leaders. Large or small, each contribution is recognized as essential for the success of their program for world peace.

America itself is built on collective security, with the states united under a central government.

More basic than this political unity is the collective security of the millions of citizens who as individuals make up the United States. It is not in the government authorities but in the individual citizens that our democratic powers lie. The citizen's vote is sought through costly campaigns, then carefully recorded and counted. His rights are scrupulously safeguarded by the courts. Lawmakers test public sentiment on pending bills. Advertisers appeal to Mr. Jones and Mrs. Smith, who, by each individual purchase of their choice, collectively determine the success of a product.

We, the citizens, then, are the ones who hold the responsibility of acting in such a way as to properly determine America's policies, economic, political and moral. We are America—we are the greatness of America. We keep our nation great, not merely by collective industry and military force, but by each individual's democratic spirit, which serves as an impenetrable bulwark against the internal destruction of the morale and morals of a people.

President Eisenhower expressed the matter in this way during last year's presidential campaign: "America is great because she is good, and if America ever ceases

to be good, America will cease to be great."

We are America. It is up to us to do our part in maintaining our nation's bright light of moral in-

tegrity by lighting, each in his own way, his own little candle of Christian living.

—Joyce Ann Edwards

Dame Fashion

For centuries Dame Fashion has ruled in the world of dress. Her scepter's sway, however, is not so haughtily autocratic as in previous years; in fact, she is tact itself, and now deftly subordinates her soaring instincts to the feminine needs of her court, for woman has asserted herself, and the intolerable, the uncomfortable, and the grotesque are looked upon askance.

The fashion center of the world is Paris, but the competitive importance of the United States makes it impossible to prophesy where the fashion center will be twenty-five years from now. When Paris-model garments were not available during 1940-1945, outstanding American designers began presenting styles which were equal in some cases to those of the fine tradition of France.

It is a well-known fact that American designers cannot force people to wear something they do not like or want. In order to please their customers, fashion designers base their new creations on the demands made by the public. Designers, like other artists, travel to ob-

serve people, in order to learn from first-hand observation the answers to questions constantly in their minds: Do women want evening gowns long or short, coats rich with fur or untrimmed? What color leads in consumer-preference now and will it continue to do so? Likewise, the questions uppermost in the retailer's mind are: Will it sell? Will it be reordered? Therefore, create the demand and somebody will create the supply. That is the premise on which the SDS (Supply the Demand for the Supply) operates. The demand that the college and high school students of the SDS want to create is a demand for women's clothing that is stylish without being sensual, decent but not dowdy, that is modish and modest. They operate through "fashion caravans" which tour the schools of our country demonstrating the compatibility of good morals and good style. The SDS program has succeeded to some extent but it will need the support of every woman in order to make the

campaign for modest attire a complete success.

The influence of formals is significant in the fashion world today for new styles are often adopted first for evening wear. If a new fashion is accepted, daytime dresses, sport clothes, bathing suits, and even lingerie soon reflect its influence. To forecast future house-coat styles or petticoats, designers also follow the lines or patterns of formals. If, by uprooting the source of an evil, we can eliminate that evil, then we can help to eliminate immodest dresses from the market

by a persistent demand for modest formals.

Woman, in accordance with her dignity, is bound to respect her person and to adorn her body as befits her dignity. Fashions in themselves are good, but like many of our American fineries they are carried to extremes. Since Dame Fashion will always be a popular lady every woman and especially a Catholic woman must do her part to help her gain a popularity that is worthy of praise.

—Pauline Siefert

Our Land—Mary's Land

by JOANN HAZLEWOOD

To us Americans our country is a symbol of the best of everything. We like to say that our goods are the best quality, our soil the most fertile, our science most recent, and our people the most hospitable. Then whom else could America honor as patroness but the patron of patrons, Mary Immaculate.

Somehow, from the very beginning, America seems to have been destined as Mary's Land. When Columbus sailed from Palos in 1492 his flagship bore the name *Santa Maria*. The first chapel to be erected in the new land was a shrine of Our Lady. St. Augustine, the first

white settlement was founded on September 8, 1565—the feast of Our Lady's birthday. November 8, 1760 saw Our Lady, under the title of her Immaculate Conception, hailed as the principal patroness of all possessions of the crown of Spain including those in the New World. Before this time a group of English Catholics, seeking freedom of worship, crossed the Atlantic in their small ship which they called *Star of the Sea*. To the bay, the river, and the site of their settlement they gave Mary's name. Later these place names were changed but the state in which

they built their homes is still known as Maryland. The Franciscan missionaries laboring in California honored Our Lady by naming a mission and the surrounding small village Nuestra Señora, Reina de Los Angeles (Our Lady, Queen of Angels). Today we retain but a fragment, namely, Los Angeles, of that impressive Spanish title.

In 1846, the Bishops of the Sixth Provincial Council of Baltimore decided that Mary in her Immaculate Conception ought to be the logical patroness of the United States. Official recognition was sought and granted by Pope Pius IX in the following year. In 1849 the Seventh Provincial Council suggested to the Holy See that the Immaculate Conception be defined as a dogma. Their desire was realized in 1854 when Pope Pius IX proclaimed that the Blessed Virgin Mary "in the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace granted by God, in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the

Saviour of the human race, was preserved exempt from all stain of original sin." It is a mark of the tender esteem in which American Catholics hold their Mother that they should desire that she be so honored. Throughout America, simple as well as elaborate spires raise their crosses to heaven in honor of Our Lady under one of her lovely titles.

Every American Catholic should feel privileged to be born in such a great country under the special protection of so great a Queen. Mary is deeply interested in the welfare of her nation. She is the Captain who has yet to lose a battle. How could the Seat of Wisdom fail in matters of state? Surely no matter what storms lie ahead the Star of the Sea will not fail her people if only they trust in her guidance. So now at this fearful hour of shadows, we, the American people, cry to her who "cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army set in battle array."



A Rare Gift

'Tis strange when you stop and think a while,
About where you are, I mean,
For God could have put you in any land
And given you any scene.

He could have put you where it's cold
And you'd barely have all you'd need,
Or near the Equator where it's hot,
And you'd live by a primitive creed.

You might have been a famous king
Ruling for many years,
Or just as well a lowly serf
Bent through toil for his peers.

Yes, 'tis good to stop and think,
As you look at our country today,
How rare is the gift God gave you
When He placed you in the U. S. A.

—*Patricia Miller*

An Unparalleled Phenomenon

by RITA SHERIDAN

In the early colonial days of our country, the English middle-class colonists who settled on the eastern shore of the North American continent were preoccupied with the idea of duplicating in the New World the life of the homeland, without the political, social, and economic handicaps that drove them across the Atlantic. Their ideals which formed the basis of a philosophy of a future nation have made that nation one of the most powerful and influential in the world.

The extraordinary growth of this nation from a small group of colonies into one of the great nations of the world is without historic parallel. None of the nation's founders could possibly have foreseen the superstructure for which they were laying the foundation. And yet, during a brief century and a half there has arisen out of a most humble beginning this great commonwealth of states with a productive and consumptive capacity greater than that of any other country.

Many factors have contributed to the phenomenal growth of our nation. The policy of isolationism, a great variety of natural resources, and free enterprise have played an important part.

The policy of isolationism which

the founders of our nation adopted, not without little prudence and foresight, fostered the rapid growth and internal development of our country. Instead of meddling in foreign affairs America turned its back on the world and became absorbed in industrial development and the exploitation of the West. Before the turn of the century, however, these interests had led to the breakdown of the idea of isolation because the West had been settled and industry and agriculture were seeking foreign markets. The development of trade provided an opportunity for making friends as well as for an exchange of industrial goods. Even though the victory in the Spanish American War broke down still more the barriers of isolation we were still following to a certain extent a policy of keeping aloof from taking part in foreign affairs.

During the first years of World War I our nation upheld a policy of neutrality until Germany's unrestricted submarine warfare forced it to enter the war. The fact that the Senate refused to permit the United States to become a member of the League of Nations after the war proved further that our country was reluctant to give up its policy of isolationism. At the time of the outbreak of World War II,

when the barriers of distance had been broken down by means of rapid communication, the people of the United States realized that it was no longer possible to remain unconcerned about the activities of foreign countries which were a menace to world peace. The aggressors in Europe had finally opened our eyes to the danger of non-participation in world affairs. As a result the United States entered the arena of world activities and has become a leading world power whose industries are advancing at a tremendous pace.

Today the United States is considered the wealthiest nation. A nation's riches do not lie necessarily in large areal extent but rather in land rich in a variety of resources.

In this the United States has no equal, especially in productive mineral resources favorably placed, the foundation of industrial development. The industrialization of our country, however, would not have been possible if people had not had the right of free enterprise. The right of equal opportunities for all is one of the most important criteria for a nation hoping to succeed. A nation without the good will of its citizens is not worthy to be called a nation. It is only a tool for the few who propose to control the world by force. The prestige which the United States has won for herself as a leading world power was won not so much by force as by the ideals fostered by the American people themselves.

The Melting Pot

by JUDY RAHE

There was a beginning. There was a beginning consisting of Indians, wilderness, and a wonderful wild air of freedom. The beginning was there for a long time, undisturbed. It was like wine in the cellar, waiting, waiting until the day when it would be brought out, rich and fragrant.

The sun shone down on a land primitive and wild, and blessed it. Then the white men came. They

came laughing and shouting and calling to one another in a strange language. They came hurting and killing with their thunder sticks. They came plundering and maiming, with their "witch doctor priests" trailing behind them to tell the Indians they must not kill, hurt, or plunder these strange people. They must love them and call them brothers.

The white men came at first with

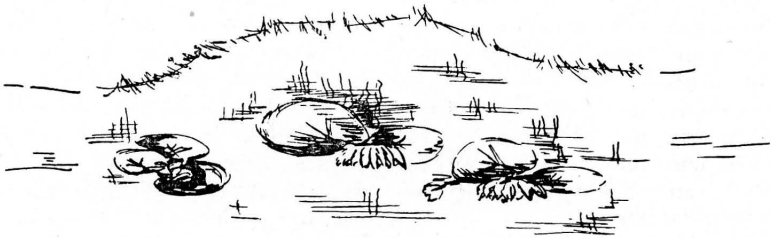
their heads in the sky, not watching nor caring for the great wealth they trampled underfoot. To the bewildered natives of this new land, they were sometimes wise men, sometimes fools, but almost always strange and tyrannical creatures. The new ingredients being added to the pot sometimes seemed to point to the hand of a careless and ignorant cook.

The men with their heads in the sky were followed by the men in the long robes who called themselves friends, however, these men, unlike the other white men, carried neither the thunder sticks nor came running at the people on their horses. These men wanted to be real friends with the Indians. They not only tried to give their ideas to the natives, but they learned from them also. Tentative young strands of friendship were finding their way across the new land. They were weaving their way slowly, and their path could be followed by the smiles and friendliness encountered in Indian villages across the exciting new territory.

Then the world became aware of the richness of the melting pot. The best and worst of each country came to the new untried land, each giving his own special flavoring to the pot. Yes, they came—the victims of wars, the “political” fugitives, the traders, the lawyers, the shipbuilders, the poets and dreamers—all nationbuilders.

Occasionally the pot boiled over, and the rich contents spilled over the ground, making the land much richer and more precious. But when an organized cooking method was adopted the pot began boiling slower and slower.

Now the pot is watched carefully by its guardians. When undesirable ingredients try to ruin the flavoring of the pot, those ingredients are kept from it or taken out of it. The first Indians in our land so long ago would indeed be surprised at the strong flavor our pot has. They would be surprised, but perhaps they also would be proud, for the Indians long ago started the pot boiling with their own strong and good basic ingredients. Long live the contents of the Melting Pot!



America, Forgive Me

by ROSEMARY TISSERAND

They left the door to the telephone booth ajar and started back to the dormitory. It was a long walk today.

"He knows now, but he won't help. What can I do, Len, what can I do?"

"I won't say don't worry, 'cause I'm deep in thought myself."

Silence again. It was a long walk. Students were on their usual way to classes, but everyone was enjoying a juicy tidbit of gossip—the latest thing. Upon reaching the residence hall, a group of fellow freshmen strode by. Ted tried his courage.

"Hi, fellows . . ."

A smirk, a shrug, but no reply.

"Let's go in the room, Teddy."

As Teddy shut the door behind them, he heard the lock click and screamed hysterically, "Len, Len, I didn't know . . . I didn't mean . . ."

After Len had calmed him down, Ted began to talk more sensibly and seriously. Len encouraged it, for they were buddies, and he knew how to handle Ted. They had been inseparable since high school days. Len was the more stable of the two.

Len was studying pharmacy and would surely make a go of it. He had to, for there was the question of how his widowed mother would be paid back for her generosity. Len was already waiting for gradu-

ation day, so he could begin to get all the things he wished his benefactor to have. But Ted was different. All he knew of his parents was that their money came in and went out again just as fast. Those that knew Ted described him as "... a spoiled boy with a little too much money, and not enough sense." Others saw him as a "real practical joker, who would do anything for a laugh." And that he would. In fact, that had been the very core of Ted's mischievous plan—a prank—maybe a contest.

College life does hold a lot of contests. They may not all go by that name, but what one boy can do well, another will try to do better. It was only about three or four weeks ago that Ted had challenged Vic, a typical good-natured frosh, to come forth with a better scheme than he had to make the college sit up on its foundation and take notice. Oh, yes, he had a dilly.

"O. K., Vic, I'll give you three weeks, fair enough?"

"Surely, it won't take me that long!"

As Vic strolled away, Ted grasped Len's arm.

"Len, he can't top my idea. Let me tell you. I've already sent away for the . . . Hey, no, this is too good to share right now. You wait too, old pal. You wait too."

And Ted did keep it to himself,

which made the competition all the more exciting on campus.

Everyone knew when the three weeks had passed, for on that appointed morn Ted was up early passing some sort of literature around. Ted was seldom seen getting parcels from home, but this last week he had received an enormous package, plus a questioning look from the college postmaster.

All the students later congregated in the recreation hall with puzzled looks on their faces. Less puzzled now, though, after hearing the announcement of a meeting, than when they left their rooms in early morning. It sounded as if all of the dentists' drills in the State of Missouri were operating at once—all in the same room.

"What do you make of it, Father Phil?" came from a voice in the crowd.

"It's got me stumped, boys, how in heaven's name . . . ?"

Ted and Len were late comers, but Ted seemed to know what it was all about. He turned to Len, and said in a low voice, "Well, I didn't mean to cause a mass meeting, but all the better. Let's see Vic jump this trick!"

Len, still in the dark, stopped short and yanked Ted. "You mean you caused this meeting? What did you do, Ted?"

But Father Phil gave Len his answer. He stood on the stage facing all gathered there. Father Phil's face was grave. He looked disturbed.

"Boys, two things happened today that have greatly upset us all. Besides the pamphlets, newspapers and 'comrade' trash that has been

passed around among the boys, I had the experience of, or should I say, misfortune of, meeting an agent from the F.B.I. this morning. He has come to question one of our boys as to the possibility of his being a RED. The term hurts but the truth stands. Now, everyone go back to your classes, and burn the literature handed to you. No more will be said of this incident."

Ted had stood in awe during Father's announcement. Only now could he speak.

"Len, Len, what have I done!"

"Calm down Ted, let's go outside."

Len led Ted over behind the "rec" hall.

"O.K., Ted, all!"

"Well, you know how I had to beat Vic. He had planned to pack some of the boys' things and mail them to their homes. I had to beat him. And, I thought this 'commie' stuff just couldn't miss. You know it is all the news now. It was thrilling to receive this information from Russia, and then passing it out and watching the boys' reactions. I can't explain. I didn't mean any harm."

"It's not too late, but I'd surely go over to the Dean's office and clean the slate, right away."

Without another word, Ted left Len and headed for the Dean's office. No one was in the outer office and noticing that the Dean was now occupied, probably with the F.B.I. agent, he patiently waited his turn. Not meaning to eavesdrop, Ted tried not to hear a voice roar, "If it is a practical joke, it won't get many laughs."

"This puts me in a position, Mr. Witt, quite a position. I'll call Ted Keller immediately, and we'll get to the bottom of it."

" . . . I will call Ted Keller immediately,—I will call Ted . . . " these words pounded and pounded in Ted's mind.

"Ted, Ted, steady, boy, steady," Len said reassuringly when he came into the waiting room to see what was detaining Ted.

As Ted spilled all that he had heard and feared in that brief interval, Len listened and advised. There was one alternative left—to telephone Dad. Ted's father was most unconcerned. He felt it was time for Ted to be a man, and it would be a man-sized job to restore peace on campus.

After his father's refusal, Ted knew that outside help was unreliable in this case. What about inside help? No, Ted would be the sole character in the drama. Ted had good cause to be excited now; friends were disappointed in him, teachers were disgraced by him, and parents had spurned him. And, God, how could He forgive him?

As Ted and Len were searching and praying for a solution back in their room, Ted felt remorse, but with that feeling also came an idea.

"Len, Len, I've got it; boy, I've got it!"

Len stood by patiently, as usual, waiting for a volcano to erupt.

"Look, Len, I'll put up a notice on the board tomorrow for a special meeting. You mingle with the boys, and make sure everyone comes. I'll slip into the meeting through the

back door, and address the school from the stage. I'll square things!"

Len looked hard at Ted. He would square things. Len never doubted that.

When Ted woke up the next day, the sun was shining and he was feeling extremely well. The day would be long and eventful. He stayed in his room until assembly period. Then he sneaked out the back door, and ran over to the auditorium using the rear entrance, which led to the stage platform. Ted discreetly waited until everyone was seated.

In the meantime the students became anxious about the purpose of such an abruptly-called assembly. They had been having too many of them lately. And Father Phil had said that the matter concerning the commie stuff was closed.

Opening the curtain, Ted walked out to face his fellow students for the first time in days. His eyes first met those of Len. This was an incentive to begin.

"After springing one trick on you, I hesitate to use another to explain the first. Standing here, I can only think of one word to speak my thoughts—AMERICA.

"As a citizen of the U. S., and an heir of incomparable heritage, I possess part of America, both the part that my ancestors have built, and the part that our generation has contributed. Only a fool would destroy his own property. I am a practical joker, but not a fool! I am sorry. Forgive me, boys, Reverend Fathers, and God. Forgive me, America!"

The American Way

There is a road that's rugged, true, and strong.
It winds past desert, lake, and mound
To span a spacious land by oceans bound;
A land whose engines echo liberty's gong,
Whose toilers sing their soapbox campaign song
And build their shrines for worship above red ground.
Abundance dwells there safe; no need is found:
No fear of persecution palls the throng.
This road by "Minute-men" laid is rutted now
From loads of freedom's riches wrongly used.
Though muddy from war or dusty from prejudiced fray
Its firm rock bed has yielded to no plough.
Its course is clear; its milestones not confused—
World culture massed has built this American Way.

—Helen Hoffmann

The Hunt and the Search

by FRANCES TIETZ

" . . . The little girl has now been missing for eighteen hours. She was last seen by her mother playing in the snow in her back yard. Authorities have called in the Forest Reserve to aid in the search in the woods adjacent to the house. All local businessmen, firemen, and policemen have volunteered and together with the State police are canvassing the woods . . . "

The buzz of conversation following the morning newscast held overtones of excitement, sympathy, pity, and morbid curiosity. The roadside diner was filled with its usual customers of truckdrivers and and a few tourists who began to weigh the possibilities of finding the lost five-year-old in the mountainous woods. The waitress asserted her belief that no one could survive eighteen hours in this weather. A strong, hulking man said he had two little girls of his own and if he didn't have to drive a truck he would join in the hunt.

"Five'll get you ten she's dead when they find her," came a voice above the general murmur. However, there were no "takers" because he bluntly expressed what all felt to be true.

Apart from all this excitement and speculation sat a man whose concern was not for the little girl but for himself. He heard the news

with a smile of grim satisfaction. "While they're turning over every stone looking for a kid they'll forget me maybe," he thought. "Lucky bread!" He stopped eating for a moment and asked the waitress for a morning paper. He scanned the headlines and skimmed over the accompanying article on the missing child.

"They're looking for her near Rockville and I'm going about twenty miles from there so I shouldn't be too close to the excitement." Glancing down the page he came across another article of interest to him: 2 CONVICTS FLEE STATE PENITENTIARY.

"She's already pushed me out of the headlines," he mused. "Well, kid, more power to you." He gulped down the rest of his coffee, paid the cashier, and left. He turned up his collar against a light snow and headed for a back road.

"Nasty weather for a hike but I've only got ten miles to go," he thought.

The snow-covered road curved ahead of him and wound upwards ever so slightly. As the dry, cold air of a high altitude penetrated his clothes he thrust his hands deeper into his pockets and pressed his chin down close to his chest. He thought of the hot black coffee in the diner and wished for a thermos bottle

full of it. The thought of it warmed him a little. He looked in the field to his left and saw a rabbit skimming noiselessly on top of the snow and wondered if he were running away from something too. The snow blinded his eyes and he dropped his head to his chest again. The glare and the intense cold made his eye-lids feel heavy, his brain drowsy. He half closed his eyes and then angrily jerked his head up to clear it. Suddenly he stopped in his tracks! Through the trees he could see a car approaching a bend in the road ahead—a car bearing the black and yellow markings of the State police! Thinking quickly he turned and ran off the road into the woods on his right. He stopped when out of sight from the road and watched for the car to go by. He shivered a little more than the cold might have warranted. The car stopped!

"They must have rounded the bend before I was out of sight," he muttered to himself. "The snow is coming down so lightly they'll pick up my tracks. I'll make a run for it." He started in the opposite direction of the road, half walking, half running. He thought of the footprints he was leaving behind and cursed the snow and the slippery footing it afforded on the rocky ground. Then suddenly another pair of tracks crossed his.

"An out-of-season hunter, a poacher," he thought. He walked in these tracks looking for a place to turn off. After about a hundred yards he saw a depression in the ground, a deep gully off to the left. He turned around, and, moving

carefully, walked backwards to the gully and slipped into it. He looked around for a way to get back to the road when suddenly his eyes came upon a small form curled up in the corner of a crude shelter. It was a little girl, not more than five years old! He was stunned for a moment; then his mind went back to the diner and the radio announcement, "... the State Police are canvassing the woods."

"Those cops are probably looking for her, not me. I'd better get out of here before they find both of us." He started to move down the gully when a sudden thought arrested him. "They must be looking for me, she was lost twenty miles from here. They don't expect her to be here." He looked at her again.

"You know, kid, you and I are alike in one way. People are looking for us. But one lucky thing is they'll look a lot harder for you than for me. Right now you're more important than the President of the United States."

More important than the President? At the present moment she was. Thousands of dollars were being spent on search planes and helicopters. The Red Cross had set up a relief station for the search party. Professional men whose time was worth five dollars an hour tramped through the snow until their limbs were numb. And all for a little bundle of humanity of negligible dimensions. But therein is the secret of the concern of the populace for this child whom most did not even know. She was a person, an individual who could feel the bite of the cold whether blue blood or red

blood ran in her veins. There were no rewards posted for finding the child; no rewards, that is, if you discount the welcome in a frightened child's eyes or the hysterical joy of a fearful mother.

To a certain extent the convict could sense these ideas, but uppermost in his mind was the thought of escape. To him the little girl was important because the search for her heightened his chances of slipping out of the dragnet laid for him. Once more he turned his back on her and started up the gully. Something forced him to stop again and look at her. Her face was blue with cold and the lightly falling snow was beginning to cover her tiny body. "Those cops should be here by now," he thought. "Maybe they'll find her." He looked up and

saw them going past, still following the hunter's path.

"I walked backwards to this hole to throw them off the track and now they'll never think to come in here," he reasoned bitterly. He felt her hand; it was stiff from long exposure, probably frostbitten or frozen he decided. He thought angrily of the man willing to bet she would be found dead and wished for a moment he were back in the diner to plant his fist firmly on the man's jaw.

"If she's not dead now she soon will be," he thought. "Well, kid, you're going to cost me my freedom." He stood up and looked towards the receding figures of the policemen.

"Hey! Over here! The little girl!"



Taps

The soft and bitter notes of the bugle fall on the green fields.
Those who sleep here, rest in honored glory.
The last faint rays of the setting sun stain blood-red the silent crosses,
And Old Glory descends slowly from her standard.

How well these have known that flag!
The beauty of it snapping before them in parade,
The sheer glory of Old Glory, torn and soiled
But carried through blood and tears to victory.
How well they know, they who rest here.
Do they sleep?

A voice echoes down the halls of Time.
"Concord Bridge, Bunker Hill, Yorktown," proudly it calls.
"Bull Run, Lookout Mountain, and Gettysburg,"
The voice is crying now.
"Fallen Timbers, the Big Horn, the Alamo,
The Marne, Okinawa, Heartbreak Ridge,"
Freedom shouts defiantly.

The list is long and many the voices who answer,
"We do not rest when liberty stands in peril.
Oh, hear and know, you free men—
Eternal sacrifice, unending vigilance—these the price of freedom.
We have not died in vain so long as there be liberty."

—Joann Hazlewood

Meet My Father

by BARBARA SISKI

"I would like you to meet my father," I say. The person to whom I am speaking sees before him a short, stocky man in his late forties. He notices his small features, hazel eyes, and thin lips. Then he becomes aware of his friendly but slightly arrogant manner. He does not appear to be outstanding, as indeed he isn't but there is something about him that is different.

Let us go back to my father's childhood. He was born on October 25, 1904 in the Bohemian section of eastside, New York. His parents who were of Bohemian descent were of the lower middle class and a fine, strong Catholic family. They were strict; but my father, who was the baby of the family, probably received a little more attention than the others.

It was a great shock to him when his mother died. As he was always a sensitive child this made him more shy and reticent. A few years later his father died and his older sister took care of the family.

He was greatly spoiled by his sister but that did not mean life was easy. He had to work after school and share in the household duties.

My father began to lose his shyness in his youth when he became interested in the Boy Scouts. His

continual contact with other boys on hikes and at camp helped him. He had other interests, too. During his two years in high school he was greatly interested in art and architecture.

After he quit school, my father held many jobs. He was never fired but he would walk out if he didn't like his boss or fellow workers. He had become a very independent individual.

At about this time my father became very much interested in singing as a career. He took lessons from several teachers and was thinking of going to Europe to study when he met my mother. He gave up his career to marry her and a year later I was born.

My first impression of my father was that he was very strict and an authority to be instantly and unquestionably obeyed. As I grew older and my timidity shrank, I began the inevitable. There seemed to be no question that my father could not answer. If he did not know it right away he would get the dictionary or some other reference book and look it up. The simplest interrogation could start this search and a lecture at any time. My father may not have finished high school but he has read

and studied enough, on his own, to match any college graduate.

My father is a very talented man. Although he did not make singing his career it has become one of his main hobbies. He has sung with the "Schola Cantorum" under Toscanini and he now belongs to the "Down Town Glee Club" which gives two concerts a year at Carnegie Hall.

Among his other hobbies is art. He has painted several pictures and they now occupy a place in our living room. He likes to work with his hands and has carved many things out of wood. His chief work in this medium was a model of a Clipper ship which took him two years to complete.

At one time he thought of becoming a professional photographer because his work in that field has been very popular. Many of his pictures have travelled all over the country in the salon competitions.

He is an organizer. He has been in boy scouting since his youth and was leader of our parish troop for eight years. Now he is a member of the board of directors of the Glee Club, and he is editor of the Camera Club paper.

His newest hobbies are cooking and public speaking. He has already been very successful in these two widely separated endeavors.

By nature and temperament my father is an artist. He sees beauty

and a challenge in everything. In reality he is a draftsman, not by chance, but by circumstances which arise from family responsibilities. Given a chance he could make a success of any of his hobbies but he loses interest in them when he tries to make any one of them a business.

My father is a man who hates petty things and he includes sacrificing beauty and pleasure for money a petty thing. Although he loves fine things he prefers wealth of spirit to tangible wealth.

He is a good man but all his life he was plagued by a violent temper. About four years ago he decided that he must control it. To my knowledge, he has not lost his temper since that time. This is an example of the self control which is part of my father's creed. He believes that a person is what he makes of himself and that the individual alone can make himself happy or unhappy. He is as much at home with people as he is content by himself. He has many friends and is quite popular in any group he joins.

In summary, I would say that my father is a self-made man. From a humble beginning he is reaping a harvest of wealth of spirit. Much more could be said about him. This is only an introduction to my father.



The Way of Culinary Art

Indians helped them to make their bread
in crude but effective ways,
To cook wild turkeys and cranberry sauce
and to grow and grind their maize.
These were the Pilgrim mothers.

Saturday morning they baked their bread
to last a whole week's span,
And fruit-filled pies and varied cakes
and cookies to fill the can.
These were our great-grandmothers.

But now they help to earn the bread
and they buy all that is needed,
For cooking, once the finest art,
has to the can opener ceded.
Are these our modern mothers?

—*Patricia Miller*

An American—

A Walking Dollar Bill?

by RACHEL WEST

The skeptical foreign student's definition of an American, "a walking dollar bill," is usually, and quite understandably, considered an insult by Americans. But maybe the foreign student's definition isn't so far from the true meaning after all. It might be that a closer look at what composes the common ordinary dollar bill might prove to both—American and foreigner—that the definition is not a bad one at all.

The American dollar bill is symbolic of the hopes, ideals, and traditions of the American people. It symbolizes what a good American should be.

On examining a dollar bill we find two seals represented on the side opposite the one which pictures George Washington. These two seals are actually the two sides of one—the Great Seal of the United States. The one on the right, the front or obverse of the Seal, is the most commonly known, the Great Seal proper. It appears on all important documents of State, on military officers' caps, and on most American embassy and consulate buildings.

On the left appears the reverse of the Seal, and this appears only on the dollar bill, for no die has ever been cut for this side of the Seal as a national emblem.

The devices and inscriptions printed there express the most fundamental concepts in the minds of the founders of our American union. What were those concepts, and how are they portrayed through the Great Seal on the dollar bill?

The first of the concepts was union. On the front of the seal this idea is represented by a constellation of 13 stars representing the 13 united original colonies, by the 13 bars on the shield and the plain field of unity which they support, by 13 arrows held in the left talon of the eagle, and by the 13 letters of *E pluribus unum*, inscribed on a scroll held in the beak of the eagle. The unfinished pyramid on the reverse side also is made up of 13 courses of stone.

The words, *E pluribus unum*, "one of many," are probably the most familiar Latin words to all Americans. This motto is used not

only by the U. S. government to express the unity created by the federal union but it is also the state motto of Wisconsin and Michigan.

The American bald eagle pictured on the front of the seal is our national emblem, the traditional symbol of power, liberty, and independence. The olive branch which it holds in its right talon is the symbol of peace, another important concept of the founders of our country.

The idea of guidance by Divine Providence is expressed on the obverse by the glory encircling the constellation of stars and on the reverse by the all-seeing eye of Providence (also surrounded by glory) above the unfinished pyramid. Above the eye are the words, *Annu't coeptis*, "He has prospered

our undertakings." This inscription, by the way, also has 13 letters.

The pyramid itself is the symbol of the nation's strength and duration. Beneath it are the words, *Novus ordo seclorum*, which, translated, signify the beginning of a new era with the founding of the new nation. Unfortunately, the inventors of the seal did not find it possible to cut this motto down to 13 letters.

The symbols of a government are always carefully chosen to express most clearly the patriotic sentiments of the leading citizens. A good American would therefore make these symbols the symbols of his own devotion to the ideals of the nation as a whole. The ideals would then be his, and the dollar bill would truly be the most symbolic emblem of a good American.

The Hills Call

by JOANN HAZLEWOOD

Hills were made so that men, looking up, might rest their eyes from gazing into great distances. The hills themselves are rugged and dark with their flanks covered with tall white pines. They never speak but stand humped against the sky, holding within themselves ageless wisdom. Their faces are always lifted toward heaven. Thunderstorms hide behind them to rush

forth in all their fury with no warning.

The hilltops are covered with their characteristic mountain pansies and ferns. There are terraced-like fields covered with wild strawberry plants. The berries are tiny but deep scarlet in color with a sweetness and flavor all their own. Shagbark hickories, oaks, and tall pines dwell eternally with the clap

of thunder, the unsoftened beat of rain, the glare of sunlight, and the rush of the wind. High and slender they stand, bending only when the tempest forces them to yield. Clear springs leave the earth here and tumble downward in many a refreshing stream overhung with wild grapevines, covered with lacy bloom in summer and loved by foxes and racoons in autumn. On a spring day the wild black bees buzz until sunset in the rosy trumpets of the mountain laurel.

The hills are wise, and good and kind. By observing the people who have lived on their slopes and in the valleys below and by gazing heavenward for centuries they have learned the secrets of time which they will teach to all who will but listen.

The people of the hills lead a simple but happy life, undisturbed by the world that lies outside their kingdom. Their needs do not include movies, T.V., or the latest model car. The man of the hills sees things as they are in reality. His sense of values is one born of thinking for himself and never blindly accepting whatever is suggested to him. From this follows a certain inner dignity which is the great heritage of the hills. Most of the mountain people originate from English or Scotch settlers who in the early days of our land brought with them the culture of Eliza-

bethan times. In their speech they preserved the courtesy, grace, and quaint mannerisms of their forefathers and with the ballads which they inherited from them this people continue to make the mountains echo. In addition they brought the methods of farming practiced in the highlands of Scotland. It was natural for them upon reaching their new land to look again to the friendly hills. Crossing the fertile lowlands of Virginia, they came at last to the Appalachian foothills. There they have dwelt for a long time, independent, proud of their traditions, while securing a meager living. In a day and age that is highly mechanized they have retained the arts of spinning, weaving, and dyeing. To them alone belong the ways of life of a forgotten time.

A mountain man rarely leaves his steep acres except to market his tobacco crop and buy the few necessities that he cannot wrest from his hills. He is taciturn where his deeper feelings are concerned but no one can be gayer at any celebration.

There is something about the hills and their people that finds its way into one's heart. When one has tasted the springs and fruits of the hills and known their wild beauty and peace, the hills will call him forever and sometimes there can be no answer but to return.



It's All in the Point of View

by MARTHA PICTOR

"I don't care what you say, I'm not going to sit here all my life like the rest of you and rot away!"

Kay's voice ended on a final high note as she completed her defiant speech. It had not been her nature to be so argumentative with her brother, but today was just different. It all started when Dad said:

"Well, kids, with this dry weather, no wheat, and bad corn prospects, I guess we'll all have to cut down on spending this year. I hate to have to say it, but next year will be better I'm sure."

Kay's voice rose in immediate protest.

"But Da-ad, it's the beginning of senior year and there's pictures and dances and class trips, and I'll be needing lots of new things. Oh, why do we have to live on a farm anyway?"

Mom turned to sit down just then and she vainly tried to soothe her little chicken's ruffled feathers.

"Honey, it's not so bad as all that. Don't get worked up about it now; everything will work out." Calmly her mother's voice continued assuring her that if they would all work together they would come out on top as always.

"But it won't, I know it won't," Kay wailed.

"Aw Kay—cut it. What's wrong with you anyway? Nobody asked you to go begging, did they?" came from Jim.

"It's just like Mother said—if we work together, we'll come out on top together, so let's do it. Now calm down, Kay," Dad said with finality.

But Kay refused to calm down and the scene continued until she left the table declaring that she wanted no part of farm life, that she hated it and intended to leave as soon as possible. She'd go to the city where one didn't depend on anything so stupid as the weather for a living.

This was quite a surprise to the family for Kay had always seemed quite happy and had never been given to sudden outbursts like this. Attributing it to growing up, they decided she would calm down soon. But it did not work out that way, for Kay's rebellion mounted all morning.

Noon—ah, why had it ever come! Lunch—when talk drifted to Senior Ball and Sue asked if she was getting a new formal! Kay's second outburst amazed her friends as

much as the first had amazed the family.

One o'clock class—well, anyway she held her tongue this time! Perhaps because a reprimand from the gym teacher was justly due.

The entire afternoon was one of brooding. It took several sharp nudges to arouse her when the school bus stopped to let her off. Then, while doing her chores her thoughts drifted once more to the sight of herself, well to-do, lending her helping hand to her less fortunate family.

Now, broken from her thoughts by a sidewise look from Jim, Kay brought all her vengeance down on her brother's unsuspecting head.

When she had exhausted her tongue and could think of nothing more to say, Jim returned her volley of words.

"Well, aren't you the smart one! Who said you had to stay here anyway? Go on, leave, if that's how you feel; it's better for all of us. But keep still to Mom and Dad, will you? They've got enough to think about. Say what you like to me. It won't influence me anyway because this is where my roots are and here I stay."

Abruptly Kay turned and left, eyes and ears both smarting from Jim's rebuke.

All through supper and dishes Kay kept her thoughts to herself, following her brother's counsel and not saying a word. She soon went up to do her homework and then went to bed.

After a restless night with mixed dreams of cows and cities, Kay awoke with the feeling that today

would be another bad day. Her first impression proved correct, for while there was no one thing she could lay her finger on and say "This is it," things were simply not going right. This afternoon as she got off the bus, her feelings were practically the same as yesterday. But when she came to the door she found a note tacked there:

Kay,

Dad has had an accident. Jim and I are at the hospital. We'll be home as soon as possible. Can't tell too much yet. Pray for him. The key is behind the flowerbox; start chores.

Mother

Kay was positive that if Dad were not a farmer he wouldn't have had any accident on top of all the other bad luck.

When Mom and Jim returned, Kay learned from her mother that his condition was serious, compound leg fracture. "A few more bills, and Dad laid up for weeks—well, that's all we need now."

In the long days that followed the accident, Mrs. Morton and Jim received little sympathy from Kay, although she did accept the added duties without comment. Happy, sweet, and lovable Kay was now a cold, and bitter young woman who made herself and those around her unhappy.

Despite all adverse circumstances, Jim, with the help of his neighbors, succeeded in harvesting the forty-acre corn crop and sowed the wheat.

As they were returning to their own unfinished work, Mr. Morton waved them off with tears in his eyes and a lump in his throat. He

had helped others before, but only now he realized how much it meant to have one's own work done without having to repay a single day of it.

Through the last days of fall, someone was always there to help Jim prepare for winter so that when the snow fell, the Morton farm was just as ready as any of the others.

Dad's leg was healing fast now and there remained just one big cloud on the horizon—Kay. She had continued to be an aloof stranger, rather than a member of the family. Even at school she was no longer popular but just an outsider. Her moodiness had caused her to lose friends.

Neither did anticipation of Christmas bring any change. Rather, she seemed moodier than usual and not interested in Christmas at all. Looking over the family, one could see that Dad was almost himself again, despite the slight limp; Mom looked rather tired and thin, while Jim seemed stronger and more toughened, but Kay—how different from one short year ago.

As the Mortons left the church after Midnight Mass, each was busy

with his own thoughts. Dad's were of his family and friends and their kindness during the past months. Mom's were of Dad but mainly of Kay—what could be done for her? Jim's were of Kay too—how could one understand sisters?

But Kay's, it was as if a door had suddenly been opened, the dark brooding thoughts of the past few months were swept away by a shower of fresh ones. She recalled the day before the accident—how she had boiled over and at nothing, why she had just let one mean mood develop into so much, just by dwelling on it.

Now, amid the solemnity of the Mass she felt appreciation for the help of their neighbors during these past months and realized that she really did love the farm. Perhaps they didn't have all the money in the world, but they had always lived comfortably, and the neighborliness of the farmers was worth more than money could ever buy.

Suddenly all the Mortons realized that Kay had found her way back to them when they saw her running to her Dad, hugging him tight, and cheerfully saying, "Merry Christmas."



Miss Liberty Speaks

by RITA McCANN

A hush fell throughout the land as the Lady in the Harbor began to speak. Her loud, clear words were heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"I have spoken to you about such things as racial prejudice and religious discrimination, but, Citizens of the United States, I have never spoken to you as I am going to now. Listen carefully to my message.

"Standing in the New York Harbor, I attempt to fulfill the duties you have assigned me. I welcome Americans home; I welcome immigrants to our land. As your guardian, I stand watch, and warn anyone passing me that harm to this country will be met with resistance. I remind those coming to America that here they do not have inequality, injustice, discrimination; for with me as your symbol, this is a country of equality, justice, and liberty. But I cannot stand for a lie. I will not stand for something and have it discovered that I am a fake. I again ask for your undivided attention.

"Some of you seem to have forgotten that 'all men are created equal.' To some these are just words, just a figure of speech.

"Sometimes as I stand quietly watching the happenings in the

United States, I hear the word *foreigner* ring in my ear. It rings loudly. And it strikes a bell. Then I wonder what these so-called Americans would say if THEY were to be called *foreigner*. In a sense, it would be true, for all of you are of foreign descent, all except some 435,000 individuals.

"Did you ever consider who the first inhabitants of this land were and who their descendants are? You politely call them 'American Indians.' It should be quite the opposite. They are the Americans; you, the American Germans, the American Italians, the American English.

"What has happened to these Americans? At one time the First Americans roamed from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Now, the majority occupy small reservations. You, *foreigners*, very considerably let them have small sections of their own land. You call them citizens, but do you let them live as such? Today the descendants of the First Americans are controlled by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. You, the *foreigners*, control the Americans. The preservation of their colorful tribal customs appears to be immaterial to you. By your tutelage you want to impose your way of life on these Ameri-

cans, but they have their own way of life and the right to live it.

"Can you define the American way of life? From my home in the sea I notice that it has come to be a cross section of European culture, lacking a very important ingredient—the Indian culture.

"You, 'Foreign Americans,' have not only a duty and an obligation

to better the conditions of the Indians but also to preserve their culture, without which you would not have a complete American way of life. Therefore, not until you have given the Indians their rightful place in American culture can you call *yourselves* true Americans. Relight my torch! I will not stand for a lie."

Spanish Moss

by FRANCES TIETZ

For a person traveling through the country there is usually one particular sight which stands out above the many. A visitor to the nation's capitol can see in his mind's eye the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington monument, the Franciscan Monastery; but the most impressive sight is the white dome of the capitol building, rising above the city, dominating the scene. The visitor to Mount Vernon recalls the blue-green lawn rolling gently from the veranda to the broad, smooth Potomac. The tourist in Williamsburg likes to imagine a colonial couple strolling through the formal garden which is a part of the restored homes in this provincial town. The picturesque horse-drawn surrey of old St. Augustine, the Bay Shore Drive in Tampa, all these are fixed in his memory, never to be forgotten.

In Tampa, however, I saw what

I think is the most delicately beautiful of sights to be seen—an avenue of trees draped with silvery Spanish Moss. It has the quality of a filmy, shimmering material which, I like to fancy, was the garb of the old goddesses; not Venus with her voluptuous curves, but some sylph-like creature with willowy limbs. It has an ethereal transparency which lends an atmosphere of unreality to the scene. It decorates not only the trees, but telephone wires, trolley wires, and even traffic lights.

Besides its mystical quality, this moss has a certain eeriness about it. The Southerner takes a certain pride in his Spanish Moss and does not hesitate to point out the weird beauty it lends to the parks and avenues. And the most beautiful picture is that of a shimmering lake framed by trees resplendent in their silver cloaks—a true fairyland.

Trees

by MARTHA PICTOR

A tree, a living plant, is lord of its kingdom, towering above the plant world. Many humans have worshiped trees, written about them, sung about them. They have also used, abused, and destroyed them. Now the American government is trying to reforest the lands which greed and carelessness have stripped of their verdant beauty.

If trees were to become extinct, man's surroundings would become desolate. In modern times trees have been used less and less. Man no longer burns them for fuel; gas, coal, and electricity give him heat. His boats, from canoes to steamers, are made of metal. Buildings may not even boast of wooden doors or furniture, since these would not be fireproof. Man once wore wooden shoes and ate from wooden bowls with wooden spoons, but today his

shoes and tableware are made of different materials.

All these things might be interpreted to mean that the tree has had its day as did the horse and buggy. Yet no one seems to have found a substitute for an inviting shade tree. Modern awnings, shades, and parasols just cannot seem to compete with trees.

A poet once wrote, "What is so rare as a day in June?" But what would that day be like without trees when the sun would be beating down on us all day? In a treeless world even the birds would have no home! Without the redwoods of California, the cherry trees in Washington, D.C., the pines of the South, and the trees which grace the parks, avenues, and highways, our country could not claim the title—*America, the Beautiful*.



America, The Beautiful

O beautiful for freedom's peace,
For friendship's joyous strain,
For hope and opportunities
And homes where trust may reign.
America, America, God guide thee through the years
And fill thy good with charity
And heartfelt love for all.

O beautiful for golden plains
Where cities glistening rise,
For streams that feed thy fertile land,
For wealth that 'neath doth lie.
America, America, God strengthen all thy guides,
Enlightning them to lead us on
With wisdom in His sight.

—Joyce Ann Edwards

The American Woman

As a Foreigner Sees Her

by IRIS PENA

It has been said that behind the successes and failures of every man there has been a woman—mother, wife, daughter, sister, friend. If such a premise is valid, then in order to find the reason for the success of the United States, one should surely investigate the incentive behind the scenes, the *American woman*.

In no country has woman reached such a prominent position in all phases of life as in the United States. If one would undertake the task of enumerating the women of America who have acquired recognition he would find a long list of personages known not only to the citizens of the United States but also to people abroad.

My highest praise is dedicated to the ordinary, the average American woman. What is known about her? How much is she appreciated at home, and how well do other countries understand her?

Before answering such questions, perhaps I should say that my statements which come from a foreigner are not the product of a kaleidoscopic view, nor mere conventional words of politeness or gratitude for the well-known hospitality with

which all foreigners are welcomed in the United States, but they are the result of an everyday happy experience for the past four years.

Most of what a foreigner learns about Americans comes via Hollywood. This information is interpreted by millions of people who constitute the free world. Consequently, there is a diversity of opinions concerning Americans in general and American women in particular. There is one point, however, which offers little opportunity for debate, namely, the attractiveness, beauty, and elegance of the American woman. Many attribute these characteristics to the result of ultra-modern comforts of American life, while others attribute them to the blending of select race stocks. All seem to agree that she is a by-product of the wealthiest nation of the world. But is it just physical beauty that makes her outstanding?

In order to answer this question it would be necessary to run an empirical test of her soul. Regardless of the amount of wealth, this huge nation would not be able to hold its "stars and stripes forever" if the American heritage of its wom-

en's great souls would be lacking.

Efficiency seems to be the middle name of every American woman. Whether she be a religious, married or single, young or old, she is very efficient. Spiritually, one finds her to be an example of exquisite sensibility. Intellectually, she has unlimited opportunities to prepare herself for a career or for the home. Politically, my heroine, the average American housewife, career woman, or student, walks in the peace of the morning dew to the polls to cast her vote. She thinks, talks,

chooses either a convent, a husband, or a career with the same freedom with which she casts her vote. If she is a housewife and a career woman at the same time, her home and her office run with the same chronometrical precision.

Considering the opportunities the average American woman has, it is only natural that the women of other countries envy her freedom and look upon her as the leader in their striving to attain the respect and social position that is the right of womankind.

What Everyone Should Know

by JULIA ABRAMS

Everyone should be interested in psychology, the definition of which in its simplest form is the study of human behavior. Everyone has that elusive, immaterial, intangible thing which atheists call the mind but which Christians call the soul. This mind or soul because of its three faculties—intellect, memory, and will—makes human beings individuals who behave differently. Some of us have an innate understanding of human nature; many of us must acquire it; all of us should have it. Perhaps if all of us studied psychology, all of us might become interested in human behavior; and if all of us became in-

terested in it, all of us would apply our knowledge; and if we all applied it, we might all have an understanding of human nature.

But why should everyone understand human nature? Many years ago a shadowy figure of a man answered this very question in what we know as *Aesop's Fables*. One of these fables that may bring out the point of my discourse concerns the Wind and the Sun.

It seems the Wind and the Sun were arguing about who was the stronger when they saw a traveller coming down the road, and the Sun said: "I see a way to decide our dispute. Whoever of us can cause

that traveller to take off his cloak shall be regarded as the stronger. You begin." So the Sun retired behind a cloud, and the Wind began to blow as hard as he could upon the traveller. But the harder he blew the more closely did the traveller wrap his cloak around him, till at last the Wind had to give up in despair. Then the Sun came out and shone in all his glory upon the traveller, who soon found it too hot to walk with his cloak on.

Now if the Wind had understood human nature, he would have known that kindness effects more than severity. Such a simple adage as this has more persuasive power than what humanity seems to fear the most—fear itself. Moreover, kindness writes a much more attractive page in the Golden Book.

The skeptics, living as they do in a practical and materialistic world, will not, I am afraid, accept the illustration of the Wind and the Sun as a conclusive argument for studying psychology. For them here are two examples which can be anybody's experience.

In many families there is someone who can be identified as "the chronic chewing-gum popper." To those families so afflicted, the application of psychology during T.V. programs and other activities would bring quick relief from mental aches and pains caused by the inharmonious accompaniment of popping gum. The trial-and-error method would soon prove that harsh words or even threats will not succeed as well as diplomacy or, where receptiveness is probable, a direct, courteous remark.

Benefits can also accrue from the application of psychology in one's occupation. By applying psychology, a salesclerk can spend less time with each customer, thus making more sales (and more increases in salary). For instance, she tells the customer that the \$3.60 purse at which she is looking is a copy of a Jana, one of the best tradenames in handbags. The thought of getting something for her money, a symptom of *bargainitis* which humanity inherited when the apple was eaten, obliterates from the mind of the customer the entire stock except this particular purse. With one last inspection, she complacently takes out her billfold—all in a matter of seconds; whereas, if the salesclerk had not thought of communicating this information to the customer, it might have been minutes before a final decision would have been made.

More important than any riddance of petty annoyances or material benefits through an understanding of human nature acquired by the study and application of psychology are the personality gains. If a person understands the "why's" and "wherefore's" of his own behavior, he can more easily elude that Satanical Psychologist; and if he understands the behavior of his fellow-creatures and puts his knowledge into action, he will not need to read *How to Win Friends and Influence People*.

In fact, applying psychology is practicing the theological virtue of charity and all the virtues allied to it. In any case, it should be.

Everyone's Log Cabin

by ROSEMARY TISSERAND

Liz sighed as she picked up the last book listed on the "Required Reading for History Majors." It was a sigh of relief, for this book would complete her preparations for the long dreaded ordeal to which she would be subjected the next day—*Senior Comprehensives*.

She tried to make herself comfortable and, finally succeeding, she opened the book entitled *Everyone's Log Cabin*. Since the family had gone out for the evening, now was an opportune time to concentrate and gather the last elusive bits of information. Contentedly she began to read.

From the moment she read the first paragraph she realized that this book was different. The effect wasn't the same as that caused by an ordinary history book. She began to see America, to compare and to judge America. As she read, there passed in her mind's eye a complete panoramic view of the magic transformation of a log cabin into a skyscraper.

The log cabin seemed to be per-

sonified. Within a few years it grew into a more attractive frame structure. Then, after a short span of time, it acquired a sturdier brick appearance. Before long, it had become enveloped by a huge business district, and off came its red roof and down went its red walls. A modern building grew there now, and grew and grew. At last, it reached the top. It would show man its power, and God its appreciation. Touching heaven was a great accomplishment, whether by a mortal or an inanimate object.

Grasping the significance of this transformation, she mused: "Blood and sweat from Indians, pioneers, statesmen, and soldiers built our nation and unified our America. A log cabin begun in a simple crude style has grown through centuries of uncertainty and turmoil until it has reached the peak of its perfection—a tall building reflecting progress step by step. America sets the pace for high things. A skyscraper symbolizes our attainment of them. How wonderful! I never thought . . ."

We Never Say Die

by CAROLYN ZAPP

Once upon a time—now, most stories start this way, so why shouldn't another one—Mr. Aesop wrote a little tale about a certain crow, not the well known one which is associated with a fox, but another crow who also became famous a long time ago. This crow was quite thirsty one hot day when he came upon a tall pitcher which contained a small, in fact, a very small bit of water. Now Mr. Crow sat down and tried to think of how he could possibly get to that water since his beak was not quite long enough. Presently he got the idea of dropping pebbles into the pitcher until the level of the water could be reached. It worked, and the crow quenched his thirst and flew away quite pleased with his accomplishment.

Now apply this story to humans. "Oh yes," you say, "what humans go around filling pitchers with rocks so that they can get a drink of water?" But look upon this tale in another manner.

Take for instance an American business man, perhaps an insurance

man. He is taught not to take "no" for an answer and he can usually receive an "A" for effort even though he does not make a sale. He has such a "line" that sometimes you really cannot see why you did not buy a policy.

Some salesgirls in department stores also possess this attitude of "never say die." Their tales cause gullible women shoppers to drive their poor husbands to the brink of insanity and to the door of the poor house.

A scientist will try, try again until he finally comes upon the compound on which he has been working all his life. The great Einstein has been known to go for several days without food or sleep in order to complete an experiment, since he knew that a stop in the experiment would disturb his line of thought to such a degree that he could not exactly remember the stage at which he had discontinued it.

Most Americans will "never say die." A reporter, for another example, will not stop until he has a

complete story and sometimes he will add some of his own ideas if he cannot get all the details.

Many college students, in fact, most of them, are determined to complete their studies so that they can finally walk in their caps and gowns to receive their "sheepskins" and be known as other Americans

who "never said die."

Every nation sometime in its history has never said die or it would not be in existence today. We, like the first Americans who fought until they won freedom, can preserve that freedom, if we follow the example of Aesop's crow and "never say die."

A Melody Unchanged

by JOANN HAZLEWOOD

Time turned back for Vincent as he stood there in the candlelit room and he lived again moments of his childhood. The scene before him was one of his earliest recollections—the intense face of his father bending over the rosy violin. Only now the face had grown more wrinkled and streaks of white shone where the hair had once been coal-black.

As the boy listened to the song of the violin sudden anger flared within him. It had always been this way on Christmas Eve. The little restaurant on Main Street would be closed to customers while friends and relatives from the old country came to enjoy Giuseppe's red wine and his music. The first part of the evening was usually spent in discussing the events of the past year, but sooner or later they would

weary of the conversation. Then Giuseppe would take the battered instrument from its resting place. All talk would cease while he played.

Sometimes it was a bit of opera from the great Italian masters, but more often it was the music of the people—sad songs and gay dances that brought Italy into the dingy restaurant.

With youth, Vincent had grown to hate it all—the violin, the small restaurant, and the Italian people. Somehow he could never learn to hate the music which had always held him spellbound. He and his father were alike only in their great love for music. Though music was plentiful, money was scarce in their household. There was little the parents could do to help their son. It had taken years of work on

his part but soon he would give his recital.

It was odd that only once or twice had he played for his neighbors. They had clapped politely enough, yet he knew they found something lacking in his music that they loved in his father's. They were ignorant, he thought savagely. What should *they* know of music? He hated them because these people stood for all the things he was ashamed of. They still clung to the old ways which branded them as well as himself as a race set apart. No, they couldn't forget the old ways. Anger and hatred swelled within him.

The sudden silence startled the boy and Vincent looked up to see the last of the guests departing.

Giuseppe turned to his son. "What's bothering you, my boy?" The words were spoken in Italian.

"That's just what's wrong. Italian—"

Bewildered, the old man watched speechless as his son went out the door into the cold. For a moment it seemed as if he would call to him, but he finally turned and locked the door.

Vincent spent that Christmas Eve walking through the district where he had been born and where he had grown up. The chill air soon cooled his anger but a deep pain was cutting into his heart. Pictures flashed through his mind—the face of his father as he looked tonight, his mother, tired after a wearying day, but eager to listen to her son. He always had to play for her, even after his first lesson.

He smiled as he remembered and

the pain was eased. Vincent looked up to find himself before a window from which laughter and melody poured. He did not know what the people were saying or singing, yet he knew that it was beautiful.

That night he passed many windows and heard many songs until he came at last to the Cathedral. People were hurrying in, and for the first time Vincent realized how cold it was.

The interior was flooded with warmth and light. A tiny cherub of a server was lighting the tall candles. By the Christmas Crib towered a huge pine tree and the air was sweet with its fragrance.

He genuflected and knelt down. After a while a tiny silver bell sounded. Midnight Mass began. The church was crowded with all types and nationalities of people. As the Mass proceeded here in this Mystery-of-Mysteries lay the answer to all the questions that tortured him. He acknowledged his mistake. Bowing his head he asked forgiveness.

In the months that lay between Christmas and his recital, his father and he saw but little of each other. They avoided each other—one ashamed of himself, the other afraid to speak lest he inflict a deeper hurt.

One spring day the Italian couple closed the restaurant. Dressed in their best they went to the auditorium where the recital was to be given. Giuseppe felt uncomfortable in his good clothes and deep within himself he was worried about his son. A lady in a fuzzy pink hat pushed by him. Maybe she didn't know he was Vincent's father.

His nervousness was soon forgotten when he heard his son play. In his music he found the fulfillment of his dreams. He looked at the face of his wife glowing with pride. He took her hand and she smiled.

The young musician stepped forward. "My next composition I wish to dedicate to my father and mother."

The sonata was the best portion of the entire program. The audience knew it. But no one there understood the message of the music as did Giuseppe.

It spoke of possessions that were given to all men to love—a home, a faith, a country. These were to be prized by all for a lifetime. A man fought to defend them. And sometimes men who believed in the

same things came together. Each brought something of his own great gifts that others might be richer for it. Out of the chaotic melody that was life came a melody simple and sweet. It said that, above all, man was an individual who clung to things that were part of him. The melody was one that had often come from the strings of Giuseppe's violin. Changed, yes, but still the same. It soared upward into a mighty paean of thanksgiving to the God of freedom. In this hymn all hearts and tongues joined and no one could differentiate between them.

The violin ceased with a sigh. When the lady in the fuzzy hat turned to leave, she was surprised to see tears upon the cheeks of the old man beside her.



Autumn Reverie

National Anthology of College Poetry, 1952-53

The summer sun is growing pale
The last rose rambles near the creek;
The warblers take sky-ways again,
A Southern audience they seek.
The tinted leaves slip from the boughs
Which nurtured them with tender care;
A gusty wind invades the grove
And soon the leafiest trees are bare.
The fire-blazing sumac bush
Turns scarlet all its cloak of green—
The paint brush in the Master's hand
Has created Autumn's mellow scene.

—Pauline Siefert

Music, an Interpreter

of American Life

by AUDREY KRAUS

America being a young nation has had a comparatively brief musical history. While European countries were fostering the advancement of the arts and were producing such geniuses as Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, America was preoccupied with the task of settling and building up a nation. The early colonists have left us mostly religious hymns, a fact attributed to their primary concern of gaining a living and the Puritan element which did not encourage the development of the arts.

Our country, however, gradually became an admixture of peoples of several European nations and they brought with them their cultures and customs. Recent collectors of their folk tunes have unfolded a wealth of music that is truly American in spirit. These early pioneers sang the songs of the country they left, but they readily modified and changed words to fit their new environment, so that frequently the sources are most difficult to trace. With the opening of each new frontier a particular type of song seemed to evolve, and we have the

contributions of the cowboy, the railroad workers, the lumberjacks, the soldiers, boat drivers, and the backwoodsmen singing for relaxation. While each may be representative of the life and occupation of the singer, all in general are expressive of the whole country and of the democratic way of thinking.

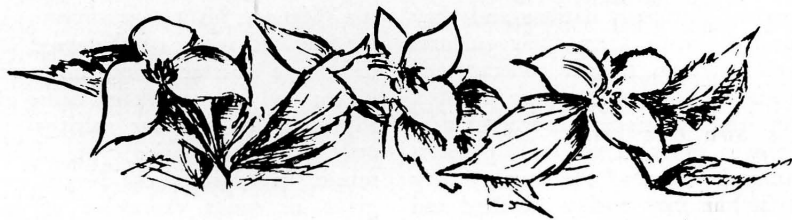
There is yet another type of folk music that is significant in being the foundation for much of our modern music—that of the American Negro. Brought over from Africa as a slave he undoubtedly retained some of his native chants, but his song was definitely that of the Negro in his new environment. He imitated many of the songs of his white master using his own idioms and his remarkable sense of rhythm. The familiar spiritual is only one of the varied types of his music. In addition the Negro has given us songs expressive of his every mood and feelings—the vigorous shouts at his prayer meetings, his work songs and blues, the reels and dance tunes. The well-known American composer, Stephen Collins Foster was so inspired by his

rhythms that he composed folk tunes which have become immortal for their depiction of the true spirit of America.

It was around the turn of the century and during the ensuing years that the blues, jazz, and swing gradually took their form. All had as their basis, folk music, especially that of the Negro, and all seemed to possess a certain freedom in their expression. Jazz originated in the territory surrounding New Orleans and spread rapidly, eventually reaching the big cities and places abroad. The new music was attracting attention and contemporary composers fascinated by its style sought to capture its American spirit in some of their compositions. Several American composers have tried to use the jazz media in symphonic works as George Gershwin did in his *Rhapsody in Blue*.

Along with the development of popular music there were compositions of a more serious nature. In the early days of our nation their number was not great, but today America has gained a respectable position in the world's musical circles. Since World War II many Europeans have sought refuge in our country and, together with our own composers and artists, are promoting the advancement of music. Just where the modern trend in music will lead is a question left unanswered.

American music then consists of folk songs, spirituals, jazz, blues, boogie woogie, musical comedy, modern symphonies, and cantatas. These varied types are representative of the true American spirit—that spirit which is our American heritage.



BOOK REVIEWS

Benjamin Harrison

Hoosier Warrior, 1833-1865

by HARRY J. SIEVERS, S.J.

Indiana's sole contribution to the presidential office thus far has been written down by historians and text-book writers only "as an able but obscure, cold-blooded man with a strange gift for unpopularity." It is for this reason that the Arthur Jordan Foundation commissioned Dr. Harry J. Sievers, S.J., to write the long deferred biography of Benjamin Harrison, Twenty-third President of the United States; and it is for this reason that Dr. Sievers intended "to examine Harrison's early and adventurous career impartially and allow him to plead his own case before the bar of public opinion."

In this first volume of the biography, Dr. Sievers leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader that the above characterization of Benjamin Harrison is utterly false. His portrayal of Harrison's youth reveals the fostering by devout Presbyte-

rian parents and interested educators of all the character a nation needs for its highest position—a character which would not be "obscure" in history. His account of Harrison as a rising Indianapolis lawyer and politician and as a distinguished officer in the Union Army makes "able" a weak word to depict one of the "few intellectual giants who have graced the presidency" and it makes the term "unpopular" a distortion. True, Harrison was not a magnetic personality; for he lacked skill in the social amenities, possibly as a result of his propensity for study. Yet in his eloquent impromptu speeches and in his military leadership, which procured for him a commission of brigadier general, he showed a personal magnetism that made men his followers.

Through the letters Harrison wrote to his wife while serving in the Union Army, the author enables one to penetrate the man's soul. Each letter is an expression of

devotion to his family and an acknowledgment of his profound faith in the Providence of God. Through them runs the driving force of Harrison's ambition—the material welfare of his family. It was partly this concern and partly an inherent industry which account for his assiduous application to work, whether of a legal or military nature. For the welfare of the soldiers under him there was also a concern that won their admiration and love. Surely this was not the soul of a "cold-blooded man."

Dr. Sievers amazes one with the apparent facility with which he has assembled extracts from Harrison's abundant manuscripts to produce an account that is fluently told, easily and interestingly read, yet presented in a scholarly manner.

The reader is convinced that the biography is fact, not fiction, more by his sincerity than by the copious footnotes. If the detailed description of the Civil War is actually irrelevant to the life of Harrison, it adds to the historical value of the book as does the account of the origin of the present-day Democratic and Republican parties.

Benjamin Harrison gives a preview of the coming attractions of the author's next volume about the *Hoosier Warrior* who carried on the family tradition of contributing to the American theory of government. In it Dr. Sievers will undoubtedly say of Benjamin Harrison, if he has not already done so, what Benjamin Harrison said of Ulysses S. Grant, "great lives . . . do not go out. They go on."

—Julia Abrams

Catholicism and American Freedom

by JAMES M. O'NEILL

Is Catholicism a threat to the democracy of the country that we cherish? Are American Catholics, by following the commands of the foreign Pope, trying to take over the United States as soon as they are in the majority? These are

questions which are clearly answered by James O'Neill in his book, *Catholicism and American Freedom*. O'Neill answers with forthrightness and thoroughness Paul Blanshard's biased attacks on Catholicism, which are found in

his book, *American Freedom and Catholic Power*. Although Blanshard has professed repeatedly that his book is not anti-Catholic, O'Neill clearly shows the former's anti-religious feelings. Blanshard's book is nothing but a direct attack on the Catholic Faith and a ridiculing of its teachings and teachers.

James O'Neill, a teacher in both public and parochial schools for many years, has done a brilliant piece of work in defending the Catholic Faith and the thousands of American Catholics in the United States. Dividing his book into three parts, O'Neill writes about the American Catholic and his beliefs. Since Blanshard's fundamental purpose in writing his book was to show that the Catholic Hierarchy is anti-democratic, O'Neill devotes the first section of *Catholicism and American Freedom* to the early development of our country. Here we see the great part played by the American Catholics in the framing of the Constitution and the drawing up of the Bill of Rights. Since the beginning of the history of the United States, the Catholics have always given their loyal support to their country's policies of liberty and democracy.

Throughout his book Blanshard has attacked the Catholic Hierarchy without any foundation or proof. O'Neill has shown in the last two sections of his book, that all of Blanshard's statements about dangerous foreign influence of the

Pope on the American Catholics is utterly untrue and cannot be backed up by any of the references that the latter uses to substantiate his statements. These falsifications can be seen particularly when Blanshard quotes from Catholic sources by lifting the reference out of its context to suit his own purposes. By quoting the reference in its entirety, O'Neill reveals the true meaning of the Catholic source.

Under the pretense of defending the democracy of our country, Mr. Blanshard actually reveals his hatred of Catholics and, verily, all religions. If Blanshard's plan for America were carried out, we would find the destruction of the very thing he professes to defend—the democracy of our country. O'Neill has written a book which brings this frightening truth out into the open. He has defended the Catholic stand with careful reasoning and true documentation. He not only writes for the Catholics, but also for all religions and all Americans.

Catholicism and American Freedom is a book for all true Americans—Catholics, Protestants, and Jews alike. It is for all Americans because it reveals the true meaning of democracy—the right of free speech and expression, freedom from want and fear, and the right for which this country was established—to worship God according to the dictates of our conscience.

—Marie Martino

The Bounty Lands

by WILLIAM DONOHUE ELLIS

This is a distinguished first novel of the growth of the American frontier by the young author William Donohue Ellis, who has had considerable experience in writing network radio programs and industrial motion pictures. *The Bounty Lands*, a novel which involved extensive research on the part of the author, is fast becoming a best seller.

The story goes back to the late seventeen and early eighteen hundreds when "the West" meant Ohio. At the time President George Washington issued warrants granting land to soldiers for military services rendered during the Revolutionary War, Jonathan Woodbridge received a grant for one hundred acres in the Northwest Territories which were henceforth to be known as the Military Bounty Lands.

When the veterans were released from the army, General Washington told them that as soon as the Indians were cleared from the Northwest Territories, the western land would rise in value to \$50 an acre. Jonathan firmly believed him and intended for his son to have a sizeable estate in the new territories.

Jonathan, before he died, indorsed his warrant to his son and heir, Thomas Woodbridge and prompted him not to give up his share in the Bounty Lands until he held the deed in his hand. And Thomas intended to do just that.

Many shrewd businessmen bought up these bounty land warrants from veterans who were eager for ready cash. One of these outstanding businessmen was Elnathan Shuldane who had bought the Village of Mesopotamia in Ohio from the government. He sent out surveyors and sold small lots of land to settlers moving west.

Thomas decided that this was the time for him to cash in his bounty land warrant and claim his one hundred acres in the Mesopotamia Valley. When Mr. Shuldane, who was selling the land sight-unseen, offered him only thirty cents on the dollar for his warrant, Thomas refused to give up his warrant for such a price and headed west with the intention of dealing with the agent on the site. He set out with his father's land warrant in his hand and two Bedford shoats in his cart, stolen from Mr. Shuldane for whom Tom and his father had worked as sharecroppers. His in-

tentions were to settle in the new country and raise hogs.

The nineteen year old red-headed Thomas Woodbridge was stubborn, hotheaded and tough, and had definite ideas concerning personal rights. He believed every man should fight for his rights and should be stable enough to take care of himself. The author portrays vividly Tom's inner struggle: the adjusting of his fiercely independent spirit first to the demands of the primitive, communal life in Mesopotamia, Ohio, and then to the inevitable development of a democratic society of laws, taxes, and paper money. Furthermore, Tom's life on the frontier is pictured as a ceaseless struggle against the elements, and particularly against the land speculators of the East (Elnathan Shuldane one of the biggest) who were fleecing the

owners of bounty land warrants. But in spite of Shuldane's artful scheming, Tom finally realizes the full value of his warrant and even persuades Shuldane's daughter, Veronica, to share his crude life in the wilderness.

When law and order are eventually established in the Mesopotamia valley Tom's power yields to that of the government.

Mr. Ellis has created an epic-size historical narrative in the classic tradition. His vigorous and dramatic style lend remarkable reality to an exciting and adventurous novel and the characters who people it. Tom Woodbridge is a convincing character, a reality, not a romantic idealization. *The Bounty Lands* deserves a place among the finest fiction ever written about the early American frontier.

—Rita Sheridan



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