

Fioretti

Marian College

Indianapolis, Indiana

*Let us thank God
that He makes us live
among the present problems . . .
it is no longer permitted
to anyone
to be mediocre.*

—POPE PIUS XI

THE FIORETTI

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Frontispiece

Our Peace

"Have pity on Me and I will have pity on you . . . I will give you peace." These were words spoken by the Holy Infant of Prague to His zealous disciple, Father Cyrillus. So it is to the Divine Infant we appeal to grant peace to the world—a world that needs peace in spirit before it can hope for material peace.

Behind the Holy Infant appears His Blessed Mother. One hand of the Virgin is stretched forth benevolently giving her Son to the world that it might find peace in Him, while the other hand beckons to humanity to follow the Prince of Peace.

To the left appears a burning candle symbolizing the living faith of Christendom. It is held high by those in the service of the Little King so that it might not be extinguished by the forces of evil.

May all lovers of peace join in His ranks as He raises His hands in benediction over them saying, "The more you honor Me, The more I will bless you."

—Sarah Page



EDITORIALS

*"Rich man, poor man, beggar man,
thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief."*

How many times have you counted off your buttons to see what you were going to be when you grew up? And now that you are growing up, how are you helping yourself decide? Surely there is a whispered prayer now and then for that intention. Is that prayer sometimes directed to Mary, patroness of all vocations? Under that title Our Blessed Lady can help you choose your path, and then be a steady helpmate all along the way.

Certainly every young bride should look to Mary as her special guide in her new life. As the perfect wife and mother Our Lady was devoted to her family, fulfilling the role of housewife with ease, grace, and competence.

Mary was blessed to be the first teacher of the Holy Infant, guiding His first steps, hearing His prayers, reading with Him in the Holy Scriptures. After the death of her Divine Son she taught the Apostles, giving them intimate details of information about Christ and renewing their faith. In this role Mary serves as model for all teachers.

Poets and musicians are wont to call upon the Muse for inspiration. How much more fitting to turn to Mary. They have only to con the lines of her glorious *Magnificat* for a majesty and dignity of words

and a sweeping rhythm of lines that instantly uplift.

Tradition tells us that Mary was at the deathbed of Joseph and there is no doubt that she tenderly nursed him through his illness. Nurses and doctors alike therefore can take their cue from Mary. And what lawyer ever interrogated a witness with more finesse and diplomacy than Mary when she questioned her angelic visitor? Study if you will the inclusive brevity and politeness of her cross-examining of Gabriel. Not a word was wasted and yet at no time did she presume upon the integrity of the Heavenly Messenger or his Master. Lawyers and diplomats, take heed.

Mary even serves as a model for the policeman. Surely no officer of the law ever searched more diligently or thoroughly for a lost child than Mary did for her Son. Persons whose work demands regular traveling can be comforted by Mary who obediently and patiently traveled to Bethlehem, even to far-off Egypt and back again.

The examples could be multiplied—each of us can add our own. And whatever the individual prayer may be, we can swell a mighty chorus, Mary, patroness of all vocations, pray for us!

—Sarah Page

EDITORIAL

There is a difference between seeing and comprehending, between existing and living, between living *with* faith and living *by* faith. In the maelstrom of modern life faith is usually regarded as an accessory, something to be slipped on or off as occasion demands.

Many professed Christians section their lives into compartments — one secular, one religious. In affairs of cult and religious observance they follow Christ's teachings, but in their everyday life they observe principles in direct opposition to those of the Saviour. These people live *with* faith.

The integration of Christ's teachings and our smallest action is necessary for the true Christ-life by faith. This is often difficult in a world guided by materialistic principles, but the rewards are bounteous in this life and the next as well.

Faith is usually strong in early life when we are comparatively un-

touched by the world and its charms. As we grow older, the bonds of religion which once held us so firmly become shredded and weak. We drift into a state of religious lethargy which is extremely dangerous. To strengthen ourselves we must seek in our faith those elements which we can relate to our daily lives. Contrary to common belief, these are innumerable. The Apostles, the saints, the prophets were human as we are human, yet through the integration of their lives and the Christ-life they lived *by* faith.

Christ was a perfect man and He lived by faith. He would ask nothing of us which would be impossible to our human nature. The deliberate effort of infusing the spirit of Christ into whatever we do must, like all habits, be acquired. Let us practice this and successfully live *by* faith.

—Barbara Schenkel

SOUVENIR

A tear,
 trickling down a dirt stained cheek,
A smile,
 tender in its loving innocence,
A curl,
 pressed between the leaves of some ponderous book—
A look,
 of heaven, wise as any cherubim—
A child.

—Barbara Hipp

Inner Sight

by PATRICIA PARKER

Dr. James Blake was a bitter man, as are many men who work for fame the hard way, then suddenly are blind. Worse than the gnawing bitterness, he was beyond comfort . . . beyond hope. For he was a doctor, and why did they try to lie to him about if he'd only *try* . . . only try to have hope . . . only try not to think in terms of blackness. So he sat in his hospital room and thought of the spring. Spring—1949. How he wished he could be walking with Jeanne as they used to do before he left her to seek fame. He had the fame, but then the accident, and he'd never send for her now. Spring! The door opened and Miss Grimes swished in, pushing what sounded like a wheel chair (he was beginning to distinguish sounds), then swished out. From his side came a masculine voice.

"They tell me you're Dr. Blake." Jim nodded, actually a bit pleased with this unexpected diversion. "And you?" "Don Sanders, an artist," the visitor volunteered, "uh . . . hurt in a fire." "When will you be out?" asked Jim, and felt a twinge of resentment at the retort ". . . oh, soon, I think." As they talked, Jim was thinking to himself "this happy fellow . . . but

why shouldn't he be happy . . . going home to a family in a few days." A phrase of the visitor's words drifted through his thought and Jim said "I beg your pardon?" The young artist repeated "I'll bet you're artistic, even sentimental yourself." Jim snorted and felt uncomfortable. "Would you like for me to describe your view for you?" the voice came softly. Dr. Jim Blake scowled and surprised himself by nodding. And there was the spring . . . first green buds on swollen branches . . . lavender crocuses nodding shyly from the hospital walks . . . lawns of emerald plush . . . interpreted as only an artist could interpret. Jim was silent for a long time, straightening only when the nurse came for the visitor. "Thanks . . ." he hesitated, ". . . more than you know." When the nurse returned, he asked about the artist. After many pointed inquiries, he said "How long will he be blind?" The nurse raised an eyebrow, then frowned, "how did you . . ." "There's one thing I knew that he didn't," Jim said slowly, "and it's given me something to think about. If he can be so cheerful, I guess I can, too. You know, you forgot to tell him before he described my view of the grounds . . . I have an inside room."



Erin Go Bragh

by BETTY KENNEDY

Cora shook her head in wonderment as she watched her husband walk out the door of their modest little home in Crown Street.

Mike Connelly had never acted like this before. Never! What had gotten into him? Why he had shown his Irish today!

Not that you couldn't tell that Mike was Irish. His brogue, brought over the blue with him sixteen years ago, was still with him, his black hair and blue eyes, his merry smile and ready laughter, all betrayed his nationality. And next to Cora and little Mike and Cathy, Eire was closest to his heart. But Mike just didn't have the temperament of an Irishman.

Mike was timid. Yes, timid. In all the years that Cora had known him, he had not once lost his temper. He was meek. Everyone bossed him. He was henpecked not only by his loving wife, but by all he came in contact with. Even the milkman told him what to do. Just yesterday Cora walked into the kitchen to find Mike humbly carrying the four daily bottles of milk up the three flights of stairs and carefully placing them in the ice box.

"The milkman was tired," Mike explained.

Poor Mike, everyone took advantage of him.

But today was different. Bustling, busy Cora had hurried Mike through his breakfast.

"Michael, hurry, you'll be late for work."

"I'll take my time; pour me another cup of coffee."

Cora had expected the usual meek, "Yes, Cora." She never drank coffee herself and she disapproved of anyone's drinking more than one cup a day.

"You know it's bad for your heart and you haven't time."

"Pour me another cup of coffee," this commandingly.

Cora obeyed quickly. She was astonished. Mike had never talked back to her before.

Mike finished his breakfast, picked up the morning paper, and began to put on his coat.

"Wear your overshoes, Michael; it may rain."

"I will not, and let it rain." Mike pecked his wife on the cheek. "Goodbye, Cora." He went out and slammed the door.

Cora sat down and poured herself a cup of coffee.



Mike reached the corner just as the trolley pulled to a stop. He was about to step on when Tim Hogan, a brute of a man rushed up and proceeded to push Mike aside, as was his daily custom.

"Just a minute, my good man," said Mike. "I was here first." And with a superior air, he stepped up.

"Sure, sure, Connelly," Hogan answered, shrugging his shoulders. Now what in the world has happened to him?

The trolley stopped at the King Machinery Co. and Mike alighted ahead of ten of his fellow workers. He usually got off last. But today he was different.

It was ten minutes to eight so Mike went to the recreation room, sat down, and unfolded his paper.

"Connelly!"

Mike looked up indifferently. It was Fischer, his foreman. It was common knowledge at the plant that Mike Connelly was afraid of his six-foot, gruff-voiced boss.

"Is there something?" Mike queried, with the air of an annoyed man.

Fischer blinked; "Is there something?" he mimicked. "Why aren't you at your machine?"

Mike returned to his paper, "'Tisn't time yet."

Scratching his head, Fischer turned and left. "What's got into him?" he wondered.

Mike's eyes fondled the paper as he continued to read the article headlined

IRELAND BECOMES
INDEPENDENT TODAY.

FANTASY OF THE FLOWERS

by PATRICIA FEIGNER

Held by life's gripping chain, prisoner of a dream, aged, depressed, the sole survivor of a wealthy family clung to a desire of recapturing a youth which had long flung back her vibrant head and passed him by. He had given his whole life to a strange occupation—that of cultivating flowers for the purpose of drinking in their youth and vitality to the extent of attaching each natural change to his own long suffering life. The birth of each new bud recalled to this eccentric old man the first vibrant meeting with the sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks of fair youth. With the soft unfolding of the tender petals to full bloom he rose into starlit heights crowded with hopes and dreams so beautifully synonymous with youth. When life began to slacken its hold upon the lovely flowers he stamped out that life remaining, afraid of the inevitable death which robbed his charges of their beauty—too sharp a symbol of his own passing into the shades of night.

This night, eerie with its inky darkness, he kept vigil with one of his rare plants. For weeks he had been anxiously awaiting the appearance of the flowers which blossomed only once a year, on the eve of St. Aloysius, patron saint of youth. On the stroke of midnight the large

petals unfolded. One flower unveiled to the wide-eyed man the soft whiteness of a new fallen snow; the other, startling by its contrast, flashed defiantly a shining ebony bloom. Suddenly from the center of the black beauty a tiny flame flickered, and simultaneously a soft scent arose from the white flower. The man shielded the candle beside him, but still the tiny flame gave light and the fair bloom continued to exude its perfume. Then, as if from nowhere, a soft voice echoed through the room, first faint and indistinguishable, then loud and clear.

Oh man of softest touch and gentle care

To you I give a gift of greatest good.

That you may have eternal youth and love

If but somehow you can

Kill this black companion of your world

This which accompanies man and robs

Him of his birthright to a star. With bitterness within your heart

Your taste will ever be insipid, But flaunt before the face of evil a rose

And your soul shall be as sweet. You have the night no longer.

The road of life is short;
The destination is eternal.

The voice drifted dreamily away and the man was left alone, staring unbelievably before him as the fragile snow flower withered, then died.

Wildly the ebony flower began to grow. With a frightened cry the old man rushed to the door for escape, but the door was impassible. He was trapped like a fly in the web of a spider. The flower continued to increase in size; the petals curved downward to the floor below, lapping space like a thirsty man. Viciously stamping upon the petals the man sought to destroy them. He slashed madly at the stem with a piece of garden cutlery but failed to effect even a scar. Rather the plant, ominous in its blackness, plunged onward, smashing tools he had perfected, devouring many of his choicest blossoms.

The work of his years of tender care was destroyed before his eyes.

The man wept bitter tears and cursed the force which propelled the onslaught. Yet neither stamping, slashing, nor cursing withered the plant. Suddenly he fell to his knees, his eyes raised toward the heavens, his lips moving prayerfully. The gigantic plant wavered, then like a storm spent of fury, gave one last weak gesture, drooped, and died.

The man smiled faintly, the first smile for many years which had opened his heart. He arose, half consciously, from his position on the floor and slowly began to clear away the wreckage. Within himself he found a new peace, the realization of release from a lifelong fear and pessimism. As dawn glimmered through the window pane came new assurance—out of the wreckage a new flower—a new life.



They Knew Him Not

by SARAH PAGE

Gaily, beams of sunlight danced through the window of the little cottage and shone with affection upon a young woman busily at work preparing breakfast for her little family. Deftly she rolled out dough, cut it and placed it in the oven. Then with swift movements she set the table for three. She paused for a moment touching one slender finger to her temple and surveyed the table to see that everything was in place. With light steps, she went into the little room adjoining the kitchen.

"Get up you little sleepy head! Breakfast is ready." Stepping closer to the bed she leaned over a small boy about ten years old. She gently ruffled his dark curly hair and bent to kiss him. He opened his eyes, and though the mist of sleep still hung over them, their brown depths were amazing.

"Good morning, mother!" Then sitting up abruptly in bed he said, "Mmm . . . Something smells good!"

"Well, hurry, dear, and get dressed. There's someone who's been up long before you or me and I want you to call him to breakfast."

The lad hopped out of bed, donned his clothes rapidly and sped across the small courtyard to the workshop to call the head of the family to breakfast.

Breakfast over and the dishes washed and put away, the young mother shoved her son out to play.

No sooner had the child stepped out into the brilliant morning sunlight than a group of children playing under a nearby tree spied him and one of them called, "Hurry up! Come on over. We've been waiting for you. We want you to meet Paul and James. Their family just moved in."

As the boy joined the little group one said, "Well, what shall we play today?"

"Let's play house," suggested one of the girls.

"No! no!" vetoed the boys.

"I've got it," said John. "It's really too hot to do a lot of running around, so let's tell stories."

This suggestion was unanimously approved.

"You begin" John said to the dark-haired lad, his dearest friend, "'cause you always tell the best stories anyway." So the youngster who had just joined the group began.

Soon, with the true gift of the storyteller, he had his audience in complete attention as they listened to his beautiful story. Transported into another world they listened to his every word as if to miss one meant that they must come back to the world of reality all too soon.

Suddenly the spell was broken as one of the new boys broke in rudely, "But that's not right!"

"James is right," said his brother. I don't believe he should have to return the ring! After all if he found it, it's his. Why should he have to give it back?"

"Don't you see," explained the calm unperturbed lad, "just because he found it didn't mean it was his because . . ."

"Finders keepers! Finders keepers!" broke in the other children. "Paul and James are right."

"Go on home," sneered James.

"And here's some stones to help you along," and picking up some stones his brother began to throw them at the boy.

"Let me explain . . . Please let me show you . . ."

"Go home! Go on home! You're a liar and my mother doesn't want me to play with liars."

White faced with terror, John stood helplessly by and watched the other children with true mob spirit pelt his dearest friend with stones and pebbles.

Still protesting the lad was forced to run home. Flinging open the door, he ran sobbing into his mother's comforting arms.

"Mother, oh, mother . . ." and then he broke into sobs again, crying not so much because of the physical hurt but because he had been misunderstood.

"It's all right, son. It's all right. Hush, now. Hush . . ." And somewhere from the past she seemed to hear an ancient voice echoing and reechoing.

" . . . he was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins: . . . and by his bruises we are healed."



THE LITTLE THINGS

Have you wondered, as have I
At things for which small children cry?
A broken doll, a skinless knee,
A harsh word spoken spitefully?
Will you weep when childhood's past
For shattered dreams, and sigh at last
In hope for better things to be,
For joy, for peace, eternal charity?
I have.

—Barbara Hipp

BELOVED THIEF

Because, somehow, you've looked into my heart,
And heard its loudest and its lightest beat,
Have watched its foolish ways and kept no chart
Of what you deemed appropriate or meet;
Because you've wandered tangled paths of thought
That wound about my much bewildered mind,
And condemnation of me never sought,
Nor seemed surprised at strange things you might find;
Because you've overlooked my childish deeds,
Yet, wisely, have not overpraised my good,
And taught me in my piteous needs
To crucify myself on Christ's own rood;
Beloved thief, you stole my heart for God,
And set my footsteps in the way He trod.

—*Wanda Lee Jacobs*

CONSTITUTIONAL DEMOCRACY

by ALICE RABEN

From the first encroachments of the British upon our ideal liberty up to the present time, freedom-loving Americans have labored and fought and prayed to preserve the rights which we consider necessary to the fulfillment of our role as free citizens of a just government. Our forefathers fought the Revolutionary War when they became aware of the fact that liberty was losing its significance, and our forefathers drew up the constitution as a "black and white" assurance of that liberty which was to exist as long as justice exists.

It was to make more certain that the natural rights of their fellow citizens would be respected that the great statesmen of our infant nation met at Philadelphia in May, 1787. These statesmen were of the conservative class, but they were a group of men with practical ideas who realized not only their own individual needs, but the needs of the nation as a whole. Each man came to the convention with visions of an ideal yet practical type of government — a type of government which would hold justice and liberty and respect of man's natural rights above all else. To most of these statesmen, the qualifications for this type of government would be fulfilled in a democracy. But there is ambiguity in the word democracy, and before it can be rightly determined whether or not our constitution forefathers estab-

lished a democracy, we must distinguish between the pure democracy of the Greek city-states and the modified democracy of modern times in which the government exists in all matters for the good of the people.

Certainly it is the latter kind of democracy that underlies each word and phrase of the constitution. It is not a pure democracy, for the rulership is confined to those representatives chosen by the free vote of the people. These representatives are under obligation to judge and rule by the criterion of right reason and that which will promote the common good, whether it be the opinion of the people or not.

The constitution then retains a democratic tone, a tone that reveals the nation existing for the good of the people, promoting their freedoms and liberties, and administering justice and reason. St. Thomas' conception of the essence of good government is exactly what our forefathers attempted to bring forth in the constitution — law as an ordination promulgated for the common good by representatives who have been appointed by the government.

From 1787 to 1949 the government of our country has retained this democratic element with no radical changes. We have been aware, however, all through the intervening century and a half that

(Please Turn to Page 26.)

RAIN

There are tear drops on the window pane,
Left there sparkling bright
By a billowing, stormy cloud,
That passed by in the night.
They gleam like jewels of fairy queens,
Catching rays of light,
Blending into pools—and glow
Like moonbeams in the night.
The sun blooms forth to view the scene,
The clouds scud swiftly by,
The tears turn quickly into mist,
And float up to the sky.

—*Barbara Reeves*

*"The play's the thing
in which I'll trap the
conscience of the king."*

A CONSIDERATION OF HAMLET

by BARBARA SCHENKEL



During the reign of Queen Elizabeth a number of brilliant dramatists produced plays for the eager hordes of Elizabethan theater-goers. But one man of this group stands alone. He wrote plays which were regarded as outstanding by his contemporary critics and which now are recognized as the very best works of a period noted for the exceptionally fine quality of its drama. Like almost all authors, he produced one work into which he put heart and soul, his greatest powers of characterization; this is his masterpiece. The author — William Shakespeare; the play — *Hamlet*.

It is often said that Shakespeare was the greatest psychologist who ever lived. Some ardent Freudians may dispute this point, but everyone must agree that Shakespeare could penetrate and interpret human nature as no other author has ever been able to do. This ability

to characterize so lucidly reached its peak in the creation of Shakespeare's greatest tragic hero, Hamlet. But so subtly is characterization interwoven with plot that one is never conscious of any conflict between the two.

The climax and crisis in *Hamlet* occurs in the play scene (III). To achieve this dramatic high point Shakespeare employs a frequently-used literary device, the reenactment of a crime to trap the criminal. The "play within a play" is found in several Elizabethan dramas, but only Shakespeare has been able to create the dramatic suspense found in *Hamlet*.

The young prince, Hamlet, suspecting his Uncle Claudius of his father's murder, seeks proof of the crime in order to carry out the revenge demanded by King Hamlet's ghost. Four things spur Hamlet on — his father's murder, a desire to find out whether his mother is im-

plicated in the crime, his mother's hasty marriage with the suspected murderer, and the loss of the throne to Claudius. The occasion for testing Claudius' guilt presents itself when a group of strolling players come to Elsinor. Hamlet commands them to perform *The Murder of Gonzago*, a play which he knows closely parallels the incidents of his father's death. He inserts a few lines of his own to make sure that Claudius will not overlook the inference, and the trap is set. Will the mouse swallow the bait?

The play presented at the court consists of two parts — a dumb show and a brief dramatic skit. Dumb shows were commonly used during the Elizabethan period to foreshadow the contents of a play in some symbolical manner. But Shakespeare employs the dumb show in *Hamlet* in a novel manner, for it does not foreshadow coming events, but actually presents in pantomime what takes place later in dramatic form. The importance of the dumb show is evident when one examines the dialogue which follows it. For some seventy lines a king and queen discuss second marriages, then an entirely unexpected character comes in, and following six lines of dialogue, murders the king. What would have followed we never learn, for the jaws of the trap have closed on Claudius and he runs guiltily from the room on seeing his crime reenacted before his eyes. The dumb show has revealed to us the facts that are only hinted at in the dialogue. Therefore, we know the murderer has committed his ghastly deed to gain the crown and win a queen. The

talk of "second marriages" takes on new meaning and the murderer's motive is evident.

It is probable that Hamlet did not know the players were going to present the dumb show, for his exclamations reveal his surprise and anger. The trap may be sprung too soon. But his fears are groundless, for Claudius has been disputing with Gertrude and his court advisor and has missed the brief action. The whole point is lost on him, as proved by his demand to know the argument of the play. If he had been attentive the dumb show would have told all. But now he watches the dramatic performance and upon the mention of poison, "cursed he-bona in a vial", recognizes Hamlet's threat to his security. He flees the room amid the confusion of the court.

Throughout this scene the observer is constantly aware of the effect of the play upon the principal characters. So skillfully does Shakespeare wield his pen that we can almost see the shadowy, fleeting passions flicker across the face of Claudius as he is in turn puzzled, angered, then frightened as the trap is sprung. Gertrude, too, is much affected by the presentation, but since she is innocent of complicity in King Hamlet's murder her husband's strange action at the poisoning scene are inexplicable to her. Mention of "second marriage" does sting her conscience, however, and she gains a new understanding of her son's bitterness toward her.

But it is Hamlet who dominates this scene. He is master of the situation and conveys his nervous

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Pew Pests

by PEGGY WIMBERG

Our church is troubled from time to time with a type of pest for which I have been unable to find any remedy offered among the many sure-cure advertisements. You know, the pew pests.

Pew pests range in variety from the mischievous three-year-old who crawls up and down the bench rubbing his feet all over the back of your coat to the little old lady who, God love her, is just a little deaf and doesn't realize that her recitation of the rosary is getting the best of your nerves.

In between these are many others. For instance, the "night owl" who was up a bit late last night and has decided to catch up on sleep during the sermon. I don't begrudge him his little nap, but because of his snoring I only hear every other word Father is saying. There is also the fanatic who brings with her the biggest purse she owns plus two or three glasses cases and an array of books and deposits them next to her on the pew. This, of course, explains why it's so crowded with only three in a seat.

Another pest who is bothered with a personal problem decides to figure it out while half sitting on the bench. The person behind her tries repeatedly to follow his misal and finally gives up in despair. At collection time there is always an absent-minded church goer who completely fails to remember to get his donation ready until the basket is right upon him. Then while his fellow-sitters strain helplessly, letting themselves be practically choked to death by the basket handle he calmly and smilingly deposits what sounds like his life savings in pennies.

Particularly obnoxious is the fellow who every Sunday parades down the aisle after the Gospel and inevitably pushes his way into a pew which is already overcrowded. Actually the pest who really climaxes all pests is the one who just has to get to the communion rail first, even if it means mashing your hat or snagging your nylons—or both.

These are the Pew Pests. Can you suggest a remedy?

THE RIVER

by BARBARA SCHENKEL

The river is never still. All year round it moves and cries out in defiance against the more stationary aspects of nature.

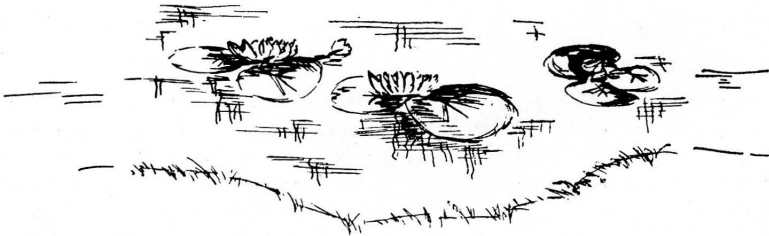
Sluggish rays of spring sun grope their way toward the frozen surface. As the sun gains strength, long snake-like cracks begin to creep across the ice. Apparently the river is sleeping. But beneath the crusty surface the undercurrent increases its pace. Swifter and swifter it flows. The ominous "crack" of the slowly extending fingers grows more frequent as the ice tears apart. Suddenly with a tremendous groan and shudder the mass breaks up and rushes downstream. The river is a warrior respecting no man's rights. It rages; it roars; it thunders.

The river is quiet now—and friendly. Its face is a mirror of sunlight which catches the outline of nearby trees and shrubs and reflects their quivering images in the crystal depths. The river is full of good will and gay spirits as it

languishes in the sun. Nonchalantly it kisses the greenery on the banks, then guiltily slips back. It murmurs and hums to itself, lulled by the gentle "slap, slap" of its own waves against the shore.

The air is crisp now and the water dances with vitality. Greedily it snaps up fallen leaves and flings them in miniature whirlpools. The river is impetuous and sometimes brash—like a small boy delighted with his own mischievous good spirits and the frosty autumn air.

Winter's icy breath coats the river with a silver cover. Chill winds tear at the ice-flecked surface and frightened snowflakes scurry to hide in the frigid depths. The river is a haughty aristocrat. It struggles to protect itself from the icy coat, but its battle is in vain. It is sullen now, as it fights under the thickening ice. Dully it roars and rushes on into darkness. Listen and you can hear it. The river is never still.



An Admirer Looks At

ELIZABETH GOUDGE

by JANE MONAGHAN

American novel readers looked forward to *Pilgrim's Inn* because they expected good things from the author of *Green Dolphin Street*. Even Hollywood had made something of a stir about that. But the author of these books is not a new novelist; she has been writing novels (and having them published) for fifteen years.

Elizabeth Goudge was born in Somersetshire at the turn of the century. The only child of an English churchman and a Norman-French mother, Elizabeth inherited a taste and a talent for story-telling. Her schooling was rather haphazard but through those childhood years she gathered up stores of knowledge and experience, especially during the happy summers spent with her grandparents on the Channel Islands.

Childish attempts to write a magazine in collaboration with some neighborhood boys were followed by the publication of a volume of fairy tales which brought her a bare fifteen shillings. The young writer decided that her efforts were not appreciated and resolved to become an artist in the Pre-Raphaelite manner. After two years at the Art School of Reading University she blithely announced to her friends and neighbors that she would teach design and applied art. And as

she put it "The ladies of Ely believed me and actually had the generosity to pay me."

When Doctor Goudge was named Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford in 1923 the family moved there and Elizabeth assumed the duties which would normally have been her mother's — entertaining, parish calls, etc. She continued to teach, but the old urge to write reawakened. Days were already full, so the writing was done in the hours before breakfast. She chose to write plays, but not until she was thirty-two was any accepted. A play about the Bronte sisters was produced in London — a Sunday night performance. Encouraged, Miss Goudge gathered her plays into a book and sent it the round of the publishers. With one of the rejections was a note of advice, that she try writing a novel instead of plays.

That was the necessary spur — the story-writing began anew and the novelist was made. Since 1934 Miss Goudge has published on an average a novel a year. The first, *Island Magic*, was woven from her memories of the Channel Islands. Her best-selling *A City of Bells*, about the cathedral city of Wells where she was born, followed two years later. Through the years have come stories steeped in the legends learned from her story-telling

mother, mingled with the flesh and blood characters she has created. Her descriptions of the English countryside are delightful, her portrayal of children masterful. Occasional sentimental splashes, "lushly lyrical," are checked by her resolute realism. A realism that is not afraid to show the reader her own belief in the reality of happy living.

Miss Goudge has never married. After her father's death in 1939, she and her mother moved to a cottage in South Devon. With fellow Britishers they had to suffer the deprivations of war, but through it all the stories have continued to appear. The last novels of Miss Goudge have whetted her reader's interest; they are waiting for more.



HOPE

Stars rise in the night
To point out the way
Onward, ever upward.

Man comes from the wood
To lead man astray
Onward, ever backward.

God loves from above
To draw us each day
Onward, ever forward.

—*Mary Jane Porter*

My Father's Sons

by SUZANN REITH

Sixteen, twelve, and ten add up to thirty-eight, but taken singly they mean Jack, Harry, and Tom, my father's sons.

Being the only girl, and the oldest, is quite a distinction. The boys call me "Queenie," but this name isn't what it implies. I'm outnumbered three to one.

The boys have an uncanny way of involving me in all their escapades. The night of the Senior Prom they happened to hear me mention I would like to wear a hoop. Jack with the help of Tom and Harry took down his radio aerial, and pulled it through the hem of my dress. My date was waiting when I discovered the wire, so I had to wear the dress as it was. I never knew when, during the course of the evening, the home-made hoop would fly up and hit me in the face.

My brothers' antics are not limited to certain days, months, or seasons. One sunny spring day I decided to go for a bicycle ride. I opened the door of the garage only to find my bicycle completely dismantled. Tom and Harry covered with grease beamed at me and said

they were re-packing the brakes. I told them I had planned to use the bicycle. They promised they would have it ready for me in about an hour. I knew my brothers, and I also knew the spring sunshine would soon lure them outside. I decided that a walk would give me just as much exercise.

I always lose in the mad scramble when the telephone rings. Should the call happen to be for me the boys announce, "It's a girl, better luck next time," or "It's a boy, here's your chance." It's a wonder I have any friends.

You've heard of the testing grounds for the atomic bomb. I'm the testing ground for all new jokes and card tricks. I can work relatively simple mathematics problems, but I can never guess why a chicken crosses the road. If by some strange chance I can see the joke, the boys know it's too old or too simple.

Only now that I'm away from home can I realize what a big part the three boys play in my life. I actually miss the escapades and antics of Tom, Harry, and Jack, my father's sons.

Big Girl

by MARY PATRICIA SULLIVAN

Ellen stood looking tenderly at her little sister, flushed in sleep on the bed. "I've got to take care of you today, Julie," she thought, "because mother went away to that place again. I wonder if she will bring back a baby this time like she did last summer. I wish they hadn't taken him away." Of course, she knew her little brother was in heaven, but just the same she would have liked to have someone else to play with.

Now Ellen could hear daddy coming in the front door. "Maybe he brought mother back," she cried excitedly, running into the living room. She stopped suddenly, looking at her father standing so still and sad in front of the mantel. When he saw Ellen, his face brightened.

"Come, honey. We must get Julie up. I am going to take you to Aunt Nora's house today. Won't that be fun!"

"Is mother going, too?"

"No, dear. She will have to stay where she is a little while longer. I am going back to see her as soon as I take you and Julie. Come, let's hurry. Since you're such a big seven-year old girl, you can dress yourself, and I'll help sister."

Ellen ran into the bedroom, anxious to show how quickly she could get herself ready. Her father followed slowly, his shoulders drooping slightly. He squared them determinedly as he reached the door.

"How is my little baby this morning? Get up, honey. We are going for a ride in the car. . . ."

Sunday was a long day. Ellen wasn't enjoying herself; she wanted to go home and find mother there. Julie seemed to be having fun playing with cousin Billy on the floor.

"I wish daddy would come," she whispered. "Aunt Nora and Uncle Tim seem to miss him too, because they keep looking at the door."

Nora noticed the child's gaze and she tried to be gay.

"Come over here, Ellen, and I will read you a nice story."

Her voice began strongly "Once upon a time there was a little princess . . ." As she heard a car pull up, Nora's voice trailed away. Ellen leaped off her aunt's lap and ran to the door.

Daddy came in. He nodded his head slowly at Nora. She made a funny noise and turned away.

"Come into the bedroom a minute Ellen and Julie," he said.

Julie skipped into the room ahead of them, but Ellen held tightly to her father's hand.

Something must be wrong. Ellen could feel it. Daddy closed the door behind them.

"Where's mommy?" asked Julie, beginning to miss her now.

"Sit down girls. I . . . I want to tell you something."

"It is about mother?"

"Yes, Ellen, it is . . . Your mother has gone away. She has gone to heaven."

Ellen looked stunned. No mother to come home. How could that be?

"We need mother. She couldn't go away, daddy."

Her tears were falling fast now, and father's arm tightened around his children.

"Yes, dear. We need mother, but God needs her more. I'll bet He wants her to help Him take care of the little babies in heaven."

"Like little brother," Julie said. She could not quite understand, but as long as mother was going to see baby brother it couldn't be so bad.

"Here is your mother's rosary, Ellen. She told me she wanted you to have it. It will help you take care of us."

Ellen dried her tears and sat up straight. "I will take good care of you and Julie. If I get stuck, I'll ask mother. Will she hear me, daddy?"

"Yes, dear. In fact I think she hears you now."



Parched

by AMY SNAPP

The steady maddening sound beat through clouds of sleep and the man writhed and tossed in agony. He covered his ears with his quivering hands but the awful sound penetrated and beat against his eardrums like tom-toms. He struggled to rise but could not. The inky blackness of the night surrounded him, enveloping him like a shroud. He could feel his forehead and palms grow clammy and his tongue felt hugh in his parched mouth.

Would this agony never cease, he wondered. He could not stand it much longer. He felt as though he were going through the tortures of Poe's "Pit."

The beating increased and seemed to shake the very walls. With a crazed cry he leaped from his bed and groped his way through the darkness. Stumbling and groping along for what seemed eternities he finally reached the kitchen sink and with a groan of relief, turned off the dripping water faucet.

DEMOCRACY

(Continued from Page 15)

there are constant threats to the continuation of the democratic ideal of our constitution. Whether the threat be communism or slavery or disregard for civil rights, we can be sure that we can overcome it by

strict adherence to the justice, the promotion of the common good, and the respect for man's natural rights which are such integral, basic notions of our fundamental law, the constitution.

HAMLET

(Continued from Page 18)

impatience, brilliant restraint and fearful agony to even the most careless reader. When the play scene is climaxed by Claudius' guilty escape, Hamlet is overjoyed. His plan was successful; he has trapped his father's murderer and proved his mother innocent of any complicity!

Even though we know he has delayed too long in killing his enemy and is going to his own doom as a result, we share his elation. For like all true heroes, he has the ability to make us feel as he feels. He is the master work of a master craftsman.

Seven Storey Mountain

by THOMAS MERTON

"That you may become the brother of God and learn to know the Christ of the burnt men."

Thus does Thomas Merton express his philosophy of man's relation to his Creator in the closing sentence of his autobiography, *Seven Storey Mountain*.

Thomas Merton was born in France in 1915 of an artist father and an idealistic American mother. He attended school in England, where his intense and sensitive nature was denied the religious training it craved.

He early showed signs of extreme individuality and egotism. At Cambridge he mingled with the intellectuals, collected jazz records, and drank a lot. After his transfer to Columbia University, he became interested in the communist movement active on the campus. Here he also drank to excess, covered New York listening to jazz bands till dawn, and fell in love a few times.

The student Merton was greatly influenced by the writings of Joyce,

Huxley, Lawrence, and Hemingway. But when he began work on his master's degree, he decided to write his thesis on William Blake, a mystic, visionary poet.

The insecurity and yearning Merton had felt for so long became more and more intense and his increasing sense of futility forced him on the way to finding the surest way to happiness. He was baptized a Catholic after much hesitation and finally learned the importance of grace within the soul.

Merton began to revise his worldly standards, discovering a supernatural good he had never known. After further searching he found his way and at the age of twenty-six he entered a Trappist monastery.

The book is simply written. It is the biography of a young man much like so many modern young men. It makes no attempt to preach or expolit religion and contains simple truth, no smugness or air of self-satisfaction. It tells of one man's struggles to reach God.

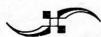
Merton is a remarkably versatile writer. He realistically describes his "sprees," fellow pseudo-communists, jazz sessions. Then he becomes a poet—molding his words exquisitely into Divine praises.

Seven Storey Mountain is a book that deeply impresses the mind and heart. It is a reminder to moderns

that the day of saints isn't over—that it is possible to live in our materialistic world and still lift our hearts and minds to God.

The intimate glimpse into a man's soul fills one with love and hope. It is one of the truly inspirational books of our time.

—Amy Snapp



A Franciscan Legend Newly Told

Once in a rare while, one discovers a small slim book, written for busy, workaday adults, but having an age old charm, a childlike simplicity.

Such a book is *The Seven Miracles of Gubbio and the Eighth a Parable*. Written by Raymond Leopold Bruckherger, a Dominican at the St. Maximin monastery, and translated by Gerold and Peter Lauck, it is the tale of a German wolf who held no compassion for man until confronted by St. Francis of Assisi who gives him the power to perform seven miracles—seven opportunities to endear himself to man.

The use to which he puts his power, wisely or unwisely, forms

the basis of the story; the sometimes misplaced sense of values, the man-like reasoning, and the parallel of the wolf and man with his chances of grace give the story a memorable quality—that of seeing into the matter of compassion for the first time.

The Seven Miracles of Gubbio appeared first in the Parisian magazine *Le Cheval de Troie* under the title "Le Loup de Gubbio" in September of 1947. It was published here by Whittlesey House last year.

Taking no more than an hour's reading, it pays dividends that cannot be measured by time.

—Mary Jane Porter

Disraeli—A Picture of the Victorian Age

by ANDRE MAUROIS

"Adventures are for the adventurous, life is monotonous only to the monotonous." This was Benjamin Disraeli's theory and this is the way by which he lived. For he was, in the true sense, adventurous.

Andre Maurois, in *Disraeli*, eloquently portrays the life of the Jew who became prime minister of England. The success of the foreigner may be attributed to his in-born greatness, the knowledge of which was always with him, and the fact that he "loved the English more than they were capable of loving themselves."

Benjamin Disraeli was at first a disappointment to his parents. His mother was startled and perhaps a bit frightened at her precocious child whom she could not understand. Isaac Disraeli, a student and man of letters, always orderly and satisfied with his position as a respected Tory gentleman, was dismayed at his son's restlessness and at his insistence on becoming a great man. "You are too impatient, my son," he would say.

Impatient he was, this orator, author, lawyer, and statesman. At each failure of a book, a campaign, an idea, Disraeli's disappointment was great and he often came near despair. He rushed through the preliminaries which are necessary for

one to succeed in politics, always keeping his goal — the prime ministership, in mind.

Outwardly Disraeli was a pompous dandy. He was bold and conceited. But inwardly he was timid and nervous. He was high-strung, in turn admitting defeat and as quickly becoming over-confident.

Disraeli's ascent to success was greatly aided by acquaintances with important people — acquaintances which he had a knack for cultivating. Among them were the Sheridans, Lord Bulwer, Lady Cork, and the head of the Conservative Party, Sir Robert Peel. Enemies there were too, such as every politician must expect. Two of the strongest were Gladstone and O'Connell.

Disraeli is a strange combination of text book and novel, a combination which makes it sometimes tedious, but, more often, interesting. Maurois' colorful phrases and deep understanding of his subject add to this interest. As textbook, however, it lacks a necessary objectivity and thereby loses some of its accuracy and value. Yet one adversely criticizes the book rather wistfully, for Maurois has evoked an odd sympathy for the renowned statesman and interesting personality he has painted.

— Betty Kennedy

Dowager Queen Dolly

by ALICE CURTIS DESMOND

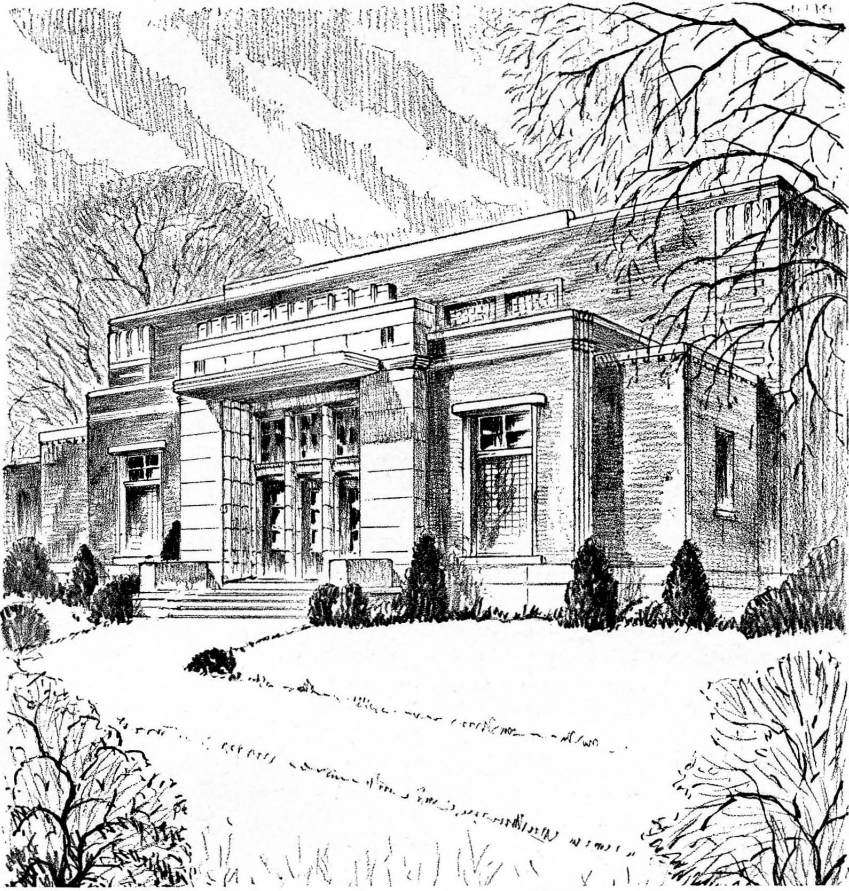
Mingled among historical accounts of the years from 1769 to 1849, years covering most of the great events of the beginning of our Republic, are found details of the life of Dolly Madison, Cinderella of the White House. Indeed, she was the dominating influence in Washington life during four administrations, first as hostess for Thomas Jefferson and later as the wife of President James Madison. Her romantic legend begins in the days when Dolly was a shy Quaker maid who helped her mother in a boarding house in Philadelphia, where she met many famous and glamorous heroes of the time. Enchanted by their exciting and colorful lives, she rebelled against the strict Quaker rules and married James Madison, a man much older than herself, but a man facing a brilliant future. By virtue of her radiant personality, she carried him much farther than he would have gone alone — to the Presidency of the United States — and thus lifted the veil on her own future — a brilliant social career in the White House. During these gay years, warmhearted, laughter-loving Dolly Madison was hostess at many of the most lavish parties America has ever witnessed and went down in history, if for nothing else, for her

invention of a new dish called "ice cream." Many years later, an aged and impoverished widow, Dolly Madison's charm and sweetness was still in evidence and she remained the Queen of the White House and of all First Ladies.

Historical biographies have appeared repeatedly each year on the list of new books, but one of the most eagerly awaited in 1948 was this biography by Alice Curtis Desmond. A student of American history and an extensive traveler, Mrs. Desmond has already become well-known for her previous books which are also based on these two main interests. In *Martha Washington: Our First Lady* she aroused among Americans a deeper interest and pride in the history and traditions of our country. In the inspiring story of Dolly Madison she has again enjoyed bringing to life in a fictionalized biography another of the fascinating women of the early days of our republic.

Her authentic characterization presented in a simple, straightforward manner has produced a rich and fascinating tale, an unusual and understanding biography that is very real and appealing.

—Mary Wassel



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