

# THE FIORETTI

AN ANTHOLOGY

OF MARIAN COLLEGE

PROSE AND VERSE

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VOLUME ONE

Marian College  
Indianapolis, Indiana  
1943

## TO MARY

Patroness of Marian College  
Queen of the Order of Friars Minor  
Mother of the Incarnate Word

this volume of human words is lovingly inscribed

through him

whose words and works are preserved  
in the *Fioretti de S. Francesco d'Assisi*

## HISTORICAL NOTE

The *Fioretti de S. Francesco d'Assisi*, Little Flowers of Saint Francis, is the name of a classic collection of popular legends about St. Francis and his early companions, as they appeared to the Italian people at the beginning of the 14th century. These historic tales recreate the early Franciscan spirit, instinct with poetry. *The Canticle of the Sun* by St. Francis voices that spirit eloquently. The earliest known Italian version of the *Fioretti* ranks with the finest specimens of literary Tuscan.

## FOREWORD

The *FIORETTI*, of which this is the first issue, has a two-fold purpose. It aims to give some degree of permanence to student literary works of merit and to encourage among students the cultivation of the art of writing.

The fulfillment of the first of these aims, in particular, dictated the inclusion of representative work done by alumnae during their attendance at Marian, 1937-1943. The remaining contributions were selected from the best work entered by students during 1942-1943 in each of the principal fields of English composition.

As is necessary in a compilation of this kind, many deserving works could not be included. Some were no longer available, others, due to their length or to duplication of subject matter or of form, had to be eliminated.

While requiring a certain level of literary merit as chief criterion, the editors have attempted to make this anthology representative both in contributors included and in material presented.

Grateful acknowledgement is made to the *Phoenix*, Marian College newspaper, to the *Hoosier College Verse*, and to *Our Sunday Visitor* in which some of the selections first appeared.

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## CONTENTS

Ode to Poetry	Mary Jane Lang, '41.....9
So Shall Ye Reap	Naomi Raney, '44.....10
Perfect Joy	Sister Margaret Ann, '44.....10
My Autumn Rhapsody	Maryanna Todd, '44.....11
Vicissitudes	Anna E. Mehn, '44.....13
April Shower	Marietta (Metcalf) Penning, '44...14
Heart for Sale	Beatrice Hynes, '46.....15
Just Won Date	Betty Armstrong, '45.....19
Wistful	Naomi Raney, '44.....28
Ode to a Nun	Mary Rose (Turner) Buckele, '43..29
Christmas Eve	Anna Mehn, '44.....30
To Pyrrha	Mary Jane Lang, '41.....31
To Augustus	Betty Spencer, '41.....31
The Return of Deirdre	Naomi Raney, '44.....33
Mono-Graphs	
Book-Lure	Beatrice Hynes, '46.....35
February	Mary Jane Hermann, '46.....36
Three Cheers for.....	Juliana Dillhoff, '46.....36
Silhouette	Mary Noonan, '46.....37
Miracle	Sister M. Michaela, '43.....38
Responsibility	Doris Ann Becker, '42.....39
Sanctissimae Trinitati	Betty Spencer, '41.....41
Ode to Sleep	Anna E. Mehn, '44.....42
Book Review	Joan Duffin, '45.....43

## CONTRIBUTORS

Betty Armstrong, junior, won the 1942 Civic Theatre Award for her play *Just Won Date*.

Doris Ann Becker, graduated in 1942, has written articles in *Our Sunday Visitor*, in the *Quarterly Journal of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae*, and in a syndicated column *Young America* by Elsie Robinson.

Mary Rose (Turner) Buckele, '43, was a contributor to the *Phoenix* and to the *Hoosier College Verse* in 1939-'40.

Joan Duffin, junior, counts the criticism of books among her hobbies.

Mary Jane Hermann, sophomore, selects the beauty of the commonplace as her favorite literary theme.

Beatrice Hynes, junior, finds creative writing a joy. Her style is unique and different.

Mary Jane Lang, graduated in 1941, was a literary leader at Marian College 1937-1941. Two of her odes appeared in the *Hoosier College Verse* for 1939 and 1940.

Sister Margaret Ann, O.S.F., senior, specializes in verse writing on religious themes.

Anna Mehn, senior, writes light verse or serious poetry on request. She merited recognition from the American Poet Laureate Society in 1942.

Sister M. Michaela, O.S.F., graduated in 1943, combines literary with scientific interests.

Marietta (Metcalf) Penning, '43, finds occasional verse-writing delightful.

Naomi Raney, senior, has earned a place in the American Poet Laureate Society volume of 1942. Poetry is her first literary love.

Betty Spencer, graduated in 1941, was editor-in-chief of the *Phoenix* for three years. Her literary achievements were recognized by the *Hoosier College Verse* in 1939.

## ODE TO POETRY

MARY JANE LANG, '41

Hoosier College Verse Entry 1939

Thy beauty fair goes singing down the years,  
To strike an echo in the hearts of men;  
To bring a peace where once there was but pain;  
And by thy presence there, ring out again.

Thy noble theme imprisoned in man's soul,  
Through living words wings out its fragile way,  
As butterfly from its concealing case  
Unfolds itself, alight with radiant grace.

O Music of the Soul, thou strik'st a spark,  
And what is thine becomes, indeed, the world's  
For thou art sung from heart to answering heart.

**SO YE SHALL REAP**

NAOMI RANEY, '44

American Poet Laureate Prize Poem 1942

If in the future there should come a time,  
 When I no longer breathe of Freedom's air,  
 When I have reached the end of that long trail  
 Which I have followed all these many years,  
 If that time comes, let no one weep for me.  
 I want no human tears nor sighs  
 Nor mellow sorrowing wail of funeral dirge.  
 Give me instead the sinister sound  
 Of battle; the roar of guns, the harsh sound  
 Of airplanes as they wing their way  
 Spreading death and terror in their path.  
 Let me have this that I may meet my God in my own way,  
 That when I meet Him I may hear Him say,  
 "Enter, well-beloved, and receive thy joy,  
 For thou hast fought courageously for Freedom's sake."

**PERFECT JOY**

SISTER MARGARET ANN, '44

Chapter VIII of the *Fioretti de S. Francesco* retold

In what does perfect joy consist? Oh pray,  
 List how St. Francis once expounded this  
 To Brother Leo. 'Twas a wintry day  
 As 'mid Perugian snows the twain made haste.  
 St. Francis spoke, "Oh Leo, though the friars  
 Exhaled the sweet perfume of sanctity,  
 Though they had gifts of tongues, or even power  
 O'er every form of dread infirmity.  
 Though at their word the dead received new life,  
 Not e'en with these is perfect joy allied."  
 Then Leo in amazement begged the saint  
 To tell the cherished secret; who replied  
 "To bear all insults, pain, and sacrifice  
 With patience and with joy for love of Christ."

*Autumn--perfect of seasons, receives tribute in this sketch.  
If you love a fall day, read—*

## My Autumn Rhapsody

MARYANNA TODD, '44

Autumn is a fascinating season. I sometimes think the new year just begins for me when the Indian summer winds turn cool and scatter gay-hued leaves over the frosty ground.

James Russell Lowell's perfect days came in June; mine come in October. The world, I think, stung by the first crisp winds that hint of the coming winter, hurries too much to note the peculiar charms of autumn. Have you ever paused outside on a bright October day and let the sun run warm fingers of light through your hair? Have you ever felt the wine-like wind bring rose to your cheeks? Or watched the capering squirrels or heard the last call of the birds?

I like to see a lake in autumn, with shivering waves ruffling its slate-blue sleekness. I like to drink cider before a warm fire, and I like the uncertainty of an early snow from leaden skies. I like to walk through the piles of leaves and I like the smoky taste of wieners roasted over an open fire.

I like the trees in autumn, as they seem to reach the acme of their beauty. You can see one with its green foliage hardly touched by the frost, while another is a living flame of amber-gold and red. Then, finally, they all are gaunt and bare, awaiting spring, God's gift for their perseverance through the winter.

I love Benediction in the autumn twilight, with incense forming a dim veil and misting the mellow gold of candle flames. I love the stately beauty of white and yellow chrysanthemums gracing the altar, and the rich swell of the organ announcing the sacramental presence of the Lord of the harvest-time.

Some day I shall compose a melody expressing my conception of Autumn. Perhaps I will not write words, for words sometimes are shallow and cannot fully match the beauty of music. In my melody you will hear the crunch of dead brown leaves trod underfoot; you will taste the crisp tang of an autumn apple. My music will rush with the frenzied cries of half-mad college students as their team battles on to football glory. It will throb with the happy laughs of youngsters on Hallowe'en. Hearing it you will be reminded of the crackle of a log fire, of the acrid smell of burning leaves, of turkey and cranberry sauce— of America pausing to contemplate her blessings on Thanksgiving day. For autumn means all of this to me.

Yes, some day I shall compose this melody. And I shall call it *My Autumn Rhapsody*.



**VICISSITUDES**

ANNA E. MEHN, '44

Tears,  
Sorrow's children,  
Fall,  
And a pain-wrung heart  
Seems lighter.

Sighs,  
The language of grief,  
Breathe  
In wordless accents  
Our deepest woe.

Smiles,  
The keys to happiness,  
Open  
The magic chest  
Of love and joy.

Laughter,  
Like sparkling diamond,  
Crowns  
The tear-washed soul  
With a jeweled diadem.

**APRIL SHOWER**

MARIETTA (METCALF) PENNING, '44

I saw a rainbow in the clouds  
Arched beautiful and high;  
The gentle rain stopped pattering  
The zephyrs breathed a sigh.

And all the little animals  
'Gain scurried to and fro  
Trying to make up the time  
They'd lost a while ago.

The crickets tuned their violins,  
The butterflies sipped nectar,  
Fat robins caught unwary worms  
And chuckled loud with laughter.

I saw a small, shy violet  
Sparkling still with dew;  
I saw a glowing dandelion  
That held some raindrops too.

The whole earth looked refreshed,  
And creatures now were gay;  
For was this not a perfect end  
To a very rainy day?

# Heart For Sale

BEATRICE HYNES, '46

*Perhaps you know the woman of this story. She may be an acquaintance, a neighbor, or a friend.*

Have you ever been at an auction? If you haven't, you certainly have a thrill in store. There may be something pathetic, however, about a sale of this kind. I remember very distinctly one that I attended approximately a year ago.

An elderly woman had decided to break up her home, sell the furnishings, and spend the rest of her days in a small apartment. When I arrived, many friends and outsiders had gathered, for she possessed some valued antiques. The more cautious bidders were sifting in and out among the crowd, going from room to room, from corner to corner, eyeing and appraising each article.

The owner, at least owner for another half hour, remained in the remote parts of the house, occasionally nodding to those who intruded upon her privacy. She knew that what she was doing was the most sensible thing to do; but, some-how, she couldn't keep that lump from her throat, and now and then she could taste the salt of a tear on her lips. Hearing the auctioneer's gravel tones suddenly pierce the air, she reluctantly proceeded to the spacious living room.

I had been watching her for some time and now followed her. She stood apart from the crowd. Her quivering chin and glassy eyes told me I should join the others, but I could not. The tight creased lips began to mumble. Now and then I caught snatches of what she was saying.

Why couldn't they have sent another man to conduct the sale— this one seems so cold and indifferent.

He was starting now and had selected the cranberry-jewel hanging lamp as his first item. The opening bid was ten dollars.

That lamp was a birthday gift from Tom..... Her eyes lighted as she remembered the expectant look on his face when he stood there waiting to see whether she would like it.

Fifteen dollars..... sixteen..... twenty.

Now it was the French console piano—one hundred and fifty.....

This was a Christmas gift to Cathy—tiny, delicate. Cathy, who had loved music so passionately.

Three hundred..... four.

Everything in this room was sold, even the vase on the fireplace. An old friend, noting the blanched face of the one-time proprietor, came over to her and suggested that she had better lie down—no, she wanted to stay. She did, however, accept the support of her friend's arm. Subsequently her reminiscing grew more articulate.

The group proceeded to the dining hall, an enormous room lavishly furnished.

She recalled the many gay dinner parties, the quiet peaceful family ones, the ones by candlelight when she and Tom were first married. She reviewed how young Tom used to beam when asked to say grace. "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts"..... she could hear the uncertain, changing voice even now.

The library was next. All the books and paintings had been bought beforehand, but the furniture still remained. The massive oak desk and the comfortable swivel——

Tom loved this room and the rose-carved arm chair there near the windows. From these windows you could get a marvelous view of the hills and the woods. Cathy used to come in here and watch Tom romping with the dogs in the yard.

All the miscellaneous items were gathered in the reception hall. There was the 18th century grandfather-clock——  
Five dollars.....

It had been in the family for years and was a special friend of the children. It stopped running the night Cathy died and it had to be sent away to be repaired. She remembered that night all too clearly. It was extremely cold and the house seemed submerged in snow. All the other houses were filled with the joy and gaiety of Christmas Eve. In the distance, carollers could be heard singing their holy hymns and spreading good will toward men.

Ten dollars..... twelve-fifty.

The love seat——

She and Tom had received it as a wedding present and had cherished it dearly. Young Tom was especially fond of it; when he married, it was given to the young couple to help solve part of their home decoration problem. Then came that terrible train wreck.....

"Who'll make it seventy dollars?"

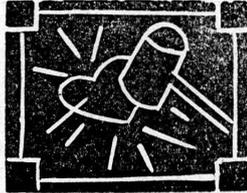
The small organ was the next victim of the auctioneer's gavel.

In how many family musicales, under her own direction, that organ had played the main role. Tom took suddenly ill after one of these sessions—he was ill only three weeks, and then.....

"Did I hear someone say two hundred?"

Nearly everything was gone and only a few of the original group remained to see the sale to the end. The china was being auctioned now. After that, there were just a few odd pieces. I took my leave, sad and somehow quite weary.

As I went out through the grounds into the street, I found myself wondering where she was going to stay that night. Would her lodging be her own apartment, a friend's or just a hotel? I was afraid that wherever it would be, she would be lonely, for the auctioneer's mallet, which had signed away her earthly possessions, had likewise crushed her heart.



# Just Won Date

BETTY ARMSTRONG, '45  
Civic Theater Prize Play, 1942

*Jane spends an exciting evening and learns a valuable lesson via an interesting mix-up.*

## CHARACTERS

- Jane:— a rather flippant young girl.  
Joan:— her twin sister. Quiet, but modern.  
Tommy:— Jane's friend. Gay, irresponsible; in service for a short time.  
Donald:— a recently arrived neighbor. Artless, handsome, refined.

## SETTING

- Scene. Living room of the twins' home.  
Time. One summer evening about seven o'clock.  
*(Jane and Joan are seated in the living room. Jane is eating an apple as she reads a letter. Joan is reading the newspaper.)*  
Jane:— Oh! *(Laughs aloud)*  
Joan:— Is that a letter from Tommy?  
Jane:— Umhmm! *(Biting the apple and nodding her head.)*  
Joan:— How is he getting along? Does he still like the army?  
Jane:— He's okay; of course, he's lonesome.....for me. Just listen to what he says, Joan. *(Reading from letter)* "Gosh, Janie, I still can't believe that you really don't care to run around with a lot of other fellows while I'm away. I get pretty lonesome, and it makes me feel loads better to know that you're probably eating fudge and pop corn, and thinking of me." *(Putting the letter down)* Isn't that sweet? He really knows my weakness for fudge and pop corn. Hey, that's an idea! I'm going to make some. *(Jane gets up and, reading the letter, walks over to the divan, lies down, and looks at Tommy's picture. The phone rings but she doesn't notice.)*

Joan:— (*Answering the phone*) Hello. Yes, this is Carrolls'. Miss Jane or Miss Joan? Last week at the Civic Theatre..... that's Jane. Just a moment. Telephone for you, Janie.

Jane:— Huh? Oh, telephone. Thanks! (*Goes to the phone, carrying the picture with her*) Hello. Yes, this is she. Oh, yes, Donald, of course I remember. I'm fine, thank you..... What..... tonight? (*Forgetting the picture she allows it to slip from her hands, and it falls to the floor and breaks*) OH! Oh, that noise? It was Tomm..... I mean, oh nothing! What were you saying? Tonight. Yes, yes, I'd like to. About seven-thirty. Fine. Goodbye. (*Hanging up the phone and forgetting about the picture, she dances about the room.*) Joan, Joan, guess what! You remember the fellow I told you I met last week at the Workshop Meeting..... the one that just joined the Civic..... you know, Donald Norris. Well, he's really good looking, and all the girls simply fell for him, and we were all wondering who he'd date first, and he asked me for tonight! Oh, glory, isn't it wonderful?

Joan:— Nice work, but I thought you weren't dating anyone while Tommy was gone.

Jane:— Oh, this isn't really a date. And anyway, Tommy wouldn't mind just this once. He's just new in the Civic, and how do you suppose he'd feel if he were refused by the first girl he tried to date. Gosh, I couldn't be that impolite could I?

Joan:— Humph! Oh, Janie! (*as Jane starts for the door*) you'd better clean up Tommy (*indicating the picture*) before you start on Donald. (*Jane looks a bit guilty, but starts to sing as she picks up the picture and glass.*)

Jane:— Joan, may I wear your dark blue silk tonight?

Joan:— My new one! You may not.

Jane:— But, Joadie, this is special. Please.

Joan:— I haven't worn it yet. What's wrong with your new one?

Jane:— I wore it last night and spilt a coke on it. Please, Joan, let me wear yours.

Joan:— Nope, sorry. Anyway, I don't think you should have dates and tell Tommy that you're not having any.

Jane:— Oh, what's one date! Never mind, I'll wear one of my own dresses.

*(Jane leaves the room. Joan sits quietly for a few moments. The door bell rings and she goes to answer it.)*

Joan:— *(In hall)* Yes.

Voice:— *(Off stage)* Western Union. Telegram for Miss Joan Carrolls. Sign here please.

Joan:— Thank you. *(Door closes and she returns to stage)*  
Jane. Telegram for you. *(Jane enters, takes the telegram, and tears it open.)*

Jane:— Oh, Joan, Tommy has a furlough and he'll be here tonight. About eight o'clock. Isn't it grand? I'm just dying to see him!

Joan:— Very nice. I'll be glad to see Tommy, too. But don't you have one date for tonight?

Jane:— A date? Gosh, yes! With Donald Norris. What on earth will I do?

Joan:— Break the date.

Jane:— But I couldn't do that. I've got to see both of them. Oh, gosh!

Joan:— Well, you could have a nice, cozy reunion with both of them in here. Or you could keep Tommy occupied with fudge and pop corn in the kitchen and keep Donald in the garden. Or perhaps you could ask Tommy to go.....

Jane:— Will you keep quiet, and let me think? Wait a minute! What did you say about keeping Tommy in the kitchen and Donald in the garden? That's it, Joan! You can help me and it'll work out swell.

Joan:— Oh, no, you don't! Count me out of any of your schemes. I won't help.

Jane:— Please, Joan, listen. This is keen. When Donald comes, you be upstairs, and I'll let him in; and then I'll come

up, and you come and take him out in the garden. When Tommy comes, I'll let him in and then I'll go upstairs and turn on the light, and you come in the back way, and then you come down to Tommy, and I'll go out to Donald. Do you see what I mean?

Joan:— I see exactly what you don't mean. And the answer is still *NO*.

Jane:— Oh, gosh, I thought you were a good sport. Just think of the fun, if we dressed alike no one would ever know. Donald doesn't know me well enough, and Tommy has been gone so long that.....

Joan:— No, no, no!

Jane:— Look, you wouldn't have to stay with Donald all evening, we'll switch back and forth. Hey, that would really be fun. Let's prove that we really are twins that no one knows apart.

Joan:— Oh, Jane, don't try to talk me into it. And anyway, what dresses would we wear?

Jane:— What a question! You know we buy most all of our dresses together, and we always get the same kind.  
*(The door bell rings and Jane looks at her watch.)*

Jane:— Good heavens, Joan, there's Donald now. What are we going to do?

Joan:— Heaven help us, I don't know.

Jane:— We'll simply have to carry out that plan, now. You tear upstairs and jump into your dress like this. I'll let Donald in, and then I'll come up and you can have him.  
*(Bell rings again as Joan exits right and Jane left.)*

Jane:— Hello, Donald. Won't you come in?

Donald:— Good evening, Jane. How are you?  
*(Jane and Donald enter the room.)*

Jane:— Sit down, won't you? I'll try to get some music on the radio.

Donald:— There should be a concert on WFBM at 7:45. Would you care to go dancing or take in a movie?

Jane:— Later perhaps, but not right now. (*Looks at her watch*) I'll tell you what let's do, I'll run upstairs and get a scarf, and then I'll show you the garden. How's that?

Donald:— That's a grand idea. Have you seen the moon? It's full tonight.

Jane:— No..... no, I haven't seen it yet. I'll be down in a moment. (*Jane exits and Donald picks up a magazine. Joan enters the doorway, and stands quietly for a moment. She starts out of the room, but then deciding against running away, she speaks.*)

Joan:— Have you found something interesting?

Donald:— Yes, rather. I was just reading this resume of Hamlet by Tillinghost. It's certainly different, have you read it?

Joan:— Yes, I've read it. By the way, have you ever heard Barrymore's rendition of the soliloquy?

Donald:— No, do you have it?

Joan:— Umhmm. I'll put it on. (*She goes to the phonograph, and having selected the record, places it on the machine.*)

Donald:— I didn't have any idea that you were really so interested in this sort of thing.

Joan:— You didn't? Why?

Donald:— Don't get angry, please, but the other night when I first met you, I thought you were just a trifle giddy. I've changed my mind so much in these last few minutes. (*Donald is seated with his back to the hall door. Jane quietly opens the door and motions for Joan to go into the garden. Joan looks at her watch and suddenly turns off the record.*)

Donald:— What's the matter?

Joan:— It's nearly seven-thirty, we've got to get out of here.

Donald:— We've got to get out?

Joan:— Yes, so Tomm..... I mean..... a..... oh, I want to show you the garden, and soon it will be too dark to see the flowers.

Donald:— Well, all right, but I would like to hear the rest of that record before we go dancing.

Joan:— Dancing? Are we going dancing?

Donald:— You said you might like to, later in the evening.

Joan:— Oh, did I?

Donald:— Yes, don't you remember?

Joan:— No..... yes..... yes, I remember. Let's go out now, shall we? (*The door bell rings*) Shall we go out into the garden now?

Donald:— Don't you want to answer the door first?

Joan:— No, Jane will answer it..... I mean..... a..... my sister Joan will answer it. Shall we go out?

Donald:— Yes. What did you do with your scarf?

Joan:— My scarf?

Donald:— Yes, you went upstairs to get it.

(*The door bell rings again, and Jane starts to enter the room, but she quickly withdraws.*)

Joan:— I don't need the scarf now. Let's go.

(*Joan and Donald exit and Jane enters immediately from the other room. She looks around the room, and then goes to the front door.*)

Jane:— (*Off stage*) Oh, Tommy, it's grand to see you. You look wonderful.

Tommy:— Janie! Gosh, it's swell to be back. Let's go in and let me sit and look at you all evening. Do you want to go to a show, or dancing, or driving, or something?

Jane:— No, Tommy. I'd much rather just sit here and talk.

Tommy:— I was hoping you'd say that. Everything looks so familiar. How's the garden doing? Let's walk out and see it. (*As he speaks he begins to open the garden doors. Jane gets up and rushing over closes the doors and stands in front of them.*)

Jane:— No, Tommy, we can't go out that way!

Tommy:— (*Thinking it's a joke*) Why not?

Jane:— Well, 'cause then you'd see them, and then.....  
I mean..... well..... you see..... I.....

Tommy:— (*Beginning to suspect something*) What have you done now, young lady?

Jane:— Nothing! I just..... a..... I just planted some flowers by the walk, and I didn't want you to see them until we went around the front way.

Tommy:— Oh, so that's all it was. You had me worried for awhile. We'll go out later and see them. Got any new records? (*As he says this, he walks to the phonograph and takes off the record and replaces it with another.*)

Jane:— Tommy, I want to run upstairs for a moment. I'll be right down.

Tommy:— Okay, Janie, hurry though, 'cause I want to be with you as much as possible while I'm home.  
(*Jane exits. Tommy wanders around the room and finally goes to the garden doors. Sounds of running feet can be heard.*)

Tommy:— I wonder if someone is in the garden. Hey, you! (*Calling out the door*)

Joan:— Don't worry, Tommy, it's just me. Joan.

Tommy:— Oh, okay.  
(*In a few moments Joan comes in the side door.*)

Tommy:— It's about time you've come back. Do you want to go to the garden now?

Joan:— Yes, if you want to. (*She thoughtfully turns off a small table lamp, and they walk toward the hall door.*)

Tommy:— (*Stopping Joan*) Jane, why did you take off your necklace just now?

Joan:— Necklace? What are you talking about? I haven't had any necklace on all evening.

Tommy:— Of course you did. When I first came this evening, I was so glad 'cause I noticed that you had on that locket I gave you for your birthday, and you had it on until

you went upstairs, and now you don't have it on. Why not?

Joan:— Well, Tommy, I didn't want to tell you this, but you see, when I just went upstairs, I..... a..... I caught the necklace on my bracelet and it broke the chain. I hoped you didn't notice that I had had it on.

Tommy:— Oh, I see. Well, look, supposing you go get it, and perhaps I can fix it. Run along upstairs and bring it down.

Joan:— Well, look, let's..... a..... let's go look at the garden first, it will soon be too dark to see anything. Then later on you can fix the necklace. Hmmmm?

Tommy:— Well, okay, let's go look at your new flowers. *(Joan and Tommy are just closing the door when the other door, the one to the garden, opens, and Jane and Donald enter.)*

Donald:— Will you play that record for me now?

Jane:— Record? Oh, yes..... let's see..... what did I do with it?

Donald:— Why, you left it on the phonograph, remember?

Jane:— Oh, of course, I did. Well, here it goes. *(She turns on the phonograph, and a very fast orchestration begins to play.)*

Donald:— What's the joke?

Jane:— Joke? What do you mean?

Donald:— You know that wasn't the record we were playing while ago.

Jane:— That's right. I can't imagine what I was thinking of. Well, now where did I put that record? *(She starts going through the records very slowly.)*

Donald:— Here, I'll help you find it, but I know it was right on top. *(They begin looking through the records, and suddenly voices are heard from the outside.)*

Joan:— No, Tommy, really, I'd rather not, I'll make.....

Tommy:— No, there isn't any sense in making any. Come on we'll run down to the drug store and buy some.

Joan:— I'm really not in the mood for any pop corn now. No, Tommy, I don't want to go into the house.

*(Tommy and Joan enter the room through the garden doors. Tommy is pulling Joan by the hand, and laughing.)*

Tommy:— *(Seeing Jane and Donald)* Hello, Joan. How are you? What have you been doing since I've been gone? *(When Tommy addresses Jane as Joan, Donald is thunder-struck.)*

Donald:— Wait a minute. Your name's Jane isn't it?

Jane:— Yes, no..... well..... a.....

Tommy:— *(Crossing over to Jane's side)* You've got Jane's necklace on. Hey, you are Jane!

Donald:— Of course she's Jane, I had a date with Jane for tonight.

Tommy:— But, you had this necklace on when you left me in tonight, and then you didn't have it on, and now you've got it on. What's it all about? I'm mixed up.

Jane:— *(Awkwardly)* Well, you see, I got your telegram after Donald called this evening, and so I just wanted to see bo.....

Joan:— You see, Donald, we just wanted to see if you'd really remember Jane, after that casual introduction at the Civic last week, and so Jane and I decided to change around and see if you'd suspect anything, and then she got a telegram from Tommy, after you talked to her, and we wondered if Tommy would notice any difference if we'd change around, since it's been so long since he's seen either of us. Well, we found out. You fellows aren't angry, are you?

Tommy:— (*Going to Jane and putting his arm around her*) Well, it's okay since I won out and we're still together.

Donald:— Well, since you're the girl I really like best, you're the one I *want* a date with, Jane. (*Looking at Joan*) No, it isn't Jane, is it?

Joan:— No, it's Joan.

Tommy:— Hey, fellas, what do you say if we make some fudge and pop corn?

Trio:— Suits me.  
(*They all exit through a side door.*)

## WISTFUL

NAOMI RANEY, '44

Violets  
 Outside my window  
 Growing.  
 Heart-breaking  
 Blue ones begging to be plucked  
 And brought to you.  
 Sorrowing  
 I pass them by  
 And they  
 Droop baby faces.  
 No one has told them  
 That  
 This spring  
 You are not here.

## ODE TO A NUN

MARY ROSE (TURNER) BUCKELE, '43

Hoosier College Verse Entry 1940

Tell me, O muses what ye are saying in her heart  
That gives her countenance an ethereal bliss?  
O sculptors of marble, who chisled this  
Masterpiece not of stone but of life?  
What magic artist limned that face!  
Not Raphael's brush could give such grace!  
Philosophers' words grow blank and cold,  
Leaving her secret strength untold.  
Venus herself must pale at the sight  
Of the love that is her light.

My blundering words will never find  
The joy hidden  
In thy soul sublime.  
It is a god of whom  
Thou speakest to me.  
This of eternity I know not;  
Let my pagan spirit warm  
To the faith of thine.  
Let the song that sings in thee  
Sing in me and halt the numbing pain.  
O short be the years until I see  
This god, *the* God, who sings in thee!

## Christmas Eve

ANNE MEHN, '44

Night had descended early that December evening and a bevy of stars were already sending bright shafts of light down through the darkness. The pale moon strolled through the sky, stooping now and then through an occasional cloud. The air had grown quite chill and gently the palm leaves moved.

Three men stood gazing into the night. Behind them lay their sleeping camp, before them, the vast expanse of sand. They had come from afar and the journey had been difficult and perilous. There was no cheery fireside to sit by, there were no loved-ones here to greet them. No happy child's laugh broke the stillness of this night. Only sand and sky and an unknown destiny lay ahead. Yet they had come, for they possessed the courage to fulfill a great mission, to them a most sacred mission.

Silently they stood, their eyes raised to the heavens, renewing in their hearts the solemn promise they had made. The stars seemed to grow brighter as if sending down a benediction of courage and cheer to the three men—in khaki—"somewhere in the Pacific."

# Translations

*The charm of these odes lies in the accuracy with which they uncover the hidden meanings of classic poetry, no less than in their own poetic merit.*

## TO PYRRHA

(From the *Carmina* of Horace, Book I, Ode V)

MARY JANE LANG, '41

What graceful youth in rose-decked bower  
Enhanced with perfume, courts thee, Pyrrha?  
For whom dost thou bind up thy hair  
In studied plainness?

Alas, how often will he mourn  
Thy lack of faith, his changed fate,  
And wonder at the roughened course  
Caused by love's blindness.

He now enjoys thee, thinking still  
Thy golden charm is but for him,  
Nor knows he that the lack of guile  
Is his entirely.

O wretched those who know thee not  
Yet drown themselves in beauty's sea.  
My dripping garments hung on high  
Bespeak my safety.

## TO AUGUSTUS

(From the *Carmina* of Horace, Book I, Ode XII)

BETTY SPENCER, '41

What god or hero dost thou choose to praise  
O Clio, on the lyre or clear-toned flute?  
Whose name do playful echoes make resound  
On shady Helicon or on cool Pindus' top,  
Or Haemus', whence the forests blindly followed  
Singing Orpheus, with his mother's art  
Slowing the rapid lapse of rivers and swift winds,  
And leading listening oaks with singing strings?

What shall I sing in praise of him  
Who rules men's destinies and gods',  
Who rules the seas and land and hours?  
From him no greater god is born,  
Nor none like him or nearly so;  
Still, warlike Pallas holds the nearest place.  
Yet must I not forget thee, Liber,  
Nor thee, Dian', to monsters dread,  
Nor thee, Apollo, of unerring bow.  
And I shall speak of Hercules, and Leda's sons  
Renowned for skill in boxing and in horsemanship;  
When their white star shines forth to sailors,  
Angry waves down flow from cliffs,  
The winds die down, the storm-clouds flee,  
The threat'ning sea lies down to rest.  
Next these shall I speak first of Romulus,  
The peaceful reign Pompilius brought,  
Of Tarquin's rule, or Cato's noble death?  
Regulus, and men of Scaurus' kind,  
The great-souled Paul, Fabricius,  
With gratitude my muse shall sing.  
Strict discipline, a simple home prepared  
For battles great Camillus' kind and Curius,  
Marcellus' fame grows greater with the silent  
Lapse of time, as grows a tree; among the stars  
The Julian star outshines all others,  
As the moon the lesser fires.  
O guide and father of the human race,  
O Saturn's son, to you the fates have given  
Caesar's destiny. Long may you reign  
With only Caesar's glory near.  
If he now justly triumphs o'er the threat'ning  
Foe, or conquers distant Eastern shores,  
To thee alone, as second, may he rule  
The happy earth with his just sway;  
Thou, whose awful chariot doth shake  
Olympus; thou, who hurl'st thy thunderbolts  
Of wrath on sacrilegious crimes.

# The Return of Deirdre

NAOMI RANEY, '44

*Delightful Irish fairy lore is here recaptured  
in the style of a native author.*

Once in the far off years when all the world was in its springtime and the very air was alive with happiness, there lived in the land of Glengarry a Woman known as Deirdre. She was as tall and slender as the lilies that grew by the lough, and her face was the fairest that men had ever seen. And all who knew her loved her, for her goodness and kindness were known the world over.

Now Deirdre lived alone in a little Brown House just off the highway to Dublin, and many were the times that a waif or a vagabond would wander to her door and ask for a bit of work and a bite to eat. Out of the goodness of her great heart, Deirdre helped them and many were the songs that were sung of Deirdre the Compassionate.

One day there appeared at the door of the little Brown House, a waif, Mara, Child of Bitterness, and Deirdre, knowing that the child was alone in the world, sheltered and treated her as her own. For many years Mara lived under the roof of the little Brown House with Deirdre the Compassionate, and she was as fair as the first dewy rose of the springtime and her voice was as the song of the birds, but she was not so fair as Deirdre.

Then in the heart of Mara, Child of Bitterness, there was sown the seed of envy and the seed flourished and grew until the heart of Mara was black and vile and the beautiful body of her was but a shell, hollow and empty. One day she turned upon Deirdre with the fury of a she-wolf and drove her from the little Brown House. But she did not live long because her fury was so great that she was consumed by it

and she died, a holocaust to her own desires.

Then Deirdre, who had been wandering through the hills of Glengarry, returned to the little Brown House and for many years lived there, and her beauty and kindness were known the world over. But Deirdre disappeared one day and was never seen again and some of the old people say that she wanders the face of the earth, helping the poor and the unfortunate, inspiring the downtrodden. Once, during a Great War when the world seemed ready to consume itself out of its own fury, I heard a sennachie say, "'Tis me that's a'thinkin' that Mara is after drivin' Deirdre from the little Brown House again, but Deirdre will return."

(In the style of Cathal O'Byrne.)



# Mono-Graphs

*Individual bits of creative writing—  
varied, colorful, thought-provoking.*

## Book-Lure

The little, antique book-store looked as though it had just stepped out of a Dickens' novel and imbedded itself on the quiet side street. The tinkling of the small brown bell above the door as I entered, helped to enhance the atmosphere. For a few moments I seemed to be alone, but suddenly from behind a counter popped a shiny head trimmed with white fringe beneath which were two twinkling marbles and a little red ball. This queer concoction of features approached me with a stiff yet springy step. Having exchanged greetings, I began to explain that I was an inveterate hoarder of books—books which had been tinged yellow with age or practically any kind that captured my fancy. The proprietor's warm and eager "Ja, Ja" loosened my tongue and I at once unraveled the story of my searches and even told him of a few treasured "first editions" I had unearthed in shops similar to this one. With an air of hospitality that was royal, he placed everything at my disposal and went back to his tasks, leaving me to browse and dally to my heart's content. A faint musty odor lingered in my nostrils, wholly unreprieved. Books—large ones, small ones, thick ones, thin ones—confronted me.

BEATRICE HYNES, '46

## February

Few people can see beauty in the cold February days. They speak of February as a grey, cheerless month. Today looking from the library window I saw beauty in the scene before me. The bare trees looked like huge men reaching their arms to the sky. In the largest one was a baby squirrel, blissfully ignorant of the world about it. Soon it scampered after a leaf. The lake was partly frozen and edged with snow, an aftermath of last week's blizzard. The surrounding water was motionless, sparkling in the bit of winter sun. Through a blue haze, white birch trees could be seen on the opposite side. The field was brown and cold looking but in it all, the beauty of winter was striking.

MARY JANE HERMANN, '46

## Three Cheers For . . . . .

He is a tall, lean man, slightly past middle age. His rugged, weather beaten face with its firm set jaw reflects strength, determination, and wisdom. His greying Van Dyke beard will soon be silver and the wrinkles about his eyes are lines of kindness and benevolence.

He is always around when needed and like most other men has a family to support. His family is made up of millions, but in spite of its hugeness he has done a magnificent job keeping them happy. He is always the first to step in to help the oppressed and underprivileged, and wherever his high hat and striped pants are seen people are assured of their rights to happiness. Yes, he is the best American—Our Uncle Sam.

JULIANA DILLHOFF, '46

## Silhouette

She is alive, the college girl of today, very much alive. People of the world meet her in every walk of life. Yes, she is outstanding in her own way— a very significant and individual way.

She is sincere. That is why she speaks what she thinks. Her cheerfulness is a tradition. To her varied activities she brings an abundance of vitality. The touchstone of her success in enterprise is reliability. Dominant in her character is the note of determination to be helpful to all those with whom she may come into contact.

Since she possesses a strong faith, she has no room in her heart for fear. In the struggle of life— a struggle she has in common with her fellowmen— she is unafraid.

Bewildered at times, by the uncertain road ahead, she eagerly seeks the truth. She is learning today. Tomorrow she will be teaching others. Even now her life is a beacon of inspiration to many, who have had her dreams, but who have not been so fortunate as she in making their dreams a reality.

To her forefathers she is grateful for the way of life they have left her— a bequest they fought and died for. That same way of life she is now fighting to maintain.

Silhouetted in the breeze, her hair blowing, her smile childlike but reflecting fine intellect and high courage, she expresses the fulness of life that is hers.

Such is the ideal American college girl of today, the woman and leader of tomorrow, and a joy to the world forever.

MARY. NOONAN, '46

**MIRACLE**

SISTER M. MICHAELA, '43

Original epilogue to the *Fioretti* story, *The Wolf of Gubbio*

A beast of fierce and frightful mien  
Was Gubbio's wolf  
Until the saintly Francis' love  
A lamb disclosed.

Grim passions' fire our souls can know,  
And deep despair.  
Fair image of the Crucified  
They soon deface —

Unless we fly to Calvary's heights  
Where He, the Lamb,  
Our wolfish leaning takes, and leaves us  
Other Christs.



# Responsibility

## HAVE YOU ACCEPTED YOURS?

DORIS ANN BECKER, '42

Our Sunday Visitor, October 27, 1940.

*Straight from the shoulder comes this frank plea for active patriotism.*

Do you know that two of the most valuable privileges of an American citizen are the right to vote and the right to hold public office? Have you reacted to this knowledge with interest, enthusiasm, and action? Perhaps you have shrugged your shoulders indifferently and thought:

"What difference does it make whether I vote or not? Somebody will be elected without my vote. I shall be busy election day."

.....Totalitarianism threatens to encircle the whole world, openly in Europe and Asia and insidiously in the Americas. War clouds have blacked out normal life in most of the world.....

Young men and women of America, you can do your part to stem the tide of dictatorship and war by accepting seriously your responsibility as citizens of the United States of America. It is not only your civic duty but also your Christian duty to help in the preservation of the democratic ideal of government. You may never have the opportunity to show your patriotism and love for your country by a spectacular deed, but you can show it simply and effectively by exercising your constitutional rights.

One of your constitutional rights is the privilege of holding public office. Of course, we know that as the youth of America you are not of age to hold office except in unusual cases. However, your youth is to your advantage. You can strengthen your character by following the mandates of Christ and the Church, by self-denial and self-control. You can

prepare yourself by study and observation. You can develop those abilities and aptitudes that are essential to success in public office. Then, if and when you are offered a public office by the people, you will be worthy of the trust placed upon you.....

Now, everyone cannot hold office—that privilege is restricted to a few—but every citizen can vote if he fulfills certain requirements. By voting one elects those who are to decide the future of the country. The men and women who run the government are the men and women who formulate the laws and policies that shape the destiny of the United States. If you elect ambitious and unscrupulous politicians, the country will be threatened with social and economic failure. You will be in danger of losing your most cherished liberties—freedom of religion, freedom of speech, and freedom peaceably to assemble. Elect men of unflinching integrity, men who love the principles upon which the government of the United States was founded.

How can you become an intelligent voter? The answer to this is quite simple. Build a firm foundation of general knowledge both of historical events and of contemporary events..... Study and carefully analyze all sides of governmental issues in the light of this knowledge and draw a conclusion. Let your final decision be based always on a Catholic or Christian philosophy, that is, one permeated with a love of right and justice as taught by Christ through His Commandments and His Church.

Once you have formed an opinion through your own careful reasoning do not be swayed by propaganda. Yes, change your convictions if by your reasoning you realize that you have come to an erroneous or false conclusion, but do not let the unscrupulous politician or uninformed individual influence your decision.

.....Formulate your opinions and vote *Now* or some day the government may formulate your opinions for you and tell you how to vote *Then*.

**SANCTISSIMAE TRINITATI**

BETTY SPENCER, '41

God,  
Truth unutterable,  
Goodness incomprehensible,  
Beauty inexpressible,  
Infinity.  
How shall we  
Praise and adore  
Adequately  
The Ineffable? .

We,  
Multifarious potency,  
Circumscribed activity,  
Depending  
For each breath of being  
On pure Act.

To utter  
The Ineffable,  
What is better  
Than a wordless song?  
Alleluia, Alleluia!

O Thou Whose Essence is To Be,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Bending low to Thee we raise  
Our Alleluia hymn of praise.

**ODE TO SLEEP**

ANNA E. MEHN, '44

American Poet Laureate Entry 1942

Sleep, Sleep, enchanting Sleep,  
O cast thy spell upon my heart,  
Soothe thou the worry that is there,  
Strength and new hope to me impart.

O be thou in this troubled world,  
As oasis in desert land;  
Into a world of calm content,  
Lead me with magic hand.

O kiss me with thy muted lips,  
And let me dream some wondrous thing;  
Make me oblivious of my woes,  
Surcease and rest in anguish bring.

Sleep, Sleep, mysterious Sleep,  
Thy spell o'er me is cast;  
Thou art tranquillity serene,  
O let me sleep, sleep fast.

**BOOK REVIEW****George Washington Carver**

BY RACKHAM HOLT

In 1942 there came from the pen of a master literary artist of the negro race an autobiography, a classic in its field. For those who read to learn, *Dark Symphony* has a soul-stirring message. That same message, this time in the guise of science, comes to America in the story of *George Washington Carver* by Rackham Holt.

Born of ex-slaves about 1864 near Diamond Grove, Missouri, and snatched by raiders from the arms of his mother, George was rescued and given a home by Mr. and Mrs. Moses Carver, kindly German immigrants.

At the age of ten, led by an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, he left his foster home to attend school. Despite rebuffs, delicate health, and the constant toil for a livelihood, he succeeded in completing his grammar school education and was graduated from high school in Minneapolis, Kansas. Rejected at Highland College, he was admitted to Simpson College in Indianola, Iowa, where he achieved signal honor. At Iowa State College of Agriculture, in Ames, he became an expert in the things of the soil, earning the bachelor and master degrees in science. The post of assistant botanist was then conferred upon him.

In 1896, yielding to the entreaties of Booker T. Washington, Carver joined the faculty of Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, in the capacity of research worker and professor. Pipettes from reeds, a mortar from a cracked china bowl, a classroom bell from a horse-shoe— these typify the equipment his ingenuity devised. In his laboratory, "God's little workshop" he called it, nothing was ever thrown out.

In quick succession and seemingly unending number and variety came Professor Carver's discoveries and inventions. Synthetic marble from palmetto roots and wood shavings,

shoe-polish from sweet potatoes, dyes, including the historic Egyptian royal purple, from ordinary clay, are typical.

The peanut, however, was his greatest single contribution to the South. Not only did its growing enrich the soil and thus off-set the ruinous effects of the one-crop system, but, under his deft fingers and keen intelligence, it yielded over one-hundred marketable commodities including axle grease, shaving cream, and mixed pickles. Even a medicinal remedy for a disease appearing among the peanut growers was forthcoming.

The motive that more than any other seemed to compel him to ceaseless study and investigation was the burning desire to aid his people. That he definitely raised their earning capacity and their standard of living is proved by his title, "savior of the Negro." As a final contribution to his race, Dr. Carver established the Carver foundation, a research laboratory for promising young negro chemists.

His services, however, were freely given to all. In the spirit of genuine altruism, Carver refused remunerations and did not even apply for patents. With heroic selflessness, he sacrificed a career in the fine arts, for the more helpful science of agriculture.

Carver's greatest claim to distinction, is the sincere humility with which he referred all his success to God. Roaming in the woods or toiling in his workshop, he communed with "Mr. Creator."

His death in January, 1943, marked the passing of a truly great American.

JOAN DUFFIN, '45

