Fioretti

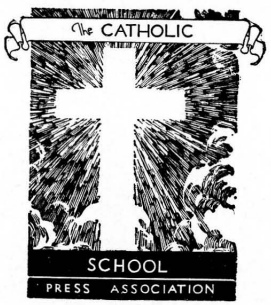
Marian College

Indianapolis, Indiana

The Fioretti

AN ANTHOLOGY
OF
MARIAN COLLEGE
PROSE AND VERSE

VOLUME THIRTEEN



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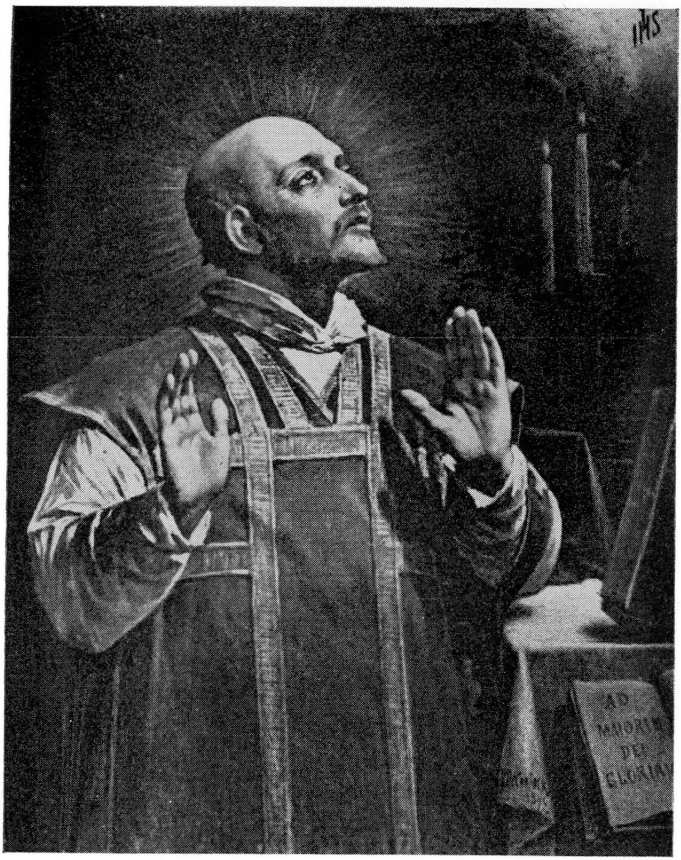

ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA

"Go, set the world on fire!"—inspiring words of Saint Ignatius Loyola to his disciples, and fitting ones for today's Catholic college student. To him, in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of his death, this issue of Fioretti is dedicated.

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Understanding the Mass

"This is My Body . . . This is My Blood." Nearly two thousand years ago a Priest spoke these words to His disciples—mysterious, decisive words spoken in Aramaic, the vernacular of Palestine. A hundred years later the same words were spoken in Greek by a priest offering the sacrifice in commemoration of Christ's death. A few centuries after this the sacred words were spoken in Latin, now the official voice of the Church since it was understood by all who had been under Roman domination. By 800 A.D. the Mass, the sacrifice of the new law, was celebrated in the Latin rite in about the same form as we know it today.

Despite the changes of language, those words of Christ around which the Mass was built were not altered in meaning. The people in the first centuries of Christianity understood the Mass as a true sacrifice—the offering of a Victim to God and Its destruction by receiving It into their hearts. *The Mass, the unbloody sacrifice of Calvary, the mystery of Divine Love.* It was an act on which they could meditate, an offering in which they could partake, a privilege for which they would die.

Is this what we understand by and how we feel toward the Mass today? For some it certainly means all this and more, but for others it is merely a requirement to be fulfilled on Sundays under pain of sin. Attendance at weekday Mass is considered unnecessary and even impossible to fit into an already busy schedule. Where these attitudes do not exist other less serious ones may, for instance praying the rosary during Mass. The rosary is, indeed, a beautiful and inspiring prayer; but it was not meant to assist one in offering sacrifice. What is even more to be regretted is having no means at all to help one offer the Mass but a frail ability for concentration.

The causes for this lack of wholehearted participation at Mass arise partly from the times in which we live (afflicted as they are with materialism, rationalism) and perhaps also from the fact that the language in which the service is conducted is a strange and foreign tongue. Unlike his early Christian brother today's Catholic is not familiar with Latin or at least cannot translate rapidly enough to really participate in the Mass. He cannot feel that he is entering into the action of the sacrifice but must feel that he is just an onlooker.

How much deeper the layman's adoration would be if he heard "Glory be to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good

will" in familiar English. How much more would he give thanks for his gift of faith if he heard, "I believe in one God, the Father almighty—." Upon hearing the priest's command, "Pray, brethren, that my sacrifice and yours may prove acceptable to God the Father Almighty," would he not petition God in all humility to receive his oblation. A true desire for reparation for his sins would surely overwhelm him as he heard the English prayer, "Lord, I am not worthy—." In the vernacular the sacrifice at once becomes more personal and by offering the sacrifice in his own language he feels it more a part of himself.

The zeal of the early Christians came from a complete understanding of what the Mass is and from a participation in it. This same zeal for the Mass could be renewed in our own times if those conditions could again be realized. The Mass, at least in part, in the vernacular would aid in making it understandable to more people. After all, the language is not really important, the meaning of the sacrifice is what is significant. Therefore, let us hope one day we shall see, hear, and offer the Mass in English to God Who is not only *Pater Noster,* but also *Our Father.*

—*Margaret Winsor*

How Does a Catholic Evaluate a Book?

It would be difficult to estimate how many words have been used to denounce the current flood of cheap literature that is now available at the drugstore, the dime store and the bus station in our hometown. And this flood of criticism is more than justified when one considers that sin is being sold for a quarter. However, there are some books that are equally dangerous morally that are masquerading themselves with higher prices, better quality printing and most dangerous of all disguises, masterful and artistic style. It is a simple matter to decide on the quality, moral or literary, of the cheaper sort of writing but when you are confronted with a skillfully written book that is considered art by the critics the problem of criticism becomes more involved although based on the same principles.

There are two easy ways of solving this problem. One is to avoid any book that is high on the best-seller list on the assumption that it must be bad. Another method is to explain away all vulgarities and presentations of sin as the realistic or frank way of writing. As usual the middle of the road approach is the most valuable but the most difficult solution to the problem and by some, the most neglected solution. In this particular situation there is a definite cause for this neglect. Intelligent moral criticism depends on a knowledge of prin-

ciples of style and on principles of morality.

What is really needed is a critical study of literature. Most readers have innately or as a result of literature courses an adequate understanding of what is necessary for a book to be an artistic success. It is the question of morality that is most difficult to solve. Is there a set standard that we may use to determine the moral value of a work? Certainly. We may start with the Church's pronouncement on the subject. It is taken for granted that books on the Index are forbidden. The Church also forbids any book that would prove damaging to the reader's moral code. It is this second provision that requires expansion and interpretation. Does it mean that because the reader does not experience a change of heart while reading a novel that the book is not damaging? Or does it mean that we should evaluate a book according to the values it presents and compare these values to our own? Surely the last, since it would take a super-human intellect to remain unaffected by constant presentation of sin as justified by circumstances or sin as commonplace.

In making our evaluation then, what criteria do we use? Do we decide by finding out the subject matter and if it deals with sin omit the book from our reading list? Not necessarily. The fault often is found in the presentation of sin. Sin is the root of man's conflict in life, and great works all are based on some conflict. With the present modern interest in psychology and psychiatry it is only to be expected that writers will concern themselves with the inner conflicts of man and this will necessarily introduce the topic of sin.

It can be determined by a few questions, the nature of the author's presentation of sin and thus, the value of the work. The reader must ask himself: Is the author presenting sin for no other purpose than to please vulgar minds? Is it given undue attention when considered in relation to the plot or theme of the book? Does it imply that the author feels that sin is justified, or that morals are like social customs and change with the era? In brief, is sin presented as good? If the reader can answer these questions in the affirmative then his only criticism can be that the book should not be read because of its danger to personal morals.

On the other hand if sin is presented as the moral evil it really is, (and not as socially wrong or just poor business practice) then the author has done something praiseworthy. Praiseworthy because he has shown sin and its consequences in their relation to humanity and its goal. Praiseworthy because he has written truth, unpleasant as it may be and even offensive to squeamish readers.

Why this concern about moral evaluation? We are Catholics and even if we are tired of hearing about it, we are The Chosen of the present day. The far reaching affects of books are too important to be neglected. And too, it does seem a shame that we cannot see the difference between Sinclair Lewis and Graham Greene.

—*Emilie Murray*

The Tower

BY ANNE RICHASON

He seized the handle in a desperate grip and pulled open the door which led into the tower. Many times before he had opened the same door. The piercing wind whispered mournful cries into his ears, and the snow swooped around his feet. He shut the door quickly, and started across the noiseless room in the direction of the staircase. It seemed strange that this would be the place to end it all. Perhaps if he had not built the tower, but then he knew that he had had to build it. He shivered as he drew near the steps. Even when all was despaired of and utterly hopeless, it would be hard; but then he had not expected it to be easy.

As he mounted the first step, he felt in his pocket. Yes, it was still there. Now just to climb to the top of the tower, gently slip the noose over his head, attach it to the flag pole, crawl out, and then jump. He had done just that so many times during the past weeks; he almost knew how it was going to feel. There would be a few minutes during which he would dangle there alive; it would all soon be over. There would be no more agonizing hours of loneliness; no more would his friends be able to jeer at him and say, "I told you so"; and no longer would he have to sit, just sit and wait for a word from Fritz. Ah, yes, Fritz. So many days and nights he had spent waiting for a single word from him, but none ever came. Perhaps if Mim hadn't died, but Mim had gone; and Fritz had too, and now just he was left. Before long, he too would be gone.

As he mounted the first step, a sudden chill ran through his warm body. For a minute he felt that he would never make it. Then, possessed with determination, he started up the stairs. Each step was torturous agony. Driven by the idea that it would soon be over, he struggled on. He could see a faint light in the upper part of the tower as he proceeded. How many times he had rambled up these steps at this same time of day to find Fritz hard at work on some childish scientific problem. There was no doubt about it; Fritz had been a very brilliant lad. That was one of the things that he had noticed about Fritz the first day he had seen him. He could so well remember the first time he had set eyes on the lad.

He was standing apart from the others viewing the strange American with insatiable curiosity. He had felt an immediate attraction to the boy. They didn't cut the German boys' hair at the orphanage, and Fritz with his long yellow curls and wide, thoughtful eyes made him indeed appealing to the American. When he asked to speak to the lad, he was not at all surprised to find that he spoke almost perfect English. He had intended to talk to the boy about his own life, but

Fritz soon had him answering questions about America. When exactly he made up his mind to adopt this German lad, he could not remember. It had not taken him long. The supervisor warned him of the possible problems that adopting this lad could bring, but he listened to none of it. He finished his business in Berlin as quickly as possible, and within a few days he and his new son sailed for America.

It was while aboard ship that he first learned of Fritz's quiet, listless nature. Fritz was the only son of a brilliant German scientist; he was determined to become like his father. Even though his father had deserted him, he felt no bitterness. Many times while on the ship, he would find Fritz off by himself, alone, just gazing at the waves, as if trying to decide what made them roll.

Upon arriving in the States, he asked Fritz what he would like as a present for his homecoming. Fritz said that, although it was drastically expensive, he had always dreamed of building a tower like the tower of Weftfaden that stood in his home town. In it he wanted to build a laboratory where he could carry on small experiments. Wanting to give his son every thing possible, he had built the tower. Every stone in it was laid to Fritz's specification. From top to bottom it was Fritz's tower.

Although everyone liked Fritz, his friends were dubious as to the wisdom of adopting a foreigner, who would never completely adjust himself. Even he soon came to realize that Fritz's heart was still in his native land. During the years that followed, only Fritz's feeling of obligation to his foster father held him.

Then followed the latter years of separation. Feeling that their home town lacked adequate facilities for the education of their doubtlessly ingenious son, he and Mim had decided to send Fritz to a nearby military academy. He had been so young, and they had been so proud. But then it had happened. Mim had gone, gone leaving him alone to wait for Fritz. With increased agony he remembered the summers of these years. Fritz spent increasingly more and more time in his tower. Often he came home late during the hot summer months to find Fritz hard at work on some

vital experiment, unmindful of the torrid temperature of the world that surrounded him. When Fritz left the military academy at graduation, he also left his military training behind in favor of experimental science.

Years passed, and then came the war. Fritz's feeling of responsibility to his native land drove him to return to the country of his birth. Without a word he left. No mail followed his departure. The stone mansion soon became unbearable. He longed for the many nights spent in the tower with Fritz. Now his days were empty, lonely. He had spent his entire life making a home for the foreigner, and he had failed miserably.

He now picked his way cautiously up the remaining steps. He wondered how long it would be before they discovered his body. Probably not for a while. After all he was no longer important; there was really no one to miss him. Yes, the world would be a better place without him. Suddenly, however, he wondered about Fritz, what he was doing now, and what he would do when he heard the news of his foster father's death. For a moment he paused. Perhaps he would need someone to stand by him. Maybe after the war Fritz would need his Dad.

His Dad . . . he pondered the words in his stricken mind. Dad, that was a majestic word. He had never been able to completely convince Fritz that that was the way he wished to be addressed. He much more frequently resorted to the colder, more polite 'sir.' How vividly he could remember the first time Fritz had called him Dad. It had been on one of those rare occasions when he had brought a fellow student home from the military academy. When introducing him to the friend he had said, "This is my Dad." Wild joy had flooded his heart. He had wanted to grab Fritz in a fierce embrace, but Fritz was not one who would like such a display of emotion—but then neither was he. Nevertheless, during the days and nights that followed the words somehow kept sifting through his mind. He had even gone so far as to think that perhaps Fritz really did care, but like himself had been unable to express his feelings. Now Fritz had shown how he really felt—he had gone.

At last he drew near the end of his journey up the narrow stairs. At the last step he paused to look into the interior of the little room before him. Faint light filtered through the slightly open oval window reflecting on the minute particles of snow that gently drifted down to the marble floor. The light centered his gaze upon a picture beneath the oval window. In spite of the dimness, his eyes were held by an unfamiliar portrait of his son. Fritz must have hung it here himself as a token of the love and tenderness which he could not express.

With faltering steps he lurched toward the picture. Furiously he snatched it with stiff blue fingers. Clumsily he ripped the picture from its frame, sending the echoes of shattering glass ringing through the lifeless tower.

With searching eyes he gazed upon the figure before him—a young man with a sober determined expression. His heart was beating

madly as he clutched the picture in his now feverish fingers. Beads of perspiration sparkled like ice crystals on his forehead. In the midst of his anger, as he was about to tear the picture to shreds, he noticed the faint lettering on the back. With faltering words he stammered:

To my dad
Love,
Fritz

With wildest ecstasy he clutched the picture to his breast. Over and over again he sent the words ringing through the tower as he sobbed in rapturous agony . . . my son . . . my son. . . .

The purest snow sifted into the stillness of the tower, gently enshrouding the huddled form beneath the oval window.

Encounter

"It's been a long time,"
And "How've you been?"
All the proper phrases
Spoken in the right key.

And if outwardly we pretend,
Within we admit
That childhood's friendships
Sometimes cease to be.

And so we part
With smiles and promises gay,
But each of us is lonelier
Than we used to be.

—*Emilie Murray*

A Forgotten Item

BY ANTHONY VESPO

A robbery maneuvered with the exactness such as this one had months of planning behind it. The men knew what they wanted, how they would get it, and where they would take it after they had completed their mission. Every detail had been precisely timed so that they would make no errors and take the chance of getting captured and sent to Hell Gate, where few men leave alive.

The men were presumed dead, for after weeks of intensive search through this barren wilderness, not a trace of them was found. The authorities were acquainted with many who had taken refuge in the desert, but they soon surrendered themselves, for they would rather be turned over to the prison Hell Gate, than die in one of the thousand traps which the desert holds.

The men had picked a spot for hiding which had a small stream of water flowing down the mountainside. Few people knew of this place. And these few had their information from the miners who used to come prospecting for gold; but many of those who came in search of gold at Panamint Range died before they reached civilization. The leader of this group of men had checked on this important item prior to their illegal act, and finding the stream, knew that they could go on as planned since there was nothing to hinder them now.

It was during the middle of the fifth week that the unexpected happened. The desert was trying on the men's nerves, and this strain was reflected in their tempers as well as their faces. The first few weeks were occupied by cursing the heat which seemed to be getting more intense as each day passed. Their preoccupation with the heat was soon dwarfed by the dead monotony of their surroundings. There was no life, save for the four of them. There was scarcely ever a breeze. There was nothing! This dead monotonous environment began to press upon the minds of the men, and they soon became irritated at the slightest provocation. Up until this fifth week, they had managed to guard themselves; but when the stream went dry, they were stricken with panic.

Mounting confusion and fierce arguments arose between them. They knew they could not stay in the desert without water. They finally came to the decision that the following day they would leave the valley. The main thing was to remain calm, as getting into any more arguments at this time would jeopardize everything they had risked these past weeks. Their throats had become parched and they could think of nothing else except hurrying and getting out before the desert claimed them for its victim.

They had just finished packing the bare necessities, when quick as a flash, they found themselves in the middle of a cloudburst. Lady Luck had certainly dealt them a winning hand. They knew now that they would have no more trouble.

They quickly laid out two pans to fill with water. The pans were almost full when the men felt a slight tremor. As the tremor became more pronounced, they became aware of a deafening roar, a roar which seemed to come from all directions at once. They were seized with terror, looking at each other wildly. One of them suddenly began shouting to the others and pointed up the mountainside. They couldn't hear his words for the deafening roar, but they looked in the direction in which he was pointing. They knew that they had counted on everything except the one thing for which the desert is most famed and feared. Glancing up the mountainside, they saw their stream widen to the width of the mountain itself. Here they were caught in the wake of a flash flood. The desert had saved its trump card to play last. Everything which stood in the path of the waters was sent to oblivion. In a matter of seconds the only thing that lay in the camp was a huge boulder which had been picked up by the flood and let down at this spot, as proof that Death Valley is death valley and not a place of refuge.

Art

A world so bleak with trees so bare,
Waits spring's arrival with a prayer
Of thanks. For soon her brush will spread
Her verdant paint upon each bed
Of flow'ring things. A touch of blue,
Or pink or gold will tint a few
Plants here and there, till all are gay.
They wait the gentle blending spray
Of rain to mix the shades, and bring
That rainbow of color we call spring.

—Barbara Dunn

Are You Hearing Bells?

BY BARBARA WERNSING

A metallic vessel which gives forth a clear, musical ringing sound on being struck, generally cup shaped—this is what Mr. Webster has to say of a bell. To a dictionary they're all the same, from the Great Moscow bell, biggest in the world, to the small bell on sister's desk which brings Catholic students in grade and high school to their feet in class rooms all over the world to ask God for mercy, grace, and love and which can change a noisy disorderly room to a settled hush with one sharp tap.

Between these two entirely different bells and the few hundred others, dear Mr. Webster shows absolutely no difference or partiality. He doesn't sympathize with the sleepy person that reaches over, fumbles around, and finally with a few mumbled remarks, knocks the alarm clock on the floor, bell and all.

Neither does he seem to meditate on a hot summer day when little boys and girls rush into the house and beg for a nickel which they transfer from their grubby fists to the hand of an ice-cream man whose bell they heard a block away.

While some people seem to hear bells for no apparent reason others sit by a two piece contraption and wish that he would call tonight. Some people act as though they were alergic to the door bell. They peek around the curtains to see if it's the paper boy, the insurance man, just another collector, or some unexpected caller arriving too near dinner. Certainly no one seems alergic to the lunch bell unless he's on a diet, of course, or the bell that signifies the end of class.

Always there are the sentimental bells that announce that a couple is to receive the sacrament of Matrimony on a bright June morning. And with the falling snow, the chimes of midnight Mass penetrate through the cold, still night, and lay a warm blanket of peace, joy, and good will on the hearts of those slushing their way to church. Christmas isn't complete without the mention of sleigh bells, especially those belonging to that jolly old fellow and his eight reindeer. Nine? Oh, pardon me, Rudolph.

However, Mr. Webster does have a point, for whether it be the famous Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, proclaiming our freedom, or the tinkle of a bell suspended from a red ribbon around the soft down of a kitty's neck, a bell definitely gives forth a sound which echoes throughout the world to every people in many ways.

The Star

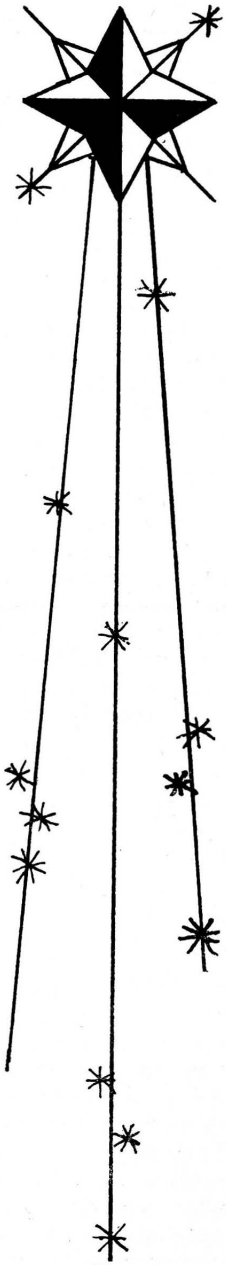
A star,
One star,
A child's whole faith
In one bright star.

So high, that star—
How like a child
To reach so far.

So great the star;
How grasps the child
What man's thoughts bar?

A star,
One star;
Soon child's bright faith
Outshines his star.

—*Judith C. Rabe*



Enter, Exit, Americans

BY JULIA ABRAMS

What is one of the most popular and yet one of the most unpopular American products to enter Europe? Observation takes the stand as witness to this answer: American tourists.

On what does the popularity of American tourists rest? The answer costs America some of her pride in her citizens; for it is founded on the specious basis that the American dollar burns a hole in the spacious pocket, or pocketbook, of its possessors. Statistics, however, does corroborate such a basis. According to *The United States News and World Report,* May 13, 1955, 442,000 Americans spent $348,000,000 in Europe during the year 1954 and by the close of 1955, 500,000 Americans should have spent $400,000,000 in Europe.

Why are American tourists unpopular in Europe? The answer points directly to an American, though not necessarily as a nationality, but as a type of person. It happens that human nature is too ready to generalize and that human beings are too often products of their environment, rather than personalities, despite their environment. If a man's father and his teacher misinterpret *patriotism* to mean that no other country can compare with his native country in progress, in what a country has to offer regarding physical comfort and intellectual stimulation, improvement and enjoyment, then this man—if in Europe—is liable to voice comments and opinions that sound unpleasant to the ears of an European. It is a man's privilege to feel that "there's no place like home." That should be his attitude when he is at home. But when he travels to homes of another continent, he should leave such an attitude at (his) home. If not, he short-changes himself. He does not learn anything other than that which he already knows—how he lives. He does not learn how other people live. What is more, he does not learn that each man possesses the right of to-each-his-own. He, in short, compares; he does not observe. An observer — shouldn't that be a tourist?

Then there is this product—the type of American who thinks that the Europeans should consider themselves fortunate that he came to see and enrich their continent. He demands service wherever he goes and does not hesitate to create a scene if he is not given immediate and exclusive attention. He gets attention all right! Europeans are forming an opinion of all Americans as ill-mannered, self-centered, boisterous individuals.

There is still another product, another type of American abroad. He is the one with a sense of humor—*his* sense of humor. Perhaps it is the month of March, a balmy, sunny day in Nice, on the French Riviera. He enters a side-walk café,

slaps a waiter on the back, and wishes him a "Merry Christmas!"

These types of Americans abroad do not present to Europeans a flattering portrait of Americans as a nation. It is no wonder that Europeans are eager for the entrance of Americans, dollars in hand, while they anxiously await the exit of American tourists, empty-handed.

Let us leave this unflattering portrait of American tourists for one which pictures a tourist in the proper sense of the word—the tourist who observes, not compares, as he travels. Picture *you* as an American in Europe. *You* might be observing these customs, these parts of other ways of living:

Liberté, Atlantic Ocean — August, 19—. All aboard! It is Friday, 12:30 P.M. A few minutes ago, you missed seeing the Statue of Liberty as the *Liberté* sailed out of New York harbor—you were on the wrong side of the ship.

Midday dinner is now being served for the second time. You are seated by a French waiter, or two, who upholds his country's reputation for gallantry and who does so even more if you speak his language —no matter how little.

You read the French menu; it sounds good. Then you read the English translation on the opposite side to see if it is as good as it sounds. To begin with, there are choices of consommé or soup, of sea meat or farm meat, of vegetables, with or without a salad. To end it all, there is a choice of deserts—pastries, ice cream, or fruits.

A choice of desserts, however, can be eliminated in the end. For a smile, co-operative dinner mates (each one orders a different dessert) and the right waiter may get you an ample sample of each dessert.

As for beverages, your waiter, frowning skeptically, will serve you water for the ice water that you requested. But milk you will have to learn to do without. "Mademoiselle," a French waiter will say emphatically and somewhat patronizingly, "wine is our milk."

* * *

Paris, France—September, or April, 19—. It is 4:00 P.M.—tea time on the Continent. The continual storm of Parisian traffic—auto-cars, bicycles, motorcycles, pedestrians — lets up as side-walk cafés become the centers of destination.

Tea time on the Continent you do not have to take literally. You may prefer coffee and you can choose your brand—American or French. For your sweet tooth you can choose any number of delectable-looking pastries, which the French call "*les petits gâteaux* (little cakes).

Tea time on the Continent you find a pleasant custom. It is a relaxing interlude, whether you spend the afternoon touring, or whether you must spend the afternoon as a student or as a bread winner.

* * *

Cologne, Germany—February, 19—. It is the afternoon of Shrove Tuesday. You are seeing why Cologne is famous for its *fasching* (*Mardi gras* to you) celebration. One thing that strikes you forcibly is that every German, from child to grandparent, takes an active interest in the carnival that precedes Ash Wednesday. In contrast to the solemn, penitent spirit of Lent,

there is now exuberant gaiety, an almost nervous gaiety.

Even though you, too, love a parade, the enthusiasm that is the people of Cologne eludes you. For three hours you try to forget the extreme coldness and dampness as you watch a parade of comic floats, costumed bands, costumed people, heads befaced grotesquely, ludicrously. The brightness of gay colors everywhere does not dispel the coldness and dampness of which everybody but you seems to be oblivious.

It is the night for balls and polkas. You can go to one ball after another to dance a polka again and again. For this you will need second wind; for each polka is as quick of tempo as *Roll Out the Barrel,* one polka which will be no stranger to you.

If you attend *the* ball of Cologne, you might meet the king of the carnival. He is elected on the basis of wealth; for he must pay for all the candy that is thrown from the floats during the parade, for the balls, and for any other expense.

Songs are composed each year for the carnival—the accepted compositions winning about $50. These songs and those of former years are special to the carnival repertoire. You will hear them sung at the parade, at the balls, from the dawn of the celebration until the dawn of Ash Wednesday.

The spirit of the balls and of the songs is gay. But you find that their gaiety is more relaxed than that of the parade. It is a quiet gaiety, not in the least boisterous.

* * *

Barcelona, Spain—March, 19—. It is Saturday, 5:00 P.M. You are sitting in the bleachers. You are about to witness the sport of Spaniards—not baseball, but bullfighting.

Horns sound the opening notes of a *paso doble.* The spectacle begins—it is said that in Spain only the spectacle of a bullfight begins exactly on time.

First to march into the arena are the three *matadores,* each of whom fights to kill two bulls. Following the matador is his troupe of three *banderilleros* and two *picadores,* the latter on horseback. The role of each troupe is to prepare the bull for the matador. The banderilleros taunt the bull by thrusting into it three pairs of jagged darts (*banderillas*), two feet in length, while the picadores now and then wound the beast with the goad (*pique*), a well-pointed instrument the length of a pole.

Your first reaction is that of anguish as you watch the torturing of the bull. You think what an inhuman thing to do to an animal.

Then you realize what the bullfighter is trying to do. He is displaying his skill, his daring, his wit, his composure, the grace and suppleness of his body, the quickness of his feet. With this realization, you cease to sympathize with the bull; you now see the animal as a menace to the man. You admire the man—the bullfighter—his intrepidity, the art of his technique. You join the crowd in its excited "ooooolé!" whenever the bullfighter outwits an enraged bull.

But you cannot be one of the crowd when angry boos echo its

wild cheers. You witness the crowd's fickle attitude toward an up-and-coming nineteen-year-old matador who, after a brief, brilliant exhibition, is caught off guard to be gored, thrown, and trampled by his opponent. Ten minutes later, having regained consciousness, the young bullfighter returns for the kill, his handsome silk pants and stockings blood-stained. The crowd is again his friend. But you are no longer one of the crowd; you are now a spectator of the crowd as well as of the bullfight.

You watch the crowd brought to its feet when the young matador kills the bull that gored him. When he goes on to kill a second bull, the crowd showers hats, handkerchiefs, flowers at his feet. In recognition of its approval, the heroic matador circles the arena, thanking the crowd with his bows, while he awaits the judges' decision.

The judges honor him well. They agree that the matador of the hour merits both ears, the tail, a hoof, and a shoulder of his second conquest.

Horses are led in to drag away the remains of the bull. Thus ends your introduction to the pageantry of Spain's national sport.

* * *

Lisbon, Portugal—April, 19—. It is 9:00 in the evening. You are having dinner at a place called MACHADO. One of your aspirations is to become a connoisseur; but that requires daring. You don't have sufficient courage to order octopus; so you compromise. You order the specialty of the house—chicken prepared in cocoa with rice—on the condition that you sample a dinner mate's octopus.

An hour or more later you are still enjoying dinner when another specialty of the house is offered; and that is FADO, the Portuguese way of singing. A young girl, in long black dress and black shawl, head thrown backward, begins to sing the Portuguese version of APRIL IN PORTUGAL to an off-beat guitar accompaniment. She must hold her head back so as to throw upward sounds produced from the depth of the throat. The effect is a throaty voice which sounds off-key but none the less melodic and harmonious—a fascinating effect.

After some solos by the young girl, a man, who might be nearing forty or fifty years of age, enters. He has a request to make of the diners. Twenty years ago he was the greatest fado singer in Portugal. He sang all night and every night for those who loved to hear him. But now he sings only because he loves to sing, now that his voice is weak and raspy from the tremendous strain that the forcing of sounds from the throat exerts on the vocal cords. Will the audience listen to an old man whose voice is gone but whose love for singing lingers?

His request is granted. He sings a few solos, after which he is joined by the girl, a young man—his son—and a middle-aged woman for a round of fado—music for the ears. You leave reluctantly.

Tour "observation" accomplished, or not? Now make *your* exit from Europe. What will it be? If you exit as tourist-observer, it is likely that Europe sends with you her wish, "Enter, American, any time—and soon!"

Just a Day's Work

BY RICHARD DELANEY

Crawling ever forward, it seemed I had been doing so for hours. Machine gun fire whistled low overhead; explosions shook the earth beneath my body. It was one of those dark, damp, and dreary nights. I crawled onward through the mud and through the water, first the right elbow and then the left. I tried to remember all I had learned: keep the rifle dry and cradled in my arms, keep my head down, and make no sound. My buddies were barely visible on both sides of me, their rain coats covered with mud.

Straight ahead was the mass of barbed wire. Turning over I placed the rifle on my body with the barrel touching my chin. I lifted the barbed wire and let it slide down the rifle and over my feet. Again I was on my stomach and crawling slowly; the bullets still whined overhead. Intermittently a loud explosion would shake the ground beneath. But onward I crawled slowly and cautiously, first one elbow and then the other, dragging my tired body through the mud. My buddies were no longer in sight; only the vast darkness loomed ahead.

Suddenly the machine gun stopped. A bright spotlight picked me out of the darkness. A loud voice boomed from above, "Hey, soldier, you gonna crawl around that infiltration course all night? Let's go home."

A Tapestry for God

BY CECELIA MOOTZ

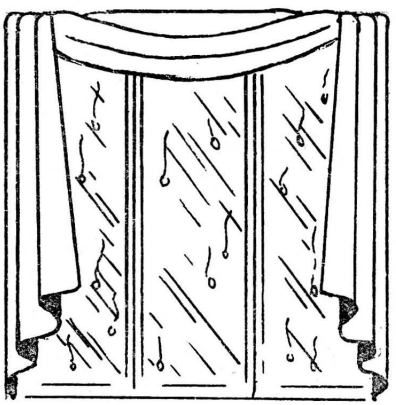
John was confused. He couldn't see an end to his troubles. He kept calling on God, but God just didn't seem to hear. Now he was about to die. He felt he had not accomplished anything in his life. He had had so many disappointments; he had made many mistakes. He had tried hard, but well. . . .

He heard someone calling. God took him by the hand and showed him his life. From earth it looked like the underside of a tapestry, all knotted and confused. But God pointed out to him the side seen from heaven. Only a beautiful picture of love and trust in God remained.

Peace, Be Still

—*Margaret Darnell*

Peace, be still, and listen to the rain.
Steady dripping against the window,
Upon the pavement,
Falling from a colorless sky;
Giving solace to the dry, dry earth,
Making fresh the air,
Recalling the late summer glow;
Beating against fast fading leaves.
Listen to the rain,
The murmur of a million tears
Shed by weary clouds. Peace, be still.



How to Analyze Your Friends

BY MARGARET WINSOR

No doubt, at some time or another, you have said to a rather disagreeable friend, "Aw, you've got rocks in your head," or "You should have your head examined." Unless you had some very conclusive proof for these remarks your friend might have been offended. At other times you have probably felt inclined to find out if a friend is ticking properly or if he is ticking at all. In these cases and countless others a knowledge of the workings of all types of minds is indeed worthwhile.

First of all, take a friend—any friend—and look at him closely. Does he appear nervous, with staring eyes, pale features, and a general strained appearance? (Of course, this may signify that he is on his way to speech class, but if you know this is not the case you should immediately begin your analyzing service.) When visiting you, does this person enjoy listening to the ringing of your telephone? (This need not be a definite sign of any disturbance unless you do not own such an instrument.) Again, does he often complain of being followed or persecuted by others? (Disregard this if he hasn't paid back the dollar that he borrowed from you last month.) There may be other symptoms such as starting small fires here and there, acting as if he were a goldfish or a rubber ball, or seeing cigarettes waltzing down the street (not those especially trained for T.V.). Any of these may indicate that here is a living, breathing opportunity!

After you have convinced him that your service will make him a happier and a wiser man, go to work with TEST NUMBER 1. This is a test to see if there is anything wrong with his reflexes. First you must find a small hammer, and while your friend sits unsuspectingly in a chair, hit him gently on the knee. If his leg does not jerk upward you did not hit the right part of the knee or you didn't hit it hard enough. There is only one thing to do—get a larger hammer. This way you can't possibly miss the spot. Now, hit him again with greater force. If you do not get a reaction from your friend this time, you can safely conclude that there is something wrong with him.

Next, try TEST NUMBER 2—the Ink-Blot Test. Here you will need a few ink-blots. If you do not have any you will have to borrow some or make your own. The latter are the best kind. If you haven't any paper handy, your friend's shirt will do. Ask your friend what each one looks like to him and en-

courage him if he feels a bit shy about answering. If, after considerable encouragement, he still refuses to answer, it may be necessary to return to TEST NUMBER 1.

When you finish this, only one more remains—the final experiment —dream interpretation. It involves a fairly accurate knowledge of your friend's character and habits, so you should try this only with close friends. A colleague of mine, Dr. Ebeneezer Kirschbaum, once tried it on a patient he didn't understand too well and made a terrible mistake. It seems that the unfortunate vic—patient dreamed he was walking in a shady orchard when suddenly he was confronted by a large, fierce giant whose face resembled that of his grandmother. She pulled a small tree up by the roots and, waving it madly, began jumping up and down on his stomach. After hearing this horrible nightmare, Dr. Kirschbaum became terribly excited and immediately rushed the man to an institution. It seems the good doctor had decided that the fellow had a great fear and hatred of his grandmother due to some incident in his childhood, such as being punished severely by her for stealing fruit trees. He reasoned that only by confining him could he prevent this person from murdering poor granny some dark and stormy night. It was a great shock two years later to discover that before going to sleep the night previous to the dream that poor man and his grandma had dined together and innocently consumed some wild cherries garnished with dill pickle sauce. From this little example you might learn to interpret dreams only for those who have sound eating habits.

If your friend does not respond to any of these tests in the manner you had anticipated, do not worry or excite yourself or allow him to become excited. Just reassure him —tell him he's as sane as you are— and send him home to recuperate. As you consider what type personality he possesses consider also your monetary remuneration or how much you can get out of him if you charge for your services. Bills are sometimes not accepted with glowing enthusiasm especially if your true worth is not appreciated. When this occurs it may be necessary to provide a little incentive, an illustration of which follows:

If, "I didn't get my money's
worth!"
Is all a friend will state,
Just smile down on your
empty palm,
And offer to operate.

A Hospital Visit

BY CAROL GROSDIDIER

Miss Teagarden gave me a reassuring little pat on the shoulder as we walked up the broad stone steps of the hospital. As I reached up to open the door, I saw the name carved in the stone above it. The J. HUBERT PEABODY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. It was a pretty long name, and it scared me a little. It seemed that everything about this place was big. Even the nurse who met us looked big, all dressed in white 'n everything. She gave us a cheerful "Good morning" and led us to the registration desk.

"You can sit down, Jimmy, while I talk to the nurse," said Miss Teagarden.

She turned to the uniformed young lady behind the counter. "I'm Miss Teagarden, the social worker for the Henry Adams Children's Home."

"Oh, yes, Miss Teagarden, the Jimmy Owens' case. Just a minute while we fill out the forms. Let's see—name, Jimmy Owens; age, nine; residence, Henry Adams Childrens' Home; parents' names?"

"John and Hazel Owens, both deceased."

It sounded queer for Miss Teagarden to talk about my parents. I had never thought much about them. I knew that most of the kids at school lived at home with their parents. But as far back as I could remember, I had lived in the Home. I kind of wished I was back there now, 'cause nobody there pays any attention to my hand, and everyone here kept staring at me. I guess they'd never seen a fellow with only one regular hand before.

I looked at all the other people in the waiting room just the way they had all looked at me. *They* all seemed to have both their arms and legs. One fellow, though, had braces on his legs.

Later on, after they had put me in my room, I began to get more used to things. They brought supper at five o'clock, just like at the Home. It was pretty good, too; they had chocolate pudding. My favorite! It was fun eating in bed.

Next morning things were buzzing very early. All kinds of strange noises were coming from the hall; carts moving up and down, pans rattling, and people talking kind of whispery. Pretty soon I began to smell toast and bacon. It smelled good. I wanted to look out into the hall, but I was afraid to get out of the bed without asking.

Pretty soon a nurse came in. She was so cheerful it kind of made me mad, especially with all those sick people in the hospital.

"Good morning, Jimmy," she said. "Sorry you won't get any breakfast this morning, but you're going to surgery."

How'd she know my name, I wondered, and what's surgery?

Then everything began to happen at once. Nurses and doctors hurried in and out with pills and

needles and things. Then they lifted me on a cart and wheeled me into the hall. At last! I was in the hall! But I couldn't see very well lying down.

All at once I didn't want it to happen. I didn't care if I *never* had two whole hands. I just wanted to be back at the Home, where everything was always the same; but I couldn't.

The operating room was a scary place with bright lights and shiny instruments. Everybody had a mask on and I couldn't tell whether Dr. Perkins was there or not. All at once someone said, "Count to twenty," and then I smelled something awful. I knew it must be ether. It smelled terrible. I started to count. . . .

When I woke up I was back in my room. Everything was hazy. I felt sick. I thought it was kind of funny being back in my room, but *everything* was so funny here. Far away I could hear Dr. Perkins saying, "Wonderful, wonderful! I think we can safely say that in three or four years the boy will have full use of his hand." Miss Teagarden answered, "That's splendid, Doctor. I'm glad this first operation was so successful."

I thought, three or four years, that's a long time. I couldn't feel my hand at all.

Only Seconds to Go

BY DAVE JAMES

They were in their trenches, wet from the rain and like ice from the cold, wet weather. At 2 o'clock that morning, they were awakened and briefed of the coming event that would shake the world, then secretly hustled out of camp in trucks toward the destination where, in 2 hours and 22 minutes, they would witness this event. Here they sat, huddled in Khaki, eyes focused on a dummy house sitting alone, about 2 miles in the far distance of complete nothingness. The zero hour of 5 was now slowly approaching and they were gradually preparing.

Everything was ready, everyone was ready. They were given the final signal—60 seconds, 55, 50, 45 —5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0.—RRRING!!! Class was over.

Heroes Are Made, Not Born

BY MARY ANN SCHANTZ

Everyone was sitting on the edge of his seat now that the game was tied at 44-44. There were only 55 seconds remaining in the game between Memorial and Central.

As Jim Thomas, a Memorial player, sat on the bench, he felt as if tonight was the night. If only he would be given a chance, it might be the chance of his lifetime.

Sitting there buried deep in thought, Jim heard the whistle blow. The coach coming over stood next to him and said, "O.K., son, we're counting on you."

Almost before he realized what had happened he was running onto the floor with the other four players. Last season he was their star player; but, well, it was just different this year.

Central grabbed the tip-off but lost the ball after one failing attempt at the basket. When the Memorial team got hold of the ball they passed it off from one player to another until each of the five had had his chance but just couldn't work the ball in under the basket. The time was growing shorter and, with only 30 seconds left in the game, the ball was passed to Jim.

As he had done in many games in the past, he started what you might call a dribbling exhibition. He was getting closer and closer until he finally saw a chance for a shot. With a one-handed push-shot the ball made it up to the rim of the basket, but seemed to sit there before dropping into the loop.

The ball was then taken out by Central, but as the game was progressing so was the time. Five, four, three, two, one—BANG! Memorial won 46-44.

Not only the fans for Memorial but also those for Central were applauding Jim. The coach came over to shake his hand, laying his other hand on the empty sleeve of Jim's T-shirt.

A Fox Hunt

BY DICK WIGGAM

When Ben Youck and I turned the hound loose in the old Nelson orchard that March morning, the air smelled of moldy leaves and mushy apples. Sunshine and warming breezes were thawing the snow, dotting the ground with patches of soggy earth.

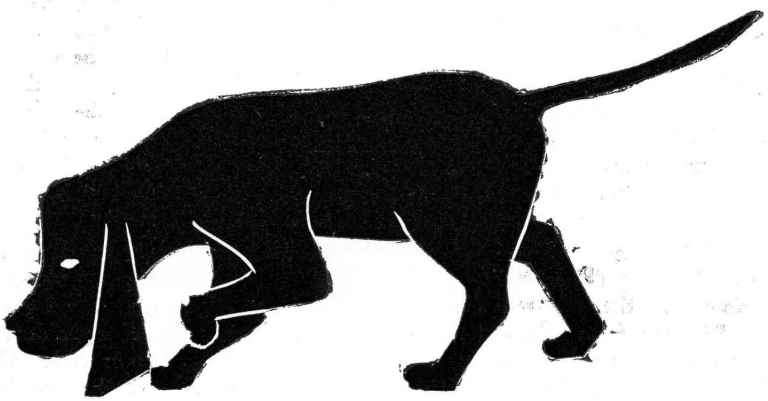
Although spring was breaking winter's grip, Ben wasn't happy. He would rather listen to Rip, his fox hound, cut loose on a fox track than sit back and watch the coming of spring.

Ben looked at the disappearing snow unhappily.

"Lookit the way it's thawing. Winters are gettin' shorter every year. Purty soon Indiana will become tropical enough to raise bananas. Then the foxes will migrate north, leaving the woods to the monkeys and the birds."

Rip cut Ben's tirade short. Roving with his muzzle close to the ground, the old hound quickened his pace and grew tense. He lunged forward on a zigzagging line, snuffed at the base of an old apple tree, and shot off toward a pile of decaying branches. Then he swung around, went over the ground again and started to moan softly as he approached us.

Ben's frown vanished as he watched Rip work the cold scent. He walked over to where the dog was piecing together fragments of scent and bent down to examine the thawing soil. His voice was brimming over with pride when he pointed out to me the large fox print.



"See? Rip never lies to me," he chortled. "That fox will be laying up near here for his daytime snooze."

When we approacned a juniper-covered hillside, its dome bare of snow, the hound started up the slope. He climbed several yards, then threw his head in the air with an investigating sniff and returning to the base of the hill went off on a new tack. This time he swung into a sweeping circle. When we arrived at the scene we saw that the fox tracks were pressed deeply into the snow, starting up the grade, then backtracking to the bottom of the hill.

I'd made only one hundred yards when I came across a set of fox tracks. They were a continuation of the chain we had already seen, and they told more of the story. After circling the base of the hill, the fox had moved to the top. The tracks vanished in a tangle of junipers ringing a big boulder.

Rip was moving up the hill towards the rock. He was right on the tracks. The scent apparently got stronger as he approached the rock. He boomed out his powerful baritone. The cry was still echoing when I spotted a quick movement on the boulder. An orange ball unwound itself into lengths of deep red, black, and white. A big fox reared up on his hind quarters and pointed his face toward the dog. He remained in that position until Ben appeared from behind the hill. Then the fox slipped away.

However, the startled creature that Rip had found showed no indications of trying to foil his line of scent. He led the hound on a straight-away through a line of oaks between a swamp on one side and a hilly farm on the other. Certain that the fox would soon swerve and head for one of these two avenues of escape, Ben and I waited for Rip's revealing cries.

"My guess is that the fox will go to the hills," Ben predicted. "Those swamps are filled with puddles from the thawing snow. Most foxes are too fussy to dirty themselves up."

Five minutes after Ben had made his prediction, the hunt moved to the hills. Rip's baying broke the silence as he cleared the hill.

We hustled over an old road, crossed a field, and found ourselves in a pasture. We listened for Rip. The dog's cries were faint and it was hard to tell which way he was driving. We climbed a nearby hill. Not two hundred yards away and coming toward us, was the fox. He was on a point of the hill next to the one we had just mounted and running evenly. Suddenly he sensed our presence and stopped in his tracks.

Rip was still on the other side of the hill but he was making steady progress. His cries became louder and clearer as he neared the summit and the fox turned his head to listen. Then suddenly he wheeled into his backtrack, ran about thirty yards and broke off to the left.

"That fox won't come back here again," Ben guessed. "He'll most likely play it out in those hills back of the Campbell farm."

Ben bit his lower lip thoughtfully as he studied the ground a half mile to the north. It was grazing land made up of rock-dotted open ground with four hills. The highest of these was the one behind the farm.

"You take the hill behind the farm and I'll cover the pass between those two hills," Ben ordered. I wanted to protest Ben's generosity in giving me the best stand but I knew that it would be useless.

It took Rip nearly three hours to bring the fox our way. During that time I prayed that our quarry would elect to run the pass which Ben was covering because the old man loved the hunt so much.

My hopes were not fulfilled for emerging from behind a clump of bushes came the fox. He was trotting but he looked very tired with his tongue hanging out and his tail drooping. Every few seconds he looked over his shoulder in the direction of Rip.

An idea popped into my mind. If I could frighten the fox he would probably turn and go toward Ben's stand. The fox trotted within a few yards of me. I yanked off my hat and started to wave it at him. Startled, the animal came to a complete stop and stared at me. Then I threw my hat so that it landed right in front of his nose. He ran off a few yards, then turned to look at me again. Just then Rip burst onto the scene. He took one look at the fox and lunged into a sight chase in Ben's direction. A few minutes later I heard a shot sing out and anxiously I ran in its direction.

Ben was dancing around and acting in general like a kid on Christmas morning. Holding up the fox with one hand he invited me to inspect it; with the other he patted Rip and happily launched into a blow by blow description.

I listened as though enthralled. The only time I felt uneasy was when Rip looked at me. It may have been only my imagination, but I swear that that wise old hound was winking.

A Tree in Winter

In black nakedness
She stood,
Bare arms uplifted,
Begging
Spring to come and clothe
Her bareness
With an emerald robe.

—*Maria Legg*

Irresistible

She's always in the latest vogue!
And do you know the reason why?
Well, it's because she's clad anew
At each house she chances by.

I've often wished I knew just why
Her charm can make men slaves.
Please tell me your secret, Dame Gossip,
How do you ply your trade?

—*Maria Legg*

Hope

The years drift by like
autumn leaves,
As they tumble down the
ancient eaves.
No time to turn your head,
to seize,
Or grasp the fading
memories.
What's past is gone—
out of sight,
While the future gleams
as a guiding light.

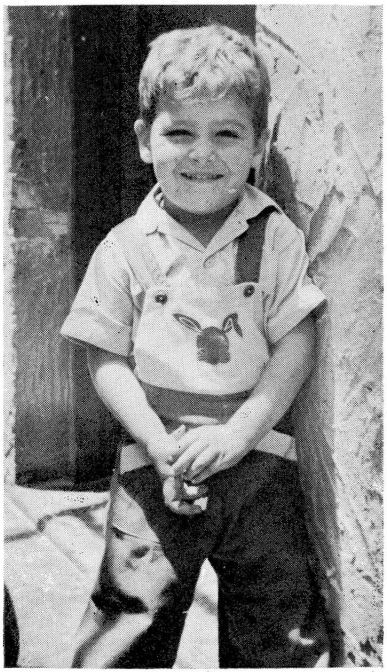
—*Carolyn Wiegele*

Family Across the Border

BY JUDITH C. RAHE

Everyone brings back things from visits in foreign countries—souvenirs, odd maladies, vivid memories of occasions, small restaurants with delicious foods, and most of all, of the people of that country.

During a recent eight-week sojourn in Saltillo, Mexico, I met some of the most *real* people that I have ever encountered: three year old Javier, the Spanish prototype of any little American boy his age; Rita, our señora, who made us feel we had a second family all our own in Mexico; Yolanda, the tutora whose ancestors had helped found the town of Saltillo; Eduardo Mercado, the lawyer who was fast becoming a political figure in the state of Coahuila; and Roberto Medillin, a one-armed professional dancer who was the most graceful person I have ever seen dance.



Javier was a bright little boy, who, at the wise old age of three, was helping his family turn our school Spanish into the real thing. He had few toys, was shy with us for a long time, but would come and sit in the door to our room for hours, just silently watching us. The only English word we managed to teach him was "Okay," but he would never say it when we wanted him to. About once a week he would come running into our room, shout "Okay!" and race out again. When we left, Javier noticed his Mother crying, and comforted her with, "Don't worry, Mommy, they'll be back soon. They're just going downtown."

Rita, our 4 feet 10 inches señora, made it impossible for us to be homesick. She merely made her family, consisting of six children, expand to include six more. We played games with the family, sang with them, took walks in the park, helped market, ran in and out all the rooms as they did, felt bad when one of the children was scolded, and met and talked frequently with all the neighbors. When we were sere-

naded, we ran to Rita's room to sit on the bed with her; when she had bad news, we all went to Mass with her and prayed for better times. She packed our picnic baskets with enough food for twenty, not six, and then felt bad when we didn't eat it all; she gave advice to the lovelorn when we couldn't understand the Mexican men and loaned us stoles to wear to dances. She still writes weekly to all six of us, wanting to know how her "children" are.

These two serve to show how friendly all the Mexican people are. The section we lived in, a small town in the Sierra Madres, is practically barren, having little color, water, or landscaping. It almost seemed as if the people, having little in the way of luxuries or beautiful countryside, had determined to make it up to visitors by being as friendly as possible. Backed by the opinion of five others, I should say they definitely succeeded.

Saga of Danny Logan

BY BERNIE SHEEHAN

The air was cool as it whipped across the bow of the cruiser. The cold, white moon shone down on the faces of the several hundred Marines sitting on A-deck. Some were talking quietly; some were cleaning their weapons; Danny Logan was praying. He stood at the railing looking out over the small expanse of ocean between the ship and the island.

"Dear God in heaven, help me. Never have I felt as close to You as I do tonight. I know that I don't deserve any favors. My life hasn't exactly been that of a saint, but please grant me this one petition. I am afraid of dying, but there is something that I fear worse than death. Please, my God, don't let me be a coward. I've never had to face death before. If I were to run, I'd have to run right off the face of the earth. Please give me the strength to accept whatever might come."

The air was cool, but Danny was sweating. He closed his eyes and slumped to his knees.

With the coming of dawn the big guns started hammering the island. For hours they shelled the island until Danny didn't see how a thing could live. But he knew they were there, waiting.

At 0800 they descended into landing crafts and headed for the beach. Danny was in the first wave.

From the moment they hit the beach, they knew that this was going to be one of the costliest battles they had ever fought. Men were killed in droves. The Marines charged past the beach to the edge of the jungle. They dug in. A light mortar landed in the foxhole next to Danny. "Mack!" he screamed and made his way to the body of his dead buddy. He stared at the mass of blood and charred skin that used to be the face of his high school buddy. For one awful moment he looked. Then he buried his head in his arms; his body jerked with sobs. For what seemed an eternity he huddled there.

Meanwhile, Navy Wildcats zoomed in and knocked out most of the enemy shore batteries. The invading forces were able to advance.

Danny was jarred back to reality by a hoarse yell. "Move out!" Automatically he clutched his rifle and obeyed the command. He moved like a robot, not thinking, not wanting to think.

The enemy was retreating and Danny's platoon moved into the jungle. Progress was slow through the dense undergrowth and Danny's clothes were soaked with perspiration from the intense heat.

Every other tree hid a sniper. A young Marine moving next to Dan got hit. "Corpsman! Corpsman!" A corpsman came and bent over the boy. He rose and shook his head.

"Logan, get the lead out!" yelled a sergeant. Danny ran toward his platoon.

The sun was high now and the air was heavy with the stench of death. The bodies of the enemy were sprawled everywhere.

"They sure left in a hurry," mused Dan, "they didn't even bury their dead."

The company's advance was abruptly checked by a sudden burst of machine gun fire from up ahead. For two hours they were pinned down. The young gyrenes were picked off one by one.

Sergeant Finch said, "Corporal Logan, I'm going to get that nest. If I don't make it, you're next in command. Here goes nothing."

He took two steps and a fusillade of 30-30's riped into his stomach.

"That could have been me," thought Danny. He shuddered. "But if we don't get it, it'll wipe out the whole platoon. Now it's up to me. God, give me the strength."

He took off his pack and his shirt and laid them next to his rifle on the ground. Unfastening his ammo belt, he took a grenade from it.

Whispering a final prayer, he darted in a semi-crouch till he was about twenty yards from the nest. He bit the pin from the hand grenade, took aim, and threw. In that same instant, pain tore across his chest. It seemed to be on fire. He pitched forward just as the grenade blew the machine-gun nest apart. Danny's prayer was answered.

They buried him on a small grassy plain with all the other Marines who were killed on Iwo Jima. On his cross they carved the words, "Here lies Corporal Danny Logan, hero."

Joy

Each heart is like a laughing silver bell,
Its only task in life, that it must sing.
A thousand merry notes it has to tell,
A thousand wondrous things to make it ring.

The ecstasy of birds in soaring flight,
Blessed gift of friends who always understand,
Star-studded mantle of the peaceful night,
Far-off blue hills that brood o'er God's green land.

The list is full of beauty and so long,
And pain nor hurt can make the ringing cease.
How gay, merry, light-hearted the song,
For those whose bell is cast of molten peace.

'Twas God who gave the heart its melody
And it must sing throughout eternity.

—Joann Hazlewood

The Great Ballet

BY ANN DIENER

Green and grotesque, the monstrous Sorcerer came upon the Swan Queen and the Prince as they danced beside the enchanted lake. Succumbing to the Sorcerer's evil spell, the Swan Queen turned once again into a crowned swan gliding over the waters. The Prince, heartbroken, fell to the ground in despair.

Music swelled into a crescendo as the curtain dropped. Enchantment lingered; silence reigned. Then came the applause . . . loud, thunderous, almost deafening. Seven other Marianites and I clapped until our hands were tingling and thoroughly red and our arms exhausted. We had just seen a part of our first ballet performance. We enjoyed it —it was enchanting.

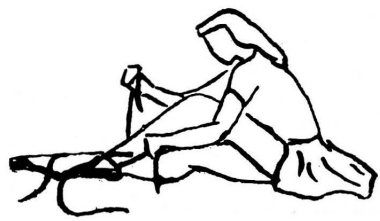
Up to this time my knowledge of the artistry of ballet was limited. I knew that women in frothy skirts leaped about the stage on their tippy toes, and that men in silk tights picked the ballerinas up ever so often and swung them around. My attitude toward ballet was one of skepticism. It was out of my class. Too fancy. I was strictly a fox trot and mambo fan. After seeing the Balle Russe de Monte Carlo in Indianapolis this fall, I have changed my mind.

When we decided to attend the ballet, it was as eight very curious and highly speculative onlookers. We considered it a brave venture on our part. "Swan Lake" impressed us, but by the last curtain fall we were genuinely spellbound.

The color, lighting, scenery, costume, music—and most of all, the beauty of the dance itself—blended to create a grand illusion of a story told by graceful movements.

Each story had an atmosphere of its own. Of the four ballets we saw, "Swan Lake" was mostly gloomy and sober; "The Blue Bird" was light, taken from the fairy tale "Sleeping Beauty"; "The Mikado," perhaps the favorite of the evening, was most cheerful; and "The Gaite Parisienne" was a grand climax of color and spirit, particularly when the girls danced the famous Can Can.

Just what is ballet? Actually, according to definition, it is the



"scenic presentation of a dramatic or lyric theme in terms of dance and pantomime, accompanied by music." So what, you say? A good question! The answer is: ballet is composed of choreography, music, plot, settings, costumes, and the dance itself.

Movies and TV are our best sources of actually seeing choreography at work. It is the designing of space, setting patterns of movement, directing the dancers, and arranging the dance sequences.

Music is a valuable aid to the libretto. Several of the more popular classics were purposely composed for the ballet. Tschaikowsky wrote the music to such selections as "Swan Lake," "Sleeping Beauty," and "The Nutcracker Suite." Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" is a pure delight when enacted through ballet.

Often there is little plot to a ballet, but the more famous ballets are generally taken from folk and fairy tales and legends.

Costumes and scenery are a part of the ballet's expressive medium. Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo's settings were breathtaking in my opinion (I am easily impressed by size) and the costumes were like visions of fairyland. Somehow, the scenery and costumes were molded into the plot in such a manner as to sweep one into another world—the world being portrayed upon the stage. "The Mikado" took place in Japan and was oriental to the very barefooted wanderer. Paris was the locale of "Gaite Parisienne"; and indeed, the audience couldn't help feeling that they *were* looking into a lively café of this carefree French city.

The dance technique of the ballet is most important. The performer must create an illusion of effortless defiance of the laws of gravity. He must fairly float through space and yet manage to land gracefully. This is difficult. Only a complex system of movement and muscular control will achieve this perfect poise. Ballet dancing is highly specialized and requires discipline and years of consistent training in professional schools.

Yet, watching the members of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, I had the notion it was so *simple*. Only after I tried to imitate some of the ballet positions before a mirror did I realize just how clumsy I was. Most embarrassing!

Today most of the ballet stars hail from Europe and other foreign lands. The solo dancers from the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo came from Russia, Persia, Argentina,

England, the United States, and Poland. They resemble a small UN general assembly.

Ah, the ballet! Out of my class? Too fancy? Heaven forbid, *No.* Those who sat about us ranged from socialites to army officers, from elderly grandparents to grade school children, from those who wore mink capes and diamond necklaces to those who had scraped together every last penny to buy the least expensive seat.

Why were they there? Because they all had a common bond—an appreciation and love for the ballet. They felt its thrills and excitement, heard some of the world's greatest music, and saw with their own eyes men and women expressing God's precious gift of grace and rhythm.

As we left the theater we heard various comments from the outgoing crowd. Some were critically evaluating the performers; others, the orchestrations. There was talk about the large backdrop curtain which momentarily refused to rise during "The Mikado" and hung precariously above the dancers' heads. The only complaint I heard was from a woman who was sorry they served nothing but soft drinks during intermissions.

We had seen the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, a company of international fame. It has established itself prominently in the eyes of those who know ballet. Yet, that meant not so much to me as the fact that I now had a better understanding of this art. I had experienced a most enriching and memorable three hours. *Le ballet—c'est si bon!*

Yesterdays

The years, the years,
Where do they go?
We don't seem to miss them;
We never know
That time flies by on wings like air.

Too late we stop to wonder
As the years go by.
Just what have we accomplished,
You and I?
It makes so much difference
The things we do and say.
So, look forward to to-morrow!
Why dream of yesterday?

—*Phillis Willoughby*

Deep Blue Fantasy

BY CAROLE MCCROCKLIN

The sun pushed two lingering clouds apart and sprinkled sparkling dust over the wavetops on the wide, wide ocean. How he glowed with laughter as his light awoke the sleepy mermaids inhabiting the grey rocks of Castle Reef!

They yawned and stretched, then dove into the waters to frolic and search for fresh blossoms or spiny seashells. All except two. Darka, the black haired beauty with purple scales (who was the child of the night and the sea), shielded her dark eyes from the glare as she arched into the shaded pool leading to the niche that was her special daytime retreat.

Mur-mur had opened her eyes just as a sea-gull near her untucked his head and flexed his strong white wings.

"Thank you for the rest in your home," said the seagull. "I lost my way in the storm."

"Was it a terrible storm, seagull?"

The other mermaids had all stared with wonder when Mur-mur first appeared at the rock. The waves had been very angry for a long time and the days had been as dark as nights when suddenly the ocean stilled and the sun shone fiercely. And then, a whisper of laughter startled them as they saw the newest mermaid.

She was very tiny, with blue-violet eyes, and they reached toward her in delight as they saw dimples for the first time when she smiled. Instead of long hair, she had tight pinkish curls framing her round little face. The others had

matching hair and scales, but the newest mermaid's slightest movement made her scales glitter with every hue. She was the child of the rainbow and the sea.

Twila (child of the twilight and the sea), shook back her silvery blue hair and flicked her silver tail as she clapped her hands and cried, "Let us call her Mur-mur! She speaks with the voice of the least wavelet!" So it was that Mur-mur joined the mermaids who lived in the blue green ocean. While the others spent hours sunning themselves, combing long wavy hair, Mur-mur would gather all the tiny fishes she could find and lead them to the pool for fear they would be dashed to bits by the rough waves.

The only humans who had come near Castle Reef had been in the ship whose black skeleton lay rolling in the sands at the foot of the rocks. Darka knew all about it and would sometimes tell of the strange creatures who had held out their arms to her even as their ship was being dashed to pieces.

She would talk of it when the winds were howling and spray covering her perch on the tip-top of the reef. Mur-mur didn't like storms so she never found out what the other beings were like.

So, on this shiny morning she asked timidly, "Was it a terrible storm, sea-gull?"

The sea-gull answered, "It was a bad time for ships. My brother and I usually fly out to meet them, but I am afraid there will be none to meet this day. I must go now, lest they will think I have perished."

As he rose in the air, Mur-mur dove far out into the water and swam easily along with him.

"Tell me, sea-gull," she cried, "what are they like, the ones on the ships you meet?"

"They are like you and they are not like you. But if you will follow me, I will lead you to where the strange beings are."

"Oh, sea-gull," she cried, "I cannot! Dayla has told me of the great nets and the trapping sands if one goes too close to the other world."

The sea-gull either didn't hear or didn't pay attention as he increased his speed and cried, "Follow me!" So they went on, the bird sure of his direction and the little mermaid following with faith in his wisdom.

Soon they came to a deep pool screened from the shore by jagged rocks. The sea-gull landed on one of these and said, "There are the ones from the other world."

Mur-mur stared and stared at the figure so like herself standing upright like a stone image braced against the storm. At her side was a chubby little being scarcely able to stand.

"What are they doing, sea-gull?"

"They are looking for a ship, mermaiden. One of their brothers must be on one of the ships that was fighting the seas."

Mur-mur covered her face. "I cannot look at them longer, sea-gull. I am not like me when I watch them. Oh, sea-gull, could we find their ship for them?"

But the sea-gull had flown toward his brothers who were small specks in the distance. There was

no one about—just the two beings standing quietly on the shore. Mur-mur dove deep to the ocean floor and, after searching, found a large pink conch shell.

"I shall give you wings like a sailfish," she whispered. Gathering sea grasses, she wove a little sail to a stick of coral and pasted it to the conch with a bit of froth from the rocks.

"Go, little ship, go to the one who waits on the sands for you."

Bouncing with the waves, the little boat sailed straight to the little one who, holding tight to the big one's hand, reached to the edge of the water and picked it up. Tinkling bells of baby laughter came over the water to the mermaid looking between the rocks, and she couldn't understand why it made her feel like cavorting just as the silly porpoises do.

The big being picked up the little one, ship and all, clasped them tight to her breast, and Mur-mur didn't understand the whispered words: "It's an omen! The sea is going to send him back home!"

Then the little mermaid streaked back to her home, full of curious feelings. As she neared Castle Reef, she could hear the others singing. She swam slower and slower, knowing they would never believe her; but the wonder was still within her, so she made a little plan.

Now the others all smile at Mur-mur after a storm as she gathers bits of driftwood and coral and shells to make the odd little boats that are launched with a whisper, "Go, little ship. Go to the one who waits on the sands for you." And the little ships sail down a rainbow path to the ones who need them.

Viewpoint

Herod cursed Him—
The Usurper.
The Wise Men sought Him—
Their King.
Prophets foretold Him—
The Messiah.
Shepherds adored Him—
Their Lord.

And Mary
With love gazed at Him
And whispered—
"My Son."

—*Emilie Murray*

No Need to Worry

BY LARRY HAMMERSTEIN

The waters were calm. The big ship, though heavily loaded, moved forward with seemingly little effort, almost quietly. The moon, when it was out, had cast a pale glow on the slightly rippling water. It was dark now, and it seemed so still. He stood on the bridge and worried a little. After a while a slight breeze floated past his face. It was only slight. He knew it would get stronger. Things were too quiet now. The calm before the storm.

* * *

Nancy Camilli took a sip of the coffee, savored its warmth and taste and set the cup and saucer on the coffee table. She must stay awake so that she could drive to the docks to get Dan. She always did even though it was sometimes a struggle not to fall asleep.

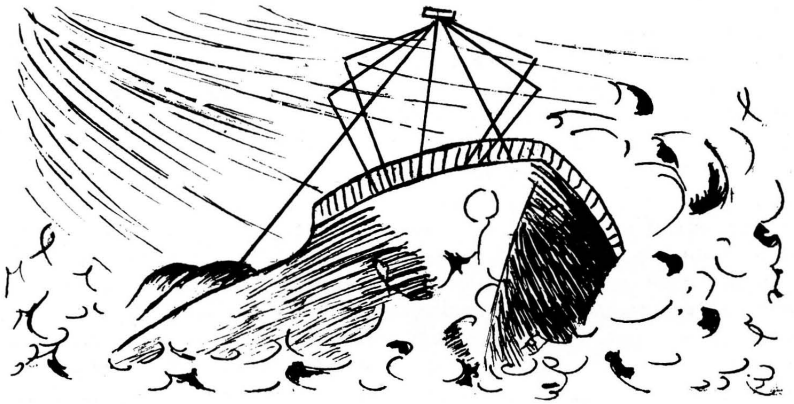
Nancy loved her husband. She thought she must have from the first moment she'd seen him. He was quite handsome, she thought, and seemed very tall. His hair was dark and so were his eyes. She loved his smile, especially when he would look down at her and kid her about her Irish temper that went well with her red hair.

They had been married not quite a year. They had had a happy life, though she sometimes thought it hard to be married to the first mate of a freighter. *The Traveler,* she thought, was a good name for the ship. He'd been gone for two weeks. But he would be home for a long while now. Theirs was a comfortable little home, a bare thirty minutes' drive from the ocean. She would leave at 11:25 to get there on time. The ship was due to dock at midnight and it was rarely late.

A little before ten Nancy turned on the television for the ten o'clock news. Just two hours to wait, she thought, only two more hours. Her eyes closed slowly and she fell softly to sleep as the commercial ended and the announcer's voice began, "The Brooklyn Dodgers clinched the national league pennant today by beating the Pittsburgh Pirates 5-1 at Ebbets field. You'll hear more about that on your News of Sports which follows this program. Hurricane Lorraine, which caused some damage along the Carolina coast, has moved further eastward and the U. S. Weather Bureau reports that she is no longer any threat in this area except perhaps to shipping. Elsewhere tonight . . ."

* * *

The screaming, howling wind screeched in at the S. S. *Traveler* from every direction. Huge, bounding waves of black water roared and pounded at the now tiny ship. The sea had become a thing alive,



a seething mass of evil whipped into a frenzy by a driving wind that wailed and cried and wanted only to force the ship into the eager waters. *The Traveler* tossed and turned in agony, fighting valiantly this mortal enemy.

Dan Camilli fought his way inside. He wiped his dripping forehead, trying to keep the water from his eyes.

Johnny Kellam was at the helm. John had been a sailor for a long time. He wore a slightly strained, worried look on his face, but there was the suggestion of a smile at the corners of his mouth. That old gray head has probably been through a lot of storms, Dan thought.

"Well, mister Camilli, looks like we're in for a bit of weather, huh."

"Wouldn't be a bit surprised, mister Kellam, not a bit. Not the best sort of homecoming, is it?"

The question went unanswered as the captain came in, apparently in somewhat of a hurry. Captain Aubrey Harris was 52 years old. He was not a tall man, but he had a look, when he wanted it, that could make him appear to be looking down at a man.

Now he wore a look of concern. Not anything approaching panic, but at least it showed concern.

"How's the wheel, mister Kellam?"

"Oh, she answers, sir, but she kinda wants to argue about it."

"All right, could be worse. Whew! Came up suddenly, huh, Dan?"

"Well," Harris offered, "in about two more hours we could have been docked. Looks like this'll slow us up some. At least in two more hours we ought to know how we stand with this thing. We'll either be safely out of it or up to our necks in . . ."

Two hours, thought Dan, could be an eternity of waiting. I guess he's right. We could still make shore in two hours. Or we might not live that long.

"Dan, better help with this stuff. I wanna know how far we are from shore, how fast this storm's moving and what kind of time we're making."

Dan Camilli was a good officer. He knew his job and did it well. His calculations were exacting and

correct. This was the type of pressure he could easily take. But even while he worked the thoughts were pursuing each other rapidly across his brain. He had been in storms before and had no special fear of them. Yet, there was a fear there now, a sort of tingling sensation in some corner of his mind that told him something was wrong. It wasn't the storm; it was something else.

"Dan," it was the captain again, "get on the intercom to the radio shack. Tell 'em to radio Company that we've been hit by this thing. Tell 'em we're holding our own, but this isn't any picnic."

Dan relayed the order to the radio shack and received an okay from the man at the radio.

He felt that tingling sensation again. That tiny little fear that gave him an uneasy feeling. He guessed it was the storm, the screaming wind, the roll of the ship. This won't be as bad as back in '45, he thought. He'd been a quartermaster then on an LST. It was in April, after Okinawa. The fleet had been heading toward Shang-hai when it was hit by a typhoon. A bad one. The conditions became worse and worse. They'd been ordered to put on the life-vests and to stand by to abandon ship. As if anyone could have lived in that turmoil that was the sea. He'd been scared then, but there hadn't been this tingling fear that seemed to want to warn him of something.

The Traveler was having a hard time now. First she would roll heavily, then quiver a little, and go into another roll.

"Dan, tell Sparks to stay in constant contact with the shore. We want 'em to know we're havin' a rough time. Make sure the Coast Guard knows where we are."

Things were not good. Kellam was having to fight the wheel and it was beginning to be a question of who was going to win. Their condition was by no means hopeless, but it was critical. As long as the engine room responded, they would be able to ride it out. The storm itself could hardly get worse.

Standing beside Captain Harris, taking and giving orders, Dan felt they could make it all right. But yet again there was that fear. It made him feel a little sick though he could never remember being seasick in his life.

Then something happened and he seemed to know the reason for his fear.

"Captain Harris, something's wrong in the engine room," Dan said sharply.

They didn't have full power now. Dan could feel it and so could Harris. There was a look of alarm on Kellam's face. The ship rolled heavily and moved sideways in the water. She was almost completely out of control.

Harris moved to the intercom. Who was down there, Dan thought. Chief engineer was Mart Whoeler. He was a good man when he wasn't drunk. There had been trouble with him before, but surely he hadn't decided to go on a binge now. Whoeler's top man was Tom Mulchahy. He was young but he knew his job and he was good at it. There must be some sort of a power failure.

Harris was at the intercom. "I can't get an answer from down there. What's wrong with them!"

Dan tried to keep his senses straight. Tony Mallette was down there too. He felt that tingling fear again. That must be it. Mallette was an odd crew member. He was more or less a religious fanatic. He hated Whoeler because of his drinking habits. Once almost in a rage he had said that anyone who drinks belongs in hell, and there's no room for him on God's earth.

"I'm going down," Dan said.

"Hurry," Harris yelled, "we haven't got a chance without those engines."

Outside it was a nightmare. The wind and water slashed at him and screamed in his ear that he wasn't going to make it.

That tingling fear increased and increased as he approached his destination and then, suddenly, was gone as he opened the hatch to the engine room.

The sight before him was not a pleasant one. To his left stood young Mulchahy looking scared and desperate. To his right at the door of an anteroom stood Mart Whoeler, a haughty sneer on his heavy face. Directly in front of him, standing before the main controls, was Mallette. He would have appeared almost noble except that in his left hand was a half empty bottle of whiskey and in his right he held a small black revolver.

In about half a minute Tom Mulchahy barked out the story.

"He went beserk, sir. Right before the storm hit. Mart was takin' a drink and Mallette grabbed the bottle out of his hand. He was actin' crazy. Soon's the storm hit, Mart an' me starts workin' the engines right and now he comes in with this gun and starts turnin' off the power."

Mart Whoeler sneered, "It's okay, mister Camilli, he took me by surprise, but there ain't nothing to worry about. That gun ain't loaded. I took out the bullets myself. Just take it away from him." Whoeler made no move to do so himself.

Dan took a step forward. "C'mon Mallette, give me the gun. We've got to work those engines."

"Stand back. There is one bullet in this gun and it shall be used if need be." His face had a wild look.

"Mallette," yelled Dan, "don't play games. If those engines aren't running right, we're going to sink."

"That is for the best," the voice of the fanatic was high pitched. "We have lived too long on this ship of evil. Let us sink beneath the waters and let them cleanse our souls."

He held the bottle higher and almost screamed.

"You who do this evil and you who allow it must perish from God's earth."

Dan lunged forward.

"I have a bullet," screamed Mallette. His gun hand jerked twice and Dan heard two clicks. Then he knocked the gun aside and brought his fist into Mallette's face with a blow that sent him sprawling.

Dan sensed rather than saw Mulchahy and Whoeler returning the engines to full power.

* * *

Nancy Camilli awoke with a start at 11:30. She wondered if she

could make it to the docks in time. She made it with time to spare. She had been there for an hour now, praying as hard as she knew how.

A tall dark man strode down the gangplank of *The Traveler* and came over to her.

"Hello, Nancy."

"Oh, Dan, I was so worried. I didn't get here till late, then they told me about the storm. But I guess there was no need to worry."

"No, Nancy."

He enfolded her in his arms a moment and then stepped back.

"Just a minute, honey. I have to leave something at the company office. I'll be right back."

He turned and walked away with his long firm stride. In his pocket he felt the cold metal of the revolver. He also felt the hard lead of the bullet. It had been in the gun. One more pull on the trigger and it would have been in his heart.

Maybe later, he thought. Maybe later, he would tell her. There was no need to worry . . . not now.

55 Chesapeake Lane

BY ALICE HAYWORTH

For the past several minutes he had walked up and down the sidewalk, hesitating in front of the wide gate, pausing for a second, then pacing past, a deep frown creasing his brow. Beyond the gate ran a heavily shaded gravel path stretching as it were into nothingness, until it was lost in the dense grove of maples surrounding the ancient building. It was a dreary scene, one to make any red-blooded man hesitate, and John was certainly no exception. As the moments passed, his pulse seemed to be beating a staccato, keeping pace with his feverish thoughts. Time was passing; there was little of it left. Too little, in fact, for John to ponder this question long. In the middle of a step, John's countenance took on a determined look. With one final glance at the friendly street he was leaving, he darted nervously up the gravel pathway. Heart pounding, knees knocking, John bravely pushed the buzzer with clammy fingers. As he waited for an answer, he studied the nameplate above the bell—JOSEPH H. MORGAN, D.D.S.

To Bee—Or Not to Bee

Some people have bats in their belfrey,
Some people have squirrels in their garret,
Some people have worms in their garden,
But WE have bees in our bricks—I swear it!

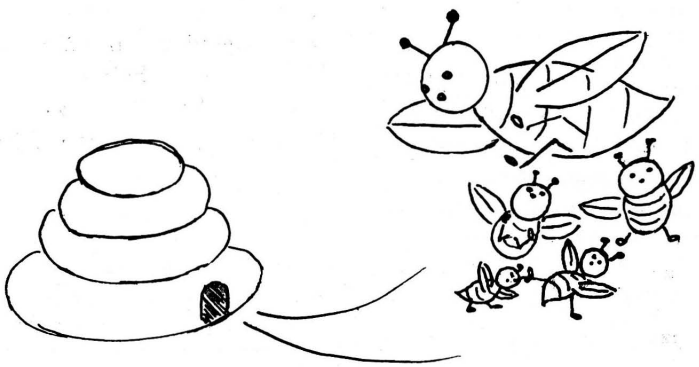
Last Sunday there came a great buzzing
In the tree tops, then closer it came
Till outside our dining room windows
Zoomed a swarm of bees, led by a dame.

They dived on the cat, they squeezed thru the screens,
They hung from the trees in jelly-like clusters.
We prayed, even sprayed, then called the police
Who arrived in veiled hats and long white dusters.

But the Queen Bee had found a likely abode
'Mong the chimney's mortarless bricks—think it's funny?
Believe me, we have the only house in the city
That can boast of hot and cold running honey!

Now, what I'd like to know is this—
When next the tax assessor's 'round,
Will he be guided as of yore
Or will he tax us by the pound?

—*John David Fletcher*



To a Cardboard Sled

BY JUDITH C. RAYE

Of course, the best way is on a regular sled. But at the wise old age of 21, who owns a sled, or if they did, who would ever admit it?

However, there is something about a good snow that brings out the boots, earmuffs, Red Ryder gloves, the bobsled in me. The feeling for competition comes to the fore, and I can't wait to challenge some know-it-all eight-year-old to a sled race down the hill (so what if they *do win?*). This so-called sport of kings, among the dolls and model airplanes set, has no equal. It even gets me. I want to shout "A sled, a sled, my kingdom for a sled!"

On this particular night, however, no sled was to be had, for a kingdom or anything else. We rejected some of our ideas to procure a makeshift one as too dangerous—taking trays is stealing and a sin, garbage can lids have bumpy handles which get in the way, and no slacks or jeans are made with *that* strong a seat in them! We finally compromised on large cardboard boxes, which after a few trial runs, became flat slabs of cardboard.

Sliding downhill on pieces of cardboard is a little-known art, but it is becoming more popular with people who are too poor to own a sled. Dozens of people stopped to stare enviously at us (at least I think it was enviously) as we went careening dangerously down the hill, at times sans cardboard.

Finesse and poise can make an action a fine art. There are several ways to bring finesse to sledding, but as yet the poise angle has escaped us. There are several ways to develop technique on a cardboard sled—for staid conservatives, there is the dignified, sitting-upright position, which does get you there, but we can't say too much for it. Another good position is the running-jump dive, commonly known as the belly-whopper. This is good for bruised knees and the back-ache (contracting them, that is). But the best, the most fun, the unequaled for thrills, chills (and spills), is the backwards position. On cardboard this is also the most hazardous. The only troubles involved are keeping the cardboard and the seat of your pants in a relatively close position to each other, or finding yourself in the delicate situation of flying down the hill backwards, waving to the cardboard, which bashfully stayed behind.

Sledding on cardboard is a wonderful experience. Muscles which you haven't heard from for years will be calling to you for days afterwards; it is a better way to get so much closer (closer, closest) to nature; and all your friends will envy you the rest of the winter (once a season is enough). But next year, next year for certain, I *am* going to buy a sled!

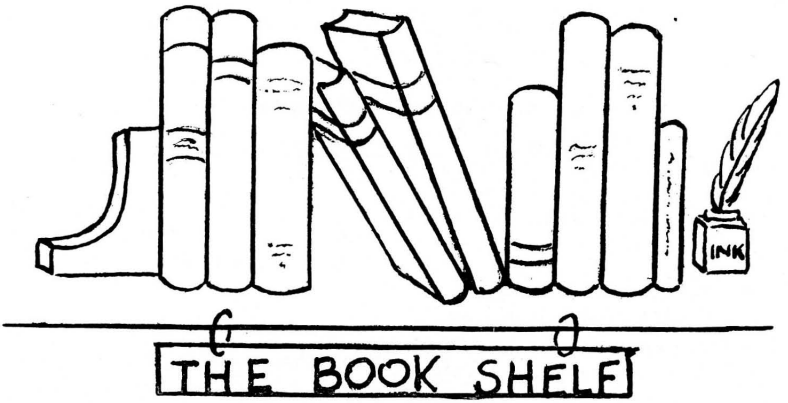
Hands

The hands of a doctor
deft and sure,
Laboring always
to soothe and cure,
Comforting both
the rich and poor,
The healing hands of a doctor.

The hands of a priest
firm and kind,
Helping the saint
great sanctity find,
Granting the sinner
peace of mind,
The sacred hands of a priest.

The hands of a mother,
patient and good,
Giving their strength
as no others would,
Showing their love
as no others could,
The perfect hands of a mother.

—*Margaret Winsor*



THE CROWN AND THE SHADOW

Pamela Hill

G. P. Putnam's Sons

New York, 1955 $3.50

The Crown and the Shadow is the second novel of a young authoress, Pamela Hill, and was also a fall selection of the Catholic Book Guild. The biography of Francoise de Aubigne, it is a historical novel set in 18th century France during the reign of Louis XIV. Historians have argued for many years over her exact status in the life of Louis. While the question had never been settled exactly, her importance can never be disputed.

The story begins with her childhood as a poor girl of noble birth. Her conversion to the Catholic faith is accomplished only after a long struggle with her inner self. Though of short duration, her marriage to the crippled poet, Scarron, aids her in entering society. She enters the service of the king as governess for his children. Her confessor advises her to go to live in the palace that she may keep up her good influence on the king. During her many years' stay in the court, she is friend and confidant to Louis through thick and thin. Finally, when both are grown old, they are married and she becomes the Queen of France.

This is a book that is not hard reading, but it is entertaining lighter reading. The gleam, glitter and intrigue of the French court will keep you at it until you read the very last page.

—*Martha Pictor*

IT ALL STARTED WITH COLUMBUS

Richard Armour

Charles Scribner's Sons

New York, 1953 $2.75

It All Started with Columbus is an unexpurgated, unabridged, and unlikely account of American history from Christopher Columbus' mistaken belief that he had reached India when actually he hadn't gotten as far as Indiana to the present day. This is humbly dedicated to all those who after pursuing one volume of history in school swore never to read another.

Acknowledgement is also given to the Red Skins, the Red Coats, and the *Red Badge of Courage* and the inventor of gun powder without whom our history would have sadly lacked bloodshed and would have made dull reading.

This is the improbable inside view which brings to mind such unforgettable personages as Pansty de Lion, Bigamy Young, and Wild Bill Hiccup, along with such interesting items as the family tree (cherry, of course) of George Washington and the carrying off of the Washington Monument by Dolly Madison during the War of 1812. Brief excerpts follow:

> Before Columbus reached America he cried, "Ceylon! Ceylon!" because he wanted to see India. Accompanied by his devoted followers, the Knights of Columbus, he discovered America. After this, Columbus made several voyages, but try as he may he kept discovering America. He finally returned to Spain. He lived a short time in Madrid, but spent his days in Disgrace.

Our country owes a great deal to its founding fathers. These were a group of parents who were determined that their children should have the advantages that they had been denied. One of these was schools, coveted by children ever since. That is why schools all over America are named for one or another of the founding fathers, viz., Thomas Jefferson High School, Alexander Hamilton Grammar School and P. S. 127.

Andrew Jackson was a popular president. Soon after taking office, he rewarded all those who had cast more than one ballot for him by appointing them judges, generals, and garbage col-

lectors. It was with relation to the latter that one of his friends made the famous remark, "To the victors belong the spoils."

Jackson is best remembered as the founder of the Jackson Day Dinner where plates are sold for as much as a hundred dollars and are still not supposed to be taken home.

Howe was destined to succeed because as a young man he had lived in a garret. It came to him that if McCormick could make a machine that would reap, he should be able to make one that would sew. The only question was Howe, and he answered that for himself.

Rockefeller made his money in oil, which he discovered at the bottom of wells. Oil was crude in those days, but so was Rockefeller. Now both are considered quite refined.

In addition, the author has added ingenious "tests" at the end of each chapter reviewing such important facts as "What would have happened at Bunker Hill if the British had been suffering from pink-eye." And for those of us who can't read, Campbell Grant has contributed seventy-two line drawings.

The author, Richard Armour, is a Jekyll and Hyde sort. As a Dr. Jekyll, he is a Harvard Ph. D., the author of a scholarly book, and a professor of English at Scripps College in California. As Mr. Hyde, he is one of America's most adept writers of light verse having had over seventy of his witty pieces published in everything from *The New Yorker* to *The Saturday Evening Post*. As he says, "I have two costumes: a cap and gown and a cap and bells."

—*Anne Richason*

THE TONTINE

Thomas B. Costain

Doubleday & Co., Inc.

Garden City, 1955 $5.95

Costain has come up with another sure winner in the historical novel field. This time he goes to the mercantilistic England of the nineteenth century to tell of the personal fortunes of a financial wizard, Samuel Carboy, and of his family, friends and enemies. The

theme is the Waterloo Tontine. A tontine is a combination of lottery and annuity; a person enters after paying a relatively small sum of money and after a period of twenty years the interest on all the money thus collected is divided among the contestants still living. When only a few still live, the yearly payments run into thousands of pounds.

In this particular tontine, Isabelle, Carboy's daughter, Julian Grace, the son of his ousted business partner, and Nell Groody, his coachman's daughter, are among the many entered; but little do they realize that it will play an important part in their lives.

While Sam Carboy is building his vast and encompassing trade empire, Isabelle leads the life of a beautiful and haughty rich woman with her successive husbands. Nell Groody and Julian Grace also lead happy lives, and when old age moves in, Grace is a knight and Nell a kind and influential woman.

But when the impossible happens and Carboy's trade empire goes broke, all find themselves in dire financial straits, because they have over-invested in Carboy stocks. Thus they come to depend upon the yearly payments of the tontine for living expenses. Finally, the three are the only survivors in the race and betting on the prospective winner becomes furious. The exciting tale of the circumstances surrounding their deaths is interwoven with certain nefarious activities of the underworld. This represents just a sketchy outline of a highly involved tale.

The Tontine is written in much the same style as are Costain's other books, although he takes two volumes to develop his plot. Of course, it is to be remembered that the series of events spans seventy-five years and the lives of many people other than those of the Graces, the Carboys, and the Groodys are portrayed. Could it be that the two-volume novel is becoming the fashion? Although Costain knows how to tell a good story, he gives only a superficial treatment to events of historical import. The novel is entertaining, well-integrated, and well worth reading.

—*Mary Byer*

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