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# *Carroll Quarterly*



WINTER • 1953-1954

VOLUME 7

NUMBERS 1 AND 2

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# *Fish Story*

*by Fred McGunagle*

SASKATOON, Sask., Can., Oct. 11—(UP)—The Saskatoon Fair, one of Canada's oldest and most picturesque, opened here today with the blare of three brass bands and the shrieks of the province's best hog callers.

More than 50,000 persons from all parts of Canada and the United States poured through a miniature zoo, scores of games of chance, and shops and stands selling everything from Indian blankets to electric razors.

Promoters call this, the 81st renewal of the traditional bazaar, the "biggest and best ever."

Among the hundreds of exhibits awaiting visitors are displays ranging from jellies and jams to a sideshow view of the "World's Only Magic Fish—only known instance of two and two equaling five"—a phenomenon which could well set the progress of human learning back about three thousand years.

This year's festivities last until Saturday, when a giant raffle closes the show.

SASKATOON, Sask., Can., Oct. 13—(UP)—Saskatchewan wheat farmer Harvey Seltman finds himself in the middle of a raging controversy today—but one which is pouring a steady stream of money into his cash register.

Seltman's troubles—and bonanza—began Monday when a UP dispatch cited his exhibit as typical of the 81st annual Saskatoon Fair. Seltman is the proprietor of the "Magic Fish—only known instance of two and two equaling five."

For the edification of those who pay their dime, Seltman drops two speckled trout into a basin containing two other trout, and five fish appear before the eyes of the astonished gallery.

The controversy began when Dr. Glenn D. MacDonald, professor of chemistry at nearby Regina University, read of the fish and obtained Seltman's permission to examine them. The results startled him.



"It's amazing!" he reported. "I could find no trace of trickery. Every time I added two fish to the two fish already in the basin I had five fish. I just can't explain it. It's just as natural as—well, as two and two making four. But they don't. They make five."

Seltman himself has no explanation of the phenomenon.

"I've often wondered about it," he admitted, "but I never could figure it out. As long as I could pick up a little extra money with the fish, I didn't worry about the explanations."

The 53-year-old farmer uses the trout to supplement his main income. The fish, which he has been exhibiting at carnivals and fairs for about three years, are from a pond on his property.

Meanwhile a hot debate is raging in Saskatoon, and publicity-wise fair promoters are just sitting back and smiling.

SASKATOON, Sask., Can., Oct. 14—(UP)—Farmer Harvey Seltman's fish have plunged their owner, along with the whole city of Saskatoon, into a turmoil. Seltman is the exhibitor of the mysterious speckled trout which apparently prove that two and two are five.

Until yesterday Seltman's fish, first reported by a UP dispatch, were considered a sideshow phony or at best a publicity stunt of Saskatoon Fair promoters. But yesterday the exhibit was examined thoroughly by Dr. Glenn D. MacDonald, professor of chemistry at Regina College, who after repeated experiments announced his failure to account for the phenomenon.

Several other experts who this morning conducted further tests concurred with Dr. MacDonald's findings that the result could not be explained by any known law of science.

A group of well known scientists and university officials from several midwestern United States colleges has wired Dr. MacDonald of plans to journey to Saskatoon and make an exhaustive study of the mysterious fish.

Meanwhile the exhibit has been moved to a larger tent here at the fair to accommodate the increased crowds.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14—(UP)—Farmer Harvey Seltman's speckled trout might turn out to be more than just a sideshow exhibit, one authority here believes.

## FISH STORY

James L. LiSieux, assistant professor of philosophy at New York University, today told reporters that the discrepancy might be in our standards.

"After all," he said, "our system of arithmetic is merely arbitrary. We have no definite proof that two and two always equal four. That is just the result we have always gotten in the past. It is within the realm of possibility that there is an instance in which two and two don't make four."

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 15—(UP)—Five noted American scientists set out from here this morning for Saskatoon in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan. There they will join two other experts to make a study of Saskatoon's famous speckled trout, which apparently defy a basic law of arithmetic.

The trout, property of Harvey Seltman of Yorkton in Eastern Saskatchewan, were discovered Monday in the sideshow of the Saskatoon Fair by a UP reporter.

Whenever two of the fish are dropped into a tank containing two others, the result is always five fish. Experts who have examined the trout can so far offer no explanation.

Members of the group which left St. Louis by plane at 11 a.m. St. Louis time are: Dr. N. L. Wiley, chairman of the biology department of Alabama Polytechnic Institute; Maxwell H. Reinken, professor of chemistry at the University of Missouri; Dr. C. W. G. Adams, professor of animal husbandry at Iowa State College; M. J. O'Connell, professor of philosophy at Hastings College; and Dr. Lewis L. Girondeau, president of Albion Medical College.

In Saskatoon the group will be met by George R. Rutgart, chairman of the philosophy department at Ottawa University, and Hugo Amerman, president of the American Ichthyology Association.

By HOWARD MASON, UP Saskatchewan correspondent  
SASKATOON, Sask., Oct. 15—(UP)—I saw two and two make five.

I was one of thousands who during the day packed into a tent on the Saskatoon Fairgrounds to see the celebrated speckled trout of wheat farmer Harvey Seltman.

Seltman stood by a glass tank set on a table in the middle of the tent. In the tank were two lazily swimming speckled trout.

As soon as the tent was full, Seltman took a net and scooped up two other fish from a separate tank. He emptied the fish from the net into the tank.

Instantly there were five fish splashing around the tank.

Seltman scooped out two of the fish, and, again instantaneously, there were but two fish left.

He repeated the demonstration, then asked the viewers to leave to make room for those lined up outside. The crowd filed out, most expressing disappointment.

They had seen a phenomenon which has the continent's scientists in great excitement, but for the most part they were unimpressed.

SASKATOON, Sask., Can., Oct. 16—(UP)—After eight hours of intensive tests, Saskatoon's world-shaking speckled trout are still a mystery.

At four p.m. Saskatoon time (seven p.m. EST) no word has yet passed to the waiting world from behind the heavy wooden door at the Saskatoon Museum of Natural History where seven of the continent's top scientists are closeted with the trout and with their discoverer, Saskatchewan wheat farmer Harvey Seltman.

The experts, professors of biology, chemistry, animal husbandry, and philosophy, have been examining the fish since eight a.m. Since then they have opened the laboratory door only once, to send out for lunch at 11:45. The group arrived here by plane from the United States last night and went immediately to the Prince Albert Hotel.

Only comment by any of the seven was that of Maxwell H. Reinken, professor of chemistry at the University of Missouri.

"We are going into the examination with no preconceived ideas," Prof. Reinken said this morning. "Our minds are open to any possibility."

Other members of the expedition are: Dr. C. W. G. Adams, author and professor of animal husbandry at Iowa State College; Dr. Lewis L. Girondeau, president of Albion Medical College; George R. Rutgart, chairman of the philosophy department at Ottawa University; N. L. Wiley, holder of the Carnegie chair of biology at Alabama Polytechnic Institute (Auburn); M. J. O'Connell, assistant professor of philosophy at Hastings (Iowa) College; and Hugo Amerman, president of the American Ichthyology Association.



## FISH STORY

Dr. Glenn D. MacDonald of Regina College, who first called the trout to the attention of the world, is also with the expedition.

A flood of telegrams from all over the world has poured into Saskatoon in the last two days. Most express belief that the phenomenon is capable of explanation by known laws.

Meanwhile, tension is near the breaking point in this city of 52,732. Thousands are waiting outside the museum for results of the investigation.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16—(UP)—While seven of the nation's leading scientists were unable today to solve the mystery of Harvey Seltman's trout, there was no lack of suggestions and opinions offered by everybody from ichthyologists to plumbers.

One of the more scientific explanations came from Dr. Charles E. Lippincott of Columbia University, an authority on ichthyology (the study of fish).

"The Saskatoon phenomenon is possibly an occurrence not uncommon among fresh water fish in cold climates," Dr. Lippincott ventured. "Sometimes a fish develops an extraordinary natural ability for camouflage. Of course, such a fish wouldn't fool a trained scientist."

In England, Jules Resell, ichthyologist of the British Museum, reported a similar case observed about 15 years ago in northern Wales. The discoverer of the Welsh fish—in this case pike—refused to allow his find to be examined.

Optometrist Louis Unterback excluded possibilities of the phenomenon being an optical illusion and hypnosis authority Dr. Arthur M. Kunes likewise ruled out mass hypnosis.

Many authorities were more concerned with philosophical implications. Leo T. Rowal, professor of philosophy at Georgetown University, said today:

"If it could be proved that in one case two and two do not equal four, all the conclusions ever based on the postulate that two and two always equal four would have to be considered unproved. If one of the assumptions we accept as self-evident were disproved, it would cast doubt on all the others. We could not be sure of anything.



"Our whole science of mathematics would have to be re-examined—in fact, all our sciences, especially philosophy, would be subject to grave doubt. We could no longer be sure of any of our judgments if our basic premises were in doubt. The basis of all our reasoning would be knocked out from under us. We would have to start all over from scratch. Everything we have ever reasoned would be in question."

Speaking before the Milwaukee Council of Churches, Dr. Preston McKee, pastor of the Free Methodist Church, told fellow churchmen: "Even if it be found that our reasoning has been based on incorrect premises, we should not abandon all we believe and cherish. I say it would be better to ignore the discovery and cling to our faith."

But in Cleveland the Rev. Harry J. Gauzman, S.J., professor of religion at John Carroll University, said: "If two and two be not four, then our faith is in vain."

Public reaction to the story of Seltman and his fish is reaching a peak not seen since the Kefauver Crime Committee telecasts of 1950. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced today that it has bought movie rights to Seltman's story for \$50,000. Several book publishers are pressing Seltman with offers for book rights.

Among other varied reactions:

In Paris, the French Academy addressed a telegram to the expedition requesting a full detailed report of the investigation.

In Carmen, Okla., a 68-year-old man took his life and left a note saying worry over Seltman's fish had driven him to suicide.

In New York City, Plumber Irving Klepman told an inquiring reporter he believed all the scientists were drunk.

In Salt Lake City, a motorist in Judge Allen DeNova's traffic court tried to pay a \$5 fine with two \$2 bills.

In Washington, D.C., the Rev. Emmanuel Lawson of the Evangelical Reformed United Church of the Savior told his flock: "The wordly wise are confounded by the wonders of the Lord. The Lord is showing us that science cannot replace religion. Let us abandon our false idols of science before it is too late."

Rev. Lawson plans to lead a delegation to picket the White House and demand that the President restore God to government.

## FISH STORY

SASKATOON, Sask., Can., Oct. 17—(UP)—The speckled trout of Harvey Seltman are a fake.

Putting an end to three days of wild speculation, the majority report of seven famous scientists declared today that the apparent ability of the fish to prove that two and two are five is "an illusion."

The scientists declined to make any statements concerning the nature of the illusion.

In a terse bulletin released at 8:46 a.m. (11:46 a.m. EST) six of the seven authorities who had examined the fish for 14 hours yesterday announced:

"After careful examination we are convinced that the apparent phenomenon of the trout is an illusion. Their behavior is completely in accord with known scientific laws. Neither the discoverer of the fish, Mr. Seltman, nor promoters of the Saskatoon Fair are in any way to blame for the deception.

"To avoid any further alarms we have destroyed the fish."

The scientists refused to answer any questions. They left immediately for their hotel.

Only member of the expedition not to agree with the report was Michael J. O'Connell, assistant professor of philosophy at Hastings College.

"Although I am not an authority on biology or chemistry, I do not feel the explanation is entirely satisfactory," declared Professor O'Connell, youngest of the group at 27. "I do not challenge it, but I cannot honestly say I am convinced of its accuracy. I will announce my decision when I have given the matter more thought."

Those who did approve the report were: Dr. C. W. G. Adams, Dr. Lewis Girondeau, Professor George R. Rutgart, Professor N. L. Wiley, Dr. M. H. Reinken, and Hugo Amerman, president of the American Ichthyology Association.

The experts, who yesterday had studied the fish from eight a.m. until ten p.m., needed only 16 minutes this morning to announce their decision. They arrived at the Saskatoon Museum of Natural History at 8:30.

Today's decision ended a wild goose chase which had fired the imagination of the world. Authorities had declared that if reports

were true that two of the fish plus two others equaled five, all man's judgments since the beginning of civilization were open to doubt.

Harvey Seltman, the Saskatchewan wheat farmer whose exhibit of the fish in the sideshow of the Saskatoon Fair had set off the false alarm, was willing to talk to reporters but had no explanation of the decision. The scientists had convinced him of the necessity of destroying his fish, he said.

Seltman was absolved of all blame, as were promoters of the fair, which closed yesterday.

The scientists, who have refused to answer any questions for the battery of newsmen and photographers here, will spend tomorrow in Saskatoon and return to the United States by plane Tuesday.

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#### PIC UPCOMING

SASKATOON, SASK., CAN., OCT. 19—(UP)—AN AUTO ACCIDENT TOOK THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN COLLEGE PROFESSOR HERE TODAY.

MICHAEL J. O'CONNELL, 27, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT HASTINGS (IOWA) COLLEGE, WAS KILLED THIS MORNING WHEN HE FELL FROM THE DOOR OF A SPEEDING STATION WAGON EN ROUTE TO THE UNITXXX

TO THE SASKATOON AIRPORT. HE HAD PLANNED TO FLY BACK TO THE UNITED STATES TODAY.

PROFESSOR O'CONNELL WAS ONE OF SEVEN COLLEGE PROFESSORS AND SCIENTISTS WHO HAD BEEN HERE STUDYING A SUPPOSED PHENOMENON. HE APPARENTLY LEANED AGAINST THE UNLOCKED REAR DOOR OF THE STATION WAGON, ACCORDING TO THE OTHER



## FISH STORY

MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION WHO WERE THE ONLY OTHER PASSENGERS. THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED ON A COUNTRY ROAD JUST OUTSIDE SASKATOON.

ALTHOUGH PROFESSOR O'CONNELL HAD AT FIRST DISAGREED WITH THE FINDINGS OF HIS COLLEAGUES, HE WAS GOING TO ANNOUNCE THAT HE HAD CHANGED HIS MIND, DR. M. H. REINKEN, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, TOLD POLICE. THE GROUP HAD BEEN EXAMINING FISH REPORTED TO BE PHENOMENAL.

THE PROFESSOR

THE PROFESSOR WAS AN AIR FORCE VETERAN OF WORLD WAR II. HIS BODY WILL BE SHIPPED TO HIS FAMILY IN CHICAGO FOR BURIAL.

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### *To Jean*

When the veil of vice drops heavily o'er my soul;  
When day is night, and night is without end;  
When distant church bells raise their mournful toll  
To note another hour I did spend  
Ill-spent wandering through the wretched state  
Of absence from His love; when I would grope  
To find a something to at least abate  
The pain, or offer but some light, some hope;  
When all the world is fog, and mist, and hell;  
When I would seek the way I cannot find,  
Or else some chance-laid landmark that could tell  
A weary soul which way the road would wind;  
    'Tis then you are the sole star of my night—  
    In my world of nothingness, a light.

—Raymond Becks

## Sun Over the Water

(Translated from the Croatian *Sunce Nad Vodom*  
by Lucijan Kordic, O.F.M.)

A drop on leaf-stem dangles desire.

The swallows which are leaving  
Greet the gloom of the yellow-pale trees. The new nests showered  
with sunbeams wait for them in the South.

Olives in their attire for the last time are humming,  
rendering and offering  
to the callous hands their ripe riches, the silver secret of their fruits.  
In the shade of the City and its monuments, which at midday  
part the azure skies,  
the flower of youth blooms out and  
evaporates slowly. The ring-circle of the sun,  
which dances over the water and descends into depth,  
is cold and stingy.

There is nothing under the sky that can awake  
the blond haired, joyful boy.

That I could traverse all of the world's streets  
as I did my native rocky hills!

*O Croatia mea!*

I belong to you! I live in you, while passing the ways of exile,  
and looking up to the uncovered stars,  
and listening beyond the mountains to the virgin cry of my nation,  
which suffers for Truth and ever yet expatiates alien sin  
and injustice.

Tiber snorts and flows; it is muddy and heavy;  
its turbidness carries history's weight.

Rivers of my childhood are clear and rapid.

I never can forget them,  
how on rocky banks they deposit the innocent smiles  
and pour out power and pearl of mountains.  
Shriek of Spring in the tree is my forsaken country.  
My body and soul keenly feel it,

longing to see it once again.

It is Fall. The birds seek peace and unknown dwellings.  
Life's uncertainty ripens. The waves drive over the change.  
And the inclined sun dives into the water.

—John Prcela

## Thomas Daly, "Dago Poet"

by Austin Groden

**A** THUMBING down my limited mental index of American literary greats can sometimes open up a new channel of interest. On one such occasion of the digit approach to knowledge I came upon the name of Thomas Daly, poet, journalist, American, Catholic, human. Such a combination of traits is found so rarely in society that I was induced to pry into the life of Thomas Daly to discover what made his big heart tick. I found that there is enough glint in the actualities of Daly's life to blind one from considering his potentialities.

There is a certain fascination linked with the life of Daly. This thought causes me to wonder why I had considered writing of other than the real Daly. Possibly I have a warped mind which seeks only the oblivious and ignores the obvious, a sickness which impedes otherwise normal citizens from beneficially participating in human society. Only now do I realize that there is more natural splendor in Daly's life than there is in the lives of the epic heroes. There is more color, more vitality, and more adventure than Homer's *Odyssey*, Virgil's *Aeneid*, or Dante's *Inferno*. Fact is stranger than fiction. Real life is more exciting than the world of make believe. A never-never land has no chance for existence because it is a double negative. There is more beauty in Daly's life than there would be in Daly's "should-have-been life" or his "could-have-been life."

Actually, the life of Daly can be divided into three main parts: Daly the man, Daly the poet, Daly the hero. Part one begins at the beginning, as all part ones should. At this beginning the seven choirs of angels did not sing, the Liberty Bell did not tingle a split sonata, and the band did not play "Hail the Conquering Hero." This beginning was normal.

Once upon a time, more precisely May 28, 1871, Thomas Augustine Daly opened his eyes to a world which he was to love, a world which was to harden him, a world which would eventually watch him pass by, and yet retain numerous memories of him. Like most



children in Philadelphia, Daly spent his early years tinged with brotherly love, throwing stones at dogs, kicking chickens, and pulling girls' pigtails. For all available evidence shows he was a normal boy. He was still pulling hair when the old bell in the old school rang out for the aging Thomas Daly. His early years of reading, writing, and geometry were spent in the public schools of Philadelphia, the home of independence and other reminders of American history. He followed up his educational wants by enrolling at Villanova College, and then at Fordham University of New York. By this time he had grown into manhood. According to anatomy experts, Daly was a medium-sized man, possessing a pair of flaming, deep-set eyes. The craze of the day induced him to sport a heavy moustache, probably waxed at the tips with Johnson's Glo-Coat, or the equivalent. When the man with the moustache lipped his way out of style, Daly complied by shaving. This facial purging revealed the solemn appearance of the "Dago Poet." Personality experts claim that this solemnity was in conformity with the appearance of all prominent gentlemen of the day.

While at Fordham, he proved to be both an athlete and a scholar. He held down the shortstop position on the university's baseball team besides assisting as co-editor of the *Fordham Monthly*. To this paper he contributed his first verses. Unknowingly, the *Fordham Monthly* was providing a foundation for the future work of one of America's famed authors.

For some reason, Daly left Fordham at the conclusion of his sophomore year to accept a clerical position. Obviously work was not in his veins, but again obviously a newspaper yen had been naturally injected. His first experience with a city newspaper was with the *Philadelphia Record* as reporter and editorial writer. As the years went by, Daly progressed up the ladder, successively moving from general manager of the *Catholic Standard and Times* of Philadelphia to columnist with the *Philadelphia Evening Ledger*, to associate editor of the *Record*, and finally to columnist with the *Evening Bulletin*.

Though he had not completed a formal college education, he was sufficiently self-educated to receive such honorary degrees as an M.A. from Fordham, and LL.D. from Boston College. The degrees are indicative of the fact that Daly was a worm for knowledge.

## 'DAGO POET'

They also display the respect the American literary world must have felt for a new found idol.

In the year 1896, Daly was bitten by the love bug, falling moustache over spats for Nannie Barret. Statistical experts would say that the marriage contracted by Daly and Barret should be listed in the success percentage column. Indeed, the union was successful, for Nannie bore eight children, five sons and three daughters. The early death of daughter Brenda was only one of the many crosses courageously carried by Daly and his wife. Brenda's passing away occasioned one of Daly's most famous poems, "To a Thrush."

*Sing clear, O throistle,  
Thou golden-tonged Apostle,  
And little brown-frocked brother  
Of the loved Assisian.  
Sing courage to the mother,  
Sing strength to the man . . . .*

Of all his poetical endeavors, Daly is best known for his dialect poems. As a young reporter he delighted his friends with the story of an Italian baseball game, so well told and so often repeated that he was urged to write in the same vein. From this encouragement ensued "Mia Carlotta," a poem which doubtless gained prestige for the United Barbers of America, "Canzoni," "Carmina," "Madrigali," "McAroni Ballads," and "McAroni Medleys." These poems were inspired by the Italian immigrant, faithfully portrayed in his romantic nature, artistic sense, and nobility of character. The Italian word *simplicato* aptly expresses the quality of these poems. Daly's versification is melodious, displaying a constant strain in abiding faith, and varying with tender sentiment and delightful humor. With these dialect poems Daly earned the title "Dago Poet." Daly was a keen observer not only of man's nature, but also of nature itself. Such poems as "October," "The Poet," "To a Robin," and "To A Plain Sweetheart" are testaments. The dual personality of humorist and sentimentalist are resultant of a man's intense fire in life, of great understanding in all things human, and simple talent. As breathers, Daly delved shallowly into prose, composing of note a humorous story of a large family in "Herself And The Houseful," and a collaborative work with Christopher Morley, "The House of Dooner."

When Daly bid adieu in the year 1941, the angels did not sing, the Liberty Bell did not ring, and the band did not play. For the angels were probably waiting by the Gates, the Bell is cracked, and the band had too much respect to blare out. Few people wept bitterly and gnashed their teeth, for Daly left too much behind for people to believe he had gone. The acceptance of his works in homes, in high schools, and in universities is ample testimony not only of the respect the world holds for Thomas Daly, but also of his very worth as a poet and a journalist.

---

**Shark**

*A flickering blade  
Fresh from the hone,  
A diamond point  
That shimmered and shone;  
Aurora's silver  
Imbedded in black,  
Free to dash  
On its watery track;  
A translucent hue  
Of cold blue ice;  
Twisting, darting,  
Silent, precise;  
Trailing a swath,  
A miniature  
Milky Way,  
An ermine's fur;  
Treacherous devil,  
Noble and free;  
Beauty and killer,  
Scourge of the sea.*

—Timothy I. Peters



# The Art of Subtlety in Hopkins

by John Prcela

According to Aristotle's *Poetics*, a good poet must be a master of metaphor; in other words, a poet has to have *subtlety* in his poems by conveying many ideas with a few words and images. Gerard Manley Hopkins is the *par excellence* master of metaphor and a very subtle poet.

The title indicates that we want to stress the intensity of Hopkinsian thought present in each of his poems; for in his intensity some critics compare him even with Dante and Shakespeare, although the volume of his poetry is very small. Hopkins deserves to be called a *subtle* poet for his close relationship to the Subtle Doctor, Duns Scotus. Scotus' *haecceitas* is the very core of Hopkinsian poetry; Hopkins' application of the Scotistic theory of being is called *inscape*, the soul of subtlety. Inscape is the "essential uniqueness of an object as the uniqueness is perceptible to the senses." Thus, "the better man knows the inscape of creation, the better he knows God."

Gerard Manley Hopkins was born at Stratford, Essex (England), on June 11, 1844. In early childhood his character and education were formed at home in spirit of Anglicanism; his aunt coached him in music and drawing. As a result both of these fine arts accompanied him through life. Hopkins showed his poetic talents when at the age of fifteen he wrote *The Escorial* which won him a school prize. In his eighteenth year he won another school prize with *A Vision of Mermaids*. A few journeys to the Continent made permanent contribution to his growing poetic effort and insight. Recognition of the young man's talents came by way of a scholarship to Balliol College, Oxford. But something more deeply significant was happening to the soul of Hopkins. During studies at Oxford he became interested in Catholic beliefs and entered the Catholic Church on Oct. 21, 1866. In September, 1869, the new convert entered the Jesuit novitiate. In the same year he burned all of his poems so far written. After this act his Muse was silent for almost seven years.

At Stonyhurst and St. Beuno, Hopkins completed his philosoph-

ical and theological studies, during which he became an enthusiastic disciple of Duns Scotus. He "completed a successful course of theology at St. Beuno's and left there with the reputation of being one of the best moral theologians among his contemporaries." After ordination in 1877 he was sent by his superiors to help various pastors in preaching. In 1883, the priest-poet met Coventry Patmore, on whom as an intimate friend he exercised a tremendous influence. In 1884, Hopkins was sent to the Royal University in Dublin to teach Greek. In Ireland he suffered enormously, but in those sufferings he produced the "terrible sonnets," which belong to the best English poems. In the fifth year of his sojourn in Ireland, G. M. Hopkins died on June 5, 1889.

*The Windhover* represents a captivating record of admiration and contemplation consequent upon observing the flight of the European hovering hawk. The windhover's flight stirs the poet's heart to do heroic deeds in crusading for the Kingdom of Christ amid what difficulties may arise, even making the most of these as means to that high end. The triumphant activity of the proud bird arouses in the poet a heroic decision for the supernatural struggle, which is a billion times worthier than the windhover's activity.

According to the poet himself *The Windhover* is the best thing he ever wrote. The poem is dedicated to "Christ Our Lord," Who is symbolized in the activity of the bird. This sonnet is a masterpiece of Hopkins' metrical revision of the sonnet form. It has all the power and velocity of his metrical creation. It bears the character of that joy of the senses which is the unmistakable Hopkins. The tremendous poetic force is in the loud, bright, impetuous word *buckle*, on which depends the meaning of the whole poem.

"Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume here *buckle!*" As we read aloud *The Windhover*, by stressing this line, we find that we are using our muscles as well as our minds. The very racing of the words and lines arouses a strong emotion in the reader. The colorful words with the dramatic force, the well-used alliteration, the selected metaphors, the imagery of extraordinary beauty, the rhyme scheme, the combination of the varied rhythms, persuade us of the existence of a vital and surprising poetic energy.

## SUBTLETY IN HOPKINS

*The Windhover* has other words rich in implication, sound, beauty, energy and sense: *minion, dauphin, striding, wimpling, gliding* in their attached context show how the poet's genius was able to describe vividly the various significant details. It is enough to read attentively the sonnet to become aware of the fact that every sound of the middle lines echoes the movement of the bird. The poet describes the windhover with wonderful details as:

. . . *striding*

*High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing*

*In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,*

*As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding*

*Rebuffed the big wind.*

"The sound of the octet lines helps us to see the long, strong, soaring flight of the bird, the beat of its wings, the mastery with which it wheels and turns in the big wind." The slow weary movement of lines twelve and fourteen is perfect musical accompaniment to the theme. The words *rung, chevalier, sillion* are archaic words which with their freshness and color manifest the originality of the poet. Freshness, originality, subtlety, intuitive vigor, and depth are present in every line of the sonnet.

The transition "my heart in hiding stirred for a bird" indicates that the whole poem has a religious, moral message and signifies a determined wish to bring in the personal element, the human reaction as a response to this stimulus from nature. The transition is the sign of Hopkins' craftsmanship; it makes *The Windhover* a very compact poem by linking together the octet, the objective description of the bird's flight, and sestet, the poet's personal meditation. The heavy, weary movement of the concluding tercet is especially significant, because it illustrates beautifully the poet's realistic thought about spiritual life. Spangled colors of the plodding plough and blue-bleak coals of a dying fire are very powerful, colorful, and appropriate metaphors which are so suggestive and subtle that in them we find described the whole reality of the Christian life consisting of heroic sufferings followed by the eternal glory after death.

*Sheer plod makes plough down sillion*

*Shine; and blue-bleak embers ah, my dear,*

*Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.*



There is no other poem of comparable length in English or perhaps in any language, which surpasses its richness and intensity or realized artistic organization. *The Windhover* excels in unity of thought; it is perfect in proportion, too. The poem, furthermore, is full of splendor of ideas, metaphors, imagery, symmetrical structure, details, and words. As far as the rhythm is concerned, *The Windhover* is Hopkins' greatest achievement. It exhausts all the richness of his prosodic system. The poet astounds us with his Sprung Rhythm, outrides, rocking rhythm, monosyllabic feet, and catalectic inflexions. After a few attentive readings in silence the reader will enjoy, appreciate, and consider *The Windhover* one of the best English poems.

*The Caged Skylark* is a concise autobiography of Hopkins which tells us a great deal about his mystical sufferings. The poem, in its first part, cut off from the concluding tercet, represents the poet's tension between the "acquired Jesuit character and the independent personality of artist." But if we consider the poem in its whole, we shall do injustice to the saintly poet by looking superficially at the theme of the poem and saying that this sonnet describes Hopkins as an unhappy Jesuit. The sonnet is a description of the poet's internal sufferings accompanied by a firm belief in the final resurrection.

This sonnet displays Hopkins' extraordinary talent in the effective use of metaphor. The two quatrains are a prolonged metaphor which compares the sufferings of the caged skylark with those of the poet. Both the caged bird and the poet,

*Both sing sometimes the sweetest, sweetest spells,  
Yet both droop deadly sometimes in their cells  
Or wring their barriers in bursts of fear or rage.*

These wonderful details make us feel a deep sympathy for the poet and his interior sufferings. The emotion of sympathy leaves us gradually as the poet leads us from the caged skylark to that skylark in freedom. The free bird reminds the poet of the eternal glory and rest which are awaiting man in heaven.

*Man's spirit will be flesh-bound when found at best,  
But uncumbered: meadow-down is not distressed  
For a rainbow footing it nor he for his bones risen.*

## SUBTLETY IN HOPKINS

This concluding tercet is full of the triumphant joy of resurrection. Glory of the resurrected body is expressed with an amazing, masterful metaphor of a rainbow covering the meadow with various colors after the storm and rain.

This sonnet excels in unity and depth of thought as well as in proportion in presenting the thought. The two quatrains are in perfect proportion to the two tercets. The poem is resplendent in metaphors, imagery, structure, and even in the language; the words are luxuriant in meaning and connotation. *The Caged Skylark* is much simpler than one would think of it at the first or second reading. Directness of thought is evident, but with the directness the subtlety is there too, because this sonnet, although the most personal of Hopkins' poems, may be applied to every suffering man. The poem re-echoes the feelings of the Christian who continuously sighs under the burden of flesh, but the sighs are accompanied with the firm belief in final resurrection.

*God's Grandeur* is a sonnet in which the poet realizes the function of the created things as revealing the attributes of the Absolute Being. This poem has a marvelous, abrupt opening which perfectly expresses the theme and summarizes the whole poem. "The world is charged with the grandeur of God." With strong metaphor of charged electricity in a shock foil giving off broad glares like sheet lightning, the poet apprehends God's grandeur with almost the same immediacy as we do apprehend sensible things. God's actuality is grasped by the subtle poet with intensity by means of a corresponding dynamic metaphor of the ooze of oil. The created things and beings press on the poet's mind the infinite perfection of the Necessary Being who gave existence to contingent beings. This philosophic truth is described with an appropriate image taken from South European peasant's life; the peasant laboriously presses the olives in order to get that smooth flow of the ooze of oil. Abundant oil liquid flowing from the pressed olives makes the man forget his labor. The poet wants to impress this experience on every beholder of nature. He urges men to look with the open eyes upon the created things, but unfortunately men do not want to listen either to the poet or to the voice of nature. Hopkins wonders about men's spiritual blindness; he wonders why they do not accept the natural revelation of God and follow the divine path.

The second part of the octet re-echoes the poet's as well as our modern age of many scientific discoveries, industrial squalor, artificiality, and forgetfulness of the Absolute Beauty. The poet has such a keen sense of beauty that he can not stand ugliness produced by man's artificiality. The face of earth is changed by men, but they, although able to destroy quantitative qualities of almost everything, cannot harm being itself. Men cannot change the essential beauty of nature which in its *inscape* is never spent.

*And for all this, nature is never spent;*

*There lives the dearest freshness deep down things.*

The poet sees the sunset of natural revelation in millions of men, but he is not discouraged for that, because he, with his subtle apprehension and poetic imagination, looks toward the East, and then full of consolation and optimism, he exclaims and concludes the poem:

*Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward springs*

*Because the Holy Ghost over the bent*

*World broods with warm breast and with, ah, bright wings.*

These artistic lines lead us from our time to the beginning of the world when the Creator gave being to His creatures. The Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Love, still hovers over the world preserving and fostering its being and, in addition, perfecting the human nature by lifting it up from natural to supernatural order. This second, continuous creation is much more marvelous than the first one, because *Deus humanae substantiae dignitatem mirabiliter condidit, set mirabilius reformavit.*

This poem reflects the sacred text of the Mass which the priest-poet devoutly celebrated every day. The first line is almost identical with the words: *Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.* The sonnet, moreover, re-echoes the content of Psalms with which our saintly poet praised God's majesty seven times a day. God's *Grandeur* is putting into practice Scotistic philosophy of *haecceitas* (thisness).

*Duns Scotus' Oxford* is a sonnet which combines emotional and imaginative qualities. In the very beginning of the poem we notice how the poet groups words and sounds, how he uses a good number of overtones and suggestions to convey the desired mood. The opening lines in their tones and colors mark Hopkins' qualities of musician and painter.



## SUBTLETY IN HOPKINS

*Towery city and branchy between towers;  
Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmed, lark-charmed, rock-racked,  
river-rounded.*

These lines as well as both quatrains have a masterful touch of a painter. The sonnet not only pleases the ear but also evokes mental activity, because it has a depth of feeling and thought. These last two qualities are evident in the second part of the poem, which is a passionate praise of Duns Scotus. The poet leads the reader gradually from sensual objects to the profound tribute to Scotus.

*These weeds and waters, these walls are what  
He haunted who of all men most sways my spirits to peace;  
Of realty (sic) the rarest-veined unraveller; a not  
Rivalled insight, be rival Italy or Greece;  
Who fired France for Mary without spot.*

These lines show the strong emotion of the poet; they also grasp the greatness of the Subtle Doctor and his importance in the Catholic philosophy and theology, and so the poem is a rare tribute to Duns Scotus, the champion of the Immaculate Conception and universal regality of Christ. The concluding tercet can very well serve as a clue toward understanding Hopkins' deep poems by referring to the poet's similarity with Duns Scotus or by digging out Duns Scotus influence on the *inscape* of Hopkinsian poetry. "Just then when I took in any inscape of the sky or sea, I thought of Scotus." In the light of these words we can say of Hopkins that he is also "of reality the rarest-veined unraveller" and a poet of "not rivalled insight," or more briefly, *poeta subtilis*.

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### *Waking Time*

*The Morning from her chamber of the East  
Arose in softly-tinted veils of dew,  
And shook her long and flowing golden hair  
That in the cooling breezes waved and blew;  
And in the basin of the dampened fields  
She bathed her flushing face and smiling eyes;  
Then donned her romping-frock of brilliant gold,  
And skipped into the playground of the skies.*

—Ruthanne McCarthy

# *Sufferings of a Consumer*

*by Raymond Reilly*

JOHN McHICK is an average American, and as such, is exposed to advertising through the media of radio, television, and newspapers. At 7:00 each morning he rises to the soft music of Zeke Jones and his Country Yokels on his \$39.95 clock-radio (unconditionally guaranteed for two years). He gropes his way to the bathroom, opens the medicine cabinet, and withdraws several "Stay-Awake" pills, which he downs with the aid of a glass of water.

Thus refreshed, he steps into the shower with a bar of Savory Soap, "It sinks." After showering, he brushes his teeth with Cold-Gate, "The only de-peppermintized peppermint toothpaste," and replaces them in his mouth with a generous sprinkling of Glue-Plate. Being a die-hard, he rejects electric razors in favor of a Tug-Jerk, Won't Work safety razor. Then follows the meticulous application of aftershave lotion and talcum powder, of the variety that makes all the girls coo: "Come a little closer."

Returning to the boudoir, he dons his imported imitation Argyle socks, Floor-Shine shoes, Bow and Arrow shirt, E-Z Clip bow tie, and Poorman Brothers worsted suit. Thus attired in an ensemble similar to that worn by "Crazylegs" McGillicuddy, star halfback of the Gitchee-Goomie (Ohio) Meatpackers, he proceeds to the breakfast table, where his wife is preparing his Mixwell House instant coffee, which he knows is "Good until at last you drop." As he sips the coffee, his nostrils are assailed by the fragrant aroma of Icicle quick-frozen waffles, sizzling in all-vegetable Frisco lard.

After a quick breakfast, he kisses his wife, confident that her chlorophyll gum will overcome her halitosis, and that her Lady Snifter lipstick will not smear. He lights up an Old Silver, "The longest and mildest cigarette in the world," and enters his new Fordillac, which is the same model as that driven by the matinee idol Cary Gooper.

The car has been exposed to the elements while parked outside all night, but fortunately its body is protected by Jackson's auto polish, and its carburetor is filled with Goo-Out.

## SUFFERINGS OF A CONSUMER

After a brief two-hour drive he arrives in town, where he parks his auto in a dark alley with the assurance that comes only from the knowledge that it is being protected by Punkerton's Detective Agency. He pauses at the corner drugstore long enough to purchase a bottle of Bear Aspirin, "Not just aspirin alone," and a half-gallon of Hacadol vitamin juice.

Thus fortified to face the dangers of "that worn-out, ache-all-over feeling," he proceeds to his office, where he spends the day writing reports with his Everslurp fountain pen, of the non-leaking variety. Lunch hour is devoted to the drinking of a quart of Hacadol in which has been dissolved one of the aspirins.

At 5:30 in the evening, he returns to his domicile and a home-cooked meal of Bird's-Tail frozen potatoes and vegetables, Shield canned ham, Libby Brownell's Burn-and-Serve rolls, and Mrs. Weed's broiled prunes.

From eight until nine, the McHicks watch Burl Millton's show on their 36-inch Mintz television set.

At 10:30, Mrs. McHick, exhausted from slaving over her electric range, roaster, washer, spindrier, ironer, refrigerator, toaster, mixer, and dishwasher (all made by Bendbax), retires for the night. Mr. McHick, on the other hand, stays up to watch two hours of wrestling, televised from Chicago through the courtesy of that "Smoother, Smooother, Smooooother Shplitz Green Label Beer."

At 12:30, Mr. McHick dons his unshrinkable, sanforized, union-made Zephyr pajamas, settles wearily on his Posteriora mattress, and peacefully closes his bloodshot eyes to rest and dream of how he stopped traffic on Main Street in his open-toed sneakers.

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### Reverie

*When all the hungry roses in the gloom  
Write silent music for the laughing day  
That, wantonly, has gone down love's far way,  
I sit and wonder if some star-lit room  
May hide her beauty and her warm lips say,  
"There are roses in a garden that is like a tomb . . ."*

—Ruthanne McCarthy



# Gio

*by Kevin Tobin*

AS Petro moved heavily down the muddy path to the shack which his friend Gio called home, he wondered if the Spring rains were to go on forever. For a month now it had rained constantly, and the river was running hard and fast through the valley. Poor Gio, he thought, another year and he still hasn't fixed his roof. Gio certainly was one to take life easy. Sometimes it was impossible to get him to do so much as to move out of the sun. Well, he thought, if he has gotten wet enough he'll be ripe for my idea.

He grasped the handle of the sagging door and swung it open on its one hinge. As he stepped inside he noticed no immediate change in the intensity of the downpour, for there was not a great deal of difference between the rain in Gio's living room and the rain outside, except that the rain inside began later, once the attic had begun to fill with water, and lasted a half-hour after the sun had returned to the outside world. In the center of the room sat Gio, his long, thin form arranged dejectedly on a stool, in the only dry spot in the room. He looked up sadly at Petro, and then, sighing from the depths of his soul, looked away again.

But Petro's visit had a purpose which no mere lack of welcome could deter, so he swung the door shut, lifting it the last few feet, and seated himself wearily in a soggy armchair, forcing a stream of water to run out of it. Gio's eyes moodily followed the path of this newly-formed stream until it disappeared into a crack in the floor.

Petro leaned forward in the armchair, a movement which caused in it a great gasping sound, and spoke with quiet eagerness. "Gio, how would you like to have a house with a roof that did not leak?"

Gio shrugged slightly. A house with a roof that did not leak was plainly beyond the scope of his imagination.

"Gio! I know a way that the two of us can have such houses, and much more land than we have now, with enough money left over to have a cow, and maybe even a wife. And," here Petro leaned closer, "my plan is foolproof. It can't fail. Gio! Aren't you listening to me?"

Gio slowly brought his eyes up to rest on Petro. "Hello, Petro," he said. Then he lowered his eyes to the floor, where Petro's movement in the armchair had started a new stream to flow down through the crack.

Petro, his enthusiasm thus greeted, felt anger rise in him, but with an obvious effort at patience he went on. "Listen to me. Don't you understand what I am telling you? I know how you can move out of this shack, and have a house with a fine roof on it, a house that will be dry no matter how hard it rains. Aren't you interested? Doesn't that sound good to you?"

Gio let forth a deep sigh.

This infuriated Petro. "All right!" he shouted, rising from the armchair, "I have come all this way in vain. Never again will I offer to share my good fortune with you. Sit here in your broken down old shack and die of pneumonia! I will find another, more intelligent, partner!" And with this Petro sloshed out the door and up the muddy path, a victim, he felt, of ingratitude.

## II

The rain continued to pour into the valley for three days. Late in the afternoon of the third day the vigil that Petro had been keeping at his window was at last rewarded. Up his path moved the long, dangling form of Gio, wavering from side to side in the gusts of rain which were pounded along by the swirling valley winds. Even a stranger could have seen that Gio was a man who had at last suffered too much.

Petro met him at the door. There was no greeting. Each understood the thoughts of the other.

"Sit down, Gio, while I pour you a cup of coffee. I can't brag about the taste, though," he said laughing; "I think this is about the worst coffee Cordina ever sold me. The rascal must be out to get rich, eh?" Petro laughed loudly at his joke, but if Gio heard it he gave no sign.

Petro brought the steaming cup to Gio. Then he pulled a chair up close and sat leaning forward, speaking in an urgent, confidential, tone.

"Gio! You have given in. You want to know my plan, eh?"

Gio nodded over his cup, his eyes on Petro.

"Well, then listen. Cordina told me secretly the other night that the party has decided to run him for mayor in the elections next month. The people are tired of Mayor Cardo, so Cordina is bound to win. Now, for years Cordina has been telling everyone that if he was ever elected mayor of the village, the first thing he would do would be to build a dam along the river, so we could be sure of having water for the crops all summer long. He has even tried to get Cardo to do it, but Cardo's always too busy patting babies on the head. Well, now . . ."

Gio opened his mouth as if to say something, but Petro cut him off before he could begin.

"Wait! Don't interrupt. Wait until I'm done. Now this is the plan. Cordina took me one afternoon to show me the place where he would like to build a dam. It was on old man Rota's farm, where the river banks come close together. And old man Rota has been trying to sell that land for years. See, Gio! Our fortune is made! All we have to do is buy Rota's land, wait until Cordina is elected, and sell it to the village for ten times what we paid for it. Cordina would have no choice but to buy the land at our terms."

"But, Petro, you and Cordina are friends . . ."

"My dear Gio, a chance like this comes once in a lifetime. Cordina will forgive me."

Gio sat a long, pensive moment. "But, Petro," he asked, "where would we get the money to buy the land? Rota's farm is large."

Petro rose and walked over to the stove, his back to Gio. "Ah, well, Gio, that is the only thing. I am afraid we must first sell our farms."

Gio looked up, startled. "No, Petro, I am sorry. Not my farm." He began to rise from his chair.

"But wait, Gio, listen," said Petro, turning quickly around at the sound. "What can you lose? What if it should rain all summer long, Gio?"

Gio slumped back into the chair. For a few minutes there was silence. Petro didn't move, but stood fixedly observing the inward struggle of his friend. At length Gio spoke with a tired voice. "All right, Petro. My neighbor has been trying to buy my land for years. Tonight I will tell him that he can have it."



"Wonderful! Don't worry, Gio. This will turn out to be the best move you ever made. Here now, the rain has almost stopped. Why don't you go now and make the sale, and I will meet you tonight in the village. Tomorrow we will see Rota and strike up a deal."

Gio rose, and was led to the door. "Goodbye, Gio, and keep in mind, in a few months you will look forward to the rains."

When the door was shut Petro walked to the stove and spread his beefy hands over it, drawing up its warmth. The glowing coals gave a reddish tint to his delighted smile.

The swirling valley winds buffeted the sad frame of Gio as he moved homeward in the now increasing rain.

### III

The sun had baked the valley to a dusty dryness in the month since the rains had stopped. Trees which has bursted with vibrant life after the storms now stood stiff and unmoving, as if afraid movement would increase their awful thirst. The driest part of the valley was the village, where life was not to be seen in the afternoon hours. The buildings, the gardens, and the roads were all covered with a hot, drifting dust, which reflected intensely the brilliance of the sun. Here and there a bleached poster, proclaiming in great letters either CARDO or CORDINA, hung drooping on the side of a building. The election for mayor was five days off.

Beneath a great maple tree at the far end of the main street sat two unmoving figures, one as heavy as the other was thin, with their hats pulled down to protect their eyes from the sun. Between them lay an empty bottle, around which buzzed a drove of flies, who were soaring with regularity in and out of its mouth. In a small, red puddle in the bottom of the bottle two or three of their group floated, who had tried to drink too much. The sun, the flies, and the afternoon moved slowly along, but neither of the two figures under the great maple tree stirred.

The sun had begun to lower in the sky, and a faint breath of coolness had come to the valley, when a voice was heard beneath the maple tree, which seemed to emanate from the larger of the two figures.

"How was I to know that Cordina had ever been a chicken thief?"

There was no reply. For a long time nothing more was said.

Then, when the sun had taken on a reddish glow, and evening shadows began to lengthen along the main street, the larger figure spoke again.

"There is no other way. We will have to do it."

"I will argue no more. Do whatever you want, Petro."

Darkness had settled over the village when the larger man rose and trudged slowly up the street.

IV

A dead silence settled over the courtroom as the two men stood before the judge to hear their sentence. "Petro and Gio," the judge said, "we of the village have been deeply shocked at your conduct. Were it not for the honesty of these two fine women, who went to the authorities after you had bribed them to miscount the votes in tomorrow's election, you might have given our village a shame it could never live down. This court hopes that you two will serve as an example to any others who will ever consider such a thing as fixing an election. I hereby sentence each of you to two years in the city jail, or six months and a fine of 3,000 rolas! Case dismissed!"

V

Petro leaned across the bar and poured some wine from the bottle into Gio's glass, and then filled one for himself.

"Is it true," he asked, "that the dam will soon be finished?"

Gio did not reply, but sat observing a fly as it circled the mouth of the open wine bottle. The fly landed and walked around the rim a few times, attracted by the sweet smell. It was considering the dark interior when Gio, with a look of compassion, brushed it away and replaced the cork in the bottle.

"It was funny that Cordina won the election after all, wasn't it?" said Petro. "Good thing for us, though, since he bought the property. Good old Cordina, he got the council to pay 6,000 rolas for it, so we could get out in six months."

Gio nodded. Yes, it was nice.

"How is your job, Gio? Is it hard work at the dam? Me, I am very happy here at the tavern. A bartender meets so many interesting people."

Gio gave a soft "uh-huh," and then turned his head to look out at the people passing by in the street. "I hear," he said, "that we are to have a dry Spring this year."

## Contributors

FRED MCGUNAGLE is a senior English major and editor of the *Quarterly*. He is the author of innumerable short poems ("Dearest St. John Chrysostom, grant us grace and wysostom") but "Fish Story" is his first full-length contribution.

RAYMOND BECKS is a sophomore sociology major in the Evening Division. "To Jean" marks his first appearance in the *Quarterly*.

JOHN PRCELA, native of Croatia, left his homeland to escape the communists and is now part of a group in the United States carrying on the battle for Croatian independence. Prcela, who is conversant in most European languages, plans to teach English after his graduation in June. "Sun Over the Water" reflects his longing for his native land and "The Art of Subtlety in Hopkins" shows his literary interests.

AUSTIN GRODEN, admirer of "Thomas Daly, 'Dago Poet,'" is also making his first contribution. He will receive his bachelor of arts degree in June.

TIMOTHY I. PETERS, author of "Shark," as readers of Terry Brock's "The Humid Side of Life" will remember, isn't.

RUTHANNE MCCARTHY received her bachelor of science degree in June from Notre Dame College and is now a student in the Graduate Division and also a Carroll librarian. She makes her first appearance in the *Quarterly* with "Waking Time" and "Reverie."

RAYMOND REILLY, author of "Sufferings of a Consumer," is associate editor of the *Quarterly* and a sophomore English major. His activities range from the *Quarterly* to the Boosters Club and from a 20-hour schedule to the cheerleaders.

KEVIN TOBIN, former editor of the *Quarterly* who graduated last June, has contributed in the past such works as "Twixt the Cup and the Lip," "The Bicycle," and "When I Graduate." In the last Tobin expressed his ambition to be a failure. He thereupon entered St. Mary's Seminary, whence he sent us "Gio."