Winter 1955

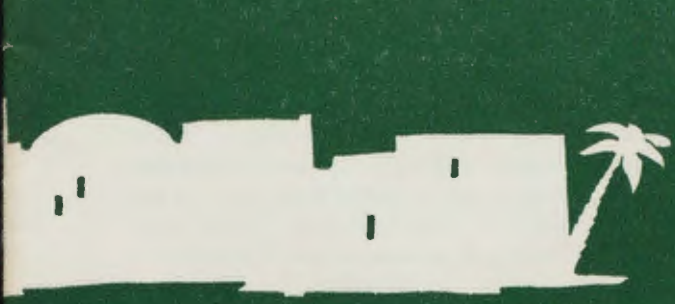
The Carroll Quarterly, vol. 9, no. 2

John Carroll University

WINTER 1955-56

carroll quarterly

VOLUME 9 NUMBER 2



Holiday Greetings

Carroll Quarterly

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The Carroll Quarterly *is published by an undergraduate staff at John Carroll University to encourage literary expression among students of the University. Consideration will be given articles submitted by students, alumni, and faculty. Editorial and publication offices: John Carroll University, University Heights 18, Ohio.*

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A "Gung-Ho" Christmas

by John Hanson

LAST year as I was returning home during my Christmas vacation, I was prepared for another irritating journey. Everyone who has traveled during this seasonal migration is familiar with the overcrowded coaches, the long queues to the dining car, and the innumerable other inconveniences that plague the yuletide pilgrim.

In all the confusion I finally succeeded in stowing my luggage, and, fighting for my life, I managed to secure a seat in the coach. I was something less than exhilarated when confronted with my traveling companions. Facing me was a porcine little man chewing a big cigar. I never saw the length of rubber hose that he was smoking because he had his head buried in a magazine, but the pungent odor that issued from the halo around his head was unlike that of any angel with which I was familiar. Also forming our little contingent were two portly matrons. They had already engaged themselves in a very animated conversation, so I was at a loss for any companionship.

Realizing that I was to be relegated to this little group, I was prepared for a dull journey. I leaned back in my seat, closed my eyes, and tried to lose myself in a pleasant dream. All this to no avail! The incessant cackling of the two women was more distracting than the pounding of the train wheels over the rail joints. The two women seemed to be engaged in a contest. They were discussing their operations and were trying to outdo each other in clinical detail and gory metaphors. As they were heatedly matching each other point for point, the fat little man fell asleep. When his snoring began to sound like the rasp of a surgeon's saw, I decided I had enough.

I set out in quest of the club car. A sigh of relief escaped me as I slipped into the first chair I found. Across from me sat a serviceman. Upon further inspection I discerned that he was a Marine. With all of the Hershey bars, hash marks, and stripes decorating his sleeves, I concluded that he was a seasoned veteran. Being in a festive mood, the "leatherneck" started a conversation, and since this was the holiday season, you can imagine our topic. Inevitably we discussed Christmas. In a short time the sergeant, who had convinced me that he was the bulwark of the Corps, began to talk with a far-away look.

"There was three of us," he confided in a reminiscent voice, "just outa basic from Parris Island. We had a five-day Christmas leave and one o' the fellas, named Grogan, had three girls waitin' for us up in the

Bronx. All of us pulled a hunnert and twenty bucks pay. We felt pretty flush and Grogan suggested we buy a car and ride in style. So we shelled out twenty-five bucks for an old jalopy.

Everything was goin' fine, no sweat, but after awhile the car started coughin' and steamin'. We kept pushin' the old bucket for about eight hunnert miles when all of a sudden she gave out with one big shudder and stopped dead, just like a bazooka hit her. We piled outa the heap and stood around thinkin' what to do. O'Leary — he was the other guy with us — mumbled somethin' under his breath. He booted the door shut and the fender falls off. Just then I see a big gray house down the road. I told the guys to follow me so we could get some help.

As we marched down the road O'Leary was gripin' about spendin' Christmas in a farmyard. Grogan told him to knock it off and think of a line to hand them girls up in the Bronx because we were gonna need one. When we got close to the place we saw a sign readin': MASON'S HOME FOR ORPHAN BOYS. When we got to the house a kid came to the door and Grogan asked him where the topkick was. I told the stupid guy that they had supervisors and not topkicks, but Grogan still wanted to know what the difference was.

A young guy came to the door and introduced himself as Mister Mason. We told him our story and he offered to help us. He said that there was a bus leavin' town in a couple o' hours and he'd drive us in to catch it. While he was sayin' this, we were surrounded by twenty or thirty little kids. One of the older boys came up and asked if we'd like to see the house. You shoulda heard the kids laughin' and squealin' when Grogan told them to line up in a column of twos or they'd never get through the door they way they were deployed.

We took a recon mission through the galley, mess hall, and barracks, and ended up in a big spooky room. All that was in it was a ping-pong table and a couple 'o basketball hoops. Grogan asked the supervisor if this was where the kids did close order drill. Before the supervisor could answer, a kid asked us if close order drill was the same as marchin'. Grogan answers, 'Sure!' The little guys asked us to teach 'em how to troop and stomp. So Grogan hollers out, 'Fall in you knuckleheads!' And right away we got them kids doin' squad rights, squad lefts, turns, and everything. The kids kept us sweatin' for over an hour. When we stopped to take a breather, O'Leary took off his blouse. You should have seen him put it back on when one of them little squirts piped up that he was outa uniform.

On the way back to town Mister Mason thanked us for showin' the kids a good time. He said they enjoyed it more than they'd enjoy their presents in the morning. O'Leary asked Mister Mason about the pres-

ents and he told us that all the kids'd get was a game or a toy. The home couldn't afford much. For the rest of the ride nobody said a word. O'Leary quit gripin', Grogan quit moanin' about standin' up the girls, and me, I did some pretty deep thinkin' too.

You shoulda been there when we got back. We was marchin' up to the house with our arms full of presents. All of a sudden the door busted open and the kids came shootin' out to meet us like a platoon o' recruits runnin' out to their first mail call. They mobbed us. Everyone of 'em was soundin' off as loud as they could, 'Merry Christmas Marines! Merry Christmas!' If you were there it would have been the only time in your life that you'da seen Marines with tears in their eyes . . . now I know how them three kings musta felt when they got to Bethlehem."

He finished his drink, wiped his eyes, and walked away into the crowd.

To a Prima Ballerina

The music of her lines
Sinks deep into my mind,
To leap and to whirl
In a never ending world
In my heart.

— Herbert Johnson

To Michele

Were I to pick the perfect woman,
For my model I'd choose the Virgin.
In our marriage will prevail
A Faith in Christ to great avail.

Her Hope will be an emanation,
An ample source of inspiration,
The nectar of my heart's desire,
For Christ, my goal I shall aspire.

Her Love will make our yoke so light;
Our life shall be a happy plight —
To rear our heirs in Catholic ways
And follow Christ through every day.

Her Justice to duty I know will be
Of such an adequate capacity
Our family will reap of her reward:
The grace and blessings of the Lord.

Her Temperate nature will instil
A blissful home, a prayer fulfilled.
In every act she will employ
A Christ-like means, a holy joy.

Her Fortitude will be a shield;
Against despair she will not yield.
As Joseph and Mary did benefit,
Our needs God's goodness will befit.

Her Prudence will prosper our abode
For she is virtue who, I hold,
Models Our Lady's life so well
Her name could only be Michele.

— *Frank J. Moran*

Shepherds' Quest

by John A. English

"Now it came to pass in those days, that a decree went forth from Caesar Augustus that a census of the whole world should be taken. This first census took place while Cyrinus was governor of Syria. And all were going, each to his own town, to register. And Joseph also went from Galilee out of the town of Nazareth into Judea to the town of David, which is called Bethlehem — because he was of the house and family of David — to register, together with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass while they were there, that the days for her to be delivered were fulfilled. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were shepherds in the same district living in the fields and keeping watch over their flock by night." (LUKE 2, 1-8)

THE four figures huddled close to the fire to ward off the chill of the night. The cloudless sky harbored no moon, and the air was crisp. Camped in the shelter of a small knoll, the men conversed in low voices, and only an occasional bleat from one of the sheep broke the stillness of the night.

The men were, of course, shepherds. Gideon, old and white-haired, had tended his flocks here for many years. Thomas and Joseph, his cousins, were farmers who had turned to sheep-herding when a drought ruined their crops the year before. The fourth member of the group was David, Joseph's son, a lively, if somewhat reckless youth.

From time to time one of the men rose, strolled leisurely through the flock checking for strays and wild beasts, then returned to the warmth of the fire.

"I don't like this census-taking business of Augustus." It was the old man speaking. "The last time we had a census the taxes were raised, and that was only taken here in the province. Heaven knows what this will bring."

"Don't worry, cousin, there's nothing left to tax now." Thomas' words brought an outburst of laughter from his companions, for it was a known fact that all reasonable means of taxation had been long since

exhausted by the emperor.

"Taxation is necessary if we are to have progress, isn't it, father?" David's liberal views could probably be attributed to the fact that he was not obliged as yet to pay taxes.

"If the price of sheep this year is any indication of what progress is like" said Joseph, "I'm in favor of removing all taxes and living under the so-called 'low standards' of our ancestors."

"Be careful of your words, Joseph," was Gideon's warning. "Spreading ideas like that can only bring trouble to you and your family these days. My feelings are that we should bide our time, suffer in silence, at least until we are in a position to take some action to better ourselves."

The three nodded in silent agreement. There certainly was no point in making matters any worse than they were, and as Thomas had indicated, things *couldn't* get much worse. They sat staring into the flames for a while, each occupied with his own thoughts.

At last Thomas broke the silence: "Either the sheep are strangely restless tonight, or I'm dreaming. Usually they settle down for the night right after dusk. It's almost midnight now and they're *still* not settled. What do you make of it Gideon?"

"Something must be bothering them. David, did you check carefully for beasts the last time?"

"Yes, Gideon, even more carefully than usual tonight, since there's no moon."

"I know of nothing else that would disturb them," said Joseph. "Perhaps they just caught the scent of some dead animal."

This seemed like a logical explanation, and as the conversation thinned, the men grew drowsy and, one by one, dropped off to sleep. The stars traced their paths through the heavens, and the fire dwindled to a few red coals.

Gideon awoke with a start! It took a moment or two for him to realize that David was shaking him violently by the shoulder.

"Gideon! Gideon, I'm afraid!" The boy was trembling and Gideon found himself suppressing an involuntary chill.

"What is it, lad? Why are you afraid?"

"I . . . I don't know exactly. But . . . don't you hear that sound?"

Straining, Gideon could barely make out the sound of music . . . beautiful music. It seemed to be coming from the town of Bethlehem, but Bethlehem was some distance away, and it seemed unlikely that music would travel so far, even on such a clear night. Strangely enough, it seemed to be getting louder, and Gideon, too, began to tremble, in spite of himself.

"Thomas! Joseph!" The old man shook the two sleepers into con-

sciousness and still the music grew louder. Now all four heard it, but it was unlike anything that they had ever heard before.

Suddenly what seemed to be a bright cloud appeared directly above the men. They fell on their faces, cowering, and the music shook the very earth beneath them.

"Do not be afraid . . ." At these words the music stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The men slowly raised their eyes and blinked unbelievingly at what they saw. The bright cloud seemed to be radiating from a young man, gazing down on them from the top of the knoll. "Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all the people; for today in the town of David a Savior has been born to you, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will."

The bright cloud and the angels vanished as quickly as they had appeared, and the four shepherds, dumbfounded, knelt facing in the direction of Bethlehem. Gideon spoke first: "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has come to pass, which the Lord has made known to us."

Taxation, the price of sheep, the census, things which a few moments before had seemed so important, were forgotten in the shepherds' hasty journey to the town of David. Each brought a new-born lamb — a token of homage for the Savior. The chill breeze had no effect on the men, for the message of the angel filled them with a spiritual warmth that was unaffected by the elements.

Bethlehem was crowded, despite the lateness of the hour, with those who had returned to register for the census. The four men aroused no interest in the sentries guarding the walls of the town. They were but four among many, and nothing about them betrayed the importance and sacredness of their mission.

The inns were all overcrowded, and many of the visitors had, in desperation, sought shelter for the night in doorways or public places. A few turned to look at the shepherds as they passed, but most were already buried deep in exhausted sleep.

The shepherds followed the main street for a time, then turned down a side street toward the poorer section of town. Here old buildings, long neglected and in various stages of dilapidation, replaced the more modern scenery of the main street. Only a few beggars and urchins were to be seen, and one by one they too disappeared. At last the shepherds were alone, driven by one common motive — to see the Savior sent by God.

"Surely God would not choose surroundings like this in which to send His Savior," said Thomas.

Gideon smiled. "You forget, Thomas, that God is all-wise, and that His wisdom governs His actions. It is not for us to judge Him or question His methods.

"Maybe we're not going in the right direction," interrupted David. "After all, the angel only told us that somewhere in Bethlehem was born the Savior."

Gideon nodded knowingly, patting the lad on the shoulder as he did so. "Trust me, David, I have a hunch I know where we will find the Savior."

They were approaching an inn now — an inexpensive one, judging from the location.

"I think we have reached our destination," said Gideon.

"But Gideon," snapped Joseph impatiently, "the angel said we would find the Savior in a manger. How can He be here?"

"Patience, Joseph, patience! Behind this inn is a stable, the only out-of-the-way stable that I know of in Bethlehem. Here, I believe, we will find the Savior."

The four men circled the inn and headed toward an old stable, built partially into a cave in the side of the hill. A rope, stretched across the entrance, served as a kind of gate, and here and there the rotted timbers leaned at a dangerous angle. The structure looked unfit for animals, let alone for the Savior of the world.

"Come in. We've been expecting you." The words startled the shepherds, and they halted suddenly, unsure whether to advance or flee. The speaker, a man in his thirties, with long brown hair and a beard, stepped out of the stable doorway and beckoned to the men. "Do not be afraid," he cautioned. "Come with me." Obediently the four followed him into the stable, past some oxen, and into a large stall in the rear.

Suddenly they were surrounded by light, and again they heard the beautiful music and the song of the angels. Falling on their knees, they bowed to the Child in the manger. He, too, was surrounded by light, and His radiance filled the room. As the angel had said, He was wrapped in swaddling clothes.

"I am an old man," whispered Gideon. "To think that I have lived to see this day!"

Thomas turned to the man who had greeted them, and who was now kneeling before the manger with the woman, Mary. "We came in answer to the angel's message. We bring gift offerings to the Savior."

The man smiled and motioned the shepherds closer to the manger. Each approached individually, held out his gift to the Child, and knelt

in adoration. Each time, the Child raised His hand, as if in benediction. The men knelt for a moment, enraptured, then bowed reverently and left.

As they emerged from the stable, the shepherds, in their hearts, joined the song of the angels: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will!"

Vox Dei

The breeze in the trees
That sighs in the skies
Sweeps the earth over; the breath of a giant,
Caressing and soft, with a million soft voices,
Whispering secrets to ears that are listening.

Grave is the wave
That sweeps through the deep,
Rumbling and growling and pummelling the shore.
Hoary, white-headed, green-bellied monsters,
Bellowing secrets to ears that are listening.

Vain is the rain
Trampling and damp'ning,
Softening the ground with sweet flowing water,
Shimmering and glistening in many-hued raiment,
Pattering secrets to ears that are listening.

The blunder of thunder,
Its grumbling and rumbling,
Breaker of peace; disrupter of quiet,
Moaning the louder with earth-shaking echo,
Roaring secrets to ears that are listening.

The flail of the hail,
Its thrashing and crashing,
Terror of Pharaoh; proud Egypt's destroyer,
Heavenly weapon; age-long is the telling,
Drumming out secrets to ears that are listening.

— *John P. Browne*

The Rise and Fall of John McRoberts

by John P. Browne

[AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The furor caused by the first article of this series was greater than had been anticipated. True, the apathy and indifference of the masses was as expected, but numerous requests were received to reveal further the activities of certain influential people in this school. Thanks must be given to Kip Keilly, editor of the* Quarterly, *who, despite threats of libel suits, and of violence, courageously offered the pages of his magazine as the vehicle for these revelations. The author also wishes to express his gratitude to Hank Tech, John McRoberts, and Robert Brogan for supplying him with official statements of policy, corrections, revisions, and suggestions, most of which have been incorporated into the text. Note well that there is nothing said here which is not documented fully. Unfortunately, spatial limitations will not permit the full documentation to be included in this article. Students wishing to do research on the problem may find full and complete documentation in the files of the Brogan Committee.*]

THE Freshman Rising of September-October, 1955, began a year of violent political activity at John Carroll University.[1] Here we shall touch only on the central incident, and hope that some time in the future we may have the opportunity to reveal, at least in part, the multitude of smaller, but equally important incidents which made up the scholastic year. But to the story: the seasoned political veteran, Hank Tech, and the up and coming young campaigner, John McRoberts, engaged in a fierce battle for control of the Student Union.

Tech, who eventually became president of the Union, had for a long time been in effect, if not in fact, the "boss" of that august body; so much so, in fact, that the name Tech and the name Union soon came to be regarded as synonymous. Rarely indeed was there a single activity of the

[1] "A History of the Abortive Freshman Rebellion, Sept. 23, to Oct. 19, 1955", *Carroll Quarterly,* Vol. IX, No. 1, Autumn, 1955, pp. 19-25.

Union which Tech had not influenced or controlled in some way. It is to be noted by those who doubt this that a single absence from his duties as president caused quite a stir and commotion in the *Carroll News*.[2]

But now Tech's control was being challenged by John McRoberts, who had become famous for his part in putting down the Freshman Rebellion. Prior to the 19th of October, McRoberts, as president of the Mexican club and its representative to the Union, had been satisfied with challenging anything Tech might say or propose; but now, having become aware of the strong backing he had achieved both in the sophomore class and in other areas of the school, he began an active campaign to oust Tech as president of the Union, and secure that position for himself.

McRoberts' first major task was to lull to sleep the Brogan Committee, who carefully scrutinized his political activities and reported them to Tech. This was not too difficult to do, for the committee had been haphazardly commissioned. Though officially a committee of three, it was in effect a committee of one, for Brogan's two fellow committeemen were so jealous of his position as chairman, that they refused to participate in the committee's activities, and the whole of the work fell on Brogan's shoulders alone. From the very beginning, there were two strikes against Brogan's effectiveness: as a senior, he was scheduled to graduate in June, and was busily making preparations for the great day; and on top of this, he had succumbed to the blandishments of a charming, witty, and most beautiful young lady. Whenever Brogan and McRoberts met, and the meetings were fairly frequent, McRoberts would expound on the charms of this goddess — it was not long until the effectiveness of the Brogan Committee was destroyed.

But Tech was not asleep even if the Brogan Committee was. He had been keeping a watchful eye on all this, and he soon perceived what was afoot. He began to buttress his position as president, and initiated ways and means of putting this sophomore upstart, McRoberts, in his place once and for all.

It is a strange coincidence that both men sought very similar means to obtain their end — the manipulation of the various clubs on campus.

Tech's method was this: he would join as many clubs as he possibly could, and when it came time for the club to appoint a representative to the Union, he would humbly mention his vast experience in dealing with that body, and volunteer to take on the time-consuming duty of representative. In this way, he hoped to become representative for a majority

[2] "Last week, for the first time in recent years, the chair of a Union meeting was held by someone other than its President . . ." from "Carroll Union Paves Way for Jazz Concert," the *Carroll News*, Friday, November 4, 1955, column 3.

of the clubs on campus, and then he, one man, would have a majority of the votes in the Union. This would be a most effective method, even if it was of somewhat dubious constitutionality.

Furthermore, Tech controlled the *Carroll News*, and had therein a powerful weapon for spreading his views. Tech reasoned that Americans in college are no different than Americans at home; and since Americans for the most part read only the sports page of any newspaper, he began inserting his clever propaganda in various sports stories appearing in the *News*. His scheme was almost one hundred per cent successful; very few readers recognized these stories for what they were.

McRoberts' method was this: he would join only a few clubs, but he would have a good-sized block of his friends and backers in every other club in the University. He would then become the Union representative of only one club (in this case, the Mexican Club), and have one of his backers elected representative from every other club by means of the large organized block of votes he controlled in each of these clubs. In this way, he would control the votes of almost every club representative in the Union. This was a more cumbersome method than that of Tech, but it had greater constitutional validity.

The biggest thorn in McRoberts' side was the *Carroll News*. He attempted to off-set its effectiveness by going on a personal speaking tour from club to club. McRoberts was a witty speaker and a fine entertainer; his offer to speak was rejected by very few clubs.

Tech was slow in starting, and made solid capture of only two clubs: the Foreign Relations Club and the Academy of Sciences. McRoberts' system, having more manpower, made greater headway, and he was firmly installed (even if by proxy) in roughly two-thirds of the campus organizations. All of these heard him speak, and roundly applauded him, offering their support in all his undertakings. When he offered to address the Foreign Relations Club, he was politely refused on the grounds that they were too busy discussing the state of affairs between Afghanistan and Kazakhstan to bother with petty school politics. The Academy of Sciences also refused to hear him because he had no scientific background, and consequently, anything he might have to say would be of no interest to them. Tech, of course, was behind these two refusals.

Both men, however, were barred from the Metaphysics Club, and the Roman Club. Timothy Heeney, an influential member of the Metaphysics Club, gave as the reason the club's involvement over the precise meaning of "quid pro quo," and the impossibility of digressing from that important subject, lest the mood of impartial inquiry be lost. It was the usual philosophical double-talk and gobbeldy-gook. The Roman Club, on the other hand, gave plenty of refusals, but no reasons.

Thus the situation stood — both forces mobilizing as rapidly as possible, and both eager to join battle.

Unknown to Tech, however, McRoberts had completed his organization, and one by one, his men had become representatives to the Union. Now, with his full strength assembled, he struck.

Tuesday, the 6th of December, was a black day in the life of Hank Tech. The regular meeting of the Union was proceeding normally, that is, as Tech had planned it, when McRoberts hurled his bombshell into the midst of the assembled delegates.

At the call for new business, McRoberts arose and proposed an amendment to the Union constitution. Certain people, he stated, were dominating far too many clubs, were running far too many activities, and were, in fact, even encouraging the formation of new clubs in order to dominate them.[3] Then he went on to reveal Tech's plan for control of the Union, mentioning no names, but pointing out the danger of one man dominating, controlling, and dictating to the Union. Therefore, he proposed that the Union constitution be so amended that it would forbid any member of the Union being a member of more than four clubs at the same time.[4]

Now Tech, though he had captured only two clubs, was a member of all others except the Metaphysics Club and the Roman Club. Taken aback, he protested loudly; but to his dismay, McRoberts' official motion was quickly seconded and passed, McRoberts obstructing any debate through his skill in parliamentary procedure. To say that Tech was surprised at McRoberts' voting strength is to put it mildly. He counter proposed that the amendment itself should be amended to exempt current members of the Union from its provisions, but his motion, though seconded by certain Union members still loyal to him, failed to pass. Before he could gather his wits or his voting strength, he had been deposed as Union president, and McRoberts was presiding in his place. He staggered from the meeting room, a broken and defeated man.

On the 9th of December, the *Carroll News* brought out a special one-page issue, bordered in black. It bemoaned the fate of democracy at Carroll, denounced McRoberts as a dictatorial tyrant, and pledged unending war against him, asking no quarter and giving none. Most students, however, ignored the issue when they failed to find the sports page.

McRoberts, though somewhat astonished by Tech's showmanship

[3] Here McRoberts refers to Tech's wholly innocent activity of helping the Future Professors of America become an official campus organization, with Union representation.

[4] McRoberts himself belonged to only three—the Mexican Club, the Discussion Club, and the Choral Club.

with the black border, was not caught napping. He had been prepared to fight a war with newsprint, and on the 12th of December, his own paper, *Your Union Speaks,* appeared.[5] In its columns, he blasted Tech for failing to secure certain privileges and concessions from the administration, and promised now that he was Union president, that the students would at last run the school themselves, and a good deal of power would be wrenched from the hands of the administration. McRoberts made it appear that Tech was against a student-run school by misquoting his article in the recent *Quarterly.*[6] Further, he went on to state that he was negotiating with the administration to have the twenty-thousand-dollar Memorial Meadow blacktopped for a parking lot. No longer, he claimed, would students be required to take a CTS shuttle bus to get to their classes on time because they had to park so far from the school. Then too, he declared, he was fighting for the expansion of the snack bar, so that all students would have an equal chance at the coffee and doughnuts, and not just the first five ranks lined up against the counter. This, he said, was true democracy — equality of opportunity. The first issue of his paper ended on a still more ambitious note. Henceforth, he said, the cafeteria doors would be opened on time.

The battle was on, hot and heavy. The two men sniped at each other furiously by every means, and with every weapon at their disposal. The two rival papers brought out so many special issues, that original printing schedules were abandoned.

Tech, together with some of his cohorts, hastily adjourned to the Juneflower, a local ice-cream emporium, to reorganize his thoughts, and regroup his forces. While pondering on the ways and wiles of fickle fate, he hit upon a scheme. He accused McRoberts of being a member of the militant Anti-Ice Cream League, thereby turning some of the schools more confirmed ice cream addicts against him.

McRoberts fired back by saying that Tech had exceeded his authority in formulating the Student Court plan, and advocating its adoption without consulting the student body as a whole. This was a clever move, for McRoberts realized that the vast majority of students fiercely resented the idea of being judged by their fellows, no matter what the organ of judgment would be. As a result, Tech lost some following.

Back and forth the war of words raged, neither side having the clear advantage, when two new combatants entered the scene.

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[5] Those copies of *Your Union Speaks* which were not destroyed by Tech and his henchmen may be found in the files of the Brogan Committee.

[6] "Student Government: Questions and Answers", *Carroll Quarterly,* Vol. IX, No. 1, Autumn, 1955, pp. 26-29.

RISE AND FALL

Timothy Heeney of the Metaphysics club made his bid for the Union presidency.[8] Striking out at both simultaneously, he belabored the class election procedures under the Tech administration and accused McRoberts of misrepresenting what the Student Union was actually doing, maintaining that most Union representatives were nothing more than McRoberts' creatures. His platform, he said, was one of reform. He demanded that every class or club representative report in person, and at fixed intervals, to his class or club, lay bare his voting record, give an account of his activities in the Union, and detail what he proposed to do in future sessions of the Union. In this way, the Union could not arbitrarily set up a Student Court without the knowledge of the student body, and McRoberts would not have complete control over the members of the Union. Further, he demanded popular election, by the whole student body, of the Union president, thus preventing a dirty, political war for that post.

Heeney, being a philosopher, had a strong dislike for the practical; but ironically, his proposals were far too practical for the majority of the students, and consequently, they were almost totally ignored, as was Heeney.

If the situation was difficult now, it was to become further complicated. The Roman Club became alarmed at the number of Irish names which were so prominent in the conflict. To uphold the honor of the land of their parents, they formed a political organization known as the Sons of the Sons of Italy.[9] Tony Cargo and "Red" Cimoronetti were the "brains" of the organization, the two Happi brothers were the muscle men, and A. O. Calabria, who had a practical acquaintance with politics, and who seemed to be a good friend of the administration, especially around registration time,[10] was set up as a figurehead with the title of president.

The S.O.S., as they came to be known, had no distinct proposals of their own to put forward, but attempted to attain prominence on a platform which compromised the positions of Tech, McRoberts, and Heeney. It is quite possible that they would have made great headway, were it not

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[8] See Heeney's autobiography, *Quid Pro Quo et Omnis Agens Agit Propter Finem, or Four Years with the Scholastics,* John Carroll University Press, Cleveland, 1954. See especially Chapter 6, "Sine Propter Finem, Non Agens Agit", pp. 1011-1192.

[9] *Una Storia dei Figlii Dei Figlii Dell' Italia,* Antonio Cargo, Murray Hill Press, Cleveland, 1955.

[10] See A. O. Calabria's "I Was An Early Registrant for the Administration," currently appearing in *Sneak Magazine,* Vol. 2, No. 12, December, 1955, pp. 13-20.

for some ugly, scandalous rumors circulated in regard to them. These rumors were never tracked to their source, but they effectively destroyed the Sons of the Sons of Italy.

The S.O.S., it was said, were going to open a "Pizza Palace" in proximity to the school, which would make a policy of under-selling the cafeteria and the snack bar, they were going to organize an "underground railroad" for dormitory students; and they were going to do away with a certain "campus cop," who shall remain nameless here for obvious reasons. Though these statements added glamor to the S.O.S., they were merely rumors. But rumors or not, the S.O.S. was frowned upon by the administration, and, for the good reputation of the school, forced to disband.

With Heeney ignored, and the Sons of the Sons of Italy forced to disband, the struggle was once more limited to Tech and McRoberts. Most observers were of the opinion that Tech had lost all chance of regaining his former position, when the tide of battle suddenly changed.

The January 20th issue of the *Carroll News* initiated Tech's new policy. Instead of lambasting McRoberts as it had done in the past, the *News* began to play up his participation in the Persian[11] Rifles. It pointed out how he was the mainstay of the Rifles, how he had garnered numerous decorations and medals for his activity in the Rifles, how he drilled from seven to nine times a week for the Rifles, and finally, it recalled how he, as Chief Inquisitor of the Sophomore Inquisition, had used the Rifles to quell the freshman revolt. This was the end of John McRoberts.

If there is anything the students of John Carroll disliked more than the Persian Rifles it has not as yet been discovered. John McRoberts was now the living symbol of all they hated most: militarism, spit and polish, discipline — in a word, anything that was "gung-ho." The majority of students were afraid lest "gung-hoism" run rampant on the Carroll campus.[12]

The repudiation of McRoberts spread throughout the school like wildfire. Clubs recalled their Union representatives and appointed new ones; the Brogan Committee was reorganized, Timothy Heeney and "Red" Cimoronetti taking the place of Brogan's two lackadaisical fellows; the Union constitution was again amended, revoking the McRoberts amendment, and McRoberts was powerless to stop it, despite his parliamentary wiles. The new Union representatives demanded a new presidential election, and got it. McRoberts was dethroned, and Tech

[11] "Persian," as opposed to "Pershing".

[12] Consult Brogan Committee Files for anonymous mimiographed pamphlet, *Throw Off the Rule of the Blitz Cloth.*

returned in triumph to his former position. Thus ended the battle for control of the Student Union.

Though McRoberts' end was as sudden as his ascendency, there are many who say that he is not yet through. They point out that Tech will soon graduate, and the mass of mankind has a short memory. Who then, they ask, will oppose McRoberts? McRoberts, they say, has had to retreat from Moscow, but he has not yet fought a Waterloo!

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Christmas Journey

by Raymond J. Reilly

THE streets were deserted when the train rumbled into the Loganville station. Two figures emerged from the sleeper car and made their way into the ramshackle waiting room. Ignoring the sleepy nod of the station master, they hurried out the front door and across the street to the shelter of a drugstore doorway.

"Still looks the same, huh?" The speaker was an unusually tall man, and his sharp features, outlined by the dim street-lamp, made him look grotesque.

His portly companion shivered and wrapped his woolen scarf tighter around his neck. "Yeah," he grumbled, "still no cab service after ten o'clock either."

"Ummm!" The tall man was beginning to feel the cold too. "Should be a coffee shop around here somewhere. Something hot would go good right now."

"No," decided the smaller, "the sooner we get there, the better."

"Well then, let's get a move on. We'll just freeze if we stay here."

With that, the tall man struck out through the drifting snow toward the center of town. His bulky companion waddled obediently behind, obviously with some effort.

The wind seemed to be picking up now, and the swirling snow, sweeping down from the roof-tops, made objects indistinguishable until they suddenly loomed up out of the whiteness. After several experiences with high curbs and raised sidewalks, the men took to walking in the street.

"If we're lucky we may get a ride with someone!" The tall man found it necessary to shout to his companion in order to be heard above the howling wind.

"Fat chance at this hour!" His companion was puffing from the exertion of plowing through snowdrifts, and was obviously unhappy with his plight.

The storm was reaching blizzard proportions now, and crusted with snow, the pair looked much like the *abominable snowmen* of the Himalayas. The icy blasts of the wind were punctuated by the crunching of snow underfoot. The streetlights looked like fairy wands with their silvery halos of snow; buildings were faint black outlines veiled behind curtains of white.

A quarter hour of trudging through the elements brought the men

to the public square. It was small, like thousands of others in America, and the lights of the business district had long since been darkened for the Christmas holiday on the morrow, but it still looked friendly and inviting. The stately elms lining the square reached skyward under their blanket of white, and the tall, gaily-decorated pine that stood in the center perfumed the air with the fragrance of evergreen.

The tall man stopped so suddenly that his companion, squinting against the blinding snow, narrowly missed colliding with him. A smile creased the first man's face.

"Remember that, Sam?"

Sam followed the other's gaze, and found himself staring at a faded window-wreath and an even more faded banner that read simply: "Holiday Greetings." It was signed: "Lloyd." He gave a low whistle under his breath and returned his companion's smile. "Imagine old Lloyd still being in business?" He shook his head in amazement. "Why, George, he was cutting hair when we were kids, and he was an old man then. He must be eighty if he's a day!"

"And his Christmas decorations aren't much younger," laughed the tall man.

Turning away from the window of the barber shop, the pair continued down the main street. The snow had drifted up to the level of the store windows in some places, and if anything, the wind was stronger than before; but the warmth of old memories seemed to dispel the numbness that had plagued the men on their walk from the station. Their gait now became noticeably slower and more leisurely.

The scenery hadn't changed much in thirty years. Some of the storefronts had been remodeled, of course, and here and there some buildings had been razed and new ones erected in their places; but for the most part, it was the same town that the two men had loved in their youth.

Success was a funny thing. Both of these men had apparently achieved it, judging from their expensive clothes and dignified manner. The taller of the two was still trim and robust-looking, but worry lines were etched into his forehead — an unmistakable mark of success in business. Sam, the portly one, was the picture of material wealth — pudgy, red-faced, bald, and probably dispeptic. Both could buy this town several times over; yet here they were, revisiting the place of their childhood and deriving pleasure from such simple things as the sight of the public square on Christmas Eve, and the faded window decorations of an old-fashioned, small-town barber.

They had crossed the square now, across paved roadways that had been only hard dirt streets thirty years before. Town Hall was still the same, a little weather-beaten maybe, but majestic as ever. Further down

the street were more memories — the hardware store, the haberdashery, the butcher shop — all unchanged by the years. The men were silent, but their thoughts danced with delight.

It was eleven-thirty when they reached their destination — a large frame house set far back from the road, and just beyond the outskirts of town. The storm had subsided somewhat by now, but the drifts were deep, and the men, unaccustomed to such physical effort, found great difficulty in plodding through the snow.

They turned off the road and made their way to the back door of the house. The whistling of the wind was interrupted from time to time by the banging of the shutters, and far off could be heard the horn of a diesel as it roared through the tiny station on its way to the big city.

The taller man stepped up to the door, paused, then rapped softly. Silence! He looked blankly at his companion, then rapped again. This time a light flashed on in a second floor window. There was another pause followed by a sleepy: "Who's there?"

"Come on down and see!" was the quick reply.

Another period of silence ensued before the kitchen lights were turned on. There was the sound of shuffling feet in the kitchen and finally the sound of the bolt sliding back. The door opened slowly and a stooped figure peered out into the darkness, then straightened up suddenly under a wave of recognition.

"Georgie! Georgie! You're home!" The old man threw open the door with an agility which he had not shown for many years. He greeted his son warmly, and tears of joy rolled down his cheeks as he embraced him. Next to be greeted was Sam. He was the old man's nephew and had been raised with George after the death of his parents. The old man was the only real father he had ever known.

"Ma! Ma! Come, see who's here!" The old man was half-laughing, half-crying in his excitement as he called his wife downstairs. He hustled the two men, both misty-eyed now, into the parlor and motioned them to sit down.

It had been thirty long years since the Hachman boys had left to try their luck in the big city. Oh, they had written and sent gifts and money during the years, but somehow they were always too tied up with business deals and pressing engagements to make the long trip home for a visit. This year, though, something seemed to draw them back, as if by magnetism, to their boyhood home. Maybe it was the Christmas spirit, or maybe just fate. Anyway, they were here.

A noise on the staircase indicated that "Ma" was coming down to join the party, and again the reunion scene was tearfully enacted. She busied herself immediately in the kitchen, wiping away the tears with an

apron, and left the men in the parlor to bridge a thirty-year gap with conversation. Presently the fragrant aroma of sausage and pancakes drifting in from the kitchen lured the men from the parlor.

They talked of the city, their businesses, successes, but always their conversation drifted back to Loganville, their friends, school-mates. Were the Martins still living down the road? Did Anne ever marry? Was the old swimming hole filled in yet? One-by-one the old couple answered the questions, their eyes glowing all the while with pride and admiration.

There had never been a real breach in their family relationship, just a kind of careless indifference that grew up casually and had remained unnoticed through the years until now. The boys had both married, of course. In fact, their families — George had four children; Sam had three — would arrive on the seven o'clock train Christmas morning to meet the grandparents (or at least "adopted grandparents") that they had never known. After thirty years, a family reunion!

It was well past midnight before the conversation showed any signs of lagging, and then only because of the boys' fatigue. They retired at last, thoroughly exhausted.

Early the next morning Mrs. Hachman began preparing the Christmas dinner so that only the finishing touches need be added after Mass.

At seven the boys went to the station to greet their families and bring them home. The introductions didn't take long, and it was a proud and happy Mr. Hachman that led his family down the aisle at eight o'clock Mass in St. Mary's.

Mrs. Hachman couldn't help but shed a tear when the choir sang the *Gesu Bambino*. Her mind went back to the days when George and Sam sang and marched in the Christmas procession. She could see them again in their red cassocks and white surplices, hair slicked down and faces shining. She could hear them echoing: *"Venite adoremus . . ."*

* * *

Mrs. Hachman was buried on Monday, the twenty-eighth of December. Her death was a peaceful one. George's wife, Helen, who had been sitting next to her in church said that she had slumped down a little in her place during the *"Venite adoremus . . ."*, but appeared to be all right. At least she had a smile on her face, and it seemed as if she had just closed her eyes to listen to the music.

The Great Beyond

(A poem of heroism and strife)

Leap from the earth, oh men desiring,
Leap! Encased in your ships of steel,
Blast far, Earthmen, your rockets firing,
And quench the desire your hearts must feel!

Twinkling afar, is a radiant beam
Alone in the unknown deep;
Point your ship at that lonely gleam
And creep, on fiery tails, creep!

There in the deep, dark sea of nothingness,
One small, lonely, far-flung star.
Seek there, man, curious, knowledgeless,
For there, surely, your answers are.

The moon is past, dead, and forgotten;
Worthless is red and sullen Mars;
Venus is damp, foul, and rotten;
So point your ship to the glowing stars.

Drive forth on your jets earthborn men,
First of a proud and conquering race.
Thy destiny, the starry heavens span,
And cut through dark, abysmal space.

Ride on to the myriad suns
And search for the planets there,
Out where the comet runs,
Seek ye one that is fair.

Go out, legion of heroes, fools,
Wiser in other ways,
And find, in the unknown, tools,
And build there for better days.

—John P. Browne

Christmas at Sea—1947

by Frank Tesch

CHRISTMAS is a happy time.

Wherever this wonderful feast is celebrated, people are in a joyful mood. Friends are gathered about, families are joined together, perhaps for the only time in an otherwise material-minded year, and everything about the occasion smacks of carefree, peaceful, pleasant moments. This is as it should be, for in celebrating the coming of the Redeemer, the world has cause to be gay. With His birth the promises of thousands of years of prophecy were fulfilled, and the long years of trial were over. Anguish and sorrow were yet to be, but the New Day had at long last arrived. Happiness certainly is the only way to observe it.

Still, perhaps too much was expected of Christ and Christmas; perhaps we wanted to be forgiven, to be saved, with no extra effort on our part; perhaps we forgot that the scales of justice, even in the hands of the all-forgiving God, must be balanced. Certainly in these days we have almost completely forsaken Christ in Christmas and in so much, too much, else. In our foolish efforts to make the Christmas Day an economic success we have overlooked the one true necessity: making it, and every day, a spiritual success.

Even so, the birthday of Christ is fundamentally one on which to be glad. And weighing the extremes to which Christmas has become commercial with the inherent realization most of us have of the day's true meaning, I cannot help but wonder if Our Lord is not just a little pleased anyway, that so much good feeling is generated under the guise of celebrating His birthday.

My years are not so many that Christmas is not still a day of great anticipation and delight. The thought of being with family and friends, of opening gifts, the sensory delights of a well-prepared Christmas dinner, and, too, midnight Mass, are not things that can easily be put out of mind, regardless of where one finds himself on December 25th.

Nevertheless, and probably because I recall with so much delight many of them at home, there have been Christmases that have stirred very little anticipatory glow within me. I recall especially the Christmas of 1947 . . .

In May of that year I volunteered for an extremely interesting and quite unusual program in which the Army was engaged. The Transportation Corps at that time operated a fleet of several hundred large ships,

including a vast number of transports that had been bringing troops back from Europe and the Pacific. The Corps' experience in handling huge numbers of persons with efficiency and dispatch was more extensive than that of any other group in the world, literally, and for that reason some twenty transports were chartered by the Department of State from the Army, and placed under the jurisdiction of the United Nations' International Refugee Organization (IRO). The task of these transports, which were manned by an Army staff working together with personnel from the IRO, was to carry displaced persons from Europe to the many countries across the globe which had agreed to accept and resettle these unfortunates of war. It was my privilege to be on the first ship to leave Europe with this precious cargo: nearly eight hundred refugees left Bremerhaven, Germany, on May 7, aboard the transport *General Sturgis,* bound for Brazil.

By December I had criss-crossed the Atlantic so often I was beginning to wonder what dry land felt like. The North Atlantic that year was in the worst humor sailors could remember in a decade; and most of all I wanted to be home for Christmas. It had been 1943 since I had spent the holiday season in Saint Paul, and I felt some leave time was due me. But as is the way with things miltary, our ship put into New York for about twelve hours, just long enough to take on supplies for another six months of voyaging; and then we were off again with orders for Australia recorded in the log.

I can't recall when I have ever felt worse. The ship tossed about like a cork all the way over. With no passengers and a 500-foot long ship in which to rattle around, I was completely depressed. Sitting in the office, waiting for the ship to settle down long enough to keep the typewriter carriage from shooting back and forth, I gave vent to a lot of ill-feeling: these DPs for example, why in the name of heaven were we carting them all over the world? They had made their bed, and if it was no bed of roses, why should we worry? Sure, it was tough on the youngsters — they hadn't been responsible for the situation they found themselves in — but that was the way the world went 'round: you had to take the bitter with the sweet. And anyway, they were an ill-clothed, smelly lot, who wolfed their food like animals, and I wished to God I had never volunteered for such a revolting job. Give me good Americans every time; at least they spoke your own language!

I'm afraid my feelings hadn't moderated any more than the weather by the time we left Bremerhaven. The winter of 1947 was particularly severe. Even though I am a Minnesotan and used to cold weather, Bremerhaven was too much for me. I recalled that the navigator had once told me it was as far north as Hudson's Bay; it is easily ten times as cold.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

The journey to Melbourne would take us through Gibraltar, the Suez, to Ceylon, and finally to Australia. It took only a little calculation to determine that we would be in Melbourne about New Year's Day. Reflecting on that unhappy fact, the only other thing that came to mind was even more disheartening: we would spend Christmas at sea. The sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach fell to a record low.

Once we had passed the Gates of Hercules the weather became the glorious thing it has been for thousands of years in the Mediterranean, and those of us experiencing it for the first time could easily imagine why poets sing its praises and tourists scurry to bask under the benign sun. Nor was I able to withstand the kindly influence of pleasant days. With shipboard routine well-established by now, we were able to take an hour off now and again; it was even possible occasionally to get in a few hours of sun-bathing. The days in the *Mare Internum* passed quickly and smoothly.

Then, at Port Said, everything came back with a rush. Mail came aboard from the Consul-General, and included in my packet were a dozen or so Christmas cards.

Christmas!!

In this heat, surrounded on all sides by desert sand, with home over 5,000 miles away — I suddenly realized that Christmas was only four days away. There was that sinking feeling again.

Well, I for one had done nothing but complain inwardly about my bad luck in being so far from the hearthstone, but there were others who had done something practical and worthwhile about it. Just barely out of my teens, I too often forgot about others; the more experienced men with whom I was working didn't forget, and God bless them for it.

Sergeants Grant and Gilmour were old-line Army men. Both were bachelors, but both loved children. Especially Bob Gilmour. He had a way with children that was a delight to behold. Within two days of leaving a port, all the youngsters on board knew that his pockets contained all sorts of surprises — candy bars, little trinkets, games — a myriad of little things to warm the heart of a child to whom a bright-colored marble was a treasure.

These grand men didn't forget Christmas. I don't think they could have. In the middle of the barren Arctic I believe they could have whipped up a candle scene and a Christmas tree. Aboard the *General Sturgis* they made Christmas a time to be remembered forever. Nothing escaped their eye. Those few hours in New York had been spent scurrying around to the Red Cross, to a dozen Woolworth's, a side trip to the chaplain's office, and then, with arms loaded, back to the ship. In Germany a Christmas tree was smuggled aboard and stowed away in the

refrigerator. And finally, the night before Christmas, the feverish carrying out of all their well-laid plans.

On some pretext all the passengers were forbidden the use of the main lounge, and the great work began. By now I had been let in on the secret and was up to my elbows in the festivities. The tree came up from below decks; the carpenter's mate put a sturdy stand on it. Quickly the tree was decorated, and wreaths, seeming to my Minnesota-acclimated eye to be a complete anomaly in this heat, were placed in the portholes. A record player was brought in from the special services storeroom, and music from records with carols of a dozen lands in a dozen tongues, thoughtfully provided by the IRO, began to fill the air. And last and most wonderful of all, gaily-wrapped packages with the name of a young refugee — a package for every one — were strewn 'round the base of the handsome tree.

By this time, of course, the displaced persons were aware that something unusual was going on. To most of them, Americans were forever up to something peculiar and this was quite likely to be no exception. Finally, when everyone's patience had nearly reached the bursting point, the children were ushered in.

And, oh, the look on their faces when they saw the tree and the crib, the decorations, and the tinsel, and the color — that look forever erased from my mind the thought that there is no Santa Claus. Most of the youngsters had never seen anything like it: war, privation, starvation — few of these allow much time for Christmas trees. Presents? When the wits of every member of a family are dedicated to finding enough to eat and live on, there is precious little time or effort left for even the meanest gift. Christ in Christmas? A Savior is a hard thing to swallow on an empty stomach, or in Whom to take comfort when toes are numb with frost.

All of the tribulations of Christmases past were forgotten in the joyous scene that followed. It was only with the greatest difficulty that each child got his gift unscathed. Sergeant Gilmour was a lean, almost emaciated sort of man, but the Gilmour version of Santa was entirely adequate. He "Ho-ho'd" and "haw-haw'd" heartily enough, but I doubt even the youngest refugee was fooled for an instant. They clambered all over him, laughing and squealing, overjoyed with expectation. In or out of costume, Bob Gilmour was St. Nick, and every youngster on that ship knew it well.

Best of all, the older folks caught the spirit of the day. Where happy songs had perhaps not passed their lips in a half-dozen years, there now came forth the gladsome tidings of the Savior's birth: Polish, Slovenian, Hungarian, Estonian, it made no difference — the most wonderful news

in the history of the world is not easily disguised. Joyous words from a joyful heart tell their own story.

There is little of the formal religious aspect of Christmas in the story I have just related. We had no priest aboard, nor was there a rabbi or a minister. This is unfortunate, but it is the fortunes of war. Still, heads could be seen bowed in prayer, and the devout drew near the cradle scene, rosaries in hand. Faith, perhaps long neglected and almost extinguished at times, shone through when thanks to Almighty God were in order.

It was late when the last passenger had gone to his bed. It was Christmas on the Indian Ocean aboard the *General Sturgis*.

. . . to the south the Southern Cross shone brightly in the midnight sky.

Tornado

Humid calm heralds the storm,
All life feels restless.
Then from the dark, summer sky
Spiraled fury spontaneously is born,
Meeting earth resoundingly,
As whirling death begins its march
Across the fields of corn.
Nothing is able to stop
The unleashed fury, unrepented rage,
That breaks the stillness of the morn.
Onward, onward, never ceasing,
The ominous black funnel approaches.
Roof of yonder house is shorn.
Nearer, nearer comes the black tide,
Enveloping all it contacts like a funeral pall.
The church steeple from its moorings is torn.
Then all is calm and still; no more unrest,
For uncontrolled nature has taken its toll,
And saddened multitudes forlorn
Emerge from the flattened wreckage of life's work.
But silence prevails as life resumes its torrid pace.
Not thinking of future storms unborn.

— *John Wilson*

Benediction at Night

The cloth of silence now is sharply rent
By chimes above resounding through the night;
The eyes in the Cathedral now intent
As Christ's priest lifts the Host in ancient rite.

With sweet incense is filled the censer's bowl
And fragrant clouds arise in homage due;
Then, as the smoke gyrates in upward roll,
It forms a symbol ominous to view.

Yes, there are stories of a cloud of smoke,
A blasting, belching, searing mass of flame,
A power to end man with a single stroke
With all his puny history and fame.

Anxiety, blank hope, and bleak despair
May cloud men's minds all searching for a way;
But those who kneel before me, lost in prayer,
Have found the answer to the earthly fray.

Upon the altar, He who governs all
The keys to mysteries of earthly strife.
Adoring incense in a column tall
Ascends to Him, Preserver of all life.

— Henry A. Strater

Contributors

JOHN HANSON, a sophomore English major from Euclid, Ohio, makes his second Quarterly appearance in this issue with "A 'Gung-Ho' Christmas." He is a Quarterly copy editor and may be remembered for his "Faith in the Future," which appeared in the autumn issue.

HERBERT JOHNSON, also a sophomore, is a social science major from Cleveland. He, too, is a copy editor, and "To a Prima Ballerina" marks his first Quarterly appearance.

FRANK J. MORAN, whose poem, "In Front of the Well-Known Grotto," appeared in the spring issue, returns this time with "To Michele." A senior from Chicago, he is majoring in history.

JOHN A. ENGLISH is a senior English major from Cleveland. "Shepherds' Quest" a fictional work based on St. Luke's account of the birth of Christ, is his first Quarterly contribution.

JOHN P. BROWNE, a frequent Quarterly contributor, won first prize in the poetry division of the autumn Quarterly contest with his "Paradise Lost and Found." "The Rise and Fall of John McRoberts" is a satirical sequel to his account of the alleged 1955 freshman rebellion. His poetry contributions this time include "Vox Dei" and "The Great Beyond."

RAYMOND J. REILLY is editor of the Quarterly and a senior from Cleveland. An English major, he may be remembered for "Aipotu" and "Men of Letters," which appeared in past issues of the Quarterly. He turns from satire to the short story this time with "Christmas Journey."

FRANK TESCH, author of "Student Government — Questions and Answers," which appeared in the autumn Quarterly, is a senior from St. Paul, Minnesota. "Christmas at Sea—1947" is based on his experiences while serving as a member of the United States Army. A history major, he is literary editor of the Quarterly.

JOHN WILSON is a freshman pre-medical student from University Heights, Ohio. "Tornado" marks his first appearance in the Quarterly.

HENRY A. STRATER, associate editor of the Quarterly, is a senior English major from Mayfield Heights, Ohio. "Benediction at Night" is his first Quarterly contribution.