

Crossing to the other side of the room, Marie picked up a book and tried to focus her wavering attention on its pages, but the lines only formed a meaningless blur and she finally replaced it.

How time dragged! The minutes seemed endless to the girl, who, for the first time in her life, found herself alone with only her thoughts to keep her company. She thought, "A few years ago I would not have minded so much, but now, — Lord, it's almost unbearable. It must be because I'm getting old, — old."

If only there was someone to talk to her! She thought of the people she knew who, when they were alone, talked to themselves, but she had always regarded such a practice as being extremely childish. Now, however, she thought that it might not be such a bad idea after all, and she tried to speak, but no sound came! Terrified, she tried again. Was that childish treble, which to her ears was unfamiliar in its every note, her voice?

Marie was not sure. And this time neither the dying fire with its sparks, nor the snow beating softly against the window could alleviate the panic of her terrified heart.

At that moment the front door opened, admitting Mrs. Hamilton. And at that same moment five year old Marie resolved that never again would she remain in the house alone for twenty minutes, while her mother was driving Daddy Hamilton across town to a meeting of the Holy Name Club.

— MARY O'SHEA '49

My Essay

The professor asked the members of the class to write an essay on a topic of their own choosing. Yes, a topic all their own. The class was very well pleased; imagine! anything you wanted to write. But, alas, I could not select a topic. I sat for hours thinking of different subjects; finally I made a decision. Then away went my imagination, pursuing the topic I had chosen. I would formulate my idea and then I would start to write. How simple. I covered one page, two pages, and rambled on. Then suddenly my pen stopped. I could go no farther. Jack was coming dangerously close to a thousand foot drop. What to do? I sat and thought and thought, but to no avail. Jack would have to stay there. Again I debated different topics and again

I resumed my nervous writings, trying to write something logical, with coherence and unity, trying not to begin rambling again. But alas, again I came to a stalemate. Oh, how my blood boiled. I grabbed the written pages and tore them to shreds, and mopped my brow; then, as the deadline for the essays came near I started again but still I could not satisfy myself. I would write something, then read it over. I would find mistakes, so many that I was disgusted. Then I said: "What is the use? I cannot satisfy myself, how can I hope to satisfy others?" Ah, but in defeat can I not realize a victory? During the past two weeks did I not suffer? Did I not live through a tragedy? I would write. I would tell my readers of the difficulties that I faced. How novel. How real.

Oh, kind reader of these lines, try hard to realize what I went through, for I suffer from being too harsh a critic of myself. Do you go easy on me.

— J. MAHAR '50

Autumn

As I sit at the window looking at the beautiful panorama around me, I cannot help thinking that God gave to Autumn the most beautiful of all His divine gifts,— trees tinted with green, yellow, and red; green lawns beneath them speckled with leaves that have already fallen. Brown fields, stripped of their fruits, lie bare in the sun. A soft wind blows gently through the trees, making their crispy leaves rustle and sway.

Yet autumn has far more than its beauty — it has a refreshing air that cannot be rivalled by that of any other season. Clean and spicy, it paints roses on the cheeks and freshness on the faces. It penetrates to the very soul and there leaves its marks of good nature, kindly feelings, and joy. All through the day, this refreshing breeze blows over us. At night there is stillness. Beautiful moonlight floods the earth with magic. Majestic clouds roll over the deep blue of the heavens, stars twinkle brightly, and a silvery moon stands sentinel in the sky. A breathless hush seems to pervade the night and one declines to break the silent spell.

Morning brings a misty grandeur, touched with silver. A white blanket of frost lies over the ground and this is seen to fade before the rays of the sun. Droplets of dew,