

## A CONTROVERSIAL ISSUE

When the "Ascent" was established, those connected with the paper decided that the articles were to be informative, creative, and interesting. This year, many of the students have felt that, although the paper has lived up to its standards, it has failed to keep the interest of the students aroused.

What is wrong with the "Ascent?" The first thing that supposedly catches the eye of the reader is the front page. Could the style in the lettering of the headlines vary and could there be some originality? We believe this change would heighten the interest. Could the emphasis be placed on future events rather than those of the past?

The editor of any school paper has many duties.

Cooperation of the entire staff is almost compulsory if the paper is to have a balance and variety of ideas. If more of the student body would take an active part, the paper would reach this goal.

Many of the girls in the school have talent for creative writing. Since one aim of the paper is to provide a medium for such expression, the students have an ample opportunity to exercise their abilities.

It is our wish to conduct a poll concerning the ideas of the students about the paper, and to receive constructive criticism in order to improve later editions. We are asking your full cooperation because this is YOUR paper.

## KNOW YOUR CANDIDATES

In the present student elections, you have the right to vote for your own officers, and consequently, it is your duty to choose hard-working, capable people as your representatives.

This responsibility holds, not only for the current Student Government Association elections but also for the voting in the various classes and organizations, which will follow immediately after the S.G.A. officers have been selected.

It is not difficult to know the qualifications one must have for a particular office. The responsibility is one of considering each of the candidates in the light of those qualifications.

No one need remind you that because a student is a close friend, she will not necessarily be the best person for the office. If you do not feel that you know enough about all of the candidates to vote conscientiously, inquire about them; or better, make it your business to talk to and question the candidates themselves.

The officers elected will guide your student government, your class, your organizations. Be very sure that you know for whom and for what you are voting.



# The ASCENT

VOL. 2, NO. 4

ROSARY HILL COLLEGE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

MAY, 1951

## Gala Moving-Up Day Scheduled!

On May 17, roses, decorations, cars, float, queen and attendants will leave the campus at 2:30 P.M. for R.H.C.'S Moving Up Day Parade. The motorcade will proceed down Main Street to City Hall, around the circle, and back Delaware Avenue.

The Day will begin with Mass and communion followed by breakfast.

Then the Sodality Prefect, followed by the Queen and her attendants carrying the Rose Chain, will crown the statue of Our Lady Of Fatima. The students will then return to the chapel for Benediction. Following this, the procession will go to the terrace where Mother Alphonse will crown the Moving Up Day Queen. After this, the Treasurer and Secretary of the S.G.A. will give their final reports at the last convocation of the year; all past business will be reviewed.

Further Moving Up Day ceremonies will be held in Daemen Hall. All new officers will be installed and the symbols of office presented. The Juniors will receive yellow roses and present their red ones to the Sophomores; the Sophomores will give their pink roses to the Freshmen, who will present their white ones to Mother Alphonse as a symbol of next year's Freshmen. After lunch the parade will begin.

## PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS TO BE ENTERTAINED

On May 20th the first annual Freshman Tea will be given in honor of the seniors of Buffalo and suburban high schools. The Tea will be held on the patio adjoining the library of Rosary Hall. In the event of rain refreshments will be served in Rosary Hall.

The entire Freshman class is working very hard to insure the success of the affair. The General Chairman is Janet Conley; Co-chairman, Lenita Lane; Invitations, Rosemary Gimbrone; Refreshments, Marie Gallagher; Decorations, Jean Peters; Tour Committee, Mary Weydman.



Dear Father Paschal,

We would like to disagree with you! You will remember that you remarked at the opening of our retreat that no one was less significant than the retreat master. We beg to differ!

Your sincerity and love of God had a contagious effect, making us all want to make the best possible retreat. One of the things we liked most was your perfect mingling of the emotional and intellectual aspects of the various spiritual topics which you discussed so sincerely. Your unique approach to problems which could easily become trite was refreshing. All of us have gained a deeper insight into life as a result of your magnificent work as our retreat master. Not only were you inspiring in your conferences, but you were also easy to approach personally, and your advice was sound and realistic.

Our only complaint is that your talks were too short and that the two and one-half days should have been lengthened to at least four.

Gratefully,  
The Students of R.H.C.

## SUBSCRIBE NOW!

The first Rosary Hill College Year Book — "The Summit" — is now underway. Subscriptions are being taken by Rita Gradwohl and her business committee. Under this subscription plan, you will be able to pay for your copy of The Summit on a system of monthly installments. Everyone on campus is urged to wholeheartedly support this venture.



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## FATHER O'MALLEY BLESSES FIRST BOAT FOR FATIMA LAKE



### AN IDEAL BEFORE US

June again — and so another scholastic year, — Rosary Hill College's third — is history. With all its hopes, choices, and achievements, it is now part of the past, — and part of us. As such it stands for our evaluation, as do, also — our plans for the future.

Planning and estimating call for the choice of measures and ideals. For us, what we have done, and what we hope to do, can be no better discovered or elucidated than in the light of, what well may be called "Considerateness," that admixture of love, respect, appreciation, and true humility.

This attitude towards God and man is hard to develop perfectly. It demands all-embracing love — and generous service. It is the spirit of the gallant heart and the friendly way — which gave us Lady Clare and the Knight of Assisi. Their challenge may be great, — but so is their inspiration. Following them we can hope to give Rosary Hill College that finest gift — the spirit of Christian Considerateness, which made of Francis "A Mirror of Christ" and "Everybody's St. Francis."

Mother M. Alphonse O.S.F.

### EDITORIAL

"Be one who never turned his back, but  
 marched breast forward;  
 never doubted clouds would break;  
 never dreamed, though right was worsted,  
 wrong could triumph;  
 held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
 sleep to wake."

These words of Robert Browning have a meaning applicable to all of us, particularly, as the scholastic year closes. Thinking back, some will recall a pleasant, purposeful year; others will remember the wasted minutes which can never be regained, but all will recollect the many struggles intermingled with the many joys that reflect another college year gone by.

To those who have just begun, the road ahead naturally seems unending; those at the half way mark are at last glimpsing their goal with fair assurance; those who are about to end their college days look back nostalgically to days which they now realize were so precious. It is of no consequence that various pitfalls appear before each class, before each individual, in the course of a college year. That each problem be met with courage and determination is all that is needed.

### A PRAYER BEFORE A DANCE

Translated from the German youth publication *Wacht* by students of the Intermediate German class. The original text is found in the French Catholic youth publication *Jeunesse et Vie*.

Now I am ready, dear Lord. Once more I shall run the comb through my crisp, shining curls and twirl

around for the third time before the mirror to see my new formal swing out in a graceful arc. Since this is not my first date, as You know, I am not so very excited anymore.

I will no longer pray You for help to be natural and not to act bored. No, no, - this evening, if it's not asking too much, I will pray for the fellows who will dance with me.

Dear Lord don't let them be so con-

ceited and above all, please, don't let them display hour upon hour their knowledge of Chemistry and Roman History.

Dear Lord, just let them be cheerful and natural.

And let us young women be as lively and as clear as the water of a rippling mountain stream.

Let this evening become a source of wealth, which will give us strength and assurance for another good working day. Make this party a wholesome and refreshing type of diversion; a party which we will leave with clear eyes and pure hearts full of confidence in life, and with a heart overflowing in gratitude to You, Our God, the Lord and Master of our eighteen years. Amen.

### EXHIBIT—MAY 12-26

The 12th of May the art department will exhibit all work collected during the past two semesters. Oil and water color paintings will be hung in the corridor of Rosary Hall. Examples of weaving, ceramics, leathercraft, lettering and advanced design will be displayed in the art rooms. The art students eagerly await this 'Professional touch' to their work, and hope that the student body and faculty will show their interest in the exhibition.





## Phantom Journey

Jim Moran wearily stretched his 200 pound, 6 foot 3 frame and slammed the Bacteriology book shut. He'd been pounding away at it since noon with only a half hour out for supper.

"You're in need of some stimulating conversation, old boy," he said to himself as he took the stairs two at a time, and headed for the phone to dial the old familiar number. One, two, three, four rings; the lifting of the receiver; the well-known Danner household noise, a symphony of little Ronnie's cowboy games, Margie's singing, Pepper's barking and finally Helen's gay hello.

They talked for almost forty-five minutes, during which time Jim relaxed considerably as he always did when talking to Helen. They never seemed to talk about anything in particular, but, no matter what the topic, each was vitally interested in what the other had to say, especially when it came to their never-ending discussions about the hereafter.

After going to grammar school together, Jim and Helen had not seen each other until that night a year and a half ago when they had met at an inter-scholastic dance. That night they danced every dance and when Jim was taking Helen home, he asked for a date the following Saturday. She accepted, and it had been the beginning of a series of enjoyable evenings spent at basketball and hockey games, concerts, shows, parties and occasional evenings at home.

Jim, who had lost his mother during his first year in college, still could not, at 23, reconcile himself to her death. He could never forget the way she looked the last day of her life, wasted by cancer, suffering with every breath, and when she said —

"Be good Jim, work hard . . . and some day with God's help, you can save others from this kind . . . of death —" he ran out of the room and reaching his bedroom, he cried the heart-tearing tears of manhood.

"God's help," he thought bitterly.

"If He's so Almighty, why didn't He do something for Mom?"

That night his mother died. Each day after the funeral Jim would come home and shut himself up in his room. He emerged with the realization that he no longer believed in much of anything.

Then he met Helen Danner. She was a pretty and popular college sophomore, but he soon found that she was different from the other girls he knew. Their first date ended in a two hour discussion of religion; Helen obviously had a brain and she used it, but, above all, Jim admired her calm and serene outlook on life.

Now Jim was saying for the second time in their acquaintance —

"How about helping me to celeb-

rate my birthday next Tuesday? I haven't thought much about it, but I thought we could plan as we go along."

"Sounds great Jim. Pick me up about eight, O.K.? See you then, Bye."

Promptly at eight, Jim arrived at the Danner house, and as he went up the walk he saw Helen waiting for him on the porch.

"That's funny," he thought to himself. He always looked forward to those few minutes with the lively Danners while he was waiting for Helen. He looked forward, also, to seeing her run down the stairs to meet him, and tonight he felt cheated. There was something else, though. Was it the clothes? He'd never seen that outfit before — or was it the look in her eyes? She seemed so distant.

"What's the matter Helen? Is something wrong?"

"No —, no, I just have a slight headache."

"Well if you'd rather not go —"

"No, I think a walk would do me good." Then she continued more like the old Helen, "How about letting me pick the places tonight, Jim? I'll even save you some money because we'll be able to walk to each one. Agreeable?"

Jim thought it rather strange, but the pleading note in her voice was enough to dispel any doubts, and as they started down the street, laughing and joking in almost the same old way, Jim's misgivings gave way to real anticipation.

He didn't know how far they had gone when Helen said,

"There's something here I want you to see, Jim, but you'll have to work for it. We'll have to climb to the top of the hill."

"Hill," he thought, "we must be on the outskirts of town, but I don't remember any hill."

"C'mon, I'll race you," he said, but when he looked back and saw how pale Helen was, he took her hand and they started up together. It wasn't too much of a climb, or at least it didn't seem so, but they hadn't gone far when Jim began to feel strange; Helen, however, was looking better.

"Must be the heat," he thought to himself, "or maybe the heavy atmosphere. C'mon Moran, a great big boy like you, perk up!"

"Well, here we are," Helen said. "Where?"

"Look — down there —"

At first he didn't see anything, but looking down to where Helen was pointing, he saw a deep pit directly below him. There was a sort of sickening smell in the air now, and Jim felt as though he were moving in a dream. He felt helpless, and not even Helen seemed real. It was as though he had no control over his actions, but was being led by some other force.

"Hey!" he cried, "those are people down there."

"Yes, I know, Jim."

"But I don't get it! What are they doing down there? Can't we do something Helen? We just can't walk away and leave them there. Helen . . . wait . . . Helen!! —"

He ran to catch up with her as she moved slowly down the other side of the hill. He had lost all sense of time and direction, but he was anxious to get Helen home because she didn't look too well, and he himself was tired and shaken.

"I think we better go home, Helen."

"In a little while; there's just one thing more. It's not too far now, — come with me — please?"

He couldn't say no. They walked on in silence. Jim had no idea where they were. It seemed to be an endless stretch of flat land with what looked like a wire fence encircling a huge field, in the distance. He could hear people working. Then there was a brilliant flash of light, which blinded Jim. For a moment he couldn't see and all he could hear was Helen's urgent voice saying —

"C'mon, Jim, I've got to get home. Just walk me to the corner, that will save you some time. Please — I'll be all right, hurry!"

Jim was too dazed to say anything; Helen was moving so fast that he had to run to keep up with her. They still seemed to be moving in some sort of dream; there was a grayish mist rolling over the land, but the former scene had vanished. Jim was so upset that he didn't realize they had reached Helen's street. He said goodnight and reluctantly watched her walk away; then, he turned and started for home. He couldn't explain it, but there had seemed to be a finality about the way Helen had said goodnight, and now he was sorry he had let her go. Well, he'd call first thing tomorrow to see how she was.

It must have been the walk home that made Jim feel better, although he was still tired, worried about Helen, and puzzled about what he had

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But all I said was that a mental reservation is where they keep crazy Indians — and I got a D!



## OF US

What are we? Who are we? Where are we going? The immortal Shakespeare says, "all the world's a stage and we are merely players." To say that we are 'merely' players is inadequate but to say that we are players carries much meaning. Consider a play and the players. A play as it is written merely exists. This is not its proper intent. It was meant to be enacted. Give a play to actors fitted for the various parts; put the actors on the stage and what is the result? You have life, action — not just existence. In order for a play to be a play it must have action, a conflict, a struggle, success or defeat. Among the great masterpieces of drama you will find a conflict and the inevitable triumph of good over evil. This triumph is not demonstrated by the people in the play without effort on their part, without the spiritual striving for ideals. Who would go to watch a play if the actors sat motionless, spiritually and physically, speaking their lines without the conviction of what they were saying? And who would remain long in the audience if the actors paraded about the stage, colliding with one another, making improper exits and entrances? One would leave the theater confused as to the director's purpose in presenting the play. Such a chaotic spectacle would immediately condemn his integrity. We see then, that a play must have design, order, and the players must have motivation and purpose. The director, the most essential element in the proper development of a drama, aids the actors by setting down a definite pattern for them to follow. By doing this, he brings out the theme or objective of the play. He is always present to make suggestions to help in situations that may seem, in the actor's opinion, foreign to the part but which are always analogous.

Looking at the play as a series of units we see that each unit is necessary to the composition of the whole. In the well constructed drama there can be no superfluous scenes, no inconsequential actions. Rather all units combine for the benefit of the whole. Each actor, no matter how few his lines, even if he has nothing to say, is important. And the play cannot be produced properly if a part has not been filled. The gap is almost immediately discernible and it produces an unfavorable effect.

It is all too true that an actor sometimes has the opportunity to play an important role and he does not prove himself worthy. His interest does not lie in the play but in the exhibition of himself; or, he has misinterpreted his part and falsely represents it. This not only distracts other actors with whom he is supposed to cooperate, but misleads those in the audience.

Though the success of the play does

not immediately depend upon the audience, we can readily see its importance in the completed picture. The actor must give to someone, and conversely, there must be someone to receive what the actor gives. There are those who approach the theater with an all too critical eye, and there are those who will take whatever the actors have to offer. An experienced actor knows this and strives indefatigably to represent the truth, something that will never die. His desire is to enrich his spectators in some way; perhaps raised eyebrows will be lowered, and lowered eyelids will be raised.

Now that we see the importance of each unit or phase in the production of a play, let us look at life in the very same terms — the world as a stage and ourselves as the players. Life is the greatest drama ever conceived. It is a commingling of tragedy and comedy, of laughter and of tears. Life has its clowns, scholars, heroes, soldiers, slaves, villains, sinners and saints. Life has its goodness and its evil and its essence is conflict, struggle, and the resultant triumph or defeat. Each one of us play an important part in this scheme of creation. We are here to act and not to exist, as some would have us believe. Life is not a puppet show and we the unhappy victims of a master-mind who pushes and pulls us for sheer sport. Nor is life a question of the 'survival of the fittest' as the statement is generally understood. Life means living, and living means action, motivation, purpose.

Just as the strength of a play depends on its unity, so too in life is unity absolutely essential. Unity is born through cooperation with God, ourselves and with our fellowmen. This brings order and design into our pattern of living. God, the Ultimate Director of all activity, is the ultimate essential. Without Him there could be no play, no actors. In a sense He gives the play to us when he gives us our life. He puts us on the stage, points out our objectives, and gives us precepts or directives by which we may gain our objectives, everlasting happiness with Him in Heaven.



Many of us simply exist because we refuse to be moved by error, or because we know truth and find it difficult to move alone. And there are many of us who talk 'much and mighty' but have no internal conviction of what we are saying. This is because we do not know, or refuse to recognize, our objective.

A competent actor's art is always crowned with success and so ours will be. But unlike the actor's, our crown is not transitory and the very thought of it makes the struggle seem less difficult. Now we see that like the actor we must receive our part from our Director, realize our objective, strive to create this part within ourselves, with the help of our Director, study our lines, believe in them, and then act in accordance with the proper directives. No actor is forced to take a part; no actor can mislead or misinterpret if he follows his director; neither can the audience be misled if the actors perform correctly. Just as the players shadow our own lives, so are our lives a shadow of a great and perfect world and can only be attained with effort.

## PHANTOM JOURNEY

(Continued from page three)

seen; it had been almost like a glimpse of the future. Rounding the corner, he noticed that the clock in the delicatessen said 3:30 A.M. Now he wished he had taken Helen right home, because her parents would probably be worried, but she had been so insistent about going home alone. No matter how late it was, he'd call as soon as he reached home. As he went up the street, he saw that the house lights were on.

"I wonder what Dad's doing up at this hour? He's always in bed by this time," he thought. "I hope nothing is wrong."

He ran up the steps and opened the door. His father was waiting for him in the living room.

"What's wrong Dad? Did something happen? How come you're waiting up for me? . . ."

"Jim, I've been trying to get you all night; where have you been?"

"Why I was out with Helen. We don't usually go out during the week, but this was something special. I can't quite figure the whole evening out. It's as though it never happened . . . maybe you can explain — hey, Dad!!!"

"Jim, you weren't out with Helen —"

"But Dad, I was, we've had the date for a week . . . we went for a wa —"

"Jim listen to me!! I've been trying to tell you. Mrs. Danner called while you were out. Helen died this afternoon at 4:00 o'clock!!!"

—Rita Gradwohl.