

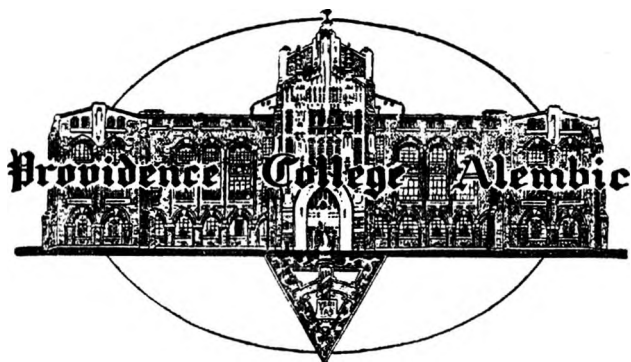
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America's First Alliance

By MARTIN W. SANDLER, '54

WE of the United States owe what we have today, of course, to that relatively small army of patriots who, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, had the courage not only to declare their independence from the mother country suppressing their freedom, but also to fight for their independence. Our history books are filled with glowing accounts of America's rise to freedom and of the struggle involved. However, one important historical fact seems to be underemphasized more often than not—that the United States would not have won her independence in the eighteenth century had there not been a Franco-American Alliance in 1778. Thus the question with which we are concerned here is: How did that alliance come about?

The outbreak of the American Revolution found France at great odds with England. Throughout the eighteenth century the two countries had engaged in open hostilities against one another. France, waiting for an opportunity to gain revenge for the dismemberment forced upon the French Empire by the terms of the Treaty of Paris in 1763, saw its opportunity in the American Revolution.

Perhaps the most influential individual in bringing about the Franco-American Alliance was Beaumarchais. An important writer and courtier, Beaumarchais was convinced that an alliance with the colonies against Great Britain was the most beneficial course for France to pursue. In 1775, he held secret conversations in London with Arthur Lee, an agent of the Continental Congress; in May 1776, he urged the French Minister of State, the Comte de Vergennes, to propose a policy of secret assistance to the American

colonies. This secret assistance was extended under the guise of sales of munitions from French arsenals through Beaumarchais' famous fictitious commercial company, Rodrique Hortalez et Cie. (An interesting point arises here. The French government really intended to give the supplies to the American colonies. However, when Vergennes and Beaumarchais saw that the colonists intended to buy the supplies on credit, the Frenchmen sold the goods to them. It was wise that the Colonists eventually paid for the goods; had they accepted them as a gift they would have taken on an obligation from which they might never have been spared.)

The use of these supplies plus the loans and subsidies given by France during the period of French neutrality enabled the Colonists to carry on and to win the important victory of Saratoga. Burgoyne's surrender there immediately brought about the open Franco-American Alliance. Up to this point, Vergennes had been watchfully waiting for the right time to declare the alliance, because he did not want to enter the war until firmly convinced that Great Britain could be defeated. The battle of Saratoga convinced him. Vergennes' decision was made all the more quickly when he found out that Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane, the American agents, were negotiating at this time with emissaries of the English government.

After the battle of Saratoga, the English had hastily tried to patch up a peace of home rule within the Empire. There is more to this statement than meets the eye. For in this peace of home rule, England was offering to the Colonists what the Colonists had once thought was the ultimate in political liberty. However, the revolution for complete independence had gained too much momentum and England's proposal was set aside. Thus on December 17, 1777, Vergennes promised the agents of the United States that France would make an open treaty with the

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United States, thereby recognizing its independence. Before signing this treaty, Vergennes attempted to get Spain to join in on a triple alliance. However, all attempts to do so failed. On February 6, 1778, Vergennes signed two treaties with the United States—one a treaty of amity and commerce, the other a treaty of alliance, in case recognition of the United States should bring on war with England, as it did.

The alliance provided that neither France nor the United States would make peace without the consent of the other. It provided also that there should be no peace until the independence of the United States, absolute and unlimited, should be secured by treaty or by truce. It concluded by stating that France would guarantee the independence of the United States, according to the boundaries established in the peace, and that the United States would guarantee the possession by France of her West Indian Islands.

Thus the United States entered into its first and only military alliance. It was an alliance which withstood troublesome diplomatic negotiations during the war and which brought the conflict to a victorious end culminating in the joint enterprise at Yorktown.

The importance of this, America's first alliance, cannot be overemphasized. For, although the French entered into it primarily for the benefit of France, nevertheless there was sufficient admiration of the American cause in official French circles to provide a secondary motive. In the sequence of events, because of this alliance the United States won the last and clinching battle of the American Revolution, Yorktown. Because of the victory at Yorktown, we are today the United States of America.

Why, O Lord?

By Charles H. Curran, '56

THE bells tolled mournfully over the bleak countryside of Hitler-occupied Austria. The bells were high up in the steeple of Saint Franz's Monastery. The pious Austrian peasants working in the fields removed their broad-brimmed hats and crossed themselves, for they knew that whenever the bells sounded so sadly one of the monks had gone to his heavenly reward. "Which of the fathers has died?" was the question phrased by all. A death in the monastery was unusual, for the monks worked hard, ate nourishing food, and lived to almost fantastic ages. Some ventured the opinion that it might be Father Ludwig, the oldest of the community, who was past his hundredth birthday.

"De profundis clamavi ad te Domine" chanted the monks solemnly at the new grave. The ancient words of the Psalmist struck a certain chord in the heart of Frater Ludwig. He heard his vibrant voice become silent at the end of the psalm and he listened to the whisper of his soul asking God:

"Why not I, O Lord? Why didst Thou take young Johann, with the oils of Ordination barely dry on his hands? They should be chanting over my clay, not his. Why, O Lord? Why?"

To his plea there was no answer. There was only the metallic clink of the shovels filling in the grave of young Frater Johann. While Frater Ludwig was praying privately for the departed, he heard a woman sobbing near him. Glancing from the corner of his eye, he saw a young lady of about twenty-five, garbed in black, pressing her hand-

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kerchief to her mouth. She was, obviously, a sister of the deceased.

Later, while pacing up and down the aisle of the chapel, Frater Ludwig heard a strange sound: "Pst, pst." He raised his eyes from the breviary and saw the very same young lady who had been at the grave. She motioned to him to come outside with her. In the warm spring sunlight, she spoke impetuously, rushing her words in ragged haste, yet caressing them with sincerity.

"I am Marie Schwartz. Hans—Frater Johann—was my brother. This morning at the grave I noticed a tear in your eye. Your tenderness won me. I decided I would try to find you afterwards."

Frater Ludwig was quick to perceive that she had something else on her mind besides her dead brother.

"Yes!" he replied quietly; "I thought much of your dear brother. God rest him."

The girl faltered, then blurted out, "Father! you must help me. I work in the Nazi headquarters in Vienna and I have been bound to secrecy by them concerning a matter which involves this very monastery greatly."

"Yes, child; tell me more!" encouraged Frater Ludwig. He knew well the predicament of religion in Hitler-controlled Austria. It was tolerated—just barely—until the self-appointed savior of the Aryan race could find some way to rid himself of it permanently.

"But my oath of secrecy—" she began.

"An unjust law is no law at all," he replied; "you are bound in conscience to reveal any diabolical plot of the Anti-Christ for the destruction of the Church. Come with me to the Abbot's office and tell him all you know."

"Come in," answered the Abbot Christopher to the quiet but rapid knocking on the door. "Well, Frater Ludwig—and *Fraülein* Schwartz! Was ist los?"

The girl told the Abbot what she knew concerning

the Führer's mad plan. Basically, the plan was this: To smuggle into all the religious houses of Germany and Austria youths who had especially trained to appear as likely candidates for the religious life. These would, after a few months, withdraw and subsequently testify that the religious orders were hiding Jews from the Gestapo and were also hiding great stores of food, guns and ammunition to revolt against the Third Reich. Then, under pressure of "public opinion" Hitler would be "regrettably forced" to disband the religious houses.

"Ach soooo?" mused the Abbot. "How is it that you hadn't told us before now?"

The girl colored slightly and began, "Until a few days ago, when I received news of my brother's death, I had lost all faith in God and the Church. I scoffed at religion and said terrible things about priests and nuns. I called my brother a fool. Then, with Hans' death, I realized that it was I who had been the fool. I resolved to make amends. Then Frater Ludwig's tenderness at my brother's grave won my heart."

The abbot, blessing her, said, "Thank you greatly; you have saved much suffering for Christ's church. I shall telephone Cardinal Strauss in Vienna immediately. God bless you, child, and give you the courage to persevere."

Frater Ludwig returned immediately to the chapel, and asked God to forgive his questioning divine wisdom. He knew now the answer to the complaint he had voiced to God that morning at the grave.



Rejected

By ROBERT PRAIRIE, '55

ALFRED left the Colonel's office feeling mighty low. He had not been accepted for the advance Reserve Officer Training Corps. "Boy, Dad will surely be disappointed in me," he thought to himself. "I better not mention to him why they didn't accept me. It doesn't seem to be the basic reason." As he made his way to the dorm, he began wondering what could have given the advance board the impression he just didn't have the stuff to be an officer.

The first thing which entered his mind was the few mistakes he had made on the drill field. He thought about the hot Tuesdays when he had made quite a few mistakes and wondered if perhaps that was the reason for the board's decision. Once on the way to pick up his rifle with a few of his friends, he heard a loud voice bellowing in the distance.

"Hey you!" the voice boomed. Alfred turned to see someone in a Captain's uniform looking at him.

"Do you mean me?" Alfred asked.

"Yes, you. Do you belong in the R.O.T.C.?" the Captain queried. Alfred looked down at his uniform to see if he had put on his boy scout uniform by mistake.

"Yes sir," Alfred replied.

"At this college?" the Captain snapped. Again Alfred looked down at his uniform to see if someone had played a trick on him and pinned a Harvard pennant to his uniform.

"Yes sir," Alfred answered again.

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“Don’t they teach you to salute the officers?” By this time Alfred was so nervous and excited that he made a sloppy salute.

“Yes sir, they do. I’m sorry, sergeant.” At first Alfred didn’t realize what he had called the Captain but when he saw the color rising in the Captain’s cheeks he quickly made a right face and entered the building to get his rifle. What a way to start the day!



Although drill days were somewhat tiring, Alfred really had enjoyed them. He remembered the time the instructors were teaching them how to salute. Some of the guys looked as though they were shading their eyes from the sun; others seemed to be hiding a black eye. Alfred remembered the time when the sergeant had asked him if he was playing peek-a-boo. “What did they expect on the first try?” Alfred muttered to himself. If that had been all, it wouldn’t have been too bad; but that was just the beginning.

During the first drill period Alfred had been really proud of his marching. Why, more than once, he had noticed that the whole company was out of step but him. When the sergeant told him to keep his eyes off the ground,

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he had complied readily. It wasn't his fault that the drill field wasn't too smooth and he had stepped into that hole. You can't look straight ahead and watch out for manholes, too. That's like Stengel telling Yogi to think while batting.

One thing Alfred took real pride in was the way he always kept the rifles of the men in front of him in perfect alignment. You could always hear him yelling "Butt right! Butt left!" Of course, if he had some sloppy recruit in front of him he had to be on the guy's back continuously. Once when he was yelling "Butt down; butt right; butt left," the cadet in front of him couldn't take it any longer and he yelled back at Alfred.

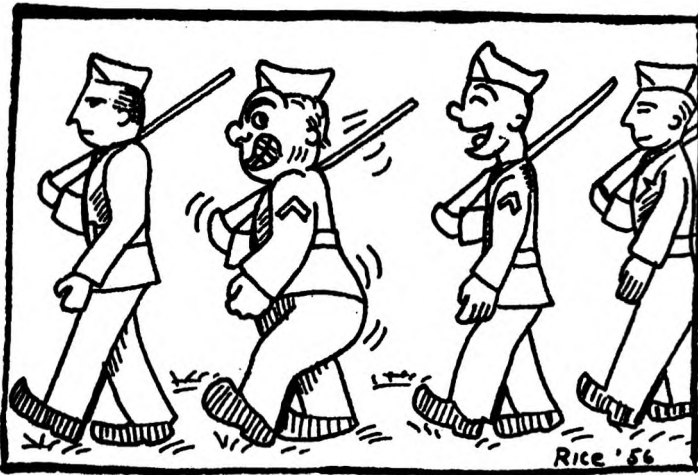
"Listen Mac, my rifle butt is just where it should be. If you're talking about some other kind of butt, you might as well give up. I can't do much about that." Everyone started laughing but Alfred. He didn't catch on at first; but when he did, he started to laugh and got two demerits for not keeping silence.

When the time came to take arms after the break between drill periods, Alfred found he hadn't placed his rifle on the stack quite right and couldn't get his rifle apart. Some of the men in his squad tried to give him a hand but they couldn't do much to help him. Along came the faithful sergeant and he tried to be of some assistance. Soon there were about twenty men around the stack giving advice. They were told to proceed with the drill. When the second drill period was over, the various companies marched off the field and scarcely a soul was left, that is, except Alfred and a few other cadets who were still trying to get the rifles apart.

All these things now flew through Alfred's mind as he made his way to the dorm. "I wonder if that could have had anything to do with it," he asked himself. "No, I don't

think they would refuse me for just a few errors. I wonder if it could be a mental handicap rather than lack of physical knowhow?"

Alfred began thinking if he had made any great errors during his class work. He did recall having some difficulty with the study of maps. Every time the professors gave a problem of location, his points of contact never landed on the map but just a little to the right of the gas jet or just above the ink well. He had had the same trouble



--- BUTT RIGHT - BUTT LEFT - BUTT RIGHT ---

on the shooting range trying to get the three dots aligned in a small triangle. No one could ever find his dots. Once they found a couple on the target next to his but that necessarily wasn't his fault. It could have been the other fellow's fault just as well as his. Besides, Alfred didn't have too much faith in the rifle. Why, every time he took it apart in class and put it back together, there were parts left over. Thinking of the rifle made Alfred smile. It brought to memory the time the spring had whizzed by the instructor's ear. He still couldn't understand why the instructor had been so mad. After all, accidents will happen.

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Alfred had now reached the path leading to his dorm and still hadn't thought of a reason which would add weight to the advance board's decision. As he was walking down the path, he saw a group of officers coming his way. Still a little reluctant about using his peek-a-boo salute, he didn't want to come face to face with them. In order to dodge them he made a smart left face to cut across the lawn but failed to see the pipe railing used as a fence to protect the grass. Trying so desperately to get away, he tripped over the fence and went sprawling on the ground. He couldn't remember for the life of him whether the drill manual gave rules about saluting when on his stomach. With all the pride he could muster he gave what he thought was one of his snappiest salutes. Getting up, he shook off the grass and dirt from his uniform and proceeded into the dorm, still puzzled.

"Of all reasons to be refused," he thought, "that one took the cake—lack of military bearing."



The Guardian of the Hills

By Daniel C. Walsh, '56

“**M**EN hang out signs indicative of their respective trades. Shoemakers hang out a gigantic shoe; jewelers a monster watch; even the dentist hangs out a gold tooth. But up in the mountains of New Hampshire, God Almighty has hung out a sign to show that there He makes men.”

Daniel Webster was inspired to write the preceding lines after viewing the Old Man of the Mountain. They have always impressed me—they cannot fail to impress after one has viewed this remarkable Profile. It seems to inspire the writer to write, the artist to paint, the poet to sing its praises in verse. Strange as it may seem, it even inspires the song-writer to compose; for a song about this famous Profile has recently been published. The ‘Old Man’ has caused orators and statesmen to expound upon it, and it compels all to hold their breath with wonderment and awe.

To me, however, the ‘Old Man’ is more than just a geological wonder and a tourist attraction. To me he represents an ideal.

When one first views The Old Man of the Mountain, the impression is one of speechless amazement. It is so perfect a profile that some may even doubt that it was naturally formed. However, as one gazes at this marvelous work, it clearly supersedes what the ability of mortal man could do, and obviously becomes the work of the infinite creator.

The Profile is located on the eastern end of Cannon Mountain, 1,200 feet above U.S. highway #3, at Franconia Notch, New Hampshire. Here the mountain ends abruptly in jagged cliffs—almost as if some terrible power had burst

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off the sloping ridges of the mountain and gone down the valley tearing off the forests and grinding away the face of the rock for two solid miles. Nestled at the foot of the mountain is a beautiful tarn, sometimes called "The Old Man's Washbowl," but more commonly known as Profile Lake.

History records that the Profile was first seen by white men in 1805, when the state was surveying a road through Franconia Notch. Two workmen on the road, Luke Brooks and Francis Whitcomb, were washing their hands in Profile Lake (then called Ferrin's Pond) and looking up through the trees, beheld the 'Old Man' gazing sternly down the valley. It is said that one of the men exclaimed "That's Jefferson" (who was then President.)

The existence of the Profile was first made known to the public by Professor Benjamin Silliman, editor of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, who published a brief description of it in July, 1828.

Several legends give rise to the indication that the Penacook Indians, who lived south of the Notch and hunted in it, knew of the Profile. They are supposed to have feared and worshipped the mysterious image, which to them represented Manitou, their Great Spirit. Legend says that only chieftains were permitted to gaze on the Great Face, and then only in times of peril, or when very important decisions had to be made for the welfare of the tribe.

The Indians claimed to have noticed various changes of expression assumed by the Profile in the passage of time. Before the coming of the white man, they said, it did not have the severe aspect it now wears but through long centuries of grieving over the savage wars and cruelties of his favorite children, the Red Men, he gradually assumed his present mien.

Although Indian legend would have us believe that the Profile was formed by Manitou carving his likeness out

of the rock, geologists claim that it is a product of the Ice Age and was formed many thousands of years ago by the receding glacier. As the ice withdrew, the huge ledge on the side of the mountain was broken off in jagged surfaces with terrific force. The irregular ledges left were further eroded and forced off by frost, ice, and storm until the present rock projections were left, forming the Profile.

The face is composed of three separate masses of rock. Although in looking at them one seems to see a face, this is merely an illusion. In fact, there is really only one spot where the likeness is perfect and if one moves a few rods it seems to disappear into a mass of jumbled rock. The full face view shows only distorted ledges high on the shoulder of the cliff. Only at one particular place, readily found by the natural laws of perspective, are the ledges brought into proper relation. The illusion is produced by the accidental position of various points of rock which project from the cliff at different places, not under each other. What appears to be the nose is a long, sloping ledge; and the outermost point, which seems to be the tip of the nose, is at least fifty feet out of the perpendicular line from the forehead. The Profile, therefore, exists only in the eyes that see it, and not in the rock. The Face measures forty feet from forehead to chin and was first measured by a State Survey in 1871, probably by Dartmouth students.

Few people have ever found the exact spot on the mountain where the ledges forming the Profile are located. There is no well defined path to the spot and, in fact, there is no way for the average person to identify the ledges if he should reach them.

About 1874 some members of the Appalachian Mountain Club (the club is still active) located the ledges and discovered that one of the large boulders forming part of the forehead had slipped a little and was in danger of falling off. Accounts were published in several newspapers

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about possible damage to the Profile. C. H. Greenleaf, proprietor of the Profile House, a large hotel nearby (destroyed by fire in August, 1923), made a further examination of the ledges but nothing was done, as it was felt that there was no way of repairing the damage that the elements would ultimately do.

Not long afterwards, the Rev. Guy Roberts of Whitefield became interested in seeing that something was done to preserve the Profile. He visited the spot several times and was able to interest Mr. Edward H. Geddes, an expert stonemason of Quincy, Mass., in looking into the possibility of saving the Face. In the fall of 1915 they took accurate measurements and made models to show how they could hinge the rock to its precarious perch on the main ledge by means of turnbuckles and lewises. An appeal was made to Governor Spaulding, who granted permission and told the men that the state would authorize and pay for the work as outlined.

Mr. Geddes began work at once. He labored against the dangers and cold late into the fall, striving to anchor the slipping rock. One writer, Ernest Poole, said, "—to save the famous godlike frown, for eight days in sunshine, sleet, and rain, an expert mason worked up there, perched upon a narrow ledge while he drilled holes and embedded anchor irons in the mighty brow" (*The Great White Hills of N. H.*, p. 346). The work was successfully completed, due to the master skill of Mr. Geddes and the faithful perseverance of Mr. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts was also instrumental in having the knoll at the end of Cannon Mountain declared a separate mountain and renamed Profile Mountain. (Cannon Mountain is so named because of a natural rock cannon on its summit.)

Franconia Notch, in which the Profile is situated, is a narrow, natural defile or pass in the wall of mountains. It

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is one of the three main passes from 'below' to Canada (the other two being Crawford and Pinkham Notches). It extends in a northerly direction for about five miles and has an average width of one half mile. It lies along the western base of the Franconia Range. In his book, *The White Hills*, the Rev. Starr King† described it thus: "The narrow district thus inclosed contains more objects of interest to the mass of travellers than any other region of equal extent within the compass of the usual White Mountain tour."

Many books have been written in which stories and facts about the Profile have been recorded. Some have dealt exclusively with this subject and many tales have been adapted from it. Of these, however, none is more famous or more lovely than Nathaniel Hawthorne's beautiful allegorical tale, "The Great Stone Face." Indeed, Hawthorne gave the Profile literary immortality:

It seemed, he said, as if an enormous giant, or Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

Of course the actual dimensions of the Profile are not quite as huge as Hawthorne's exuberant description.

Another story inspired by the Old Man of the Mountain is Edward Roth's legendary tale of "Christus Judex." The theme of this is the search of an Italian painter, Casola, for a suitable model for the face of a figure of Christ sitting in judgment, which he was painting for the altar-piece of the church in his native town.

†This book was published in 1859. Starr King was one of the most colorful exponents of these hills. His name has been preserved in Mt. Starr King and in King's Ravine, the tremendous gorge first explored and described by him, on the north side of Mt. Adams.

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Having failed, after much seeking, to find a satisfactory countenance or representation of one in the Old World, Casola was very discouraged until his mother told him that a dying missionary has told her of having seen a face in America such as might belong to a judging Christ. Acting upon this report, Casola crossed the sea at once and was conducted to the region in the land of the Abnakis, where the missionary had labored. On his arrival there, he found some Indians who guided him to the region of lofty mountains, where he at length attained the object of his search and found in the Profile the fulfillment of his conception of ideal grandeur.

For all the words of praise that have been written about the Old Man of the Mountain there has been, on record, only one voice lifted against its majestic wonder. Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, after spending some time in the mountains in 1851 wrote:

The peculiarity of these so-called White Mountains is the gigantic human profiles which, in many places, look out from the mountains with a precision and perfect regularity of outline which is quite astonishing. They have very much amused me and I have sketched several of them in my rambles. We have our quarters here very close to one of these countenances which has long been known under the name of the "Old Man of the Mountain." It has not any nobility in its features, but resembles an old man in a bad humor and with a nightcap on his head, who is looking out from the mountain half inquisitive.

The Great Stone Face has been adopted as the state trademark of New Hampshire, and well it might for it is a symbol truly representative of her people and character. It is solid and has a determined look which typifies these mountain folk. It is quiet and yet it has a sage look about it. If the Profile could speak, what stories would it have

to tell? The Old Man has seen the Red Men driven from their domain by the invaders. He has seen the birth of our nation. He has seen times good and bad, prosperity and depression, war and pestilence. He has seen America survive through all her trials.

For thousands of years the Old Man has maintained a watchful vigil and a staunch guard over his vast empire as he reigns from his lofty throne. For many more years, as he gazes sternly but serenely down the valley, he will remain—The Guardian of the Hills.

To my mind, one of the most beautiful tributes ever written to the Old Man of the Mountains is the following poem by Frances Ann Johnson, a native of New Hampshire:

Within a small, tree-shadowed space
I can look up and see a Face
Ice-chiseled long ago.
If I desert that favored sphere,
The noble features disappear
And only ledges show.
It all depends on where I stand
If shapeless rock or something grand
Is visible to me.
And what I choose to keep in view
Becomes a part of all I do
And all I hope to be.
I'll have to choose with equal care
The stand I take in life, for there
Within my little place
I'll either see just rock and sky
And never know or wonder why—
Or I'll behold a Face!

The Liturgical Movement

By JOSEPH R. SALVATORE, '57

DURING the past fifty years the word "liturgical" has become one of the most commonly used in the Church both among the clerics and the laity. As so often happens when a word is frequently used, it inevitably takes on too many meanings for its own good, and for our own good. Instead of leading the faithful to its true meaning and original signification, "liturgical", with its wide, erroneous conception and use, has actually become more confusing than enlightening.

To many it means a specialized interest in the externals of Catholic worship. Still to others it is an "exact" observance of the rubrics or rules laid down by the Church to govern ceremonies and art. These are only a small part of what the liturgy actually is. Yet many have the idea that the *Mysterium*—the Mass, the Mystery between Christ and His Church—is the Liturgy. This definition, it seems, would refer only to the Mass as the Liturgy. This, of course, is gross error, for everyone accepts the Divine Office and the celebrations of feasts, along with the so-called "extra-liturgical" ceremonies, as an integral part of the Liturgy, since they are directly related to the Divine Liturgy of the Church.

With this—by accepting the Mass, the Divine Office, the feasts, and other liturgical ceremonies—and by uniting ourselves with Christ in these various ways as a community, we can then safely say that the Liturgy is the "public worship" rendered to God by His Church, which duly authorizes and regulates such worship.

During ancient times the actions of public benefactors were called "liturgies," and these benefactors were

called "liturgists." In time, however, this word was used to designate only the actions done by men in the religious sphere. A liturgist came to mean some man who did something that had to do with religion—something which, though done by him, was done for others, and which needed the collaboration of those others if it were to have any effect. The religious action thus done was called a "liturgy."

And this is so in the Redemption. The greatest liturgy ever done was the saving and sanctifying work of Christ our Lord. Our redemption was done by Him; He did it for us. Christ—Who continues through the instrumentality of His Mystical Body and other functions which still do, which always have, and which will continue to require the collaboration of those on whose behalf it was done—is the Great Liturgist. This means that we must participate in the Liturgy for it to be fully efficacious in our life. In the words of our Holy Father in his encyclical letter, "Mediator Dei," we find the Liturgy defined as follows:

"The Sacred Liturgy is, consequently, the public worship which our Redeemer as Head of the Church renders to the Father, as well as the worship which the community of the faithful renders to its Founder, and through Him to the heavenly Father. It is, in short, the worship rendered by the Mystical Body of Christ in the entirety of its Head and members."

Further, in this encyclical letter our Holy Father commands the faithful to endeavour to understand and appreciate more fully the precious treasures contained in the Sacred Liturgy; he also cherishes the hope that his exhortations will not only move the faithful who are sluggish and recalcitrant to a more correct concept of the Liturgy, but that his decree will inspire the faithful to restore all things in Christ by a comprehensive study of the Liturgy. Such directives as these, given both in the past and in the present, have given encouragement to those who have always felt

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the need of such work. As a consequence, in reply to these exhortations, the Liturgical Movement was founded.

Since so many of the laity have a cloudy and distorted idea of what the Liturgy is, it is no wonder that the Liturgical Movement has not been able to inspire either curiosity or enthusiasm among zealous Catholics. Because many people do regard the Liturgical Movement as concerned merely with externals that are of interest only to the clergy, it is logical that no person under such a misconception would endeavour to further a movement for his general cultivation, which would be so uninspiring, since it dealt with specialties. The Liturgy is not such a specialty. All artists do not want their friends to become artists, for they realize the specialty involved in that work. But everyone who has discovered what are the actual purposes and means of the Liturgical Movement at once attempts to attract others to the same work.

This is as it ought to be, since all are members of the Mystical Body, and the charity which exists in its members will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest. Indeed the Liturgy is that general and spiritual expansion and unity whose very nature demands that we take other members along with us. It will not tolerate individualism. For if the members of the Mystical Body neglect to take others along, they will ultimately find that their own spiritual joy emanating from the Liturgy will be frozen and become insipid. It is obvious, then, the Liturgical Movement has a deeper and far more significant purpose than commonly presupposed. It is concerned with the center of Christian life; it is the true source of spiritual edification and seeks to unite all in the spirit of oneness.

What exactly are the purposes and aims of the Liturgical Movement? The Liturgical Movement is one of the many-sided works going on throughout the Church in accordance with our Pope's program, the purpose of which

is to bring the lives and actions of the faithful into a closer contact with the sacramental life and action of Christ in His Church. In the words of Pius X it seeks to promote

active participation of the laity in the Sacred Mysteries and in the public solemn prayer of the Church, for this is the primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit.

In particular, in accordance with the points set forward by the Rev. Clifford Howell, S. J., this movement desires to promote the following objectives:

1. Some realization of the true nature of the supernatural life
2. A grasp of the doctrine of the Mystical Body
3. A clear view of the mediatorship or priesthood of Christ
4. An understanding of the share of the laity in the priesthood of Christ
5. An appreciation of sacrifice as the supreme act of worship
6. An appreciation of corporate worship.

By a close scrutiny of our modern world one can readily see the increasingly individualistic and secularistic attitude that has infected us to some grave, detrimental degree, actually robbing the members of the Mystical Body of the fullness and the integrity of our Christian life. Many of the faithful are losing their oneness and their membership in the Mystical Body by this lack of unity and of active participation. Individualism and secularism cause the souls of the faithful not to think of themselves as a holy community, aiming towards oneness of perfection; rather, it disintegrates the community into individuals seeking their own interest without regard for the Church and her work.

In order to remedy this situation successfully the individual must realize that the Mass—the essence of our faith—and the Sacraments are the prime sources and means of achieving our salvation and sanctification. Important regard must be held also for the Divine Office, the use of sacramentals and that which is beyond what is required of us. All these form the integrated program of life which is the Liturgical Movement; it is a program of re-integra-

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tion, of restoring all things in Christ, so that all Catholics may be guided in all their actions to their rightful inheritance. We do not need a new way of saving the world, but a restoration of and a participation in the old—the way of the early Christians, who zealously cooperated with Christ in His great work.

The Vicars of Christ have strongly recommended in their encyclicals that we observe the principles of the re-entrance of all things in Christ. The program of restoring all things in Christ centers on the restoration of the active participation of the faithful in the sacred mysteries. This is achieved, of course, by explaining Christ, the Church, and her services. We have already felt the first fruits of this program instituted by Pius X, particularly by his granting us the privilege of daily reception of Holy Communion. Since then, Our Holy Fathers have given approbation to the program initiated by their saintly predecessor. Other individuals who have fostered the plans of these Popes have been: Dom Gueranger in France, whose popular work, *L'Annee Liturgique*, has taught many thousands to live their lives in union with the Mysteries of Christ in the Church's year; the founders of the Benedictine Congregation of Beuron; the theologian Joseph Mattias Scheeben; and many others. In our day we hear our current Holy Father re-echoing in his encyclicals "Mystici Corporis Christi" and "Mediator Dei" the sentiments of his predecessors. This latter work may well be accepted as the charter of the work of the Liturgical Movement. In our own country our whole episcopate was instrumental in paving the way for a future fuller participation of the laity in the life of the Church, for the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore urged that priests often explain the Mass and the Sacraments to their flocks, and that the faithful should have at their disposal prayerbooks containing an accurate trans-

lation of prayers and rites carefully chosen from those of the Missal, the Breviary, and the Ritual.

Pope Pius XI, in his encyclical on the "Reparation Due to the Sacred Heart of Jesus" reminds us that we are buried together with Christ by Baptism unto death, and that we become partakers in His Body and eternal priesthood. Therefore, we are the chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, who must unite in offering the sacrifices for sin. At present few of the faithful are still unaware of the dignity and privilege that is theirs in sharing in the priesthood of Christ. Since we are part of this kingly priesthood, we must not merely pray at Mass, but "pray the Mass," for the Mass is concerned with all the members of the Mystical Body.

All that is used directly in the worship of God by the Church ought to be inspired by the liturgical spirit. The liturgical point of view, seeking the integral restoration of all things in Christ ought to impel priests, religious, and laymen—when buying goods or services for themselves, their homes, their communities, their schools, or their churches—to choose those which are well made by men who are working primarily in order to serve God and their neighbor in charity rather than for commercial success.

Oneness of spirit with Christ our Lord can be obtained only through active participation in the Mass itself, in the Feasts, and seasons of the Church, the faithful reception of the Sacraments—as well as the use of sacramentals; only in this way can there be a fruitful sharing in the solemn prayer of the Church. We can learn to live Christ only by acting in a Christ-like manner. This means true and active participation. This unity is especially and most perfectly achieved by assistance at the august sacrifice of the Mass, where our Lord commanded that we take and eat His body and drink His blood in His memory. From this act all the graces necessary for surmounting our obstacles in

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life flow. Indeed, through this, our entire life is sacramentalized, for we draw upon that vital energy, Our Christ; this is as He intended.

The Liturgical Movement teaches the supreme Realism of the Church herself. In short, this movement has as its framework the doctrines of the Church taken as vital realities. It takes the first and most necessary means to promote the practical love of God and of neighbor—union with Christ Our Lord in His Church; and it finds its visible flower and fruit in ordered, effective Catholic life and action.

Objection has been made that the priest and the laity do not have ample time in which to explain fully the basic doctrinal and moral propositions, and that the priest cannot afford the time for what seems to be a luxury, that is teaching the faithful to love, to know, and take full part in the Liturgy. But since the Liturgy is concerned with the vital realities of the Church, the faithful, by a closer contact with the Mystical Body, can learn to avoid sin and its occasions, because one re-studies the basic doctrines of faith and morals in the course of each liturgical year by active participation in the church services. Through this active way these instructions are not covered in a dry manner, but rather, as “organic life.” Consequently, by active participation a twofold goal is reached: the faithful become as one in the Mystical Body, and they are instructed in the vital realities of the Church.

No Catholic is “unliturgical,” for Baptism makes all Catholics capable of partaking in the worship of God in His Church; as a consequence, we become a part of the Liturgy, since the Liturgy requires the cooperation of others to be fully effective. The difficulty is not, therefore, how to be liturgical; it is how to participate more fully and effectively in the Liturgy. The dire need of our modern world for the grace and light and peace of Christ demands that we

use the most sure and efficient means of cooperating with Christ in His great work of sanctifying mankind. We can do this work not only by practicing our personal and accustomed way of worship, but we must also prefer and employ the full liturgical, sacramental life of prayer that Christ has given us.

Therefore all who see the necessity of the full life of the Church as the chief means of salvation and sanctification will begin to lead this life as actively as they can, and will begin to take others along with them in this general expansion of Christian worship. "We must cultivate that burning love of the Church, the Spouse of Christ, His Mystical Body, for which our Holy Father so movingly pleads; a love which cherishes her Sacraments, her ceremonies, her sacred chant and liturgy, her sacramentals, and devotions; a love which respects her authority in all its manifestations; a love which includes not only the glorious Church in heaven, but also the Church as she is on earth today; a love which, seeing that Christ is the Church, sees and loves Him in all His members, paying honor and deference to the superior members of this Mystical Body and actively cherishing the wounded, the sick, the needy, the weak, the young; a love which works constantly for the upbuilding and increase of this Body by prayer and suffering and action; a love which imitates, as it flows from, Christ's own love for His Church."

We are all required to take part in this great work. Start to do so without hesitation, as fully and actively and gainfully as we can, so that "doing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up in Him Who is the Head, even Christ."

The Black Belt

By Paul F. Pothier, '56

The black belt is a Japanese award to proficient exponents of judo. The highest rank of the black belt is the fourth degree. To attain it a man must defeat a member of the first, second, and third degrees. Thus becoming a third degree himself, he must then defeat four men of the fourth degree. Very few men ever attain this rank and of those who do not many are young. This story is an incident in the life of one of these men.

IT was a bitterly cold dreary morning in early December. The wind cut through Jiro as the sickle cuts wheat. He passed few people on the streets at this early hour: a policeman, a woman, and two American G. I.'s, who looked even more pale than the row of grey plaster buildings he approached. He could see a light from the second story window of one of these buildings. Over its door a sign told him that the gym was already open. He entered hurriedly and mounted the stairs.

The only occupants of the gym were several high school youths laboriously practicing their falls. They bowed respectfully as he passed them. Certainly a man of the fourth degree was to be held in high respect. Jiro smiled inwardly, recalling his own youth when he had spent many happy hours in this very room; but that was long ago. Perhaps too long, he thought, as he continued on to the dressing room.

As he put on his robes for that which was to come, his thoughts began to wander and he began to dwell on days long past. He thought of the days of conquest, the days of his youth. He remembered how it was then, in China and Manchukuo. He thought of that day in Heiho. That day, as any other, should have gone as usual. But during an insignificant skirmish a lowly farmer nearly succeeded in lopping off his head with a hoe. How he hated to think of it later! An officer of the glorious imperial army of Nippon felled by a farmer's hoe! He recalled those days

at his desk in Tokyo headquarters, when he longed to be at the front with his men, those days when he was the object of the sidelong glances and snickers of his fellow officers who knew of his mishaps. How he hated them then!

He thought also of his sergeant—the fierce young bully they called “Tiger.” That brutal half-human creature had hated him from the moment they first met. How he used to antagonize Jiro in those early years! After that day at Heiho they never met again during the war. It was only three weeks ago that they had met in the gym. Jiro remembered how Tiger had made all the outward signs of courtesy and had asked to meet him there before the judges to qualify for the fourth degree, and how he had accepted with apparent reluctance.

During the past three weeks he had watched Tiger many times in the gym. He knew that he could defeat him. It would give him pleasure to meet this beast and break him as one breaks a straw. Had not Tiger broken many in those days long ago? He would not restrain himself against this man as he did against others who wished to qualify. In becoming a fourth degree, one learns to inflict crippling injury at will. Jiro had always restrained himself in the past.

The sound of approaching voices brought Jiro’s mind back to the present. He stared at the door of the dressing room, expecting the bloated Tiger and the boot lickers who were always with him in the old days. The door opened and two figures appeared, Tiger and a thin lad of about ten. Jiro successfully concealed his amazement as Tiger introduced his oldest son, Joshio. The boy seemed very polite and well mannered. Tiger seemed changed. He talked incessantly as he prepared himself. It was not, however, the old talk, the boastful, proud talk of a young bully. It was the talk of a middle-aged man, a father. He told Jiro of those years after the war and how he married and settled

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down. He spoke of his family, his wife and three strong sons. Ah! the gods had been good! It reminded Jiro of his own family. Soon Tiger was ready and they entered the gym.

Everything was ready now. The judges, attendants, even several spectators were there. The time was at hand. Both observed the formalities. They bowed to the judges and prayed to the gods. Jiro went to his corner, removed his outer robe and waited. He noticed the sun streaming through the windows, and its warmth went through his body. He looked at Joshio, squatting on the floor behind his father.

Then they started. As Jiro circled around the mat, he thought of the old Tiger, the Tiger he would break. That man was gone. He was gone with the foolish years of youth. Gone too was Jiro's vengence and hatred. He would not break this man. He would beat him but not break him.



Exploring The Unknown...

By WILLIAM F. BRODERICK, JR., '54

ASK a dozen people whether they believe in the “unknown,” and the majority will reply that they haven’t the slightest belief in such a thing. Still, underneath they must have wondered sometime whether there is not some truth in the prophecies of fortune tellers, and whether there is not some sound reason behind superstitions. According to the *Encyclopedia Americana*,

In the heart of nearly every human being, savage or civilized, exists a settled conviction that he dwells in the midst of an unseen world, peopled with beings of strange powers who thwart the plans of his own life or assist him in his endeavors.

Some people become so disturbed wondering about things they cannot understand that they consult “psychological experts.” In the entire United States there probably aren’t more than 3,500 psychologists and psychiatrists who are scientifically trained to assist persons with mental or emotional difficulties. The remainder are mind meddlers operating under titles ranging from “marriage counselors” to “consultants on personal problems.” Although the charlatans are utterly without training, they are often called “Doctor,” boasting diplomas—proclaiming them to be “Doctors of Psychology” or “Doctors of Metaphysics”—purchased from certain unaccredited, self-styled colleges and correspondence schools. These fakers coin money every year by giving false advice that has caused untold misery and even suicide.

However, these psuedo-psychiatrists are not the only ones people consult to learn about themselves and the unknown. Another very common way is to visit fortune tellers, who, when their palm is crossed with silver, tell of

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the warnings of tea leaves and stars, the vibrations of numbers and furniture, and of figures in crystal balls. Fortune telling has become one of the most prosperous businesses in America. The people of this nation are paying \$125,000,000 annually to an army of 100,000 fortune tellers of all types who infest the country from one end to the other. Some of them receive \$25 to \$100 for a single reading. Others can make up to \$10,000 per month by advertising and getting replies by mail. Still others publish cheap, pulp magazines that offer to solve the most intimate problems of every individual. The sale of this trash has been sufficient to keep the publishers in business.

Some of the bolder "clairvoyants" have gone so far as to produce radio programs on which they rave about the glories of exploring the traditional trilogy of time. Then, to show that they are willing to help, they ask their audience to submit questions which will be answered free of charge. The deluded then receive answers which are vague and unsatisfactory. However, the accompanying letter states that more definite answers will be sent to four questions for the small price of one dollar. At the same time, a book of dreams, a horoscope, and a set of "love secrets" are offered for five dollars.

Some fortune tellers operate in dark, dingy cellars that create an ethereal atmosphere; others ply their trade in modern offices—which manifest the success of the business. No matter where they bilk the ignorant, their technique is always the same. It consists of getting, by hook or by crook, all the information they can about the customer, presenting it in the most impressive way, and convincing the victim through a myriad of tricks of the truth of their assertions. Perhaps the customer telephoned for an appointment and received one for the next day. During that day, the fortune teller or his assistant may go to the client's home disguised as a salesman. In this way he learns the client's

environment, family, habits, hobbies, occupation, likes and dislikes. The next day he can tell his customer more about himself than the customer himself knew. Sometimes the “diviner” is able to tell fortunes simply by the appearance of his client. Or he asks questions indirectly, then repeats the answers to his consultant in different words. Thus the poor individual believes that the fortune teller possesses weird powers of divination.

Cartomancy is the most popular mode of telling fortunes. This has evolved through the ages in gypsy and other folklore in assigning values to face cards. While this art may provide hours of enjoyment, it is complete folly, of course, to take it seriously.

There is another aspect of going to fortune tellers that ought to be heeded by Roman Catholics at least—its violation of divine law. The practice is a direct and positive violation of the commandment, “I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt not have strange gods before me.” Some will say to this: “That isn’t true. I believe in God; I honor only Him. I may consult fortune tellers, but I don’t believe them. I’m not putting them in God’s place, but realize they are only men and treat them accordingly.” But it must be remembered that God has not granted such people the power to know the future. This is proved by His injunction, “Go not aside after wizards; neither ask anything of soothsayers to be defiled by them; I am the Lord your God” (Leviticus 19:31). God also decreed:

“Neither let there be found among you anyone . . . that consulteth soothsayers or observeth dreams and omens; neither let there be any wizard, nor charmer, nor anyone that consulteth pythonic spirits, or fortune tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead. For the Lord abhorreth all these things” (Deuteronomy 18:10-12).

At this writing, strong forces in several states are attempting to outlaw fortune telling. Perhaps it is the start

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of a determined battle against this evil, and the harbinger of the end of these inhuman exploiters.

Still more evidence of the naivete in the popular mind can be discerned in the prevalence of superstition. While it is not as seriously regarded as the prophecies of the fortune tellers, it nonetheless exists. Superstition is not new in the world, but seems to have been with people throughout all time. Although education is more widespread than ever before, superstition remains. Superstitions are really beliefs that have survived from an earlier stage of thinking, and are based upon false illations of cause and effect which are contradicted by science. Yet, strong emotional trends, actuated by hope and/or fear, appeal to all people, no matter how much education they may possess. These human trends render many of us prey to superstition, be it in a minute or great degree.

Many consider it bad luck to walk under a ladder. The foundation of this superstition is that Our Lord was taken down from the cross by means of a ladder. Another popular belief is that it is unlucky to light three cigarettes with the same match. This superstition gained currency during World War I, probably because a match held this long would give the enemy a clue to one's position at night.

Superstitions survive because every detail of behavior is regarded as influencing future events, i.e., may lead to favorable circumstances (good luck), or their opposite. Their genesis lies in ignorance of true causes of events, and by reference of these events to relations which are personally more satisfying. The earliest ones were a belief in the Evil Eye and in Witchcraft. Talismans were sewn in Oriental embroideries to bring good luck. It was an ancient Greek custom to leave a few stitches of a new garment unsewn, because of the belief that if it were finished, it would also finish the life of the wearer. Every country has its own superstitions. Horseshoes, two dollar bills,

umbrellas, salt and mirrors are the victims of many superstitious beliefs. Mirrors in rooms where the dead were laid out used to be covered, so that the escaping spirit could not see its reflection. Many things are done in groups of three; this is because three were crucified—our Lord and two thieves. The *non gratum* status of the number thirteen stems from the fact that there were that number present at the Last Supper. Christ's being crucified on Friday probably accounts for the unlucky connotation which that day has.

There are many other methods of prying into the unknown. A few of these are telepathy, astrology and crystal gazing. Telepathy, commonly known as mind-reading, is the transfer of a thought from one mind to another at a distance. This is used to place a concept or some information in the mind of a person, and is supposedly done beyond the reach of any of the five senses without any mechanical aid. Records of telepathic instances are plentiful; none of them has been substantiated.

Astrology is a system of forecasting human destinies through the positions of heavenly bodies. Its basic instrument is the horoscope, which divides the sky into twelve "houses." Each of these houses bears the Latin name that was suggested to ancient sky gazers by the outlines of its component stars. The horoscope is based on the Ptolemaic hypothesis that all stars and planets revolve around the earth. Oddly enough, astrologers frequently place some celestial bodies in the same place simultaneously. These two facts alone prove its patent absurdity.

This amusing art began in ancient Babylonia. The Egyptians deemed it a science, and its practice constituted the chief source of ecclesiastical revenue in that country. The Greeks first divided the horoscope into its twelve parts, a division based on the dozen parts of the human body according to Graeco-Roman anatomy. No Roman cam-

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paign, Republican or Imperial, was ever undertaken without prior consultation with astrologers; throughout Rome's history, a large majority of its leaders conducted their careers according to astrologers' findings.

The popularity of astrology has continued into our own day. Horoscopes are printed in many daily newspapers; astrological advice is broadcast over some major networks, and numerous otherwise normally intelligent people seek its aid annually. There are even several astronomical societies with international memberships whose aim is to "further cooperation and exchange of thought on the subject of astrology."

Perhaps the best known mode of exploring the unknown is by gazing into a crystal ball. Believe it or not, there is some sound science behind this practice. It is psychologically true that if one, when concentrating on a particular object, intensely stares at something transparent for a sufficient period of time, an image of that object or event will appear. This could be quite useful in recovering lost articles. Unfortunately, however, most of those who indulge in this pseudo-science give it a prospective reference, instead of its proper retrospective one.

In *Biology and Human Affairs*, John W. Ritchie states:

The need for science as a conservator of mental freedom is appallingly great; for without science to influence him, to win now and test his ideas and beliefs, man has proved himself but a feeble intellectual organism. He builds up beliefs in the existence of creations and forces that do not at all exist. Under such beliefs, he is ruled by fear and demonology. He is exploited and tyrannized by mental racketeers who make a practice of protecting him from evils that exist only in his own imagination.

The city, state and national governments should heed the remarks of such men as Ritchie and suppress this pernicious racketeering. It is debasing the mind made to the image of God and is violating the first commandment. We grin at the foolishness of those who are hoodwinked, but we ought to eradicate the evil.

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WE NEED MANY MORE

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