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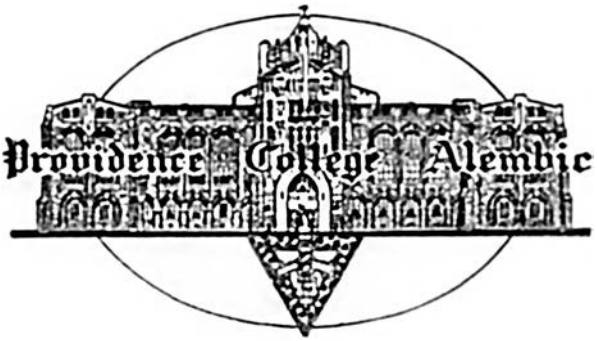

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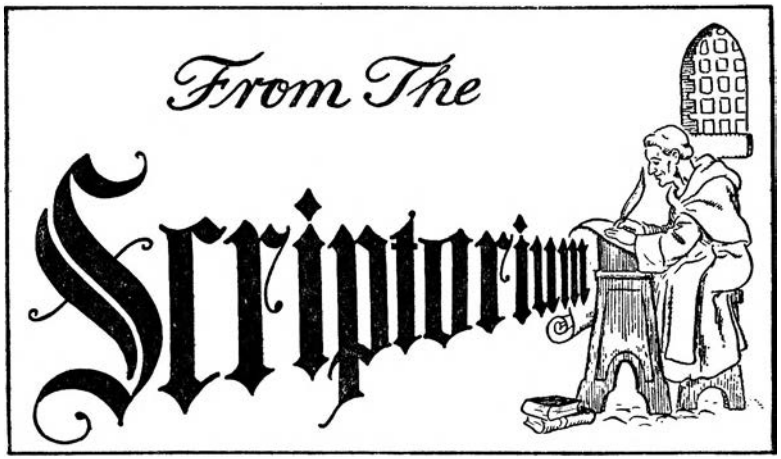

Marian Year

"A MARIAN year is proclaimed to be celebrated throughout the world on the occasion of the first centenary of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary." These are the words of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, in the encyclical letter, *Fulgens Corona,* setting aside 1954 as a special year of dedication to the Mother of God. But in addition to the proclamation, this great encyclical also contains a thorough and dogmatic consideration of the true doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Consequently, how wonderful it would be if every single Catholic were to read this document—readily available in every parish—and thereby come to an understanding, once and for all, of the meaning of this sacred doctrine, its significance for each one of us, and the manner in which it is responsible for this, the Marian year.

Many of you must have noticed the existence of a disheartening ambiguity concerning the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Some Catholics, and very many non-Catholics, confuse the Immaculate Conception with the Virgin Birth, and this seems to be the greatest source of difficulty. In the beginning, then, it would be well for us to make a clear distinction.

Holy Mother Church tells us that the Immaculate Conception is "that singular privilege whereby the Blessed Virgin Mary, in view of the foreseen merits of her divine Son, was, at the first instant of her conception, preserved free from all stains of original sin." Note the use of the term, "singular privilege." It means that no one born of the stock of Adam was ever conceived free from original sin before our Lady, and that no one since that time has been similarly privileged.

With respect to this matter, the case of St. John the Baptist frequently arises. But we know that, although he was born free from original sin, John was not conceived free from it. The honor that he enjoyed, theologians tell us, manifested itself at the time of our Lady's visit to her cousin Elizabeth. It is said of Elizabeth in sacred scripture that, at the sight of Mary, "the child leapt in her womb." And this passage is taken to signfy that John's liberation from original sin occurred at that very instant, not beforehand.

But coming back to the Church's solemn definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the phrase, "at the first instant of her conception [She was] preserved free from all stains of original sin," means that the Blessed

Virgin Mary was at no time stained by this sin: Not for one second did she carry the weight of sin on her soul. Although Our Lady was freed from this sin through the merits of her Divine Son, as we are, the manner in which her freedom was granted was altogether unique. Mary was redeemed by what is called a preservative redemption, while our souls are cleansed liberatively by the powerful sacrament of Baptism. We might clarify this point by saying that Mary never contracted the sin, whereas we did; thus, we are liberated from the sin we have contracted, but Mary was preserved from the sin entirely—a privilege most consonant with her office as Mother of God.

In reference to the confusion between the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth, it should be understood that the latter term refers to the miraculous conception of our Divine Lord, Jesus Christ, in the womb of the Blessed Virgin, by which she retained the integrity of her virginity: in the conception of her Child, in His birth and after His birth. Although they are distinct, the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin Birth are closely related; the first is a principle of the second. St. Thomas says it is fitting, it is appropriate, that, in view of the Son she was to bear, the Blessed Virgin Mary be conceived by her mother, St. Anne, free from original sin, and that she never know sin.

The foundation of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is in Sacred Scripture and in the teachings of the Fathers and the Doctors of the Church. In Genesis, after the fall of Adam, God the Creator addressed the serpent in these words: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed" (Gen. 3:15). But

if at any time the Virgin Mother had lost Divine grace, even for the briefest moment, certainly that perpetual enmity would not have existed between her and the devil. Also, in the New Testament, the same Holy Virgin is saluted "full of grace" and "blessed among women" (Luke 1:28, 42). These words were spoken by an angel to only one person, the blessed Mother of God; this further indicates the basis of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

It is staggering to realize that of the innumerable millions born of the stock of Adam, one and only one should be so singularly honored that she be conceived free from original sin. The most worthy, the divine Christ Himself, was not of the lineage of Adam, even though He did take upon Himself a human nature. Who then should be so singularly privileged? There could be no other than the woman who bore the Child Christ, the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The fact of the Immaculate Conception had been, from the very beginning of the Christian era, a part of that species of Divine Revelation called Tradition, but it was not until December 8, 1854, that Pope Pius IX proclaimed it a dogma of the Catholic Faith. This was truly a great time of joy for the Church. The declaration of the dogma also had marvelous effects upon the multitudes of laity and clergy throughout the world who were re-awakened to vivid awareness of the magnificence and the privilege of the Mother of God. People began to realize even more fully that through Mary's intercession all things are possible.

It would seem that the Blessed Virgin herself approved and sanctioned the proclamation, for just four years after the proclamation of Pius IX, there appeared to a

young maiden at the grotto of Massabielle a young woman, "youthful and benign in appearance, clothed in shining white garments, covered with a white mantle, and girded with a hanging blue cord," who, when asked her identity, answered: "I am the Immaculate Conception." Thus the amazing story of Lourdes began, with all its beauty and love. It would be impossible not to recognize the intercessory power of Our Blessed Mother after one has visited Lourdes. Lourdes is further proof of Mary's powerful influence known by us through Sacred Scripture and through the incontrovertible testimony of Tradition. At the marriage feast at Cana, for example, it was the anxiety of His Blessed Mother which prompted Our Lord to perform His first public miracle—the miracle which signalled the opening of His public life. This fact alone would be sufficient proof of Our Lady's power of intercession, even if the countless other instances had never occurred.

It is fitting that the Church should commemorate the centenary of the solemn definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It could not have come at a more crucial time in world history. With Communism spreading its atheistic doctrines among the suppressed peoples of the world, our need has never been greater for an instrument with which to combat this anti-God theory. We have always had the instrument, but never has it been so clearly defined, never has it been so specifically dedicated. The instrument, of course, is devotion to the Mother of God in this, her year, the Marian Year. Communism will not be defeated by the minds of great statesmen. There is more to the fight than that. It will be conquered only through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and one can win her

aid only by repeated prayers and external devotions. Our responsibility is that of realizing her tremendous power and of asking her to be our intercessor in our prayers for world peace.

Prayers from the hearts of the devout at Lourdes, from the persecuted Chinese, from the Christianized Turks, and from our own people should rise as a tribute to Mary during her year. And since the United States is dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, ours is a two-fold duty—first, as she is the patroness of our land, and secondly, as this is the year dedicated to our patroness.

If the Catholic populace of the world can unite their prayers by saying one family rosary each day, then we can place these prayers at the feet of the Virgin Mother who successfully crushed the serpent. This would be a truly fitting tribute to her and a step towards peace in the world.

We, as students of Providence College, have a splendid opportunity for showing our devotion to, and confidence in, the Mother of God. On the eighth day of each month of the school year the Blessed Sacrament is exposed in the student lounge. It would certainly not overtax us to pay Our Lord a visit and, at the same time, to offer up one rosary in honor of His Mother.

RAYMOND WALSH, '54

We've Got Rights....

By James McLarney, '56

THE city. A rambling sore of masonry. Something that shouldn't exist but does anyway. The roar of the subway. A thousand sights and smells. The glint of a taxi's chrome. Lonely music over a car radio at two in the morning. A face in the crowd that you've never been able to forget. Man-made canyons of concrete. The whine of buses. Millions of hurrying footsteps. The sound of children in the streets . . .

Children in the streets. The inheritors of a wonderful world, the future owners of a great city—*in the streets.* Not your fault, you say? I didn't say it was. Oh, but you've seen them. You've glanced at them as you hurried by a few feet and light years distant. Does the ineffable deign to speak to the unknowables? Dimly you must have sensed the blind striving force of youth. It's natural—the human principle of growth and mental advancement. Can the human spirit be buried in stinking concrete?

Why aren't they in school? School is good but it lasts only five short hours a day. Well then, why aren't they at home? I'll be frank. Because in some cases home is a greater horror to them than the streets. Yes, a greater horror. When some parents have realized the awful truth of static environment, the pith of frustration cannot be contained. Sometimes they take it out on the kids. What can the kids do about it? And sometimes the kids, rebelling under the impetus of wrong notions of free-

dom, won't heed the training offered them. Sometimes both parents are out working, even at night, to obtain the physical necessities for the family, but are thereby neglecting the spiritual.

From the stagnant cancers of the tenements pour the future leaders of the twentieth century. Out into the tangle of neon and cachophony they rush, bent on escape, release, excitement. Crime? Not always. They see it hardly as that. It's more like being natural. One of the boys . . . or girls. *Real gone. Nervous . . .*

Like to see two of them who think they have "rights" and who can't be "pushed around?" Okay. Mr. Cameraman, turn out the lights and let's go . . .

* * * * * *

The Hand was pushing Artie. The Hand was always pushing him—to work, to school, to church. For seventeen years The Hand had been pushing him. It was a bony hand, a work-worn hand. Sometimes he fought against it, but in the end The Hand always won. He could feel it prodding him in the small of the back. The Hand was his mother, his father, the personification of all authority. The more that he fought against it the harder The Hand pushed and prodded.

His tongue recoiled from the salty taste of blood in his mouth as he ran down the dark, smelly stairs with his father's threats floating down after him. He ran outside into the street and stopped on the sidewalk.

On each side of him as far as he could see were lights, the lights of First Avenue — a rainbow of headlights and

streetlights, constantly jostling and moving and weaving in and out with a noise like that of a giant turning over in his sleep. This was his world, the jungle that called to his budding manhood.

"I'd better dig out of here," he thought, "before the . . . ."

Out of the steel melee sprang a red convertible. With a loud blast of its horn, it came to a jouncing stop in front of him.

"Hey, Artie, you Fish! S'matter? De old man trow ya out again?"

"Ay Cats!" yelled Artie, and he jumped into the car. "What's new?"

Their answer was drowned out by the roar of dual exhausts and the scream of tortured rubber as the car started into motion. "Where to?" he asked, hoping that they wouldn't ignore him as they sometimes did. "Out ta Flytown," replied the driver and the car droned on through the thickening traffic.

Forty minutes later, the car skidded to a stop. The taint of salt spray was in the air. A few blocks away, neon threw a varicolored halo into the sky. In the distance, the El rumbled. Band music and laughter crept down the dark street between the lines of parked cars. This was Flytown —wide open.

The slamming of doors and the laughter edged with nervous anticipation bubbled about Artie. He was walking down the street with the boys, their footsteps beating a steel-tipped tattoo on the pavement. They were drawn

to the vortex of light and noise. Once on the main street, the chatter began—a jumble of profanity, the striving of young egos in the only way that they knew to be manly.

"Hey," yelled one of the group, "check this quail!"

As one they stopped and turned. Two girls had just crossed the street. Artie moved toward the older one. She was blond and not more than fifteen, he thought. Brown eyes looked up at him briefly and then turned quickly away. She stepped by him gracefully, ignoring his question—"Lonesome, Baby?" He turned red to the ears as he was rewarded by the sight of her slim figure vanishing in the crowd. The jeers and laughter of the boys filled the street:

"Artie's a big man!"

"Yeah, real bad, heap bad!"

"Haw Haw Haw Haw!"

"Okay, creeps," Artie retorted hotly. "Hold on to your hats and I'll show ya what the old score is!"

Grimly, he left them standing on the corner and plunged into the crowd after the girl. He didn't look back to see if the guys were coming with him. That didn't matter now.

The girl's red sweat shirt and black slacks made her easy to follow. Artie kept about a half a block behind her. She led him down to 104th Street. He guessed it was to Jack's that she was going. He was right. Two blocks later, she stopped in front of the large bar with the green fronting. Her flaxen "horse's tail" wriggled for a minute as if in indecision, and then she turned and went inside. Quick-

ening his steps, Artie followed her. A foot inside the door and his senses were bombarded by a sight that never failed to perplex him.

It was a long room with a longer bar that ran the length of one wall and curved around to continue into the adjoining dance floor. This floor was dirty and upon it danced many feet, feet that supported the resilient, flexible bodies of youth, bodies that twisted and bounced in the modern Nero vein.

Don't call my naaaa - ame! blared the jute box while all along the bar and on the tables the beer in countless glasses trembled and vibrated in frothy resonance. The drab interior of Jack's was in sharp contrast to the motley dress of its customers. Red and gold, black and chartreuse, crimson and electric blue flew the pennants of these modern-day knights. Pomade and grease glistened in the dull glow of the dusty overhead lights. Six bartenders bent earnestly to their endless task of dispensing the watered beer. Cash registers rang in muted harmony to the laughter and commotion. Jack himself stood in the middle of the bar casting watchful eyes in all directions. For serving minors he paid protection, but Rockaway cops didn't like riots and he couldn't afford to lose his precious license.

Artie still remained by the door. Now he felt that he didn't want to go in. The Hand was pushing him out and he fought back as usual. He saw a bartender looking his way. "Better act big," he thought. Shouldering his way to the bar, he spoke up. "Let's have a brew there, Pal."

He drank the first beer down in a gulp. He thought that it would bounce right back up; but the bartender

stopped looking at him, so he ordered another. He took only a small sip this time and started to look around. He didn't see any of the local boys. He noticed the mob from Queens Village, and over at the end of the bar were some Brooklyn boys. There was no one that he knew well enough to speak to under the circumstances. He had better watch himself. There were some boys here who weren't on the best of terms with his own gang.

Still trying to appear bigger and tougher than he was, he walked inside to the dance floor. He leaned against the wall and looked over the crowd of dancing couples. The band would be back any minute and then the real "dragging" would begin. He spotted the girl at a table about twenty feet away from where he was standing. She was all by herself. Well, that was a break anyway; at least he didn't have to compete with anybody else and there wasn't a crowd of girls to try to cut into.

He took about six steps in her direction and stopped. The Hand again. It was still restraining him. This time he was partly successful in brushing it from his mind. He moved toward the red and black blister.

At the far end of the room, the band returned from its break. There was a ruffle of drums and a tootle of brass. A tinny trumpet broke suddenly into melody:

Raaaaaaaaa - monnnnnnnnna!

"Just my style," reflected Artie as he spun slowly about the crowded dance floor with the girl in his arms. She was a good dancer—far better than he was. He held her close to him and his mind was filled with his own importance in the world. He supposed that it was time to

make the play. Restraining the quaver in his voice, he asked:

"You come here often?"

"Pretty much."

"What's your name?"

She laughed.. "Sally. What's your's?"

Artie hesitated for a second and then decided to give her his right name after all.

Her hand was warm and firm in his and the smell of her hair filled him. He came to the realization that the band had stopped playing.

"Let's sit down," he half stated and half asked.

She didn't answer him but allowed herself to be guided to an empty table nearby. Artie ordered more beer.

Sally ran her fingernails along a dirt-filled crack on the stained table top. She didn't look at this boy who had picked her up. Inside of her, The Door slammed again and again. The words of several days ago continued to ring in her ears and echo down the mushy, grey-walled passages of her brain. "You little tramp — little tramp — little tramp—tramp—tramp—*tramp!*" In all the mental turmoil, some things remained undisturbed. They were almost like photographs: The way the living room light was caught in those little beads of sweat on her mother's face; the funny crackling sound of Mr. Wolf's laughter after he had molested her in the gym that day; the stinging shock of her father's calloused hand; the condemning stares of the neighbors in the hall; a whirling, shifting maze of motion, and that final, stunning *SLAM* of the door in her convuls-

ing face. The Door kept on slamming and slamming and slamming. That was three days ago. She hadn't gone back. They couldn't push her around.

She turned and looked at Artie. "Hm. He's sorta cute, but is probably as lonely as I am," she mused.

"That'll be two bits, Mac."

Artie paid the waiter and paid him several more times in the next hour. Instead of dancing they talked. During this time Sally turned down several would-be partners. Artie began talking big. The fact that they both knew full well that his hyperboles were procreated by the beer influenced him not in the least. Artie knew that his money was running low. "Wow!" he thought, "how much have I spent already?" He leaned toward her.

"Let's find a cozy spot, baby."

"One more dance first," she mumbled.

Once again they were out on the dance floor. Sally felt warm and light-headed. She swayed against him and they revolved, a universe unto themselves—lost in the mire of calculated discord. Artie moved his head down attempting to kiss her. As she brought her face up to his, she glanced blissfully over his shoulder. Her heart constricted!

There, there standing in the corner was Hal! He was drunk but not so drunk that he wasn't able to recognize her. He had his gang with him. Oh! Why had she stood him up? He was coming towards them slowly, shouldering his stocky bulk through the maze of dancing couples.

Artie was rudely jolted from his reverie. He found his face inches from the snarling visage of a stranger. Coal black eyes bored into his.

"Step outside, Fish!"

"Who do ya t-think yer cuttin' in on?" Artie managed to get back in reply.

Hal answered with a laugh, and grasping the front of Artie's shirt in a vise-like paw, propelled him in the general direction of the door. On rubber knees, Artie did his bidding. He wasn't conscious of the fact that Sally's hand was still tightly clasped in his and that she made no effort to disengage herself from him.

The street seemed all at once lonely and bleak. The crowds were thinning; it was getting late. Artie looked around him. There were four of them — all big and all slightly drunk. They stood easily facing him and Sally. They were enjoying his fear.

And he was afraid! The awful impossibility of the situation—it couldn't be! It was surely all a dream. No, No! Not true! His mind started to rebel, unable to accept the concept of the beating that he knew was coming. And The Hand! It was now an icy column filling his entrails. He couldn't face it! He wouldn't!

Running, pounding feet. His feet. Sally's feet. The people on the sidewalk stopped and stared. There were startled yells and hoarse oaths behind them. Hal's gang was right on their heels.

It seemed to Sally that they had run for miles, but the gang was still after them. Her breath was a contorting demon in her lungs about ready to burst from her ribs. The Door was slamming—louder. She ought to have gone home.

"Here!" screamed Artie. Sally looked and saw a red convertible parked along side of them. They scrambled

into it. The gang had just rounded the corner. Artie's hands fumbled with the ignition. He hardly knew how to drive. The engine sputtered to life and the car bucked and jolted out into the street, tearing the tail light from the car that had been parked in front of it. The staccato sound of the motor filled their ears.

Dropping into third gear with another jolt, the red job picked up speed. In a horrible abstraction, Artie watched the street lights whip by. He jammed his foot down hard on the accelerator, unaware of the squirming, frightened animal in the seat beside him.

"Artie, no! Please take it easy! Artie, it's one way!"

The convertible lurched around a corner on two wheels.

"Artie! That truck!"

He saw the lumbering truck and the fear-frozen face of its driver. He started to swerve. His grip tightened on the wheel. He couldn't move!

"Artie!"

There was a brief sensation of tremendous light and noise and impact. Artie saw The Hand this time. It was beckoning. Sally heard The Door slam for the last, final time.

* * * * * *

Not very pretty was it? It happens, though. It happens every day all over the nation. When you read about it in the papers, think for a minute before you mutter, "Damn kids," into your morning coffee. That doesn't solve the problem. How often has your arm ended in *The Hand?* How many times have you slammed *The Door?*

She....

By William E. Harte, '54

IT was dark now. It was always dark after supper in January. Seemingly the lamp of all life is turned low. Nerves taut at the breaking point relax to the soothing sound of rain—especially when the drops fall singly, with a supple grace, at that first moment before the storm grows heavy and runs and smacks at the naked branches and the road.

I walked against the edged wind toward a place I called "my private cloister," a grove of secluded pines. I stood with my back to a tall, rough pine and stared across the nearby road and copse-clustered fields towards East Greenwich Bay and the town with its flickering lights beyond the water. My vision was thus limited by that jagged, black skyline. However, my mind was not hampered by the same boundaries. For between what I saw and what I desired to see there arose across the path of my memories a wall which for want of a better name I called forgetfulness.

While standing here alone like this, many fragments of days gone by would flash before the mirror of my mind and be reflected in real-life reproductions. Some were more distorted than others. As I peered into my memory, half dusting the cluttered corners of my mind, the most deeply impressed were those accurately reproduced. Sometimes I thought of my early schooldays, and the small boy joys and griefs of my youth; at other times of my parents, so con-

siderate and patient with my reckless running to meet the vast adventure of growing up; at another I recalled many happy hours enjoyed with my intimate friends; again and again I would try to fathom the obvious but mystifying opposites in life. Why were there night and day, summer and winter, hot and cold? Why did the earth always smell sweetest after rain? Yet why were people so melancholy when it rained? Why was I here and not sitting in a bar as part of a warm ring of friendly faces? I asked myself these and many other questions, but had answers for only a few.

It was in this grove, my private cloister, that I did the bulk of my thinking, serious and otherwise. The hour after supper was the only time I could stop to think or dream. To think, I had to be alone. Admittedly, much of it was worthless and immature; but I would have fought for the right to my share of reveries. As incongruous and numerous as the themes of those dreams were, they inevitably led me back to the subject I preferred to dwell upon.

It is a truism that the force giving momentum to a man's life is a woman. In youth, it may be his mother; later his girl-friend; later on, his wife. For me it was She. It was upsetting to think about her and next to impossible to forget her. I thought of her as the woman who was the incomparable treasure I had let slip from me. Memories helped me realize my loss, helped me remember that her lips gently touched the half-concealed pages of my remembrance with the tender caress of total devotion, that her flesh was as soft as the petals littering the chapel floor of my mind, that her voice had the whispering quality of wind

which is not in a hurry, which has time to caress and to talk, and does both with the same breath. She moved only in a way I somehow had anticipated she would move; her gestures seemed fluid, part of the drifting of air in the field where I stood. Our minds were as suited to each other as stillness to the night or sunset to the dusk. I felt the muted mingling of our minds, but did not know its worth until I had searched through nights of memories and found only its shadow.

I was like a child standing at the threshold of a darkened room, waiting to pierce the blackness but afraid of its uncertainty. Yet she and I were free. Why shouldn't I go to her and, in words that are more breath than speech, fan the smoldering coals of our memories? Was I really free? Is anyone in this world excused from obligations or contracts?

Like all men, I had a body and a soul; a body to be fed when hungry, and to be given drink when thirsty; a body that cried for pleasure but nodded for sleep when tired. Aware of this, I knew that my soul, my better half, that which informs my body, had promptings far more urgent than any flesh. My soul fairly shouted for a hearing. I heeded its voice calling me to dedicate my whole self in a different vocation.

The moment became transfixed with a radiance like that of falling stars. I stood with attention quickened, listening with a joy that is tranquil and peaceful. A noise, at once harsh and reassuring, pierced the night air. It was the bell that called me and my fellow seminarians to the joyful life of sacrifice and ineffable reward.


G. Hyland

"*Though't Be A Sportful Combat...*"

The Story of Harry A. Coates

By Philip Griffin, '54

THERE is a pedestal reserved somewhere for Harry Coates, where he can stand and watch the world go by. It is located in that special ante-room reserved for those authors who have completed, or nearly so, a revision of the record book in their respective fields. But, Harry has a few more pages to revise, so the pedestal will have to wait. While he transcribes his last few notes, we attempt this chronicle . . .

Back in the days when the boys discussed the exploits of Cy Young and Jack Johnson over the free lunch at the corner saloon, Harry Coates was a young will o' the wisp running under the banner of the Redmen AC of Newark. At the same time "Peerless" Mel Sheppard and Guy Hawkins were the giants in the young lad's chosen sport.

Sheppard was the Olympic hero, the toast of two continents, who had returned with the laurel to dominate the local scene once more. Hawkins was the talented invader from New Zealand, who had become Mel's chief adversary while a student at the University of Pennsylvania.

Then, in 1907, some turn-of-the-century Tex Rickard matched the two for a meeting on the old boards in Richmond: fifteen laps for the half-mile championship of the world. The sporting gentry took up where Grant had left off about fifty-five years before. Of course, a few am-

bitious youngsters were brought in to fill out the field and pace the terrible two. Harry Coates was to be one of these mechanical rabbits in reverse.

But young Coates was Destiny's Tot, for he outran the rest of the talented field in the process of launching one of the greatest track careers in modern history. He was only on the threshold, but he would soon be in the room.

Since runners and left-handed catchers enjoy a spotty existence at best, with Father Time and the constant threat of injury common foes, Harry did the next best thing. He turned to coaching, shook hands and decided to stay awhile. That was the moment he began to advocate private interpretation of the record book.

After the final game of the 1948 World Series between the Braves and Indians, the eyes of old timers glistened as they watched a stooped figure trudge from the bull pen to the dugout under a monumental burden of equipment. The old man was Hank Gowdy, who kept an experienced eye on the young Braves' pitchers out next to the "jury box." The old timers recalled, for a moment, the days when Gowdy led George Stallings' miracle-minded Braves from last place on July 4th to the annihilation of Connie Mack's Athletics in the 1914 World Series. That was the year, also, that the first in a series of world wars was begun. It was also the year that Harry Coates opened to the public his assembly line of champions.

Harry attacked the job with fervor, but with all the misguided ambition of a drunk starting up a flight of stairs. He took over the reins of two New Jersey high school teams,

one already a champion, the other an embryonic power. With one hand he guided the champs along roads to further glory. With the other he worked frantically to mold a new champ. He worked a little too frantically. With his eyes on the sky, he issued a call for all hopefuls in early August. His team swept through September like napalm through a wheat field and enjoyed like results in early October. But they joined the many Model T's that bogged down in the late fall mud. Harry had gassed up the old buggy a bit early, and she ran out at the foot of the mountain. That August call had ruined his boys. By the time of the Penn Relays they were capable of offering only token resistance. They were staler than last month's cookies. So, he tore out that page and began again.

About the same time a sage in Manchester, England, added an interesting footnote to the Coates Saga, although somewhat unwittingly, when he wrote in the Athletic News of the marked failure of some runners to achieve any notable success over the course of their collegiate career. As a remedy, he suggested that these unfortunates take a year off from competition and devote their time to an intense study of the sport. He reminded that an extra inch in stride could mean an extra forty yards in a mile run.

With that journalistic reminder clutched in one hand, young Coates began converting the theory into practice; began teaching his boys how to gain that extra inch, those extra forty yards. As a result, his runners have been among the best schooled in the nation. In such a manner was the formula arrived at that was to make "Coates" synonymous with "invincibility."

In studying the facts of the man's career, one is faced with the problem of dissemination rather than exploitation, so we turned to Harry himself for the highlights in his illustrious background. He recalled with visible pride his brilliant Seton Hall two-mile quartet of 1942. Chet Lipsky of Cleveland; Frank Fletcher from Hope High of these Plantations; Bob Renier of Dover, N. J.; and Tony Luciano of Hudson, N. Y., blazed over the two-mile route in 7:33:9, a mark that has withstood all assault for the past eleven years. These were the Four Horsemen of track. These were the invincibles. There have been none greater. But, to Harry Coates they were pupils. They are in an everlasting debt to him for showing them Destiny's Threshold, the same doorway he had entered nearly thirty years before.

But, there were others from the Hall — the great half-mile unit that flashed to the still prevailing 880 record at Madison Square Garden. They turned the eleven laps in 1:32—which might be comparable to firing a 62 at Pebble Beach. And before them were the incredible Young Pirates of Seton Hall Prep of 1926, who ran the medley relay in world's record time. There was also the Newark High team, of the same year, that clinched the national championship in the mile. Earlier, and perhaps as an omen of things to come, the Prep began an astounding five-year reign as national cross country champs with a victory in 1937. In 1940 the Prep team, the freshman team and the varsity team won twenty watches, four cups, eight plaques and twelve medals with the greatest performance in the history of the Penn Relays.

"Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells . . ."

What opinion dwelt in the minds of those who were associated with genius? Last spring some people in Newark thought it about time that the question was answered. They organized a dinner in honor of the veteran mentor, and tickets were at a premium for those who wished to come to hear his praises sung by men gathered from the far reaches of the country—men who wouldn't have missed the chance for a million dollars. Although he said nothing of it, we think that this one evening will live forever in Harry's memory.

What opinion did Tom Mitchell, probably the outstanding high school coach in New Jersey, offer, when he was tendered a similar honor.

"In my opinion," said Mitchell, "Harry Coates is the world's greatest track coach."

It would, perhaps, be prudent to let Tom Mitchell end this narrative, for he, in those few well chosen words, has summed up the career of Harry A. Coates. But, although Mitchell's words describe the man's career, they give no insight into his character, his personality. Thus, they leave an unforgiveable void.

Many an hour I have spent in the Athletic Office watching and listening to this Shakespeare-quoting, hard-bitten old philosopher of track and field, and he has never failed to astound me with his drive and perseverance. And to one tutored in the uncultured double-talk of many of this era's leading sports figures, his confounding knowledge of the immortal Bard of Avon, plus that of the Old and the New Testament, is another constant source of

amazement. The man is an inveterate reader and apparently retains nearly all of what he reads.

I recall the story he told of a chance meeting with the former roommate of the noted Irish author, Tom Moore, who penned the oft-quoted Lolla Rook. To Harry this was a high-point, for it was a line from Moore's book that provided the foundation for the Great Man's philosophy of coaching: "Woman's looks [coaching] are my only books, and folly all they taught me."

Now, lest this philosophy seem too harsh, or perhaps a bit dour and incredible for one so schooled in success, perhaps we should offer a bit in the way of explanation. It is fairly plain to see that the "folly" referred to is that you-never-can-tell atmosphere which prevails in sports. Harry has learned never to count on anything out on the field, and he simply borrowed a leaf from Moore to state it more eloquently.

They tell a tale of a famous trainer at a Southern school, who, after the coach had finished an inspiring academic lecture to his August hopefuls, gathered the boys in a corner and said:

"Look. You're down here to play football, not to study. Get that one point straight, and everything will turn out fine."

Realizing the disastrous effect such a principle can have on the morale of an institution, Harry, last fall, distributed a pamphlet to his athletes entitled, "How to

Study." It wasn't an original literary effort, but rather an embodiment of the theories of several outstanding educators set into several pages of mimeographed print. But its effect was singular. The boys realized why they came to college. Can a coach give them more?

When the powers that be here at the College decided to compete in another field of athletic endeavor, they called in Harry Coates. Already Harry's P. C. teams have won their share of championships and honors, although, at the tender age of five, their brashness is not in keeping with the old seen-and-not-heard theory.

And it looked as if the trackmen would bring home another medal to Harry last fall; but disaster struck on the eve of the New England cross country championships, and Providence's number two runner was leveled by appendicitis. Fate had dangled the cherished goal within reach, then cruelly snatched it away.

It was a beautiful day in Franklin Park, and the freshmen brought some comfort by romping to an easy win in their division; but the old gentleman must have been in agony. He knew he was only going through the motions, but still he hurried from point to point along the course, urging the boys to further effort. They just couldn't do it. But, as soon as it was all over, and the bitter pill of defeat had been thoroughly digested, the old gleam was back. Like Brooklyn, there was always next year, and a plan was being formulated in that active mind. I'd like to be here to see the result.

* * * * * *

The Athletic Office is a rather turbulent place, being the headquarters for the various teams that represent the College, but it seemed rather vacant this winter when Harry was felled by illness and confined to the hospital. Looking at his cluttered desk, over which many a quote had been spoken, yet another came to mind:

"If I should lose, let me stand by the road
And cheer as the winners go by!"

That little bout with the doctors, in which they managed to confine him to a hospital bed, was one of the few he ever lost. But he's up and in action again. Harry A. Coates will never stand by the road for long.

Sonnet

By Henry Griffin, '54

Those fields where once the farmer used to sow
His fruitful crops of cotton, corn, and grain
Are sown with cries of fear and shrieks of pain,
Are reaped in slaughter by the afterglow
Of gunfire flashes foe returns to foe;
Those fields made fertile by the driven rain
Today are saturated with the stain
Of human blood unceasing in its flow.
We came to glimpse the sacrament of Spring,
To watch the warm renascence of the ground,
To feel the furtive breath that breezes bring
When they first come to soothe the naked wounds
Of Winter—but instead we see men fling
Their lifeless brothers onto fetid mounds.

Experimentalism in Education

By Albert Iannuccilli, '54

INTEREST in education is at a higher pitch today than ever before; and with this growth in interest there has come about a new attitude toward the subject. More and more, people everywhere seek information about the methods, objectives, content, and philosophies of education. This interest has been so heightened and fostered by the spiraling effect of modern scientific discoveries, that one can readily see that the applications of science have an inescapable impact on all living things. Thus, it would seem that in a world in which the sciences are fast becoming major spheres of influence, science education is virtually imperative and unavoidable—a situation which, in turn, establishes a relationship between the experimental sciences and education in general. The nature of this relationship is, therefore, of the utmost importance, as it involves the aims and methods of education, thereby encompassing ethical and philosophical concepts. Unfortunately, these concepts differ according to the philosophy practiced, so that the relationship is not of a universal character, and must be explained on the basis of the independent philosophies.

From the various educational philosophies there have emerged two important schools of thought, the "progressivists" or "moderns," who have espoused Deweyism, and the "essentialists" or "scholastics," who are the proponents of traditional or Thomistic education. The progressivists received their impetus from scientific advances, and are thus bound to a materialistic point of view. The scien-

tific, or inductive method has permeated their educational philosophy to the point where they can be identified by such names as "behaviorists," "functionalists," "experimentalists," and the like. They tend to reduce reality and human nature to quantitative factors which are capable of measurement; therefore they deny the dualistic nature of man. They interpret the findings of science to mean that man is essentially a part of nature and, in common with other organisms, lives in constant interaction with his physical environment.

The essentialists, on the other hand, maintain that human nature does not change, and that man is distinct from his environment, although affected by it; also that man is composed of a dualistic nature — body and soul. These premises obviously are diametrically opposed to progressivism, and the essentialists necessarily take a different stand on the role of scientific thought in education.

THE EXPERIMENTAL METHOD

Voluminous and detailed reports have been written about the methods of scientific research. Much of this material can be crystallized into the formation of a pattern or method for scientific experimentation which took shape during the Renaissance, when the naturalists began to investigate nature. In *A Cultural History of Education,* R. Freeman Butts observes that, in place of the traditional practice of drawing conclusions from accepted principles and making commentaries on the works of Aristotle, they substituted the "scientific method," which consists in: the accumulation of observable facts gathered

through experimentation, formulation of a law following upon these facts, and the statement of a theory or hypothesis.

Gradually this method was extended and applied to other intellectual pursuits besides the sciences. The progressivists' attitude toward this end is well demonstrated by the late Dr. Robert Millikan, in an article entitled "Science and Humanism." Doctor Millikan notes that the characteristic feature of our times is the appeal to brute facts and the discarding of all a priori postulates, all intuitive axioms, and the citing of authorities—the methods used by medieval scholastics and their successors. Doctor Millikan, his predecessors and his contemporaries—all are convinced of the fallacy that only the scientific method begets scientific progress.

There can be no doubt that scientific work must proceed in an orderly and systematic manner, and that we can use the scientific method as a blueprint to build upon —keeping in mind, however, that the erection of a house is not contingent upon the blueprint. If science itself is not shackled by this method, why must education be restrained by it? It is apparent that modern educators attempted to emulate the sailors' conception of "whistling up a breeze" by applying the axiom that "like brings like." They reasoned that if experimentalism was the cause of such a great surge in scientific circles, surely it would do the same for education. This is illustrated by a statement in a recent report by the National Society for the Study of Education, to the effect that educators are in agreement on the high desirability of the scientific method, especially

since it can be successfully applied in the case of the very young child.

Do we need any additional proof that there is a willingness on the part of the moderns to inculcate scientific attitudes early in a child's life? Furthermore, these attitudes are to be used as a measuring device in all fields of learning. Philosophy, history and sociology are to be measured by a method used to measure material aspects of reality.

Yet this latter position has not gone entirely unchallenged, as witnessed by an excerpt from the 1945 Harvard Report, in which we find a group of educators coming to the refreshing conclusion that the scientific method cannot be employed with equal success in all fields of learning; that there are areas, notably in the literary and social spheres, for which it is not especially suited; and, finally, that the method of approach should be adopted to the material at hand, not the reverse.

The moderns' attempt to make elements of the scientific method monopolize instruction has met strong opposition from the traditionalists. They question the right of science to invade the philosophic domain, and maintain the subordination of the sciences to philosophy. Theirs is no eclectic approach, but a firm stand on the premise that man is apart from the world about him, and is not a series of predetermined responses to given stimuli; and that he is possessed of a free will to accept or reject stimuli arising from environmental influences. This kind of man cannot be appraised or measured by scientific methods. His knowledge and learning is not the result of cosmic contiguity, but

is influenced and tempered by a supernatural force. He refuses to accept scientific explanations of the nature of man, but seeks the answer in philosophy. In the same spirit, refusing to acknowledge that a scientific approach is the best method in all subjects, he still maintains the superiority of a philosophical system.

Twentieth-century scientific progress has resulted in notable gains for the progressive-experimentalist cause, as experimentation found its way from the test-tube to the classroom. Behavior studies, psychological ratings, heredity and environmental studies, clinical examinations, and associated programs became part of the school systems. Two global wars increased the tempo of this regimentation, but the skeletons in the closets began to rattle. Gradually but inexorably, the product of modern education manifested signs of unmistakable intellectual pathology. Reform was needed, and the revolt began. The battle lines were drawn; the contestants girded for the fray: on one side the progressivists, with their ever-changing world, and the experience of the moment, all explainable by the sciences,—and on the other side the traditionalists, with their stability in nature, and a future vision, all integrated under a philosophical roof. At the present the battle rages. The outcome rests on the ability of either side to convince that theirs is the true measure of the nature of man.

EFFECT OF EXPERIMENTAL METHOD ON EDUCATION

With the advent of the objective and standardized tests, the progressivists were committed to a program of making education scientific. These tests were the elements of the scientific method for measuring human na-

ture and intelligence, as though they were similar to sugar, heat or onions.

After many years of testing and harassing these "test-tube" pupils, it became apparent that the experimentalists were being substantiated by the findings. The results of these tests indicated that human behavior is the product of the interaction of the organism with its environment. Strengthened by this arsenal of statistical weapons, they attempted to shape and change the nature of man to suit their fanciful concepts. They propounded a philosophy of mathematical formulae appropriate for contemporary American education—a philosophy compounded from the latest findings of the sciences, including psychology and anthropology, and the philosophical notions of the naturalists, empiricists and pragmatists.

The experimentalists assumed from their tests that individual differences must be construed as differences in human nature, so that changes in the individual affected the environment, and vice-versa. They stressed that learning can result only from experience; and thinking was described as a scientific method of problem solving. Thus, for any situation, the problem-solving method employing observation, hypothesis, and evaluation would be sufficient. This was incorporated into an educational method which, however, did not take into account moral behavior.

How then does experimentalism propose to explain acts of morality? For the experimentalists there can be no morality. Each new experience is considered as growth, which is consonant with goodness. As the experiences keep changing, the concept of goodness also changes. Internal

relations change and the person is changed along with them. Consequently, under these conditions, there can be no fixed moral behavior. Human conduct must be explained on the basis of the forces which motivate it.

Thus the free will of man is repudiated, and in its place is inserted a biological explanation of human nature. This, of course, has tremendous significance in education, and is a matter of grave concern to the true educator. The moderns view man as an animal with superior intelligence, free to commit any act whatsoever, accountable only in the light of a standard of conduct which is itself in a constant state of flux; and the act is construed as a response to a shift in environment. This type of education cannot thrive, but must eventually destroy itself. It has no established end, and no future aim; it is dependent on the sciences for its premises. Yet, these sciences themselves are based on shifting sands, and much that was true yesterday no longer is accepted today. Hence the modern viewpoint is untenable from a scientific aspect.

On the side of religion a Papal encyclical clearly defines reasons for rejection. In *Christian Education of Youth,* Pope Pius XI stated:

> Hence every form of pedagogic naturalism which in any way excludes or weakens supernatural Christian formation in the teaching of youth is false. Every method of education founded, wholly or in part, on the denial of original sin and of grace, and relying on the sole powers of human nature, is unsound. Such, generally speaking, are those modern systems bearing various names which appeal to a pretended self-government and unrestrained freedom on the part of the

> child, and which diminish or even suppress the teacher's authority and action, attributing to the child an exclusive primacy of initiative, and an activity independent of any higher law, natural or divine, in the work of his education.

It is not enough to wait for progressive education to fall of its own weight, since it has detrimentally influenced thousands of unsuspecting youths and even mature educators. The traditionalists have struck back by pointing out the evils of this system. They have excoriated it from the pulpit, in the printed page, and, most important of all, inside the classroom. However, much damage has been done, as can be seen from the observation of American youth in the classroom situation. In this milieu of unrestrained freedom the student disdains authority, feels accountable to no one, and envisions human nature as self-sufficient. He learns that truth is empirical; he is skeptical about matters which cannot be proved experimentally.

What of the teachers who are a party to this debasement of human nature? Many of them accept experimentalism at face value, without ever making the effort to investigate its *raison d'etre*. Others may be aware of its falsity, but are swallowed by the system, and make no outcry lest they be labelled "old fashioned." Experimentalism has buttressed itself behind a convincing array of statistical data. Unfortunately, many educators are not capable of interpreting this plethora of arithmetical and linguistic information. Thus, much of it goes unchallenged, thereby being tacitly accepted. Paradoxically, a system which accepts only that which can be shown experimentally is itself accepted by many on no actually demonstrable proof.

Some progress is being made in combatting these illusory "facts." Usually progress comes when conditions are not satisfactory and improvement is desired. Modern education has proved its inadequacy at every level. The light is being turned on its methods, and they are found wanting. Experimentalism has failed to turn out a product capable of sustaining himself solely on a series of responses. Something has gone awry. Science itself is turning back and capitulating. Its advocates are slowly coming to the realization that man is something more than just a material being. The intelligence tests and other measuring devices are being scrutinized and investigated for their validity. In *Psychology and Life,* Floyd L. Ruch points out that there is grave doubt that these tests are actually recording the intelligence of a person at all. They may, he says, be measuring merely the excellence of his schooling or the advantages of a good home.

The foundation upon which the edifice was built is crumbling—the relationship between science and education is not necessary, but purely complimentary. The laws of science are valid in science, but may be entirely out of place in other disciplines.

CONCLUSION

Any reputable scientist is willing to admit that science is not fully capable of appraising the nature of man, although it can take a biological inventory up to the point of the mind and body problem. From then on a competent physiologist can write his own psychology on the basis of neural activity. At best this would be on an experimental level with no evidence that the mind is situated in

any physical structure. Yet, on the contrary, there is no substantiation of the progressivists' notion that the mind can be explained on a physiological basis of myriad reflex arcs and synaptic junctions. Despite the fact that science cannot agree on the nature of man, the progressives continue appealing to science for their interpretation of human nature. They draw fantastic analogies from unrelated phenomena, and make sweeping generalizations in direct antithesis to the methods they embrace. Under the guise of scientific objectivity they compound nebulous theories which confuse and awe many unwary educators. However, under close scrutiny these flimsy fabrications are easily rent. The contradictions become apparent, and rebuttal can be made readily.

The expository phase of the attack against progressivism presents some difficulties. There is little doubt that they are strongly entrenched, and have a tremendous backlog of written material which has been assimilated by a great number of teachers. This helps to nullify some of the material used against them. They are still able to draw from the sciences, with reasonable assurance, the conclusion that they can channel the facts to suit their ends, and suffer no chastisement from the scientists. They have favorable public relations with newspapers and other propaganda media. How then, can a counter-movement succeed? Any effective action will have to start on a high level. Most educational systems attempt to conform to college domination, so that if the colleges were to expel progressivism, the lower institutions of learning would follow suit. This is not an impossible task. The rumblings of anti-progressivism have been heard in some of the strongholds of the sys-

tem. This stems from the fact that the products of these institutions were not prepared for the world of reality as it actually exists, and repercussions followed.

Not all the scientists are progressives; consequently, the essentialists among these should be encouraged to expose the travesty which progressivism is thrusting upon the sciences.

The most serious obstacle, however, is that of overcoming a hostile press. A healthy propaganda climate would advance the essentialist cause no mean degree. Television offers promising possibilities in this area, as does the writing of books and other printed matter.

What is the teachers' position in the revolt against experimentalism? Many of the teachers themselves are products of this system, but now they are also victims of it, insofar as they must teach according to its tenets. However, these same people can do much to rid education of this menace. A great number of educators are disillusioned and disgusted with conditions which allow pupils to dictate to the teachers, and are ready for a change should the opportunity present itself.

It would be timely to bear in mind that the worse aspect of experimentalism is its rejection of supernaturalism. A universal system of this type could have serious consequences for humanity, and therefore must necessarily be exposed and condemned.

U. S. A.-Hawkers' Paradise

By Rene Fortin, '55

CHILDREN before the age of television were just barely tolerable, but now, incited by corn-flake consuming video heroes, they are about as potent a thing as man will ever have to face, at least until science comes up with something triggered by an H-bomb. The fury of the thwarted child is never so much in evidence as when Mother comes home from the market with Snappos instead of Crunchos, a nefarious act which deprives Junior of the genuine cyclotron which can be had for twenty-five cents and only twenty-five Cruncho boxtops. The tots stand as the most flagrant example of the techniques of those diabolical crusaders against peace of mind, the advertising agencies.

Science, which was at one time believed to be the benefactor of the human race, now seems to concentrate its beneficence upon the advertisers by affording them almost unlimited means of reaching the public. As examples of this, the automobile which was intended to convey us to the exhilarating open air instead lures us into a net of billboard-plastered highways; television and radio likewise prostitute their aim by their persecution of the "captive audience." But the arch-villain in the piece is the entertainment industry, which apparently spends 95% of its time in promoting its ventures and the remaining 5% in actually producing them.

The press agents in this industry use every means of publicity known, including the side panels of U. S. Mail trucks, billboards, radio, television, and occasionally sky-writers. They lead not only in resourcefulness, but also in technique: they have, in fact, created a language of superlatives to describe their activities. A review of the year's emanations from Hollywood reveals that there were 20 "best ever" movies, 36 "incomparable," 64 "stupendous," 18 "never to be equalled," and numerous other just plain "colossal" films. Meanwhile, their Broadway cousins, though operating on a more limited budget, show the same skill: a critic named Kerr said of a play, "The junior detective and the brassy doll embrace passionately more times than I can count," while another named Atkinson wrote "Isolate an attractive young blonde in a hotel suite with a handsome cop and you know what to expect." Thenceforth the play was publicized as "Too passionate for Kerr, too obvious for Atkinson."

The misrepresentations are often more subtle in other fields. The logical approach, used to a great extent by the cigarette manufacturers, contains a veiled syllogism: many famous people smoke Camels; you smoke Camels (or should smoke them); therefore, you are a famous person (or would be if you smoked Camels). The testimonial is based on this shaky reasoning and depends on the idolatrous mind of the average American who will seek to imitate his hero in all particulars, even to the brand of cigarette smoked, in order to be similar to him. In this category can be placed the cigarette smoked by the wealthy Murdock Ives Tarkington III, who is posed beside his sleek Jaguar along with his two pedigreed Boxers and one beautiful so-

cialite wife. The implication here is that the poorly paid non-genius pushing a garment rack can be accepted in the highest circles if only he smokes the right kind of cigarette. If this does not establish him in the "400," he can always switch his brand of liquor, for "Men of distinction drink Three Dozen Gardenias," just as does Lord Boreboor, that courageous big-game hunter posing among his trophies as he narrates his narrow escape at the hands of some jungle monster. If this still does not raise his social status, Joe Nobody has missed the implication that this brand will make him as brave and courageous as the other men of distinction. Or Joe would rather watch wrestling as he licks a pint of ice cream in the quiet, peaceful comfort of his home, where he can bound bravely to his TV screen and wipe out the two bums with a simple twist of his invincible wrist.

The novelty aspect is another favorite of the advertiser. Based on the false premise that the newest is necessarily the best, it is appropriate for the progress-conscious American people. We are thus blessed with New Rinso (which had been advertised as such even before Little Annie was orphaned) ; now it contains Solium, one of those mysterious new ingredients found in everything from mustache-wax to car polish. Among these discoveries are Irium, DiGL, K-34, and GL 70, and a few that are too recent to have acquired a name as yet. Others are not really new ingredients, but have acquired properties they did not have in their natural state—which presents the problem:

> Why reeks the goat on yonder hill
> Who seems to dote on chlorophyll?

Beer also must be injected, it seems, with these new elements, for it is reported to have a cooling effect in summer and a warming effect in winter. But then, who am I to question the fact that a cause can have two opposite effects; just consider the wonders I have seen: dogfood that doubles the size of the pooch with one helping, thereby winning him the admiration of all the lady dogs, and tea that not only revitalizes the drinker, but also combs him, straightens his tie, and reconciles him with his wife, who had heretofore considered him dull and unattractive.

So you see, advertising's effects are not all bad ones; one can acquire education by listening to, or reading the ads. I number among the things I have thus learned that not only tea and dogfood exercise chemical reactions on the opposite sex; also able to overpower women are shaving lotion, pipe tobacco, hair tonic, and many elixirs that make "old, tired blood feel young again." Women, on the other hand, can get themselves husbands by baking pies "like Mother used to make" with Aunt Nellie's pie crust mix, by various perfumes, hand lotions and non-smear lipsticks. Dingy teeth, tell-tale breath, lifeless hair, falling arches, spreading, and other hostages of reality will be liberated by various potent devices. On the surface each gal can be a Helen of Troy (Menelaus 1-1100; Paris 2-0001; Menelaus 1-1111). Nothing has been devised, however, to straighten bowed legs. But how do we know that Helen did not conceal them with her long gown; there were no cheese-cake photographers then.

Seriously, advertising on the whole is intolerably drab and vexing, and does not promise to get any better.

Perhaps we can draw some consolation from the fact that doctors don't advertise: I can just imagine Dr. Jones proclaiming cut-rates on amputations and appendectomies, while Dr. Smith would perform the Dance of St. Vitus to announce his skill as a nerve doctor. You can see that we have not exhausted all the possibilities, and thus, if we can't be thankful that there are a lot of these unimaginative publicists, at least we can be thankful that they are an unimaginative lot.

Revenge

By Henry Griffin, '54

They called the little tyke a louse;
They thought they were such wits;
He planted charges 'neath each house
And blew them all to bits.

Black Canyons

Ad Deum Per Naturam Crudam

By Edward T. Kelly, '54

On the sand there are pebbles in
Grays and tans supporting the
Brittle peritonea of crabs—
Skeletons not moved by their
Desiccated flesh,
They are washed in salt and
Bleached in light.
A star-fish spreads
Its radial symmetry
Although not hiding
A beauty close by—
A sun-whitened spread
Of calcium in mold—
This scallop's pomp
In blue and gray.
A salted foam licks at clams
Which dig and breathe
Through a weedy hair.
And a bubbling foam
Falls down the slope
But rolls to return.

Grains of sand grate against
Unhardened flesh
As flesh feels
An object of love.

This object nicks
Unhardened flesh.
This object lives
Unchanged.
This thing, this body,
This unchanging surf
Blows up its chest to
Breathe coarse sounds.
And acoustics in sand carry
These sounds from the salt
Into realms torn by
The tumult of the airs.

And now with prime shrieks
And crude voice,
Con molto fortezza
E marcato,
The sounds from that salt
Are heard.
This thing, this body,
This unchanging surf
Speaks to the shore.
While above,
With the rumbles
Of barbaric tympani,
The tumult of the air
Erupts and dies.

On the shore there are many
Who have wept.
Their canyoned cheeks
Are now filled with

Black Canyons

The sounds from the salt.
And in their ears, further,
Do these sounds resound
And they hear
The sermon of the sea.
This primordial mass
Moves and pleads, as an
Instrument of Him,
That they who have
Wept can return.
This primordial mass
Does not speak
With learned words.
But utters primeval sounds
Which nick and cut
Unhardened flesh.

The surf begins to plead:
"That they who have
Wept can return.
For learned words have
Moved calm airs
To storms which
Destroy what is real.
These learned words
Live high in barren niches
Their narrow nooks
Draped in black,
Black webs
Hanging like palls
And woven by a
Cortege of spiders.

"Words have shattered
The Gothic window
With its pointed arch
Reaching to the Infinite.
And now there is no
Coruscated tapestry
Reflected from that
Window of story.
In its place, there is
A wild grotesque
Winding and twisting,
And showing no form,
Save only insanity—
And that it has.
Learned words have replaced
The spicy windings of
Incense fumes
Mixed with the tones
Of choral pipes.
A learned device
Has usurped His
Transubstantiation,
Him in Immolation."

This thing, this body,
This unchanging surf
Has given the shore the
Sermon of the sea.
Now they
Who have wept
Do not weep.
For they have heard

THE STAFF

Editor

HENRY GRIFFIN, '54

Associate Editor

RENE FORTIN, '55

Staff Artist

RICHARD RICE, '56

Associate Staff Artist

GEORGE HYLAND, '54

Contributors

PHILIP GRIFFIN, '54

ALBERT IANNUCCILLI, '54

MARTIN SANDLER, '54

WILLIAM HARTE, '54

EDWARD KELLY, '54

RAYMOND WALSH, '54

JAMES MCLARNEY, '56

WE NEED MANY MORE

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