THE ALEMBIC

40th ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

MAY 1960

Published Quarterly
by the
Students of Providence College
Providence, R. I.

The ALEMBIC is published bi-monthly by the students of Providence College, Providence, Rhode Island. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Providence, Rhode Island, December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription $2.00 the year. “Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103 Act of October 3, 1917; authorized April 9, 1932.” Printed at the Oxford Press, Providence, Rhode Island.
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# ALEMBIC CONTENTS

| Cover Design | John Finerty '61 |
| Dedication | 5 |
| President's Letter | Very Reverend Robert J. Slavin, O.P. 11 |
| Recalling “the Irrevocable Word” | John Williams '60 13 |
| The Deserted Thatched Cottage | Philip Doherty '63 21 |
| Illustration | David Caley '61 21 |
| The Olympic Games | Dennis E. Kahrar '63 23 |
| Keats and the Critics | Ted Thibodeau '60 26 |
| Money is no Object | John J. Partridge '61 28 |
| Lost Lesson | James M. Kelleher '60 30 |
| The Development of the Philosophy and Religion of William Wordsworth | Paul J. Gallagher '60 31 |
| Art: Its Nature, Its Presentation | George A. Crepeau, Jr. '60 37 |
| The Game of Life | James M. Kelleher '60 39 |
| Ars Longa, Vita Brevis | Roland Cronkite '60 41 |
| Lines | Robert Oppel '61 42 |
| Growing Pains | Joseph Soulak '60 43 |
| The Bridge | James M. Kelleher '60 46 |
| Illustration | David Caley '61 46 |
| What the Poet Pound Tells Me | G. Brian Sullivan '61 51 |
| Robert Lee Frost | Thomas P. Trudell '63 53 |
| After Seven | Thomas McCauley '60 57 |
| Ronald Knox, A Review | J. P. Farrelly '63 67 |
| On Splitting the Atom | Ted Thibodeau '60 71 |
| Thomist on the Warpath | Ted Thibodeau '60 71 |
| The Place | T. F. Maguire '61 72 |
| Vive l’amour, A Review | Edmund A. Smith '63 73 |

When the ALEMBIC first came off the press forty years ago, Providence College was a struggling infant. Today the College has come of age. Beginning on page 13 a series of photographs vividly point out the physical growth of the campus. Certainly, these pictures are worth all the old proverb's ten thousand words.
His Holiness
Pope John XXIII
Most Holy Father:

We the students of Providence College pledge our loyalty and ask your blessing in dedicating to you this fortieth anniversary number of our literary journal.
THE MOST REVEREND
RUSSELL J. McVINNEY, D.D.
Bishop of Providence
“Indeed, we recognize the great contribution made by Providence College to the Catholic life in our diocese and feel we cannot do enough to express that appreciation. Success in your venture!”

Sincerely yours in Christ

RUSSELL J. McVINNEY
Bishop of Providence
Very Reverend
WILLIAM D. MARRIN, O.P., P.G., S.T.D.
Prior Provincial of the Province of St. Joseph
President of the Corporation
Very Reverend
ROBERT J. SLAVIN, O.P., PH.D., S.T.M.
President of Providence College
Office of the President  
March 25, 1960

Mr. Theodore Thibodeau  
Editor of The Alembic  
Providence College  
Providence 8, Rhode Island

Dear Theodore:

On this occasion of the 40th Anniversary of the publication of the ALEMBC, it is my happy privilege to extend to you and your staff greetings and best wishes on behalf of the Administration and Faculty.

A literary magazine is a most important product of an institution of higher learning. For the ALEMBC to have persisted over these forty years is in itself an accomplishment and a tribute to the student body.

Congratulations to the editor, the faculty advisors, and the student contributors during this period of growth of the College.

May you be inspired to carry on the great traditions of the past and plan prudently for the future.

Devotedly yours in Christ,  

Robert J. Slavin, O. P.,  
President
BENEDICTION

at the

Dedication of Harkins Hall—Sunday, May 25, 1919
Recalling “the Irrevocable Word”
from Some Old Alembics

BY JOHN WILLIAMS

Ut semel emissum est, volat irrevocabile verbum.

The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a line, Nor all your Tears wash out a word of it.

*The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.*

The *Alembic* is proud to look back on forty years of publication. The *Alembic* is almost as old as the college itself, and its pages from the very beginning have naturally reflected the spirit of Providence College. The student writers have come and gone, yet the *Alembic*’s continuity has carried on and is symbolized by the seal of Harkins Hall’s façade which has appeared in every issue, and, to some extent, by the numerous subjects treated in about the same way which have had a way of re-appearing every ten or fifteen years—like the poetry of John Banister Tabb, the evils in the modern society, the appeals to please write for school publications, and, of course, the Poe-Whitman romance over on the East Side.

A number of the present members of the faculty and Dominican priors in the East and mid-West have written for the *Alembic*. And articles have been contributed by such eminent educators and scholars as Fulton J. Sheen, Ignatius Smith and Herbert Wright.

In October, 1936, Monsignor Sheen wrote that “. . . Our problem today is the problem of the Forgotten Man—not the forgotten man in the sense of the man who is unemployed or hungry; not the forgotten man who is economically dispossessed or socially disinherited; not the forgotten man of the bread lines, but forgotten man in the sense of forgotten human dignity, forgotten human worth, forgotten divine destiny, forgotten personality, forgotten power to rise above the state and the collective to commune with Life and Truth and Love which is God.”

An informal anthology follows, which attempts only to include excerpts from a fair cross-section of the works appearing from 1929 through 1937.

Advertisements have a way of setting a background for a magazine. Could we imagine the *Virginia Quarterly Review* without its traditional ads from the Darlington School in Rome, Georgia, and from the Oxford University Press? And could we honestly give a history of the *Alembic* without examining its old advertising policy? The examples which follow have been taken out of the 1929-1930 volume:

There was still steamer service between Providence and New York with staterooms going for $1.50. For those who wanted to go farther, Talley on Westminster Street was advertising a pilgrimage to Carthage and Oberammergau with the approval of Bishop Hickey.

The Biltmore Hotel had a Venetian Room where the Meyer Davis Orchestra played nightly, and “where the smart set found sprightly entertainment.” “The liveliest spot in town” was on Weybosset Street: the St. Regis Restaurant, with “unexcelled 45 cents luncheons.” The Narragansett, now closed, but then “famous for its food and home atmosphere,” was presenting its New Crystal Ballroom. And, of course, the Dreyfus even then had its lounge.
Recalling "the Irrevocable Word"

The Providence News, "a good daily newspaper," not "independent" but just "good," was in existence and gave us a fine message in their November ad:

"Leadership is not a matter of neat attire—glib tongue nor the surface knowledge of the minor chronicles of the moment—these are but the hors d'oeuvres. Leadership comes from the proper application of the digested thought from the written works of the masters of the past and present."

Tommy Tucker Bread had its real homemade, old-fashioned flavor; for even the most modern still fall for the "old-fashioned" label on mass-produced foodstuffs. Waldorf offered tuxedos for rent at $1.50. The Whiting people sold Tinkle Powder and Walker-Gorden Acidophilus Milk. There were five vaudeville acts down at Fay's Theatre. And Ben the Shoeman was doing business in Olneyville.

It must be remembered that from its foundation in 1920 until the mid-thirties and forties, the Alembic served as literary magazine, Cowl, Veritas and official alumni bulletin—now the Friar Crier. But with all its functions, the 1929 Alembic had its share of engaging articles, among them: "Rhode Island's Worst Enemy"—river and stream pollution; and "Do Ball Players Have Hearts?"

For thirty-eight years the format of the Alembic has been very much the same, but from 1931 to 1933 it went left-wing and looked like the Sign. Frank G. Shea, '32, had "an open letter to a Freshman" in the first number for 1931. Class of 1963, take note! Frank paternalistically advised:

"In the Book of College Life the first and most farcely written item is this: get a Big Broad Flexible Outlook. Perhaps—in fact, I know darn well—the mention of a Book of College Life recalls those rosy dreams you dreamed last summer. Baseless fabric of an illusion that they were, they came from another book of college life which was tragic enough to be labelled comic. From reading them you pictured yourself, not as the brow-beaten little fellow that you are, but a modern swashbuckler in a pair of corduroy trousers and a carefully opened neckband, one of those superior beings who would flit through college as a hero—nonchalantly smoking a pipe and bringing sorrow to the hearts of innumerable females..."

In a P. S., Frank also advised the purchasing of elevator tickets from seniors for use in Harkins Hall: "You don't want to waste your energies running up and downstairs in this machine age of ours."

In November, 1931, there were some essays on Lafcadio Hearn and Frank L. Stanton, "the sweet singer of Dixie songs," who was appointed in 1924 the Poet Laureate of Georgia by Governor Walker. There were some short stories, as usual, and a sophomore, newly named to the staff, filled in as Sports Editor: George Tebbetts.

In December, Gorden F. Harrison, '35, wrote "A Reply to 'An Open Letter to a Freshman.' " It was composed in the same spirit as Shea's letter: both are contributions of precious wit.

"... Your sensitive soul was deeply touched by our benighted appearance and you bewail the 'amazed expression' on our immature countenances. And well might our faces show amazement. The profound blankness on the faces of the so-called upperclassmen is sufficient to call for the bewilderment you observe and the embarrassment we feel...

"Concerning your knowing reference to our rosy dreams of last summer, what can I say except: 'I am a Dreamer; but aren't we all?' If further defence were necessary, I might quote that eminent poet, our own John Boyle O'Reilly:

'A Dreamer lives forever; And a toiler dies in a day.'"

December, 1931, still. Dean Arthur H. Chandler, O. P., was called on to give a Christmas message. But to skip on to the June issue for 1932, there was a symposium
THE CAMPUS IN 1940
on Albertus Magnus—three essays on the Scientist, the Philosopher, and the Man of Public Affairs. There were some pictures of Cap and Gown Day exercises which included, of course, the traditional planting of the class tree.

December, 1932. There were featured two stories, “Mistletoe and Murder” and “The Philosopher’s Plumber,” and the first of a number of poems by Herbert Murray, Jr. It was entitled “Deep Snow,” and the first stanza read:

Let the cooling snow be deep
The weary world has need of sleep;
Let the wintry blanket lie
Long, till Earth again grows strong.

Nuzzio Basso accused the modern twentieth century society of being uncivilized:

“. . . Everywhere in the world a new youth arises today. It has been born into a maladjusted world and it justly rebels against the follies of its forbears. . . .”

In the February, 1933, issue Mr. Murray had a poem written to the memory of Calvin Coolidge:

He rests beneath the rugged soil
Where God decreed he should be born:
Yet still his memory shows us how
The cloak of manhood should be worn. . . .

And in the same number, Birdie Tebetts was commenting on the deplorable attendance at varsity basketball games, but the scores were favorable:

35 New Hampshire 27
53 Lowell Textile 37
46 Mass. State 40
47 St. John’s 38
43 Springfield 29

On March 7th, the Senior Class presented the annual scholastic disputation in honor of St. Thomas. The thesis was “Everything That Exists Is Ontologically Good.” Preceding were a few readings and speeches; the orchestra played; a quartet sang Roserig’s “Ave Maria,” and Joseph Devnish, Jr., rendered a violin solo.

In April, 1933, “The End of Time” appeared by Mr. Murray:

Slowly the mill of time
Grinds out the years
Men are born, and die
Crushed in the gears.

Ever the fire of hope
Burns in each heart,
Wailing until the day
The mill fails to start.

The sports column of the June number notes an undefeated season in baseball:

15 Dartmouth 4
17 Springfield 1
7 Mass. State 1
7 Lowell Textile 2
5 Holy Cross 2
13 Georgetown 3
10 Brown 1

In the Pyramid Players’ production of Julius Caesar, two students from Guzman Hall had stellar secondary roles: Charles Reichart and Ernest Hogan were Roman senators. The Majestic gave the Alembic an ad for “The Age of Love,” which starred Billie Dove and Edward E. Horton, and “Around the World in Eighty Minutes” with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

In November, 1933, that rollicking contribution by Mr. Paul Connolly appeared: “A Philosopher Looks at Mae West.” The billboards were reading, “What does it matter if East is East, just so long as West is West,” and Mae herself was proudly disclosing, “When I’m good, I’m good; but when I’m bad, I’m better.” One day the whole article ought to be reprinted!

That year there was a gossip column called the “Rotunda Gallery”; and the author of another feature, “Nitwit Notes and Caustic Comments,” reminded: “The Alembic is not out for big names. Excellence in material is what we especially crave. Indeed if Sinclair Lewis himself should submit something, there’s no telling whether it would be accepted. . . .”

The tradition of Alembic light verse has never been broken, and such pieces as Ed-
ward A. Lynch’s “Ten Freshmen” in the January 1934, issue were provoking a smile here and there. Already in 1934, a prophetic and perceptive essay on “Liberty in the Soviet State” appeared. And Mr. William Dillon of the English faculty contributed a stimulating article on “Culture”—What is it? Who is the cultured man? And in an interview, the now legendary Mal Brown was singing the praises of Fielding’s *Becky Sharp*.

In the fall of 1934, E. Riley Hughes was commencing his successful career as a book reviewer—he’s now fiction editor of the *Catholic World* and spoke just last December before the members of Theta Chapter, D. E. S.—with his regular feature, “How Times Have Changed”: views on current literature like *Good-Bye, Mr. Chips*, *Anthony Adverse*, *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* and Stark Young’s masterful *So Red the Rose*.

Robert T. Murphy, ’36, was exhibiting the revived interest in the Old South with his “Homecoming.” Here, Aunt Judy, a kind old Georgia mammy, was “setting” on her little cabin porch reminiscing with Cato Pickins—

“Well, Cato, I’m de last one left. Fust dem Yanks kilt marse, den de older boy, and last of all pore missus passed on to glory. Someday young marse Tod’ll come back, mebbe. Pore Child, he ain’t gonna find much to come back to now.”

In May, there was a Senior Class Poll: “Stardust” was the favorite popular song. Mae West was running second to Claudette Colbert as the most popular actress. Father Coughlin and F. D. R. were regarded as the greatest American figures of their time, and the Fred Allen Show was the best liked radio program.

1935-36. The authoritative explanation of how the *Alembic* got its name was given in the first number. The Very Revd. Lorenzo C. McCarthy, a former president of the college, proposed the name: “The alembic is a vessel—from the Greck *ambis*, a cup—used in chemistry for distilling. The title is a felicitous one, for the purpose of this publication is to distill from the data of life those pure truths that express the highest ideals of the academic world.”

William Sullivan was writing on the new morality in “A Thousand Times No!” “If the Victorians shied away from any frank discussion of some of the problems of life, at least they did not treat them with that brutal and disgusting nakedness that characterizes some of our classrooms and drug-store windows. The extreme of liberality is as unjustifiable as the extreme of prudery.”

The Alumni Notes were already calling attention to the various achievements of Thomas Dodd, ’30, now United States Senator from Connecticut. And *Time* magazine was happily being raked over the coals in an editorial column for some of its old tricks: “*Time* takes delight in belittling everything religious. Its editors may be clever in presenting vital news and in putting snap in the King’s English, but they reveal an ill-breeding that cannot be condoned.”

Raymond Greene, ’37, wrote in the November, 1935, number that “The spirit of modernism is an enigma of the most baffling kind; and it stands, if moderns but knew it, as a serious challenge to their very claim of progressive civilization.”

Editor-in-chief, Joseph P. Dyer, ’36, commented the improvements on Hendriken Field and commented at the same time: “We like sports, deeming them to be an integral, healthy phase of collegiate life, but we have no desire to exaggerate their importance. When a college begins to regard football as business, a money-maker or a magnet for matriculation, it sells its birthright for a mess of porridge!” And in this same November issue: “. . . A few days ago, the *Cowl* made its first appearance. We earnestly hope that it will succeed!”
January, 1936: the author of “Dancing Cheek to Cheek” said, “A boy and girl dancing cheek to cheek are too wrapped up in themselves to contribute to the real social purpose of the dance. . . . Dancing through the ages has been of tribal significance. What a tribe we turned out to be.”

There was an article on St. Raymond of Pennafort, who lived to be a hundred years old. And in the following March, with a good story, “The Fountain of Age,” Walter Appleton Hughes, ’39, began his four years association with the Alembic. Now he is an S.T.D.; seniors will remember taking fresh- man theology under him during 1956-1957.

In Francis McInnis’ “Court of Sport” feature of the January, 1937, issue, there appeared this hearty challenge: “A group of the boys organized themselves into an unofficial hockey team, and have been doing remarkably well. It is unfortunate that the finances of the College do not permit an official adoption of this aggregation. In spite of the fact that the hockey men could not wear the colors of the College, they should have received better support from the student body. This student body of ours is so spiritless. We opine that even if admission were free to the games, fully three-quarters of the total enrollment would continue to absent itself from the contests. What can we do about it? Whatever it is, it ought to be done.”

The annual Juniors’ boxing event: “. . . Verily, boxing seems to be just a little outre in a serene academic atmosphere . . . but it arouses more spirit than many an intellectual endeavour around here.”

Frontispieces and photos came and went depending on the editor’s liking and, more often, the budget. In 1937, there were pictures of Engelberg, Switzerland, and the rose window of Sainte-Chapelle, along with woodcuts of an Easter lily in the March issue, and “a graceful doorway at the College of New Rochelle.”

It is surely time to witness excerpts from reflective seniors’ thoughts about their years at Providence and their future. An Irishman of course, Brendan McMullen, went somewhat sentimental:

“. . . A tear swelled up in my eye as the memory of time gone, passed in review before my mind. Oh how lonely it was! All the trials and difficulties of the past were now as beautiful as any of my dreams of childhood. Every day that had been spent in college appeared, in the retrospect, present of all difficulties and disappointments. Yet that tear continued to rise, to flood the margin of my eye, for my soul realized that these pleasures were soon to join the statuary of the past. And I—I must leave my Alma Mater . . . .”

To turn back to 1936 for a senior’s manifesto, we find William J. Sullivan’s, and with it this glimpse into part of the Alembic’s past will be closed. Written in a time of economic instability, this was his challenge to his classmates:

“The lessons that the depression should have taught all mankind have been forcefully and vividly presented before our eyes. Some of us will profit by them and seek happiness not in material but in spiritual things. In honesty, sincerity, generosity, character, friendship and love, in these lies man’s happiness. Others will carry on blindly, materialistic, essentially selfish in all their activities. These have ears but they hear not, have eyes but they see not and by them the gold standard is more easily understood than the golden rule. Time will be the judge of which group has the sounder philosophy of life. So, as Alice Faye used to say, ‘Vale.’”
THE DESERTED THATCHED COTTAGE

PHILIP DOHERTY

"Lonely, I wander through scenes of my childhood. They call back to memory those happy days of yore."

—"The Old House"

"Phil," said the vacationing Yank*, "would you like to walk with me as far as my old homestead? I'm returning to the States tomorrow and I would like to see the old house before I leave."

"Sure," I said, understanding well how Irish emigrants like to revisit the place where they were born.

The house itself was about two and a half miles away, but because the day was so beautiful neither the Yank nor I minded the walk.

It was Sunday, and on this day of rest it seemed that God was making an inventory of His most beautiful creations and using Ireland as his stockroom. Under a blazing sun, nature was unfolding radiant-ly. The indescribable greenness stretched for miles and was dotted here and there with a field of ripe, golden corn. Far away in the distance, the blue, heather-covered hills of Donegal, dominated by snow-capped Errigal, reached to the sky, while all around us the perfume of wild woodbine filled the air. It was a perfect day.

As we walked along the rough and narrow and dusty road, the Yank told me his story. He was the youngest of a family of nine, having four brothers and four sisters. He received his education in Ireland, but upon reaching the age of eighteen he decided to emigrate to America. That was forty-nine years ago. This was his first trip home. Since his departure his parents and all the rest of his family had passed away, leaving the old homestead fireless and vacant.

"How does it seem," I asked him, "to return home after all these years? What are your impressions?"

"The country," he said, "is the most beautiful I have ever seen, but this doesn't

* In Ireland anyone from America is known as "Yank."
compensate for the company and greetings of missing friends. I am, as it were, a man alone. I am hemmed in between two generations—the young and the old—and I belong to neither. The old I don't remember and the young I have never seen."

Then he went on to tell me of the last night he spent, forty-nine years ago, with his now departed family, in the house we were going to see. "I will never forget it," he said. "It was like attending my own wake. Friends and relations from all over the vicinity came to wish me goodbye and God speed; we had dancing and singing and plenty to eat, yet all this was only a veil for a lot of sadness. In my heart I knew I was spending my last night on earth with my loved ones."

Suddenly he stopped talking for we were now within sight of the old house. To those who have never been absent from home for a considerable length of time, returning to such a place would seem ridiculous. It was a small thatched cottage nestled in a clump of large oak trees. Its red brick chimney was beginning to crumble and the thatched roof was obviously in need of repair. Patches of weeds appeared here and there on its surface. The white-washed walls were turning a greenish brown, while three small windows were hardly visible behind neglected rose trees.

We walked up the grass-covered pathway to the sun-bleached front door. The Yank removed a key from his pocket, and after he inserted it with difficulty in the keyhole, the door creaked its way open. We entered. Inside, the house was cold and damp, eerie and quiet. Yet the Yank didn't seem to mind; to him, it was home. Slowly he looked around; diligently he viewed the dresser, still well packed with dusty delph, an old spinning wheel now standing motionless and forlorn in a corner, and the cheerless, fireless hearth. Sadly he gazed upon this hearth and told me how his mother used to speak boastfully of never once having allowed the fire to die out, and how she always got up at sunrise to ensure its burning brightly when the rest of the family arose. I couldn't help thinking of the words of Yeats and how true they were:

I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow 'Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow; And then I must scrub and bake and sweep 'Til stars are beginning to blink and peep; And the young lie long and dream in their bed

Of the matching of ribbons for bosom and head
And their day goes over in idleness
And they sigh if the wind but lift a tress:
While I must work because I am old,
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

Having locked the door again and left the old house much the same as we had found it, we headed back towards the village. It was now late afternoon. The sun, like a wheel of fire, reluctantly lowered itself behind the darkened hills. A strange peace and quiet descended over the countryside. Rabbits in the fields on each side of the road cocked their ears to listen as we approached and then scampered away. The barking of a dog drew our attention to a young, barefoot girl herding cows. From a nearby bush a happy linnet bade good-bye to the parting day.

The Yank was the first to break the long silence. "Do you know," he said, "emigration is like a disease which leaves the face of a country covered with scars." And still looking at the young girl with the cows, he continued, "Some day, perhaps, that young girl will leave all this picturesque environment behind. The setting of the sun will be blotted out by the skyscrapers of Chicago; the soothing sounds of nature will be replaced by the cacophony of New York; friendly faces of familiar friends will be far away. The voices of loved ones will be heard no more. And the face of Ireland will bear another scar; another small thatched cottage will stand vacant, alone, and deserted waiting for a visitor that may never return."
In just a few months, the Olympic Games, the greatest spectacle in amateur athletics, will be held once again. Young men and women athletes from all corners of the earth will flock to Rome, striving to bring honor and glory to themselves and their homelands. The Olympics have had a very illustrious past, but have a relatively uncertain future. But before looking ahead, let us look back over the pages of history.

It is not exactly known when the ancient Olympic Games came into being. There has been much speculation and debate on the subject, but the only historical records available date back to approximately 776 B.C. The Games were held every fourth year, and were of tremendous significance to the ancient Greeks. To these people physical strength and athletic ability were a very important part of life. However, the Greek games included not only athletic events, but also competition in oratory, the reading of poetry, music, and other forms of art. The Games also had a definite religious significance. They were held in honor of the god Zeus, and religious ceremonies were an intricate part of the Olympics. Thus, these Games joined the three major aspects of Greek life, namely, devotion to religion, devotion to culture and learning, and devotion to physical beauty and athletic prowess.

The ancient Games were restricted solely to Greeks. Representatives from each of the Hellenic city-states came to participate, and a sacred truce was declared in order to protect the athletes journeying to and from the Games. This truce was rigidly kept throughout Greece, and no fighting ever took place during the Olympic year.

In the earliest Games the program lasted only one day, and there was but one running event. This was a short race for a distance of about 200 yards. Eventually more and more events were added, and the length of the Games increased from one day to five days, and then finally to seven days.

At all of the ancient Games, the athletes would take an Olympic oath. They would swear that they were of pure Greek blood, had led good lives, had trained faithfully and diligently for the Games, and would not resort to any trickery or illegal methods during the competition. This was amateurism in its purest form, and many of our modern athletes and officials would do well to read the oath.

The ancient Olympic Games lasted for several hundred years, but were finally abolished by the Roman emperor Theodosius at the end of the fourth century, during the Roman occupation of Greece.

The Modern Olympic Games

For more than 1400 years the Olympic Games existed only on the pages of history books. Then, the year 1896 saw the introduction of the modern Olympic Games. The most important single personality in the reestablishment of the Games was Baron Pierre de Coubertin. He was a brilliant scholar and educator who felt that a great part of the greatness of ancient Greece was due to the Olympic Games and the Greek devotion to athletics and bodily development. The baron also felt that international amateur athletic competition would do much to ease international tensions. Coubertin was not an athlete himself, but his contribution to the world of amateur sports will never be forgotten.

Since the revival of the Olympics, the United States' athletes have dominated the Games. They have won more gold medals than any other country, and American athletes hold many Olympic records. In recent years, the Russians have been making a strong bid for supremacy, but as yet have fallen short of their goal.
Some Great Olympic Competitors

Down through the years, the Olympic Games have witnessed some of the greatest displays of strength and courage ever achieved by athletes. There seems to be a certain spirit which fills the hearts of Olympians, enabling them to make almost super-human efforts. Probably the three most famous athletes to compete in the Games are Paavo Nurmi, Jesse Owens, and Emil Zatopek.

In the 1924 Games, the great Finn runner Paavo Nurmi achieved the almost impossible, by winning the 5,000 meter run against a strong field, and then coming back in less than two hours to win the 15,000 meter run. No one else has ever won two Olympic distance races on the same day, and by his feat Nurmi has made himself an immortal in the annals of track.

Probably the most spectacular figure ever to represent the United States was Jesse Owens. In 1936 the Olympic Games were held at Berlin. Adolph Hitler had declared that his Nazi athletes would all but sweep the gold medals. Also, Hitler being staunchly anti-Negro, had continually criticized the American team, which had several Negro members. He referred to them as our "black auxiliaries" and said that they would be no match for his German men. The United States athletes not only outclassed their German counterparts, but Jesse Owens, a slim Negro sprinter, won no less than four gold medals and set three Olympic and world records. He won the 100 meters, the 200 meters, and the broad-jump and ran on the winning American sprint relay team. His dazzling performance caused Hitler to storm from the stadium in utter disgust.

Probably the greatest single feat ever performed by an athlete was the unbelievable triple victory of Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia in the 1952 Olympics at Helsinki. On consecutive days he won and set Olympic records in the 5,000 meter run, the 10,000 meter run, and the 26 mile marathon. His display of strength and courage has never been duplicated, and it is more than likely that it never will be. Doctors have estimated that Zatopek's victories will probably reduce his life span by at least a year.

The Winter Olympics

In 1924 a special set of events known as the Winter Olympics was introduced into the sporting world. The Winter Games have grown rapidly in recent years, but they are not nearly as popular as the Olympic Games themselves. The northern European countries, especially Russia in the last few years, have had things more or less their own way in the Winter Games.

The Future of the Games

Now let us look toward the future Games, especially in respect to our own American athletes. To come directly to the point, the outlook for American athletes in future Games is not as optimistic as it should be. However, the blame can not be placed on the athletes themselves. Scanning the crop of fine young athletes in this country, such as John Thomas in the high jump, Dave Mills and Eddie Southern in the quarter mile, Ray Norton in the 100 and 200 meters, and many others, we cannot help realizing that the caliber of athletes is higher than ever. Why then are we in danger of losing our athletic supremacy? Why are the Russians threatening world domination in amateur sports? The answer to this question is rather simple.

Russian Professionalism

The foremost reason for the sudden surge of Russian athletes is that in Russia there is no such thing as an amateur athlete in the true sense of the word. In Russia the Olympic team, and for that matter any team which tours outside of Russia, is completely subsidized by the government. The Russian government supplies all equipment and pays all expenses. While away from home, the team members are classified by the government as specially ranked members of the armed forces, and as such receive more than an adequate salary. The most pathetic part of the situation is that
the Olympic Committee, upon looking into the Russian tactics, can do absolutely nothing to put an end to the Russian practices. In theory, they are breaking no rules, since they are not paying the athletes to compete, but are paying them salaries as army officers.

Stingy Uncle Sam
On the other hand, the American athlete does not receive a penny from the government. If an athlete has completed his schooling and wishes to compete in the Olympics, he must take a leave of absence from his job without pay. It is rather obvious that under such circumstances, it is highly unprofitable for a young man to compete after he has finished school and is raising a family. Greg Bell, our great Olympic broadjump champion, has stated that it is very doubtful that he will compete in 1960, because he has a wife to support and cannot leave his job. Many American athletes are forced to retire before they have reached their prime simply because of financial problems. This is never the case with Russian athletes. As a matter of fact, the Russian athletes probably live better than the average man in that country. For that reason alone, they have a great incentive to improve themselves in their sport and continue to compete until they are no longer physically able to do so.

The Political Value of Victory
It is sad to say, but it seems that the United States government refuses to recognize the fact that the Olympic Games are a great instrument of propaganda. If the Russian team were to defeat ours on the athletic field, the Russians would hold that up to the world as proof that their system of life is superior to and more healthful than ours. A team of winning athletes can bring a tremendous amount of prestige to a country. One may say that by their tactics the Russians are degrading the Games and are making a mockery of all that true amateurism stands for. This may well be the case, but as long as the Olympic Committee does nothing to stop the Russians, the leaders of the United States must recognize that this country stands in danger of losing a great deal of prestige in the event of an Olympic defeat at the hands of the Russians.

The Russian team will arrive at Rome this year much stronger than the team they fielded in 1956 at Melbourne. They will be better equipped than the American team. Yet, the United States government will not give one cent to help send our team to Rome. The government will hand out billions of dollars each year to foreign countries, but will let its young athletes beg for contributions from the American public in order to represent this country at the Olympics.

There seems to be little doubt that once again the American team will come home with more gold medals than the Russians. But our athletes will probably not win as many as they did four years ago at Australia. Every four years the Russians win one or two gold medals more than they did at the previous Games. If the United States continues its present policy of nonsubsidization, in the not too distant future many people in this country may be quite surprised when our team is defeated. But they will have no one to blame but themselves.

Aside from subsidization by the government, there is no answer to this perplexing problem. The Olympic Committee has made it obvious that it has no intention of banning Russia from the Games. The United States team could not possibly boycott the games in protest, because the Russians would then accuse the Americans of being afraid to compete. We are fighting a cold war against Russia, and in this war athletics is a very important weapon. Just as colleges must recruit athletes and field good athletic teams in order to gain popularity and keep their prestige, nations too must field good Olympic teams to maintain their prestige. Russia realizes this, but do we?
KEATS AND THE CRITICS
Ted Thirdeau

The case history relative to John Keats and his critics has about it much of the mystery of a modern whodunit. To state the question more specifically, "Who killed John Keats?"

The mystery began back in 1818 when young John Keats found his poem Endymion severely criticized by the reviewers of Blackwood's Magazine and the Quarterly Review. Both these journals heavily influenced the reading public of England. Consequently, they did great harm to Keats's pocketbook and pride. For many years, legend had it that the reviews caused his premature death. Shelley helped to popularize this theory for later generations in Adonais. Lord Byron did his part, also with:

"Who killed John Keats?"
"I, says the Quarterly, So savage and Tartarly; "Twas one of my feats."

Such a theory appears to be an exaggeration. Certainly, Keats was affected by the reviews, but to claim that they killed him literally as well as figuratively borders on the ridiculous.

Determining exactly how much effect criticism has on any writer is difficult. Be it constructive or destructive, criticism can goad a writer on to better work or gnaw away at his genius. Too, the writer might react indifferently. However, no one yet has found a foolproof way to examine a man's mind. Therefore, until that day comes outward evidence must be relied upon.

The criticism of Keats was basically of the destructive variety. As often happens even today, criticism is not based entirely on objective standards. In Keat's England it concerned itself more with politics than literature. Accordingly Blackwood's Magazine, a mouthpiece of Tory party sentiment, attacked Keats primarily because of his association with liberal Leigh Hunt, an arch enemy. The review was attributed to writer Z. This anonymous article could have been the work of John Lockhart or John Wilson or both. Different sections are written in the style of both of these men. However, Lockhart is generally considered the villain.

This article associated Keats with the Cockney school of poets. Cockney was an epithet of contempt. The reviewers looked down upon Keats because he was below their class. They considered Keats, Hunt, and the rest as bothersome social-climbers who had to be knocked off their ladders. Abuse and ridicule overshadow the valid criticisms. Overall they succeeded in casting their intellectual snobbery in powerful phrases. For example:

Mr. Keats is a still smaller poet, and he is only a boy of pretty abilities, which he has done everything in his power to spoil.

The phrenzy of the "Poems" was bad enough in its way; but it did not alarm us half so seriously as the calm, settled, imperturbable drivelling idiocy of "Endymion."

Endymion is not a Greek shepherd, loved by a Grecian goddess; he is merely a young Cockney rhymester, dreaming a phantastic dream at the full of the moon.

This was only the beginning. In September, the Quarterly Review came out with an even more biting attack. The author, John Croker, was a conservative partisan trained in eighteenth century tradition and the school of Pope who adhered completely to the idea of the closed couplet. Unfortunately, Keats did not follow Croker's norms of poetry. Croker argues that there are hardly any closed couplets in the whole
Keats and the Critics

of *Endymion*. He claims that the rhymes suggested the ideas. In his haughty, holier-than-thou tone he objects to the versification and the compounding of certain words. After turning Keats's preface against him, he even confesses that he has not read more than the first canto.

Much was said in Keats's behalf. Francis Jeffrey published a favorable review in the *Edinburgh Review*, too late, though, to offset the bad effect of the others.

In general, the attacks on Keats were open-eyed to the faults and stone-blind to the beauty, genius, and promise of his works. Yes, Keats had faults, but mostly they were the faults of youth and a lavishly gifted genius. To suit their own purpose, the reviewers emphasized his faults, and being honorable men, even went so far as to ridicule him.

What effect did all this have on Keats? That is the question. We shall probably never know exactly. However, we do know that from this time on he was referred to as "POOR" Keats. A better indication of public sentiment could not be found. Lord Byron wrote in *Don Juan*, Canto XI:

John Keats, who was killed off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,

\[\ldots\]

Poor fellow! his was an untoward fate;
"Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

Indeed, it is hard to believe that the fiery mind of Keats could be snuffed out by an article. Those who argue that the reviews did not kill him point out that his last work was his best. In the first nine months of 1819 he produced his noblest work.

Externally Keats himself answered the criticism of *Endymion* with expressions of indifference. In a letter to his brother he says:

I think I shall be among the English Poets after my death. Even as a matter of present interest the attempt to crush me in the "Quarterly" has only brought me more into notice, and it is a common expression among bookmen, 'I wonder the "Quarterly" should cut its own throat'.

My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what Blackwood and the Quarterly could possibly inflict.

Keats said that he turned to poetry again as a refuge against the attacks. Maybe Keats was affected by the reviews more than he realized. His fiancee, Fanny Brawne, and his sister tell of often seeing him with the Quarterly in his hand, completely absorbed, "drinking it in like mortal poison".

Sidney Colvin, a biographer of Keats, puts the blame for Keats's death on the consequences of the reviews. He claims that Keats realized that the reviews had the power to check sales of his work. His material prospects became gloomy. In addition he underwent a harrowing experience in caring for his brother Tom. "In his darker hours these consequences conspired with the forces of disease and passion to his undoing."*

But history records tuberculosis as the actual murder weapon. The accessories to the crime are numerous: Keats congenital tendency to fits of depression and self-torment, his brother's death, his emotional courtship of Fanny Brawne, and the faulty care he received from the doctors who prescribed bloodletting and mountain-climbing as a cure for tuberculosis.

Whodunit? Definitely not the critics alone. The critics dealt Keats a heavy blow but not a death blow. Rather, it was a conspiracy that killed Keats. Everything was against him. "POOR" Keats!

*Sidney Colvin, *John Keats, His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics and After-Fame* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925), Chapter X, P. 315.
MONEY IS NO OBJECT

John J. Partridge

Warren Talmadge Jiminez O'Reilly considered himself an unique personage. The pale visage that stared back at him from a mirror would not lead an impartial observer to the same complimentary conclusion, but this of course did not particularly concern our hero, who sincerely felt that greatness was in the soul and not in an unattractive reflection.

O'Reilly thought his present employment to be part of the transitory period before greatness. He never speculated on the fact that this prelude to greatness had lasted now for almost fifty years. Unlike those who slave from nine to five in an air-conditioned, dicta-phoned, windowless cubicle, Warren Talmadge Jiminez O'Reilly worked from five to nine in the great air-conditioned windowless outdoors as a garbage collector in Manhattan's hallowed canyons. Now, don't get the impression that a garbage collector is necessarily a bumbling clod with grease stained coveralls who chews five cent cigars and who kicks dogs for fun. Quite to the contrary, W.T.J. was distinctly different. His cohorts on the five o'clock garbage run knew that he was fated for better things. One day, they said in their inimical way, destiny was going to kick O'Reilly in the pants.

His fellow collectors watched the way that O'Reilly emptied the green collector's can—not banging the sides of the can on the side of the truck but heaving the entire contents into the groveling stomach of the vehicle with a satisfying “swoosh.” They would stand around the truck just to see him do it and then someone would always remark at the way Warren kept his white uniform so spotless—even when it was his turn to clean the inside of the cans. Yes, the boys at the D.P.S. knew that he was first class material; another ten years on the force, and he was sure to get his own truck.

O'Reilly didn’t wait ten years for such a promotion because of a happening on a murky Monday morning when he was out on the job. He was hoisting a loaded can on his shoulder behind the notorious Jack O'Spades Club when, as he was adjusting the load, a brown wallet fell on to the asphalt. He put the can down on the blacktop and picked up the wallet. It was the wealthy kind of wallet, not the type you stick in the back pocket of a pair of dungarees but the kind you slowly extract from the inside jacket pocket of your hundred dollar Lord and Taylor suit. Warren fingered the grain and then flipped it open. Of course, there was no cash inside—only some papers, business card and a half dozen credit cards. Warren was tempted to drop it back into the can but for some reason, he slipped it in his pocket and trudged with the can back to the impatient truck.

When the vehicle finally reached the incinerator, Warren put on his jacket and hat, said goodbye to the crew and entered the subway. Somehow as he unfolded his edition of the Wall Street Journal (the other men read the Hearst paper), he felt like a child who had raided the cookie jar. The wallet was a ten pound weight in his pocket. But why? He resolved not to think anymore about it and to read his paper. His glance absently fell on the picture of a liveried waiter serving a filet to an expensively dressed gentleman in what was obviously an exclusive dining establishment. The caption of the advertisement read; “You don’t need cash when you dine on the Diner's Club.” Now what did Mr. Exclusive Diner have in common with Warren Talmadge Jiminez O'Reilly?
The subway doors slid open as the simple answer exploded in O'Reilly's mind: credit cards.

Warren was a conservative by nature and knew that a public conveyance was not the place to show heated emotion, even when someone has been relieved from bondage. Visibly he was a man staring across the car but inside that cool exterior he was a bottle of fermenting home made root beer. He reached his station, calmly left the platform and, after bumping a little old lady, tripped up the stairs to the tenemented world outside. Walking towards his two room flat, he felt his knees buckle, but he managed to right himself by pretending to correct a loose shoelace; he didn't tie it exactly but at least he broke it into two equal parts.

Entering his room, he slowly closed the door and then opened it quickly to see if he might catch unawares anyone following him. Satisfied that the hall was clear of intruders, he locked the door and then muffled his delirious screams with a pillow.

The following morning, the fellows down at the department noted briefly that this was the first day O'Reilly had not been to work in four years. He was even due for a Gold Medal for perfect attendance in another few months. Now he would only receive a Silver Medal.

Mr. Clement J. Osgood (alias Warren Talmadge Jiminez O'Reilly) was at that very moment in Honolulu, Hawaii, resting under a beach umbrella on the sands near Diamond Head, watching bronzed athletic youths knifing the surf of the azure Pacific on their surf-boards. A tall Tom Collins was in a frosted glass beside him and next to the drink, was a willowy brunette in rose-red swim suit thumbing the pages of *The Power of Positive Thinking*.

"Clement J. Osgood," thought Warren. "What a name to be stuck with for an entire life."

But Warren Talmadge Jiminez O'Reilly was not going to be in the same position. He would use the name for awhile; after all, it was the name on the credit cards and in all fairness, O'Reilly thought that he owed his benefactor at least the duty to use his name for a short time. O'Reilly however had already thought of a plan to acquire another set of cards under another name; Clement J. Osgood would be his credit reference. Why, someday he might even apply for set under the name Warren Talmadge Jiminez O'Reilly!

O'Reilly raised a sunburned arm and a hotel waiter was soon at his side.

"Another of the same, Mr. Osgood? Yes, sir, I'll charge it, sir."

The next morning, O'Reilly checked out of the hotel—Carte Blanche, you know. He filled up his rented car's gas tank at "All Credit Cards Honored" type service station and drove to the airport. As he looked out of the plane's window, he reflected on the week's events. "The hotel bill, the new clothes, the nightclubs, the plane ticket—all credit, credit, credit." He was going to miss this place but it was necessary to leave now for the obvious reason. But then he always felt that there was a little gypsy in him too.

The gay, bemonacled little man in the expensive tweed suit walking near Parliament, the boulavardier with the two poodles passing the Eifle Tower, the top-hatted sport at the Deauville races, the scarf wrapped yachtsmen at the Bermuda finals and the art aesthete in Rome—our
hero had indeed become a card-carrying member of the human race.

It was on a safari in North Borneo that the world lost O'Reilly. The guide (who honored the American Express card) proved to be incompetent and O'Reilly got lost. The intrepid Warren wandered into the home of a tribe of peaceful head-hunters who greeted him like a white god and who prepared a great feast in his honor. The chief, an honor graduate of Columbia, '43, made a speech to welcome Warren, saying how nice it was that he had dropped in for dinner. Then the friendly natives playfully lifted Warren over their shoulders (like a garbage can) and dropped him in the pot. Realizing that the turn of events was not in his favor, Warren waved his credit cards in front of the chief's sparkling eyes. The chief took them as he borrowed Warren's new Ronson to start the flame. The chief knew that opportunity was rapping on his door. He'd wanted to leave these primitives and travel but a lack of money had stopped him. Pretty shells he had but no money. These silly natives didn't believe in credit either; if you didn't pay immediately, you found yourself on the wrong end of a blow gun. But in the U.S.—wow!

And so the chief packed his few possessions, attired himself in his graduation suit and as the happy warriors danced around the harried Warren (who, so to speak, was checking out for the last time), a new cash-poor but card-rich Clement J. Osgood was let loose on the unsuspecting but civilized world.

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Lost Lesson

"The two men were running together, and the other disciple ran on before, faster than Peter, and came first to the tomb." John 20, 4.

We have the picture of two men wildly running, Pumping legs driving them forward—reckless—Stumbling and choking in dust beneath their feet, But hardly losing a step, though gagged and breathless; Fast as they ran, still faster their pulses beat, As though the Lord Himself awaited their coming.

Love was younger, and outstripped Authority's pace, But, coming upon the scene of the rocky station, Inside of which he could have gone to see The cenotaph which was their destination, Instead he waited for Authority To lead him into the sacred burial place.

He purposely waited, nor procrastinated; He gave the lesson which was lost on men Like Wycliffe, who saw the need for reformation, But found his logic spurned time and again, Until he struck out wildly in frustration, Rejecting whom the young disciple awaited.

James M. Kelleher
THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PHILOSOPHY
AND RELIGION OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Paul J. Gallagher

A discussion of Wordsworth as a philosopher can lead one to many misconceptions of the poetry of Wordsworth since there are many varied opinions concerning this subject. Reading Wordsworth's poetry along with a knowledge of his life and background invalidates the common opinion that Coleridge was the first to influence him.

French Influences on Wordsworth

It is quite possible that in France Wordsworth the young idealist, was exposed to the theories of Rousseau. Rousseau's simplification of life in his natural philosophy corresponded to Wordsworth's own early life at Hawkshead. During this period, however, Michel Beaupuy, probably more than any other man, influenced Wordsworth. Beaupuy was an individualist, who loved and served all men but especially the poor. Once again, Beaupuy's idealism, his world-democracy, already existed for Wordsworth in the English Lake Country. Although Beaupuy tended to falsely simplify men and nature, it can be said that he gave to Wordsworth's faith in natural man a rational and personal verification which it needed to become a real conviction.

However, this simple philosophy of man and nature soon floundered when the ideas beloved to Wordsworth, which the French Revolution epitomized, were dashed to the ground by France herself resorting to the guillotine and to nationalistic aggression. It was at this time that Wordsworth probably fell under the influence of the Godwinian philosophy. The poet had been looking for a quick transformation of society, but now he was to become a man of "cool, abstract reason" placing the fulfillment of his hopes in the distant future.

The Influence of Godwin

Godwin's theory was centered in a complete detachment from life. The mind was an abstract structure and the intellect, which was independent and dispassionate, was capable of standing aside and viewing emotional and instinctive impulses and explaining them in a perfectly logical way that would bring about a certain degree of self-satisfaction.

Godwin had stated that "Religion is in reality in all its parts an accommodation to the prejudices and weaknesses of mankind" and that the Church of England "is employed in support of a system of blind submission and abject hypocrisy." Of priests he wrote that they were "patrons of prejudice" and "enemies to freedom of inquiry." However, the poems that are referred to as Godwinian—"Guilt and Sorrow", "The Ruined Cottage", and "The Convict"—cannot be called anti-Christian. "Guilt and Sorrow" though, can be called Godwinian because in it Wordsworth enforces and explains the general principles of the social order, which are applicable to all times and to all places, in the Godwinian fashion. It is a fact that Wordsworth was acquainted with Godwin's Political Justice. However, the word Godwinism may simply be accepted as a convenient term for Wordsworth's ideas at this period.

It is important to note that all of Wordsworth's previous experiences contradicted Godwin's claim that the individual was merely passive to the forces of life. Hence, as a poet, Wordsworth's moral and human sensibility showed itself. Godwinism excluded all that had once given life a meaning to Wordsworth and he still held a deep faith in men and nature. Therefore, the doctrine of Godwin as a panacea for his
disillusionment concerning the ideals of
the French Revolution could not succeed.
The basic principles of the two men were
incompatible.

In the work “The Borderers” we see
Wordsworth turning anti-Godwinian. The
poem shows that reason can be dangerous
when a man has committed a crime. God-
win, a benevolist, regarded benevolence as
the product of reason. Wordsworth was
attempting to adopt the theory of innate
goodness, thinking that reason is dangerous
unless the primacy of feeling first be af-
firmed.

Abstract rationalism, logical analysis, the
glorification of learning, the scorn of per-
sonal and domestic affections, the disap-
proval of private property—against these
Godwinian theories Wordsworth was to
rebel by cultivating their opposites. He was
now to have a more Rousseauistic attitude
and to be more of a radical than Beaupuy
in that he would examine the roots of
human nature in relation to the universe
itself.

Wordsworth's Return to Nature

Wordsworth's return to nature was not
a return to nature in the true sense of the
word. He himself stated that "the class . . .
most to be depended upon" in the study
of human nature consisted of those who,
having known the corruptions of the world,
"have outgrown them." Therefore, Words-
worth did not actually deal with the minds
of the rustics but rather with his own
mind. His pleasure consisted on the one
hand in perception of the external world
by his senses, and on the other hand in the
creative dominance of the mind over the
impressions of sense.

In a sense, the refining influence of na-
ture had been an ever-present theme with
Wordsworth. This can be demonstrated by
the following passage from the First Book
of "The Prelude":

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought

The Alembic

That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or star-light thus from my first
dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for
me
The passions that build up our human
soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of
man,
But with high objects, with enduring
things—
With life and nature—purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought.
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

This thing, nature, was a purifying ele-
ment that eventually produced beautiful
souls. A fine example of his naturalistic
tendencies can be seen in "Tintern Abby"
where Wordsworth refers to nature or to
something in it that moves, as a spirit, all
thinking things:

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, in the mind of

A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,
And rolls through all things.

This very concept had ruled in English
poetry for over a century.

Wordsworth's God

Wordsworth, along with Goethe and
Shelley, was inclined to do without the idea
of God unless forced to use it as a weapon
against any materialistic misconception of
his view. Both in "The Excursion" and in
"The Old Cumberland Beggar" Words-
worth, in rather unphilosophical language,
tries to convey the concept of naturalism
and at the same time to avoid implying the
existence of a purely mechanistic material
universe. Nature then, is not simply the
transmission of impulses from one dead ob-
ject to another. Rather every natural being has in itself, whether conscious or not, the essence of spirit or of life. Therefore, it was necessary that the world of Wordsworth be impregnated with spirit, or, if you will, with God.

The course of this theory can be traced, and seems to begin with the term “plastic.” The idea that God, through His intervention, was responsible for all natural occurrences did not appeal to many of the philosophers of the nineteenth century. Therefore, the term “plastic” was brought into use to express the power in nature which enabled it to carry on its actions. An earlier philosopher who adhered to this plastic nature theory was Ralph Cudworth. He explains the theory in his work *True Intellectual System of the Universe*. He tried to make it clear that this was not an atheistic theory; however, he did not wish to imply that God interfered with each stage in the process of nature. It is probable that Wordsworth found in Cudworth his “Soul of all the Worlds” theory.

The most obvious influence on Wordsworth seems to have been Bishop Berkeley. His theory was that there was a spirit, a sort of fire or light, which put into effect in nature the intellectual orders of God. He was reluctant to identify the soul of the world with God but was ready to defend the pantheistic view against charges of its being atheistical.

Newton, on the other hand, was of the opinion that God not only created the universe but was constantly responsible for its preservation. Wordsworth’s imagery in “Stern Lawgiver” and “Stern Daughter of the Voice of God” seems to reflect Newton’s theological explanation of the operations of Providence in the planetary system.

**Pantheism**

Joseph Warren Beach defines deistic or pantheistic literature as being unorthodox in its desire to substitute the natural for the supernatural, or to identify the two, or to lay the main stress on the natural. The divine, or supernatural, is conceived of as working invariably through the laws of nature, so that everything in the universe, both physical and moral, is explainable in terms of nature. Probably the reason for this idea in the eighteenth century was that one would be able to conceive of a simple and perfectly orderly universe that could be the subject of rational inquiry so as to eliminate causes that seemed to be unrelated to the system.

In “Tintern Abbey” Wordsworth was far less advanced toward religious orthodoxy than was Coleridge. In France he had fallen under the influence of Beaupuy who considered religion to be the enemy of liberty and progress. He had been subjected to the eighteenth century theology which, in turn, had grown from seventeenth and eighteenth century science. Although the poems do not underplay the importance of the spirit, they regard it as forming a part of nature. His poems seem to start with nature and to interpret everything in the moral world in respect to it. The following lines from “Tintern Abbey” are an example of this type of interpretation:

... for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is,
nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e’er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

**Wordsworth’s Psychology**

It is of great importance in reading “The Prelude” and the nature poems of 1798 to note the influence that the associationist psychology of David Hartley had upon Wordsworth. It is Wordsworth’s purpose in “The Prelude” and the nature poems of
1798 to show how the objects of nature become associated with aesthetic and moral ideas in one's mind.

Briefly, Hartley's doctrine is that our simpler ideas are compounded sensations, while our more complex ideas are our compounded simpler ideas. In the course of one's life, through the association of pain and pleasure with certain experiences, are built up higher sentiments. These higher sentiments are built up of the simple elements given by our sensations until these simple elements arrive at complex ideal structures such as imagination, self-interest, sympathy with our fellow men, a feeling for God, and finally, the moral sense. Wordsworth followed Hartley's plan—from sensation to idea, and from idea to sentiment, as can be seen in the previously cited passages from "The Prelude."

Realism is often thought to be the negation of imagination and imagination an escape from realism. However, this was not the case with Wordsworth. Much of his poetry, as can be seen, springs from actual occurrences and often Wordsworth tells us the exact phenomena that gave rise to certain images and the incidents that suggested certain poems. The imaginative transformation, then, is important. The imagination must be the servant of truth and reason, and the material with which it works must also be true (must rest upon careful observation and sound reflection). As a clarification of this we may cite Professor Garrod's observation that the "mysticism of Wordsworth is grounded and rooted, actually, in the senses." Many of Wordsworth's poems—the first book of "The Excursion" and much of "The Prelude"—rely upon careful observation and a "pre-occupation with reality which is fertilized by the imagination."

Passion was also closely related to the imaginative power by Wordsworth. He claimed that Dryden failed to accomplish the poet's purpose which is "to bind together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society." It is passion that is responsible for the earliest exercise of the imagination. Simple incidents are made memorable by the transforming power of the imagination and this transformation is accompanied by deep emotion.

Godwin had tended to overlook certain elements in human nature such as joy, sympathy, and affection. It was probably because of the low opinion that Godwin had of passion in contrast to the high value that Wordsworth set on the emotions that Wordsworth was not prone to accept the philosophy of Godwin.

In "The Prelude" Wordsworth writes:

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:

By "fear" it seems that he is referring to an emotion similar to awe which possessed the capability of exalting him.

Wordsworth laid great stress on the importance of power: the power of natural objects and forces, of certain works of man, and of the spirit that produced them. Fear, then, was an emotion brought about by the thought of or the presence of power. The "ministry of fear", although Wordsworth is vague concerning it, seems to be that it stimulates the imagination. It firmly fastens a scene upon the memory and in this sense is a means of storing up material for use by the imagination.

For this theory concerning the "ministry of fear" Wordsworth could have used the ideals put forth in Burke's Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful which stated that whatever was fitted to excite the ideas of pain and danger (whatever causes fear) is a source of the sublime.

The Influence of Boyhood Experiences

Wordsworth's conception of nature and its ministry to the human spirit arose from experiences of his boyhood. Raymond Dexter Havens, in his work The Mind of A Poet, states that "much of the philosophical
part of Wordsworth’s poetry is an attempt to find a rational justification for the importance which his feelings and his experience told him that nature held for man.”

In his early years Wordsworth did not theorize about nature. Not until he was twenty-seven did he begin to ask: what was this nature that had brought him peace, joy, and insight? what was its relation to God and man? what part does the imagination play in this relationship? and how can the values of the external world be reconciled with the human mind?

Havens claims that “The Prelude”, which deals with nature, is a study of the imagination, the means by which nature is made to serve the spiritual needs of man.

**Wordsworth’s “Mysticism”**

Concerning mystical experience, Wordsworth describes the events that led up to them. From his descriptions it can be seen that these experiences usually arose in the presence of some awe inspiring sight at a time when he himself was in an unusual mood. However, Wordsworth never refers to these experiences as being mystical and they seem to differ only in a degree from the joy of communion with nature that was often his. Hence, the formal term “mysticism” has been applied by other authors who have studied Wordsworth’s works.

It is only conjecture that Wordsworth was indebted to any one philosopher or to any group of philosophers for his theories. The effect that Coleridge had upon him can never be fully demonstrated. It is assumed that he knew the basic ideas of Hartley directly from the *Observations on Man*, but these ideas could have come to him through Coleridge. Hartley gave very little importance to the imagination. Wordsworth, however, considered the imagination the prime essential of poetry and of life. He had read the major pre-romantic poets (Addison, Blake, Cowper, Gay, Goldsmith, Gray, Johnson, and Thomson) and had admired the imaginative element in all of them.

**Wordsworth’s Religious Ideas**

At first Wordsworth was a sensationalist and considered the source of his most profound feelings merely to be physiological. As a transcendentalist, however, Wordsworth thought that this source was the “one great mind.” In the “Immortality Ode” we see that Wordsworth is now ready to seek religious values in the idea of a transcendental God rather than in the pantheistic nature.

It has been stated that during the years 1807-1814 Wordsworth tried to “supernaturalize the religion of nature without surrendering its essential satisfactions.” He uses the words “God”, “grace”, “heaven”, and other words of the same nature but still possesses the pantheist views. This is exemplified in “Composed Upon An Evening Of Extraordinary Splendour And Beauty” when the poet says to the evening concerning her beauty:

> But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,\n>   Informs my spirit, ne’er can I believe That this magnificence is wholly thine!\n> —From worlds not quickened by the sun\n> A portion of the gift is won;\n> An intermingling of Heaven’s pomp is spread\n> On ground which British shepherds tread!

According to one author, Wordsworth’s poetry after 1814 began to decline. In this period he was conservative in both politics and religion. His best poems had been written under the influence of his not so conservative early years. Now that he was deprived of his early nourishment, he began to decline.

In “The Pass of Kirkstone” Wordsworth suggests that he has Christianized himself. He is convinced that faith enables us to “feel that we are greater than we know.” He has arrived at this faith after attaining

Continued on page 79
Composition in White, Black and Red by Piet Mondrian (1872-1944).

A Roman copy of The Discus Thrower by Myron (c. 450 B.C.).

To desire material, cultural, intellectual and moral amelioration is definitely characteristic of modern society. There is demand for more material comforts and as a consequence, for more money. The unknown naturally intrigues the intellect, as is evidenced by past and future scientific progress. There exists a striving towards betterment of the individual, and concomitantly a desire for the enlightenment and refinement of our aesthetic taste. These are evidently all necessary for a well-developed, progressive civilization. For this reason there has been in the past few years a considerable augmentation in artistic interests. Museums, art galleries and the like have been blessed with increased endowments and gifts; attendance records are the highest in history.

This quality of aestheticism, that is, being able to appreciate beauty, is inherent in all men, although in varying degrees; in reality, man seeks to beautify those things which he sees and uses, such as homes, tools, etc., and consequently he has developed art, as it is commonly called today.

The Nature of Art

What precisely is the nature of this art that man has developed through many centuries? Simply, it is the manner of beautifying objects. The artist observes or learns of a beautiful thing which he wishes to interpret in the form of painting, sculpture, etc. This object of his attention becomes the exemplary cause of his work. His purpose lies in conveying this idea in a visual manner, in order that it may be understood and appreciated by another person by appealing to that other's aesthetic nature, or taste.

There is also an obvious necessity for materials with which to work, from which the final objet d'art is produced. A piece of stone becomes a bust; a piece of wood becomes part of a designed structure. The artist however, is restrained in his use of such materials because they are limited; one could not make a bust out of canvas. The arrangement of accidental, refined matter, such as lines, planes, shapes, and colors is subsequent to the choice of materials. Along with this material cause there are the instruments used; for instance canvas serves as an object on which to apply paint by means of a brush. The brush is the active instrument.

The value of a work of art depends to some extent upon its beauty. Saint Thomas defines this beauty as that which pleases when seen. An artistic object is indeed beautiful if it pleases both one's intellect and senses. Inherent in this beauty lies the perfection of the work. Indeed there is less attraction in a mutilated statue like Venus minus her arms, than in a statue containing all its parts. Furthermore, the idea conveyed must not be disorganized, lest the admirer be confused as to its nature. This mental image represented in the work of art should be clearly perceptible, for order is basic to beauty, be it intellectual or sensate. The work of art being the expressed idea, one must not take it to be something which it is not. A study of Raphael's Madonna should not cause the viewer to take it to be an image other than the Madonna. Thus the observer can comprehend and appreciate the object in its fullness and totality. It may be noted that this quality is what the architects call character. There is a need also for contrast, thereby preventing monotony, as is exemplified in oil painting, in which the center of attraction must not be the same shade as the background. On the contrary, it must stand out, this being done only by
varying the colors, or their values. There should also be found order in each part as related to the others; a country scene should have the objects placed as they are found in nature.

The Presentation of Art

As history relates, early art was naturally primitive but in time became more refined. The major arts developed according to the needs of the people. They needed shelter, and thus they began building crude but practical homes. These gradually became decorated in order that they might be both useful and attractive. So too, early weapons and tools were very plain, but people in time began adding a visual perfection to the existing mechanical one. Man became better acquainted with his materials and their uses. Manners of expression gradually improved as the parts became better organized.

Man’s memory, imagination and ideas played a most important role in contributing to the pictures that he expressed according to his wishes. As was to be expected, these expressions were not pictorial; that is, they were not photographic recreations of the original, but were rather crude and rigid interpretations. The pictures of the bison found in prehistoric caves were general outlines of the beasts. In fact, some parts were very hazy and thus difficult to distinguish.

During the historical eras Before Christ, art developed into the geometric or abstract school, as is evidenced by Egyptian Art. This type shows us the principles of design in their simplest applications. Only essential volumes are shown; as regards human forms the artist reduced arms, heads, legs, feet, etc., to a minimum of detail. Thus they almost completely lacked natural anatomy. Gradually, with the development of Assyrian Art, there was found a tendency to work away from the rigid lines of the earlier Egyptians.

The Island of Crete exerted a profound influence on European Art, being the transition point from East to West. The Cretans carried Geometric Art to Southeastern Europe from Egypt, and developed from it their own expression of naturalism. The early Greeks, being barbarians, had destroyed the naturalistic art of the Cretans. Subsequently, the later Greeks successfully sought to rediscover this naturalistic manner of artistic expression. At this time, the basic elements of art having been developed, artists sought to incorporate the particulars in their expressions, as is evidenced by the fact that every detail of the body was made part of the work. Very early European Art attempted to develop some perspective, that is, a view of all the parts in relation to the whole, as well as depth and width. One can distinguish in representative paintings and reliefs of this era between figures in the background and those in the foreground, as in the Odyssey paintings of the Roman era. Later art in India and Japan shows us a gradual development of values, that is, the use of interplaying colors. Thus one is able to notice depth as well as contrast.

This naturalistic trend did not develop further until the Renaissance, during which era there was found betterment of space and development of consistency in lighting effects. Man looked at and portrayed man as such. Oil painting had been introduced into Italy and was a very well developed major art. Today’s styles of naturalistic sculpture and oil painting are the continuation of that which was rather extensively developed and culminated in the art of the Renaissance.

It is evident then, that there are two basic types of communication in the art of today: Naturalism, or a representation of nature, in which the artist communicates his individual visions or interpretations of an object while discarding details he does not desire to use. There is moreover an offspring of Naturalism, called Formalism, a method by which the artist conveys an
image of something perhaps never seen, but which touches upon man's heritage, as exemplified in the idea of freedom. During the past few decades however, there has developed an intense form of symbolism known as Modern Art. Artists, claiming that they were oppressed by the weight of magnificent traditions, asserted the necessity of getting away from conventional art that had developed throughout the ages. They were and still are clearly rebellious against the fact that they must conform to today's pre-set standards.

The artist being thus liberated from naturalism and formalism, there arose a period of exploration in theory during which time excessive emphasis was and is being placed on sheer technique, form, and surface values. The Modern Artist therefore has been attempting to evoke a subjective response in the onlooker rather than strive to communicate a thought or a feeling. Despite the strangeness of both the language and the symbols, modern works are supposed to move their readers. Art is commonly accepted as a language of sight, expressing ideas capable of communication in no other way. One may respond to a painting without being able to explain the response; but if the symbols become too remote the language places an excessive burden on the viewer, and may lead him to a subjective re-creation distinct from the original intent.

According to William Snaith*, noted architect and painter, the chief source of the misrepresentation of symbols lies in the artist's need to express individuality and originality. He uses a strange tongue, and thus the average man is unable to comprehend him.

It is however possible to justify all types of art, including Modern Art. For, with man's infinite variety of experience he cannot be limited to only one manner and standard of expression.

There has been expressed the hope that communication will be re-established in Modern Art. It is most probable that this art is still groping, aiming for the day when reasonable communication will be re-established. It must be remembered that musical artists must first learn meaningless chords before being able to express thoughts and feelings in their field. This re-communication, once accomplished, will definitely cause the capacity of the new aesthetic artist to evoke effective response with an energy which has never before been possible.

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The Game Of Life

It's wonderful and awful, 
Entirely too mysterious, 
Entirely too strange, 
When you think about it, 
That is if you're foolish enough to think about it: 
I do occasionally, 
It reminds me of a big game, 
Only I wasn't consulted 
About whether I wanted to play; 
If I had my choice, 
I'd play anyway, 
But as it happened 
I just woke up and found myself in the game.

JAMES M. KELLEHER
The Annunciation by Fra Angelico (1387-1455).

The Death of Socrates by Jacques Louis David (1748-1825).
"In every civilization the recognition of the universal need of beauty in some form has been accomplished" . . . so wrote James Keleher in his article "Expiring Art" for the October edition of the *Alembic* in 1922, 38 years ago. Today, in honor of the 40th anniversary of the *Alembic* to show once more that "Art is Long, Life is Short", we pay tribute to the Angelic Artist, Fra Angelico. In the work of this great Dominican priest we can recognize the truth of the fact that his art has endured long after his lifetime.

John Ruskin, the art critic, once said that the characters of men are revealed in their art. What are the qualities of a Saint: piety, peacefulness, holiness, goodness? These Fra Angelico possessed in a higher degree than many of us who fear to do even the slightest deed for God's honor. Yet, he put on the habit of a Dominican novice at the Convent of San Domenico early in his youth, for he felt assured that in this life of poverty, renouncement of will, and austerity he could reach his main aim in life—to seek no other dignity than that of avoiding hell, and attaining paradise.

Time and again he had the opportunity to hold high offices in the Dominican Order, but he replied each time, "True riches consist in being content with a little". Every moment of his life was dedicated to the service of God, and the good of the world and of his neighbor.

On April 21, 1955, there was an exhibition of Fra Angelico's paintings in the Constantine Hall of the Vatican. At the opening of the Exhibition Pope Pius XII gave an address in which he said, "In this great painter, art rises to the dignity almost of a minister of God as he invites men to enter a blessed world of peace and holiness."

Yes, he did achieve peace of soul, and even greater still, he had that quality and ability of communicating this peace to the world through his art. During his lifetime the Renaissance Church had passed through the crisis of the Great Schism. Even in his own community, the Convent of San Marco, strife existed. It was expelled from Florence for its loyalty to Pope Alexander V, who later turned out to be an anti-pope. Yet gazing upon his paintings, one sees only peace and goodness and at times hidden solutions to the problems men were confronted with in these times.

In the Convent of San Marco there is a picture for every cell, the cloister walls, and the refectory, painted either by Fra Angelico or one of his pupils. Through his paintings he taught the scriptures and the truth of faith, convincing men's minds by the very force of their beauty. Such paintings as "The Coronation" and "The Descent from the Cross" (in the Museum of San Marco) have served as sermons for Fra Angelico and have caused his art to endure through the ages. His aim was to draw people to the practice of the Christian virtues by setting before them beautiful examples.

Beauty cannot be stressed enough in his art. Fra Angelico was a Christian disciple of Plato, and for this reason placed an extensive stress on beauty. For the Angelic Artist the contemplation and realization of beauty was the supreme goal of art, recognizing it as the work and reflection of God.

He drew inspiration from the mysteries of faith. Through these he speaks to the innermost soul of men. Critics have often noted, as is very evident, how Catholic doctrine is reflected not only in the content of his paintings, but also in his style and
The Alembic

technique. One of the finest examples of Fra Angelico’s art is his “Annunciation.” In this painting he achieves a striking effect by combining with his ingeniously style a doctrine of faith. It would be well to pause here for a moment and take a brief insight into the content of this picture which will serve to illustrate somewhat why his art has endured.

If we first focus our attention on the Blessed Virgin we notice the reverence of her face as she receives the messenger, who also displays an air of reverence as he bows before the Virgin. The Blessed Mother stoops slightly forward with her arms folded on her bosom in a gesture that depicts her freedom from fear and doubt. She has no crown or rich and colorful robes, but still there is an atmosphere of patient majesty which surrounds her and radiates to the angel. One notices also the luminous intensity of the room, of Mary and the Angel, and of the garden in the background.

Fra Angelico creates between all the different elements of the picture a succession of rhythmical relations. One notices also the anatomical exactness of the bodies and the indispensable relation between the two forms. In his art Fra Angelico applied one of the great technical advances in art: perspective, the use of which is illustrated in his ability with the arch. Perspective leads the eye to a distant plane, to the horizon, or to the vanishing point, the latter formed by the intersection of two or more perspectival lines. This is greatly emphasized in the “Annunciation.”

There is no doubt that Fra Angelico was one of the most representative links in the transition from the Gothic Tradition to the Humanistic Renaissance. He is one of the pillars of Western cultural advancement and a successful promoter of its progress as well as an interpreter of his own times.

In conclusion we once again have recourse to Pope Pius’ address in which he says, “... It is also our desire to revive the deeply religious and human message his paintings have preached to his own and succeeding generations, which have never tired contemplating his symbolic images where beauty and harmony seem to transcend the summit of the purely human and to open as it were a window into Heaven.”

Men from all walks of life can find in Fra Angelico’s dedication and fidelity examples by which they too may guide all their actions toward one goal, the service of God.

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Lines

Place your hand on my heart, dear
Ease the ache inside
For I feel persistent pain
That is hard to hide.
Only your soft hand can help me
To erase the somber blow
Put there by a faded love dream
That was mine so long ago.
Through the magic known as memory
Portions of the past live on
But although my heart is breaking,
Strangely somehow tears are gone
For I’ve lost the knack of crying.
Laughter, too, has flown from me,
So it is with those who ponder
On love dreams of used-to-be.
Place your hand upon my heart, dear,
Only in this way can I
Ease the pain that plagues my soul
Learn anew to laugh and cry.

ROBERT OPPEL
GROWING PAINS
Joseph Soulak

Dragging his feet rhythmically along the sidewalk, Davey slowly approached the street leading to his house. Keeping pace with his shuffling feet were a series of deep and perplexing thoughts. It wasn't the usual boyhood problems which troubled Davey at this moment. It was his pants—the knee-length pants which his mother called "knickerbockers." To a boy in the first year of high school they were the most horrible things in the world, but to Mrs. Turski they were serviceable and entirely proper for a fourteen year old son to wear. Until now Davey had never questioned his mother's wisdom, but today was different.

First, there was the school dance next Friday night. It was the biggest social event of the year. Davey hadn't given much thought to this dance, or for that matter any other dance. That is, not until this afternoon. Here was the second thing to consider. Somehow the otherwise shy David Turski had asked the most popular girl in his class to the dance. It was a casual remark which came as a climax to the infrequent routine of carrying her books home. Before there was an opportunity to reconsider the proposal she uttered an excited "Yes" and rushed into the house. Davey stood looking after her, suspended between rapture and frustration. He realized that a dance, any dance, meant not knickers, but a suit. For a boy who doesn't even own a pair of dress pants this can be a pretty weighty problem. It was exactly this and corresponding questions that the dejected appearance and dragging feet displayed at this moment.

As Davey turned in the gate he thought about what his mother said the last time he asked her for a suit. "When you grow up," she brusquely replied. She had been saying that for the past year. Every time he pleaded with his parents the answer was always the same. Pausing at the door he rephrased his plea, intending to talk to his mother now, and his father later in the evening.

"Mom, do you know that my knickers are beginning to get a hole in the knee," Davey said after closing the door and laying his books on the table. Mrs. Turski rushed to survey the imaginary hole. "It looks as though they will do for a few more weeks," she said. "When they wear out we'll get you some more." Davey saw his chance. He quickly launched his well-prepared appeal. Many solicitous words later she looked at him, brushed a wisp of hair from his forehead, and responded, "You're still a little boy." Davey's heart fell! After dinner, when his father was seated comfortably in the overstuffed chair, he broached the subject again. As expected, Mr. Turski was not inclined to disagree with his wife, so the matter progressed no further than an abrupt "No!"

For the next week and a half Davey worked around the house cleaning the cellar, selling the old bottles, and taking several piles of newspapers to the junk yard. When these possibilities of financial remuneration were exhausted he searched out other means. After carrying out the ashes for the people across the street he split some wood for Mrs. Sherman on the corner, and helped Mr. Osga next door landscape his lawn.

On Wednesday Davey hurried to his room and quickly removed the cigar-box of earnings to his bed. "Six dollars and thirty-two cents" he counted slowly to himself. His face turned pale and his shoulders slumped. "Not half enough," he thought while remembering the price of suits he looked at the day before. The cheapest one was fourteen dollars and twenty-five cents. Davey sat on the edge of his bed and looked out
The Alembic

the window. He just had to have that suit, but how? It was more important than ever. The night of the dance was only two days away and he had told everyone whom he was taking.

The next morning Davcy attempted to ask his mother again, but she dismissed the matter by saying, “Hurry or you’ll be late for school.” That day his mind was a long way from studies and in the afternoon it took longer than usual to come home. After dinner he went to his room. Going to bed early he stayed awake a long while, staring at the ceiling and listening to the rain against the window. Half-heartedly he hoped for a flood or similar catastrophe, anything to force cancellation of the dance. His thoughts drifted into oblivion as the beating rain-drops lulled him to sleep.

The day of the dance Davcy was up bright and early. Just as he was finishing a glass of milk his mother cautioned, “Don’t forget your rubbers—it’s still raining.” Davey detested rubbers almost as much as knickers. But with his mother eyeing him suspiciously he reluctantly opened the closet door and reached for them. Then, he stopped! Hanging there before him was a suit, an exquisite, well-tailored suit. It belonged to his father—the same one he had been married in fifteen years before. Davey felt the fine cloth. He remembered how handsome his father looked when he wore the suit which was reserved only for special occasions. An idea caused Davey’s heart to beat excitedly. He hastily put on his rubbers, closed the door, and hurried to school.

After dinner that night Davcy went to his room where he combed his hair twice and took great patience to put a special shine on his black shoes. A short while later his father left for the Friday night lodge meeting. At length his mother went next door to help Mrs. Osga with a quilt they were making for the Church Bazaar. No sooner was she gone than Davey was at the closet door. He carefully removed the suit together with the tie and white shirt which were always hanging there. Returning to his room he began dressing.

It was a good thing that his father was not a large man, or maybe, it was better that Davey was a growing boy. The pants seemed a little big at first. After pulling them higher than normal above the waist and tightening the belt one more hole he found that the fit was comfortable. The shirt was large around the collar. With a drawing motion of the tie Davey forced concealment of a small bulge at the back of the neck. The profuse extension of the sleeves were remedied by extending his arms to their full length. This allowed little possibility of tell-tale revelation. When he did the same with the suit coat the results were equally satisfying. Admiring himself in the mirror he ran a comb through his hair and dusted a speck of dust from his shoulder. “Not a bad fit if I do say so myself,” he mused.

The evening was perfect for Davey. He danced all but three of the dances, even if he was a bit awkward. His manners were flawless, as demonstrated by the attention and courtesy shown his date. Especially pleasing to Davey were the compliments he received on his suit, both from his date and from his friends. Davey was justifiably proud of himself. His pride swelled even more during the last dance when his companion thanked him graciously for the pleasant evening. When it was time to go she took great pleasure in introducing him to her parents. Davcy managed a quick “Hello” before remembering it was almost eleven o’clock. That was the hour his father usually returned from his lodge meetings. Excusing himself gracefully Davey ran down the school corridor and out the door.

In his haste he decided to take a shortcut. This was customary on days when he wanted to get home from school early. Half running, half jumping he darted through a vacant lot, down a dark alley, and across the street. He then decided to go through
Osga's yard. This would bring him right to his own door step.

Davey turned and took a running step. As he did so his body lunged forward. His face became buried in wet grass and loam. His hands were cut and bleeding. The white shirt was full of grass stains. Picking himself up he felt a rush of air behind him, revealing a gaping hole. "Oh my gosh, I forgot the fence," thought Davey as he looked up and saw the sign he had placed there two days earlier, "Grass . . . Keep Off!"

Fear and nausea overwhelmed Davey as he walked toward his house. "I can't go in now," he sobbed. He walked along the sidewalk to the far end of the street. Three times he retraced these steps, half-hoping that his parents would go to bed early. After the next jaunt he was weary and his cuts began to hurt. He paused momentarily on the steps before cautiously opening the door. Meekly he peered in then quickly closed the door behind him.

His mother and father looked up. They appeared more surprised than angry. Just as his mother was about to say something, Mr. Turski stopped her short. "It looks as if they have some pretty rough dances," he said, eyeing the grass stains and torn pants. Davey stared at him. "Did you have a good time?" his father queried.

"Aren't you mad?" Davey quickly asked. His mother looked at his father; together they looked at the spectacle before them. "Of course not Davey, it just took us a long time to realize you were growing up," said Mrs. Turski. "Your father just bought a new suit today." She continued further, "As for that dirt and those hands, let's see what a little water will do. Then, to bed with you. Tomorrow is a big day for us. I think it is about time we did some shopping for you," she said with a twinkle and smiled.

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**ST. RAYMOND'S PARISH**

Providence, Rhode Island
It was one of those warm April days when the sky is an unbroken panorama of deep blue, and the surprising heat of the sun mingles interestingly with a mild movement of air hardly strong enough to be called a breeze—one of those lazy days that depletes the industry of all but the most assiduous, when the sun seems to contain a natural tranquilizer for jangled nerves, when toiling mankind relaxes in spite of itself. For Homer Shepard, it was one of those times when he realized he was indeed lucky to be alive and wished that he had within him the power to communicate his joy to others; it was the sort of daydream many men have.

In the midst of his poetical aspirations, reality returned to Homer with a jolt. Reality was the bridge upon which he stood, and the rail where he was resting his arm and briefcase; the jolt was provided by a long-haired, disagreeable looking teen-aged boy engaged in some rough horseplay with two companions. At the same time that he felt the pain of being rammed against the iron rail. Homer saw the thick briefcase tumble from his hands and plop into a fishing boat which was slowly passing beneath the bridge.

A paralyzing rage held him motionless for an instant. He shot a hateful glance after the three hoodlums running to safety, then turned his eyes back to the fishing vessel which had now put a good distance between him and his briefcase. Such a rapid stroke of bad fortune left him so perplexed that he was unable, for several minutes, to do anything more effective than mutter a series of standard curses. After a moment he collected himself sufficiently to start walking in the direction of a policeman who was standing on a corner about a hundred yards from the bridge. As he walked, he became too warm: the sun which had so recently been the object of his admiration, was now an annoyance. With a moist hand, he brushed the sandy-colored hair from his forehead.
Well, he was telling himself with great bitterness, it figured. Of all the damn times to be standing on that bridge—of all the people that must have stood in that very spot earlier in the day, it was he that had to have that happen—naturally. He exhaled a heartfelt sigh of disgust as he approached the officer.

The officer was middle-aged, and rather plump all over. "What can I do for you, my friend?" he asked.

"I just had sort of a freak accident happen to me. I was standing on the bridge there, just minding my business, when some young punks, who were wrestling or something, crashed into me from behind and made me drop my briefcase. A fishing boat was going under the bridge, and that's where it landed—right in the damn boat."

The man in blue grinned a little. "Is that a fact?" he marveled, thoughtfully stroking his double chin. "Well, now, let's see... when did this happen?"

"When do you think it happened? Just now. I just came from there." Homer's voice bespoke impatience.

"Is that the boat away up the river there?"

"Yes," came the curt answer. Homer was restlessly shifting his weight from one foot to the other. His features had taken on a demanding expression.

Beginning to feel a little uncomfortable at the unpleasantness of Homer's attitude, the other man chuckled in a rather nervous, consoling tone, "Well... lucky it didn't fall in the water. Lucky the fishing boat was there to catch it... that was a break, anyway."

Obviously wanting none of this useless consolation, Homer began to speak more rapidly—almost threateningly, "Can you do something to help me or not? I came to you because you're a policeman. You're supposed to handle situations like this. I'm an insurance man; I have to have the papers in that briefcase this afternoon, or I lose plenty. Look at that rotten boat—look at it! It's almost out of sight. Now, can you do something or not?"

"Easy, friend, easy. Now just calm down." The officer showed surprisingly little sign of irritation. "You're not going to accomplish anything that way. We'll get a lot more done if you keep your head. I'm no magician, y'know. I can't stop that boat from here." He took out a pad and pencil. "Now, give me your name and address, and we'll see if we can recover your property for you."

Homer complied, but did it in a sudden way. He turned from the officer with no word of thanks, and shuffled away. He was thinking how amazing it was. It had to be some kind of mysterious curse. How else could he be the constant victim of such ill luck? Useless cop! He wanted to help real badly. Oh, you could tell how worried he was about the whole thing. Well, Homer would just have to get it back himself then—somehow.

The heat of his anger was subsiding, but now he felt a sense of deep, interior frustration—a really serious despair arising from the proven premise that he was, in some mysterious way, prone to misfortunes. It was much worse than anger; it was a deliberate abandonment of hope. This feeling was nothing new to Homer—it came to the fore of his consciousness often, always combined with a peculiar satisfaction which, though vague and indescribable, was something on the idea of a heroic submission to fate, enjoyed in the tranquility that came from giving up. In such contented moments as he had experienced on the bridge, he realized the foolishness of all this, but whenever anything frustrating happened, especially something as unlikely as dropping one's briefcase over the side of a bridge into a fishing boat, he became convinced all over again—it was just his lot to be unlucky.

A half-mile upstream there was a wharf from which fishing boats operated; this he
considered the logical place to go next. The heat of the sun made walking uncomfortable, but that was just another thing. Why fight that either?

Passing pedestrians could have discerned nothing of Homer's mood. He was neatly dressed in a tan herringbone suit, and he carried himself with poise. His face was well proportioned, and his hair cut fairly short, although it had a way of falling down on his forehead. His good grooming was a credit to the Pemberton Insurance Company. With this concern Homer had been employed only eighteen months, but he was making satisfactory progress and enjoyed the job. He was a man of twenty-five, married for two years, and the father of a healthy six-months-old son.

From the sidewalk to the edge of the river, a steep hill descended, but the height of the hill was not nearly so great at the location of the wharf as at the bridge. A splinterly wooden stairway led from the sidewalk down to the wharf, which was constructed of heavy, broad, worn planks. Several fishing boats were docked there, one of which was being relieved of its heavy load; four tough-looking men, two of them wearing no shirts, were shoveling slimey fish by the hundreds into barrels. The two shirtless workers exchanged some comments inaudible to Homer. He was certain, however, that they were referring to him, and not in a favorable way.

As he approached them, his leather shoes sharply contacting the wooden planks of the wharf, the men indifferently followed him with their eyes. In doing so, they had stopped their shoveling. Homer felt suddenly conspicuous, but his long strides had carried him almost to the point where the boat was tied. He tried to frame a question they would be sure to understand. "I wonder if you could help me," he began in a loud voice. "I want to find out something." The four said nothing, nor did they register any indication of understanding, but Homer continued. "There was a boat that went downstream about a half-hour ago. It went under the bridge down there. I was standing on the bridge, and I dropped something by accident: I dropped my briefcase, and it fell into the boat." He was trying to make it as plain as possible—his listeners looked a little dense. "Do you know whose boat it was? It went through about a half-hour ago." He was addressing these remarks to one man in particular more than to the other three. This man was shirtless, husky, and hairy; his face was unshaven, his hair dirty and bushy, but he appeared to be the oldest, and seemed to be the leader of the group, since the looks of the others were even less impressive.

After a brief weighing of the problem, the shirtless man spoke. "This boat, mister," he said slowly, "what did it look like?"

"I don't remember much about what it looked like. To me it looked about like this one," said Homer, indicating the boat from which the men had been unloading fish. The odor of all those fish in the sun was not agreeing with him. He shifted his weight and waited for the answer, which was a long time coming. This bird was slower than the cop.

"Gee, I don't think it was none of our boats," he said finally. "We got all but two of them tied up here, but it could have been one of the ones that are out. They could have come back this way for something, but I doubt it. I think it was probably from one of the other places way upstream. Why don't you report it to the police?"

Homer suddenly became overwhelmed by the futility of the whole thing: the freakish accident which started it all, the unsatisfactory conversation with the policeman, the ignorance of this apish fisherman, the unsightliness of the whole sweaty crew, the heat generated by his own perspiring body and retained by the binding tab collar of his oxford shirt, the repulsive stink of fish and sweat—all of this was just too
irritating to bear. A hot surge of frustration and violent anger completely overcame him, and he stepped closer to his antagonist.

"Why don’t I report it to the police!" he shouted. "Why don’t you, and your fish, and your boats, and the police all go to hell?" He turned briskly to leave, but found himself detained by a huge hand wrapped around his arm. "Get your smelly hands off me, you . . . you damned imbecile!" With his free hand, Homer swung wildly at the bristled chin, connecting with a crack that almost broke his knuckles. For an instant, his head was cleared by the sobering instinct of self-preservation and, for that brief time, he knew he had made a mistake, but then came a numbing blow to the side of his face. He crumbled to the planks and lay on his back for several minutes, slowly returning to his senses.

When he sat up and looked around, the four men had stepped from the wharf and were now standing in their boat, staring at him. He shoved away a shiny, silver fish which lay next to his hand, and he slowly rose to his feet. Neither he nor the men in the boat spoke a word; he walked deliberately back to the stairs, climbed them to the sidewalk and, looking back to be sure the men were still where he left them, he started back to his car. His cheek wasn’t too sore, considering how hard he had been hit, but the knuckles of his right hand were aching. Checking his clothes, he found no serious damage.

Relief from anger came in the usual way: His sense of doom and resignation returned. Really funny, this whole thing, he thought. If he hadn’t had his briefcase knocked out of his hands, he probably would be talking to Mr. Goff about a policy right now, and setting himself up for an attractive commission. But look what happened instead . . . really funny. Now he would have to call Mr. Goff, and his own company as well, to explain that he had lost his briefcase. Of all the foolish, humiliating things! He shrugged his shoulders with a sort of ironic, bitter laugh, accompanied by no smile whatever.

On the way back to his car, he had to pass by the fateful bridge. As he did, he gave it an unfriendly glance, as if to blame it for his troubles. But no—he knew it wasn’t the bridge’s fault, nor the policeman’s, nor the fisherman’s, nor the boat’s. Most assuredly, it was something about Homer himself—God only knows what—but something that made him unlucky.

His thought was interrupted by the sound of quick footsteps a short distance behind him. He whirled, half expecting to see an angry band of fishermen come to murder him. What he saw, however, was just one fisherman—not one of the four he had met at the wharf. What a curious sight he was in his baggy workclothes, swinging a briefcase by the handle. A Madison Avenue executive carrying an armful of mackerel could not have looked more comical.

"Hey, Bud, this your bag?"

"Yes, it is," Homer said, accepting it. "Where did you get it?"

"It was on my boat. I brought ’er in just a few minutes ago—must have been right after you left. Charlie down there saw me holdin’ that thing, and said somebody was just there askin’ him about it. He showed me which way you went, so I started out . . . dropped it from the bridge, eh?"

"Yeah," Homer admitted. "I did . . . you say Charlie told you. Did . . . uh . . . Charlie tell you anything else about me?"

"Why, no, I don’t think so," the fisherman answered with a blank look. "Like what, for instance?"

"Nothing," Homer said absently, "I just wondered."

This man undoubtedly didn’t have in mind to chase him all the way down there for nothing, Homer reasoned to himself. So from his billfold he extracted a five dollar bill, which he placed in the other man’s
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hand. "Here's for your trouble," he said, "thanks a million."

But the salty hand didn't close around the money. "No, no, that's okay," he assured Homer. "Glad to help. That's what we're here for—to help each other . . . that's what my old man always told me anyway. Be good, now." With these words the man left him standing there holding his briefcase. Then, all at once, Homer sprang forward in a rapid walk. There was still time to catch Mr. Goff . . .

The late afternoon sun was not so warm, but was still luxuriously pleasant. Still gentle, but more refreshing than before, the breeze rippled the water into endless rows of miniature waves which travelled, without effort, the width of the river. Overhead, the sky had been visited by a few stringy clouds which looked like giant silk threads. Homer, on the bridge as before, wished he could tell someone what all this did to him. It was one of those times again. What an odd day he had been through—surely the most bizarre of his life.

A pang of hunger reminded Homer that it was time to go home. The thought of wife and son waiting for him filled him with satisfaction; Mr. Goff had bought far more insurance than Homer had expected to sell him. With one hand holding the iron rail and the other the briefcase, he ambled to the sidewalk. Then he went to his car, got in, and started the motor, still mulling over the day's strange happenings.

"Charlie," he murmured, talking to himself. "Strange . . . this guy wouldn't take any reward." He looked over at the bridge once more, shook his head disbelievingly, and pulled away. As he did, his front fender was nearly struck by the car of a passing motorist. Homer growled an oath at the selfish man.

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What the Poet Pound tells me
on page 6 of his Selected Poems*

G. Brian Sullivan

I thought upon it long and felt it grow
Within me as a child might grow;
And seeing I became a part of what I saw.
And saw as it might see, and stood
Beneath the sky as it might stand,
And felt the pain or joy of love or death
That it might feel.
And while I thought indeed I was a tree
Alone amid the wood and standing there
And knowing then the truth of
Things unseen before.
I understood the wind and knew the
Sound of rain and felt within
The rise and fall of life and heat,
The force that drives the wrapt bud
And spreads beneath the skin.
A Poet was my name
As I became the sound
Of what I saw.
A one who knew the world
And showed the truth
Of things unseen before.

St. Catherine of Sienna Priory

Dominican Fathers

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NEW YORK CITY 21
Robert Lee Frost is a famous United States poet born in San Francisco on March 26, 1874, and at present still living in the United States. His father was a New Englander and his mother was of Scottish descent. When he was ten years old his mother took him to Massachusetts where he received his education in public schools. He studied at Dartmouth College for one year and for two years at Harvard University. Although he never received an actual degree, he received sixteen honorary ones. He taught English in various New England prep schools until 1912, when he visited England for three years and published his first three volumes of verse. When he returned to the United States he retired to a small farm at Derry, and gave much of his time to farming. He returned to teaching at Amherst College for intermittent periods between the years of 1916-1938.

Frost's poems show realistically, yet with a fine reticence everyday country life in New England. His work finds its center in the dignity and quiet serenity of the hills among which much of his time has been passed. His poetry is a far reaching out of his inner spirit to find expression, a sincere effort of his inner soul to find fulfillment. "A complete poem is one where an emotion has its thought and the thought has found the words," this is Frost. Some of his more famous works are, *A Boy's Will*, 1915, *North of Boston*, 1915, *Mountain Interval*, 1916, *New Hampshire*, 1923; and *Collected Poems*, 1923 and 1939. He received the Pulitzer Prize for poetry four times, in the years 1924, 1931, 1937 and 1943.

HIS LIFE

Frost's life, it is evident, is not an adventurous one and so it follows that his poetry is not the poetry of adventure or of any unusual experience. Even the family traditions of ancestral fights with the Indians, the life in Old New England, and the upheaval of the Great War almost never enter his poems. His poetry centers around the everyday life of New England, the "common in experience, uncommon in writing." This formula, Frost insists, is the proper material and method for literature. The common in experience includes not subject matter, but also mood, tone and in particular words. Modern poetry uses words of common speech, of the trades and of the shops. By this transformation of the old style Frost makes his poetry a thing of beauty and of significance to the common man. When speaking of Frost's poetry, the word experience must not be denied full investigation. His poems are definitely those of experience, they are inspired by something he has seen or noticed, they are definitely not poems of revery and of abstract fancy.

Discarding the earlier poetic diction, Frost expresses himself in the word that he has heard his neighbors use. There is however no effort to attain this effect, no straining after narrow local color. It is true that some of Frost's works are lyric in meter and some contain rhyming quatrains and couplets, but the general characteristic of his work is a loose, free, blank verse, yet a blank verse that varies at times from the classic iambic foot. Yet contrary to what many feel, this use of usual words does not sacrifice any beauty. With his simplicity however he builds up a clear vividness of expression, by the use of simple, unelaborated yet clear cut details.

Frost feels that a man must express his own thoughts for himself, he must do his own thinking and act his own deeds, but

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1 Editors, *Encyclopedia Britannica*, page 5701
2 Editors, Ten *Modern Poets*, page 15
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he can do none of these unless he is able and willing to face reality. Frost's power and ability to see things as they really are puts him in a distinctive class between the two ends of pessimism or religion and romanticism, the naturalistic class.

However well Frost portrays Yankee men and women, he would scarcely be the poet of New England, if he did not love the New England country, if he did not write of its trees, its flowers, its birds and its fields.

This is the terminal point for Frost's poetry, he writes about what he has seen and heard, but he also reads into his lines a special meaning all his own.

The reader should keep in mind that he will have to look below the surface for Frost's inner meaning, for from some observation of usual things or from some usual occurrence, he draws a fundamental and general truth.

The truth that Frost discovers he does not force upon his reader, rather he invites his reader to share this truth with him. He does not express himself as would the lyric poet, chiefly interested in the rhyme and rhythm of the lines, but rather talks it over as would a neighbor with his fellow neighbors. This friendly attitude, this kindly invitation to share his life and song, is the keynote to all his poetry.

SOME EXAMPLES OF HIS POEMS

"The Death of a Hired Man" is the story of an old laborer who returns to the farm where he had formerly worked. The farmer's wife begs her husband to find something for the old man to do, so he can save his self respect. Before they have a chance to help him however he has died.

This work seems to be very sentimental and melancholy, and plays heavily on the reader's sense of pity for an old man who is lost without a job yet is too proud to accept charity. This poem is typical of Frost in the respect that he uses the implement of common speech, phrased in such a way as to permit the use of an effective free meter and blank verse. Yes, despite this variation from the ordinary classic iambic foot and meter, Frost does not sacrifice beauty, as a matter of fact this variation enhances the natural beauty of the thought he is trying to convey.

"Departmental" is the story of the systematizing or departmentation of work by an ant colony. Every ant has his own job to do, and I feel that Frost seems to wish to apply this principle to everyday life. It also seems to me that this is clearly one of Frost's poems of observation. The material for this work must have been obtained by patient hours of watching an ant colony at work.

Frost again changes or shifts from his procedure of blank verse and reverts back to the lyric trait of rhyme, he also departs from the standard four line stanza and substitutes one many lined stanza in its place.

FROST'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN POETRY

The very word modern suggests to the reader something new and different, and Frost lives up to this definition in every sense of the word. The trend in modern poetry is to break away from the classic iambic foot, with its archaic rhythm. Mr. Frost surely has obtained this effect in his unrhymed blank verse, yet with all this radical changing of the age-old standards of writing he has not sacrificed the natural beauty which should be infused in every line of good poetry.

Frost also goes along with the trend in the sense that modern poetry seems to shy away from the complicated wording of the classics and classic poetry. By using the
In the early hours, the Blue Moon Cafe was dimly lighted by the indirect glow of wall lamps around the horseshoe shaped bar. One customer sat there and quietly gazed at his reflection in the smooth surface of a stale rum and coke. There's nothing wrong with me, he thought to himself, but why can't I get a girl like the other guys. They love them and leave them, and yet don't care one way or the other as far as women are concerned. I buy fancy food for the singer, like antipasto, or drinks for the dancer, like Singapore Slings, and neither one will tumble for me. Those guys buy nothing for no one, but one week Joe takes out the singer, or George the dancer, and then the only person I buy drinks or food for is myself. "Hey Jingo," he called glancing up from his encircled image rimmed in glass, "Bring me some ice cubes, this drink is warm and I'm sick of looking at myself anyway."

The bartender turned off the hot water tap in the stainless steel sink and fished two crystals of ice from the bucket under the soda cooler. That poor sucker, Jingo mused as he walked across the wooden skids to his solitary patron. No job, no money, and he falls in love with every babe that opens a show here. Things must definitely come to an end as the present here and now demands. I just wish I didn't have to be the one to tell him about the sign around his neck.

Jingo dropped the ice cubes in the rum and coke and leaned against the bar. "Benny," he said enthusiastically, "This is your week kid; I can feel it in my bones. When the singer comes in we'll tell her you're loaded with dough and drive a big Cadillac which your girl friend is always taking without asking you. That way you can borrow my car, drive her home, and give out with the money line. She's a real gold digger this week so the boys and I will bait the hook and you follow it up. It'll work beautiful for you, buddy."

Benny sipped the drink and listened. The more Jingo talked the faster he drank until the dark liquid drained out of the tilted glass, and his gathering thoughts demanded expression. "Look Jingo," he said crushing an ice cube in his teeth. "If she doesn't want me for myself then she isn't worth the trouble or my time." Benny swallowed the last vestiges of melted ice and added sincerely. "I've got more important things on my mind besides women." Jingo Baron picked up the empty glass and turned away from the bar shaking his head in dismay. "What do you do with a guy like this?" he exhaled dejectedly. "What a winner."

The unhappy mixologist returned to the bar with a fresh drink and looked at Benny with troubled eyes. "Look kid," he said seriously, "I don't want to haunt you with advice but listen to a dummy for a minute. Alright, I know you have other things more important on your mind besides women, but let's talk about them real friendly like. Benny—you come here every night month after month, and spend a lot of money. Don't get me wrong, I like you and I like to see you come through the front door, and it's good for business. Just do me and yourself one small favor with the singers or the dancers. Lay off the you're-the-only-one-for-me, I-love-you-forever bit. You only hurt yourself Ben."

The short, swarthy patron held a glass between his smooth hands and he stared at Jingo's stomach. Why doesn't he leave me alone, Benny silently reflected. I don't bother anyone. "Look Jingo," he added quickly. "I told you women don't have
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that kind of influence on me, but if I happen to meet the right girl here, then she'll know it and so will I.

Jingo Baron drew his breath for another start. "Benny," he said, "These entertainers don't want to get married. Sure they like boy friends and a good time but even that comes after a career, which means more than anything else. I'd like to see you have a good time, Ben. Now you do what the boys and I tell you and forget about wedding bells. Look at George and Joe, don't be a fighter, be a lover, like them. Then you'll do alright."

Benny knew when he was defeated and he couldn't say no to one of his best friends. "Okay Jingo," he sighed and smiled in resignation. "You call the signals and I'll carry the ball for a touchdown—but it better work." The stocky bartender reached across the polished mahogany bar and thumped Benny's shoulder joyfully. "Good boy, lover," he laughed, "Now you'll make sparks when you go shopping for females. Women, watch out, a tiger's on the loose."

Jingo watched closely and he didn't feel too sure of his good deed for the day. "Slow down kid," the bartender warned. "It'll be a long night and a long week, so don't take the shortest way to happy land."

The front door knocked against the jam and Benny quieted in anticipation, for he knew the outer storm door was being opened. Good deal, he thought, maybe it's the singer.


"Listen you guys," Jingo began. "I won't give you a drop tonight or for the rest of the week unless you help out Benny and I. Look, what do you say we set him up with the singer. All you have to do is tell her he's loaded with the green stuff, drives a Cadillac, and keep one story straight for seven days. We'll get a few laughs out of it and for once Benny will have a girl friend. What do you say, huh?"

Joe and George grinned in agreement. "Why her?" Joe asked, "She's a treasure hunter. Why not wait 'til next week for one of the nicer babes. Then he won't be taken for a ride."

"Never mind," the bartender countered, "He hasn't got a nickel to take, and this week's as good as any other. Now what do you say? Let's fix Benny up so he can play the role."

George Day tapped his fingers on the bar, nervously waiting for a beer. "Sure Jing, that's okay with us," he spoke and eyed his friend for an answer. "Now Innkeeper, a little refreshment for these weary travelers of the byways and byways. We'll take good care of Benny for the rest of the week—on my scout's honor."

Good, Jingo thought as he pulled two bottles of beer out of the cooler. Now all I have to do is tell Benny to keep his mouth shut and let the boys and I pan out the line. The bartender served George and Joe, dried his moist hands on a towel, and watched the waitress setting up tables with ash trays and coasters. Satisfied that things were in order he walked across the wooden boards and stopped in front of Benny Thomas. "It's all set buddy, now you sit
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tight and let us handle everything. Don’t buy drinks for anyone and don’t go out of your way to say hello. You are a very rich guy that is very bored.”

“Hey Jingo,” Benny murmured. “Are you sure this will work?”

“Just do what I say kid and—you’re on Benny, here comes Terri Shane now. So don’t forget, see you later.”

Benny took out a cigarette and dangled the end loosely from his dry lips. The glow of a struck match formed a haven of color on his smooth-featured, dark countenance. Then Ben cautiously looked up from the bar, and he saw George and Joe talking to Terri Shane. Good grief, his mind clamored, I’ve got to get out of here. I can’t go through with this. If she asks me any questions I’ll tell her the truth. This whole thing is ridiculous. Ben felt the hair on the back of the neck rise when he realized the singer had smiled at him and was casually walking towards his place. “Hi good lookin’,” she spoke softly and evenly. “I’m Terri, what’s your patent?”

Benny heard the click of his adams apple and he struggled for control. “Hi Terri, I’m Benny, Benny Thomas, I live here in Devon Falls. How’s show business?” he rattled off rapidly and managed a wink as if he were at home with beauty or beast, man or woman. “Oh fine, Benny,” she said and winked back. “I hear things aren’t so good with you, and you have to sit here all by yourself, and worry about your car. Why do you let this happen?”

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“Car, what car?” Ben pondered. “I don’t own any car. Oh that’s just a rumor about my car, not true at all.” Terri Shane laughed heartily at the story she was hearing. “You rich guys are all the same, never a care in the world,” she blithely phrased. “Honey, if I were you, and you me, you could have two Cadillacs. I like you Benny, you’re a card.”

Benny Thomas could scarcely believe the words at hand. Oh no, he silently moaned, what have those guys done. “Say Ben,” the singer continued, “I’m not doing anything special between shows. How would you like to take me out for dinner?” Benny knew he had the course.

“Look Miss Shane,” he confessed. “I haven’t got any money, not a penny, and I couldn’t take you anywhere, for I have no car. Once in a while Jingo Baron lets me borrow his, but otherwise I walk or take the bus. I’m sorry to bother you with the sordid details, so you don’t have to stay here and talk with me. I’m a nobody.”

“You poor little darling you,” Terry consoled, “Did the Dow Jones Average fall below the mean that puts spending money in my Benny’s pockets? Don’t worry honey, I’ll pay for the dinner and buy you a big cigar besides.”

“Miss Shane,” Benny protested. “I don’t know when I can pay you back.”

“That’s okay, Ben,” she charmed, “Sometimes when the market is good you can drop off a mink or bracelet at my apartment in Boston. I told you I like you, honey, I mean it sincerely. So so, la’ la’, darling, shall we make the scene side by side for franks and beans?”

Benny felt a warm redness in his neck and ears. This is dizzying worldliness, he thought. Stock market, mink coat, Cadillac, Dow Jones Average, bracelet. What’s the matter with this woman. Is she a dreamer? I told her I don’t have a penny. “Look Miss Shane,” he spumed suddenly with heat in a rare moment of anger. “I told you the story but you keep bothering me. I wouldn’t take you anywhere anytime, you’re all out for yourself. The only thing you’re interested in is my bank roll and my car. I’d appreciate it very much if you would just do your shows and leave me completely alone.”

Terri Shane stood up from her cocktail chair and slapped Benny across the side of his face. “Why you little crumb”, she pursed through a lifted upper lip. “I try
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to be nice to a customer and this is the thanks I get. I'd like to see you on a white line sometime, brother.” The singer delivered her words passionately, and turned to click away on three inch high heels.

For the first time in a long while Benny felt like a man. He didn't notice the shocked look on Jingo's face or the open mouthed awe of George Day and Joe Capaso. What's right is right, he nodded knowingly, and what's wrong is wrong. I'm getting out of this hangout once and for all, and the rest of my friends can go pound sand. I'll be better off at home watching television every night, and I'll get a full time job, and no drinking or buying food means money in the bank.” “So long Blue Moon;” he said to a knot in the wall as he put on his coat.

Jingo expanded his contracted lungs as Benny walked out of the nightclub. The bartender leaned against the cash register and shook his head slowly back and forth in consternation. What more could I have done for the guy, he reasoned, or Joe, or George? Well, he better not show his face here again. I won't stand for anymore of Benny Thomas's presence.

Terri Shane walked out of the dressing room with suitcase in hand, and beckoned the bartender to the service bar. “I'm sorry Jingo,” she said with tears in her eyes. “I'm closing out. That guy was right about me, I couldn't possibly do a show here tonight. If you still want me for the rest of the week, call me tomorrow.”

Jingo threw up his hands with exasperation. “Terri, you can't leave me flat without a singer. The boss will be wild. Don't worry about that Benny. He's a loser. I'll fix him but good with a couple of rights from the ground. Come on, do the show,” the bartender pleaded.

“I can't Jingo,” she wept. “I've got to get out of here!”

Terri Shane turned from the bar and walked out of the Blue Moon. Jingo was furious and opened and clenched his fist as he thought of Benny Thomas, and then he began to worry about the boss. I'm really in the middle, he resolved, but there's one guy going to be on the receiving end. What a mess this whole deal is tonight, he fumed.

The next morning Jingo awoke and thought over the night before. That Benny, he chuckled softly, what a character! At least the boss didn't come in, so he'll never know. “Heh heh, imagine that Benny,” he managed to say through the brown taste in his mouth. Jingo got out of bed, put on a robe, and went to the kitchen for a cup of coffee. Aha, he thought, there's a good woman, the old pot is simmering nicely.

The Devon Falls morning edition was on the kitchen table. Jingo drank the national beverage and conned the news. “Oh no,” his mind snapped alert, “Now the papers believe my story.” Poor old Benny, his ideas wandered, I wish I could see him tell the newspaper off. The late morning riser read the article once more in a clear voice. “Benny Thomas, Devon Falls localite, has inherited a large estate of undisclosed value.” I wonder if this is really true, he questioned. No, no, it's impossible.

Jingo looked up at the knock on the door. “Come on in,” he called. The door opened and Benny Thomas walked into the kitchen. “You're a bum, Benny,” he laughed quietly and remembered the fiasco of the past evening. “A real bum, from the word go. Did you read the papers yet kid? They even believe the story we spread last night.”

Benny sat down and poured a cup of coffee. “I need your help Jingo,” he sipped and spoke. “Oh no,” the bartender complained. “I helped you once and I won't keep up this phoney story in the paper too. That's the trouble with a lie, it keeps growing and growing. You've had it Benny, I did all I intend to do. If anyone asks me I'll tell the truth.”
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Benny gained confidence. "Well that’s what I want you to do, buddy," he smoothed over. "This has gone far enough. I’m sorry about last night Jingo, and I’d like to come to the Blue Moon tonight and apologize to Terri. She called me up last night and said I was right. So she is pretty nice after all. She knows now I don’t have any money."

"She called you up?" Jingo exclaimed. "Well how do you like that. You know she didn’t do the show you shook her up so much. I’ll have to call today and tell her she is still booked for the rest of the week. The boss didn’t come in last night, and I told the waitresses to keep quiet about everything that happened."

"You don’t have to call her," Benny said. "I knew you would understand, so she’ll be in tonight around nine o’clock."

"Huh," Jingo started with disbelief. "You told her I wouldn’t mind?"

"Sure Jing," Benny laughed. "You’re a pretty good guy, buddy. I’ll see you tonight." Benny got up from the kitchen table chair, flicked a hand farewell, and closed the door from the outside hall.

The bartender sat hunched above the table, his eyes wide open with wonder, and the cigarette ashes began to fall slowly and steadily into the cup of coffee.

That night Jingo Baron had the bar set up before any of the customers came through the front door. He read the evening paper and frowned over the Social Security numbers. "Missed again," he murmured. "Only by a million this time." The front door opened and Benny Thomas strolled across the entry into the night club. Benny sat at his regular place, and lit up a cigarette. "Hi Jing," he said. "Is Terri Shane around?"

"Not yet Benny," the bartender answered with his index finger drawing lines under the words on the editorial page. "Maybe she won’t come. I hope you’re right kid, I like my job here."

"Here she is now," Benny said. "Leave me alone to talk to her Jing," he asked humbly. "This is private." The bartender picked up the news and sidled to the other end of the bar.

"Hello Terri," he said. "Sit down here. I want to tell you how sorry I am about last night. I guess I lost my head."

"No Benny, you were right. I was gold digging," she sniffled in a Kleenex. "You’re the first person that has ever put me in my place. I think an awful lot of you Benny, especially after I talked with you last night on the phone. I’d like to know you a lot better, so please accept my apology."

Jingo Baron put down the paper as the front door opened. "Why hello Mr. Calder," he greeted the customer. "How’s the real estate business? I haven’t seen you for a long time."

"Fine, Jingo," Calder replied. "How are you? Come on down here, I want you to meet someone."

Jingo Baron moved on his side of the bar with Calder, and hesitated in front of Benny and Terri.

"Mister Thomas," the tall broker educed. "This is Jingo Baron. Jingo, this is Mister Thomas, the new owner."

The bartender stared and stared and stared.
SAINT PIUS' CHURCH

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A Review by J. P. Farrell

"At the death of Ronald Knox, the Roman Catholic Church in every English-speaking country lamented the loss of a rich ornament, and the story unfolded in pulpit and newspaper was one of the cherished and privileged survivor of a golden age." —From the Preface

Certainly as long as the rich music and color of English prose retain their grip on men's hearts and clarity of expression makes its appeal to their minds, Ronald Knox will be remembered. On the score of quantity alone, his output was rather startling: he had some fifty-two publications to his credit between 1917, the year of his conversion, and 1957, the year of his death, and even more works are being issued posthumously. That he was a prolific writer is universally admitted. For one thing he has left to us his Spiritual Aeneid (1918), perhaps the most purely intellectual account of a conversion that has ever been written. His The Belief of Catholics (1927) is a concise definition and exposition of the fundamental truths of Catholicism. Enthusiasm (1950) is an enlightening illustration of what happens in religion once the principle of Catholic unity is lost. His seven detective stories (1925-37) are remarkably coherent, logical, and ingenious as well as entertaining. His magnificent satires, such as Barchester Pilgrimage (1935) and Let Dons Delight (1939) are a special delight. And of course there is his translation of the Bible (1955), which was described by Pope Pius XII as "a monument of many years of patient study and toil," and which, in the words of Cardinal Griffin, "has passed rapidly into common usage and has already won world-wide acclaim."

Ronald Knox, then, as translator and author, may be familiar to most Catholics; but a knowledge of his literary career hardly acquaints one with his personality. Even Catholics would probably not know very much about the private and personal life of the man who embellished their canon of faith with the beauty of literary expression. It is the merit of Evelyn Waugh's recent biography to devote special attention to this inner experience of Knox. The witty conversationalist, the prolific writer, and the sparkling controversialist are all to be found in the pages of the book; but so also is the devout priest. "If the picture I have drawn seems sombre," says Waugh in his Preface, "it is not by inadvertence... Genius and sanctity do not thrive except by suffering. If I have made too much of Ronald's tribulations, it is because he hid them, and they must be known to anyone who seeks to appraise his achievement."

The outer framework of Knox's life receives excellent coverage; the facts are given in full detail, but are never allowed to become obtrusive. Waugh has been able to recreate authentically the atmosphere of the turn-of-the-century England into which Ronald Arbuthnott Knox was born on February 17, 1888, the son of a Low-church Anglican vicar who later became Bishop of Manchester. Educated first by a bachelor uncle, also a clergyman, and later at Summer Fields, a preparatory school near Oxford, Ronnie early gave evidence of an intelligence that was far beyond normal; he was reading Virgil at the age of six and writing a serial drama in Latin, Publius et Amilla, before he was ten. He also learned the Catechism, the Thirty-nine Articles of Anglicanism, and the Bible along with some Greek, French, and Mathematics. After spending six years of almost uninterrupted success at Eton, he went on to Balliol College, Oxford, and thence to a fellowship at Trinity.
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Keeping pace with Ronald's intellectual progress was his spiritual development. Thanks perhaps to his upbringing, he had remained ever steadfast in his religious practices. Early he felt marked out for the service of God, and at the age of seventeen he made a vow of celibacy so that he might have “power to attend upon the Lord without impediment.” Shortly before, he had written a sonnet beginning:

“I have an errand on a stony way
That rises darkly to the mountain height,
And, from that zenith, stretching thro’ the night
Sinks to the valleys of eternal day”

At about the same time he began to identify himself with the Anglo-Catholic movement of the Church of England, and developed a deep interest in ritual and theology. By his last year at Balliol he had decided to take Holy Orders, and in 1912 became an Anglican clergyman. Considering his peerless gifts and his ecclesiastical background, it seemed inevitable that he would one day be Archbishop of Canterbury.

Yet on the very eve of his ordination he wrote to a Catholic friend: “I can’t feel that the Church of England is an ultimate solution.” And after several years of deep thought, during which at one period he came near to abandoning the struggle in despair, and which were made even more difficult by his father’s opposition, Ronald Knox, on September 22, 1917, entered the Catholic Church. Two years later he was ordained a priest.

After a few years spent teaching at the seminary of the diocese of Westminster, Knox returned to Oxford as chaplain to the Catholic students there. This thirteen-year period, from 1926 to 1939, was the only time in his life when he had “a house of his own and a cure of souls,” and they proved singularly fruitful, due in large measure to his quiet friendliness and humble sanctity. And all the while he was writing and preaching like a true “minister of the Word.”

In 1939, the hierarchy of England commissioned Monsignor Knox (he had been appointed Domestic Prelate to the Pope in 1936) to begin what perhaps is the great work of his life, his translation of the Bible. At that time he retired to the Shropshire home of Lord Anton, whose wife was a convert of his; nine years later he emerged to present to the world what is widely regarded as the most literary modern rendering of Holy Scripture.

Knox’s Bible might be considered as something expressive—something progressively beautiful—through which he intended to hasten the conversion of the English people whom he saw as unfortunate disciples, attracted by the literary beauty of the Authorized Version of King James. However, he never considered his Bible as complete or perfect: but, rather, he encouraged others to produce completely original translations if they felt that they could perform a better job. At the ceremonial dinner which celebrated the publication of his text, he exclaimed, “Let him (the translator) give us not a pale rehash of the Knox Bible, but a new Bible and a better.”

Knox’s last years were spent at Mells, a village some 15 miles south of Bath, at the home of a friend. There he continued working until his death from cancer on the evening of August 24, 1957.

When sixty years old, Monsignor Knox commissioned his faithful, intimate friend, Evelyn Waugh, to write his biography. This appointment might seem to be a grave act of vanity on the part of the Monsignor; but, in truth, it was a necessary provision for the future. Knox realized that he would have to sacrifice humility and subject himself to the spotlight of glory for the sake of literature. For surely it was better to have a close friend who...
Most Reverend

RUSSELL J. McVINNEY, D.D.

Bishop of Providence
Ronald Knox—A Review

knew him rather well than a perfect stranger who was not acquainted with him to recreate his life. Waugh was the logical choice and, as it happened, the best.

Waugh was faced with many problems when he began his biographical research. Monsignor Knox, the humble man that he was, had led a restricted, private life—one which revolved around a determined circle of friends, from whom he had no ambition to remove himself. The task of the author was to retrace the steps of Knox’s journey through life and explain why Knox meant so much to those who had the privilege of his friendship. It is the general opinion of Waugh’s critics that, “... Waugh has brilliantly succeeded; he has projected a public image” (The Critic, February, 1960).

Perhaps the reason for the success of Waugh’s biography is to be found in the way he goes beneath the surface of Knox’s life, outwardly so brilliant and untroubled, to reveal the inner spirituality of the man. In Ronald Knox another colorful, exemplary life has been subjected to the writer’s pen. The product has proved itself worthy of praise, as reviews have shown.

In his choice of Evelyn Waugh, Monsignor Knox demonstrated the prudence of judgement for which he was noted; for Waugh brings as no other could have brought, “... the novelist’s talent for description, a distinguished and lucid prose style, and the deep devotion of a disciple and friend.” (The Critic, February, 1960)

Nevertheless, the reader must bear in mind that the friendship of Knox and Waugh did have its limitations. It must be understood that Waugh knew Knox as a man of letters, not as a priest. As Waugh explains in the Preface, “... he (Knox) knew also my curiosity and lack of discretion. He knew the kind of book I was likely to write, and, I believe, this is what he wanted—or, rather, was prepared to tolerate as distinct from what a sober scholar or edifying colleague might have written.”

Waugh wrote of Knox as a man, as a writer, and as a friend. He wrote in an absorbing, musical, altogether admirable style. His book is definitely a model of literary and biographical achievement. Waugh has completed his task well; he gives the world Monsignor Knox in the best possible way he could—directly, veraciously, and devotedly.

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On Splitting the Atom
TED THIBODEAU

Splitting the atom is scientifically done. But, when it is used for purpose of attack (If you’ll excuse the irresistible pun) I can’t say whether it’s such a wise crack.

Thomist on the Warpath
TED THIBODEAU

“And what’s a mental reservation?”
Said the teacher to the student. Without a moment’s hesitation Came the answer too imprudent: “It’s a place for crazy Indians”
icy, trouble-seeking eyes
staring, piercing pupils
observing many species
of patrons at . . . the place!

through semi-opaque and
tear blurred glass windows
soul-searching bearded flesh
mingling nonchalantly . . . always!

t pallid, pleated ale pitchers
possessing dutifully their
contents, gassy and tart
effecual and . . . alcoholic!

colorless berets protecting
mussed mousy hair from
the trouble seeking eyes
of . . . the squares!

haunting chamber music
proceeding from sweeping
multicolored lines of . . .
avant-garde abstractions
projecting themselves from
musty inner walls . . . cold!

dark glasses preventing
squares from viewing
loud heavily shaded eyes
of turtlenecked chicks
talking endlessly of a . . .
"saint" . . . dean moriarty!

semi-devoured fingernails
unfilled espresso cups
worn bongos, still guitars
exhibiting marked impatience
awaiting verse-reading; then
sudden-like, it's him . . . the man!

droning monotonous wailing
drumming, straining elements
combining uncontrollably to
produce invisible, audible
silhouettes, conglomeration,
amicably joined . . . saint-like!

T. F. Macquarrie

ROBERT LEE FROST
(Continued from page 55)

language of the everyday man of New England, his neighbors, and by the effective use of blank verse and meter, he conveys his meaning with a vividness of expression his reader does not soon forget.

Finally Frost, contrary to many writers, writes only of the common everyday occurrence which he runs up against. He does not write frivolous poems of fancy; his works are down to earth. He infuses in every one of his works a deep general truth which he invites the reader to partake of, yet not forcing it upon him. This infused meaning, this is Frost.

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MADISON HEIGHTS, MICHIGAN
Vive l'amour!

AND GOD CREATED MAN AND WOMAN, by Lucius F. Cervantes, S.J.,
Henry Regnery Co., 1959
A Review by Edmund A. Smith

This book is a factual discussion of the God-given qualities which make man and woman different. Its author is well versed in his field. For many years he has conducted a Christian marriage course, and the knowledge there gained has prompted him to write this book.

It is important for students to realize that the difference between man and woman is not merely external but of a much deeper and more fundamental nature. The Abbe Monchanin gives the following explanation for the deep bond between sex and the total nature of man:

"There is not a bodily life and a spiritual life that are totally independent. On the contrary, there is a ceaseless and complete compenetration of psychical and physiological life: the whole life of the soul is an incarnate life, and it is incarnate in a body that has sex. . . . Among human beings this instinct is never purely biological but is always covered by psychical life. . . . Even our perversions are more systematized than those of lower animals. Man alone is capable of autosuggestion and of working towards a unity of his whole life. In a sense, the sexual instinct is the whole of man, and reciprocally man is reflected in that instinct.

This knowledge is vitally important to young men and women of marriageable age. One of the primary reasons for today's high divorce rate is that as husband and wife they often fail to understand each other. Dr. Paul Popenoe, a famous marriage counselor, has made the following observation:

Students lack any systematic idea of sex differentiation. The trend of much educational and popular thought during the last generation has been towards minimizing the differences between the sexes and denying them altogether as far as possible. . . . I believe lack of needed emphasis is one of the most important underlying causes of sex antagonism, failure to marry at all, or failure to make a success of marriage.

It is no longer possible to maintain scientifically that masculinity and femininity are caused by environment. Men act masculinely and women act femininely primarily because they are biologically different. This difference stems from the fact that the initial difference in sex chromosomes is repeated in every cell that has developed from the fertilized egg. At any stage of life, a scientist can tell from any one of the thirty trillion cells in the human body whether that cell belongs to a male or female. This difference extends to every organ of the body and above all to the nervous system which is partly responsible for the way each sex thinks. Many men agree with the male chorus line which sang "nothing thinks like a dame" in the musical South Pacific. Conversely, men are stereotyped by women with the usual: "What can you expect? He's a man."

The Physical Characteristic of Men & Women

Physically the average man is taller, heavier, and stronger than the average woman. Nature has predisposed that he be the head of the family and has equipped him well for the task of providing for its needs. Man is about 6 percent taller than woman and packs about 20 percent more weight. A man can lift twice as much as a woman and can exert twice as hard a grip with his hand. The bones of a man are longer and heavier and have deeper grooves where
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the muscles are attached. Man also has more red blood cells per cubic mm. of blood than woman, thus giving him a greater oxygen supply and consequently more energy.

Of their total body weight men have more muscle, and women have more fat. Even when a male is born, his body is already more muscular than the female. In children as in adults, the muscles are under the control of the respective male (androgen) and female (estrogen) hormones. When young females are given injections of androgen, their muscles develop very much like those of a male. Conversely, when estrogen has been injected into a male the effect has been to reduce the bulkiness of the muscles and to cause their feminization.

No amount of training can develop the muscles of the average female to compare with those of the average male. A glance at sports records confirms this. In the 1956 Olympic games, women athletes established many new records. However, to equal these records, which are considered phenomenal feats for women, is just an ordinary achievement for any young high school athlete. There are exceptions to every rule, but in general woman does not have the physical potentiality possessed by man.

As Nature has endowed man with the qualities necessary for the provider of the family, she has predisposed that woman's roles would be that of wife and mother. Woman has been given a greater capacity for tenderness, patience, and love. Her physical structure also differs from that of man. She has a slightly longer body trunk and a wider pelvis to allow for the bearing of children.

With every cell in the male differing from that of the female, it is not surprising that there is a difference in his metabolic requirements. The male body system is a different type than that of the female. His body is built to break down food quickly and to produce large amounts of immediate energy. His metabolic system is constructed to provide energy needed for its heavier skeletal structure with its heavier muscles. On the other hand, woman's metabolic system digests food more slowly, but her body uses energy more slowly also. At sixteen, females utilize thirty-eight calories per square meter per hour, whereas at the same age males utilize forty-two calories. In extremely active men and women, the difference is even greater. The active male requires fifty per cent more calories than the active female. There is even a difference in the food that the sexes thrive on. Women prefer foods such as salads, while men are built to use more substantial foods such as steaks.

Emotional Differences

In the emotional sphere men have duller tendencies than women. Most men spend most of their day in a business world in which there is little room for emotion. Rather it is impersonal and sometimes even ruthless. Consequently he is not likely to fully develop the emotional potentialities he does possess. He is not as interested in the finer things of life such as art and dramatics as the female is. From infancy, he has paid less attention to details than she and has concerned himself more with physical prowess and mental ability to attain his end than with understanding human reactions and emotions. Another reason why man is likely to be less emotional is that he is not influenced by lactogen, the female hormone which is mainly responsible for the mothering instinct in females. Woman's biological inclinations will make her interested in the home, children, and people; therefore she will tend to deepen her interests and increase her skills in these areas of life. As a result, most women are more emotional than most men.

Which is the More Intelligent Sex?

We have seen that men dominate the physical world; women dominate in the emotional world. The question naturally arises: Which is the more intelligent or
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foolish sex? When writing her novel *Adam Bede*, George Eliot, the great woman novelist, put it this way. "I'm not denying the women are foolish: God Almighty made them to match men." Statistics prove that the female starts to talk earlier in life, talks faster, and talks more distinctly than the male does. From kindergarten to graduate school, she gets higher grades not only in scholastic work but in personality quotients as well. But from puberty onward the trend changes. In adults the intelligence ratio is two to one in favor of the male. But still in every age group of intellectuals a large percentage is composed of women. Then why do we have so few outstanding intellectuals among women? Of the 100,000 individuals who have left an indelible mark in the annals of time, ninety-five per cent have been men. The feminist group maintain that women never had a chance. This may be partly true, but the basic cause is much deeper than that. Their biological endowments seem to incline each sex to guide their respective energies into different channels. By his nature man is the inventor and the leader, and he possesses the physical stamina, endurance, and sustained drive needed to actualize his intellectual potentialities. By her nature woman is the wife and mother, and her interests pertain to things in this sphere; also she does not have the physical strength and endurance required to achieve outstanding success in the intellectual field.

Both man and woman have a basic drive to love and to be loved. By their nature and training, men find that by producing masterpieces they are helped toward their goal; women find that by producing masterpieces they are endangering their personal happiness. Lewis M. Terman, author of *The Gifted Child Grows Up*, conducted many experiments with genius caliber children. When rechecking one group after twenty-five years, he made the following observation:

Far fewer women than men have made records of outstanding achievement in our group. This is hardly surprising in view of the fact that only a small minority of them have gone out wholeheartedly for a career. . . . A good many of the women have made their most notable achievement in the selection of a mate.

Man is strong, proud, and independent, and, in the choice of a mate, he prefers to marry someone who is dependent on him rather than someone upon whom he is dependent; consequently, if a woman achieves outstanding success in anything outside the role of womanhood, she is endangering her chances of self fulfillment as wife and mother. As a result, most career women are lonely. They may find admiration in the high executive level with men, but they rarely find the personal love and normal home life which, by their nature, they desire. As human beings are composed of both intellect and will, there is no sure way of finding out whether man is more intelligent than woman. The fact that few women have risen to great intellectual heights does not prove that they lack the intellectual ability. God has created women in such a manner that they have a greater desire for children and home life than for some outstanding achievement which would leave its mark on history. If woman had been created otherwise, the family, which is so essential for both the individual and the state, would never have come into existence.

**Russian Experiments with the Family**

The importance of the family for the state has been proved in Russia. When the Bolsheviks purged the Mensheviks from power in Russia in November, 1917, they issued a series of decrees which were planned to cause the destruction of the family and to make the children wards of the state. The first proclamation permitted either partner to declare that he or she wanted their marriage cancelled. No rea-
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sons had to be given. If one of the spouses was absent when the divorce was granted, he or she was notified by a postcard. This was the origin of the name “postcard divorce.” Women between the ages of seventeen and thirty-three were declared to be common property of the state. Bigamy and adultery were not to be considered criminal offenses. Abortion was made optional in every pregnancy. The result for these measures was a great decrease in the birth rate. In 1934, in the city of Moscow alone, fifty-seven thousand children were born, but one hundred and fifty-four thousand abortions were performed. The drastic reduction in the birth rate caused the Soviets to repeal their policy of trying to abolish the family. In his official journal, the Commissariat of Justice made the following statement:

The state cannot exist without the family. Marriage is a positive value for the Soviet Socialist State only if the partners see in it a lifelong union. So called free love is a bourgeois invention and has nothing in common with the principles of conduct of the Soviet citizen. Moreover, marriage receives its full value for the State only if there is progeny, and the consorts experience the highest happiness of parenthood.

HOW TO BE HAPPY IN MARRIAGE

Mutual understanding, interest, and conformity are the basic foundations for a successful marriage. The roles which men and women have in marriage are determined by their respective natures. Man is the maker and provider and thus tends to devote much of his time and interest to his business or professional career. Woman, as wife and mother, tends to devote her time and interest to the domestic sphere. Yet these differences in roles does not mean inequality of personalities. On one occasion Pope Pius XII stated the Church’s position: “In their personal dignity as children of God a man and a woman are absolutely equal. . . .” Unfortunately, the modern world, particularly Russia, has degraded the dignity of womanhood by having her work as a man in some factory.

In learning to adapt to one another, husband and wife must realize that their areas of interest and their degree of emotionality are different. Realizing this, they should consciously make the necessary allowances and try to develop an active curiosity and an intelligent interest in each other’s activities. Man should understand the tremendous contributions made to the home by his wife and that she, being more emotional than he, wants to be told and shown that her efforts are appreciated and that she is not regarded as a “mere housekeeper.” A bouquet of flowers, a card on appropriate occasions suffice to let her know that her efforts are appreciated. To her, it is the thought, not the gift that is important. There is no infallible rule for a successful marriage, but an honest appreciation by husband and wife of the differences in behavior between man and woman will help to make the marriage happy, successful, and lasting.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
(Continued from page 35)

the top of “the hill of duty” and he is pleased. He now sees importance in the small devotions that he had as a child and reinterprets nature in having it worship God and having it help us worship God.

By 1822 Wordsworth had accepted the institutions of Christianity and had even a certain sense of humility and self-surrender. His outward signs of pantheism had vanished and his ideas concerning personal imaginative creativity had somewhat diminished.
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