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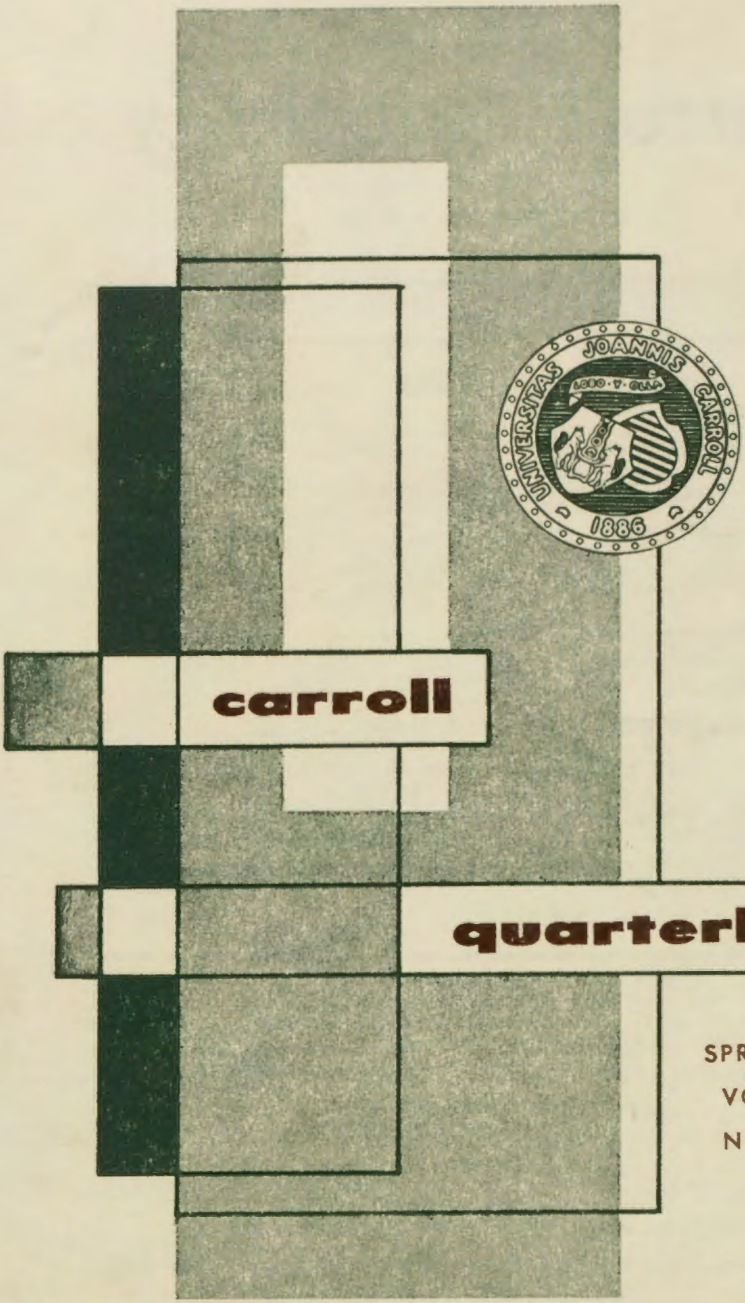

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Commemorating the Ignatian Year

Carroll Quarterly

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President's Dedication

Father Alexandre Brou opens his study of Saint Ignatius with these words:

> If ever there was a saint who was a man of one idea, Ignatius was that saint. He is continually speaking of the glory of God, of the service of God, of the greater praise of God. In his eyes, one thing excels everything else — God's unquestionable right to unlimited glory.

Surely this is true; and therefore, just as surely, Ignatius himself would not wish more of the anniversary celebrated this year than that it be made a world-wide renewal of man's dedication to the glorification of God. The pages devoted to Ignatius in this issue of the *Carroll Quarterly,* consequently, will serve best if the vignettes they offer become the occasion of emulative effort to follow St. Ignatius: *Ad majorem Dei gloriam.*

F. E. Welfle, S.J.

St. Ignatius Loyola

FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

by James F. O'Donnell, Ph.D.

THE Loyolas were one of the twenty-four *parientes mayores* of the mountainous Basque province of Guipuzcoa. Their strong manor, fifty feet square, with hewn stone walls six feet thick, housed, toward the end of the fifteenth century, Beltran de Loyola, his wife, the former Marina Sanchez de Licona, and at least seven sons and three daughters. Ignatius, as a younger son, was destined for the Church. In 1507, however, after the death of Beltran, he joined the household of Juan Velasquez, treasurer-general of Castile. In 1515, having returned to his home, he was involved, together with his brother Pero, chaplain of Azpeitia, in serious wrongdoing. The nature of the offense is unknown. Ignatius entered the service of the Duke of Najera, viceroy of Navarre, sometime after the affair at Azpeitia. There were ample opportunities for hunting, gambling, duelling, and gallantry, but the situation was difficult. *Comuneros* were in arms, and the French were threatening the hold of Charles V on Navarre.

They gathered for an assault on Pamplona, the capital, on May 20, 1521. In the face of prevailing sentiment, which favored surrender, Ignatius called upon Herrera, magistrate of the citadel, to fight in its defense. The town itself was immediately surrendered, but the *castillo* held out for some hours against the attacking French. During the combat, a cannon-shot passing between Ignatius' legs broke one and wounded the other. The French officers sent their own physicians to attend him, visited him in his quarters, and had him borne on a litter back to Castle Loyola in Guipuzcoa.

Here the patient endured, during June and July, two operations. The physicians of Azpeitia, dissatisfied with the work of the French army surgeons, broke and re-set the leg. Then, at Ignatius' insistence, they sawed off a piece of protruding bone. He showed no other sign of pain than tightly-clenched fists. By the middle of August he had recovered sufficiently to be able to dream of serving a lady, in his own words, "higher than a marquise, higher than a duchess." This was, perhaps, Germaine de Foix, whom Ignatius had known during the time of his service with Juan Velasquez. Occasionally, he interrupted his romantic imaginings by reading Ludolph's *The Life of Jesus Christ* and a volume of *Lives of the Saints,* which prompted reflections of a very different kind. He observed that his dreams of gallantry left his spirit dry, whereas

meditation on the life of Christ and the sacrifices of the saints had the opposite effect. He was especially moved by the deeds of St. Dominic and St. Francis. By the end of August, 1522, his conversion was complete.

Father Dudon presents this account of the conversion: "Reading is followed by long reflection, and in the wake of these reflections, which are an aid to prevenient grace, leap forth the right ideas for a life's ideal; the holy desire to take his stand on the side of virtue; regrets for past faults, and the determination to lead a life of penance, which is to begin with the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. These purposes gain in strength from day to day by being renewed in a soul that is going through the process of purification. The apparition of our Lady strengthens them in a definite way. In freeing Inigo from the bonds of impurity, the Blessed Virgin permits the soul of the convert to take its soaring flight toward the highest evangelical virtues. From this moment, the language, the attitude, the whole manner of the man undergoes a change. The old man is dead, and the new man comes to life."

In March, 1522, Ignatius was well enough to leave Loyola, his only assured purpose at the time being a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, though he appears to have entertained the idea of entering a Carthusian monastery following his return. At Montserrat he stopped to pray before the Lady-statue, and confessed his sins. A few days later he took the road leading to Manresa, intending to remain there a short time only and then push on to Barcelona. Manresa, however, was to be of crucial importance in his spiritual development. He was granted extraordinary grace of prayer, and remarkable illumination. Of these times, Ignatius, speaking of himself in the third person, told Father Gonzales de Camara: "When he was assisting at Mass, at the moment of the elevation, he saw with his interior eyes white rays which came from on high, and although after so long a time, he would not be able to explain his thought clearly, nevertheless, he clearly saw at the time, with his intelligence, how Christ was present in the Blessed Sacrament." Again: "Once when he was going on a visit of devotion to a church which was a little more than a mile from Manresa by the river which runs along the river Cardoner, he sat down on the road facing the river which at that spot ran deep. It was not a vision; but he was given to understand many things, some spiritual, some concerning faith, and others human wisdom, and with so great a clearness that it all seemed new to him. It would be impossible to name the particular points of which he was then given an understanding, for they were many. It will suffice to say that he received a great enlightenment of his understanding: to such an extent, in fact, that if all the helps which came to him from God throughout his life, and all the wisdom he himself had been able to acquire, and all that belongs to the faith, were

thrown together, he does not think he would have as much as that which he acquired in that single experience."

The *Spiritual Exercises,* a fruit of this spiritual illumination, were written, in broad outline, at Manresa, perhaps at the Dominican priory, where Ignatius was given lodging during part of his sojourn. Gradually developed and completed over a long period of years, the little manual was intended for the guidance of retreat masters already familiar with the Ignatian method. Ignatius gave the *Exercises* to each of his early companions, and they in turn gave them to others.

Having remained about ten months at Manresa, Ignatius proceeded to Barcelona, whence he took ship for Italy on March 20, 1523. He arrived safely at Gaeta, walked to Rome and then to Venice. Here he found a ship which landed him at Joppa September 1. In company with other pilgrims he visited the holy places but was forbidden to remain in Palestine. Accordingly, he returned to Venice, walked to Genoa, and was back in Barcelona by February, 1524. His purpose now was to help souls and to direct his studies to that end.

At Barcelona he studied Latin grammar, with Jerome Ardevolle, a regent of the university, as his teacher. From May, 1526, to October, 1527, he studied logic, physics, and theology at the University of Alcala. However, the tide of religious revolt was rising in Europe and the authorities were nervous. Ignatius was taken into custody and forbidden to teach religion publicly or privately. At Salamanca, too, he was roughly treated, so that he determined to leave Spain and continue his studies at the University of Paris.

This old intellectual center of Catholic Europe was astir with discussions of Lutheranism, and with the debates of humanists and scholastics. But Ignatius seems not to have become deeply involved in them, preferring to continue teaching the Commandments, and helping the sick and the needy. He matriculated at the College de Montaigue in 1528, remaining there until 1529, took his philosophy at Ste. Barbe (1529-1533), and something over a year of theology with the Dominicans of the Convent of the Rue Saint-Jacques. At Ste. Barbe Ignatius shared a room with Pierre Favre and Francis Xavier, guided them through the *Exercises,* and made them his first permanent spiritual sons. Diego Laynez and Alfonso Salmeron, whom Ignatius had known at Alcala, soon followed, and then Nicholas Bobadilla and Simon Rodrigues. On the feast of the Assumption, 1534, in a chapel on Montmartre erected to the honor of St. Denis, the seven men bound themselves by vow to poverty, chastity, and to evangelizing the infidel in the Holy Land, or, if it should prove impossible to reach Palestine or remain there, to place themselves at the disposal of the Pope. Favre, who had already been ordained, said

the Mass.

The following spring, Ignatius was forced by ill health to break off his theological studies. He returned to Spain, having first arranged to meet his companions in Venice, when they had completed their courses. During the period of separation Father Favre added three more members to the group: Claude Le Jay, Paschase Broet, and Jean Codure. In December, 1535, Ignatius arrived in Venice after a fatiguing journey. Here he occupied himself with the study of theology, and with giving spiritual instruction. Hoces, Rojas, as well as Diego and Esteban de Eguia, came under his influence and signified their desire to join his company.

As a consequence of the war which had broken out between Francis I and Charles V, the position of Spaniards at the University of Paris became dangerous. Hence the nine men there left the city for Venice earlier than they had planned. Their journey took them through Saint-Nicholas-du-Port, Metz, Nancy, Basel, Constance, and the Tyrol. They arrived at their destination in January, 1537, and at once began to care for the sick at the Hospital of SS. John and Paul, and at the Hospital of the Incurables.

It was necessary to secure the approval of Pope Paul III for the projected work in Palestine. Ignatius, fearing that Cardinal Carafa, whom he had once offended by his bluntness, might entertain some personal hostility toward him, decided not to accompany his companions to Rome. Nevertheless, all went well. The Pope was pleased with their learning and reputation for sanctity. He granted permission for their ordination by any bishop they chose and blessed their plan to labor in the Holy Land, though he expressed doubt that it would be possible.

No doubt Paul III had foreseen the war which developed between Venice and the Turks, and which put a voyage to Palestine out of the question. Ignatius, Laynez, and Favre, therefore, went to Rome, and the others to university towns after their ordination in Venice. At the crossroads of La Storta, Ignatius in prayer was granted a vision of Christ carrying the cross, and of God the Father saying: "I will be propitious to you at Rome."

Pope Paul III was as gracious as before. Laynez and Favre were appointed professors of theology at the College of the Sapienza, and later were invited to present theological disputations regularly in the Pope's dining room.

After Easter, 1538, the companions gathered in a Roman house which was placed at their disposal. The people began to attend their sermons in greater numbers, and to frequent the sacraments. Finally Pope Paul III asked his young theological disputants: "Why are you so anxious to go to Jerusalem? There is a real Jerusalem in Italy," he said.

"If you wish to do God's work." Bobadilla states that when these words were repeated to all the companions, they began to think of a new order. The minutes of the meetings at which the idea was discussed, after the middle of Lent, 1539, are extant. On May 3, it was determined that the vow of obedience to the Pope should be made into the hands of the superior of the society, that members should be ready to travel wherever the Pope might send them, that they would teach the people the Commandments and Christian doctrine, that they would explain the catechism to children for forty days, and that the employment of each should be left to the superior of the society. On September 27, 1540, Pope Paul II issued the Bull *Regimini ecclesias militantis,* praising the learning, teaching, and holy lives of Ignatius and his comrades. They were authorized to draw up detailed constitutions. In 1541, Ignatius was chosen as the first superior, although he had to be coerced into accepting his office, and assumed the task of guiding the development of the constitutions. This required about ten years since many other activities were under way.

The Society of Jesus was now firmly established. Included among the early members were five who would be canonized saints: Ignatius, Xavier, Favre, Canisius, and Borgia. Young men were seeking admission in great numbers. The Roman College, founded in 1551, had already in 1552 three hundred students. By 1556 the Society would have a thousand members and a hundred established houses.

Ignatius remained at Rome in the Casa Professa, directing the foundation of colleges and the movements of missionaries. He expected to hear from his men frequently, and wrote six thousand letters in return, often concluding with the instruction that the man on the spot should make the decision, on the basis of what would best serve God's greater glory. He could discipline so learned and steadfast a man as Laynez, or so difficult a one as Rodrigues. The health of his men was his constant concern. He enjoyed seeing the young students in good spirits and eating well.

After 1547 Ignatius was dangerously ill many times. Consequently, no immediate anxiety was felt for him when, in the summer of 1556, the pains in the stomach kept recurring. On Thursday, July 30, Ignatius asked Polanco, his secretary, to petition Pope Paul IV for his blessing. That night, Cannicaro, the infirmarian, heard nothing unusual, but the following morning, Friday, July 31, Ignatius fell into his death agony and died before Polanco had returned from the Vatican.

Of the many biographies of St. Ignatius, those of Father Dudon, upon which this sketch heavily depends, Van Dyke, and Sedgwick may be mentioned.

Justice Will Out

by Edward Bresnan

I'M a retired newsman. My biggest fascination used to be watching a "live" story come in over the news wire. As I watched the wire one night, the story I am about to relate finally reached its climax. Being interested in murder cases of any kind, and especially being interested in this one, I sat glued to my chair and watched and waited. It all started like this:

Pittsburgh, Nov. 18, 1955 (AP) — Westinghouse Electric Corp. announced here today that effective Jan. 1, pay increases will be given all production employees. The raises will amount to an average 15 cents per hour, according to a report issued by the company.

Manion, Iowa, Nov. 18, 1955 (TFS) — copyright story follows — Editor's note: The following is an exclusive article by the Hon. Joseph S. Maywell, judge in the now-famous "Twin Trial." Judge Maywell herein expounds views concerning his reasons for sentencing his twin brother to the gallows.

BY JOSEPH S. MAYWELL AS TOLD TO PETER ROYAL

A year ago today I sentenced my brother — my *twin* brother — to the death penalty. The hangman's knot is even now only an hour from his throat.

Indeed, being the fate-master for one of your own is not an easy task; but justice must be served — we cannot let even the strongest of family attachments avert what *must be*.

I can say truly that he had it coming to him. He owes a debt to society and the collector is now only an hour away, testing the quality of the knot.

Still, this despicable creature is my brother — my twin brother — and I dread to suffer his death.

From the first, I was acknowledged as his superior — I talked a month before he; I was first to learn my ABC's, first to bring favorable comment from the ladies at bridge. Only in physical prowess was he my equal.

I do not mean to expound upon my merits — if only there had been some way that I could have transferred something of myself to him —

but it is too late now. Those words — too late now — words I have often heard, words of despair and heartbreak that haunt our courts and prisons — now applicable to him, and God forgive me, to me.

I almost wish I could have avoided sitting in judgment at the trial that through a legal technicality, I necessarily had to handle. I was a judge (I have resigned since then) in a small county in Iowa — the only judge — and all crimes committed within a judge's jurisdiction must be tried by that judge. Even the governor had no right to step in. (Editor's note: Judge Maywell here refers to the controversial Colbane-Wright Law presently effective in Iowa, which has received much scrutiny and re-examination during the past two years.)

Public opinion was at first violently opposed to my holding court when my own brother's life hung in the balance, but rather than pay me the necessary $15,000 a year should they force me to retire, and owing to the aforementioned loophole that made extra-county intervention impossible, and due to the fact that I at the time willingly accepted the case, the voters soon clamored for the most sensational, most dramatic, and most publicized trial in history. Besides these facts, I surely could qualify as an unbiased referee in the case — barring my going insane from the turmoil that would enter my mind — after all, hadn't he killed my mother?

I must admit that my primary motive in accepting the trial was revenge; and if justice and love are blind, then revenge is blindness in the dark.

I knew then, as I know now, that I was partly to blame for my brother's predicament. Although no natural competition or rivalry was within us from the start, for the gap in our ranges of mental acuity gradually grew into a chasm, I soon fostered feelings of enmity between us. I let him know on every occasion that I was master, he servant; I felt that that was the way that it should be: the strong would dominate the weak; the fit would survive.

I must also admit that I was a spoiled brat. When he wanted to play marbles, I insisted that we work puzzles; when he wanted to go to the movies, I declared that I would sooner stay at home — and so it went, all through our lives. And I always got my way — Mother was there to back me up. She favored me to the exclusion of any feelings toward him. And he offered no rebuttal; he struck me as being saintly at times, and I hated him for it. He was too stupid to be saintly, I thought, and I believed myself. I hated him for his lack of aggressiveness; he completely upended me when he failed to take up an argument that I had proposed; he had too soon resigned himself to the role of a sufferer. He never once sulked, and that was odd. He was a fool.

I should have known that such an all-suffering pose would bear evil fruit.

Although we were at such odds constantly, Mother ruled that we be inseparable, and we were. We shared the same bed, ate the same foods (those of my preference), went to the same schools, and took the same law courses (although he had a preference for literature).

Now we share the same cell.

And at last my brother has a say in his own life — in the choice of his last meal, which he is eating now with a morbid relish that shines from his eyes, not speaking, not flinching.

I have never wondered whether or not I have done right until now. If proven guilty, a murderer must be sentenced to die, even if this cause the death of his Siamese twin.

See the papers for a more complete story, for I would like to pray. So, if you will excuse me . . .

— 30 —

I waited a little over an hour, while football scores came in from the West Coast, and other trivia from all over the world flowed over the wire, before the following appeared:

Manion, Iowa, Nov. 18, 1955 (AP) — BULLETIN . . . CONVICTED MOTHER SLAYER JOHN MAYWELL WAS GRANTED A STAY OF EXECUTION TONIGHT, THREE MIN. BEFORE HE WAS TO HAVE BEEN HANGED FOR THE MURDER TWO YEARS AGO OF HIS MOTHER. GOV. E. A. GROSSMAN, AFTER HURRIED CONSULTATION WITH, AND UPON DIRECT ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, PHONED WARDEN PAUL BRIGHAM DEMANDING 'IMMEDIATE RELEASE' OF THE SIAMESE TWIN BROTHERS. ASSERTED 'UNCONSTITUTIONAL.'

MORAL THEOLOGIANS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY PROMPTED THE PRESIDENTIAL DIRECTIVE, IT WAS LEARNED FROM RELIABLE WHITE HOUSE SOURCES. "PUBLIC OPINION NECESSITATED THE ORDERS," THE WARDEN SAID, "I'M GLAD IT'S ALL OVER WITH."

THE TWINS, JOINED AT THE SPINE SINCE BIRTH, SEEMED VERY WELL COMPOSED AS THEY AWAITED THEIR JOINT FATE IN AN ADJOINING CHAMBER. JOHN SEEMED ALMOST SERENE. JOSEPH, WHO IMPOSED THE SENTENCE THAT SHOOK THE NATION, SEEMED LESS CALM, BUT SHOWED NO EXTERNAL SIGNS OF CONCERN.

WHEN THE TWO WERE TOLD OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ACTION, NEITHER WOULD MAKE ANY STATEMENT. EACH SEEMED TO BE WAITING FOR THE OTHER TO SPEAK.

THE BROTHERS WILL STAY IN THE PENITENTIARY FOR "A FEW DAYS," THE WARDEN ANNOUNCED, AND WILL BE RELEASED AT A TIME UNKNOWN TO THE PUBLIC OR THE PRESS.

NUMEROUS MOTION PICTURE FIRMS HAVE BEEN BARGAINING FOR THEIR LIFE STORY, BUT THE TWINS HAVE TURNED DOWN ALL OFFERS.

AN ASSEMBLAGE OF WELL OVER 10,000 PEOPLE HAS DEMONSTRATED BEFORE THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION DAILY FOR THE LAST TWO WEEKS, NECESSITATING THE CALLING OUT OF ADDITIONAL STATE TROOPERS TO CONTROL ORDER IN A SITUATION THAT COULD BEST BE DESCRIBED AS RIOTOUS.

WHEN THE DEMONSTRATORS HEARD THE ANNOUNCEMENT, NEAR-BEDLAM REIGNED. MORE THAN 50 HAVE BEEN INJURED IN CHAOTIC EXPRESSIONS OF SUCCESS. THE CROWD IS NOW DANCING IN THE STREETS, DAMAGING PARKED AUTOMOBILES, AND SCREAMING THAT "JUSTICE IS DONE! JUSTICE IS DONE!"

. . . . . MORE TO COME . . . . .

And fifteen minutes later:

BULLETIN . . . BULLETIN . . . NEW LEAD . . . TWINS

AN HOUR AGO, SIAMESE TWINS JOHN AND JOSEPH MAYWELL, THE FIRST SENTENCED TO DIE . . . FLASH . . . FLASH . . . PLEASE HOLD WIRE . . .

BULLETIN . . . BULLETIN . . .

THE MAYWELL SIAMESE TWINS ARE DEAD. THIS REPORTER, WITH WARDEN BRIGHAM, ACCOMPANIED PRISONERS TO CELL AFTER PRESIDENTIAL DIRECTIVE WAS READ. JOSEPH ASKED THAT THEY BE LEFT ALONE, AND WISH WAS GRANTED. GUARD IN HALL SOON HEARD SHOUTS FROM PRISONERS ALONG DEATH ROW. MIKE ('LIGHT TOUCH') FINNERTY, CONVICTED ARSONIST SENTENCED TO DIE DEC. 16, SAID JOSEPH LET OUT MANIACAL SCREAM, GRABBED JOHN BY THE NECK, CHOKED HIM, SHOUTING 'YOU KILLED MY MOTHER' OVER AND OVER. FINNERTY SAID JOHN MADE NO ATTEMPT TO DEFEND HIMSELF. MURDER-SUICIDE WILL PROBABLY BE RULED, CORONER'S OFFICE REPORTED . . . MORE TO COME . . . STAND BY . . .

And so it went. You know, murders make good copy, and some newspapers often cry that there aren't enough of them. I used to agree. But these were my sons!

Leisure and Work: Student Views

by Lawrence J. Minet, Ph. D.

IN a recent issue of a prominent labor journal,[1] Heinz Nordhoff, director general of Volkswagen, was quoted as saying that most workers "live only to escape themselves"; that an added day of leisure would only increase their "emptiness and disconsolateness caused by idling away spare time." Herr Nordhoff's remarks, made in support of a six-day work week, involve such significant questions concerning human welfare and the complex relationship of leisure and work that I asked the sixteen students in my Labor Problems course to comment on his statement. In submitting a questionnaire to my students, I hoped to gain insight into the Carroll student attitude toward this immensely important matter. The questionnaire consisted of three parts, each of which is considered separately below.

QUESTION 1: *(a) Frankly, what do you think of Herr Nordhoff's statement? (b) Elucidate. (c) Does the average worker spend his leisure constructively?*

Student commentary on Herr Nordhoff's pronouncement was generally critical and at times rather blunt: "This 'gentleman' does not know what he is talking about." "In the first place Nordhoff is a fanatic and you must judge his opinions with this in mind," a second student began his paper. A third student noted that "Herr Nordhoff produces a fine sports car and . . . should stick to producing cars and not to philosophizing . . . People have an ultimate end for which they were created and placed here on earth, and surely this end is not to escape themselves."

"It appears to me," one student remarked, "that Nordhoff is somewhat of an isolationist or maybe a social outcast. It also appears that he did not ever really learn how to use spare and leisure time for his own enjoyment and relaxation." Another student suggested that Herr Nordhoff is "entirely correct. Work is more satisfying than idleness up to a certain point, after which it becomes drudgery." This idea of a balance, an optimum combination of leisure and work, varying according to the individual needs of the worker, was repeated by several students: "For a man to be happy he must have a well-rounded, balanced life. Work must be offset by play and play must be offset by work."

[1] *The CIO News*, Vol. 18, No. 39, September 26, 1955, p. 7.

But nowhere in the papers was there an attempt to define what is meant by "work" or by "leisure," whether spent "constructively" or otherwise. Occasionally, a student would approach a definition without quite attaining one. A major source of difficulty in the matter of definitions is that the same sort of activity, mental or physical, is described by different terms. The professional golfer paid to play on a resort course, an established writer writing a novel, are said to "work"; the amateur golfer spending his free Saturday on the links, the unpublished writer struggling to be published, are said to have hobbies, recreations. Here the sole criterion appears to be a pecuniary one: work is a money-producing activity. But the making of money need not connote work in the sense of physical or mental exertion: interest from government bonds is earned by pure passivity — by not dissipating one's principal, the capitalistic sin of sins.

In defining an activity as work, should one introduce aesthetic or moral criteria? Is the composer said to work only if he produces "good" music? What is to be done with the writer of comic books or, on a lower level still, the writer of lurid "historical" novels or advertising copy for dog food? All of these people may make a great deal of money. Is a professional gunman a worker? Certainly he makes money; certainly he expends a great deal of effort, in planning his operations first and in eluding the police afterwards. But hardly anyone would dignify such activities as "work" both because of their moral character and their total lack of social usefulness. Definitions are almost always inadequate and somewhat superficial. But "work," as it is ordinarily used, implies employment at a money-making occupation which meets certain standards of social propriety, rather loosely defined.

The student who spoke of Herr Nordhoff's inability to use "leisure time for his own enjoyment and relaxation" probably meant that Herr Nordhoff's work is also his recreation, his supreme interest in life. For one with an intense interest in his job, there is no desire for leisure viewed as an escape from work. If work is a source of enjoyment, of a sense of creativeness, prolonged vacations generate only tedium, and the thought of enforced retirement becomes a source of dread. But those for whom work is also a hobby are, unfortunately, rare.

Most men have something of the spirit of indolence, a distaste for work, any work at all, or at least work carried beyond a certain number of hours a week. Yet there have always been those in society who refuse to recognize this spirit except in terms of the strongest disapprobation. This moralistic viewpoint, rashly identifying leisure with idleness, and indolence and laziness with the vice of sloth, ignores altogether the sometimes subtle lines of distinction between these concepts. Laziness,

considered as a disinclination to drudge at routine jobs for money merely because drudgery is approved as socially respectable, is a virtue rather than a vice. Leisure, the period of freedom in which this distinction expresses itself, is not a simple synonym for idleness, though idleness does occupy an important place in leisure. Leisure is spent both in idleness and in activity.

Leisure activity may involve the expenditure of considerable effort, but effort divorced from monetary motivation. The most extraordinary activities take place in the name of leisure: the heavy manual labor involved in gardening by suburban horticulturists and gentlemen farmers; the toil of trudging miles with heavy bags over golf links, or of dangling by ropes from the brink of thousand-foot cliffs in the interests of sport. Human beings devoting their time exclusively to such activities are not in wage-paying employment; they are not "working" as work is defined above. But is one to call them lazy? In the widely-accepted use of the term they are, for their avoidance of regular jobs is taken as a distaste for "work."

Several students attempted a definition of the word "constructively" in answering the third part of Question I. "I think 'constructively' . . . means anything beneficial to the worker and that the worker likes to do," such as "spending Saturday playing 18 holes of golf." Another student said recreation is constructive which gives "the worker the needed rest and relaxation that is necessary for a happy and well-adjusted worker." "Even the fact that one might spend the day sacked out in the chair might be constructive if he were doing it in order to 'produce' one of Herr Nordhoff's Volkswagens."

There was recognition by the students that the emotional pressures of high-speed production make rest imperative; that the worker must be allowed a period of physical and spiritual recuperation after the assembly-line battle. Sleep, sports, strolls, all are constructive, particularly the rare and supreme luxury of doing absolutely nothing, the joy of total laziness which the Italians describe in the phrase *dolce far niente.*

The concept of constructiveness in leisure is an exceedingly complex one, involving inevitably delicate problems of personal judgment, moral as well as aesthetic. Should a European tour, for example, be devoted to cathedrals and medieval art, or to an exhaustive study of race tracks and gambling casinos? Which is the better use of one's leisure: jazz or grand opera, the pool room or the recital hall? It is clearly a problem of alternatives which the Carroll student must resolve for himself. *De gustibus non est disputandum.*

QUESTION II: *What are people's motives in working? Indicate in the order of importance.*

Student answers to Question II left me with one overpowering impression: *pecunia omnia vincit.* There were constant allusions to the indispensability of money in a monetary society. But no one subscribed to the idea of economic motivation so unreservedly as the student who wrote: "From what I have seen of working men, they are interested in one thing, the dollar. That is all they work for, and they are constantly trying to do *less for more.*" "I really think people work for money," a second student wrote. "I don't think anything can come before this . . . I think the importance of this is shown by the fact that unions always seek wage increases, not so much work prestige or better placement, but money. Most industrial work today doesn't leave much to the individual, just to get a job done."

This second student brought out a major psychological factor in labor-management relations: the idea that mass production, and the stultifying routine of minute specialization to which it gives rise, leaves the worker little sense of creativeness or pride of workmanship. The job offers nothing but money; so the worker, through his union, insistently demands more: if he must be a drudge, he will exact all the traffic will bear.

"People in the lower and middle classes work for money, which to them means security," a student observed. "In the upper classes and high middle classes, people may work for prestige or satisfaction they secure personally for their creative efforts." The fact that the force of monetary motivation diminishes as positions become more responsible and less routine helps explain the difference in the work attitudes of employers and manual workers. It is precisely this difference in attitude that caused Herr Nordhoff's plea for a six-day work week to arouse a storm of union protest. An executive who himself works sixty or seventy hours a week may see no reason why his workers should object to working forty-eight. But he ignores the factor of motivation. In addition to an imposing salary, he has position and prestige, the stimulus of high interest and of power. What stimulus has assembly-line worker Badge Number 77-225, Department 37, installing fifty units of standardized component part AA-72-J on fifty automobiles an hour? How much "psychic income" does a girl behind the counter in a five-and-ten derive from her job?

In devastating the "instinct of workmanship," in furthering a process by which employees become nonentities among nonentities in a vast spider web of impersonal group relations, mass production has deprived them of their sense of individuality as creative craftsmen. This is the

age of the nonentity. "Number Thirty," one salesgirl yells to another, "you're wanted at Counter Eleven, Number Thirty!" In the U.S.S.R., the process of materialist dehumanization has been carried to its logical extreme: the submersion of human identity in a sort of collective consciousness — the Soviet philosophic ideal of nirvana. The mass man rules supreme! In America, the one escape from the impersonal horrors of mechanization is in leisure. Workers have grasped at it desperately.

But the horrors of mechanization can be overstated, as well as minimized. Nineteenth-century writers and social critics, such as Ruskin and Carlyle, deplored the repetitiously simple production processes introduced by the Industrial Revolution as stultifying and intellectually degrading. Deeply involved in intellectual affairs, they quite naturally judged the tastes and the attitudes of others by their own. But not everyone shared their intellectual preoccupations — certainly not to the same degree. A mathematician would be made miserable by factory routine; a semi-skilled worker might find it, if not exhilarating, at least endurable. The weight of monotony is heavier for some than for others; some workers gladly embrace it. Thinking involves costs and hazards, just as manual labor does. One has only to ask college students, if he is unconvinced.

As the worker's interest in his job increases, the demands for leisure and for money become less pressing. "Some people enjoy their jobs and to them it is not just a job," a student wrote. "To these people work would not be 'escaping themselves' but bringing out creative talents." Interest in one's job as a work motive is probably lowest among unskilled laborers and highest, presumably, among abstract painters, sculptors, philosophers, and university professors — all distinguished for their impecunious devotion to intellectual causes, often lost ones. Some work for money, said Somerset Maugham of writers, others for fame, and a very few — those whom he called most fortunate of all — work because they love to. Maugham's statement really applies to humanity in general. Veblen spoke of the "instinct of workmanship," a deep devotion to one's work as a means of self-expression, in which work becomes the end of human effort, not just an incidental by-product of the accumulation of bank balances. One student wrote: "I think I would feel guilty to myself and others if I did not work. If I didn't work 'curiosity would always be killing the cat' in the sense that I would never know what I could have made of myself if I had worked." Self-expression and the full realization of one's potentialities, then, are motives for working which several students regarded as prominent ones.

Other students ascribed to prestige and social pressure great importance as inducements to work. There is a tradition in America against

leisure, a puritanical heritage which identifies leisure with pleasure and pleasure with sin; which lumps together promiscuously as idlers and parasites all proponents of leisure, whether gentlemen of leisure or bums. That the distinction between a gentleman of leisure and a bum is sometimes a rather tenuous one in no way frees one from the responsibility of making it. "Without work," a student said, echoing this sentiment, "a person cannot live for long unless a parasite." Accordingly, it is the fashion to work in the United States, or at least to pretend to. Even the rich should not be idle; they should make themselves socially useful: hence the prevalence of philanthropy among the very wealthy, as the modern embodiment of the feudal ideal of *noblesse oblige*. Where the prestige of work is high, everyone feels himself under social compulsion to work. But the prestige of work has not always been high, at least for particular classes; and in this case, a man may actually find himself under social pressure *not* to work. For the pre-revolutionary French aristocracy, "work, according to the code, remained a stigma. A man's nobility was in proportion to his uselessness."[2]

Quite apart from the general attitude toward work which prevails in society is the matter of the relative social standing of particular occupations. Work may be blessed by society as respectable in principle, but not all types of work may be considered uniformly respectable. More than anything else, work is circumscribed by taboos, by social mores, the attitude toward white-collar versus manual employment being most conspicuous among them. The force of social prejudice keeps the bank teller industriously counting money at forty-five dollars a week, when he might be making twice as much driving a bus. In the almost bank-like atmosphere of a prominent brokerage office, gambling is invested with the supreme dignity of social acceptance, while in the horse-room of a bookmaker, it becomes unutterably vulgar. The stockbroker is well within the social pale; the race-track tout, well beyond it.

One motive for working which the students generally overlooked lies in work as an outlet for human gregariousness, as a convenient way of establishing social contacts with fellow-workers. Friendships among workers distract them from the monotony of assembly-line operations; and it is work in its social setting that workers remember more often than the repetitive character of jobs itself. A clothing manufacturer, inviting retired workers to the factory cafeteria once a week, was disconcerted when his invitation was accepted so eagerly and by so many of his former employees that they completely monopolized the cafeteria for

[2] Albert Mathiez, *The French Revolution*, C. A. Phillips, translator, 1928, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, p. 3.

the whole day playing cards. The sudden breaking of social ties is one of the tragedies of retirement.

Not one student attributed work to the force of biological necessity, although zoologists have demonstrated that unicellular creatures, fed without being allowed to move in search of food, do not long survive in the test tube. For want of work, the creatures perish. But there is considerable danger in assuming an analogy between the experiences of human beings and those of amoebae. In the first place, there is in human leisure no necessary connotation of physical idleness; in the second, far from dying of total inertia, certain human beings have demonstrated their ability to flourish with it.

The motives for working which the students outlined included, in addition to money, the need for self-expression and self-realization, a striving for social respectability, and "emotional reasons," by which perhaps the student meant the emotional needs of creativeness or companionship. One student even suggested that workers work as a means of getting "away from some people or conditions which they can't seem to get away from." Here work becomes a means of escaping people rather than of encountering them.

The students' preoccupation with money as an incentive contrasts notably with the results of a survey made several years earlier by a group of Carroll students, each of whom questioned five workers as to their motives in working. Curiously, money was not given as the principal factor by the majority of workmen, who emphasized such points as congenial work situations, recognition of human needs by management and, above all, security. But security itself involves money, not so much the amount of money received as the continuity of income payments.

Given the high significance which students attached to money, one might have expected them to explore the nuances of monetary motivation. But they failed to do so. "Why do you want money?" I once asked one of my economics classes at Carroll. The answer to the question seemed so absurdly self-evident to them that everyone began to laugh. But is it? The quest for money in itself tells nothing of the underlying motives of the quester. The miser and the day laborer both work for money, but for totally different reasons. Does a millionaire businessman scamper after money because he wants to increase the level of his consumption? There is a limit to an individual's capacity for consumption; a point at which one has all the Rolls-Royces he wishes to drive and all the vintage champagne he wishes to drink; a point beyond which more of such things become superfluities. The typical Carroll student is so far removed from this point of satiation that he finds the idea itself almost fantastic. But where the college student readily spends an addition to

his income, the millionaire merely adds it to his bank balance. To the one, money means cars, dates, clothes; to the other, a symbol of financial power and of success.

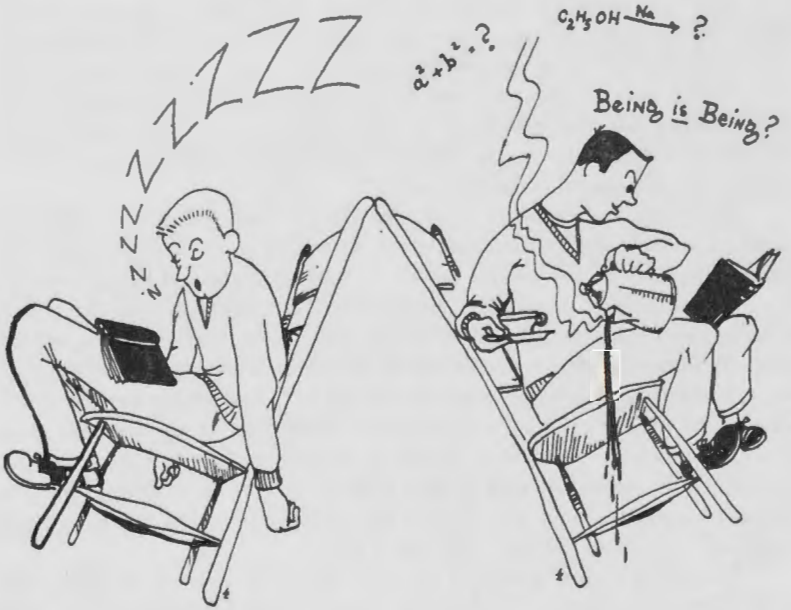
Another monetary nuance which the students overlooked completely is the relation between the quantity of money possessed and the attitude of the possessor. The enthusiasm of the poor man's response to money is openly expressed and candidly acknowledged. When one has become rich, such enthusiasm is no longer considered in good taste. The rich recognize money by cultivating an ostentatious indifference to it. For this reason, exclusive shop windows never feature price. In the terminology of the economist, money is subject to the principle of diminishing marginal utility: the more one acquires of it, the more vulgar it becomes. Wealth demands of its possessor that he learn to apprehend these subtleties of money, if he is to claim any talent for being wealthy. As a group, college students exhibit appallingly little talent for being rich, perhaps because they have had so little practice at it.

Though the students overemphasized money, not one of them made the mistake of romanticizing work: college students are altogether too aware of the realities of existence to do that. In the Enlightenment, apotheosizing the primitive goodness of the simple life, it became almost fashionable in certain circles to admire work — from a safe distance — for what could be simpler or more primitive than work? Ladies of fashion paraded American Indians through the streets of Paris as living exemplars of primitive goodness. Women, who would have been utterly appalled at finding themselves stranded in the country, played at being dairy maids. Even Haydn, a realistic old man quite without romantic illusions about work, consented, under pressure from Baron von Swieten, to compose his famous hymn to work, but only after intimating that the Baron was an idiot:

O Fleiss, o edler Fleiss,
von dir kommt alles Heil.

The great difficulty in analyzing human motivations, in work or anything else, is that they can never be isolated from one another completely. Behind human conduct, there is a subtle interplay of motives, sometimes apparently conflicting ones. The admirers of a great artist discover that he achieved some of his greatest work under the pressure of money, and they are shocked. Art should be rarified, spiritual, above money. They forget that the artist, under the stress of a multitude of emotions, still must have money to live; that, whatever inner desires make a man an artist, a career in art is itself so precarious that monetary motivation is hardly likely to be the major one. If a college senior is asked why he has chosen a major in history, or one in mathematics or industrial

relations, he may find himself unable to give a convincing answer, not only to the person who asks him, but to himself. But the inability to give reasons, to isolate and define motives, is not confined to college students. Human beings are complex, inconsistent creatures, with sources of motivation which they do not even suspect in themselves. The injunction to know thyself — apparently so simple, so direct — is almost impossible of fulfillment. A man may know his inmost thoughts, at which others can only guess, but he cannot always analyze them objectively. This difficulty of self-analysis is the supreme obstacle which one encounters in approaching the problem of leisure and work.



QUESTION III: *If you were assured of a pension of $10,000 a year for life, would you: (a) work? (b) go to college?*

Almost without exception, the students indicated that they would work, despite the pension. "The thought of that pension sounds awfully good," one student wrote, "however, I would continue to work. Maybe not as hard or as many hours. But if $10,000 per year is so good, why do so many playboys end up shooting themselves? Life would be too boring if you could just loaf. Anybody who would accept that pension and not work would be a fool." One student even stated that he would work

because a $10,000 pension would not be enough! Another student enunciated essentially the same viewpoint: "I would work — the more the merrier (money that is)." Several students mentioned the frustrations, the tedium, of a life spent entirely in leisure. Only two students of the sixteen believed that they could manage their leisure time well enough to avoid frustration and boredom. Of these two students, one indicated merely that he "could keep busy enough to pass my time without boredom"; the other was more specific: "There are too many other things more important than work. I enjoy organizational work, dynamic church work, civic work. . . . Even more important is my family life, which could be so much closer if eight hours each day weren't taken from me."

The reluctance of students to devote their lives to leisure, even if given the financial resources to do so, should not surprise the reader, for the talent for leisure is exceedingly rare. If a man has a job, the use of the greater part of his conscious hours is automatically determined for him. With a job, the individual is freed from much of the responsibility of leisure. "Responsibility to whom?" Sherwood Anderson once asked; "Alas! the responsibility to one's self."

From the beginning of time, the leisure class has been a tiny segment of society. An explanation often advanced is an economic one: the limited capacity of the toiling masses to support a class of non-producers, *i. e.,* of "parasites," in socialist terminology. But nowhere has the leisure class enjoyed less prestige and influence than in the United States, which, with its immense productive potential, is vastly more capable of supporting a leisure class than any other nation. Why? The reason for the smallness of the leisure class is of an aesthetic more than of an economic character. The reason lies in the concept of laziness as an art. Unless one has attempted it, one has no idea of how difficult it is to do nothing. The conscious pursuit of leisure as a way of life shifts the burden of the management of one's time entirely onto one's self.

Success at leisure demands the attainment of balance between complete idleness — laziness in the pure sense — and leisure activities, such as travel, sports, reading, planned study, so that neither is carried beyond the point of satiety. This problem of balance is the central problem of laziness viewed as an art. The constructive occupation of one's own time requires a sense of perspective, judgment, taste, exquisite discernment, severe self-discipline, and a vast fund of intellectual resources upon which to draw for one's own entertainment. It is with respect to this last point, particularly, that a college education should prepare one for a career in leisure. Brilliance of achievement in leisure, in short, demands that one make of one's life what the Swiss historian Jakob Burckhardt called, in his *Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy,* a "conscious work

of art." The rarity of the talent for laziness accounts for the bitter disillusionment of men who retire after a lifetime of active employment, to discover that they do not know what to do with their time. The demands of leisure are so arduous that most people find it immeasurably simpler to work. It is for this reason that the leisure class has always formed a tiny minority of the population. Hardly anyone can meet its entrance requirements.

Although practically all students expressed a willingness to work, a number of them stated that their pension income would cause them to be extremely selective in their choice of employment. "Depending on the position I held, I might work even with the $10,000 per year," one of them said, "if the satisfaction I received from performing my work was equal to the effort involved. The money from the work would not be too much of a factor in view of the $10,000; so the determining factor again would be the satisfaction received from the job." There was widespread recognition among the students that employment at a regular job, to be considered constructive, must contribute to the worker much more than money. Laziness, in the sense of a disinclination to drudge at an unrewarding job, is a positive virtue, not a vice. The fact that employment produces a money income does not in itself make it productive in an intellectual, spiritual, or even physical sense. If unwillingness to become a meaningless, dull drudge makes one lazy, then lazy he should be. If one's self-development, the full realization of one's potentials, can be furthered better by means of leisure than by work, then one should resort to leisure.

Of those students who answered my question at all, all said that the receipt of the pension would not have changed their plans with respect to college. One student indicated that he would still go to college because "it is not hard work"! Many college students share this viewpoint. This same student further recommended college as a means of filling one's "idle hours." Another student took the very practical position that college might teach him "how to invest my $10,000, and turn it into a small fortune." One student saw in college a means of learning to "become independent and capable of helping yourself without the aid of your parents or others." Other students stressed the broadening effects of college education, the widening of intellectual horizons, which is the idealized goal of education, though not an easily attainable one. Oppressed by the concerted lethargy which the teacher often encounters in the classroom, some professors even despair of attaining it altogether, forsaking all hope that college life will leave a deep impress on the mind of the student. "Let's face it," such a professor once said. "After leaving John Carroll, the average student isn't going to open another book

again." "I protest against the word 'again'," a colleague replied wearily.

Two themes run like tragic *leitmotifs* through the annals of collegiate life from the Middle Ages to the present day: absence of effort *in toto* and the waste, the misdirection, of what effort is expended by students. The first of these themes, the cynical idea that college life does not fill idle hours, but rather consists of them, is expressed in the famous account of the University of Berlin student, who was showing his visiting father through the city. "What's that large building over there?" his father asked, pointing to the university administration building. "I don't know, father," his son replied quite innocently. "I'm so busy studying I don't have time to get about the city." The second theme is expressed in the common effort of students, if not to repudiate study completely, at least to take the "easy way out." One notices at registration time, at universities where students are permitted any choice in the matter, the inevitable gravitation toward "snap courses" and "easy profs." Even in those cases where there is a competitive scramble for high grades, the motivating force is often less the quest for knowledge than the impression of prospective employers. Frequently, competition for relative class standing is itself stifled by an unwritten student code, and then no one becomes more despised than the "curve wrecker."

Teachers have lamented through the ages their failure to stir their students, to arouse within them some feeling for the beauty of knowledge, for the wonder and mystery of human experience and of life. But suppose for once they succeed, and that the graduate in history or in literature, thus stirred and aroused, found himself ultimately in an office or store, where his intellectual horizon was narrowed to filing papers or placating irritated customers so that they would continue to be customers. There are thousands of such drab jobs and thousands of graduates who awaken each morning to them, hating themselves and their work. This awakening of interest, of a hope for intellectual and spiritual self-fulfillment, only to be stifled within the student for want of expression, is one of the tragedies of contemporary life, filled with mechanical gadgets and human frustrations. The rich potential of university life will never be realized until this problem is pressed toward a solution, until there is not one graduate who will have to ask himself, at a grubby little job in a grubby little office: "Did I spend four years at Carroll for this? For this?" But a settlement of this problem presupposes the resolution of a still larger one: just what is the place of a liberal arts education in a specialized business society?

"We want well-rounded men!" business executives exclaim. But do they mean it? For Henry Ford, the world of literature, of artistic expression, of abstract thought, was of questionable usefulness and doubtful

practicality. For Ford, production had to be material production. He found himself in the anomalous position of the eighteenth-century economist who regarded the violin maker as a productive workman, but the violin player as unproductive, for after all, the violinist *made* nothing! One wonders if Ford's attitude has completely disappeared among big industrialists. Ford himself was not unimaginative. His conception of mass production in 1903, his introduction of a minimum daily wage of five dollars in 1915 — several times the prevailing rate at the time — showed daring imagination, but imagination divorced from the wider ranges of history and of art. Only once, in his famous Peace Ship venture in 1915, when he undertook singlehandedly to end World War I, did Ford let his imagination transcend the narrow limits of practicality. But had Ford studied the historical background of the war, diplomatic maneuvering and the succession of international crises which preceded it, it is highly doubtful that he would have had sufficient confidence in his mission to have undertaken it. Knowledge of history in this case would have had the highly practical effect of saving him several million dollars.

Ford, the dazzling exemplification of the American self-made-man ideal, fell in the course of his career into some of the difficulties which especially beset self-made men: the oversimplification of complex social issues, a reckless propensity for generalization, particularly in areas outside one's competence, and the perennial suspicion of theoreticians by the "practical man," even though the development of theories, considered as statements of cause-and-effect relationships, is imperative if any course of action is to be followed at all, whether in business, science, or social affairs. The advantage of the college man over the self-made man should be in the deeper perspective, the greater expansiveness of outlook, of the former. But this advantage presupposes at least some liberal arts background; otherwise the only real difference between the self-made man and the college graduate is one of relative technical proficiency in some specialized productive process.

For these reasons, college administrators have insisted on a minimum level of preparation in the humanities, even for scientists and technicians. But their efforts have not been altogether successful. The classics have largely been tossed out the window, and the history teacher is finding that he has to spend hours of class time trying to persuade business administration and engineering majors that it is not a total waste of time for them to study the heritage of *their* past!

The channeling, willy-nilly, of professional and technical students into liberal arts courses does not resolve the one overwhelming problem of modern education: the problem of those students who — to express

it very crudely — have relatively non-marketable talents, whether in history, philosophy, the fine arts, the classics. This problem is most acute for the liberal arts student, but even the business administration student can not entirely escape it. The accounting major can be sure of finding a position in his profession; for the industrial relations major, however, the prospects of immediate employment in his field are much less certain, and there is the possibility of frustrating work in alternative, and less congenial jobs. What is to be done with people who do not fit into the specialized business world?

In despair, some students ignore the subjects that really interest them, drifting into courses that offer better job opportunities after graduation, with the sick feeling of being drawn into a compromise, into a frustrating situation where their future work will have no meaning for them. Compromises are invariably frustrating. With the promise of a guaranteed pension, my students indicated that they would work at a job only if it offered something to them intellectually and spiritually; without the pension, subject to the full pressure of money, they would work, presumably, even if it didn't. Leisure really is a form of revolt against this insistent pressure of money; against the money-orientation of a society with a scheme of values which seems synthetic and unjust. It is not a matter of artistic protest against the Philistines. The wonderful aspect of leisure is that it permits one to follow his interests wherever they may lead; leisure creates a universe where one's own standards of value prevail, and not those of the market place.

The function of education is to make one's use of leisure constructive, as much as it is to prepare one for work. Leisure increases in importance whenever one's work offers less than complete satisfaction. But even someone deeply absorbed in his work needs creative outlets apart from his formal employment.

It is these advantages of education which induce college students to put up with the intangible costs of going to college, which far exceed those measurable in terms of time and money. These include the pains of adjustment to a new educational regimen, which makes the student more independent, but much more responsible; which demands of him final decisions on seemingly unanswerable problems: on the choice of a major; on finding employment after graduation; on a complex mass of problems surrounding the uncertainties of military service. Deans' offices are filled with juniors, and even seniors, who have no idea of what they want to do and desperately wish to avoid having to decide. The college student runs against the psychological barriers of formidable courses and "tough profs"; he runs the awful risk of failure at a time when he is under enormous pressure to succeed — pressure exerted by his parents

and, even more, by his own fear of failing. Practically everyone experiences failure at some time in the course of his life. The term itself is a relative one: relative to what one aspires to achieve. The avoidance of failure by a refusal to try is a rather shabby substitute for success.

After enduring these costs of education for four years, the college student is entitled to expect something in return. One student said that he hoped college would make him "educated and a broader man." Broadening involves the act of learning; learning in college implies the skillful imparting of knowledge by professors to students. If classroom experiences have any meaning at all for the student, they should engage his interest; they should be *entertaining* in the broadest sense of the term. The student should be entertained in the classroom; he has the right to be entertained. But learning in this sense is a collaborative effort: the teacher must contribute knowledge and skill; the student, an attitude of receptivity, an open-mindedness toward new experiences, at least a willingness, if not an eagerness to learn.

College students, however, do not always collaborate in this effort; nor, for that matter, do all professors, some of whom become overawed by the solemnity of knowledge and its imparting. But if stuffiness is an occupational hazard of the professor's life, anxiety is a hazard of the student's: a deeply instilled fear of learning. A student is not afraid to learn to drive a car, to dance, to play cards; not afraid of learning *per se*. It is the formality of college that intimidates the student: schedules, interviews, visits to deans' offices, regimentation by regulation, and the continuous pressure of assignments, quizzes and examinations. But more than of anything else, the student is afraid of being confused, of not being able to understand. "Even if I do pay attention, I can't get this stuff," the student says to himself despairingly. "What's the use of trying?" Inattentiveness in class is partly an effort to escape from confusion, a sense of failure. But a student has no reason to be ashamed of his confusion, which is just a stage in the process of learning, a point where logical relationships appear muddy, where the student cannot see how the conclusion which the professor says *must* follow does follow at all. A student may sometimes understand a point immediately, thus bypassing confusion, but not always. He may fail to make sense of a point in the textbook, fail again to grasp its explanation in class, and then fail a third time when he turns to one of the better students in the dormitory for help. Hopelessly, he takes a last look at the book in his room before going to bed, and suddenly, inexplicably, everything fits together. He understands!

"Everything was going fine before I went to this class," a philosophy student protests bitterly. "Now I don't understand anything." But

had he really understood things before; or had he only taken them for granted? Philosophers, who, more than anyone else, appreciate the artistic dimensions of confusion, know for a certainty that the perplexed student knows something: at least he knows enough *to be* perplexed. The only escape from confusion is in sheer ignorance. Certainly no one in college is willing to pay that high a price for the dubious merits of mental self-contentment; otherwise there would be hardly any point to his being in college at all. Confusion afflicts students, the weak and the strong. The strong have only learned to struggle against it more stubbornly. The fact that college is difficult is one of the reasons why it can be immensely rewarding.

Despite all effort which has been made to impress students with the cultural potential of college life, many of them have remained deeply skeptical. The opening lines of a poem, by a former Carroll student,[3] describe with incredible accuracy a state of mind among students which faculties have lamented, but done little to dispel:

> "Here in a cool, dull, classroom
> I sit immersed in drones.
> But my soul attends the wind
> That calls with soothing tones."

Observe the words, the symbolism: *dull, drones,* the subtle connotation of tedium, of dryness and monotony. The soul of the poet takes figurative flight with the wind outside the classroom, since it is unable to take flight intellectually within it.

The universal imposition by college administrations of prerequisite courses which students *must* take has undoubtedly accounted for some of the intellectual resistance the professor encounters in the classroom. Under compulsion, students resist, particularly those business and professional students who are forced into liberal arts courses. Prerequisites may seem arbitrary to them; but in reality, they are deeply purposeful. Prerequisites are part of an effort to free the mind of the student; to give it a taste of something of the magnitude and diversity of human experience. Without them, a university would degenerate into an incongruous jumble of trade schools, turning out narrow specialists aware of the confines of their little specialty, but ignorant of the major problems of life in their broad social context. If a student stopped resisting, if he opened himself to all his courses as new, and possibly rewarding, intellectual experiences, he might find that he really liked them, even his prerequisites!

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[3] Kevin Tobin, "The Call," *Carroll Quarterly,* Vol. 6, Nos. 3 and 4, Spring, 1953, p. 12.

College students cannot realize how sensitive a professor is to their attitudes in class: how their apathy can deaden his morale and how their interest can revive it. Education, in a very real sense, is a two-way street, from which both the students and professor can benefit. Few students appreciate the fact that the display of their interest, and particularly their questions which flow from it, force the professor to reconsider and reformulate his own ideas and, in addition, sometimes even give him fresh ideas and new viewpoints to be integrated with the old. Students teach the teacher without being aware of the fact: *docendo discimus.*

If college students for once really "let themselves go" intellectually, if they came to regard the professor as a fellow adventurer in intellectual discovery rather than as a formidable figure of authority, education would become interesting to them, not rather interesting, but deeply, absorbingly interesting. The student may have reason to be bored by a given course, by a certain experience, even by a particular professor, but never by the totality of experience, never by life. If a college senior cannot within five minutes' time think of more unresolved problems than can be solved within a hundred lifetimes, then he can justly complain that his college career has been a waste.

The whole matter of leisure and work involves numberless unresolved problems, which call for the analytical skill and intelligence of sociologists, philosophers, particularly of ethics and aesthetics, economists, labor relations experts, engineers, physicians, psychologists, statisticians, and innumerable others. In its widest aspect, the problem of leisure and work involves the relation of the individual to society, of individuality versus generality, the old philosophic matter of particulars and universals. How is the ideal society to be achieved, in which everyone can experience the virtues of social intercourse, the security, convenience and friendliness of association, without sacrificing the human needs for self-expression and individuality? Is it desirable that the work week be reduced to four days in the future, or even three, despite the dire warnings of Herr Nordhoff? Is the practice of forced retirement at the age of sixty-five as stupid and inhumane as some social critics have claimed it is? The possibilities for investigation by the student are endless.

Education should awaken within the student a sense of the vastness of human knowledge and experience. But the student should learn that, however much he knows, what he perceives is only an infinitesimal fragment of even a finite human knowledge. The purpose of education, considered in this way, is to make the student realize the depth of his own ignorance; realize it without ever becoming entirely reconciled to it. Humility of mind, a practical as well as a religious virtue, is often painful of attainment, but not nearly so painful as the certainty that there

was nothing new left to be learned. A scholar ought not to lament his ignorance; he should rejoice in the limitless scope for discovery which life affords him. It is the newness, the everlasting freshness, of discovery that holds the scholar to his task: it is the only claim that an old man can have to youth. This sensitivity, this youthfulness of mind, is the greatest gift a university can offer. College gives "a greater appreciation of life," one of my students wrote; "it means more to live."

Ignatius of Loyola

A DEDICATION

Never had diadem fallen, a crown
Tumbled from royal brow down,
While from his soldiers a king could yet call
One man, the bravest of all.

Hero
A Soldier
Brave in his soul.

Once fell a kingdom (greatest of these:
Kingdom of God) to its knees.
Searching His legions, Christ the King chose —
Holy Ignatius arose.

Hero
A Soldier
Saintly in soul.

Breasting the blood of the heretic's sword,
Lofting the Cross and the word,
Soldier Ignatius withstood the first blow,
Raised up a kingdom brought low.

Hero
A Soldier
Pure in his soul.

Then when the enemy lay in surprise,
Fear and defeat in its eyes,
Boldly he shouted for God-loving men,
Soldiers to strike out again.

Hero
A Soldier
Love in his soul.

Thus he won battle on battle and then
Dying he sent on his men
Charging them never to draw from the war,
Fight till the foe was no more.

Hero
A Soldier
Constant in soul.

What man was this whom from out of them all
God in His need chose to call?
He alone chosen of all men on earth,
What must this Christian be worth?

Hero
A Soldier
Precious of soul.

What must we owe him, soldier and saint,
Stalwart when all else were faint;
What can we give him who held high the light,
Lighting the Cross in the night?

Hero
A Soldier
God in his soul.

— *Kevin J. Tobin*

"Cliff-Dwellers, U.S.A."

by Catherine Strapp

TO live is adventure, but merely to exist is disaster; and you have only existed if you have not spent some time abiding in an apartment building. Unless you have experienced that elbow-to-elbow sensation that comes from living, literally, elbow-to-elbow within your family and with the families contiguous to you, you have missed the ultimate experience of the full life. To be more explicit, appreciation of the ordinary home with reasonable privacy is impossible until you have experienced the communal life characteristic of apartment buildings, whose privacy compares to that of the yolk in a double-yolk egg.

Having spent thirteen memorable years there, I discovered our ancient twenty-four apartment building was, except for lack of merchants, a city within itself; it housed at one time or another about every race, religion, nationality, and personality in existence. In reminiscing I recognize that the most exciting aspect of our abode was, first and foremost, people. From the refined Indian woman (who once employed me to watch Sally, her dog) to the amiable Negro custodian, Nathan, who managed to disrupt the simplest of projects, each and every one proved an education. Believe me, the old barn had its fair share of characters; and naturally, only the most vivid personalities survive in memory.

Of all, I believe the most indelible memory is of John, the janitor. But to appreciate John's effect on people you must be able to visualize him — and what a vision he makes. There was usually a two or three-day-old stubble of white beard, always a pair of worn overalls and an old-fashioned gray cap as ancient as John himself. But more distinguishing was "Old Bessie" — his jointless wooden leg which must have been too long, for it protruded at what seemed like a right angle. Walking, sitting, or standing, Old Bess gave him the appearance of having all of the grace and aplomb of an aroused water buffalo.

The building's personal trouble-shooter, he could rise to any occasion, from a leaky pipe to an inflated ego. An ex-seaman, old John possessed a hair-trigger temper and a disposition as flexible as a rubber band. Instantaneously he could recite innumerable words revealing a perversity and obstinacy of nature that fascinated everyone — that is, except his victim. No one could predict over whom the next cloud would burst. Squinting his eyes and shaking his head to and fro, he lambasted each new victim with the vigor of a newly erupted volcano; then, having

recited his litany of invective, he departed roaring and ignoring, in his inimitable style, any retaliation.

Within John's province was "our private snake-pit," otherwise known as the back yard. The ancient building had, and still has, absolutely the dirtiest back yard in existence. Resting in this dubious paradise could be found a few old cars which had been there so long they seemed to have roots in the ground; discarded and broken toys; old tires, ropes, and tools; garbage and ash cans; plus numerous other assorted odds and ends — generally, just junk.

At any time between dawn and midnight, there could be found about fifteen or twenty offsprings of various incompatible ages playing or fighting, but always bound together against the adults. In amusing ourselves we concocted many diabolic projects, any one of which was sure to give heart failure to any adult. The period in which we experimented with a chemistry set in the basement, principally constructed of rotted timber, came and went, followed by the era of climbing over the rickety porch railings. But the gem that did most to raise blood-pressure and increase heart disease was playing baseball in the back yard. The building was so constructed that each of about eighteen apartments had three or four windows facing the yard, any of which was easy prey to our unprofessional, informal style of baseball. Generally speaking, our guiding motto proved to be "anything to frustrate the adults."

Besides the "snake-pit" and old John, the heaviest cross in every tenant's life was the plumbing. Perhaps more than anything else, this best emphasizes the precious simplicity of an independent home. Where else but in this institution of decrepit plumbing could you find yourself knee-deep in the plaster from your ceiling because of another's leaky pipes? Along this line, my family absorbed a lethal dose of leaking radiators — other people's leaking radiators! Now the most charming aspect of a leaking radiator in the apartment above yours is the large brown design blemishing your ceiling (assuming, of course, that it's repaired before the ceiling collapses). I say "design" because the one in our dining room, at least to me, outlined two past-century lovers seated on a bench; although this may sound picturesque, it was not Cyrano de Bergerac and his Roxanne. It was a dirty smudge on our ceiling! On acquiring a delightful "design" or two, a few naive souls would preposterously request that the land lord repair them; in our exclusive union, this was impertinence.

But the choicest of all pipe tales is a plugged-up kitchen drain. Our apartments lay three high, and in each set the kitchen sinks were connected to a common drain built inside the wall. If the third floor family caused the trouble, they usually suffered alone; but if it was the first floor, indescribable havoc fell on all three. Having a disabled kitchen

sink is the most outrageous tragedy possible among cliff-dwellers. The entire household schedule is disrupted as the wall is torn asunder; a half dozen plumbers and plasterers wander around; meals are hastily prepared and appear to have a light coating of plaster dust (although you tell yourself it's just imagination); the kitchen becomes cluttered with plaster, tools, wires, dirt and more dirt until everyone is on the verge of nervous collapse. When the air clears and the pandemonium subsides, there remains a ravaged kitchen to clear and clean. Thereafter you approach the sink reverently and remember Grandma with her pump as a martyr.

But seriously, everywhere could be seen humanity — good and bad. Some people were gossipers and trouble-makers, others were quiet and pacifiers; some held jobs, others held down the sofa; some loved God, others didn't know He existed. As a group they exerted great influence on the youngsters in that each child developed an insight for judging people and also gained genuine tolerance and understanding for people — priceless possessions.

The Windowbox Flower

Deep in the city,
High in the sky,
Windowbox flower,
You made me think
Of the wind-swept wheat,
The billowy sea
And God and me.

— *Herbert Johnson*

The Coming of Patrick

by Michael Black

Beginning of the end

The earth was hidden by dark, black clouds.
The dead were restless in their ragged shrouds.
The sun began a dance in flight,
Turned from brilliant day to night,
And then from darkness back to light.
Thunder crashed;
Lightning flashed;
Wild winds lashed
The earth,
Giving birth
In quaking terror
To the death of error.
Darkness covered the face of all;
The earth was decked with funeral pall.
The tombs were opened; dead men walked,
Bleached bones the highway stalked.
The world was turned quite upside down
The day the devil lost his crown.

Interim

But the years passed,
And the years massed
One upon its brother,
'Til this century became the other,
And the next became another.

The Druid prophecy

Said the Druids in the days of Conn,
Said the Druids in the days of Niall
A dire prophecy they spoke;
A tale of Ireland's woe and weal:

"With the reign of Leary the Valiant,
This land, humbled will be;
By one who comes from a distance —
By a slave-herd from over the sea.

"A bent staff will serve for his rod,
In his hand will be a cross-sign;
Long houses will rise where he trod,
For his magic is greater than thine;
And this land will belong to a God
That neither is yours nor is mine.

"Clever in War his name will be,
And clever in war is he;
Noble is his name to be —
This Noble will destroy ye
In the reign of the Valiant Leary."

SUCCAT

A slave-herd, for seven years
Tended sheep on Sliab Mis slope;
Wild and gaunt in first fears,
Strong and robust in latter hope.
And Succat was the name on him,
Meaning *Clever in War.*

In a dream, told he was to flee,
To his own land go:
Leave his flocks and slavery,
Arm, and strike a blow.
And Succat was the name on him,
Meaning *Clever in War.*

After forty years and some three odd,
He dreamed again, as the Lord would.
The slave-herd, now a man of God,
Heard the cry of Focluit Wood.
And Patrick was the name on him,
Meaning *Noble.*

THE COMING OF PATRICK

The Children's cry, "Come, give us light,
'Twill not be spurned;
Dispel the gloom of pagan night."
The man of God returned!
And Patrick was the name on him,
Meaning *Noble.*

Interim

But in those forty years and three,
With Patrick far beyond the sea,
The old gods sat and gloated.
(The old gods that were bloated
On the perfidy of sin;
On the evilness of men.)

Goban

I am Goban, smithy to the god
I make his swords; see his horses shod.
I brew his beer;
Crom holds me dear,
For't has no peer.
I am Goban of the vat;
I am god, at least, of that!

Manannan MacLir

I am Manannan MacLir, I am ruler of the waters,
And the Sirens, the man-luring Sirens, are my daughters.
I am Manannan MacLir, I am god of the sea,
And all who sail upon it must acknowledge me.
None my rule dare defy
For I can summon sea and sky
And many a ship will surely die
On a wild and raging ocean.
The wind and waves will roar on high
Singing out death's lullaby
And many a vessel then shall ply
A plunging, sinking motion.
For I am Manannan MacLir, I am god of the sea
And all who sail upon it must acknowledge me!

Lugh

I am Lugh, called Sab Ildanach
Meaning *Stem of All the Arts;*
Yet in the noise of battle-shock,
I am god of warrior hearts.
I am god of working wood,
I am god of tasty food,
I am god of music good,
I am god of magic Druid,
And:
I know the harp as harper should,
I heal the sick as Diancecht could,
I work the gold as Creidne would;
All arts by me are understood,
Yet:
All mortals show an awful fear
Of my long, ash-handled spear;
Of the flashing sword I wield,
Of my battle-breaking shield.
For:
Balor of the Evil Eye,
Mightiest man on Ireland's plain,
Did fall beneath my savage thrust,
Did die in blood and fierce pain,
As surely will, and surely must
All those who me defy.
Though I am stem of all the arts,
I am god of warrior hearts!

Bride

I am Bride, goddess of love,
My voice is the voice of the turtle dove,
My words are the words of the poet's harp,
Sweet and soft, not harsh and sharp;
My sign is the sign of a tender kiss,
My song is the song of a poet's bliss.
I am goddess of love's mystery,
I am goddess of sweet poetry,
I am all women; symbol of my sex
My duty's clear: all men to vex.
Mighty men, so strong and sure

Are not proof to my allure.
My lips bright red or pale pink,
Deep scarlet, or of orange hue;
A draught to drink,
A heady drink;
My kiss, indeed, is potent brew!
What mortal man of mortal race
Does not long for my embrace —
To rain hot kisses 'pon my lips,
My cheeks, my neck, my finger-tips?
I am all women; symbol of my sex
My duty's clear: all men to vex.
I am Bride, the goddess of love,
And my voice is the voice of the turtle dove.

CROM CRAUCH

I am Crom Crauch,
God of gods,
Lord of lords;
My face is the sun,
My eyes are the stars,
My voice is the thunder,
My arms the lightning,
My footsteps the earthquake,
My sigh the hurricane,
My tears the deluge.
Gods bow to me;
Mortals grovel before me.
I am ruler of rulers;
I am king of kings.
I am god of gods;
I am lord of lords.
I am above all who are;
I am Crom Crauch.

INTERIM

Now Patrick came to Slaine hill
And lit the fire that's kindled still,
The symbol fire of Easter day,
The light that drove the gods away,
To Focluit Wood the light did come,
To Tara hill, and struck men dumb.

The Brehons cursed; the King in dread;
The Druids prayed, but the gods were fled.
Then Patrick spoke on Tara hill,
And the words he spoke are echoed still.

PATRICK

I am Succat,
Known as Patrick.
I break the truce,
I introduce
Destroyer of Zeus,
Of Jupiter, of Jove.
He who shrove
The world of sin —
I bring Him in
To this pagan land.
Now die, Crom, at His hand!

"I am Succat,
Known as Patrick."

THE COMING OF PATRICK

CHRISTUS REX

I Am Who Am!
Of woman born,
The sheep that was shorn,
The Creator of all,
The Redeemer of all;
Saviour of men,
Destroyer of gods.
With this cross-sign, then,
Your graven head nods,
For this is your fall,
You, and your gods!
The drop of sweat upon man's brow
Is greater, Crom, by far, than thou.
The grubbing, rooting, filthy sow
Is greater, Crom, by far, than thou.
The furrow furrowed by the plow
Is greater, Crom, by far, than thou.
With this cross-sign, then,
Your graven head nods,
For this is your fall,
You, and your gods.
I Am Who Am!

The Man Who Meant Business

by James J. McQuade, S.J.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who meant business, and because he meant business, he became one of the great men of history, simply because he made it his business to change the course of history.

He was just that kind of man. At first he made it his aim to climb to the very top society of his day. Naturally he decided to marry one of the most exalted noblewomen of Spain. She did not know about it, but Inigo had decided, and Inigo would, because Inigo meant business.

He decided to be a soldier because distinguishing oneself in battle was the best way to the top in sixteenth century Spain, and he was going to be the most distinguished soldier in the realm of sunshine and red rock, for Inigo meant business about anything he did. A soldier he became, enough of a soldier to hold the whole army of France at bay almost singlehanded. The whole Council of War in the fortress of Pampaluna[1] had voted for surrender. But not Inigo. If he had not been personally taken out of the play by a lucky cannon ball, France would never have taken Pampaluna simply because Inigo had made it his business to see that it did not.

It is no wonder that Industry and Science today are looking eagerly for a "man who means business." He is the type who gets things done. He realizes that nothing in this world is so good but that it cannot be better; but he wants a good solid reason why it is not better than it is before he is satisfied to live with it. The man who means business is a valuable man for any enterprise, and when such a man decides to make the business of the Kingdom of God his business, and then begins to mean business about the Kingdom of Christ, something very wonderful is bound to happen; and something very wonderful did happen when Inigo made the Kingdom of Heaven his business, for Inigo was pre-eminently a man who meant business.

That cannon ball at Pampaluna was a lucky shot if ever a shot was lucky: lucky for France, for the fortress surrendered with its leader down; lucky for Inigo, because it knocked him out of the service of the King of Spain and into the service of the King of kings; lucky for us because it brought to the service of the Church in a critical hour of the Protestant Revolt an army of a new kind which this man who meant busi-

[1] Now Pamplona

ness, meant business about.

But all this did not happen at once. A man who means business about anything doesn't change the business without a struggle. The business of making a great name for himself was still the number one business as they carried him with honor from the field of Pampaluna. That cannon ball had broken his leg. As it healed it was shorter than the other, so Inigo had it stretched. It had been badly set. A piece of bone protruded. He had it sawed off. He was just that kind of man. He meant business. And when it was good business to have a bone sawed off, he had it sawed off, and that was that.

But all this took time. Time in the days before radio, television, and so on was a very slow moving thing for a man with nothing wrong with him but a broken leg, especially for a man who meant business. There were not even any good slick magazines to help while away the time. Only a few books, and pious books at that, happened to be around. For want of something better, Inigo read them. And something happened to Inigo's business as he read about certain other men who meant business: certain saints, only the business they meant business about was the business of the Kingdom of Christ. "Anything they can do," Inigo said to himself, "I can do better." And so it came about that the man who meant business began to mean business about the Kingdom of Christ.

The Kingdom of Christ was in quite a mess in the days when Inigo finally left the castle at Loyola to set about the business of the Kingdom. First of all, it was a mess in his own heart, for his heart was still worldly and proud. Secondly, it was a mess in the world at large, for the Protestant Revolt was bearing down upon it and it was in no condition spiritually to take the shock. First of all, therefore, he must set himself right; he must make a saint out of himself, naturally, for a man who means business in the supernatural life becomes a saint.

He hied himself to a cave near Manresa in Spain, spent about a year on the job, not quite enough, but almost enough, to make a saint out of a man who really meant business about becoming one. During those ten months in that cave he did things to himself to get himself in spiritual condition. He kept a record of the thoughts, prayers, and considerations that helped him most, and at the end he set them down in order and they became one of the great books of all time: *The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.* His book took the form of a series of "exercises" in the spiritual life that put one in condition spiritually, just as a health club program of physical exercises puts one in condition physically. They are pre-eminently the work of a man who means business in the spiritual life, setting down a program for others to follow in order to become men who mean business in the spiritual life.

After a trip to the Holy Land, where he personally defied the whole power of Mohammed to visit the shrines of his choice and almost lost his life doing it, he decided to return to Europe and get an education. He meant business about this, too. He went right down with the youngsters and started at the bottom and worked his way up. After being thrown out of a university or two, and quitting a couple of others, he wound up at the University of Paris. He was without funds. Everyone he knew was equally without funds. But the man meant business, so he took a little trip to the Netherlands and England and came back with enough money for himself and for most of those he knew.

One of these was his roommate Francis Xavier, who was a trifler if there ever was one. For years and years he did not study at the University of Paris. He just liked university life, that's all. His dismay at getting this "crackpot" Inigo for a roommate was something to behold. His other roommate was Peter Fabre who was bad enough. He was always having scruples, and Xavier did not have much use for conscience itself, let alone scruples.

But Ignatius meant business with these two younger men and, of course, they did not have a chance. It was not too long before they and a few others caught the spirit of the contagious determination of the older man. Several others joined the little group. One by one Ignatius put them through his *Spiritual Exercises,* and so it came about that they became men who meant business too.

Curiously enough they decided to make it their business to convert the Mohammedans, and they were the kind of men that would have done so if Divine Providence had not changed their plans by the simple expedient of making it impossible for them to get a boat. Since they meant business about this thing, they went to see the Pope who was the head of this Kingdom they meant business about. The Pope was charmed, and well he might be. Except for Ignatius himself and Xavier, all the men had really brilliant minds. The Pope put them to work and was still more charmed.

But you can't have a running business without organization. These men saw that and set about organizing. Ignatius was the best organizer, so they chose him to do the job. And that he did. They called their new organization the Society of Jesus. They met together, elected Ignatius General, and they were in business.

Others came, plenty of others, attracted by the efficient spirituality of this new Order. Each of them was put through the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius* for the space of thirty days, more or less. Each of them learned what it meant to mean business in the spiritual life. And so it came about that the secret and power of the Jesuits was the *Spiritual*

Exercises of St. Ignatius. It was the secret and power of truly meaning business in the life and work of the Kingdom of Christ.

It is four hundred years now since the man who meant business passed on to reap the fruits of his business. And what a four hundred they have been! Never has any group of men been so hard put to live up to the traditions of their Order as the Jesuits of today. I know. I am one of them. I am but one of over thirty thousand men, formed by the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius,* dedicated to bring the world to Christ through the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius,* through one application or another, all because of the total self-consecration of a man who meant business over four hundred years ago, St. Ignatius of Loyola.

Prayer for a Crusader

Lord, I know nothing of fighting,
And I want to know nothing of fighting,
But someone does,
And someone must;
Lord, watch over him today!

Lord, I know nothing of battlefields,
And I want to know nothing of battlefields,
But someone does,
And someone must;
Lord, watch over him today!

Lord, I do not carry the red-crossed shield,
Nor wield the sword in Thy defense,
But someone does,
And someone must;
Lord, watch over him today!

Lord, I do not wear Thy Cross on my breast,
Nor strive 'gainst the infidel East,
But someone does,
And someone must;
Lord, watch over him today!

— John P. Browne

Contributors

JAMES F. O'DONNELL, Ph.D., is associate professor of classical languages. "St. Ignatius Loyola," a biography, was written to commomorate the fourth centenary of the saint's death.

EDWARD BRESNAN, senior editor of the *Carroll News,* is a social science major. "Justice Will Out" is a short story with an O. Henry ending.

LAWRENCE J. MINET, Ph.D., gathered material for his first *Quarterly* contribution by means of a survey in his Labor Problems course. "Leisure and Work: Student Views" outlines a major problem in modern education and should be of special interest to every student.

KEVIN TOBIN, '53, is a former editor of the *Quarterly*. "Ignatius of Loyola" is a commemoration of the Ignatian year.

CATHERINE STRAPP, an Evening Division student, makes her *Quarterly* debut with "Cliff-Dwellers, U.S.A.," a sketch of American apartment life.

HERBERT JOHNSON, copy editor of the *Quarterly,* makes his second appearance with a poem, "The Windowbox Flower."

MICHAEL BLACK, a junior social science major, traces the history of Ireland in his timely "The Coming of Patrick."

REV. JAMES J. McQUADE, S.J., director of the department of religion, presents an intriguing view of St. Ignatius in "The Man Who Meant Business."

JOHN P. BROWNE, a regular contributor to the *Quarterly,* and frequent award-winner, returns this time with a poem "Prayer for a Crusader."