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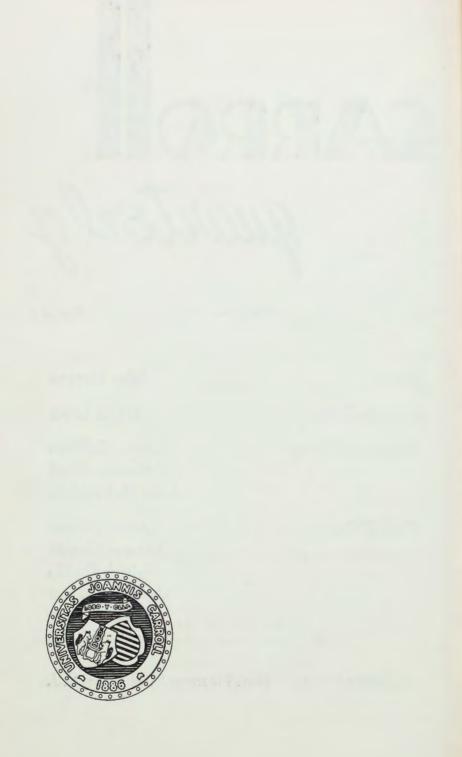
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**REV.** OWEN J. ENGLUM, S.J., Treasurer of the University and Moderator of Athletics, has contributed the essay "Athletics Do Have an Educational Value." This was a speech delivered by Fr. Englum at the Cavalier dinner for the 1957-58 basketball team.

SAMUEL PERRY, the author of the short story "Choi," is a sophomore Social Science major and resident of Euclid, Ohio.

THOMAS R. ANDREWS, a junior English major, makes his first appearance in the *Quarterly* with two poems, "Schubert's Octet" and "Providence."

MICHAEL BROOKS, in his initial contribution, "Must Science Dominate," emphasizes the importance of other curricula in a time when science seems all important. Mr. Brooks is a sophomore sociology major.

RICHARD G. BLASE, an Evening Division student, makes his first contribution with an article, "Death of a Prejudice."

CHARLES KELBLEY, in his article "Not by Reason Alone," makes his first contribution to the *Quarterly*. Mr. Kelbley, a junior, is working towards his A.B.

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MICHAEL H. DUCEY, S.J. is a scholastic who is finishing his studies in philosophy at West Baden. The essay "Catholic Scholarship: The Interior Reason" has resulted from articles the author has read in the *Carroll News* and the *Quarterly*.

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# Athletics Do Have An Educational Value

### by Rev. Owen Englum, S.J.

M OST people believe that competitive sports have great value. I know that I don't have to convince you people, who are gathered here tonight to honor our basketball champions, that athletics have a great personality and character value. But, in view of the fact that nowadays we are exposed to the brain-storms of a certain few eggheads who articulate their criticism of athletics from arm-chairs and platforms that should be occupied by better-balanced intellectuals, I want you to give serious intellectual reflection to these values.

That there can be over-emphasis on athletics is perfectly obvious. But it is also possible for college administrators and others to give heed to the unreasonable criticism of athletics and thereby to minimize or even to scorn their real value. Rightly administered, and wisely controlled, athletics have a vital place in our educational system. During the course of a career that goes back over more years than I care to recall, I have been in an official capacity not only with the athletic department at John Carroll, but in other schools also, and I have many fond memories of watching the development of the personalities and characters of young men from their participation in competitive sports. I have seen how this competition can help to make boys self-assured where they were shy, articulate where they were silent, an extrovert where they were an introvert. I have seen boys learn to take joy in competition, and to be gracious in victory, humble in defeat, and eager for the return match.

The psychological experiences of athletic competition can be a real educational development of character and person-

ality. Going through the experiences of joyful victory or sorrowful defeat, of cheers and boos, if kept in reasonable balance, is a great psychological lesson to young men in preparing for the ups and downs of life. Such experiences train one how to handle the elation of success without falling a prey to conceit, and also how to live with the depressing emotions of defeat without giving in to despondency and despair.

That these lessons are invaluable for life, should be obvious and clear. No matter what career you follow in life, you are going to meet struggle and competition. You are going to have a certain percentage of successes and of failures. Just what that percentage will be, is often determined by the bounce of the ball. That is life. And, just as in the game of life, so in athletics, there is nothing inherently wrong in playing to win. To want to win is perfectly legitimate and normal, in fact, the greater desire you have, the better man you are. provided you are determined to win fairly and squarely according to the rules of honest sportsmanship. I hope you carry into your careers of life the lessons of sportsmanship which competitive athletics has taught you. From the standpoint of character, both winning and losing are valuable experiences. Either can teach lessons of good character. This does not mean that we buy the idea of being indifferent whether you win or lose. No, you play every game to win. But if you win, you win gracefully; and if you lose, you lose with equal grace. Your athletics teach you how to act unselfishly as part of a team. And that is a valuable trait to carry through life. Success in marriage, success in your profession, success in business success in being a good citizen depend on your ability to cooperate with others intelligently and unselfishly.

Competitive sports, then, do have a value in training one's character and personality. Sports offer ways of building up a young man's confidence, they improve one's physical and mental abilities. From your knowledge of yourself as well as from the observation of others, you know that there is an inherent trait in human nature that wants recognition. Adolescents usually feel this very keenly. There is a psychological need of adolescents to seek some kind of success, to win some kind of praise. Some adolescents (and adults, too, who have

### Athletics

never grown up) behave in a brash, blustering, cocksure manner because they have little confidence in themselves. They feel insecure and can easily develop an inferiority complex which will warp their personalities all through life. They need to build confidence, if they are to become stable and effective personalities. Success and praise in the proper manner will build this confidence. In the building up of this confidence, adolescents need to accomplish deeds that will make others, particularly their own contemporaries, think well of them. The part that athletics can play in bringing this success and recognition from contemporaries is important.

This is not to say that athletics are the answer for all adolescents. Many have neither the skill nor the interest in them. They may prefer to draw their success from maintaining a high place on the academic honor roll, or playing a concerto with the orchestra, or holding an audience spell-bound in the oratorical society. This is all fine. We have no quarrel with any of this kind of success. In fact, we subscribe wholeheartedly to such endeavors. The point we want emphasized here is that the educational value of athletics to many adolescents should not be underestimated. Sports are more than just games. It is reasonable to say that sports can be fine character builders, but their values can be lost if educators and parents do not seek them properly by the right kind of teaching and supervision. It is important to have the right kind of men for our coaches, and when we get the right men, their position should not depend solely on the won and lost column.

Before I close, I wish to say that of all the hundreds of athletes I have seen in various colleges through the years, I venture that most good athletes have the potential to be good students. Don't get me wrong. I didn't say that most of them were always good students. I said that they had the potential to be good students if they applied themselves. Coaches will tell you that to be a top athlete you have to have brains and to use them. Such an athlete has to keep thinking, planning plays, ready to make split-second decisions and move quickly at all times. For the top athlete this is a matter of brains as well as of muscles. Coaches have no more use for

the dim-witted athlete who has to have special tutoring to add up two plus two than the teacher in the classroom.

We can rest assured, then, that competitive sports do have values. Physically, they provide strength, flexibility, and coordination. Mentally, they provide the basis for a welladjusted mind in a sound body. Socially, they cement solid friendships, wholesome recreation, and legitimate relaxation. We could add to this list, but already it is impressive enough. The important thing is to make sure that these values are captured as completely as possible. Money spent in providing the right kind of personnel and adequate facilities yields priceless dividends in better health, better characters, better social and personal adjustments. In a word: better citizens. And when this game of life is over and we appear before The Great Judge we will be prepared for His pronouncement, not on whether we won or lost, but how we played the game.

# Another Log on the Fire

### by Sean Stafford

S INCE there has been such a hassle lately on the state of education, the lethargy on college campuses, the lack of intellectual interests in the uncommitted generation of youth, one is tempted to throw in his bit, to add timber to the fire. There has been a great deal of talk and newsprint expended on the fact that a student should take greater responsibility for his own broad learning rather than merely relying on attending lectures and going through the required texts. One is quick to ask if everything is being done on American campuses to encourage this intellectual curiosity and interest in books. One important help seems to be overlooked rather sadly.

Robert Hutchins once remarked that a university is composed of faculty, students and a library. To this simplification one might add something which seems almost as important — the need for a first class book store on the campus or nearby. By a first class book store I do not mean a very limited room with glass show cases, unavailable shelves filled with the required texts, displays loaded with greeting cards for every occasion. What is needed really is a book store with ample browsing room, open shelves stocked with the best modern publications, paper backs galore of classics and worthy modern writings, literary magazines, and a supply of those extraordinary books of art reproductions or finely bound books which one might on rare occasions buy as a reward for himself or a friend. This would be an airy attractive place where one could saunter about between classes, get to know

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and love books which he could later add to his own personal library.

Lack of encouragement to read is not peculiar to our campus. It is rather widespread. Of the 1900 colleges in this country, only a small percent are said to have adequate book stores. Books other than textbooks seem to have a low priority in the minds of most students. Even textbooks are sometimes chosen on the basis of what they will cost the students. But it cannot be that students cannot afford a book or two a week. Witness the parking lot difficulties which leads one to think money is freely spent on cars. Sales Management, a trade journal takes a look at the college population and concludes in large type: "Their purchasing power is sizeable. But beyond immediate sales, business is interested in Joe and Betty Coed as style setters and as customers likely to become centers of influence in the social and business world after graduation."

There is money for books which are the lifeblood of university life. The questionable magazine *Playboy* which sells at fifty cents a copy claims a 200,000 reader market among university students. There is money for games, social events and cars.

Together with a good bookstore other ways in which a university might encourage more reading and collecting of books might be added. The campus newspaper and literary magazine can carry reviews and encourage cultural reading habits. Paperbacks of worthwhile books can be suggested in class and part of the assignment or book report could be the purchase and marking of a good passage here and there. Books might be given as prizes for making the Dean's List, for faithful work in some extra-curricular organization. The rooms in the dormitories might well be equipped with an amount of shelving that would invite a book collection. Every freshman might be obliged to begin the nucleus of a library at the outset of his college career. Anthologies in survey subjects might be replaced by paperbacks of the works of individual authors which would be sampled in class and kept to be read at a later time in life. In this way every college man at the end of his college career would have a fine beginning

#### Another Log on the Fire

for a library which he and his children would thoroughly enjoy in his professional years.

If reading is becoming a lost art or occupation, perhaps it can be resurrected by these suggestions here and now. If each college man determines to build his own selective library, to litter his room with books, if the new Activities Building contains an airy, attractve and well stocked book store, the intellectual flavor of the university will definitely be accentuated.

### Mary's First Communion

Hail, full of grace, thou lovely Mary, kneeling with Heaven's light a flame upon thy hair. Thou art a woman now. A mother's feeling has limned upon thy lips its hallowed care.

Pale as the altar cloth, thy tender face, and radiant with longing, thy sad eyes. As St. John lifts the Host, the holy place is luminous with thy enraptured sighs:

"Flesh of my flesh, my Saviour and my Son, upon this heart again shall rest Thy Head. A second miracle shall make us one, compounding Thy sweet Body out of bread.

No, Christ my Son, Thou wert not changed in me as I shall now be sanctified in Thee!"

- Anon

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## Choi

### by Sam Perry

T HE huge combat boot hurtled through the air, slid a short distance across the rough, wooden squad tent floor, and thudded into the leg of Choi Kwang Yan. The small, delicately featured Korean houseboy said nothing. He picked up the boot almost tenderly and smiled at its owner.

"Have him for you 'mo skosh,'\* sarge," Choi lisped in his engaging manner.

It was difficult for Choi to hide the anger and bitter resentment that flooded through him as he felt the pain that the sergeant's boot had inflicted. Choi applied polish to the boot and began the ritual that would end with the boots brightly gleaming. He rubbed rapidly, almost violently on the dark leather. Choi was a small, slenderly built man, almost dainty in appearance. His unruly, youthful shock of dark hair combined with his small figure, disguised his thirtyseven years most convincingly. He moved quickly about his chore, and as he moved he thought about what had happened only three nights before.

It had been the end of the month, and Choi knew that the time could not have been more perfect. All Army personnel are paid at the end of the month, and with payday always came the gigantic gambling games which so intensely interested Choi. For months he had watched the American soldiers gamble for vast sums of money. At first his only interest had been in the ingenious ways they employed to track each other out of their pay. However, at length he noticed that one individual usually seemed to be more successfull at them than the

<sup>\*</sup> An American-Korean slang expression meaning very soon, or shortly.

### Choi

others. The identity of this person varied from game to game, but the consistency of the fact that one person usually took home most of the money did not.

For two years Choi had been stealing from the Americans. He had always been quite careful and had avoided all unnecessary risks. He usually took only small things which could easily be smuggled past the military police at the gates. However, he specialized in stealing money. The small items could be exchanged for other commodities, but Choi knew that military script always brought the thief a nice profit at the current rate of exchange. His method of operation was a simple one. He stole only at night and always in an area some distance from the tents in which he worked during the day. Many men had been fired or arrested for suspicion of the crimes that Choi had committed in their work areas. This served only to increase his self-confidence. Other houseboys had been caught stealing through one fatal error. The weight of the money in their pockets had grown so unbearable that they had finally squandered it, usually with a most noticeable flourish. In this respect. Choi felt that he had been more clever than the rest. He had not spent any of the military script that he had stolen. He hadn't even tried to exchange any of the money for Korean huan. He had kept abreast of the current black market exchange rates, and had noted how the market fluctuated. At times the market would offer only three hundred sixty huan for a dollar of American military script. At other times it would be worth over five hundred. He had hoarded his money carefully, and watched the market judiciously. For three weeks he had felt that the time was ideal to convert his money to huan and leave for Pusan, maybe even Japan and a new life. He knew that one more big theft would make his dream an actuality. Three nights ago the opportunity had presented itself.

As Choi thought of that night, small beads of perspiration formed on his forehead, and his hands almost shook with his effort to keep self-composure. He had almost been caught, and the memory of what happened had kept him awake the two nights since. The sky had been black, and he remembered how the darkness closed in about him protectively. The bil-

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lowy softness of the night reminded him of the smoke from his family's *hibachi* in the early dusk of a winter's evening.

The analogy of the night and the smoke was the only similarity between Choi's earlier and later life. He knew that he lay in wait to do something that would be considered disgraceful by any of his early associates. If the truth ever became known about him, he would be forever without honor. As he lay on the corrugated Korean earth, he brushed away all thoughts of former obligations and considered only the problem at hand. He felt the first penetrating chill of the cold ground creep through his thin army fatigue trousers. Pressing himself downward, he waited for the slow, measured footsteps of the sentry as he made his final round of the tent area before being relieved by the next order.

When Choi had seen the American corporal walk away with his winnings from the dice game, he had known that this would be the night. The gamblers had been drinking Korean bootleg whiskey, and the corporal's steps were slightly uncertain as Choi followed him down the barely distinguishable trail to his tent. He watched the American undress by candlelight through the tent flap opening, and carefully noted the position where the corporal laid his trousers. Choi thought it fortunate that the American had been foolhardy enough, or perhaps too preoccupied with the liquor, not to remove his wallet from his back pocket.

When the sentry had passed, Choi sprang to his feet and quickly ran to the side of the corporal's tent, his footsteps muffled by thin sneakers. He took the sharp razor blade from his pocket and slashed once at the side of the tent. The thick canvas parted, and Choi put one probing hand inside. His calculations had been perfect, and he extracted the corporal's trousers almost effortlessly. He immediately retreated to the shadows of his former hiding place. He frantically searched through the pockets of the trousers. A dull emptiness seized his stomach, and tears of disappointment welled in his eyes. The wallet was not there!

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### Choi

The nauseous realization of failure that Choi had first felt when he discovered that his daring venture had been fruitless now turned to despair and frustration. He fought to check his emotions; to take the initiative in some way that would rectify the situation, but could not unscramble his thoughts. He was in utter confusion, and through it came the stark realization that all of his dreams would have to be forgotten for the present, if not forever.

Choi came to his senses with the sudden clearness of thought which often follows hysteria. He knew instantly that his only course of action was to make another attempt to steal the money. He would not allow his plans to be thwarted by one blunder. Calmly, with the genuine, appraising eye of the professional thief, Choi estimated the situation. He knew that only scant moments had passed since he had last seen the sentry. Months of watching the guards in action and his own experience in outwitting them allowed him to assume that the old sentry would chat for a short time with the new guard. The guard's rendezvous was only a few hundred yards from where Choi now stood, but his course, as he circumscribed the tent area, would take him precious minutes out of Choi's way. Choi took another few seconds to contemplate rationally where the corporal could have put his money. A few seconds were all that were necessary, as he drew on his first hand knowledge of soldiers. Of course! He had been a fool not to have thought of it sooner. Many times he had seen the Americans reach into their shirt pockets and extract various sums of money. He had even carried some of his own huan there. His decision reached. Choi ran swiftly a second time to the side of the tent.

"Hey, you! What's going on there?"

Choi heard the guard's challenge, and fear shot through his body with the chilling numbress of a knife thrust. He forced himself into action and recoiled from the tent with near reflex movement. Choi rolled twice as he wrenched his body from the side of the tent. He was not conscious of thinking now. He had to rely on the ability of his animal impulses. He lunged to his feet and sped toward the safety of the gulley which lay several yards ahead. He knew that if he reached the gulley it would afford him the protection that he needed

to return to his own tent area. The sentry's rifle shot came simultaneously with Choi's dive for the gulley. He hit hard and felt the skin come off his forearm and knee, but quickly regained his footing. At first he was certain that he had been shot, but soon realized that this was not true. He knew that in a few moments he would be safe. He would remember to be extremely quiet as he entered the tent, for it would not be well to arouse suspicion tonight.

. . .

That had been three nights ago, and now Choii spat on the boot and rubbed vigorously to bring the leather up to its full luster. He knew that it did a man no good to dwell at length on happenings of the past, but he could not force the thoughts from his mind. Well, at least he knew that it would all be over before long. He had escaped detection, and the corporal's shirt pocket had been more rewarding than he had anticipated. The big American had stored almost eight hundred dollars in the shirt. This amount, added to what Choi had already accumulated, would give him the new life that he had been dreaming about. Arrangements had been made to meet the representative of the black market that evening. Choi had carefully placed his hoard between the inside of his field jacket and its liner. All that remained now was to meet the black market contact and exchange the military script for *huan*.

Choi stepped out of the tent and breathed deeply. He could see the oil smoke softly curling up from the tents as the soldiers started the small black stoves that would heat their tents for the evening. The gray haze that warned of approaching nightfall was beginning to creep over the craggy landscape as Choi made his way down the rutted dirt road that led to the main gate. He noted the seemingly impregnable barbed wire fence which surrounded the entire compound and succumbed to the old feeling of finality and confinement that always possessed him when he saw the fence. He was truly thankful to the commanding general who had decreed that Korean houseboys and other indigenous personnel could come and go as they pleased.

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### Choi

"Hold on boy-san," the guard's voice growled roughly as he motioned for Choi to stop.

Choi had noted the presence of two guards at the gate instead of the usual one with some apprehension. Something unusual had happened, but just what he could not ascertain. He had never been denied permission to pass before, and now the guard's stopping him came as an unexpected shock. His first impulse was to run. They surely had discovered that he was responsible for the thievery in the area. It took him only an instant to evaluate his chances of escape, and he immediately discarded that course of action.

"Go on back to the area," the guard was saying to him. "Go! *Cutta!* No passee tonight."

Choi stood looking at the guard for a moment, uncomprehending. Then he slowly turned and began to trace his steps back to the tent area. His first feeling was one of complete relief. They had not discovered that he was a thief. However, his plan for the evening had been frustrated. He would not be able to meet the contact from the black market as he had planned. He must spend another night in this rotten compound, perhaps even a week, while another meeting was negotiated. Choi walked slowly and dejectedly through the increasing dusk, the weight of the field jacket heavy on his shoulders. At length he reached the house boy sleeping area, and his step quickened as he heard the barely distinguishable babble of excited voices.

"I tell you I speak the truth, papa-san. Did I not hear it with my own ears?" The young Korean was speaking in a frenzied voice as he tried to assure the older man that he was quite sure of the validity of his information.

Choi pulled back the tent flap and joined the small group that had formed about the old man and the boy. The old man lifted his close-cropped head and nodded at Choi. He immediately shifted his gaze back to the boy.

"Tell us more of what you heard the captain tell the first sergeant," the old Korean said.

The youngster plunged again into his tale.

"As I said before, papa-san, I was cleaning the orderly room tent, and the captain and the first sergeant were talking outside. I could not hear all of what they said, and many of the words were unfamiliar to me. There was talk of a di—, di—, di— . . ."

"Directive . . .?" Choi supplied.

"Yes, that was it," the boy continued. "A directive to all troops. The captain said that he had been expecting it and told the sergeant to have all the men assembled in the morning as if for pay call."

Choi began to feel uneasy and restless. At the gate he had felt only inconvenienced; now he had a premonition that something was terribly wrong. He wanted the boy to go on with his story, but the fear that was twisting inside him almost forced him to clap his hand over the boy's mouth. As the boy spoke, Choi's legs weakened, and he clutched the tent pole for support. He could not believe what he was hearing; he would not accept it.

"The captain then told the sergeant that all the military script possessed by anyone in his unit would be turned in tomorrow," the boy was saying. "New money will be issued, and by tomorrow afternoon the old script will be worthless."

Choi stumbled out of the tent and into the bright moonlight of evening. He began to run, and soon his breath came in short, tight gasps. The muscles in his legs were beginning to ache, but he was only vaguely aware of the pain. He had been running from the tent area and now he stopped. Through the darkness he could see the moonlight glinting off the metal thorns of the high barbed wire fence. Choi rushed forward and hurled himself against the steel barrier, striving violently to climb it.

"Hey you, get down off that fence . . . halt . . . !"

The guard's challenge broke the cold stillness of the night. Choi struggled faster now, the barbed wire biting into his body. He was almost to the top when he heard the sharp crack of the sentry's rifle and felt the numbing shock as the bullet slammed into his back.

He lay on the cold Korean earth listening to the frantic voice of the sentry and the replies of the corporal of the guard.

"I called out the challenge three times, corporal," the pri-

### Choi

vate was pleading. "He acted as if he didn't even care. He started to scramble over that barbed wire fence like a crazy man. I remembered what the officer of the day told us at guard formation about anyone trying to get out of the area tonight. I didn't know it was old Choi."

The deadening cold of Korean winter slipped silently into the Army compound, and a shiver ran through Choi's body. His fingers clutched a few of the worthless bills inside his jacket, but they felt nothing, for Choi was dead.

### Schubert's Octet

Peace! Here no shattering thunders roar, No fateful echoes chill the sense: Only thoughts on golden pinions soar Bemused in raptured flight to whence We cannot know until resolved we swoon, Gasping in the breathless height Whose radiant glories, ah, we leave too soon To plummet back to earth's dark night. The still and savage shadows gather 'round, A seeming sorrow unalloyed; But the memory of beauteous sound, A thing that cannot be destroyed, A thing of quiet calm in peace or strife, Will gently whisper from afar, Until God casts upon the song of life The fated final double bar.

- Thomas R. Andrews

# Must Science Dominate

### by Michael Brooks

I N spite of the desperate need of scientists in our modern world, the recourse, to force upon the American student the curriculum advocated by the state or the government seems an infringement on our most sacred freedom of choice. My intention is not to argue this point in any type of dogmatic manner, but rather to set forth an individual opinion based on my own realization of the necessity of trained and professional men and women in fields equally important to a civilized country.

The basic issue in this problem is not to cater to the wants of the student, but to uphold this basic freedom for all who possess, and for all those who are yet to possess, citizenship in the United States. One may say that this seems an unimportant point to write about, but I say when the state or government begins to infringe on the smallest of rights, advocated by our Constitution, we as a people are in jeopardy.

Because at the moment Russia seems to be supreme in the field of science and because their methods of producing the scientist appears to be more fruitful, a fear of inadequacy has gripped our modern educators. This inadequacy, in some instances, has been attributed to the fact that the student, with his freedom to choose his curriculum in college, chooses the easiest course of studies offered. Therefore it is the opinion that we should scrap our present system of education and

### **Must Science Dominate**

begin to cater to the science world in an attempt to close the over-emphasized gap that seemingly exists between America and Russia. However if we force a curriculum on the student which is not of his choice, are we not like Russia? If we force a curriculum on the incoming students, are we not blinding ourselves to individual wants? When we step in and choose for the individual, are we not exhibiting a lack of faith and trust in the individual? Our government, our very way of life is based on the individual and when this, the most integral part, is mistrusted, from what do we derive our security? This is most serious when we realize that a lack of security, or even the feeling, can be a stepping-stone for tyranny.

It is evident to me, as to all of you I am sure, that in the Russian world there is no need for the sociologist, for the psychiatrist, for the philosopher, or for the theologian, as these gaps are filled, one and all, by the Russian government.

Russia does not need a sociologist; is not everyone of the same class? A class problem can be simply and immediately cured by the supreme Russian sociologist, the bullet.

Does Russia need philosophers, and if so, for what? What is there to philosophize about, if the only conclusion one can arrive at is that the present philosophy is best. To conclude otherwise is to invite the supreme Russian philosopher, the bullet. Would not this discourage you in your quest for more palpable truths.

Does Russia need the psychiatrist? If so, for what? Those mentally, morally or emotionally unstable or possessing similar inabilities are cured by the supreme Russian psychiatrist, the bullet.

Does Russia need the theologian? This is, I am sure, selfevident.

Russia, not possessing individual freedoms, not needing experts in other fields has but one curriculum in that in their present system of government there is but one aim, and that is the supremacy of the world. The only curriculum which can insure this aim is that of science.

We of the United States need more than the scientist, in that our one cure-all is not the bullet. Because at the moment we seem inferior, scientifically, does not mean that we are

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forced to our knees. To make our world strong we need good people in all fields; for unlike Russia the life of the man, woman, or of the child is of supreme importance. To face our problem squarely, it is not the lack of scientists which has put our country seemingly behind, but rather a lack of funds for scientific purposes, which was so chosen by the people of the United States.

If, however, we are faced with a shortage of science students, must we become "Russian" to overcome Russia? Have we not proven that encouragement and freedom of choice are far superior to subjection and the lash? Are we not a living testament, regardless of some of our past historical blunders, that democracy is supreme to tyranny and suppression?

If we must emphasize science in our program of education let us do it by subsidy and scholarship offers. But above all the student's right to choose his education must not be interfered with, and if ever such a course is suggested, which may interfere, it will be high time to draw the proverbial line.

# Death of a Prejudice

### by Richard G. Blase

M AYBE you have never seen the slums of a large city; I mean examined them closely, not only as a passerby. I hadn't, until I became a meter reader and was compelled to enter them, not once, but continually for years. This is the home of the Negro, if one can call these hovels homes, and one close look at them will convince a prejudiced white that his prejudice is well founded. But here is a warning, don't go back again and again if you cherish your white superiority, for it will surely die.

Here is filth that your sheltered existence never let you imagine existed; look and be ill, for many here are also ill. Garbage is piled a foot and a half deep between buildings which are already too close together. Front yards, black except when the snow makes them hypocritically white, are splattered with trash and broken fragments of glass. Here is a lot that would welcome a beautiful weed. The back yard is much the same, more trash and garbage, the remains of a once-flashy car, and a few half-mad, penned or chained dogs completes the background. The house itself needed painting twenty years ago, but now it's too late. You can see the wood rotting, the remains of rain gutters, the broken windows sometimes covered with paper or stuffed with a rag, and this is someone's home, not one family's home but the home of a dozen families. The outside of this home seems lovely once you have been inside, for the worst is hidden.

Once inside you want to run, out of the house, out of the slums to a neighborhood where you can breathe, and you do run, but your job forces you back again into kitchens, bed-

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rooms, living rooms, bathrooms, and basements. As you open the door you see what must be a kitchen but soap is a stranger here. Roaches clean the crumbs from the table and run up and down the walls where cleaning cloths should. Cupboard doors hide a little food and more vermin, empty refrigerators show signs of once being white, and the smell that comes from the grease covered stove sickens your stomach. As your eyes come down to the floor you see garbage which had been kicked into the corner last week, dirt covered linoleum which has never felt a stiff brush, and, of course, more vermin. Down the rickety stairs you go into the windowless basement halfflooded with stinking sewage, and, as you flash your light around, a rat scurries or rather shuffles away, for there are no thin rats in the slums. You pass a three month pile of dirty laundry and a few fleas hop on for a ride, but you don't see them until you're outside. Now you belong, you're one of them, for the vermin are on you. Certainly you get the fleas off, but you can't erase the feeling of having them crawl over you.

Unfortunately for you, as you keep coming back to the slums you begin to adjust to the filth and dig beneath it for the reasons. You can't accept it as it is; there must be an answer for these slums and you're enough of a meddler to ask questions. The answers you get tell you of landlords without a conscience, civil authorities who regard this area as another world, and people with prejudices not unlike your own who aid and abet this miserable existence. More answers are revealed from observations coupled with some thoughts. You think of being raised in such conditions and wonder how different you would be. If you never saw a clean, decent home and lived in the midst of crime, vice and public antipathy, how far would you be able to rise out of it? If you lived next door to a brothel, saw the numbers pay-off outside your window in the alley, heard filthy language daily, and came to realize that you were a member of a despised minority, how far would you go toward emulating those who regard you as dirt? Now you think you understand the plight of these people, but of course you don't. No one can place himself completely in the shoes of another person but if you are a human being you can feel compassion for other human beings.

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Now when you go into the slums you feel much worse, but it's not revulsion you feel, it's a sickening of the soul. You see the smiling faces of the young who don't realize what lies ahead of them and you feel your heart tearing its way right out of you. You see people struggling against overwhelming odds, people whose only hope is buried under the ignorance of others. You wonder why they don't give up completely, and how some of them do manage to rise out of the slums in spite of the barriers. All these feelings fill your soul and eventually overflow into actions.

At first your actions are little more than subtle questions directed at people whose prejudice is showing through their surface of decency, or a curtailment of your own prejudicial epithets, but this pittance has little effect on the institution of prejudice. With time you begin to realize how weak and uncourageous your efforts are, and you are forced to give full expression to what you know is true. Prejudice is ignorance. Ignorance cannot be overcome easily, but it can die if you smother it with truth. With every word you speak or write, you can fight this ignorance and if you fail to enlighten others, you will at least succeed in dispelling your own prejudice, and starve rather than feed the prejudice of others.

# Not by Reason Alone

### by Charles Kelbley

Da nobis, quaesumus, et quae docuit intellectu conspicere, et quae egit imitatione complere. — Proprium Missae S. Thomae de Aquino

A FEW months ago, a very interesting analysis of the bale-ful effects which certain advertising practices exercise on modern America appeared in the magazine America. Mr. Vance Packard (Hidden Persuaders), spelled out the "strategies and techniques being used by American industry, in its desire to increase the sale of worldly goods, to encourage the development of this hedonistic man in America." Mr. Packard was deeply concerned with the implications of such strategies and techniques which set up false goals of human endeavor. Riches, fame, power, food and health are made out to be final goals. But they are weak and frail things, grossly misleading, and do not establish any claim to goodness or happiness. Certainly when "professional persuaders" invade the privacy of our minds, deliberately encourage "irrational behavior" of consumers in their "growing absorption with consumption," our society is conforming, passive, and intellectually deteriorating.

One also reads William Whyte's *The Organization Man* with mounting attention and introspection. The people in the various walks of life that Whyte considers all have one problem in common: that of "togetherness," of collective work and

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its influence on their lives. Somehow, Americans feel an obligation, or a certain duty to the organization. To provide a raison d'etre for this obligation, Americans have constructed an ideology which maintains that the ends of the corporation transcend personal and individual ends. This ideology of adjustment is not just a temporary phase in American society, nor is it characterized by a ghetto or parochial existence. Mr. Whyte's forte is in elucidating the depth and universality of this ideology. He shows how the "Social Ethic" has important consequences in such areas as the research laboratory and the academic intellectual life. It is even evidenced in arguments which say right-to-work laws destroy union "security" and "collective" bargaining power. One wonders why everyone is adjusting. Adjusting to what? What is to be the result of such a society? What kind of a man will evolve? Possibly Toynbee correctly epitomized the result as being "an organized crowd culture."

Evidently, there is a flaw in the reasoning processes or philosophy of a great majority of people. This trait is not at all surprising when it is found among the uneducated. But when it is evidenced in a milieu of students, it is a serious indictment of their ability to use their intellect, to apply their philosophy. Educator, worthy education, must be solidly intellectual. It must be, as Robert Hutchins said, "education for wisdom." How can a student best make use of his philosophy or intellect? Is it by possessing an exhaustive knowledge of truths and principles? Certainly that would seem to be the initial step.

Under a university bulletin heading entitled "philosophy," there is a sentence which emphasizes the importance of correct principles: "It is imperative that man's rational principles be well-founded, since by nature he uses reason as the guide of his actions." Principles, general truths, solid foundations — these are most important for successful living. Eric Gill affirms this point when he says "whatever men do or make, their philosophy or religion are at the back of it, and those who deny this are compelled in consequence to admit that the works of men are either the product of purely animal instinct or that they are the product of simple caprice." The

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point is not whether a certain philosophy or religion be behind actions. The point is that some philosophy is behind them, whether that philosophy is good or bad.

Now what is the cause of irrational responses and herd activities? According to Gill, our actions follow upon the possession of a philosophy or religion. Man's actions are not the result of caprice and instinct. But many people, educated people, according to Mr. Whyte and Mr. Packard, yield to "nerve reactions" in regard to decisions which vitally affect the course of their lives. Yet these people have a philosophy or religion. Why doesn't their action correspond to the reasonable dictates of philosophy or religion? Evidently, there is something besides intellectual knowledge which is necessary for a correspondence between a philosophy and consequent actions.

Now the function of a university, we are told, is to present truth, to train the intellect. Edward Leen says the task of a university is to prepare the intellect for the reception of truth. The university doesn't pretend or strive to train the will or entice students to put intellectual knowledge into good moral acts. Some students, however, believe that action -Catholic action - is the end of education. It may well be a personal end of education, entirely good, but it is not the function of a university. Some people, however, may minimize the important function of the will since the university does not attempt to train it. Such people argue that because the university is concerned with the intellect. the will is not important. The university, however, is not concerned primarily with the will because it is the function of the student to train it. On this point Aquinas said, "If a man possess the habit of a speculative science, it does not follow that he is inclined to make use of it, but he is made able to consider the truth in those matters of which he has scientific knowledge." Commenting on this passage in the Summa, Etienne Gilson said, "The inclination to make use of intellectual virtues is not to be found in the intellect itself, it lies in the will." The thesis develops, then, something like this: Just as the educator has a "responsibility" which is imparting intellectual training, so too does the student have a responsibility which involves

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training the will.

Are there good reasons to fear that the student's responsibility has lost its importance in the modern world? Gilson speaks of a time in ancient Greece when philosophy was "a certain way of life wholly dedicated to the pursuit of wisdom." He fears that this aspect of philosophy is disappearing. Does Gilson infer that, for the student today, philosophy has become more and more a mere pursuit of doctrine and history. renouncing its true function? I do not say that doctrine and history are not important. Certainly a student should know that Aristotle preceded Aquinas by a number of centuries. But has philosophy for the student degenerated from a love of wisdom and knowledge to only an objective study of the processes governing thought and conduct? Is Karl Jaspers correct when he says they, the students, are "outwardly learned, inwardly rationalistic, devoid of any relationship with the life of the individual"? If Gilson or Jaspers are correct in their statements, then, it seems to me, the student is confronted with a serious challenge.

Gilson characterizes a true Thomist as a man "who knows because he is a man who loves," and knowing this (what Aquinas said), "absorbs it into the very fibre of his being." But can't this be a correct description of the true student? Thomists do not have an exclusive priority on love of truth. They are not the only "jewel merchants" capable of wearing their own merchandise. A. D. Sertillanges says it is a paradox "to be in close contact with the great spring of all things without acquiring anything of its moral nature. To enjoy the faculty of intelligence, and to make use of it an isolated force, a 'bump,' is, one suspects, a dangerous game." Sertillanges' statement has reference not only to a group of Thomists, priests, or professors. Nor has it reference to those only who intend to lead an intellectual life. It refers especially to students.

It is not sufficient merely to have intellectual knowledge of something in order to acquire a moral disposition. One may, thereby, fulfill a university's requirement. One may, thereby, fulfill the educator's responsibility. But one doesn't fulfill the student's responsibility. It is only when a man de-

velops and trains his will to seek the better, when he possesses the virtue of "studiousness," that he is exposed to the fertile grounds of "creative intuition" in which he has the opportunity to create his masterpiece: his own individual personality. Such a man will make his own decisions and not be subject to the styles, stunts, and cults of the crowd. He will be a man, taught by sad experience or endowed by nature, to entertain a certain scepticism with respect to the activities of mankind. His sacred "privacy" will not be invaded by "professional persuaders." Whatever he seeks, he will seek because he recognizes and desires the goodness or efficacy an object has in obtaining his goal. He will not seek "goods" merely because others have similar propensities.

Such a man's reaction and attitude in life to all things will necessarily be *sub specie aeternitatem*, a view which, in the last important analysis, is most scintillating. Guided by Christian principles, he will be conservative, liberal, or neutral, choosing the "part which peculiarly suits his own case." He will "ride forever in the quickening quest of fresh discoveries in the infinite beauty of God, a rapturous enterprise, forever new, forever keen with zest." O Si Sic Omnes!

### Providence

There is a certain gentle soul in things, Seen only by that luminous inner eye Which looks not on the what, but on the why Of what it sees; an inner truth that sings Of peace and softly stirs the air serene With wave of silken silent dovelike wing. Each man, each beast, each cold insensate thing Like gossamer reveals the indwelling sheen Of the loving spirit which broods across the earth And watches over each eternal law, Setting the measure of the world's worth, Suffusing e'er the meanest things with awe.

- Thomas R. Andrews

### West Kerry Interlude

### by R. T. Meyer

W HAT was I to do? On the last day of July the librarian at Trinity College had informed me that the place would be closed during August "for cleaning and dusting." Later that day I heard the same. My plans to continue the research on Middle Irish manuscripts that I had been engaged with seemed doomed. Perhaps Dr. Richard Irvine Best could help me. Retired head of the National Library and the Irish Manuscripts Commission, "most highly pensioned man of Dublin," still hard at work on his diplomatic edition of the Book of Leinster, builder of libraries, founder of the famed School of Irish Learning, mentioned by James Joyce as the "slender man with the brief case" — surely this eminent scholar would be sympathetic to my work and influential enough to gain special permission for me to continue transcribing manuscripts in the libraries of Dublin.

When I visited Dr. Best at his home, however, I received advice of a very different sort. "Young man, you've had enough manuscript research and palaeography for a while," he said when I mentioned my project and the progress I had made, "why don't you make good use of this opportunity to go out to the Gaeltacht to hear Irish spoken, turn some of your theoretical phonology and morphology of historical grammar to good use, make practical trial of your phonetics." Research in the mediaeval manuscripts, already 500 years old, could wait, he told me. Now was the time to copy down the sounds of Irish in a scientific notation, to note the words and phrases. For in the Gaeltacht was living a people, a hospitable and sturdy folk which conserves a language as archaic in its survival as certain zoological phenomenon in Australia. "Go to West Kerry," he told me: "live in a cottage there, keep away from the hotels and resorts."

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The day following the August bank-holiday found me early in the morning at Westland Row Station boarding the train for Tralee and points west. Ireland is very much like a soup plate, with broad level wheat lands in the center and ringed in on all sides by mountains. The train proceeds south by west through fertile farm country where modern machinery such as the combine and the tractor are replacing the horse. At Mallow we leave the main line double track and the train runs into mountainous country on the way to Killarney and its far-famed lakes. We clatter on then through grazing country where millions (literally) of rabbits jump out of their hiding places along the right of way. At Tralee the taste of the salty breezes off the Atlantic assails one's nostrils. Here we leave the train for the bus. Bizarre, heather-clad mountains to the south promise a rocky ride. The bus picks its way through the narrow streets of Tralee, and one notices the black-shawled women with their market baskets. The conductor must be a bilingual person here, one realizes, as he comes down the aisle collecting the fares. We are entering the Fior-ghaeltacht (true Irish speaking district) and many of the passengers "have not the English on them." Children who may never learn English until they go to Dublin to make their living, or to America for their fortunes, are scolded by their elders in Irish and smartly dressed secretaries going back home for the week-end talk to old grannies in a tongue we cannot understand.

The bus goes out by way of the Bay of Tralee and soon one can see the blue Atlantic ahead of us, beyond Hog's Head Islands. After about ten miles the road turns off sharply to the left and begins by a series of twists and turns to take us over the top of the mountain, where we see nothing but the heather-covered peaks dappled by the shadows of clouds racing across the sky. The bus driver alights to open a gate, and we pass through into the largest sheep pasture in all Ireland, possibly also the highest. After about five miles of the most torturous roads we drop down into inhabited country once more and see in the distance the light of the sun playing on the waters of Dingle Bay. We are in the mediaeval Barony of Corca Dhuibhne [Corcagweeney], named after a prehistoric

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tribe mentioned as very old and already extinct in the oldest Irish legends and *Annals*. This is very interesting country for the geologist, botanist, and historian. Ancient ogham inscriptions dating from the early Christian era dot the countryside. The mountains here are poured upon one another with reckless abandon. One wonders how differently history may have turned out had the eastern coasts of the British Isles presented so formidable an approach to continental Europeans instead of the mild and inviting chalk cliffs of Dover. The tumultuous winds of countless ages have beat against this western coast, and 'nary a tree to be seen except in creek and river bottoms sheltered from the strong salt breezes and gales of the turbulent North Atlantic.

Dingle is an Elizabethan town. The name itself in Irish is Daingean, which means fortress, and part of the town walls from the sixteenth century may still be seen. The bus goes only as far as Dingle, except that the last bus on Tuesday will take one to Ventry Church, a point about seven miles west for an extra three pennies.

If one were to go "from Dingle west," it is necessary to contract with a local cabby. I had noticed a middle-aged man in a business suit on the way out who seemed not of the local crowd - he had some trouble getting his bicycle fastened on top of the bus when leaving Tralee. He introduced himself as Liam MacCartaigh, a civil servant from Dublin on holiday. He was bound for Carhoo, a hamlet about a mile from where I was to stay. He told me he would contract with the taxi driver for the ride and I could pay him afterwards. Otherwise the cabby would have taken us for twenty-five "bob" apiece. By bargaining we had the ride for that price together, and I paid Max twelve and six the next day after Mass. O'Connor drove up then in a rickety Ford, and we threw in the bags and the bicycle while he went to the local shoemaker to pick up a pair of shoes for a customer, and a few loaves of bread from the bakery. I learned afterwards that O'Connor with his six shillings here and a few pence there, plus his passengers made out very well. Coming back to Dingle later in the evening he might have other passengers and more errands to do.

We were soon leaving Dingle and it would be over a

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month before I would see anything like a town. Mac had preferred that we take the road out through Ventry Parish around the southern tip of the peninsula for the more scenic effects, but O'Connor launched out into an elaborate description of a terrible storm that had only a few days before rendered the roads impassable. One realizes as O'Connor speaks that he is thinking in Irish as he picks his English words. The result is pure Irish syntax with English vocabulary and a strong admixture of Celtic. "Glens there are in the roads, sure, and the water running off the mountain washed down the road and took a man and he at driving his sheep from the fair and washed them all out to see, and only the man and one sheep was saved, and himself hanging onto a tree limb. And if I talked from now until Christmas, sure I couldn't tell you enough of that storm."

Scarcely had this description been finished than the car came to a stop and O'Connor got out slowly to diagnose the trouble. Suddenly he remembered that he had not yet told us the real news in that locality. Yesterday a seminarian from Maynooth College had been drowned off Sybil Head, bathing in a spot which had been adequately posted as forbidden to swimmers because of the treacherous undercurrents there. On the following morning the funeral Mass would be held in the chapel at Dunquin. In the meanwhile the postal carrier on bicycle came upon the scene with the grim prediction (time would only prove it too true, alas!) that the body would be washed up in three weeks or so, thirty or forty miles away from the place of drowning. Luckily he knew something about the mysteries of the Ford carburetor and timing system and soon we were off, headed for Ballyferriter, from which one gets a splendid view of the Three Sisters, a triad of rocky promontories which Lindbergh mentions in his autobiography as the first sight of land which he saw on his historic flight thirty years ago. From there to Dunquin is another five miles, the ocean off to the right with the Blasket Islands three miles offshore. Beyond the Blaskets can be seen the Tierracht, a rocky pinnacle about 800 feet high where a lighthouse provides the last sight of Ireland for transatlantic steamers. There is nothing but sky and water from here to Halifax, and the Blasket

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Islands are often spoken of as the parish next to America. The last 1500 feet of this memorable ride had to be made by foot, and at last I had reached my destination, a sea-side cabin of stone and thatch perched on a shelf 250 feet above the beating surge of the dark blue Atlantic. Except for the ceaseless "glee-ack, glee-ack" of the sea gulls, I could believe as I lay awake in the morning, with the waves of the sea below me and the sun shining on the water in the distance and the spray coming through the open window, that I was truly afloat at sea.

Mrs. Casey received me well as befit the Ameiricanach who had come to learn the Irish, who knew personally and by reputation some of her former boarders --- Kenneth Jackson, once of Harvard, now a professor of Celtic at Edinburgh; the late Madame Sjoestedt of the Sorbonne: Marstrander the great Dane from Copenhagen; and last but not least Robin Flower, keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum, lovingly named "Blaheen" (Little Flower) by the Islanders, who so loved the Great Blasket Island that he directed that his ashes be broadcast over the island where he had spent thirty summer holidays. Arrangements for room and board were soon completed: Fourteen dollars a week for a room and three meals, plus mid-morning, mid-afternoon, and 9 p.m. teas with or without tart (pie) plus instruction in Irish, which was to begin with Dia agus Muire dhuit [Dias mweera ghwit] "God and Mary with you," in the morning, and oidhche maith [eea wa] "good night" at the end of day. Conversation after the third day was all in Irish, English being used only when linguistic explanations became necessary. Mrs. Casey and her late husband had for some thirty years maintained a summer boarding house for Christian Brothers who came from all parts of Ireland for the fresh sea air and salt fish diet with Irish conversation practice.

In the morning for two hours and again after the mid-day meal for a somewhat longer period we worked systematically at Irish. While she did the dishes or baked bread over the peat fire, I used to read Irish to her to get the correct *blas*, "flavor." But when one wearied with the business of settling *hoti* and *tode*, then there were always the sea and the mountain roads.

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Came a rainy day which only Western Ireland can know, when the full fury of the Atlantic bears in upon the peninsula laying four to six inches of rain in as many hours. Then the dampness soaks through even the eighteen-inch stone walls, covering them with oozy sweat. On this occasion I was invited to inspect the small library which my landlady had cached away in the unused parlor. Here I found such treasures as odd volumes of *Bealoideas*, official organ of the Irish Folklore Society, especially such numbers containing tales taken down in this region. Noticing my disappointment after a few minutes, Mrs. Casey remarked:

"They do be saying that we have a good many words not in Father Dineen's big book. That is what Dr. Dillon and the men from Dublin say when they come here. Why should that be at all?"

She had unwittingly touched upon one of the most vexing of philological problems — that a group such as this should have a native vocabulary of some fifty to sixty thousand words, whereas in English a three-thousand word vocabulary will help a person through most of everyday needs.

Mrs. Casey was very anxious that I pay a visit to her husband's grave in the Ventry churchyard to see the lovely tombstone and the Irish inscription thereon and to offer a few prayers for his soul. On a sunny afternoon I began the climb over Mount Eagle by a little-used mountain road to visit historic Ventry, famous as the scene of a great pre-Christian battle which the local Irish say was as momentous for Western civilization as the defeat of the Persians at Marathon. At the end of the mediaeval period appeared a curious text, the Cath Finntragha [Battle of Ventry] which tells the story in a sort of grotesque mock epic style, combining features from both the Ulster and Fenian cycles. One needed but a few chocolate bars for this pilgrimage as delicious large blackberries growing along the roadside provided dessert, and water from numerous springs could quench one's thirst; for the climb is a steep one, and there is little chance for a ride. At the half-point one can see with a slight turn of the head both Dingle Bay and the Atlantic. Off to the east thirty miles could be seen the majestic Killarney Mountains, and to the

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north Mount Brandon with the ruins of an ancient monastic settlement near its peak.

Ventry itself was never more than a village. The important thing there is the ancient battlefield, where scores of Stone Age weapons were dug up and later deposited in the National Museum at Dublin. Finntragha is the Irish name, meaning the "White Strand," so called for its sand bars. The creeks coming down off the mountain drop their gravel when they reach sea level, and when the tide recedes the creeks become mere trickles across the great sandy reaches.

The sun was dropping into the Atlantic behind the Blasket Islands as I came back that evening. A good supper greeted me, and afterwards Mrs. Casey asked about my visit to her husband's grave. With a stub of a pencil I had copied off the Irish inscription on the back of a candy wrapper. I told her that I was delighted to note that they kept the mediaeval form of the name on the tombstone, as my first approach to Irish was through mediaeval epic texts. And so it had been in Dingle some weeks before when I saw the name O Chonchubhair over a pub window, a name famous in the Ulster cycle; but now I knew why Dr. Dillon had told us to translate simply as Connor. I told Mrs. Casey that I had seen in the Bodleian at Oxford the year before a great vellum manuscript in which was the Cath Finntragha copied and the scribe had signed his name as Finnlaech O Chathasaigh (Finlay O'Casey).

"O, the *Cath Finntragha* we know well," she said. "When I was in school on the Great Blasket we never heard of it, because they tried to make us speak English in those days, but after the 'troubles' in 1916 and in 1923 the men in Dublin said Irish would be the language of the Irish Free State. Then schoolteachers and men from all over Ireland came here to learn our Irish and to write schoolbooks in Irish."

She went to her bedroom and brought back a little school edition of the *Cath Finntragha*. A short examination of this showed me that it bore little similarity to the tale I had read as a graduate student. But the rough outline was there, the story having been taken down from one of the older *shanachies* (story-tellers) who had embellished it with his own art.

Or on another day it might be a visit to old Martin the

clark, the Mass-server of 84 whose rheumatic knee prevents his kneeling or carrying the Missal, but whose fervor and Irish-Latinity make up for this ailment in the responses. Martin lived with his niece and her family in a two-roomed cabin just across the creek from Mrs. Casey. Only one small window and the open door admit light. The door itself was soon blocked by men from the field who crowd in from harvesting the oats, because it is beginning to rain and anyhow they want to see what the American is going to write in his notebook. Old Martin takes his seat of honor by the fire, and 1 begin to take down Irish anecdotes, proverbs, and snatches from eighteenth-century bardic poetry. Martin is a thorough teacher; he made me reread to him everything he said. Here is the test of a phonetic system of transcription; for this moment I have sweated through courses in historical grammar and comparative linguistics, to record a language whose dying pulse one can feel. Finally one of the men at the door speaks out:

"Whatever is that writing you have there that makes the language come out just right? I say, we should have just such a writing to put down our words by."

It would have been absurd here to enter into the fine points of theoretical phonetics and phonemics, but I told him that I am a student of phonetics, a science which aims to represent each speech sound by a separate symbol. I come away satisfied that my phonetic transcription suffices, for me at least, for this particular dialect of West Kerry Irish. I can record the sounds and adequately read them back again to the speaker and be understood; I can translate once more the symbols into living speech.

I felt at last that I must visit the local poet, whom my landlady had characterized as a "contrary person." Immediately after dinner I made my way along the fuchsia-lined boreen to the one-roomed cabin of Micheil O Guithin, son of Peig Sayers the famous story teller of the Blasket Islands. I rapped a while and finally the poet himself appeared. I thought to try out my Irish greeting on him, but it failed. He told me at once that he had lived in Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A. He was a very busy man composing a poem on the death of

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the young seminarian at Sybil Head ten days previously. I had unwittingly come upon a tradition of ballad and epic creation in the very making. The poet was barefoot and only the ground formed the floor of his cabin, but he was concerned with intense problems in metrics and alliteration, with figures of speech and literary conceits far older than our Beowulf. Somehow one could think only of Homer begging his daily bread in the seven towns which all claimed him as a native son after his death. This poet turned out fortunately to be faid fallsa (false prophet). When he asked me in epic fashion how I had come hither, I replied that it was on the Great White Bird (TWA). He told me not to put my trust in the man-made machine "put together with little wires and screws," but that I'd meet with dreadful disaster on the way back. As my landlady had forewarned me, he turned out to be a most "contrary" creature.

Nor must I fail to tell of my visit to Monsignor Padraig Browne, rector of University College, Galway. When I told my landlady and her relatives that I was going to visit him, my stock rose one thousand percent. They had somehow conjectured my being connected with a secondary school in the States, but when a rector of one of the constituent colleges of the National University of Ireland had invited me, they too must shine by reflected glory. One rainy Sunday afternoon at the very end of August I called upon the Very Reverend Monsignor at his summer home on the outskirts of the village. This was the only house in the whole Corca Dhuibhne barony entirely built of wood - itself a great rarity. His nephew, a former student of Harvard University School of Business Administration now in great place in the Irish Republic, greeted me at the door. I was ushered into a room entirely lined with Latin, Greek, and French classics. Soon the Monsignor himself joined us. After a cup of cheer, discussion developed about the language of Petronius compared with the vocabulary of Rabelais. Later the talk turned then to the problem of translating Moliere into Irish as the Monsignor had recently done with Sophocles. He showed me some of his attempt at translating Dante; should he translate the terza rima into native Irish bardic measure, or should he keep the

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original end rhyme? We were joined later by Old Martin the clark, who begins the day by serving the Monsignor's Mass in the village church, and usually ends it by dropping by the house every evening for his whiskey neat. Then the two of them discussed questions of Irish lexicography, since the Monsignor is doing a revision of Father Dineen's Dictionary. This, then, was the training that made Old Martin such an excellent teacher. Men in Dublin tried once to bring him to live at the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies so that the philologists might have him as a native informant. But after a few weeks Martin in a huff went off. If they wanted his Irish they must come to Dunquin to his cabin to get it. One could only commend his pride and independence. At 11 p.m. we broke up, Old Martin and I walking by moonlight down the steep mountain road leading back into the heart of the village. Before us in the moonlight lay a glorious amphitheatre. Mount Brandon, Mount Eagle, and Clogher Head. The next morning O'Connor was to come at eleven to take me back to Dingle. The libraries in Dublin would reopen in a few more days.

### Trojan Design

My God, to Thy gifts I am anchored: A soft down summer night, a hidden brook; A solace-knit handclasp, a compassionate look; In these is my soul-quest absorbed.

Love of Thy creatures reconcile With devotion to Thee, Oh my Lord! By their beauty, Thy craft, am I conquered, In their goodness I find greatest guile.

- John D. Morier

# You Will Travel Blind

#### by A. St. John Devas

S OMETIMES you wonder why you drag yourself to the same bar night after night. You wonder — but each night you return. Perhaps it is the unreality of ideals versus accomplioshment —

"So slow the unprofitable moments roll That lock up all the functions of my soul That keep me from myself."

But then maybe it is the combination of disallusions which come in a single day . . . or the boredom of frustration such as the long dull Sunday afternoons which must have driven DeQuincey to take up opium, gave birth to surrealism, hours propitious for making bombs. Or perhaps it is just that you are convinced that you have a lonely rendezvous with five million lonely drinks . . . and drunks in a forest all your own . . . sitting along a crowded bar but never speaking to escape into a world where

"People makes noises and think they are talking to each other. They make faces and think they understand each other, Breeding children whom they do not understand And who will never understand them."

And so you perform your nightly ritual "healing over the scab of past frustration which you will tear off again with the

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bleak morning light.

"When the bells jostle in the tower The hollow morn amid Within my mouth the taste is sour Of all I ever did."

But tonight you create your own world of accomplishment and keen creative joy . . . a world just beyond your fingertips . . . your braintips but cannot be snatched from the gods. It rises from the mysterious depths of the glass in front of you as from the brownish waters of the Grand Canal whose decadent mud silting against the Renaissance palaces, has covered fairer fallen bodies and minds then yours. Feeling no cold, no weight . . . "Sorge ne cuthan, wonsceaft wera" in companionship with Aeshere before the coming of Grendel, you drift, slide and slither into a remote obscurity . . . lost in a Turner fog over the Thames . . .

Suddenly in a Jean Cocteau manner someone walks through the watery mirror over the Lethean row of bottles above Jeff's Bar. Next to you softly she sits . . . for as the ripples soften you are aware of only the very near. Not really near for time and space are almost one in your elixir-like abstraction. No eyes, no ears or nose, yet hearing, tasting, feeling violently you sense a softness, a faint perfume, a quiet pressing closeness flowing over your mental skin. The gentle lapping in the mirror through which she has entered shows her pink and fawn . . . very pink and very fawn . . . a dawn long ago remembered. Her voice is very cool, the rustle of leaves in autumn a lifetime ago. She orders a drink. Jeff gets it and returns to his godchair at the other end of the bar from which he views an after-dark world like the life one discovers when he turns over a flat stone with the toe of his boot in a marshy swamp, a world which squirms by night attempting to shed the frustrations of another day of wakefulness and the shackles of original sin.

He watches her ... the girl. Girl? How can you tell their age? One year before the alpha and ten years after the omega. "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety." Madness! One fleeting moment is the longest you

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#### You Will Travel Blind

will understand any of them. They are springtime when you soar with them and twice as old as God at ennui.

Deep into her drink she stares... You are not the only one creating from the depths of a brownish liquid, product of man's ingenuity. She looks up, blue eyes in a flowing mirror . . . our eyes meet . . .

"Our eye beams threaded on one double string."

Warm golden liquid and cool pink she, both aged in wood and fermenting a million years ... a face "that burnt the topless towers of Ilium." You cursed the upbringing that after all these years had left you unable to address a stranger. With the intolerable sense that you could understand one another you watched her. "O toi que j'eusse aimee."

Relax . . . a smoke . . . the matches fell. Clumsy of you. Must get them. . . . Too late . . . she's picking them up. Small hand cool and soft. "Thank you" Your voice grates like a gravedigger's shovel on the midnight rocks. . . . Quick, unquiet mind, something witty from Chris Fry or Coward before she vanishes. Too late. She reads the ad on the match cover and you read the monogram on her purse. . . . How jolly — Jeff's reading room. . . . Her initials P. M. Pierre Matisse, Pallida Mors, Post Meridiam . . . Palida More . . . that's it . . . Pale death . . . can be booked by the performance day or night or permanently signed by Jean Cocteau.

My throat is dry and I must go where the wild goose goes — straight back, third door on the left marked King's to distinguish it from Queen's and the telephone booth.

. . . One is more conscious during the walk back than during the walk to anywhere as if you were guilty of humanity. She's gone. She evidently had no talent. She did not touch the cigarettes, money or drink. You are apprehensive of this generation.

A squeal of brakes outside followed by screams causes everyone to rush out. Man's inquisitive nature. No . . . get the story later daubed to soften the corners, the painless romantic way. Never rush to hear "for whom the bell tolls . . . they toll for thee and me" and me —.

Jeff comes back with man's fate upon his face, ready for

the run on, for dread reality is too strong and immediate for man without a buoying drink. How now, brown Yankee ingenuity?

"Death in the afternoon Brings people into the saloon."

Jeff's talking, confessor-like. Girl in gray and pink who sat right there . . . run down . . . "Seemed like on purpose to me. Man named Otto Thello, the officer says."

"Too early seen unknown and known too late."

Yes, Jeff, the pattern is apparent. The bridge between life and death is a mere thread and there needs no struggle to break the iron gates of life." I wonder by my troth what thou and I did till we loved." So you light a cigarette and think of bleak tomorrow. . . . As you close the soft blue on the matchbook . . . who wrote this . . . ?

Desdemona Brabanti 99 Venetia Ave. Cyprus 8-0367

## Catholic Scholarship: The Interior Reason

#### by Michael H. Ducey, S.J.

**H** ISTORY, statistics, and the words of wise men (see America, 4/7/56) have by now convinced most of us that we cannot afford to be complacent about the present state of American Catholic scholarship. Various reasons have been proposed to us to explain why our Catholic universities are lagging in the production of scholars, such as money consciousness of youth, a ghetto mentality, reduplication of effort on the graduate level, the attitude of bishops and religious superiors, and just plain laziness. But since scholarship is an intimately personal endeavor, it seems that the fundamental reason for the lack of Catholic scholars must be something on the personal level. And since the lagging behind seems to be a peculiarly Catholic accomplishment, the reason ought to pertain to the person because he is a Catholic.

#### The Interior Reason

With this in mind, let us look at the intellectually gifted youth who is the potential Catholic scholar, and see if there is not something in him or in his Catholicity that makes it harder for him to enter an intellectual vocation.

The thesis of this article is that there is that something. It is, moreover, a difficulty of our Faith which every intellectually-bent Catholic must meet and solve for himself if he is ever to become a true Catholic scholar. The trouble is, Catholics have the answers.

Let me explain: The interior personal source of all scholarship is, implicitly or explicitly, the desire for the omnia

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simul intelligere of the metaphysicians. This desire is striving for an insight into all of reality, and once it achieves its insight, it will express it in a judgment. This insight can be a physics insight, a chemistry insight, a philosophy insight, or that of any field — anything that gives a man a handle on the universe.

#### **A Catholic Insight**

It so happens that the Catholic Church, through her teaching and tradition, has taken an insight into reality, that of Jesus Christ, and has worked it into an integrated judgmental system which proposes to explain all of reality. It is a true insight, and truly into reality. It pronounces with absolute certitude (something which science never does) on such tremendous realities as the existence and nature of God, the destiny of man, his fall, and the Divine plan of redemption. And implicit in every fact it states is the hierarchy of the means of gaining knowledge in which faith is absolutely first and reason quite second.

Although in itself this hierarchy brings no disgrace on intellectual pursuits, still, because of human frailty, it can and does pose an obstacle to the potential Catholic scholar. For, not all who draw the fruits of this hierarchy understand it as it is. There is such a thing as having the certitude which comes from Faith without having an understanding of what Faith is. There is such a thing as having an imperfect understanding of the Catholic insight into reality. This is the state of mind which hinders a Catholic who otherwise has the potentialities of becoming a scholar.

#### Ask the Man Who Has One

For instance, consider the intellectually capable person who grows up a Catholic. When his mind reaches that incipiently curious stage which is a sign of approaching maturity, naturally he is going to take the answers to the mystery of the universe which lie most close at hand. If he has any real belief in the truths of his Faith, he will find that his first satisfying insight into reality has come from them. He will also be very

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#### **Catholic Scholarship**

aware, although perhaps subconsciously, that he has not worked for those answers. He has certitude, and absolute certitude, but he has it from Faith, not study.

Naturally, this satisfaction his mind gets from Faith will take the edge off the urgency of his inquiry into such things as science. And naturally, since he did not have to work for those first answers, his peculiar kind of belief in the supremacy of Faith over reason can, and does, lead to a marked disaffection for any demanding intellectual pursuits.

He may be a very good Catholic. His faith may even be quite admirable. But he is not intellectually curious. Certainly he possesses the Catholic insight. But he neither recognizes what he has, nor understands its nature.

Contrariwise, consider the man who does not have the Catholic insight at all. He has been taught no dogmatic religious truths; he is not even aware of any hierarchy of Faith and reason. Yet he is still asking questions about all of reality, and seeking a full understanding of it. If he does not find an answer in religious truths, he must find it elsewhere. Therefore he will find it in some organized body of knowledge, such as for example, one of the physical sciences.

Once a man has penetrated the workings of a science, the aspect of truth which it presents may tend to become a sort of religion for him. In any case, the satisfaction which he gets from viewing the internal harmony and scientific certitude of his science will certainly make him devoted to it. Moreover, since he had to work for his first answers, he will take a certain delight in intellectual labor because he found it to be rewarding when he greatly desired the reward. Thus creative scholarship is "a natural" for him.

#### The Dignity of Reason

However, let us now consider the person who has the Catholic insight, but who understands it well. Certainly there will appear to him a hierarchy which places Faith over reason, but understanding it as a hierarchy, he will see it as an order in which the superior member is truly superior, but in which the inferior member is altogether necessary, and endowed with great dignity and worth.

He will realize that although there are many truths which he believes in, there are also many truths which he can and must reason to. To confirm him in this there is the existence of a *science* which pertains to Faith, Theology. There is reason exercising an irreplacable role. He will also recognize that philosophy is a science which is a handmaiden to Faith, and on down the line he will see that sciences are eminently dignified and worthy of being pursued. "And after all," he might add, "it is by our rationality that we are distinguished from the animals."

Once a man has arrived at this point, where he can see Faith and reason in true perspective, he will also be able to see the Catholic Church and a scholarly vocation in true perspective.

This perfect understanding of the Catholic insight into reality, far from hindering him in his intellectual vocation, will put him in a better position than his non-religious contemporary. He will have the motive of the internal harmony and scientific certitude of a field of study to draw him on, and then some. The desire to perfect the gift God has given him, the desire to lift up the Church, to find God in what He has made, to win souls — all these can be additions to his intellectual motivation.

But this will never be until the youth who has the answers finds out where he got them. It will never happen unless the student meets the teacher who has within himself that intellectual fire which bespeaks an integrated understanding of what Faith is, what reason is, and what is the dignity of each.

Many Catholic scholars are lost to us because of the intellectual contentment of individual Catholic undergraduates, which comes from their very imperfect understanding of Faith. Could we not hope that if they learned to believe firmly in certain things, but to reason to others, that the "zeal of thy house" would help them fight against laziness, the desire for a well-paying and soft career, the ghetto mentality, reduplicated graduate effort, and lead them according to their talents and calling, to embrace an intellectual vocation?

