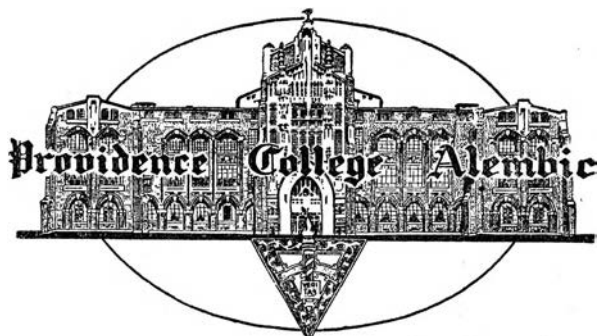


THE ALEMBIC



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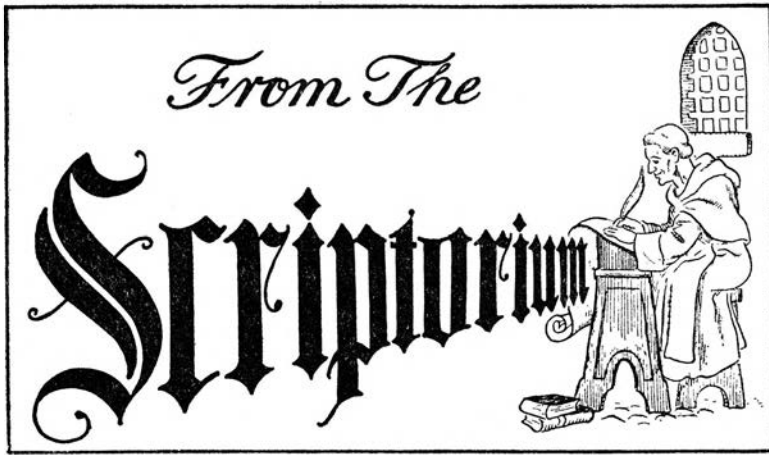
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I SUPPOSE every person, at some time or another, has asked himself, just what am I. The question is a natural one. After all, it is with ourselves that we live with all our lives so it is not asking too much to know just what we are. Philosophers, and those who called themselves philosophers, have over the centuries given many and varied answers to the question. Some claimed man was only an animal; others looked upon him as a machine. Some thought him a god; others pictured him as a personality without a soul. Some called him a creature with emotions; others claimed him a part of a process of nature. Another thought of him as a digestive tube pierced at either end. In all these ideas, man was never pictured as being a creature who could be replaced or imitated. In the present day apparently, this possibility has not been ruled out for we have had an eminent mathematician come forward and say that man is here to stay.

The man was Doctor Norbert Wiener, professor of mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His reassurance was delivered to a meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers last month. Professor Wiener is the founder of "cybernetics", which is the science of dealing in the theory and the construction of automats. Because these machines can do amazing things, some have raised the idea that man may be eventually replaced by these cybernetic marvels. We have, however, Doctor Wiener's assurance that this shall not happen since the machines he has made possible are not able to think and the chances are heavily in favor of the idea that they never will be able to.

Perhaps this reassurance caused a great sigh of relief among the engineers who were present to hear the Doctor, but the fact that such an assurance had to be made is rather revealing. In spite of all the long centuries of thought and progress, many today still have no true idea of what man is. There have been ideas about him as we mentioned before, but all of these ideas have been false or at best, half-truths. Man was, is, and shall be a rational animal. He has a body and he has a soul. Men can conjure up any sort of theory they wish about his nature but he is still what he is, a union of body and soul and that soul is immortal. Ideas you see, do not change man. They may confuse and confound his thoughts, send him up *cul-de-sacs*, cause him to do immense harm to himself or to his associates but his rationality still remains to confront him.

Picture an old man. He has long since lost his teeth and hair. Hearing for him is now difficult; his eyes are beginning to fail. Many memories crowd his brain and the long years have thrown their mantle of wisdom about his shoulders. He has known many moments of joy and sadness—hope and disappointment. Death is not far distant for him. What are we to tell him now as it is approaching?

You are an animal. You have lived, now you must die. This is the end for you. After this there is nothing. You are a machine; you have run down. Therefore, you must be consigned to the scrap heap. You are part of a process and your part in it has expired. Perhaps you have lived a good and decent life but that is to no avail now. we could tell him any sort of claptrap such as this, but he would not believe it.

There is something within him which tells him these things are false. He has not lived a long life, growing in knowledge and wisdom, family and friends, to come against a stone wall which is to smash him into nothingness. There is a wall to be sure, a wall which we must all cross, but over this wall is another life, a life far better than what we have known here. It was for this that he has been born. The road to eternity is beckoning him. Soon he will be going home. A smile crosses his tired old face, "Yes, Doctor Wiener is right, man is here to stay."

J. M.

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They Are Also Catholics

By JOHN MARTISKA, '53

IF I were to tell you that my pastor is married, that I hear Mass not in Latin but in Church-Slavonic, and that I receive the Holy Eucharist under both species, would you say that I were a Catholic? Suppose you were to come to my church. You would notice that the faithful do not genuflect but bow to the Blessed Sacrament; there is no Communion rail; instead of statues there would be many paintings hung on a screen in front of the sanctuary. If you have come during Mass you would notice that the priest is wearing different vestments from those you are accustomed to see; you would hear singing but no organ would be playing. Is this a Catholic church that you are in?

Your answer to both of these questions would be yes. I am a Catholic and that was a Catholic church you were in. Perhaps you are astonished. "A married priest! The church! Well, it was so different." It is a frequent occurrence to see a Roman Rite Catholic astonished when he learns of his Eastern Rite brethren. Not many of the Roman Rite know of the existence of the Eastern Rites and even fewer know something about the rituals and the customs of these rites.

The reason for this astonishment is that many Catholics confound the Roman Rite with the entire Catholic Church. This is a rather easy thing to do because the majority of Catholics are members of the Roman Communion.

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Perhaps you will be surprised to know that the Roman Rite is just one of the six main rites¹ of the Church. This may strike you as odd because you remember that Catechism has taught you that there is only one true Church. What is this business of six different rites?

Your Catechism was absolutely right. There is only one true Catholic Church, but the point here is not to confuse unity of worship with the unity of faith. Where the Church is one is in the unity of faith, in recognizing the Pope as the visible head of the Church, and in the use of seven, and only seven, Sacraments. Outside of these essentials, unity is not necessary and what is more, it is not found. This is where the different rites come in. A rite is the manner of performing the various services of divine worship for the sanctification of Man, such as the Mass and the administration of the Sacraments. Since Our Lord left us the Mass only in a general way, there was no specific rite to promulgate. Therefore, in different parts of the world, the Breaking of Bread was celebrated in a different way. The essence of the Mass, the Consecration, always has remained the same and it always shall, but the prayers, ceremonies, and the language used in the celebration of Mass have varied according to the country and the people. In short, the liturgy followed the culture of the people. In this way the different rites of the Church were created. Because the Roman Rite became the most widespread of the rites, it has also become the best known. However, the Eastern Rites, although they are not so well known and do not have as many communicants in comparison to the Roman Rite, are just as important to the Church.

¹If one considers the subdivisions of the main rites, there would be twenty-two rites. For example, the Alexandrine has two divisions, the Coptic and Ethiopian rites.

Until the turn of the century there were few Eastern Catholics here in the United States. However, with the large flood of immigrants that came here at the beginning of the new century, there came a large number of these "different" Catholics. They were not greeted with any great enthusiasm by the Latin Catholics, though. Here were a people who spoke a foreign language, had a married clergy, and an entirely different set of laws and customs. The fact of their existence seemed to be a loophole in the apologetics of the Church. The Latins² seemed to think that the Church had a uniform language and liturgy. Yet here were a people who called themselves Catholics but had a different language and a different liturgy. Was not the Church proud of Her celibate priests? Here were priests with wives and families. Instead of giving these new Americans aid and encouragement, the Latins treated them with indifference and tolerated them as poor relations of the Church. This action on the part of the Latins was uncalled-for but it can be partially justified by ignorance.

Eastern Catholics are not a lower grade Catholic. Catholics are not divided into grades. Orientals are by no means damaging to the apologetics of the Church. In fact, they are a strong argument for the unity and universality of the Church. Protestants are rather smug in their denunciation of the Church as a rigid and totalitarian body which tolerates no differences among its members. To a certain extent this is true because all Catholics have to believe the same truths of faith but it is not true as a general statement. Here is the Catholic Church which has the same faith, and

²Latin Rite and Roman Rite are terms that are synonymous, but Roman is more precise because some other rites besides the Roman use Latin in their liturgy.

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professes allegiance to the Pope, but yet differs widely from the Roman Church in matters of ceremonies and law. This certainly is not totalitarianism.

The Eastern Rites demonstrate a good case of union within the Church and the extent to which the Holy See will go in keeping this union firm. Popes have issued strong words concerning the preservation of the different rites. In the Encyclical "Orientalium Dignitas," Leo XIII declared, "The Catholic Church does not possess one rite only, but embraces all the ancient rites of Christendom; Her unity consists not in the mechanical uniformity of all Her parts, but on the contrary, in the variety according to one principle and vivified by it." Further he declares, "Any Latin missionary, whether regular or secular, who by his advice or influence shall have persuaded an Eastern Catholic to adopt the Latin Rite, shall incur ipso facto suspension a divinis and all other pains threatened in the Constitution, *Demandatam*."

The past history of the Western Church has been a glorious one, but she is not alone in the glories of the past. While the West has always been the ecclesiastical center of the world it has not always been the cultural center. The East has turned out everlasting monuments in the form of saints and missions. Theological geniuses such as Saints Basil the Great, John Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen and Athanasius were products of the Eastern world. In the East was the great church of St. Sophia ("Solomon, I have surpassed you"). Eastern missionaries made tremendous strides in spreading the Gospel. Saints Cyril and Methodius carried the Faith to the Slavs; the monks of Egypt preached the Gospel in Ethiopia; and the missions of the Persian Church brought the Cross into India and China. The Church of the East

has also had a glorious past, but there was also tragedy in the form of the Greek Schism of 1054, which resulted in the formation of the Eastern Orthodox Church.

It is in regard to the Eastern Orthodox that the Oriental Catholics loom large and important. These Dissident Christians have been separated from the true Church for centuries and the only hope of getting them to return is by way of the Eastern Catholics. The Dissidents have a true Mass, valid Orders, and all of the Sacraments, but they reject primarily, Papal primacy and infallibility. Because the Roman Church is so different from theirs in language, tradition, and ceremonies it is an impossibility to have them return through this avenue. However, the Eastern Catholics are in an advantageous position to aid in returning these separated Christians, because their rite, race, language, and culture coincide with that of the Orthodox. If given a fair chance and encouragement, the Eastern Church can aid tremendously in the return to the true Church of these Dissidents. There are approximately one hundred and fifty millions of these separated Christians, so the task is gigantic, but the field is rich for conversions.

Before World War II there were about nine million Catholics belonging to the Eastern Rites. Of course, in comparison with the over three hundred million Roman Rite Catholics, this number seems rather small. However, Orientals are still more numerous than any single Protestant denomination. There are about a million Eastern Catholics in North America, with a quarter of them in Canada. Yet, in spite of this small number, and the indifference on the part of the Latin Catholics, they have fared well. They have built many churches, seminaries, academies and parochial schools.

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This is even more surprising when one considers that most of these people are from the middle income group, and their resources are limited.

Today the real center of Eastern Catholicism is not in the East but here in North America. Due to the terrible massacres by the Czars and the Communists, the Church behind the Iron Curtain has been almost entirely liquidated, and what little remains has been driven underground. How many bishops, priests, and faithful have been put to the sword is not known, but the number is very great. The Latin Church, up to the present, at least, has been relatively free from persecution of the Communists, but the trials of Cardinal Mindzenty and Archbishop Groz graphically show that they are not stopping at the destruction of the Eastern Church alone. Because of this sad decimation of the Oriental Church, it is imperative that they receive aid and encouragement from the Latin Catholics, so that when the Iron Curtain is finally destroyed, the Eastern Church, which now centers in the West, can go back to rebuild what has been destroyed in the East.

II

The Eastern Catholic Church varies considerably from the Western Church in law and custom. Latin Catholics might be prone to think that, since theirs is the most popular rite, all people who profess to be Catholics should be members of the Roman Rite, and, therefore, all Catholics should have the same laws and the same customs. This is a very biased view, to say the least. Latin Rite Catholics love and honor their traditions, and would be very vociferous in their protest to work any change. Eastern Catholics have the

same feelings towards their own traditions. Some of the customs of the Orientals may seem strange to a Roman, but the Orientals do not wish them modified, and, what is more important, neither does the Holy See. It is to be remembered that all of these differences have been in use for centuries, and that it is a policy of the Holy See not to demand a change in tradition where it has been held in respect for centuries.

Before going into some of the differences of custom, I wish to point out that Eastern Catholics have the same obligations as Catholics of the Roman Rite. They are required to attend Mass on Sundays and Holy Days, they must receive Communion at least once a year, and they have to fast and abstain on the days appointed. I might add here that Orientals have more exacting rules for fasting than have the Latins. There are four seasons of fasting in the Byzantine^a calendar: Lent; a period before Advent; from the Sunday after Pentecost to the feast of Saints Peter and Paul; and two weeks before the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

Perhaps the most radical difference between the Eastern and Western Churches can be found in their respective treatment of clerical celibacy. In the West, celibacy is now the rule for all the clergy, but this state was achieved only after long centuries of dispute. In the Eastern Churches, however, celibacy became the law only for the bishops, not for the lower clergy, and this custom has persisted down to the present. Sometimes one may hear that a priest of the Eastern Rites may marry. This is entirely false. A priest can never marry. Even the Orthodox Church does not permit this. What is true is that in the East, a married man can be ordained. If he is ordained after marriage he can continue

^aSince the largest group of Eastern Catholics is found in the Byzantine-Slavonic Rite, I shall use this rite as the basis for the discussion of laws and customs.

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to live in the State of Holy Matrimony, but once his wife dies he is forbidden to marry again. Here in the United States, because of previous difficulties, married men are never ordained, but the custom is still followed in Europe and Russia. However, the number of married men who are being ordained is declining, and celibate priests are becoming more common.

In the Byzantine Church, the Sign of the Cross is made more frequently than in the Latin Church. During Mass, the Cross is made at certain petitions, at the blessings of the priest, and at Communion. All the prayers are always prefaced and terminated with three Signs rather than one. Besides the greater frequency of the Sign of the Cross, it is also made in a different manner. Instead of touching the left shoulder first, as the Latins do, the Byzantine starts the Cross-beam from the right shoulder. Also, the fingers are held in a different way. Because of the Oriental's great love of symbolism, he holds his fingers in a special manner. The thumb, index and middle fingers are joined at the tips and the other two fingers are kept pressed against the palm. The fingers are held in this way to symbolize the Blessed Trinity (the three fingers which are joined together) while the two fingers, which are held to the palm, symbolize the two natures of Christ united in His One divine Person.

If you have attended a Byzantine High Mass you have noticed a more frequent use of incense than in the Roman Rite. There is a definite reason for this. In the Western Rites, incense is used as a token of adoration and veneration. This is also true in the Byzantine Rite, but for the Orientals incense is also a symbol of sanctification. The Blessed Sacrament is incensed in adoration, the altar and icons are incensed

in veneration, but the faithful and deacons are incensed as a sanctification. Whenever incense is used in the Mass or in other services, the people are also incensed.

Another radical difference between East and West is the calendar used by the two Churches. The East has not generally adopted the Gregorian calendar, but still follows the old Julian calendar. Needless to say, this calendar is not correct astronomically, as the Julian calendar is thirteen days amiss. Following the Julian calendar generates difficulties and inconveniences, but to change a custom which has been in force for a very long time is difficult to accomplish. However it is being done on a limited scale in individual parishes here in America. If the majority of the members of a parish so desire it, they can receive episcopal consent to change to the Gregorian calendar. This is one difference between the rites which I am earnestly in favor of seeing abandoned, because it would not cause the Eastern Catholics to be so easily counted with the Orthodox, since they also follow the Julian calendar.

Upon entering a Byzantine church, Western Catholics are taken aback by the lack of statues which they are so accustomed to seeing in their own churches. Instead of statues the Byzantines make use of paintings. These mounted pictures which are called icons in the East, are mounted on a screen which is found in the front of the sanctuary. This screen is called the iconostasis, and it corresponds roughly to the altar rail in Latin churches. The icons on the iconostasis are arranged in a special way. Our Lord is on the bottom right side and His Blessed Mother is on the left. There are three doors that pierce this screen; the middle is called the royal door, and the two on either side of it are called the deacon's doors.

On the royal doors are pictures of the Annunciation

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and the Evangelists. To the left of the deacon's door, which is on the left side of the iconostasis, is a picture of the Patron of all Byzantine churches, Saint Nicholas. On the right side of the right hand deacon's door, are the icons of the Patron Saints of the individual church. Immediately above the doors are scenes of the twelve chief feasts, and above these are icons depicting the Twelve Apostles. Surmounting all this is a crucifix with the Blessed Virgin on one side and St. John the Apostle on the other. In the center of the iconostasis appears a picture of Christ as Judge of the world.

Another custom prevalent in the Byzantine-Slavonic Rite is the practice of congregational singing. Musical instruments are not allowed in Eastern churches, so the people have to supply the music. As a consequence, the services of the Church are somewhat like a conversation between the priest and the people. To the priest's exclamations the people or a choir answer. In this manner the faithful have an integral part in the services. This plain singing is very beautiful, and when an entire congregation is singing in unison the effect is very stirring.

The Byzantine Rite, of course, has the same seven Sacraments as the Roman Church, but some of them are administered in a different manner. Baptism may be conferred by immersion, but it is usually done by pouring water over the head of the recipient. Confirmation, which is reserved only to bishops in the West, can be administered by Eastern priests immediately after Baptism. The Eucharist in the Byzantine Rite is administered under both species, i. e. bread and wine, and by virtue of Canon 866, all Catholics of other rites may receive Holy Communion in the Byzantine Rite. Holy Orders are conferred by a bishop. The Sacrament of Matrimony is further enhanced by the coronation of the spouses. A crown

is placed on the head of the husband and wife, and special prayers are intoned. Thus they are crowned as the ruling heads of a new family. Extreme Unction, called, in the East, Anointing with Oil, formerly required the presence of seven priests and long prayers for administration, but for obvious reasons, this has been changed so that it can be administered by one priest. The Sacrament of Penance is administered the same as in the West.

Other differences in custom which are obvious to Roman Catholics are these: upon entering a Byzantine church, it is not customary to genuflect; a profound bow is used instead; also, Byzantines do not make use of a holy water font which is usually found at the entrance of Roman churches; the seating arrangement differs, too; in an Eastern church, it is a common practice for the women to sit on the left side of the church and for the men to occupy the pews on the right side; on important feast days, following Mass, the faithful are anointed on the forehead with oil and given a small square of bread; both the bread and the oil have been blessed at a service held the day before the feast day.

III

Foremost in the services of any rite is the Mass, and in the Byzantine-Slavonic Rite, the Mass⁴ is truly an inspiring service. Originally, the Roman Mass was very ornate, but by abbreviations, adoptions and omissions of ceremonies, it has undergone many modifications to become the brief, august service it is today. The old ritual is retained only in a Pontifical High Mass or a Solemn Mass. The use of a throne, in-

⁴In most of the Eastern Rites, Mass is known as the Divine Liturgy. In the Byzantine-Slavonic Rite, however, it is called the Divine Service.

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cense and processions are very rare in the Roman Rite. The Byzantine Divine Service, on the other hand, retains most of its ancient rituals even today. In a Byzantine High Mass, the celebrant uses a throne, incense, and performs ritualistic processions.

Before going into the Mass proper, it will be well to speak about the altar, liturgical vessels, and vestments used in the Byzantine Divine Service, because there are marked differences compared to those used in the Roman ritual. The altar is a square table which stands away from the wall, so that the celebrant may pass around it during a procession. It is found in the sanctuary behind the iconostasis. Covering the altar are three linen cloths. The first of these cloths symbolizes the Winding Sheet that covered the Body of Christ in the grave. The second cloth calls to mind the robes of Christ Transfigured on Mount Tabor. The last is a small piece of linen which serves as a corporal, and represents the shawl that covered Christ's head in the tomb.

Instead of an altar stone, the Byzantines use a small square piece of linen cloth which is called the Antimension. On this cloth is a representation of the burial of Our Lord; at the four corners are pictures of the four Evangelists, and on either side are representations of Saints Basil and John Chrysostom. At the top of the Antimension, a relic of a martyr is sewn into the cloth. The Antimension must be consecrated by a bishop, and no Mass can be said on an altar which does not have one. Because of its convenience, the Antimension was used by chaplains of all rites during the recent war instead of the conventional altar stone.

Along with the customary liturgical vessels (chalice and paten) the Byzantine priest also employs others. Over

the paten, which is used to carry the hosts to the altar, there is found two crossed semi-circles of gold bands. This device is called the asteriscos. Suspended from the center of the asteriscos is a small gold star. This star symbolizes the star which guided the Wise Men from the East. A gold spoon, which is used to distribute Holy Communion, is also found on the altar. Also, because fermented bread is used in the Sacrifice, a "holy lance" is used to cut the small loaves.

The subject of using fermented bread (bread made with yeast) caused a controversy which went on for centuries between theologians of the East and West. However, the Church authorizes the use of both fermented and unfermented bread, because both are true wheaten breads, but she commands that priests use the kind of bread that is proper to their own rites. Only in cases of emergency can a priest use the bread which is proper to another rite.

In general, the vestments of a Byzantine priest correspond to those of the Roman priest, since both have the same origin. However, there are marked differences. The alb, instead of having lace decorations, is finished with embroidery. The stole is very long and reaches almost to the feet. It is also joined at the front. Instead of the Western cord, the Eastern priest wears a belt which is made of the same material as is the stole. He has no maniple but uses two ornamental cuffs. The chasuble is a cape-like vestment very similar to a Benediction Cope. It is open in the front, but closed over the breast and reaches to the feet.

The most obvious difference between the Roman Mass and the Byzantine Divine Service is the difference of language. To many Catholics, Latin is regarded as the official church language. This is another common mistaken notion. Mass is offered each day in eleven different languages: Latin, Greek,

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Coptic, Aramaic, Georgian, Arabic, Armenian, Church-Slavonic, Rumanian, Magyar, and Geez. As a matter of fact, Latin was not the original Roman Rite liturgical language. Until the middle of the third century, Greek was the language of the Latin Rite. In the Byzantine-Slavonic Rite, the liturgical language is Church-Slavonic or as it is sometimes called, Old-Slavonic.

The Byzantine liturgy begins at a side altar with the preparation of the offering. This ceremony is called the Proskomedia. After this ceremony is completed, the celebrant opens the royal doors of the iconostasis and incenses the altar, icons and the people. Here the Mass proper begins. He recites a litany, praying for peace, for the Church, bishops, civil authorities and other persons and their needs. To each of these petitions the people (or a choir) answer, "God have mercy." After this follow versicles of a psalm, which are called antiphons.

Following the antiphons, which are three in number, comes what is known as the "Little Entrance." This is a procession in which an ornate Gospel book is carried around the altar. This represents the coming of Christ into the world with His Holy Word. After the celebrant returns to the altar, the choir sings the collects of the day. The epistle is then sung by a chanter and this is followed by the Gospel which is chanted by the priest as he faces the congregation.

At the end of the Gospel other litanies are chanted with appropriate responses by the choir. Then comes the "Great Entrance". The priest, after incensing the altar, icons and the faithful, goes to the side altar where the Proskomedia took place. The paten (with the hosts) and chalice, containing wine, are carried in solemn procession to the altar. During

the procession the Pope, bishop, ecclesiastical and civil authorities and the faithful are given solemn commemoration. Following this ceremony, more litanies are sung. The Creed is then sung by the choir and it is followed by the preface. After silent prayers, the words of Consecration are chanted aloud and the choir answers "Amen". Following Consecration, a commemoration of the Blessed Virgin is made and then the priest prays for the Pope and for his bishop. More litanies follow this and then prior to Communion, the Pater Noster is sung by the choir.

The priest partakes of Holy Communion and then distributes the Eucharist to the faithful under both species. This is accomplished by giving each a small square Host, that has been seeped in the Blood, by means of a golden spoon. Following Communion the celebrant blesses the people with the chalice containing the Most Blessed Sacrament. This ceremony closes the Canon of the Mass. Prayers of thanksgiving follow. The final blessing is imparted and the dismissal of the people closes the Mass. Purification of the chalice takes place at the side altar after the closing of the Mass.

Other Byzantine liturgical services are Vespers and Molebens. Molebens are short services in honor of Our Blessed Mother or the Sacred Heart of Jesus. They contain beautiful chants which implore aid for the people. Vesper services correspond roughly to those of the Roman Rite, but on solemn feast days they are followed by a short service called Litya. It is a penitential service which is a remnant of the early Christian agape. It consists of penitential litanies to which the people answer twelve times, "God have mercy". The celebrant then blesses five little loaves of bread, wine, oil and wheat. This blessed bread is distributed the next day

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following Mass and the faithful are anointed on the forehead with the oil.

Benediction with the Most Blessed Sacrament is a popular Byzantine service. In this service, a monstrance is not used. Instead the ciborium from the tabernacle is used to bless the people. The celebrant does not wear a cope, but a humeral veil is used when the ciborium is raised in the blessing. Hymns and chants take the place of the traditional "Tantum Ergo" of the Roman Ritual.

In the Latin Church, the Mass of the Pre-sanctified is celebrated only once a year, Good Friday. In the Byzantine-Slavonic Rite, however, it is celebrated on all Fridays of Lent and sometimes on Wednesdays, too. On the Feast of Epiphany, water is blessed to celebrate the Baptism of Our Lord in the Jordan. The water is solemnly blessed and a small amount is kept by the faithful in their homes all year round. On Holy Saturday festive Easter food is blessed in individual homes, and on Assumption Day, flowers and seeds are blessed.

This has been of necessity, a rapid survey of the Eastern Catholics. There has been much that has been left out of the discussion, but I hope that it has in some small way, helped to create a better understanding of Eastern Catholics by those of the Roman Rite. The best way to become better acquainted with Eastern Catholics is to associate with them and partake in their services and I hope that this survey will lead some to do just that. In any event, I cannot stress too much the fact that Eastern Catholics are true Catholics and are worthy of all respect for we all "share the same faith and are imbued with the same hope, use the same seven Sacraments, and with hearts aflame with the same love, are all united under the leadership of Peter's Successor, our Universal Pastor, the Pope."

The Question

By JOSEPH D. GOMES, '53

What makes an apple shine,
The golden leaves,
The trees called pine,
The dew that clings among the eaves,
The peak of manhood, then decline,
The wind that rustles on the plain,
The tempests' fury, peace again,
The waters' trickle from a nook
To form a stream and then a brook,
The living things that you espy,
Your next door neighbor, you, or I?
The One who did has power of Three,
For He's not made like you and me.

The Epitaph

By DAVID J. KARL, '56

MISTER Jonothan E. Scott III entered the large, white house just as the old grandfather's clock in the hall struck five. Inside, Mrs. Scott sat in her rocking chair knitting and dozing. She was a thin, white haired old lady of eighty-three. Virtually every day for the past fifty-nine years her husband would return at this time from either the Yacht Club, the Country Club, or his lodge. He was perpetually busy winning friends and influencing people in order to promote the interests of the bank which he owned in a nearby city. Jonothan Scott would go to a meeting that night. Just what it was Mrs. Scott did not know; nor did it matter to her any more. He attended some sort of meeting every night; or so it seemed to her. After the evening meal, events took their same familiar course. Mr. S. went out and Mrs. S. went to bed. She was very old and very tired.

The next morning at breakfast, Mr. Jonothan E. Scott III calmly announced that he and Miss Johnson, the town librarian, a youthful maiden lady of sixty-five, had fallen deeply in love. They planned to be married as soon as he was free. (It seemed his "meetings", more often than not, were at the library.)

The entire town of Medville, population of four hundred and thirty-five, was schocked to no end at this horrifying scandal. During the court proceedings Mrs. Scott seemed

to be in a daze. Jonothan, having won his freedom, promptly and properly resigned from all the offices he held in various clubs and societies, took a two year leave of absence from the bank, and began his honeymoon trip around the world with the second Mrs. Jonothan E. Scott III.

Poor Mrs. Jonothan E. Scott III, that is the first Mrs. Scott III, was left with a small town of well meaning friends who dutifully consoled her. She was a broken woman. The condolences of her acquaintances failed miserably, and, indeed, drove her to complete seclusion in the big, old mansion.

Shortly after it was noticed that the evening newspapers had begun to pile up on the porch of the Scott house. Upon investigation it was discovered that Mrs. Scott had disappeared, leaving all her possessions intact. The townspeople were frightfully alarmed. It was a foregone conclusion that she had done away with herself. The police began the search for the brokenhearted woman's body. How would she execute the deed? Drowning? Poison? The gas stove? All these possibilities were thoroughly checked with no avail. A switchman thought he saw her near the railroad tracks. The constable and his men pursued this clue for days with no results.

The morning of the fourth day was bright and clear. Not a cloud was visible in the azure sky. The first shoppers of the day were just making their way down the main street of Meadville. The local "business executives" were on their way to the restaurant for their mid-morning coffee. The town was back to normal now that the search for Mrs. Scott's body had been given up. All hope was lost.

Presently a brand-new "V-12" custom built, Lincoln "Cosmopolitan" came bolting up through the center of town and screeched to a stop in front of Whiting's Diner.

The Epitaph

Mrs. Jonathan E. Scott III, that is the first Mrs. Scott III, had returned. She emerged from the car a picture of dignified beauty, adorned in furs, silks, and jewels. She entered the establishment and daintily mounted an empty stool.

"A cup of 'java' and a 'sinker,'" she said pausing briefly before the words that were so incongruous to her appearance. She might just as well have stricken the counterman with the proverbial "heavy, blunt instrument," for he all but fainted at the sight of Mrs. Scott and the terminology used by her. The man regained his composure and filled the order. He made a feeble attempt to inquire about her health and her whereabouts during the last four days. Mrs. S. could not understand his great surprise. "I simply felt like doing a little shopping in New York," she said nonchalantly. The businessmen drinking their morning coffee sat and gaped.

For the next few weeks Mrs. J. E. Scott became a constant subject of amazement. Invariably she began her day by racing with her big "Lincoln", the eight forty-five train from Meadville to the next town; wait for the express New York and race back to Meadville at an eighty or ninety mile-an-hour speed. One day, when the circus was passing through town, Mrs. Scott, in some unknown manner, managed to procure some of the animals from the show and staged a circus of her own on her lawn. The children enjoyed the proceedings immensely.

Some weeks later, when the "town fathers" had finally agreed to repave some of the Meadville streets, the startling Mrs. Scott decided that her long driveway needed repaving also. It was quite a sight to see her, white hair waving in the breeze, expertly operating the huge steamroller up and down the drive. She took up sailing and golf also, but, at eighty-three her poor heart could not withstand the strain.

She passed away quietly one evening after having returned from a "fast" eighteen holes of golf at the Country Club. A quiet burial followed. The modest stone on her grave adequately told the story of the old woman's life:

HERE LIES

MRS. JONOTHAN E. SCOTT III

BORN: AUGUST 6, 1869

LIVED: JUNE 22, 1952—SEPTEMBER 18, 1952

My Silent World

By PAUL F. POTHIN, '56

How must it be to hear a sound?
For these deaf ears hear not a thing.
Not happy sounds of bubbling spring,
Nor do I ever hear a bell resound.
The windblown blossoms as they fall to ground,
And from the trees the birds do sing,
The chimes of churches for me never ring.
How can I live with such things all around?
What patience it does take to see
Above, around, and never once
To hear the accent of life's toil.
Could I but hear or was it not to be?
If Thou, dear Lord, would strengthen me,
I would withstand this bitter soil.

True To Life

By RICHARD MURPHY, '56

“WELL, you know, the mind is funny that way—it remembers only the happy occasions in life.” This overheard comment coupled with a remark from a sailor to his buddy later in the day, “Say, Harry, remember that day in Singapore?” provided me with material to take advantage of a beautiful summer day made for reminiscing. It was the key to the door marked “Memories.”

* * *

“I’m going to be a twenty-year man,” I told my mother in my squealing attempt at deep-throated manliness. “I’m going to sail the seven seas, have a girl in every port, a row of medals on my barrel chest, and a ‘glory row’ of fiery red hash marks on my sleeve. I’m a sailor, Mom, it runs in the family. Why, wasn’ Dad a sailor for *almost two years* in the last war. That proves it’s in my blood.” Mom with her wise eyes shining and her wise vision shaded by my exuberance would just smile. “Sure son” was all she would say each time my fancy of a watery life poured forth from my eager lips. “Sure son.”

* * *

The attainment of seventeen years set me on the threshold of my long desired goal.

Well, it wasn’t two months after graduation from “Boot Camp” that all my boyhood dreams lay shattered at

my feet, unrealized and unwanted. "Let me out; get me out of here." This was navy life and "Gee, Ma, I wanta go home."

Not yet had I seen a sea, much less seven of them. No medals, and who wanted them? No hash marks, only fools and boatswain mates wore them. And still two years and nine months and three weeks and six days and twenty-three hours and forty minutes and, let's see, eighteen seconds to go.

* * *

After awhile I did get to see the sea. And a happy experience it was too. Where else could I have had the honor: to crawl from a nice warm bed in the wee hours of a new day and grope to a post high on the super structure to stand four hours in a freezing wind-blown rain storm, and all the while being tossed about from wave top to wave top.

On a sweltering hot evening in some tropic port, all the boys were ashore living the gay life of a U. S. sailor in a foreign port of call, all but me that is. Me? I was eight decks below in a furnace they call the bilges, tidying things up a bit because a petty officer did not like my blond fuzzy chin. T'aint a perfume factory down there even in cooler climates.

Watch—those lonely vigils beneath the stars, where a man can think of all the wonderful thoughts of the beauty of life. What is nicer than a twelve to four on a cold winter night or morning, marching up and down a snow-covered pier?

Captain of the head—an important looking supplement to a surname. A real important person. One small duty goes along with it. Clean all the stands, washbowls and toilets in the Chief's quarters.

All one needed to enjoy this life was absence of a mind. Then no individuality, you know, like the sardines in a can. No initiative, just blind obedience to a stripe—not the man behind it.

True to Life

And I completely understand why a soldier, when discharged, will travel miles to meet his old Sergeant, just to comb his hair with a lead pipe. "Let me out" the universal cry of all men in blue.

Yep, that's the way it was, I know it. But darn if I could remember it this day; not a bit of this returned to mind. No sir, not a bit and that's why I find myself agreeing with the unknown conversationalist.

* * *

The thoughts that flooded my consciousness ran along these lines.

"Help-ulp" and then a splash. Twenty feet separated our ship from the dock. We were leaving for parts unknown, but not without a smile. An officer, waving to his wife on the dock, leaned just a little too far and over he went accompanied by howls of glee from all hands.

I'll bet he still hears about that.

* * *

Jimmy Crane was his name and his fame with cranes was known far and wide. On a working party one day he was snagged by a hook of a crane caught beneath his heavy foul weather jacket and he ended dangling fifteen feet in the air. To add insult to injury the crane operator left him there until a photographer could be found to snap the picture.

He wanted proof that this catch didn't get away.

* * *

A carrier at high speeds leans well over when making a turn. Two electricians changing bulbs and making minor repairs to the overhead lights on the hanger deck from the top of a rolling platform have good cause to remember this bit of naval architecture.

The Alembic

We were cruising at high speed, preparing to launch aircraft. And to do so it was necessary to turn into the wind. The ship turned, the deck slanted, the electricians on their platform began to roll—clear across the hanger deck, through the boat deck hatch and over the side.

It was a nice day for a swim, anyway.

* * *

After gunnery there is always plenty of work to be done. Shell cases and powder cases must be cleared away. Inside the turrets, breeches must be cleaned and greased and all electrical circuits tested. From outside, barrels must be cleaned and greased and this job was Abe's. As he pushed and pulled his ramrod to wash away the debris from the now silent snout of his pet, the whine of the motors from the turret suddenly bursting on the air bothered him nil. Just the boys testing circuits. They sure were, train and elevation, too. Abe found this out as he was swung, clinging to the ramrod still in the barrel, clear over the side. For all the world like a monkey on a stick he jiggled up and down till the slender rod would no longer hold his weight. A sharp crack accompanied his fall to the sun-soaked water.

No wonder sailors learn to swim.

* * *

There's not much fun in England when you're constantly in a fog, Ida Lupino of the screen discovered. Over there with her husband, Howard Duff, for two months, Ida in that time wasn't even able to get over to Paris because of the overcast grounding planes. Ida doesn't care for trains apparently. *Boston Daily Record*, Jan. 7, 1953

Apparently. At least not those channel crossing trains.

creasingly to perform many of the services that were in earlier times performed by the family. Sociologists point to the rapid growth in divorce rates as a cause for the disintegration of the home.

What is my position in educating a child? This is the question that confronts the inquiring parent. Education in the home is something more than the academic learning that is commonly ascribed to the school. The family has the responsibility of teaching to the child the moral virtues of prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude. To the Church is accredited the teaching of the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity.

It is evident that in these times of uncertainty, our schools are not qualified nor have they sufficient means to teach children the necessity of a good moral life. The child turns elsewhere for such teaching and thus to the group with which he shares the closest relationship, his family. The relationship of the family to education is not of absolute passive nature but an active one that supplements the child's academic education.

Prudence, the right reason of doing things, has as its object the directing of man's actions to a proper end. The parent must start a child's education from the beginning, that is to say, from nature. It is prudence that builds up from nature. One of the primary teachings is that of the natural law of doing good and avoiding evil. It is the parent who is the first close contact of the child and to whom falls the responsibilities of defining prudence and those other things that are primary to nature.

Before entering a school, a child must have a knowledge of "rights." He must be familiar with other's rights as

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well as his own. Because the young school boy is a member of society he must show respect for his fellow members. Many sociologists declare that the family is the "primary society." It is in this "primary society" that the child learns right from wrong. Individuality is subordinated to the group. Aristotle held justice to be the practice of virtue towards all. Justice is not confined to the small "primary society," but is basic to the whole of society for the well-being of the world.

The strength of firmness of mind which enables a person to encounter danger with coolness and courage is called fortitude. Human life is no adventure for a coward. It is full of many pitfalls which occur through a human's life. Every family at one time or another is confronted by problems that require the utmost in human reason, a strong feeling of courage and a notion of dependency. The seclusions of the family prepare us for a life on the outside which requires the essentials of manhood and womanhood.

Last but not least in the connection of the moral virtues with the family is the virtue of temperance. Man is not a perfect being and thus is inclined to use the easiest means to attain an end. As we know, it is not always the easiest or the shortest road that offers the reward. Habitual moderation in the indulgences of the appetites and passions is necessary in our quest for supreme happiness. Good, meritorious works are a primary requisite for the attainment of eternal happiness in heaven. The family as a group requires the respect and co-operation of all its members in order to be successful and happy.

There is one end to education just as there is one end to life. Eternal happiness in heaven with God is that for which all our acts should be directed. It is thus fitting that

our formal education be placed in the hands of those who are properly trained in the word of God. The Church has declared down through the years that an education that will train us in the knowledge of God is found only in its schools. To love God, we first of all must know God. Catholics are strictly forbidden to send their children to attend any school that totally or in part denies the truths which the Church teaches. Unfortunately, in these times of educational chaos, many of our public schools are lead astray in the purpose for which they direct their education.

Children belong to God. Any parent or teacher who tries to lead a child away from his rightful heritage is in contempt of God Himself. We have learned in the Creed that our Redeemer departed from His apostles and went up to heaven from the summit of the Mount of Olives, and it is a pious belief that on that mountain, or in the heavens above that mountain, He will come to judge all mankind. That day will be the day of resurrection, of final sentence. "They will tremble on that day who shall have neglected to give their children the bread of Christian education, to clothe their soul with the garment of sanctity, to guide them along the narrow road and to heal their wounds when they fall into sin."*

*Taken from a sermon of Louis Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington, Vermont.

The Bos'n's Chair

By WILTON E. GERVAIS, '53

“CLOSE the hatch leading to the companionway, will you, Max?”

Max slammed the hatch and dogged it secure; then he hurriedly joined the rest of the crew in the mess room. The men who were off watch gathered here to relax, swap stories and drink steaming cups of strong coffee. Some even used cereal bowls to drink from, thereby cutting down on refills.

Max entered the room, blowing on his hands and shaking the rain off his nor'easter and slicker, and exclaimed to no one in particular.

“Whew! It sure is blowin' hard tonight. I be happy when we go south.”

He sloshed over to the urn and proceeded to make a new supply of coffee. Max's coffee was about the best made and he claimed that his technique was inherited from his mother, that lovely old lady who made the best coffee in the Netherlands.

“Mein Godt, it iss so bad the Old Man iss not yet sleepin' tonight.”

Max now glanced about the room, taking in the men who were present. There was Toddy, the cook, Hack, Alex, and Swede of the four-to-eight deck watch, members of the engine department, the electrician, the day man and the cooks and steward. He took a cup of coffee and sat next to the Bos'n who seemed to be meditating deeply.

Slowly and deliberately the Bos'n took out his pipe, fondled it in his large hands, reached in his pocket for his tobacco pouch, and spoke.

"I've sailed with the Old Man off and on for nigh on sixteen years and I never seen him sleep on nights such as these. In a hurricane or even fog, he might sack in for a little snooze, but not so when he runs into snow and sleet. I guess this insomnia all goes back to about twelve or fifteen years ago. I did not make the run on that trip, but Steve Martin was second mate and he told it to me."

Everyone turned his attention to the speaker. A hush descended on the gathering. The Bos'n was beginning one of his famous and popular tales of the sea. He had been sailing since he was thirteen and had bunked with some of the roughest characters that had ever carried a sea bag. He was the picture of an old sea dog when his heavy set body was wrapped in oil skins and boots. His face was weather beaten and brown and was capped by his thinning white hair. Salt spray had forced his eyes to squint, but they twinkled whenever he held an audience spellbound by his tales. Sometimes these sparkling eyes would set as hard as steel and then soften strangely. This likeable man had a voice that could bellow like a fog horn when he drove his men, but he made friends because he was four-square and just. The Bos'n was somewhat of a philosopher and he claimed that no landlubber can know or realize how close to God a seafaring man is. And the Bos'n had come close enough to speak to Him as he had told many times, but that is another tale. Now the men settled back, anxiously waiting for the narrator to fill his pipe. He packed the tobacco down, scratched a match, lit the pipe and took a couple of experimental drags.

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“It seemed that Steve Martin signed as second mate on the tanker *Beacon*, which was to ship out of Portland, Maine. Her destination was to be Aruba and then back to Portland. The *Beacon* was owned by the S. O. Lines and was a good ship and the big shots were proud of her. She was fast, as tankers go, and rugged as hell. As Steve hit the docks and climbed the gangway, he saw that the first mate was no other than Big Tom Drake. Big Tom had a reputé as being about the hardest, toughest, surliest mate in the business. The last Steve heard of him was that he had been fired by the Shen Lines and just about every other line he could think of. He was a habitual drunkard and what surprised Steve was that a line such as this would be hiring him. As he reached the well deck and turned midships, he saw the answer to the hiring of Big Tom. Docked just aside of the *Beacon* was the glory of the Shen Lines, the S.S. *Annibal*. The rivalry of these two shipping lanes dated back to the time of sailing vessels and the shipping of silks and spices and such. Now both lines were dealing in oil and the intense rivalry had been inherited by the descendants of the fathers of these lines. The pioneers in this rivalry were step brothers. Their father was a wealthy ship owner and builder; when he passed away, he left his business to his own son. The other lad inherited his mother's estate, sold it and started a competitive ship building industry. There resulted such an avid desire to better the other that chicanery and treachery were often used. What was once keen rivalry turned to an intense hatred. Through the years after the death of the two men, the company executives kept up the traditional rivalry, though on a friendlier basis. The ambition to excel had become such an obsession that the executives were giving bonuses to the officers who won in some of the traditional races that were being held.

“Steve strode into the Purser’s office and signed the articles.

“ ‘When do you think we will get underway?’ he asked the purser.

“ ‘Right soon I guess. We’re almost loaded, but we need a couple of crew members yet. If they don’t show up, I think we’ll sail shorthanded. The Old Man has a five hundred dollar wager with Captain Smalt of the *Annibal* and he wants to get a good start. This is going to be one hell’uva race.’

“Steve left the office and went to his fo’c’sle to square away. He was just starting to unpack when he heard a bellow, a terrible blow and a stream of invectives that would put John Jones to blush. He looked out the porthole and there was Big Tom astraddle a man with one large hand on his throat and in the other a belaying pin. Steve got a glance at the other man as he dug his thumbs in Tom’s eyes. As Tom recoiled from the pain, a heavily shod foot shot out and caught Tom in the groin. The giant with the clever foot was built like a bull and Steve recognized him as “Bully” Bill Williams. Big Tom fell back and rolled over a cargo line, and the deck workers had to move fast to prevent the Bull from clunking Tom with his own belaying pin.

“ ‘Yes sir,’ Steve muttered. ‘This is going to be one damn trip.’

“While this ruckus was going on, ‘Pumps’ had finished taking in ballast. Meanwhile, the *Annibal* was turning her engines over and it looked as though she was going to get a head start on the *Beacon*. Steve went out on deck and there on the bridge was the Old Man with a megaphone in his hand. He was busting his lungs, cursing Smalt for getting a jump

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on him. Captain Smalt retorted by sticking his walrus mustache in his own megaphone and emitting that temper-splitter known as the 'bronx cheer'. This was too much for the Old Man; seeing a paint brush lying in reach, he hurled it at Smalt and caught him atop his bald pate. This was the preliminary pitch for a fast inning of object throwing. The crew joined in and threw everything from potatoes to marline-spikes. Amid jeers and cat-calls, the *Annibal* turned over her screws and in haughtiness slowly moved away from the dock.

"The *Annibal* was not to have too much of an advantage. About two hours after she slipped out of sight, the late crew members made their appearance, and in another half hour the pilot arrived. The order, 'All hands,' was given. The mighty mites came puffing up to the large ship, proudly chugging about, showing amazing power in their lines. The head lines were released, the helmsman gave her hard right, the after lines were slipped and they were pursuing the good ship *Annibal*.

"There was never a more nervous man than the skipper; every time the pilot gave the order to slow engines as they made a bend in the river, he fell to moaning and griping. In about five hours, the mouth of the river was reached, but the engines were kept at full speed even when the pilot crossed into the pilot boat. As he hastily leaped aboard the cutter he shouted that the captain was crazy and that he would never take any of his ships out again.

"The Captain beckoned to Big Tom to follow him into his fo'c'sle; and shutting the hatch, he opened a locker and drew out a bottle of Scotch and two glasses. The two men were notoriously heavy drinkers, and now between jiggers they planned how they were going to delay the *Annibal* when they

reached Aruba. These unscrupulous men would stop at nothing to win this race.

“The *Beacon Oil* was favored with good weather even when it reached Cape Hatteras. This is a low extent of land in North Carolina which forms a part of a sandbank following the contours of the coast line as it turns from northeast to due north. Severe storms are frequent here and make navigation extremely dangerous. The *Beacon* was lucky enough to get the tail end of a storm moving south that increased its speed enough to gain two hours on the *Annibal*. The latter now had only a lead of four to six hours.

“One week after leaving Portland, the *Beacon Oil* came in sight of the Dutch owned island of Aruba. Engines were slowed down as the pilot was picked up and the tugs guided the tanker inside the jetties.

“The *Beacon Oil* pulled in at the S. O. oil docks and tied up in record time just about a ship’s length behind the *Annibal*. The latter had all her lines out and she was listing to port slightly which meant that her port tanks were nearly filled. The crew of the *Beacon Oil* put out their gangway and then proceeded to take on her cargo.

“No one was allowed to go ashore yet, because the ship was flying the quarantine flag which was only to be taken down after the doctor’s visit. When finally the doctor arrived and O.K.’d the ship, Steve and Jack Blunt, the 3rd mate, went ashore. They passed through the oil plant, bought some sugar cane from an old native woman and wended their way through the crowd toward a barroom. A girl, doing a dance on the bar, smiled to them as they entered; the two men followed her smile as it was thrown into a corner of the room. There, smiling and making eyes at her, was no other than the Bull. He

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looked as fierce and tough as ever, in spite of his effervescing flirtation. Steve hoped that Big Tom would not amble in here. Nearly all of the *Annibal's* crew were present, and in event any trouble brewed Steve feared that the score would be another victory for the *Annibal*. Steve and Jack ordered drinks, finished them quickly and ordered a few more. Suddenly, there was a commotion at the door; Steve looked in the bar mirror and saw the large figure of Big Tom in the doorway, behind which were several crew members of the *Beacon Oil*.

"Drinks to everyone of the crew of the *Beacon*, the best damn ship afloat," shouted Tom as he swaggered up to the bar. Steve was relieved to see that a good percentage of the *Beacon's* crew was present. The natives who were present sensed trouble and slowly shuffled out of the bar. A few of the brave ones cautiously peered through the window openings and the cracks in the door; the crew of the *Annibal* was seated at the tables and those of the *Beacon* were at the rail. All was quiet. Then an empty rum bottle whizzed by Tom's head and crashed into the plate glass behind the bar, smashing it into thousands of little mirrors. Big Tom turned around slowly; the Bull got up from the table, and in the next instant the floor was covered with thrashing, twisting, kicking bodies. An old mate of Steve's swung at him with a broken beer bottle. Steve raked his face with a pair of brass knuckles; he had come prepared. He tried to break loose from the whirlpool of men to see how Tom was faring with his adversary, when he was rocked by a solid blow and went down. As he shook the dizzy feeling from his head, he heard a whistle and the room was invaded by the police. He got to his feet and bolted into an alley and watched the arrests being made.

Out they came, four policemen carrying Big Tom and a half-a-dozen on the Bull. Steve headed for the ship.

“Steve dropped heavily on his sack and began to nurse his injuries when he was interrupted by a knock on the hatch. He got up shakily and as the door opened he was confronted by the Old Man.

“ ‘Hey Martin, where the hell is the Chief Mate?’

“Steve told him what had happened. The Old Man pounded his hands on his head and shouted curses upon the head of the Chief. And then he smiled slightly, the crease widened and he burst into guffaws. Steve stood amazed at this display of inconsistency.

“ ‘You know, Martin, I has an idea how we can get a good lead on the *Annibal*. I want you to take Sid and spring the Mate from the brig. Get him outa there and we can sail from here tonight.’

“Steve wasn’t too much in favor of the plan, but the Old Man assured him that the law wasn’t very strict about such things and he would get out tomorrow anyhow.

“About eight o’clock that night, Sid and Steve struck out for the town and the jail. The three or four cells were nestled appropriately among several barrooms, and any noise to be made was muffled by the greater noise from these other buildings. The jail itself was a flimsy structure made of clay. All Steve and Sid had to do was find out which cell Tom was in. Sid whistled a tune which was peculiar to his habit on the ship, and it was answered softly from a barred window on their right which faced the alley. They looked and there was Tom. He had a gash on his forehead. There was caked blood matted in his hair, his lips were bruised and his eyes

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peered out from puffed cheeks, but he managed to smile and whisper.

“ ‘Get me to hell outa this cruddy joint.’ Steve went to work on the bars with the tools they had brought with them and in less than a half-hour, part of the time which was spent in holding Tom back from bursting into the Bull’s cell and digging a marline-spike into his head, they were headed for the ship.

“By twelve o’clock the *Beacon Oil* was turning her screws and as they left the docks, Old Man Smalt was bellowing at Bull for being such a damned fool. He had the same idea as the *Beacon’s* skipper, but they broke open the Bull’s cell a few hours later.

“By this bit of chicanery the *Beacon Oil* had a one and one half hour lead on the *Annibal* as they headed home. For the first time on the trip Big Tom and the Old Man were in high spirits. The trip again was quite calm until they hit Cape Hatteras and then all hell broke loose. The Cape is always rough and when a storm hits it, it is really rough. The rough seas are caused by the tricky currents due to the flow of the Gulf Stream. In spite of these elements, the *Beacon* was able to get through without losing too much time, even though it seemed that they were doing twelve knots backwards. They were going so slow the porpoises were playing hare and tortoise with them. As they left Cape Hatteras behind them and approached the coast off Block Island, they got the sailor’s nemesis thrown at them, fog and plenty of it. And as they progressed further north, sleet and snow was added to it. It was miserable and the wind was of gale strength.

“Steve relieved the third officer and the twelve-four crew came out on watch. One man was put on bow watch,

one on the bridge, and of course the helmsman. Steve got his bearings and looked into the chart room where the Skipper was.

“ ‘Bad night, sir.’

“ ‘It has been, Martin. I think she is clearing now, though. I guess I’ll sack in for a little while. Oh, give the Chief the orders.’

“ ‘Right, sir. What time will we be in, sir?’

“ ‘We’ll be in about noon tomorrow.’

“As the Skipper left, he staggered slightly and Steve realized that not only was he fatigued, but that he had also been drinking. Steve pondered over the situation for a moment, but shrugged his shoulders and went into the wheel-house. He gave the order for the horn to be sounded at minute intervals. A blast would be given and then all on watch would listen for an answer. He next ordered the engines cut down to half-speed.

“About seven bells, Steve heard an answering horn about four points abaft the starboard beam. After the next five blows, she sounded closer and then he was relieved by Big Tom. Steve gave him the orders of the Skipper, and the recordings and then went to his fo’c’sle. The strain of the past four hours had tired him, but because the ship was pitching so much, he decided to do a little reading. Steve was absorbed in his book when he suddenly felt the ship shiver and tremble. Close by he heard the chunk-chunk of another ship’s engines. He lept out of the sack, grabbed his jacket and headed toward the wheel-house. Then he heard Big Tom shout, ‘Full speed ahead. They ain’t going to get ahead of us.’

“Steve looked starbr’d and the *Annibal* was so close he could reach in its galley and grab a cup of java. In the next

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instant, the helmsman gave her hard right and the ship veered off at a forty-five degree angle.

“‘What the hell,’ Big Tom shouted. ‘Give ’er hard over, left!’

“Steve realized that they would smash into the *Annibal's* midships and he leapt up the ladder of the wheel room. The man at the wheel was frozen with fear and did not hear the order. Big Tom, with an oath, rushed to the helm and grabbed the wheel. Before Steve could change course, the *Beacon Oil* sliced into the *Annibal*. They hit amidships and a series of terrific explosions rented the air.

“It was as though hell had erupted. Steve was hurled against a binnacle and blacked out. He came to about five minutes later and shook himself to see if he had been injured. He staggered to his feet, but because of the list of the ship he had to crawl toward the telegraph to call the engine room. The dynamos were out so there were no lights. The helmsman recovered himself from the corner where he was thrown by Big Tom and Steve sent him below to see how the Skipper was. He came back and reported that the Old Man was in the center of the fo'c'sle and complaining about the noise being made aft. He was dead drunk.

“The *Annibal* was practically cut in two. The *Beacon Oil* had not fared too badly and was now drifting from the burning ship. Steve left the wheel-house and raced to the engine room to see what the damage was there. The chief engineer was bending over an oiler, trying to revive him, but he quickly gave the task up as useless. He told Steve that two of the boilers were conked out, but he thought that he could get up enough steam out of the remaining one to enable them to reach port. They were a few hundred yards from the *Anni-*

bal now and through the thick fog, they could see a dull, reddish glow. The thought struck Steve that there must be many dead men on that ship.

“The crew were all gathering about now. They ran into the mess room and Steve explained to them what had happened. An oiler and a wiper had been killed aft. Steve left the mess and went forward to see how the Mate was. Sparks was in his shack repairing his radio equipment and trying to get contact. Steve found the third mate unconscious and when revived, he said he had been knocked out of his sack and had struck his head against the wash stand. They both climbed the ladder to the wheel-house to find the Chief. He was dead. The helmsman later told that at the first hit and explosion, the Chief had run out on the left wing of the bridge. A second explosion had sent a section of the foremast crashing down crushing him against the rail. His body was terribly mutilated. Blood was splattered for yards around. It must have been a quick death, but his grotesque, squeezed face showed that extreme pain had been felt before he died. The Skipper was just beginning to sober up, but he was of little use, for he just murmured and babbled to himself.

“True, they made port before the *Annibal*, but the Old Man did not collect his winnings, nor did he set foot on another ship for about five years. There was a trial but most of the blame was placed on the dead mate. The twenty-six men on the *Annibal* and the two on the *Beacon Oil* who were killed probably met him in the home port that is the final resting place for dead seamen.

“One of these was a boy. Captain Smalt had taken his only son with him on the trip, a lad of fourteen years and the pride of his father. Captain Smalt died soon after the acci-

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dent of a broken heart. This is the part that haunts the Old Man. On nights such as these, he doesn't sleep, but goes through a punishment of hell as he lives through the incidents as he partly remembers them and partly heard related.

"So when you see the Old Man on nights like this, I advise you to say nothing, for he won't hear you. Your voice is drowned out by the explosions and the cries of mangled men."

And with that the Bos'n heaved a sigh and reached for a cup of coffee. The men stretched and headed for their sacks. The watches were changed.

The Outboard

By JOSEPH D. GOMES, '53

Had an outboard—yes indeedee,
'Twas a good boat, nothing seedy,
'Twould plane along with four or five,
Pull a surf-board two feet wide;
Used five seasons good as new,
Nothing that boat couldn't do,
Rode a storm out waves so high,
All views shut out 'cept the sky,
Tipped her over once or twice,
Still she'd come back just as nice;
Sold that boat not long ago,
Couldn't help it, need the dough.

The Other Dempsey

By PHIL GRIFFIN, '54

BACK in the days of the flapper and the hip flask there were two fighters with the same name, and both were heavy-weights. One was a ferocious individual with murder in his fists whose scowl of hate was the most famous facial characteristic of the decade. The other was a collegiate-looking young man with a bright smile that, unfortunately, appeared in newsprint only once. In that picture the hero of our piece stared with unseeing eyes as the referee tolled "ten" over his prostrate form. Thus, the only time his pleasant expression reached the reading public it was vastly contorted and was, more or less, in the form of a fistic obituary.

The ferocious gentleman with the famous scowl was Jack Dempsey, and we will treat his role with only a curt nod of acknowledgment. Enough, needless to say, has been printed about the Manassa Assassin to fill a document the size of the Congressional Record and still leave room for a sequel. Our hero with the pleasant smile is Peter Dempsey. All the newsprint containing Peter's name wouldn't fill a demi-tasse cup.

Peter was a bright prospect when he abandoned his educational endeavors at Dartmouth, packed his bags, and made his way southward to the great metropolis which surrounds Madison Square Garden. He was a big boy, two inches over six feet, and his Adonis-like physique turned female heads wherever he went. The youth also had a marvelous pair of hands, and these same hands subsequently betrayed him into the grips of "Topper" Smith, a gentleman of dubious

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distinction whose main interest in life was young men with fine bodies and dynamite in their fists. At the time, however, it didn't seem like a betrayal. In fact, Peter blessed his hands for finding him employment when he was about to turn his pockets inside-out in search of some forgotten coin that would purchase a hungry lad a bit of pastry.

* * * * *

"Spare a match, buddy?"

The man was small, wizened, and wore an incredible top hat above his sharp little face.

"Sorry. I couldn't give a starving man a piece of bread."

Peter wasn't exaggerating. He was indeed in dire straights.

The man looked him up and down very carefully until the boy flushed under his scrutiny.

"Sorry for staring, but have you ever been in the ring?"

"No sir."

"Well, that's all right. I think I can do something with you kid. I like yer hands. Howja like to make a buck or two tonight?"

"I'd like that fine, but. . ."

"Then be over at the Wayside Arena by seven. Y're gonna fight one of the prelims on the Mills-Dugan card. I'll have yer stuff in the locker room, so just come as ya are and tell 'em Topper Smith sent ya."

Peter didn't have the slightest idea what the whole thing was about, but in a storm, any port is appreciated, and the Wayside Arena was a beautiful port indeed.

At seven he was sitting on a badly worn rubbing table in the Arena's dingiest locker room, the one reserved for young

men on the way up and old men on the way down. Topper talked continually as he taped Peter's hands, but most of it was over the fascinated young boy's head.

"This guy's a pushover—sucker for a left hook—carry yer left low and bring it in wide—just watch his left—he'll cut ya with his left—keep yer right high—he's a sucker for a left—keep yer right high—" And so it went until, at last, they made their way up the smoke-filled aisle to the bright oasis in the center of the floor.

In a few moments it was all over. Peter simply strode to the center of the ring and smote the man down with one powerful sweep of his left hand. Topper was beside himself with joy.

"You were great, kid, great. I thought ya might be nervous, but ya certainly bombed him. Wahoo, kid, we're goin' all the way, right to the top! Wahoo!"

Peter grabbed the excited gnome by the shoulders and deposited him on the table, lest he suffer a stroke in his excitement. Topper still squirmed in delight. One punch! Eureka! He had another Dempsey, in name and ability.

"Calm yourself, Topper. I couldn't lose tonight. It was in the stars that I win. You see, old man, I couldn't lose."

Peter, let it now be told, wouldn't move without consulting the stars. He even left Dartmouth because the stars deemed it advisable. Actually, the stars didn't deem it advisable, but his astrologer, Madame Bey, did. And Madame Bey had been very encouraging about his venture into world of fistania, or rather her New York associate, Madame Alga, had. This didn't make much sense to Topper, but nothing about the fight game made too much sense, so why let a little

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harmless quirk like this worry him when he had the next heavyweight champion of the world in his hands.

The unlikely pair followed the pugilistic trail with great success after that first momentous meeting. Oh, it wasn't anything to send the sports writers clamoring excitedly to their door, but it was a start, a very good start. Fifteen fights later Peter, still consulting the stars before every fight, was somewhat of a celebrity in his neighborhood. Madame Alga even gave him free readings in her cluttered room at the shabby boarding house on the East Side.

"Now, Peter, we shall see what the stars have in store for you. Ah . . . You must beware of the letters DOA. The stars are unfavorable to that combination, very unfavorable. Beware those letters. They will prove the end to all your hopes of becoming champion unless you are very careful."

It was a very puzzled young man that occupied the attic room of Mrs. Haley's boarding house that night. He tossed and turned in a futile search for sleep, but Morpheus mocked him in the cold darkness, even after the gray streaks of dawn were denuding the shabby buildings of their blessed coat of black, the same rich coat that was worn by the rich buildings in Times Square. Peter's tightly closed lids relaxed a little, and he slept a troubled sleep.

Topper wasn't very sympathetic.

"Whaddya mean, DOA? Now look, I went along with that star gag as long as ya weren't getting any weird ideas, but now ya hadda go an' spoil it with this DOA gag. All them star gazin' dames are phonies. I used ta go with one of them. She worked in a laundry durin' the day and told fortunes at night. She was just Mazie McNamara durin' the day, but she was Madame somethin'-or-other durin' the night. She had

all sorts of suckers comin' to her, an' she didn't know any more about stars than I do. So forget this DOA bunk an' le's get down to business. We got a big one comin' up, ya know. We win this one, an' we move right into a semi in the Garden." He said the word like a Mohammedan speaking of Mecca.

"I don't feel like working this morning, Topper. I'll see you this afternoon."

Peter left the apoplectic little man fuming in the murky gym and walked out into the brilliant daylight. The cloud of liniment and sweat still clung to him when two dapper creatures with intentions as evil as any that could be boasted by Professor Moriarty sidled up to him. Alas, there was no Sherlock Holmes about to thwart their evil designs.

"We'd like a word with ya, Dempsey."

"Yes?"

"Ah, look . . . it seems that there's an interested party, who happens to employ us, by the by, who would like to see you lose your fight tomorrow night. Of course we'd make it worth your while as long as you make the whole thing look real. The last guy that went into the tank for us was so rotten that the customers demanded their money back. Now we don't expect you to be another Barrymore, but at least try and look hurt."

Peter was a picture of outraged innocence. He was about to shout "Begone" in the time honored tradition of the theater when one of the little men produced a very ugly looking knife.

"Of course, if you don't think our argument was convincing enough, I have here in my hand a little implement that is a gem when it comes to persuading reluctant boys like you."

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The whole thing was quite comical. The two sharpies were like something fresh from the pages of a dime detective novel. But the knife that represented them so ably was quite real, and Peter, like any normal human being, had a healthy respect for any piece of steel over half-an-inch long.

"I'll—I'll think it over."

"We do all the thinkin', chum. You just take a snooze before the first round is over and everyone'll be happy. Our client will collect a tidy sum and so will you. So long for now, and we'll be right there at ringside tomorrow night. Remember, make it look half-way decent."

As he wandered the sidewalks of New York that morning, Peter told himself it couldn't be real, but he'd lost the argument when it came time to report to the gym. The whole thing was quite real.

Topper greeted him enthusiastically.

"Glad to see y're ready to go, kid. Hope ya got that baloney off yer mind. We got work ta do."

But the boy's heart wasn't in it. He pictured his sparring partner as a foul fiend with a knife in each hand, and he retreated around the ring with speed that would have drawn applause from an Olympic sprinter. By the end of the workout his mind was made up. He even practiced a few dives to make sure that his performance was up to par tomorrow evening. Meanwhile, Topper Smith gave birth to kangaroos in the corner.

However, it wasn't just the threat of harm to his features under the practiced hands of the two kind souls he'd met that morning that turned him from Peter the Lion Hearted to Peter the Chicken Hearted. You see, Peter read the local tabloids avidly, and just the other day he'd read about some poor devil who had been badly torn up by thugs in a Bowery brawl, and had been pronounced Dead On Arrival

at the hospital. That's right, Dead On Arrival: DOA. Why hadn't good old Madame Alga kept her big fat mouth shut?

The night of the fight was a dark one for Peter and Topper Smith. It was, in fact, the darkest the two would every experience.

Peter's opponent was a swarthy gentleman with the unlikely name of Kid Dynamite. The Kid was as dangerous as a new born kitten, but the first tentative offering he sent in Peter's direction floored the lad rather violently, and every time thereafter he so much as scowled, Peter made a beeline for the canvas like a man possessed. But each time the fans howled in indignation, and the lad was forced to climb to his feet. It was cruel to expect a fellow to put on a convincing show with no training whatsoever in this sort of thing. But he tried and tried until the bell rang and announced his doom. He hadn't gone down in the first round for keeps, and now he and the knife would become acquainted on unpleasant terms. The poor boy was in a state of collapse and couldn't offer any resistance to Dynamite's puny efforts in the second round. The breeze from a near miss sent him down and he remained on the canvas in a state of shock for several minutes. The fighting career of Peter Dempsey was over.

* * * * *

Peter still goes up to see old Topper on visiting days at the state asylum on the hill. Topper's getting better now. He even recognized the boy. Oh no, Peter wasn't murdered on that infamous night. In fact, nobody approached him with evil intent with the exception of a few fans who wanted to take the price of their tickets out of his hide. No, you see there was some mixup on that DOA thing. It seems that Kid Dynamite's real name was Donald Ogden Atherton. Can't blame a fellow for not fighting under that name. And what sinister initials: DOA.

Black Fire

By CHARLES W. GNYS, '55

“ ‘D E clouds begin to darken, 'de sea swells-up and churns; An' way up top of Fuego, molten lava burns.

'De lan' aroun' is tremblin'; My woman sof'ly cries. She sees de death an' sadness thru her tear-dimmed eyes.

My sins an' evils has caught up; I've kindled Satan's ire, An' now he's come to fetch me, by sendin'—The BLACK-FIRE!

Why should my chillun suffer? It can't be they're to blame. Yet, ev'ryone will perish under Fuego's flame.

I prays to someone, somewhere; to save my guiltless wife. She suffered long while on 'dis earth, I've cause her pain an' strife.

The other woman was no good, she killed her 'cause of me. It's me, an' me alone that's bad. Why mus' this slaughter be?

I feels 'de heat upon my face, 'de lava's risin' higher; An' soon I'll be at peace for good, Forgive me . . .”—the BLACK-FIRE!

POSTSCRIPTS

Couldn't confirm this, but I hear if Johnny Ray's popularity as a singer ever starts to slip, he will become an evangelist on the Billy Graham pattern.

HARRISON CARROLL—*Filmland News*

You mean a cry pilot?

JAN. 16, 1953 (AP)—“Let's not kick around a million dollar match to much,” said Norris to Malandra.

Kick around grammar instead?

JAN. 22, 1953 (INS)—The actor's drinking got him in trouble with the law on three occasions prior to yesterday's arrest. He married his present wife, former model Loretta Barnett Combs, 30, while she was waiting to testify as a witness in one of his drunk driving trials.

Perhaps for self protection.

Ad in the *New Yorker*, November 29, 1952—

FOR SALE
WASHINGTON, D. C.
BY A DEMOCRAT

Completely modernized house in the best section of Georgetown . . .

Signs of the times.

Title of a recent song:

Give My Broken Heart a Break.

But how?

