

**THE  
ALEMBIC  
PROVIDENCE  
COLLEGE**

---

**Vol. XIII No. 8**

**May, 1933**

---

# McCarthy's

Woonsocket's

Greatest

Department Store

*Always More for Less*

*Here*

# McCarthy's

GET BACK OF A

*Peter Schuyler*

**COSTELLO  
BROTHERS**

**PROVIDENCE and  
PAWTUCKET**

## WHO'S WHO HEREIN

We started to tell you last month about **George Tebbetts** but the printer declared we had no more space just when we had announced he would not write anything on baseball. The reason is not that he is doing unsatisfactory work but that he is too busy with his work as catcher and also because it might be difficult for George to write about himself. And if you've seen him play ball you know he does things on the diamond.

**Hillard Nagle's** story is almost a study in nationalities. It is an attempt to get behind the scene at Ellis Island and visualize the circumstances which drive good citizens from other lands to our own distracted country. This nation was built of just such people as those Nagle writes about and what he says about the three who came from far lands to our shores might be said, with suitable changes, of a dozen other types.

The Editor has gone into some deep subjects this month but we believe that there is nothing better appearing in current college journals that his brief and pointed remarks on what is taking place in the world we live in. They have always been applied, as you may have noticed, to college men and are intended to be the expression of a college man's ideas on public questions, for college men to read primarily.

The Essays are more serious this time than they have been for many a month, but there was merit in them and we passed by many in a lighter mood and inserted the three which are offered in this issue.

We have balanced the weight of the essays by inserting a genial paper on **Catalogues** by **Edward P. Conaty, '33**. It is a wonder somebody didn't think of it long before, but the palm goes to Conaty for discovering the possibilities of the subject and for his clever execution of it, too. It is as well-written as it is timely, and when you've read it you'll know just how much that compliment is deserved.

We have been accepting and printing poetry by **Herbert F. Murray, Jr.**, for about two years and have said practically nothing in regard to his work. One reason is that his work speaks for itself; and the other is that we never like to turn the spotlight on one who seems to enjoy working in the twilight. However, we here point out that the **Alembic** will need more students with Murray's touch for poetry in the future. All who have a touch of the "divine frenzy" are, therefore, warned to make ready for a call later.



# THE CHARTERED COACH

If you are going places let us give you a price for a special DeLuxe Coach to take you there and back.

*Our Equipment is Modern  
Our Drivers Are Capable  
Our Rates Are Reasonable*

Call Dexter 9100

**United Electric Railways Co**

# Horton's Bookbindery

**WE BIND  
Geographical  
Magazines,  
Pamphlets, Etc.**

Your Name Marked in Gold  
on Billfolds, Suit Cases, Bags

**HAVE YOUR ALEMBICS  
BOUND**

**661 Westminster St.**

COR. STEWART ST.

**Providence, R. I.**

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Who's Who Herein.....	3	Checkerboard .....	10
Catalogues .....	3	By William D. Haylon, '34	
By Edward P. Conaty, '33		Athletics .....	12
Verse—		By Francis J. Skenyon, '33	
May .....	3	George R. Tebbetts, '34	
On Recent Deaths.....	6		
By Herbert F. Murray, Jr., '35			
First Generations .....	4		
By Hillard M. Nagle, '34			
Essays .....	6		
Drama in Masques.....	7		
By Peter J. McGuire, '33			
Editorial .....	8		
Merely Players .....	9		
By Daniel J. Higgins, '33			

*Published monthly, from October to June, by the students of Providence College, Providence, R. I. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Providence, R. I., December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879.*

*Subscription, \$2.00 the year.*

*"Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized April 9, 1932."*



## Youthful and Stylish

# SUITS AND TOPCOATS

... that smarten up a man's appearance and will win the approval of the most discriminating observer. Carefully tailored and developed from fine fabrics.

**MIDDISHADE SUITS**

**Blues—Browns—Grays**

**SAXON-WEAVE**

**Two Pant Suits**

Outstanding Values At

**\$ 25**

## The Outlet Company

MEN'S STORE

## Catalogues

By

Edward P. Conaty, '33

MANY a poet has sung of "flowers that bloom in the Spring," but there is something else, as yet unsung, which also flourishes and blooms in the Spring. And this unsung, unheralded, but not unread perennial is the Catalogue. Year after year, season after season and time after time the catalogue become part of our reading matter. Its approach is not heralded by a fanfare of trumpets, no author autographs any copies, and no Sunday book review covers its pages with blatant and eye-catching advertisement, but with every Spring, around come the catalogues. Now there are almost as many kinds of catalogues as there are articles listed on their pages. Let us examine the one which is most timely. The catalogue which undoubtedly spurs more ambitions, awakens more hopes and seems to promise the greatest reward is—the Seed Catalogue. When the mailman drops the seed catalogue in the front hall, he causes, indirectly, of course, a minor upheaval. Forgotten are the daily newspapers, a cursory glance will suffice for them, despised are the smart and sophisticated periodicals; it's back to the land now.

The head of the house (and this applies just as well when the head is the one who wears the wedding and engagement rings) immediately loses interest in everything else. He or she begins to visualize a plot in the back yard "right next to the garage, where it will not interfere with the clothesline," and in that small space he is going to raise enough fresh vegetables to supply the family all summer. As he reads on, and the idea becomes larger, he begins to wonder just what he will do with all the produce he raises. Certainly if the seeds produce nearly as much as the catalogue says they do, he'll be able to supply the neighbors too. The fact that he had to buy vegetables for himself last year even though his expectations were just as great as they are now,

doesn't dampen his ardor in the least.

But let us look at the little book that has the power to cause this exhilaration and this feeling of intense interest. It's not richly bound; as a matter of fact generally the cover is only paper. It contains no smart subtleties, no puzzling paradoxes, or no humour (at least not intentionally. The humour is that anyone can believe it). What is the attraction then? Let us make a close examination in an effort to find just where the charm lies.

On the cover we see a riotous

### MAY

*After the April winds and rains  
Have washed the frost away,  
The earth is sweet and soft and clean—  
Then comes May.  
May is the month  
Of birds on wing;  
Of birds making nests  
While they chatter and sing—  
It's wings, wings, wings,  
And whir, whir, whir—  
May is the month  
When heart-fires stir.*

HERBERT F. MURRAY, JR., '35.

profusion of flowers and blooms. Color runs rampant. Never were petals so delicately tinted, stems so green, or thorns so sharp. Immediately the reader thinks, "Well, I can raise those, too." Already he is in the toils of the catalogue. He turns the pages. Dahlias which will grow to a height of six feet and have twelve blooms, rambling roses which will ramble all over the house and garage. Gladioli which "range in color from blood red to pure white." No wonder the man can't resist!

And the vegetables—yellow bantam corn, each ear nine inches long and tender and juicy. Red tomatoes that are as big as baseballs, and redder than rubies. Perfect peppers which make the mouth water just to look at them. And onions so realistically drawn that tears automatically well up in the

eyes. The temptation to buy these seeds and to grow such luscious products is too strong to resist. Immediately the man thinks, "Well, I'll put the radishes in the south corner and the tomatoes over by the onions, and..." And so catalogues claim another victim.

But there are other kinds of catalogues beside seed catalogues, and they exercise a fascination almost as potent. One of these is the type familiar to every student—the college catalogue. Every Spring the members of the graduating class begin to feel that there should be yet another step. So they immediately begin to bombard registrars all over the country with their requests. Within a few days the catalogues and announcements begin pouring in. As each one is added to the already growing pile it is compared with all the others and either suffers or gains by comparison. By this time the Senior is afflicted with that well known disease that spreads like an epidemic throughout colleges, "cataloguitis".

The center of interest in these catalogues is not the names of the faculty, it is not the course of studies, it is not the list of fellowships. No, it is the prosaic but essential list of expenses. No housewife haggling with a peddler over a few cents is more careful than the prospective student. He weighs the expenses against the reputation of the school and when he finds (if ever) that rarity, a school which has a high reputation and low expenses, then he is sold.

But does he keep his findings to himself? Never, he must communicate them to someone else. He explains why his choice is the best. He shows how he can benefit to a larger extent than his fellow student and he tries to convince him that "if we go together we can both save money." Well, when the entire Senior class is afflicted with this "cataloguitis," and each one is plainly trying to convince someone else, is it any wonder that

(Continued on Page 14)

## First Generations

By

Hillard M. Nagle, '34

WINTER had come to the small hamlet nestling among the hills close to the Black forest in Northern Germany. Far from the Rhine and its vineyards, far from the noise of Berlin, close to the dusky silence of the Great Black forest, one of the choicest possessions of the Fatherland, a medieval castle tops a snow-clad ridge among the hills overlooking the hamlet of Frederickhaven. The castle is now a school and monastery conducted by a group of scholarly minded, God-fearing monks for the boys of Frederickhaven. The discipline of the school is strict but the monks are patient, sympathetic, and counseling.

And well does Johann Wagner know all this for he is the son of a peasant whose farmhouse lies on the outskirts of the hamlet which is part of the province of Silesia, the most rural province of the Prussian State. Johann, one of four, is ten years old. But with the simple life in the village all is not quiet and well. Rumbings of heavy military activity, which has an ominous foreboding to these peasants, echo in these quiet Prussian hills. Johann Wagner has heard nothing but his suspicions are aroused by the whispering conversations of the visiting monks from the South who came to the monastic school on the ridge.

One early December night, shortly after Mother Wagner had heard her children pray and then tucked the two girls, Mary and Katherine, and the two boys, Robert and Johann, into bed in the huge bedroom in the upper loft of the farmhouse, Johann and Robert sat up in bed and listened. From below they heard a hushed whispering. They got up and crawled to the landing at the head of the stairs. Below Mother and Father Wagner held a low conversation. Only today a squad of soldiers passed through the village streets enroute from a training camp in the hills. They spoke with drawn faces of the future of the Fatherland when a sound from above

caused them to stop and Mother Wagner ascended the stairs to the loft and peered into the room illuminated by the rays of moonlight streaming through a window. All was silent and motionless save for the regular breathing of the children. When his mother had descended the stairs Johann sat up again in bed and in the clear moonlight through the lattice in the eaves he saw the dwelling of his life long neighbors, the distant village street, the slope of the snow clad fields, the gleam of the broad gray water in the distance, and the whiteness of the crucifix against the darkened skies. He saw all this and wondered what the future held for the Fatherland. Inside his Teutonic breast the fierce spirit of nationalism was fanned.

The spring of 1914 had quietly passed and summer came to the hamlet of Frederickhaven. Summer was a joy to those boys at the school on the ridge. To all boys it meant a vacation of adventure in the wild recesses of wood and stream nearby. But this was also the busiest part of the monastic year and that part of the scholastic year requiring the most effort.

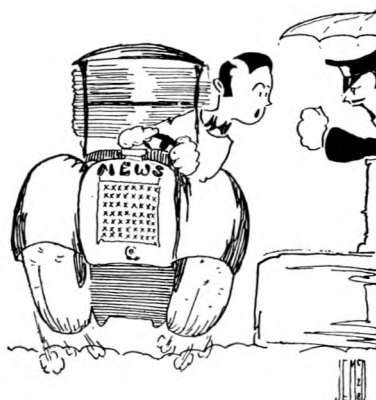
One afternoon in early June as Father Hunber was drilling algebra into unwilling minds a weary monk trudged up the winding hill road to the monastery. He was not a visiting monk but one of the resident monks who was returning from a Winter's missionary work in the lowlands of Germany. He was bringing what little profits he

received to help maintain the monastery at Frederickhaven. He crossed the drawbridge over a dried up moat and entered the great portal of the medieval castle and sighed a weary but welcome greeting to a monk who came forward to meet him. On his face was not a look of welcome but a look of anxiety. For he had a strange tale to tell.

The missionary work had been hard that winter and many times had that eloquent voice almost faltered during a fiery sermon in the great cathedrals of Cologne and Brunnen on the Rhine. Yes, Father Michael was growing old and needed a rest. As he allowed the peaked cowl to slip from his head and rest on his broad shoulders, he sighed to patient Father Franz and said, "Come we must go up to my cell for I have much to tell and the walls may have ears."

That evening, after vespers, in a huge room lit by the flickering flame of a taper, seven holy men gathered around a smooth worn granite table, while high overhead huge oaken timbers upheld a turreted tower in the sky, for this was formerly the study of an ancient German noble.

All eyes were centered on a black robed figure in an oaken chair upon whose broad arms rested the trembling arms of the monk. Father Michael gazed around at the cowed figures before him and began a strange story about conditions in the Fatherland. He told them of an increasingly tremendous military strength of the Fatherland. He told them of the vast munition works at Krupp in Alsace and of the regiments of soldiers marching through the streets of Cologne. He told them of the acquaintances he made and of the offer of a wealthy American to take him and a few of the boys of Frederickhaven to America to show them the great cathedrals and schools of a land where his brothers went before he took up the robe and cowl in the service of his God. He explained to them that



he had secured permission from the bishop in Berlin to sail in two weeks for America. He sighed and looking at Father Joseph, proctor of the boys, said, "I shall pick two boys to go with me." He arose and pulling the cowl over his head walked out of the huge chamber down the long cloister to his cell. The other monks followed save Father Franz, who went to the great portal and closed the huge iron gates that led to the courtyard from the drawbridge. He looked up at the summer sky and the full moon illuminated the courtyard and the twinkling stars keeping watch over Frederickhaven. He heard the village clock strike ten, and he too wondered what future God held for the Fatherland. He strode across the courtyard and up a winding stairway to the high balcony.

It was one of those rare June mornings in the busy city of Hamburg, the chief seaport of Germany on the Baltic. The North German Lloyd liner "Der Vaterland" gave a terrible shriek of her whistle to warn her passengers of but ten minutes grace ashore. On the dock amidst the frantic scurrying of messengers and the last hurried parcels of freight being taken aboard, stood Johann Wagner and Fred Vosburgh, both frightened by the whistle and the din about them. Near them stood three men, two clean cowed figures and a well dressed individual. Father Michael spoke a last few words of advice to Father Franz about the Monastery and of a promise to write often. A ship's officer came forward and spoke to Mr. Carey. Quickly the two monks parted and Father Michael, taking each boy by the hand, led them up the gangplank.

The curling smoke arose from the homes of the good people of Hamburg as a liner now dipping beyond the horizon carried a unit of national love from the Fatherland with which fate was to play.

Two days at sea, Johann Wagner and Fred Vosburgh were standing in the wireless room of "Der Vaterland" now far at sea. The operators were busy at their instruments on this tossing sea when one of them leaned forward a lit-

tle. Yes, it was something extraordinary. The other operators shut off their instruments and listened to the message clicking clearly in the room. Astonishment was written on their faces and the two boys looked puzzled. Suddenly the receiving operator tore his copy sheet loose and hastened from the room. Somehow, as things spread aboard ship, it leaked out that the ship was in dire peril, for Germany had declared war on France and the ship was a contraband of war open to seizure or destruction by a foreign power. The ship reached New York and there she stayed. The two boys were guests of a nation to whom they were to transfer their love.

\* \* \* \*

It was May 1, 1919. It was a lonely, hidden, and deserted thatched roof cottage in the hills of Connemara. Around a log fire burning in the open grate sat six men. On the face of each was a look of determination and a look of fierce patriotism that blended deep into their wild Gaelic nature. Each reviewed the happenings of a bloody fortnight. They had just led part of that Easter uprising that occurred simultaneously all over an oppressed and tyranny-ruled land.

These men had come to a decision. Each arose, made the crude bunks on the wall suitable for future occupancy. They gathered all their possessions and hid them in an alcove above the fireplace. They went out, shut and locked the door and then deposited the key in a cranny in the rocks. As they crossed the rugged foothills in the growing light of dawn they cached

all but one rifle in a secret hollow among the rocks and descended to the rolling plains below. They advanced cautiously across the green meadows to be startled by a lark starting up from its nest to begin its flight-song in the sky. They approached a white stone cottage atop a green hillock, around the door of which, in grand profusion, grew a rambling vine of roses that hung tenaciously to the thatched eaves above. They clung low to the ground as they ascended the sloping hillside. They pressed the knob but the door did not budge. Instantly there was a shuffle of feet inside and a hoarse whisper followed, "Who's there?" "Pa," was the quiet reply. Immediately the door swung noiselessly open and they filed quickly in. This was the home of Patrick McMahon, one of the rebellious leaders in County Clare. Inside the house everyone was busy eating breakfast or packing food for their stay in the mountains. While they were eating around a linen covered table "Pa" looked up. He whispered, "Kevin, go out and keep watch. The Black and Tans may be abroad."

Kevin Dwyer, the eagle-eyed of the six, blessed himself and arose. He gathered his cloak and kit about him and slipped out. The tense silence was unbroken save for the hurried packing and mending of Katie, Pa's sister, and the helpful work of Michael, the head of the McMahon household. The rest of the household slept and each of the remaining five at the table arose and blessed himself. No sooner had they arisen when a crash resounded through the house. It was the impact of a missile against the barred door. Instantly each man was riveted into action. Food and guns were hidden. All but Pa lay down. Pa strode to the door and unbolted it. He stepped out into the dawn and what he saw caused his heart to sink rapidly. A cordon of British soldiers were closing in on the cottage. He glanced around the entrance for Kevin but there was no sign. He realized instantly that Kevin had warned them and made

(Continued on Page 16)



## Essays

### WHOSE HANDIWORK?

*"Lo! the poor Indian  
Whose untutored mind  
Sees God in the clouds  
And hears Him in the wind."*

How few people realize the knowledge that can be imbibed by the casual observance of various habits of animals! Innumerable idiosyncrasies of nature often arouse our interest.

Let us muse over the manifold eccentricities of some creatures which might be called the handiwork of the Creator! If one should examine the feet of a partridge in autumn, he would notice a web forming, by means of which it is able to walk on the snow in winter. Then in the spring again we encounter her on some animal path in a wooded section, dragging herself around in an almost comical yet pitiful manner, as though she was in intense pain with a broken wing. At times she comes within a few feet of the observer just to draw his attention from her brood. Finally, with a sharp cry she flies away. Then if one examines the brush nearby, he might see cleverly concealed under a leaf, a little chick. Not only to the partridge is this camouflage an advantage but also to the female blackbird. It is impossible to draw a line of demarcation between her back and the dry grass and brush of her nest built in swamp lands. Observing closely, we would see the male, easily discernible by his red wing, fly suddenly from its nest and literally shoot straight up to meet a hawk ready to attack the young ones, and drive it back to the woods.

Sea gulls also possess adroitness. They often carry shell-fish high above cliffs and drop them, thus cracking them open.

Animals are endowed with an extremely keen sense of smell. They are capable of following a spoor twenty-four hours after the creature has passed. Yet, not one of them has scent sensitive enough to pick up the trail of a nesting

bird. In many instances a ground bird chances upon a fox but just nonchalantly hides in the underbrush with her brood, waits for Reynard to pass and then continues on.

In parts of India a snake, the cobra, against whose deadly poison no antidote has yet been found, takes thousands of lives every year. Nevertheless, God has provided a protection against complete extinction for people of those sections in the little mongoose. This gentle little animal, a wonderful household pet, destroys these reptiles whenever they come within

### ON RECENT DEATHS

*Even the brightest stars will fall  
And be lost in the vast, black sky,  
Leaving no trace in Luna's hall—  
But a longing in someone's eye.  
Comets may streak across the night  
Till they cross the horizon wall,  
But no mournful eye will miss their light  
As when bright stars are seen to fall.*

HERBERT F. MURRAY, JR., '35.

the bounds of human habitation. The cobra soon proves its lack of stamina under the tantalizing actions of the mongoose. Each time the reptile strikes, it becomes weaker. The last thrust is a mere wave of the head in contrast to the first one, a resounding snap. Finally the mongoose, with almost unbelievable accuracy both in time and distance, springs upon the cobra and sinks its long teeth into the neck of the snake, killing it.

Many people attribute some of these idiosyncrasies to instinct. Undoubtedly these singular traits can be ascribed to natural aptitude. Nevertheless, the origin of these inward impulses is found only in the presence of some Divine Power or Intelligence; for we know that animals do not possess reason to such a great extent, or it would be quite on a plane with that of man.

Some years ago an argument arose between the French scientist, Faber, and the British philosopher,

Darwin. The latter claimed that a bee was capable of returning to its hive from wherever it had flown, by means of a magnetic organ. Faber then placed a small magnet on the back of the bee, which would counter or destroy whatever power the organ possessed. However, it impeded the bee in no way in returning. Darwin then adopted a different theory. He asserted that within the bee was a small gyroscope which aided in making a direct course to its hive. However, Faber mounted a bee on a wheel which rotated in all directions, meanwhile carrying it a distance of two miles. As soon as the bee was released, it flew straightway for its nest.

"Well, what is your theory?" Darwin asked.

"I do not theorize," replied Faber, "but leave such matters to the Creator."

Consequently, it can be readily seen that all of these oddities, which we might unknowingly impute to instinct or various other causes, are really due to a Divine Presence, the thought of which is so well expressed in the words of Joyce Kilmer,

*"Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree."*

By John Cavanagh, '36.

### REALIZATION

In this cold unpoetic age, this age when men are so misunderstood; when poets are looked upon with suspicion; when isolated monks are but curiosities, the remains of an age long forgotten; when even the uncommon mystic is pitied and described as one suffering from some unfortunate complex; the urgency for a rediscovery of some means by which we can look into men's hearts and see what lies within that makes them what they are, by which all men might enter into a more beautiful world, is apparent. But, wherein shall one seek? Perhaps in many

(Continued on Page 14)

## Drama in Masques

By

Peter J. McGuire, Jr., 33

A SMILE—the masque of the soul. Must you already disagree and charge that so bold and allegorical a statement is merely the product of an overzealous and capricious imagination? Then I must ask you to be indulgent and bear with me—and reserve your judgment until I have concluded.

A smile, I posit, is a moving-picture of the soul, flitting fantastically about the countenance, infrequently portraying one's true personality, but more often painting the soul in a grotesque and spurious fashion and concealing one's true emotions and feelings.

This was the thought that wound through my mind as I sat idling, musing over the mystery that is Man. And I do not doubt that you will agree it is a peculiar twist of reason that counsels man to force a smile in the face of odds, to cover a heavy heart with a broad, beaming aspect of geniality, and generally to belie one's inner spirit with what I might term (lapsing somewhat into the vernacular) the aforementioned assassin expression.

In fact, so great is this inclination to smile at anything and everything and on all occasions, that if that noted Swiss gentleman, Johann Kaspar Lavater, and his group of confreres in the science of physiognomy were to attempt to elevate this study to the dignity of a science in this befuddled era as they succeeded in doing in the early Nineteenth Century, I feel assured they would meet with dismal failure.

Why? For this reason: that it is necessary to have indisputable facts upon which to build a science or, in fact, any series of thoughts and theories depending on each other. Now, because the physiological science depends entirely upon facial expression, it could not determine accurately a man's emotions by his smile since he frequently employs the same facial characteristics on an occasion of sorrow as he does upon his marriage day. Even admitting that

both have in them some elements of misfortune does not detract from the truth of my original statement.

Can you imagine the chaos that would result if everyone you met had a smile upon his or her countenance? People would appear as a multitude of morons walking about with that expression of stupidity and challenging the sane people to build even larger and more adequate asylums.

Perhaps I am a bit radical in my views on this subject but apparently there are others of the same mind. Proof? I submit the definition of a smile offered by that famed lexicographer, Webster, namely: a facial expression to express the emotion of gait. I confess my ignorance with regard to psychological facts and theories, but I suggest that if there be not an emotion called gait, then there must be one which closely resembles or is akin to it. But, nevertheless, there are smiles and they are as numerous and as different as the people who employ them.

Perhaps you doubt me. Whither you do or not bothers me not the least for I decided to write a story long ere this present time and in now fulfilling my wish I may also serve to illustrate my former statements.

I think I shall write a drama, such as are commonly written in this era:

She entered, walked slowly toward the center of the dimly light-

ed room. In the semi-gloom and silhouetted against the heavy, lurid Persian tapestry she was perfect grace and symmetry itself.

"You have come," said a masculine voice from an obese figure seated on a large divan as he greeted her with an oily, sensuous smile, that caused her to shudder in spite of carefully cultivated nonchalance. (Yes, it is an absolute requisite that he have one of those sensuous smiles, otherwise he would not be the perfect villain.)

She seated herself before him, lighted a cigarette and smiled casually at his unnecessary question—again it is necessary; you understand she could not have that perfect nonchalance had she not a casual smile.

"What do you want, Duryea?" she challenged.

"You" was the reply from the man mountain before her. He grasped her, pulled her toward him. At last he had her after these several years. He looked at her and smiled gloatingly.—What is a gloating smile and in what does it differ from any other smile? I do not know. However, all villains have one.

"What are your intentions toward me?" she asked in a quavering voice.

"To keep you for my own," he replied.

Thinking that, for the moment discretion was the better part of valor, she decided to await the arrival of Bob, her fiance, who was due to arrive at any moment. She essayed a smile, did not succeed; she persevered, a sickly smile resulted—no, I have not one vague notion as to what a sickly smile is.

He glanced down at her, remarked at her beauty and noting her smile, he misinterpreted its meaning. He thought that she really intended to stay with him. He sat her down before him.

She lighted another cigarette, looked up at him and he smiled jovially—I shall not remark as regards this sort of smile.

(Continued on Page 15)







# EDITORIALS

## STAFF

<i>Editor</i> .....	Walter J. Shunney, '33
<i>Asso. Editors</i> ..	{ Henry F. Jason, Jr., '33 Paul F. Connolly, '34
<i>Advertising Mgr.</i>	Gordon F. Harrison, '35
<i>Asst. Advertising Mgrs.</i> ,	Francis X. Farrell, '35 Michael J. McGarry, '36
<i>Drama</i> .....	Daniel J. Higgins, '33
<i>Campus Chronicle</i> ,	William D. Haylon, '34
<i>Athletics</i> .....	{ Francis J. Skenyon, '33 George R. Tebbetts, '34
<i>Circulation Mgr.</i> ,	Charles E. Mulhearn, '33
<i>Business Mgr.</i> .....	Edward J. Lyons, '33

## RECOGNITION

There are many anxious and angry politicians writhing and fretting because the Roosevelt administration is withholding patronage to assure support for necessary legislation. It is a recognized fact that those who produce during a convention or campaign profit materially when patronage is handed out. This is the only consistent method in this very prosaic world. Politics is a game and one who cannot measure up cannot expect profit subsequent to success.

At the present time the committees to control the activities of the senior class are being selected. After a great upset in the class election, the dopesters are hesitant in declaring themselves. From present indications, the outstanding men in the class are not going to receive much in the way of patronage. The honor men are

not being assigned to any committees. While we can understand the wisdom in giving everyone some recognition, we still believe that to those who have more than measured up should go the spoils. This may not seem very idealistic, but practicality cannot be ignored.

This comment is in no way intended as malicious criticism. It is rather the gist of comment heard on all sides. It is our belief that honor men and other leaders of the class need committee recognition. Graduate schools are making close check of the social status, qualities of leadership and popularity of students seeking admittance. We trust that provisions will be made to aid as much as possible those worthy students who need recognition to secure them in future activity be it academic or social.

## WHERE FROM HERE?

The college man is as much bewildered by the constant change of conditions in this country as the thousands who line the park benches. Theories and policies which would have shocked the conservative world a few years ago are now widespread during this present craze to give the world back to the people in a new deal. The slogan of the Roosevelt Administration has caught the fancy of the world. Everyone is hesitant in discussing, promoting or criticising the radical changes. Even our leading political and economic scientists are very careful in their comment because rapidly ensuing events prove their notions ridiculous.

A complete understanding of the methods to take us from this unfortunate economic dilemma are locked in the heart of the new government. Such has been the secrecy that we know that problems are manifold and complex; too involved for dissemination. Confidence is the key

to unlock the door of the close and stuffy chamber of depression separating us from the broad and airy path to prosperity. We must wait the course of events to obtain an idea of what American life will be in the future. Perhaps the whole scheme of American history will be changed by decisions which must be made during the next few weeks.

The departure from the established order has made the new deal dramatic, if not sensational. Many of the wild schemes advocated will never be put into operation. However, many of our better minds have been stimulated, and we are assured of policies to emend conditions. We certainly need more social legislation. The payment for the new benefits must be in proportion to ability to pay. The capitalist must not be forced to pay all the tremendous price, for when you take the benefit from private initiative you stay progress.

The eastern states are up in arms because they believe that they must pay for the benefits to the western and southern states. Such is a problem germinating in sectionalism due to the size of the country and the difference of industry. American enterprise cannot be sacrificed on the altar of excess taxation. A policy of rigidly controlled inflation might ameliorate conditions. The reforestation and Muscle Shoals movements, while they appear to be a drop in the bucket, are steps in the right direction. At the present time the minimum wage laws, and thirty hour week policies under strict governmental control seem far-fetched, but, in the light of the progress this country has made, one must hesitate to claim anything impossible.

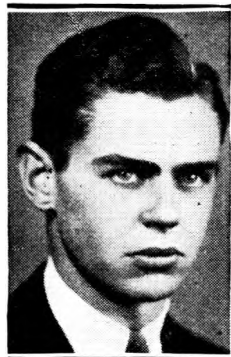
The German Kaiser said that America would pay for the World War. Conditions bear testimony to the truth of this prophecy. America has been forced to go off the gold standard because attacks have been made on the American dollar by nations who owe their very life to our aid and generosity. Unless the weight is lifted from the shoulders of the tax-payers of this country, we will have economic confusion and political chaos. President Roosevelt must be given power to make direct appeals and, if need be, demands to straighten out the tangle which is making life intolerable for three-quarters of the people of the world. Personal interests and party affiliation must be sacrificed to maintain this nation, which was once the pride of the world, intact. May the Divine Power light the way for our sorely tried statesmen.

(Continued on Page 16)

# MERELY PLAYERS

*"All the world's a stage  
And all the men and women merely players"*

By Daniel J. Higgins, '33.



After thinking over the Pyramid Players' presentation of "Richelieu" I entertained some doubts in regard to my first impression of this play. It was my great pleasure, two seasons ago, to

see Mr. Walter Hampden and his excellent company act this play, although in a different version from that used by the Pyramid Players. At that time my impression was that no group of players could, in even the slightest degree, approach the splendid performance enacted by this great troupe. But after seeing "Richelieu" performed at the Carlton Theatre I confess that I was greatly in error on this point and that an ably directed group of amateurs not only could but did render an excellent performance of this play.

I am not in any way inferring that the Pyramid Players gave a flawless rendition of this play. They did not; but when one realizes that they are an amateur group and that the play offers difficulties to professionals, their excellent production can be fully appreciated. On a whole the play to my way of thinking was the finest I have ever seen the group present. It had its few defects which will be called to task in this article (an old custom with this department) but other than that its excellence deserves only the greatest of praise.

Mr. Gabriel's interpretation of the central role was in most respects, in his customary excellent vein. In his characterization of the wily Cardinal he lost but few op-

portunities, one of which was the scene in which Richelieu vainly attempts to raise the great sword that the Cardinal had used in the military days of his youth. But other than this his interpretation gave evidence of keen understanding of this difficult role and in the difficult last scene he was most effective.

The one female part in the play was performed in a most capable manner by Edward Hanson. He was equally as good as he was in his role of Lady Macbeth, in last year's production by this group and he received the same rude reception from his fellow students that he suffered last year. In spite of this he never lost his poise; a most difficult feat under such trying circumstances. A smile or a faint snicker on the part of the audience could be tolerated in such an instance but such uproarious laughter as that which greeted Mr. Hanson deserves nothing short of outright condemnation.

The play provided a distinct surprise in the person of Nathan Grossman who played the part of Baradas, the King's favorite. His performance was perhaps the most outstanding of all the cast. He displayed at all times a remarkable

insight into his character and this, coupled with excellent enunciation, made his performance outdo all others in regard to forcefulness and dramatic effect. Another surprise was found in the antics of Mr. LaCroix who played the role of Beringhen, the only comic relief in this serious play. John, you were splendid.

James McGowan, who supplied all of the zeal and ardor needed for the dashing role of De Mauprat, shared the general excellence of the cast, as did Albert Tavani in the role of Francois.

With regard to the staging of the play may we point out just one faux pas? The action takes place during the reign of Louis The Thirteenth and though I do profess to be no expert on period furniture I was somewhat startled to see the tottering Cardinal collapse and be safely and comfortably laid upon an overstuffed divan of very modern appearance. Now this was the only defect that was visible on the entire stage and period furniture, I presume, is sometimes difficult to procure. Yet there must have been some way in which this error could have been avoided because it jarred too much with the costumes, lights and other aspects of the setting.

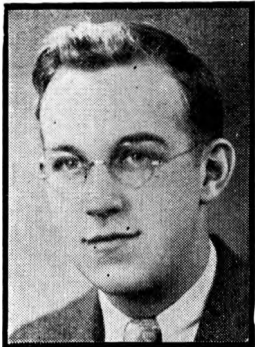
In reviewing the entire production, one cannot say that it has all the earmarks of an amateur play. It is true that it showed defects and weaknesses but so does every play. "Richelieu" can, by no stretch of the imagination, be considered an easy presentation because it offers as many difficulties as any drama from the pen of Shakespeare. And so I congratulate the Pyramid Players for their successful completion of this ambitious undertaking and also their capable director, Father McLaughlin, whose able management and direction made this year's production such a memorable affair.



# CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34

## THE PROM AND SUCH THINGS



We never thought that we would come to this but it is a necessity... we must make an apology to Skenyon... He was right for a change... It happened at the

ball game and the ump called one wrong...we stuck up for the official but Skenyon ruled otherwise...AND HE WAS RIGHT...well we apologize but we had to laugh at him anyway...he put on some of the cutest expressions when he was arguing...But the funniest thing was when he walked in the park, sat down and the first thing asked someone for his scorecard...guess the Friars didn't even try to sell him one knowing him as we do...he kept score on an old piece of cardboard...this depression has got him down...We have to admit though that all the girls who sat around us were talking about him...we wish we could hear what they said...

Talking about the ball game we happened to be passing by the bench just before the game began...George Tebbetts was sitting next to Burdge talking to him, evidently instructing him on something...we leaned over to see what advice Teb had to give Charlie on the opposing batsmen...and were we surprised when we found out that Tebby wasn't telling him what to pitch at all...he was teaching him how to dance...this was Charlie's first Prom...

Of course great Kos was in at-

tendance at the Prom even though he did come without a girl...Kos had charge of the coats, hats, etc.,...then we don't know if Kos was trying to make a hit and show himself off or not but we can't quite understand just why he paraded down the middle of the floor at the head of the Grand March before the rest had started...he got a big hand anyway...If you saw the picture 42nd Street you might remember a joke that Guy Kibbee pulled when he said something that didn't mean much to him after being around the studio for three weeks...well, Kos was heard to make the same remark after he stood directing the marchers for a while.

We were pleased to see that F. Xavier Reilly saved up enough to attend...he certainly made a night of it...and can he do those fast numbers...

It certainly was a lovely sight to see that Eddie Reilly brought his sister to the Prom...certainly a noble lad...but instead of the noisy, cavorting, deuce-raising Eddie, we saw only the timidest soul at the dance...where we had been accustomed to seeing Eddie the life of the party, keeping everyone amused with his silly antics, there we saw only a quiet lad who had nothing whatever to say...nevertheless we think the world of him to think that he would bring Sis along and we think that she had a great time...

Ged Keefe was in attendance both at the Prom and at the play...he will never be the same if he continues to run around with Reavey and Lacy...

President Paul Connolly was ever alert during the dance...he took such good care of Kos...it seemed as though every other dance Paul would hop into the

check room to see if Kos was coming along all right...Kos must have done him a favor in times gone by...

For the past two months we have heard Charlie Ward crying around school that he couldn't go to the Prom for he didn't have enough money...We were beginning to feel pretty sorry for him; as a matter of fact we were quite upset about his troubles...But lo! and behold, the first person we ran into when we entered Harkins Hall on the night of the 27th was little Charlie...That's the last time we will feel sorry for him...

We got quite a boot out of Matt O'Neill at the Prom...we don't know just what the matter was but it seemed as though one trouser leg was too short or something like that was the trouble...for every time we looked at him, there was his left pant leg up around his knee...why, Matthew, how-do-you-DOO...

A gentleman whom we thought to be one of the most respected fel-

## SUCCESS FOR Junior Prom READ & WHITE



DRESS CLOTHES  
RENTING SPECIALISTS  
NEW LOW PRICES

Bunny Dempsey, '35  
Bill Conroy, '36

214 WOOLWORTH BLDG.

lows in the school is under suspicion for being a peeping Tom or a thief or something...he offers the alibi that he was just looking for a number on a house...but at any rate he was stopping at each one and he is now being looked all over for...for one of those houses were robbed that night...

We were proud of Bingo Doyle...we were all congratulating him on being so quiet throughout the entire evening when all of a sudden he broke loose...the remaining part of the evening was then spoiled for all...except Bingo...you know Bing and Matt sure make a beautiful pair...

The Springfield game brought some laughs for the fans even though it was a tough ball game...the greatest excitement of the whole game was when "Shirt" Healy was called in for action and told to perform at the hot corner...the next inning the little Criseo Kid came to bat and when he looked around he saw someone on third base, someone on second base

and good old Charlie Rennick on first base...now Rennick had just made a base hit and the little fellow who is sort of big just couldn't be outdone...He pretty near got



hit in the head with a couple of pitched balls and then the crowd went into hysterics for Shirt got a hit...

We also got a laugh when Charlie Rennick was next at bat...he

dashed over to Coach Flynn to get the customary instructions... "Hey Jack, what will I do? Bunt or hit?" ... "Now, just what would you like to do, bunt or hit, Charlie?" says Jack... "I would like to hit," said the big hurler, so he did...

Some happened to remark to Jack Flynn that the club didn't go so hot... "I guess they were counting their pennies after the Prom," replied the witty coach...

"Rockafella" Reavey was getting hungrier as the moments went on the other night...time and again he kept asking for something to eat...And if we heard it once we heard it a thousand times his girl friend would say, "Bring me home and I will make you a cup of cocoa"...Guess old Rock has the right kind of a girl...

"Wild Pete" Wheeler was at the dance...and was Pete having a good time?...He was hopping around like a mad man...we then found out why they call him "Wild Pete"...

# Providence Visitor Press

PRINTERS OF

College Publications

PUBLISHERS OF

# The Providence Visitor

AMERICA'S LARGEST and BEST  
CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER

## O'DONNELL & CO., Inc.

THOMAS E. O'DONNELL  
President

JOHN F. O'DONNELL  
Treasurer

## INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS

1419 INDUSTRIAL TRUST BUILDING  
111 WESTMINSTER STREET  
Providence, R. I.

ESTABLISHED BY THOMAS E. O'DONNELL IN 1894

# ATHLETICS

George R. Tebbetts, '34

Francis J. Skenyon, '33

PROVIDENCE 9, BOSTON UNI. 4



With appropriate opening ceremonies, including the raising of the Eastern championship pennant, Providence pried the lid off Rhode Island college baseball, Saturday, April 8, scoring a 9-4

victory over Boston University.

Despite a cold wind which swept the field from the start of the game to the finish, the Friars displayed mid-season form in scoring their initial victory. With Johnny Madden at third and Leo Marion, hard hitting southpaw, in left field, Coach Flynn seems to have found the answer to his problem of filling the positions caused by the graduation of George Sellig and Bobby Dion.

Eddie Quinton, Friar ace who has lost but three games since he joined the Dominican squad, chalked up his 20th victory against the Terriers. He held them to five scattered hits, and outside of the first two innings was never in danger. Providence, on the other hand, after a rather shaky start, found its batting eye to give Quinton a comfortable lead which allowed him to coast home to an easy victory.

B. U. took the lead in the first inning when Arthur Wilson, B. U. third sacker, caught one of Quinton's fast ones for a home run to deep center. They added another in the second, but in the Friar's half Providence evened the score at two all and in the fourth pushed

across two more to take a lead

which they never lost. The seventh saw three more Providence runs by virtue of two doubles, three walks, and a fielder's choice. Marion, Marsella and Roberge led the



Providence attack while Wilson and Donovan proved to be the Terrier's best players.

PROVIDENCE 15, DARTMOUTH 4

Revenging defeats sustained by the Dominican basketball squad during the past three years, Providence renewed baseball relations with Dartmouth to bury the Indians under a barrage of base hits and scored a 15-4 victory in the second home game of the season. While the Friars were finding the offerings of Bob Miller to their liking, Al Blanche hurled consistent ball after a rather shaky start which threatened to cost him the ball game. Not until the sixth inning did he show his usual form and from then on he held the Indians in check. Up until this time Dartmouth was in the thick of the ball game and on two occasions gave every indication of driving Blanche to the showers. In the Friars' half of the sixth, however, they unleashed a savage attack upon Miller to score six runs on four singles, a walk, a base on balls, Marion's double with the bases loaded and Marsella's sacrifice. Another run in the seventh, three more in the eighth, brought the

SMITH HILL  
Hardware  
Store

OJACO PAINTS

SHELLAC  
VARNISHES  
WINDOW GLASS

STOP IN ON YOUR  
WAY HOME

Nearest Agents for  
National Mazda Lamps

J. F. McGlinchey  
420 SMITH STREET

DExter 5674

Joseph M. Tally  
Joseph V. Tally, P. C., 1926

CATHOLIC  
BOOKS

Prayer Books

Devotional Books

Church Goods

RELIGIOUS ARTICLES

Candles—Sanctuary  
Supplies

Joseph M. Tally

Books and Church Goods

NEW LOCATION  
505 WESTMINSTER ST.  
Steinert Building

Providence total to 15. Marion, Madden and Blanche featured the Providence assault the latter contributing three singles to his own cause while Edwards was the outstanding Dartmouth athlete.

#### PROVIDENCE 7, MASS. STATE 1

When the 1933 season opened among the many problems which Coach Flynn faced was to find a capable twirler to work with Quinton and Blanche. Charlie Burdge, 220-pound Junior from Warren, solved that problem in a convincing and satisfactory manner when he made his collegiate baseball debut against Massachusetts State College to twirl the Dominicans to a no-hit, seven to one victory in the third home game of the year.

Burdge held the upper hand all through the game. Only 28 men faced him and he sent ten of these back to the bench via the strike-out route. Outside of the lone Massachusetts tally only two men reached first base and these by virtue of errors on the part of the Providence infield.

Charlie got into difficulty only once during the afternoon and that situation cost him a perfect ball game. In the third inning Farrara, the State third baseman, worked Charlie for the only pass of the game and when the former attempted to steal second, Tebbetts threw wild into center field and, when Marion played around with the ball, Farrara raced home with the only run of the day.

Providence took the lead in the first inning and after the State had evened matters, went into the lead again in the third when Perrin opened the inning with a sharp double and came home on Marsella's smash to deep left which went for the circuit. Three more runs came home in the fifth on Perrin's single, Marion's life on an error, Marsella's perfect sacrifice and Koslowski's triple to deep center. The latter scored on Reilly's sacrifice fly.

Perrin, Koslowski and Marsella aided Burdge in his victory, while Lou Bush, the State shortstop, showed good form in the field, taking six difficult chances without a miscue.

#### PROVIDENCE 17, SPRINGFIELD 1

Continuing its campaign for the 1933 Eastern championship, Providence made it four in a row with Springfield, being the victim of a twenty-two-hit bombardment as the Friars pounded out a 17-1 victory.

Eddie Quinton working in his second game of the season chalked up his twenty-first collegiate victory in the seven innings he was on the mound. He gave only seven scattered hits, and retired in favor of Charlie Rennick who acquitted himself favorably in the two innings he pitched.

Four Springfield hurlers, Wells, Parker, Reiss, and Elliot, saw service in the slugfest which lasted well over two hours. None proved effective in checking the Providence assault with Marion, Perrin, Koslowski, and Madden leading the offensive.

Three big innings, the first, seventh and eighth, tell the story of the Providence victory. They batted around in the first, scoring five runs on two singles, some erratic Springfield fielding and Marion's home run. Again in the seventh they batted around, scoring six more runs, and in the eighth they repeated the process to push across five more runs. The other run came in the fifth.

Springfield tallied its one run in the fourth on Dean's single, Madden's error and an infield out. Early in the game they put Quinton in a ticklish situation but Eddie, aided by some staunch support by his mates, retired the gym-teachers without any trouble.

#### PROV. FRESHMEN 11, NICHOLS 1

Hitting hard and timely and taking full advantage of glaring opposition errors, the Freshmen opened their season against Nichols Junior Varsity, scoring a one-sided victory, 11-1.

Making their fourteen hits count the yearlings had little difficulty in gaining the decision. They scored in every inning except the second and eighth while the Nichols club pushed across its lone tally in the eighth on two singles and an infield out.

#### GOLF

Opening their season against the strong Fordham team, Providence lost its first match over a wind-swept Spring Valley Course in the Metropolitan district. Entering the match at a tremendous disadvantage, Capt. Danny Galasso and his mates put up a stiff battle but their efforts were of no avail in the face of a veteran Fordham team.

#### PROVIDENCE 6, BOSTON COLLEGE 0

In their second match of the season the Dominican golfers showed to excellent advantage in scoring their first victory of the season over the Boston College Eagles at the Municipal course in Providence. By their victory the Dominicans avenged a defeat suffered last season at the hands of their Jesuit rivals.

Danny Galasso, Jud Flannagan, Michael Thomas and Joe McLaughlin led the Friars to victory. Each of the players won their single matches, while Galasso and Flannagan and Thomas and McLaughlin teamed up in the foursome to clinch the Providence victory.

## THE WHITING MILK COMPANIES

WHO HAVE TO PROVIDE  
A PRODIGIOUS AMOUNT  
OF MILK AND CREAM FOR  
THESE HUSKY STUDENTS

*"Lac Mihi Non Aestate Novum, Non Frigore Defit."-Vergil*

## Catalogues

(Continued from Page 3)

the last few months resemble a bedlam?

No discussion of catalogues would be complete without a mention of the mail order catalogue. When Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward Co., started sending out these catalogues, they probably never realized just what they were doing. In the days before the radio became popular, a mail order catalogue provided the family entertainment on farms throughout the winter. Night after night it was taken down and thumbed over and over. Every page was carefully conned and every article discussed. Some of the farmer's children learned to read from this paper covered volume. And if you can imagine anything these books did not contain or list for sale, well it must be a rarity equal only to a genuine Rembrandt. Those mail order catalogues did more in shaping the mind and destiny of our rural friends than will ever be understood.

But Spring isn't the only time the catalogue blooms. Every season of the year finds them coming off the presses, new, colorful and entertaining. In winter we have the famous Christmas catalogue sent out by all large department stores, exhorting the potential customer to "Do Your Shopping Early". I think for gaiety this is second only to the seed catalogue.

Then in summer there is the sports catalogue listing necessities for every sport under the sun. A "putter that won't let you miss," a "racquet that will give you a serve like Tilden's," a "swimming suit that fits as closely as your skin," all these are displayed in glowing colors. The Fall has a batch of its own. Included in these are the winter travel catalogues which have the power of making the reader dissatisfied with his own home and neighborhood, that is, until he sees the price of the trip. So every season has its own group of catalogues. No time of the year is without them.

Of course we haven't mentioned every type of catalogue. For instance there is the book catalogue, listing both the old and the new in reading matter, the automobile catalogue with its glistening and gleaming cars driven by virile men and svelte women. The auction sale catalogue which often lists a rarity unknown to anyone. The stamp catalogue, the animal accessories catalogue, the jewelry catalogue, the wearing apparel catalogue. We could go on forever naming different kinds. Everybody is familiar with them and everybody has fallen under their spell. However, hard we try to resist, time after time we fall and . . .

Excuse me, the mailman just brought three new catalogues and I must read them. "I'll be seeing you."

## Essays

(Continued from Page 6)

places, in Scripture, in the immortal "Confessions" or the inspiring "Imitation". One ceases,—these are too theological. Perhaps it shall be found in some simple truth, some truth that all men can appreciate; a truth that remains in man's present worldly sphere, yet transcends the mere material. Yes, that is where. In a plain truth. This: these diverse modes of imitability of the divine essence are nothing other than the exemplary ideas to the similitude of which are made all things which are made.

Although, after contemplating on these words, one cannot see with the poet's eyes, meditate as the humble monk, be joyous and peaceful as the mystic, one can at least understand their noble view on life, mayhap envy their happy state. Yet more, one can enter into a new world, a world that sees God, sees Him as a reality.

Somewhat as one feels the presence of Washington on entering Mount Vernon, so too, can one realize God's nearness, vividness, omnipotence, and awfulness. At first one feels strange, entering a new yet old world. The present is forgotten. One suddenly senses the realness of Washington. He ate at this table. Drank from these cups. Slept in this bed. He is almost present. One can fairly see him lounging in this large chair, discursing with some friend or statesman. On leaving it seems as though one has met Washington the man. And in a like manner can one, after harbouring this plain truth, come closer, almost feel His being. Everything,—this tree, this body, this mind, I,—existed in His essence as an idea. Words! they are so weak, words cannot express the reaction, they can only lead the way. How near He is, everything about seems to mean something more. This is not a stone, no, it touched the Divine, for God conceived it. It takes on a new aspect—it is a sign of the Divine.

Further meditation yields greater appreciation; like admiring a distant scene, the longer one stares the more beauty is unfolded. One

## OLD FRANCE Restaurant

59 Eddy Street—(Rear City Hall)

PROVIDENCE

*"Where Luxury Reigns With Price Restrained"*

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

*Plan to Meet Your Friends Here After the Dance*

CLASS BANQUETS

FRATERNITY LUNCHES

IN OUR LUXURIOUS BANQUET ROOM

is astounded at the extensiveness of His omnipotence. It is almost unbelievable that such a being could exist. Again—words are so ineffectual—if they but suggest they serve well, for the expression of thoughts like these are for more ingenious minds than mine.

By E. A. Baldwin, '33.

#### HERITAGE

In an address to the Eton Literary Society more than a half century ago Matthew Arnold said, "You know how many doubters and deniers of the value of a classical education we nowadays meet with." Today in this highly specialized modern world, when the menace of the machine threatens to throw civilization into chaos, in a land where new fads, fashions, and experiments in education make their appearance at almost every turn of the clock, these words of Arnold have a familiar ring in our ears, for it has long been the custom of the American people to speak disparagingly of the value of a classical education. This fact is common knowledge, and thus it would be superfluous to attempt any elaboration.

The case against a classical education is essentially a utilitarian one. The preference for scientific branches which can be turned to immediate profit is a manifestation of the utilitarian spirit. The American schoolboy argues that since Latin and Greek cannot, except in the professions, be of any material gain for him, he should not waste time and effort in securing useless knowledge. The result is that he naturally turns to the sciences or to the modern languages. Consequently, culture is considered a luxury and not an indispensable acquisition. Abbé Ernest Dimnet says on this point: "The notion of culture is too often dimmed in the American mind by the phantasm, uselessness."

Then, too, the fact that the attainment of the classics requires intensive effort is, in this pleasure-loving age, not a point in its favor. Newman, in "The Idea of a University" writes: "Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil; without ground-

ing, without advance, without finishing." American educators have always searched for easy methods. "Easy" is the word one hears all the time in connection with the art of teaching. How much more it is connected with learning is illustrated by the attitude of the average American college student expressed in the oft-heard phrase: "It's your job to tell us."

It is not my purpose to repeat the time-worn arguments in favor of a classical education. The value of Latin and Greek in training the mind, in aiding us to a fuller understanding of the vanity of material things, in enabling everyone of us to form our own personal philosophy, in acquainting us with the history of the world, in affording us access to those shrewd observations of human nature which hold true even today, in giving us personal contact with the greatest men and minds of antiquity—in all these, its value is well known. I might point out, however, that the disastrous results of materialistic philosophy shown by the recent depression are forcing many to seek the intellectual comforts of the classics. As Sallust, the Latin historian, puts it: "The glory of wealth and beauty is fleeting and perishable; that of intellectual power is illustrious and immortal."

So throughout the centuries, the classics have withstood all attacks made upon them. Today the benefits of a classical education have increased rather than lessened. The value of the classics is even

greater than it was at the time when Arnold addressed the Eton Literary Society. The ancient lines of Homer and Virgil are still civilization's eternal heritage.

By William J. Sullivan, '36.

#### Drama in Masques

(Continued from Page 7)

"You will be mine?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied in a low tone, not daring to look up at him and praying that her lover, Bob, would make his debut.

A tread on the stairs, yes, it is he. He enters.

He eyes Duryea with a calm, cool, sinister smile.—That is the greatest of all smiles as it never fails to make the victim squirm in his chair, give the reader palpitation of the heart and if enacted on the stage, gain tumultuous applause.

That is the end of the story as far as I am concerned. I was given to believe that there is an adjective to describe every action, at this present date I am firmly convinced that there is a smile for every adjective.

And so—smiles—caustic and sarcastic, sweet and gay, fascinating, attractive, pleasing, comely, captivating; gracious, suave, obliging and respectful and so ad infinitum. If any sane person were to attempt to enumerate them or to separate them and list them in categories he would soon find himself pouring over specimens as

## B-R-O-D-C-A-S-T

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

### Shoes for Men

## \$7.75

### THE MILEAGE SHOE FOR MEN

Catering to College Men Since 1767

*Thomas F. Peirce & Son*  
SIX GENERATIONS OF SHOE RETAILING.  
SINCE 1767

WESTMINSTER AND DORRANCE STREETS



# Something to Say

— *not just saying something*



**A** friend of CHESTERFIELD writes us of a salesman who had "something to say":

"I dropped into a little tobacco shop, and when I asked for a pack of Chesterfields the man smiled and told me I was the seventh customer without a break to ask for Chesterfields. 'Smoker after smoker,' he said, 'tells me that Chesterfields click . . . I sell five times as many Chesterfields as I did a while back.'"

**Yes, there's something to say about Chesterfields and it takes just six words to say it—"They're mild and yet they satisfy."**

*they Satisfy*

