

# The ALEMBIC



Providence College

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JANUARY, 1936



P. DEL DEO





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Providence College

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE: WINTER . . . . .	4
EDITORIALS . . . . .	5
A BIRTH-NIGHT . . . . . S. T. L.	8
DANCING CHEEK-TO-CHEEK . . . Donald C. Schriever, '36	9
"JOVIAL EMBROIDERY" . . . William George Beaudro, '38	12
THE SEEKER SOUGHT . . . Herbert F. Murray, Jr. '35	14
THE NEW YEAR . . . . .	15
THE ECONOMIC FALLACY OF BIRTH CONTROL . . . . .	
William F. McKenna, '36	16
DISILLUSION . . . . . Joseph E. Devenish, Jr. '36	19
THE OLD YEAR . . . . . "OHNE"	20
PAUL, THE MAN . . . . . Santi Paul, '36	21
A MINION OF MIDAS . . . . . Laurence J. Walsh, '37	25
TRYOUT . . . . . William J. Sullivan, Jr. '36	28
ROMANTICISM - - A PERSONAL VIEW . . . R. C. Healy, '39	35
HOW TOMES HAVE CHANGED! . . . E. Riley Hughes, '37	37
CAP, GOWN AND HALO . . . . .	39
THE REVIEWING STAND . . . . .	40
PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE . . . . . Herbert F. Murray, '35	43
CAMPUS SPOTLIGHT . . . . .	44
MUSTY TIME FROM MUSTY PAPERS . . . . .	48
THE COURT OF SPORT . . . . . Francis McInnis, '38	50

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Never yet was a springtime,  
Late though lingered the snow,  
That the sap stirred not at the whisper  
Of the Southwind sweet and low.

Margaret Elizabeth Sangster—*Awakening*

# EDITORIALS

S T U D Y

## THE ALEMBIC

**NAME.** The name ALEMBIC of this publication was proposed by Dr. L. C. McCarthy, O.P., now President. An alembic is a vessel—from the Greek *ambis*, a cup—used in chemistry for distilling. The title is a felicitous one, for the purpose of this publication is to distill from the data of life those pure truths that express the highest ideals of the academic world. Member of the Catholic School Press Association. Started in 1920.

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### EXTREMISM

There is, today, a greater predominance of unsound theory than at any time during the history of the world. Our economic instability, or some other extraneous cause, has given rise to an interesting type of man, who seems to be gifted with an extraordinary ability for propounding plans which are in direct opposition to right reason. The motivating forces behind these theories, invariably, are good. But the method of procedure for the attainment of the objective, often is carried to such an extreme, that the plan loses its ability to affect a



good, and becomes, instead, an insidious evil.

Consider for a moment, the present movement for the legalization of euthanasia. Its presumed immediate object,—the alleviation of pain—is not only a justifiable, but also a charitable act. But when the alleviation of pain is accomplished by employing an extreme and illegitimate means, then charity becomes distorted and surrenders to injustice. Thus the advocates of this theory are attempting to achieve a charitable end by an unjust means. Now you may say that charity, as the "Queen of Virtues" should take prefer-

ence over Justice. Before you say this, however, you should remember that the charity suggested by euthanasia is merely a physical aid to a human creature, while the injustice intended is a moral offence against a Divine Being.

At the present time, euthanasia is our most formidable and impressive example of extremism. However, extremism finds application also in less weighty matters.

The plan of Prof. Owen, of M. I. T., is a species of extremism. His objective is to rid collegiate football of its deceitful practices in acquiring players. But, in accomplishing this very noble purpose, he advocates the complete abolition of student participation. The remedy is a greater evil than the original ailment. Also, the Townsend Plan, if not extreme, is surely immoderate. Here, the author of the plan seeks to render aid to the needy. His method of achieving this end, however, would plunge the entire nation deeper into the abyss of financial distress.

It is safe to say that almost every type of evil is traceable to extremism or to its weaker variety, immoderation. Communism, in striving for cooperation, destroys all individuality. War is waged often to settle petty disputes; the means to the end is death and destruction. Drunkenness, and sin in general, is nothing more than the fulfillment of an insignificant desire through the use of an extreme and illegitimate method.

These few examples should serve to demonstrate the demoralizing effects of this, the most treacherous of all theories, and the most extensive in its application;—treacherous, because it disguises ultimate evil in the cloak of immediate good,—and extensive, because it possesses the ability to undermine the

moral, the intellectual, the social, and the financial life of man.

#### THE CATHOLIC NOVEL

The Catholic Novel is, apparently, nothing more than an idle jest. Catholicity has for years been pleading with her literary sons to set forth her ideals in the form of the novel. Sadly they have shaken their heads. A catholic novel, they claim, would have no selling value. In fact, the chances are that it would not even be published, never mind widely read. This statement must, however, be distinguished.

A catholic novel that is based solely upon the Rosary or Benediction; that hems itself into an impregnable corner and then emerges in the blazing glory of a miracle; surely this is not our aim. Such we term the "Sugared Honey." We ourselves would not care to read it. This possibility does not exhaust all of the alternatives for we have at least one other type, the novel with scholastic ideals. Strangely enough, the closest approximation of it was written by a non-catholic, Willa Cather, in "Death Comes For The Archbishop." We admired it immensely for it was real, vital, and intensely human. Why, we wonder, has it never been imitated? Surely, it has proved its acceptability.

A few years ago such sentiments would have been completely ignored. Even catholicity would have dismissed them as the unhealthy products of a religious fanatic. Today it is no longer thus. We have come to the point where we realize that our doctrines must be conveyed to the neglected in their most popular form of enjoyment and instruction—the Novel. We are well represented in past and present Art, Science, Theology, Philosophy, etc.

Why then, are we lacking in the realm of Literature?

#### THE CLASSICS IN EDUCATION

Educational Reports of the past few years reveal a continued falling off in the number of students studying the Classics. This is lamentable. The Classics are golden; they constitute a vital part of a well-rounded education.

The present maelstrom of frenzied speculation and change is simply an indication of the great number of unsettled and discontented minds in the world today. There is in the literature of the past a certain permanence to which the thoughtful and harassed mind may turn, to find relaxation and satisfaction.

The purpose of a study of the Classics is a cultural one. Of course, there is need for care, wit, and learning; thought and patience; ability and perseverance. However, that is the very essence of mental discipline and is certain to be instrumental in infusing culture and developing character.

Mathew Arnold liked to expound the merits of the humanities. He is remembered in literary history not only as a scholar and writer, but also as a definer and defender of civilization. In his *Address to the Eton Literary Society*, one of his finest expressions is:—"man has to make progress along diverse lines, in obedience to a diversity of aspirations and powers, the sum of which is truly his nature; and that he fails and falls short until he learns to advance upon them all, and to advance upon them harmoniously. . . ."

We could consider the foregoing words of Mr. Arnold as the gist of an argument against specialization in education. But suffice it to signify the

absolute importance of the study of the humanities or classics. No College or University that purports to be an institution of higher learning should relegate them to the background.

Modern scholars may well accept as a dictum; "The Classics are as vital in education today as they were inspirational to our fathers."

#### RHODE ISLAND'S TRICENTENARY

This year the State of Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations is to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of its founding by Roger Williams. Civic authorities throughout the state have selected committees of leading citizens to direct and to plan the various celebrations.

But before these plans are out of their embryonic stages we think it timely that someone should point out to these various committee-heads the errors that similar committees made last year which were planning the tricentenary celebrations in our neighbor Nutmeg State, Connecticut.

For all of the town and city celebrations in Connecticut, a speaker was selected to take the platform to address the large assemblages. Naturally enough, men and women who were active in the political life of the community were designated to do the speaking. However, the committees failed to tell such speakers that they should talk only of the history behind the celebration and of topics exclusively pertaining to it and to refrain from using the platform to advance their own political theories.

Former Senator Hiram Bingham, one of the outstanding men of that state, was the most sought speaker, and he, not being told otherwise, disregarded



the historical theme and spoke on the New Deal, the condition of state and federal administrations, and other such controversial topics. In fact, he was so persistent in his political declarations that many Democrats and some of the members of his own Republican party charged that he was using the tercentenary platforms as "an attempt at his own political resurrection."

Whether this was so or not we are in no position to say, but we do know that his addresses had nothing to do with the glorious deeds of John Winthrop.

We sincerely hope that the speakers selected for Rhode Island's historical celebrations will be told before they touch their pens to their papers to prepare their words that political and other controversial subjects are taboo.

### A BIRTH-NIGHT

Once long ago in still of night,  
When stars looked down with calm delight,  
And sighing winds with sob and moan  
Passed on o'er hill and vale alone,  
And lotus-like, earth swayed and slept,  
While sapphire skies above her wept.  
From topmost height and verdant plain  
Burst anthem then of Angel strain.

"Be praise to God," with joy they sang;  
"Be peace to earth," the echoes rang;  
We joyous tidings to you bring,  
Christ our God hath come—your King.  
To offer gifts all worthy Heaven—  
Bear Him of all your treasures best;  
Ye shall through Him be ever blest.  
Bear hearts to Him as lily pure,  
And love as sun that shall endure,  
When earth as rainbow of today,  
Shall waste in mist and pass away.

A stable cave where east winds blow,  
A manger-cradle, rough and low!  
A tiny Babe! A Virgin fair!  
The universe and God meet there!  
About them hearts of low degree—  
Above them choirs of melody!  
O Sacred Babe, our God, our All!  
Fashioned thus for Adam's fall.  
What force of love, what heavenly fire!  
Thy own free choice, Thy heart's desire!  
Thy joy, O Babe, with men to be,  
From Satan's bonds Thou comest to free.

S. T. L.

*It may feel nice, and it may look nice, but it  
certainly does not read so nice in print - - - this  
business of*

## DANCING CHEEK-TO-CHEEK

DONALD C. SCHRIEVER, '36

Undeniably primitive in man and in woman is that instinct, that inherent tendency to dance. We find uncivilized tribes and uncouth barbarians cavorting to the savage underbeat of the tom-toms in fantastic actions called "dances." The annals of history reveal varied forms of dancing and various pieces of music applicable to the rhythm of the dance.

At the present time, men and women, boys and girls, all the more desire dancing, some as a profession, others as a means of deriving entertainment. But whatever the reason, we dance.

There are still various forms of dancing. There are the waltzes, the foxtrots and the rhumbas. There was once a dance called the minuet, but that was in the slow-moving, decorous, Colonial period. As the ages roll, the feet roll all the more, and the proximity of bodies becomes closer. We modern civilized and cultured people of the Thrilling Thirties of this Twentieth Century have replaced those monotonous tom-toms of our benighted ancestors with our sparkling kettle-drums, and have added the bull fiddle, the sax, the trombone and the ukelele. Curiously, however, with all our improvements in instruments, we continue more and more to imitate the gymnastics of the African savage around the tribal fire.

We put on our "Top Hats" and take our Sunday girl to a special dance. There comes a time, during the course of the evening, when to the strains of soft music, we encircle the adored one in our manly arms, and placing our cheek to hers, begin to move in rhythmic steps, all the while dreaming sweet dreams of unreflective youth. This is how dancing cheek-to-cheek originated. Some cynic has suggested that it was because the head of the youth being so light, it drooped, and in drooping encountered the head of the partner, who being naturally passive, allowed it to weigh down on the softest part of her own face, provided the cavalliero had taken the precaution to get a close shave before going to the dance. Whatever the explanation, the result is the same. Youth today is dancing cheek-to-cheek and likes it.

If that were all there is to it, it would not be very objectionable. The fact of the matter is, while cheek is plastered to cheek, the rest of the anatomy, left to its own devices, undulates from stem to stern, particularly the stern, and presents a sight, with the aid of soft lights, if there are any lights at all, that inevitably stirs in man the most primitive of all his emotions, and which is best enjoyed under the protection of a wedding certificate.

Aptly and authoritatively, the New

York Society of Teachers of Dancing has decreed that cheek-to cheek dancing is poor ballroom etiquette. Spokeman Oscar Duryea condemned the 1935 style of "streamlined" dancing as contrary to good taste and conducive to bad posture. According to Dean Franklin of Boston University, "Streamline dancing, which brings the male and female upper waistline in closer proximity than the college officials sanction is definitely banned from collegiate social activity." The Dean goes on to explain, "We do not consider that cheek-to-cheek and streamline dancing are the right types of dancing, and we are thus eliminating them from our social affairs."

Nations have been judged by their type of dancing. I daresay anyone appraising us on this score would not chalk up something to our credit. The older dances not only were reflective of a more graceful, sedate age, but typified a greater community spirit. The folk dances of European countries were decidedly social and friendly. Our dances, notwithstanding the hundreds that may be milling around a floor, are tending to be individualistic and selfish. A boy and girl dancing cheek-to-cheek are too wrapped up in themselves to contribute to the real social purpose of the dance. The affair becomes as communal as park-bench petting or bundling. Each couple to itself. If cheeks are to be indulged in, this is proper, for after all it wouldn't do for a boy to park his cheek on some girl's face one minute, and then switch over to another cheek the next. Imagine the collection of talcum he would make in one night. But in monopolizing one cheek all night, the young man is not really participating in a social affair. Hence the true *raison d'etre* of the terpsichorean

art, with its justification, is cast aside for an aim far afield. If the mixed metaphor be pardoned, the boy dancing cheek-to-cheek hasn't a leg to stand on.

I had occasion, a short time ago, to accompany an elderly relative of mine to one of our modern dancehalls. Teeming with the confidence that comes from "having been around," I blithely asked him, "Did you ever see anything like this before?" "I did," the old gentleman tersely replied, "but the place was raided."

Perhaps that about sums up our modern dancing. It started with a wrong concept. Instead of having a crowd enjoy itself collectively, the modern trippers of the light fantastic seek to get out of dancing too personal a satisfaction. This spirit of selfishness, not to say of lasciviousness, started in disreputable haunts, where "anything went." From the den, it slowly mounted to the sidewalk, and finally on to the main floor of our halls, hotels, auditoriums and mansions. It is too bad. It is too bad that what originated in, and is thoroughly germane to, the Barbary Coasts of all our cities, should have been adopted by a society which ever prides on calling itself respectable. If the spittoons and the dirty finger nails of the underworld are still shocking to the sensibilities of the well-bred, why have the sensuous writhings of the gigolo and the coquette, of the Apache and the "moll" been accepted? Perhaps we have grown too fast and furious for the sedate minuet, but it certainly is no excuse for us to run to the gutter. Far better the good old barn dance of our country people, the street dancing of Latin America, and the public *balli* of the Neapolitans.

I often notice that when at a dance the note is struck for the grand march,

or when in a capricious moment all on the floor take each other's hand to mince up and down the hall, a more radiant spirit seizes the crowd; everyone is jolly and happy, the place rings with laughter and mirth. That's what a dance should mean—common enjoyment, instead of a private huddle. I am sure that our artists will yet be able to devise a dance that gives to youth all the action, sweetness and thrills that it has a right to enjoy, and yet will not cause the couple to break apart guiltily when a respected person spies it. A

dance can be thoroughly enjoyable and it can be clean.

Well, I'm no Arthur Murray or Fred Astaire, so I cannot instruct you in the terpsichorean art. I am no Alyce Leonore Motes to cry "shame, shame" at your etiquette. I'm not in heaven, and when I hold her in my arms, I can't dance. I like the feel of her cheek, and I haven't the courage to be different.

Dancing through the ages has been of tribal significance. What a tribe we turned out to be.



*This is a lot of persiflage on persiflage, but then  
how else could we conduct this human business  
of talking—or writing.*

## ‘JOVIAL EMBROIDERY’

WILLIAM GEORGE BEAUDRO, '38

Westbrook Pegler, columnist, recently wrote an article condemning “the persiflage, the store laugh and all the jovial embroidery which constitutes conversation—in the routine relations of people.” How much better off we would be, he said, if people would, like Joe Louis, simply express themselves “beyond any possibility of misunderstanding and, having done so, shut up.” Pegler said it in some eight hundred words, and concluded with this frank confession, “I am acutely self-conscious at this point, feeling that all this could have been pointed out in much less wordage.”

“Jovial embroidery”—now there is a pithy phrase. In two words it exactly describes the countless little frills and trivialities with which we camouflage the dull, stern, oftentimes ugly outlines of reality. An orchid to Mr. Pegler for this apt expression, but for his opposition to what it conveys, a great big bunch of skunk cabbage.

For, after all, the tendency to adorn our speech and writing is a key fortress in the defences which we instinctively throw up against drab fact. This pleonasm which Mr. Pegler so heartily deplores has a softening effect—like putting padding in the cell, so that the inmate will not beat his brains out when he hurls himself against the walls.

But suppose, for the sake of argument, we agree with Mr. Pegler. Then, to be consistent, we must condemn the work of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and all the hosts of poets from the beginning of literature. For poetry is certainly not vital to the “routine relations of people.” Likewise with all writing, except possibly certain records, biographies, histories, and scientific treatises. Yes, the columnist would *surely* be forever banished from our newspapers. (Alas, poor Pegler!)

Why, under the Pegler Plan, even Patrick Henry, whose independence speech has been so long admired, must be regarded with disdain. The oration sounds wonderful, to be sure, but most of the words are unnecessary. Pat should simply have said, “Gentlemen, Georgie’s not doing right by us, let’s kick over the traces.” Or should that “gentlemen” be cut out?

And poor old Edmund Burke—why, instead of being one of the world’s greatest orators, he was an absolute waster. All the people who sing his praises must be out of their minds. Just look at the record. He talked for three days in his Conciliation effusion, when he could have delivered his message in as many seconds. Why didn’t he just say, “Now, listen fellows, we’re all wet about these Indian fighters. Our policy is economi-

cally and logically wrong. So let's give them, and at the same time ourselves, a break?" In these few words he could have expressed his views beyond any "possibility of misunderstanding."

"Jovial embroidery," however, is by no means limited to speaking and writing. Under that head might conceivably come everything man has devised to relieve the oppressive monotony of life's essentials. Indeed, one might well include within the scope of the expression whatever there now is about human relations that makes them more complex than when the first man and woman practiced the simple life in the Garden of Eden.

Our earliest forebears probably started out in life garbed in the most elementary fashion. Then Eve put an apple blossom in her hair—for is it not reasonable to suppose that the "eternal feminine" was responsible for the first "jovial embroidery"? Soon thereafter she and her spouse appeared luxuriously clothed in uncured skunk skins.

One fine day Adam was surprised to hear his wife say, "Have an apple, dear," instead of pointing to the fruit and grunting. Little did he suspect that this was the birth of language; little did he foresee the far reaching effects these, the first words of woman (bless her), were to have on all succeeding generations. Later, some descendant decided that waving his arms, stamping his feet, and having his wife rub his back were unsatisfactory ways of keeping warm, so he started a fire. Perhaps this same gentleman, or one of his near relations, decided that a certain day was too hot to lug a cow down to market to swap for a jug of rum, and brought a promissory note instead, thus

inaugurating our present banking system. It is not difficult to suppose that some native chief, wanting to give his picture to a dusky sweetie, commanded the tribal medicine man to make an image of him. The wily medicine man drew a picture with razzberry juice on a piece of bark (He first used his thumb for a brush, but since the king was a great hand with the girls, the demand was high. So, developing with experience, our medicine man soon learned that the little finger did a neater job). Thus art was launched. In still another part of the world a young warrior, upon unwrapping a fish, some scales on the fig-leaf wrapper (forerunner of cellophane), thus unwittingly discovered music.

These are but a few examples of "jovial embroideries"—for such they are, if we believe Mr. Pegler, since man's "routine" was rolling along very nicely before they were stumbled upon. The reader's own imagination, with these stimuli, doubtless can point out to him how other "embroideries" started, and how much they are a part of our life.

Putting all nonsense aside, it does seem to me that this world would hardly be a better one if its inhabitants should begin to speak in monosyllables, and take the flower boxes out of the windows of life. The women living in Brooklyn tenements could live without the struggling geraniums on the window sill—maybe a minute bit more light would come into their dingy kitchens if they threw the plants away. But they would not think of dispensing with the poor flowers, for from them comes a certain subtle spiritual light which is quite priceless.

Perhaps we have been unnecessarily hard on poor Mr. Pegler. He probably

*This article represents the writer's personal views on a delicate subject. It may make dry reading, but the angle is original, and in our estimation, is an important contribution to the question.*

## THE ECONOMIC FALLACY OF BIRTH CONTROL

WILLIAM F. MCKENNA, '36

For the purposes of this study, the writer is not concerned with the moral side of birth control. Nor is he concerned with any moral or religious consequences it may have, except insofar as they directly affect the economic. His concern herein is purely in the economic sense. He realizes that in denying that birth control is justifiable on economic grounds he is taking issue with economists of recognized merit. Yet he dares to set forth herein conclusions on the subject that seem to him inevitable if the question is approached without prejudice; that a rapidly increasing population in the United States is a fundamental condition of prosperity, and the converse, that a static or less than natural increase in population constitutes a positive guarantee of economic instability.

In both of these propositions he purposely has made no conditions, he has not limited the increase or lack thereof to the children of the wealthy or the children of the laboring classes; rather he is referring to the general average, regardless of the financial status of the parents.

It is a dictum of the Industrial Rev-

olution that, as the use of machinery progresses, the output per man employed greatly increases. Accompanying this increase in the productive power of the adult male is the extension of employment to those who would otherwise be considered unemployable outside of the home, principally females, but also to some extent the physically and mentally deficient, for there are menial tasks in factory and workshop well suited for these. Children are not included in this consideration for they have no place in the factory economically or morally; that they be excluded is the business of the civil law.

The immediate consequence of both the increased output per employe and the extension of employment to a wider group is a tremendous production of goods that must be marketed. And as this flood of goods becomes too great to be drained by ordinary consumption, a balance is reached by sending into unemployment large portions of the employes, male at least as much as female, thus decreasing production and, at the same time, but to a lesser degree, consumption. This brings about a period

known as depression, which ends when the demand from the market again equals or exceeds the supply from the producing agency.

But, while this succession of fluxes would be over relatively equal periods of time and quite equal in extent if unaffected by any other force, there is another extrinsic condition which must serve to make each succeeding depression more severe than its predecessor, until at last there must come one great and unending period when classes of people will be permanently unemployed and dependent on charitable aid for support, if indeed that state has not already come to pass. This other factor is the increase in agricultural output as promoted by the application of scientific methods to farming.

It might be possible by greatly increased wage scales and more even distribution of wealth to affect a practically limitless increase in per capita consumption of manufactured goods. That this state is ever likely to be fully realized is very doubtful, but that such could be accomplished seems capable of proof, for it appears true that the individual does not exist who does not desire some material good, he for the time lacks. But, while the appetite of man for luxuries, for fancy clothes and new automobiles, may be infinite, the ability of man to consume food certainly has very practical limits. He may prefer more luxurious foods, but his actual consumptive capacity must remain quite stagnant. The only conclusion from this premise is that the consumption of food must vary directly with the increase in population.

But, of late, we have seen an enormous increase in the productive capacity of our agricultural areas that has been accompanied by a slowing down

in population growth. Elaborate artificial methods have been introduced to bring about a decrease in crops and live stock, but these from their nature must be regarded as temporary. We have thus seen surpluses of farm products accumulate to such a degree as to force down their prices, decrease the income of the individual farmer, and bring about a diminishing farm market for manufactured goods, which, in turn, aggravates industrial unemployment to a consistently increasing extent.

So we find that two problems must be solved in order to gain economic stability. The first must be a means of increasing consumption of farm goods, for that is the more urgent problem in that it has the greater effect on the other. The second is to gain a more equitable relation between the demand for manufactured goods and the supply. The greatest single prescription for both of the ills represented in these problems is an increase in birth rates.

The area of tillable land per inhabitant within a country and consequently the supply of farm goods in relation to demand varies in inverse proportion to the increase in number of inhabitants. This means that an increase in markets for farm goods can be gained to offset the increase in productive capacity of each tillable acre by a rapid growth in population. The truth of this law is a mathematical certainty. So we see the answer to the first problem is a great natural increase in the birth rate, and, the converse, that artificial methods to limit birth worsen the condition of agriculture.

But, as for the other problem, the practice of birth control has an equally direct evil effect. Young children consume but do not produce. And the larger proportion of the children, the



greater number of consumers who do not produce. But a greater proportion of non-producing children to the total population is not the principal boon of a large birth rate to marketing goods. The larger the number of children in a home, the less the opportunity or desire of the adult female to find occupation outside the home. Thus large families serve to remove from employment competition adult female workers, creating a greater need for adult male labor, and closing the breach between labor supply and demand. This greater demand for and lesser supply of workers should, if left to itself, bring higher rates of wages which, in turn, would permit the adult male element decently to support the family without wifely aid.

Of course, that these effects be fully realized, some regulation on the part of the state, such as anti-child labor and minimum wage laws, would be helpful in giving the movement its first momentum. But these are accidental. The real essential of this remedy for the unemployment evil is increase in population growth.

Our conclusion, then, is expressed in this law: under normal conditions, in a country not developed to its fullest extent and in which the standard of living of the mass of the people is customarily high, non-prosperous conditions are incompatible with a high birth rate.

A variation from normal conditions in this sense is the result of extraordinary surpluses or deficiencies of nature or unsettled conditions of human relations. The former can be satisfied by the government storing excesses in periods of unusual bountifulness on the part of nature to care for periods of deficiency, but the necessity for this would

seldom arise, for it is not nature but rather man's use of nature that is likely to fail.

As far as unsettled conditions of human relations apply, no economic law has yet been discovered which can safeguard a country against riots, revolution, or war, and this one just stated does not undertake to do so. It would serve to make such less likely to occur, however, in that men with families are not so apt to risk unsettled conditions as those who have only themselves to care for.

The other conditions on which the full operation of this law depend may be summarized as not fully developed resources, especially agricultural, and a fairly high standard of living. That the productive capacity of the farm areas of the United States is not taxed to its limits is so obvious as not to require proof. Further, we know that as far as our agricultural resources are from being utilized to their capacity, there nevertheless exists, when free from artificial and temporary restraint, a great surplus of agricultural goods. We see, that the first of these two conditions is fully satisfied.

As for the second, this a relative rather than an absolute condition, and the standard of living of the mass of the American people is sufficiently high now as not to prevent the operation of the law. That it continue there at that level or rise, would be the effect of the operation of the law itself. Our people do not need to be encouraged to the use of luxuries; that seems to be part of our very temperament.

It seems, then, that there has been established the proposition that a high birth rate guarantees rather than hinders prosperity. How, then, do the

birth control advocates argue on economic grounds?

The answer is that they are thinking not in terms of national economy, or of general prosperity, but rather of the individual. Now the status of the average individual economically is directly dependent on the system under which he lives and operates. For example, the salary of an employe of a large corporation rises and falls not merely in direct ratio to his value to the company, but, in almost all cases to the greater extent, upon the ability of that firm to earn income. But the ability of the corporation to earn income is, in turn, largely dependent on general business conditions in the nation. So it must follow that a high birth rate, promoting as it must general prosperity in the United States, must also better the con-

dition of existence of the individual, while a restricted population increase, though it might operate temporarily to enable certain individuals to enjoy the use of money that would otherwise be expended on the support of offspring, in the end must result in the economic disadvantage of even these persons.

Nor do we have to apologize on the historical side, for no truth of history seems more certainly illustrated than that a decreasing or stagnant population is accompanied by general decadence, including economic.

It is on these grounds, then, that our proposition that birth control is an economic fallacy rests, and, if we have proven what we endeavoured to prove, the advocates of birth control have lost their only argument in reason.

## DISILLUSION

I saw you, and at once I knew  
I loved you, though I knew not why.  
I felt that I was meant for you  
And that our love would never die.

And when you said you loved me, too,  
And promised that throughout the years  
You'd love me faithfully and true,  
You banished all my fancy fears.

But tell me loved one, tell me true  
Why did you wait until we'd wed  
To tell me, Oh dear heart, that you  
Were one of those who fold their bread.

—JOSEPH E. DEVENISH, JR. '36

## THE OLD YEAR

Soft as the murmur of falling snow,  
Whispers the Old Year: "Farewell, I go,  
Into the shades of the past to dwell:  
What disappointments, pains and tears,  
I bear me home to other years  
    That once as new  
    Came in! Adieu.  
Seasons can all of my bounty tell,  
And men of my gifts, they know them well."

Have we no word for the year that goes  
Out from our midst, in his garb of snows?  
Will friends that once bade him welcome in,  
Not say goodbye? nor shake his hand?  
Nor wish 'God speed' to the shadow land?  
    Ah, me! we sigh,  
    Can none tell why,  
The New's so welcome? What does he bring,  
That was left unbrought, when the Old was King?

Have we no thought for the year that goes,  
In his star-gemmed robe of crystal snows?  
His strong heart bowed with grief and care!  
Sighing, he casts on the brow of night,  
A long last glance ere he takes his flight  
    Then turn aside,  
    The hours divide—  
Sweet as the rose the Old Year's prayer,  
While chimes for the New fill up the air.

Have we then done with the year that goes,  
Into the past with his wealth of woes?  
Shall we never again of his deeds hear tell?  
Ah! questioner, mark his glist'ning brow,  
Again shalt thou see it, but not as now.  
    When life is spent,  
    The soul's veil rent—  
His words and deeds shall thy record swell!  
The midnight strikes—he goes farewell!  
    "OHNE."

*Wherein Saint Paul, whose conversion is celebrated this month, is presented to us as a college man and made all the more interesting by insisting on his practical humanity.*

## PAUL, THE MAN

SANTI PAUL, '36

Why is it that the life of a saint is to most of us so uninteresting? The reason lies in the fact that we subconsciously regard a saint as some imaginary character, as some being a little above man and not the compound of rationality and animality as a common mortal. The makers of stained glass windows, for example, have managed to present a figure as devitalized and unreal as the tinted effects of the polychrome glass. At Burges there is a church window of the Thirteenth Century which represents a Paul painfully tender and "sobby" with the ravishment of the mystery. In most reproductions, he is pictured as a stern old patriarch gripping a monstrous sword. The traditional biographers have generally presented Paul as a robot or a puppet of the Almighty. According to them, Paul is just an actor chosen by the Divine Playwrite to act a predestined and predetermined part. They leave us with the impression that God, having resolved to vitalize the infant, groping Church, selected Paul as His Vessel of Election or hero who rescues the Church in the nick of time. In their zeal to emphasize the free act of election by God they inadvertently destroy the free will of Paul. To them, Paul could not fail. This is all very well,

but our interest in the man thereby is destroyed. There is no particular plot in a play that calls for a machine in the stellar role. In the case of Paul the true plot was precisely the thickest because we witness a monumental and continual conflict between grace and human urgings. The fact that grace finally triumphed is no warrant for us to assume that consequently the humanity of Paul was obliterated. It endured side by side with grace, and made his election as an Apostle all the more enthralling.

Admirers of Paul, then, cheat themselves when they dismiss from their meditations the consideration of his humanity. Curiously, in his own lifetime, Saint Paul had to warn his followers against the same error. At Lystra, where Paul and Barnabas had been accorded an embarrassing deification as the result of a miracle, they exclaimed to the people with righteous indignation, "Sirs, why do you these things? We also are men of like passions with you." And so we shall consider Paul, a man of like passions with us, who in spite of his very high niche in the temple of holiness beams down on us as a very human, likeable man.

Paul came from Tarsus in Cilicia, a city of some commercial importance in

Asia Minor. He was of the tribe of Benjamin, a full-blooded Hebrew, but curiously also a Roman citizen because of a special privilege granted to his city by Caesar. One of the chief occupations of the Cilicians was the manufacture of sail and tent cloth from the hair of goats. Paul learned the trade of tentmaking and worked at it all during his life, even when he had become Bishop and Apostle. It is a warm picture to imagine him sitting cross-legged like any tailor or weaver of those days, before a loom spinning cloth. Did he worry about prices and market conditions? Undoubtedly he did. He took a pride in his work, like any craftsman, and he suffered all the disappointments entailed in the manufacture of any commodity.

As he grew to manhood, certain characteristics began to stand out like a sore thumb. He was a zealot, a stickler, a purist. He did not know how to compromise and he succeeded very easily in making himself a pest. He was a Hebrew, proud of it, and willing to fight anybody and at any time for the welfare of his race. The political and religious situation in Palestine gave him plenty of opportunity to satisfy his craving for an argument. He gadded about sticking his nose into everything. He was a young man fired with boundless enthusiasm for his race and faith.

Having the means, his parents gave him the opportunity of acquiring a good education. He was sent to Jerusalem, ever the city of holy lore, and in the temple schools, synagogues and homes of the priests of Judea, Paul steeped himself in the traditions, history and doctrine of his religion. He was a keen scholar, possessing a quick yet deep, thorough mind. He took all that the old rabbis could give him, and

then went out to absorb all that the Greeks and the Romans could offer him, ending up by becoming an all-around educated, university-type man of letters and culture. He represented the best that Judea had—brains, fire, ambition, zeal for religion and country, integrity of character, good reputation, class, influence, power. He was even popular, and above all, he enjoyed the confidence of the strict old priests. Dedicating himself to the deathless preservation of Israel, he joined the ranks of the Pharisees, a society of strict observance of the Mosaic Law. This gave him official standing in the Jewish community. Paul the tentmaker was becoming the chief support of the tabernacles of Zion.

At this same time there had come from Nazareth another young Hebrew preaching a doctrine that startled the ears of the strict Pharisees. More than they this Preacher defended the law, and better than they He was insisting on the substance of the law, while the scribes and Pharisees were wasting their time with foolish minutiae. History does not precisely record what reaction Paul suffered in hearing of the ministry of Christ. It is questionable whether he ever saw the Savior, which in itself is very surprising in view of Christ's extensive journeyings and Paul's own sharp eagerness to keep in touch with everything concerning his nation. I suspect that he must have entertained a secret admiration for Christ. The Man from Galilee was doing what Paul had always wanted to do—preach boldly of the Kingdom, but which he could not very well do because he was beholden to the Pharisaical clique that wanted no preaching to the people. A human thing, isn't it, this silencing of the lips out of fear of offending super-

iors, but it was beginning to destroy Paul's truer nature. We do not read that Paul was offended when Christ began to lash out against the Pharisees. The clique was, and began plotting the death of the Nazarene. We do not know what part Paul played in this nefarious scheme; if he was in Jerusalem at the time, likely he gave a weak assent, or shunned the issue entirely. The real Paul had lost his innate courage. Misdirected zeal and human respect were blinding him.

A positive hatred of the new doctrine began to mark Paul when the disciples of Christ began to preach the gospel of the Crucified. He might have had some sympathy for Him of the House of David who had promised to be the one to restore the Kingdom of Israel, but he had none for the followers. Getting out of the rut of Pharisaical smugness, and rousing again his old enthusiasm, he began persecuting the Christians. They represented to him a fearful menace to pure Judaism. How he must have disdained their claims that He who had died on the Cross was the Messiah. Like the rest of his race, Paul had envisioned the Messiah as a mighty warrior who in thunder and power would scatter the foes of Israel and make of the Chosen People earth's strongest kingdom. Their Christ had silently, like a lamb led to the slaughter, allowed Himself to be jeered at by a rabble and ignominiously put to death—between two thieves. What manner of Messiah could He be? The Son of God indeed, when Paul, only a servant, had courage enough in him to tear the heart out of Judea's enemies. And so Paul persecuted the Christians. "He consented to Stephen's death . . . made havoc of the church, entering in from house to house, dragging away

men and women, committed them to prison . . . and as yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went to the high priest and asked of him letters to Damascus, to the synagogues: that if he found any men and women of this way, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem." Paul the purist, had become Paul the persecutor. Yet inwardly he was not at peace. While the howling mob was stoning Stephen to death, as he held the cloaks, Paul must have had some premonition of his error. Stephen, though defeated and dying, was happy; Paul was miserable in his success. Why? he asked his soul. He could give no answer to his own question.

The answer came from another source. On his way to Damascus, "suddenly a light from heaven shined round about him, and falling to the ground, he heard a voice saying to him: Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? Who said: Who art thou, Lord? And he: I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

All sorts of critics and psychologists have written long treatises to explain just what it was that happened to Paul on the road to Damascus, and why it did not need to be a miracle. Futile vaporings, vain human reason trying to "kick against the goad." The conversion of Paul is the most astounding event in history, and it will forever defy human explanation.

The grace that became Paul's, the sanctifying and overwhelming grace that even in his own lifetime lifted him up to the seventh heaven, was a grace that did no violence to his humanity. It perfected it, bringing out in fuller degree the temperament that was characteristically Paul's from his very birth. Again was he his former energetic, uncompromising self; again did he do

battle for the sake of truth and religion. This time, he was not serving a mere shadow, a promise, a hope. He had seen Reality in the heavens; It had spoken to him, and had given him a definite mission "to be a vessel of election, to carry His Name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel." To this new ministry, he dedicated all his wondrous talents of heart, mind, voice and muscle. He began to preach Christ and Him Crucified, and nothing ever was to separate him, neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, from the love of God which was in Christ Jesus his Lord.

Throughout this glorious ministry, which lasted many years and which accomplished unheard of and incredible prodigies of evangelization, Paul retained a most wholesome, appealing humanity. It is impossible even to catalogue all the events that crowded into his apostleship. Suffice it to say that no Bishop of the Catholic Church has ever made such an imprint on history and on the Church. Paul was everything—a writer, a preacher, a dialectician, a philosopher, a mystic, an administrator, a leader, a saint and a man. He could be as tender as a woman and as terrifyingly vitriolic as a wolf, the mark of his tribe. He could be wrapped in exalted meditation one minute, and then go out to harangue an angry crowd of disbelievers; he would indite the most sublime poetry and the next moment he would be weaving tent cloth or mixing with a group of sailors. He was at home before the academicians of Greece as he was among the ignorant poor and the sick. He could lash the stupid idolaters, speak boldly on sexual matters,

blast the wickedness of his day in vehement language, and then offer the most sympathetic counsel to a neophyte or send a gentle greeting to a woman helper. He was competent in every situation, and the master of every circumstance. He allowed neither distance nor time to hinder him, and he resorted to every strategy to accomplish his ends. His famous appeal to Rome, for example, was a deliberate and successful endeavor to bring the question of Christianity straight to the heart of the Empire. The Church had her Peter as the steady rock of her foundation, but in Paul she had the mobility and dynamism of action. In him, she found her best expression and the best echo of that magnetic voice that had been stilled on Calvary. Paul had the clearest vision of what Christ had meant by his Catholic Church, and he above all gave it her true external form.

He was faithful to his mission as the Vessel of Election. He corresponded with the grace so abundantly poured into his soul. He became a great saint, yet he preserved himself as a genuine, understandable man. How well and how appreciably he himself puts it: "And lest the greatness of the revelation should exalt me, there was given me a sting of my flesh, an angel of Satan to buffet me. For which thing thrice I besought the Lord, that it might depart from me."

God's grace was sufficient for him, and it is sufficient for every other man. The grace God gave to Paul enabled him to become a saint, while keeping him a perfectly normal man. It is inspirational to contemplate Paul as an exalted saint in heaven, but it is quite comforting as well to consider him always as he truly remained even after his dazzling conversion, a wholesome, real, colorful human being.

*Wherein we allow to be revealed the stark  
secret of how a Class Treasurer in College con-  
ducts his office.*

## A MINION OF MIDAS

LAURENCE J. WALSH, '37

If you are at all familiar with Fontaine Fox's comic feature, "The Toonerville Trolley," you must remember the Scorpion's Club and how that organization solved a problem that had puzzled it for some time. They elected "Fatty" to fill the post of club treasurer, the idea being that a fellow of Fatty's bulk could hardly travel fast enough to make off with the club's meagre treasury. I think that the same principle must have been followed by my classmates when, in my Freshman year, I was chosen Class Treasurer.

I was rather impressed by the honor which the selection gave me, and, as a result, I travelled about more puffed up with my own importance than usual. I felt that the treasurer had nothing more to do than attend class meetings and have his picture in the home-town newspapers. That was true to a certain extent, but there was much more attached to the office than that, as I was not long in discovering.

The declaration of class dues is the first duty of the treasurer. This assessment is made shortly after the class elections. The amount is determined after a consultation with the class moderator and the other class officers. In the course of this conference various factors are considered, such as the size of the class, the probable financial con-

dition of the average student, and, if the class is other than the Freshman, the current state of the treasury.

Sometimes these factors are not considered at all, the amount of class dues being determined by custom or by a decree of the moderator.

After the declaration has been made, the next move, and incidentally, the most difficult to execute, is the collection of the assessment. I have tried several methods to induce quick collection but the most successful was one that I used in my freshman year. An assistant treasurer was selected from each division. It was that man's duty to collect the dues in his division and to turn his collections over to the treasury. With this system of subtreasurers ninety percent of the class assessment was collected within two months, which is, after all, pretty good collecting from college boys, let alone from Providence College men.

Some colleges follow a graduated scale of class dues. That is, a certain figure, let us say one dollar, is levied at the beginning of the college year. At the end of a period of time the amount is doubled, and later, trebled, thus forcing the delinquent students to pay for their delay. This plan is not always successful, for a small percentage of the class will not pay its dues no matter



what scheme of collection is presented.

The primary purpose of the class dues is to build a sort of working fund upon which the class may draw to pay its incidental expenses and to meet the initial expenses of any function which it may sponsor. It sometimes happens that a parent of a classmate dies. It is the usual gesture of sympathy here at Providence College to send the bereaved family a spiritual bouquet. Sometimes the class is called upon to contribute toward the expense of purchasing souvenirs which are given as mementoes of some particular feat. Such was the case last year, when solid gold footballs on golden chains were presented to the members of the football squad to commemorate the victory over Boston College. Then, too, the representative athletic teams of the class must have equipment; and when it cannot be borrowed from the Athletic Department—and it cannot—it must be bought.

All these expenditures are made from the treasury and, unless the class sponsors some social function which brings lucrative returns, the treasury is likely to be sadly depleted at the end of the year.

Dancing is a universally popular pastime, and a college dance is the usual function sponsored with the intention of replenishing the treasury. The dance may be masqueraded under an elaborated title and called a purely social function at which everyone is to have a grand time . . . it is hoped. Nonetheless, the dance is merely a money-making project and all the efforts are bent toward that goal. In some colleges, particularly coeducational institutions, the class may produce a play rather than hold a dance,

but in either case the purpose is the same.

The treasurer is connected with all these events, of course. He is on the committee which plans the affair and he usually has charge of the ticket sale, directing his assistants and keeping a strict account of the receipts and expenditures which the function entails.

At the next class meeting, the treasurer must be prepared to present a detailed financial report of the affair and the preparation of the statement can sometimes require a great amount of work, particularly if one cannot round up all his receipted bills and recall all the minor expenditures.

A treasury is definitely important to the life of a class. That class which has a sizable amount in its treasury at the end of the year is indeed a successful class. The next year is certain to be without financial worries. However, every class is not so fortunate. Some approach the year's end with a deficit. In that case each member of the class is asked to contribute to make up the loss. In some colleges there exists a sort of common reserve, which is drawn upon to meet such emergencies. If neither of these methods is used, and no other avenue of escape is apparent, it becomes necessary for the class moderator to make up the deficiency from his personal funds.

At the last meeting of the year, the treasurer presents a detailed report, which covers every item of income or disbursement from the beginning to the end of the year. Then he turns over the class monies to the moderator, who keeps them in his custody until the next year, when they are placed in the hands of the new treasurer.

The office of treasurer requires more

work on the part of the office holder than does any of the other three offices. Despite this, you'll find few men who would refuse the job after once having held it. The work is interesting; and one makes excellent contacts with other

members of the student body, which more than compensates one for the extra work.

All in all, the job of class treasurer is highly profitable . . . from the standpoint of experience and pleasure.



*Don't be scared by this mass of letters. Old letters ordinarily are boring to read. These pack a wallop.*

## TRYOUT

WILLIAM J. SULLIVAN, JR. '36

The 'Beacon'  
Ethan Allen College  
Rutland, Vermont  
January 14, 1935.

Mr. Ronald Ashcroft,  
West Coast Production Studio,  
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Mr. Ashcroft:

Sometime ago I noticed that a leading movie star selected a campus beauty queen for a mid-western college.

I would like very much to know if you will choose the most beautiful of six girls whose photos I would submit to you. The one you select would be designated the campus queen and would be given a full page photograph in the college yearbook.

As my chief desire is to secure publicity for the publication, you would receive due acknowledgement.

Trusting to hear favorably from you, I am,

Truly yours,  
(signed) Elmer Murray.  
Editor.

1179 Klondike Avenue,  
West Coast Production Studio,  
San Francisco, Cal.,  
January 19, 1935.

Mr. Elmer Murray,  
Ethan Allen College,  
Rutland, Vermont.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Ashcroft advises me to inform you that he will be very glad to act as judge in the beauty contest sponsored by your college publication.

You may submit the photographs at your convenience.

Sincerely yours,  
Albert Westlake.  
Manager.

98 Courtland Road,  
Beverly Hills, Cal.,  
February 15, 1935.

Mr. Elmer Murray,  
Ethan Allen College,  
Rutland, Vermont.

Dear Mr. Murray:

In response to your request I am sending you my decision as judge in your beauty contest.

I would like the losers to remember that this is merely the opinion of one man and also that a contest of this nature is very difficult to judge fairly from photographs.

The one I select is Miss Judith Dawson.

I want to thank you for the honor you have conferred on me and hope that I may be of service to you again.

Yours truly,  
Ronald Ashcroft.

Theta Chi Sorority,  
Rutland, Vermont,  
February 19, 1935.

Dear Mr. Ashcroft:

I really feel that I must thank you for choosing me as the Campus Queen of Ethan Allen College. I was so thrilled when I read the announcement that something felt funny way inside. Why I just can't believe that out of all those very, very beautiful girls you would choose me. Oh, Mr. Ashcroft, you'll never know how happy you have made me.

Thanking you so much,  
Judith Dawson.

Super-super Features, Inc.,  
4 Palace Park,  
Hollywood, Cal.,  
February 27, 1935.

Miss Judith Dawson,  
Ethan Allen College,  
Rutland, Vermont.

Dear Miss Dawson:

Each year Super-super Features Inc. conducts a nation-wide search for new faces and new talent. A picture of you, which was forwarded to our Mr. Ashcroft in a college beauty contest, has favorably impressed several of our talent scouts. If you could come to New York the week of March 9th, a tryout at our Brooklyn studios could be arranged.

I would advise your getting in touch with Mr. Slocum, Super-super Features, Inc., Avenue E, Brooklyn, N. Y. at once if you are interested.

Yours very truly,  
Edward Harrison.  
Vice-president.

Gamma Delta Phi,  
Ethan Allen College,  
March 3, 1935.

Mr. Stephan Hammond,  
272 Continental Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Steve:

I know I should have written sooner but you know how it is. Well this time I've got some real news for you. You remember the girl I told you about—you know the one I met at the Lake last summer. We ran a beauty contest thru the college mag and we had no other than Ronald Ashcroft pick the winner. Judith—that's the girl—won and she is going to New York for a screen test. I always told you I could pick them, didn't I?

Now listen, Steve, I want you to do me a favor. Judith is going to stay with an old maid aunt—ant to you—in Staten Island and you can figure what a lot of fun that will be for her. After all a young girl like Judith won't want to stay in and play bridge or backgammon with the old folks every night. So be a good scout and tear yourself away from your father's stocks and bonds and the debbic parties long enough to show her the town. It's her first visit to New York so she would be interested in anything. About all her aunt would know to take her to would be the Museum of Natural History and the Flea Circus.

Of course I should mention that while Judith and I are not formally engaged everyone expects that we will be sooner or later. So observe the principle of the Monroe doctrine, "Hands off."

I guess we won't be able to go on our camping trip this year because I'm starting to work for that Boston paper as soon as I graduate. Anyway I'll see you before the summer. Take good care of Judith. You can reach her by calling Brighton 1-7891. And thanks a whole lot.

Elmer.

272 Continental Ave.  
New York City,  
March 5, 1935.

Elmer:

Listen you great big siedel of moxie, if you think that I'm going to play nursemaid to one of your country cornstalks, you're talking into a dead mike. I've seen these hick 'campus queenies' before and believe you me they're not worth a dime a dozen in a boom market. You always were an easy target for

fem glances. Let a babe but peek sideways at you and you would lie down and play dead. Remember that redhead who almost sued you for breach of promise two years ago because you wrote she was 'the only flower in the garden of your delight' and that her eyes were 'limpid pools of luscious loveliness.' I'll bet that this Judith just played up to you to get a head start in that silly contest. You'll never learn, will you?

The fact that Ashcroft picked her immediately puts two strikes on her. That old reprobate hasn't drawn a sober breath since his diaper days and then he was probably weaned on scotch and soda.

On the other hand, I might date this latest heart of yours. I might find out why you are such a umpchay.

Yours,  
Steve.

Hotel Leroy,  
New York, N. Y.  
March 10, 1935.

Dear Elmer:

Gee, I've so much to tell you I don't know where to begin. New York is certainly a wonderful place. Oh, but the people are very queer. Just after I got off the subway—Auntie couldn't meet me so I'm staying here until she comes in this afternoon—I was standing on the corner of 42nd St. and Broadway. I asked a kindly looking policeman where Times Square was. I had heard so much about it I wanted to be sure to see it myself. Well the policeman just looked at me funny-like and said, "Lady, if you don't know now you never will." It was all so confusing, but then I guess he has a big family and a lot of worries and I suppose a lot of people ask him so many foolish questions, that one can't blame him.

Well, Elmer, write soon and don't forget your little

Judy.

895 Madison Avenue,  
West Brighton,  
Staten Island, N. Y.  
March 11, 1935.

Dear Elmer:

I'm not even going to wait for you to answer my last letter because I have the most wonderful news for you. I went over to the studio the first thing this morning and of course I saw Mr. Slocum right away. He didn't know who I was but when I told him, he seemed glad to see me. He was a funny old duck. Honestly he was almost bald but he combed his hair around so you wouldn't notice his baldness unless you looked close. He just looked at me and said, "mmn, mn, a pretty good ingenue." I told him he was wrong because I'm English except that my grandmother on my father's side was Scotch-Irish. But then you know these movie people have crazy notions.

Then the grandest thing happened. As we were talking, who should walk

in but Ronald Ashcroft. He's not as handsome as he is in the pictures, he's kind of gray and tired-looking, but he's so nice. He smiled at me as if he knew me and then he said that he couldn't remember where he had met me. I told him about the contest. He said my picture wasn't half as beautiful as I really am. It may sound conceited telling you this, but I'm only writing what he said. He's going to take personal interest in my work.

You see, Elmer, if Mr. Slocum likes your looks and personality, you are put in a class to prepare for the final screen test. This sometimes takes three or four weeks and when the 'shooting' takes place—that's studio slang for taking your picture, don't you think it's quaint—it's just as if they were filming a real movie with a director, property boys, make-up men and sound effects. Mr. Slocum seemed real pleased with me, especially after he saw how impressed Ronald Ashcroft was.

Mr. Ashcroft took me downtown in his car and asked me to go to dinner with him tonight. I really couldn't refuse since he's been so nice to me and I didn't want to make him angry. So I went. We had supper at the Essex House and went to three or four night clubs as Mr. Ashcroft insisted on showing me the town. It was lot's of fun.

That fellow Steve Hammond called me up to go out tomorrow. Since he's such a good friend of yours I might as well go.

Write soon and tell me all the news of the campus. I'll probably stay longer than I expected because a picture career is more important than a "home Ec" course

Love,  
Judy.

Gamma Delta Phi,  
Ethan Allen College,  
March 14, 1935.

Dear Judy:

I'm glad to hear of your success but it seems to me that running around with this bird Ashcroft is entirely unnecessary. You're not away from me two days when this actor fellow starts giving you a big rush. If that's being true, I'd like to know what being false is like. It really wouldn't do for the future Mrs. Murray to be dashing around night clubs with a movie star.

If you must go to night clubs, why don't you go with Steve.

I hope that once in a while you will think of your lonesome

Elmer.

895 Madison Ave.,  
West Brighton,  
Staten Island, N. Y.,  
March 18, 1935.

Dear Elmer:

Just because I wear your frat pin you needn't think that you can order me around like your pet hunting hound or something. First you wanted me to go out while I'm here in New York then you get angry simply because I've been

going out a few times with Ronald Ashcroft. And besides he's really the nicest man. His first four wives didn't understand him at all, so that's why he's vowed never to marry again. If your life was like that you'd want some one to go out with once in a while wouldn't you? Ronald said something about his leading lady going on a long vacation and if he can talk it into some of the big shots, I'm going to be in a real picture. Anyway that's what Ronald said.

I've been out a few times with your friend Steve. Incidentally that lonesome stuff, Elmer, is very funny. Why only the other day I got a letter from one of the girls saying that you were seen a lot with that Florine Crandall. You've been walking with her and waiting for her between classes and everything. Don't think I'm jealous, but I don't see how you can stand the little cat. But then I suppose she's just the type that men fall for. So I'm not the only one.

Love,  
Judy.

#### THE TOWN'S TATLER

. . . . Ronny Ashcroft, dashing screen Lothario, has been hitting the night spots with that pretty lassikins from the hills . . . . Number five, Mr. Ashcroft? . . . .

\*\* \*\* \* \* \*

895 Madison Avenue,  
West Brighton,  
Staten Island, N. Y.  
March 30, 1935.

Elmer dear:

I'll always call you 'Elmer dear' because you'll always be a dear friend to me. Honestly, I don't know how to begin this letter. I only hope you won't feel hurt when I tell you because you know I wouldn't want to hurt you for anything. You know that don't you? I feel that somehow you will understand. It was like this: I was dining with Ronny after the show last night at an awfully cute place called Twenty-One. It used to be a speakeasy and everything is just as it was in the old days.

Well we got to talking about paintings and the like when Ronny said he had some beautiful modern ones at his apartment. You know how interested I was in art in school and besides it was only eleven-thirty and the apartment was just around the corner. So I didn't think there was anything wrong in going. When we got there, Ronny had a few drinks and he started kissing me and acting fresh. I didn't know what to do, so I told him I thought we had come up to look at some art work. He seemed to think that was a big joke and he laughed kind of funny. I thought he would stop then but he kept right on bothering me. Finally I could stand it no longer, so I ran to the door. It was locked and just as I was pounding it, a man opened it from the outside. It was



Steve. He had seen us leave the speakeasy, and figuring what Ronny was up to, followed us. When he heard us talking loud, he got the master key from the janitor.

I guess I wouldn't continue with the screen even if the tests had been successful, because as I should have said in the beginning, Steve wouldn't want his wife to be before the public eye. I'm sorry, Elmer, but you'll have to get some one else to go to the Prom with you. I don't suppose I'll be seeing you again soon, as we're going to live in New York after our honeymoon.

Always remember,

Judy.



*The trouble and triumphs, the dearth and the plenitude of Literature, are treated herein from an individualistic standpoint.*

## ROMANTICISM - - - A PERSONAL VIEW

R. C. HEALY, '39

The results of the violent upheaval of the French Revolution stimulated and in a large measure aroused that movement in English Literature which has been given the somewhat deceptive title of Romanticism. Incalculable in its achievements, brilliant in its galaxy of names, this movement exerted a powerful influence on the literatures and thoughts of the world as it brought to poetry and prose new ideals and modes.

Macaulay in his *Essay on Milton* states that only great social and historical movements can produce great thoughts. Man, he says, needs a stimulus to arouse his mind, and therefore to evoke his thought. Using this opinion not as an arbitrary criterion but as a loose rule which is substantiated by the history of literature, we can find the beginnings and development of Romanticism a little clearer. In England the Industrial Revolution had just begun to fasten its tentacles on the laboring class and to engulf both child and man. The government, after the American War, was in the hands of a corrupt oligarchy. Political and social questions vexed the nation. Then came the ominous thunder of the French people seeking their rights.

For the Revolution, after all, was only a violent search for liberty. Rousseau once wrote that man was born to

be free, and yet everywhere he was in chains. With such a credo theorists like Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau pushed their fight for intellectual and social freedom. Fired by the words of orator and writer, the French people rose in revolt. England was wild with enthusiasm as the first news of July 14 arrived. Liberals, like Edmund Burke, praised the breaking of French bondage as the beginning of a new era in man's history; poets celebrated the Fall of the Bastille in odes and sonnets. Reaction soon set in, but the upheaval had accomplished its good in influence on the thought of the world.

Among the crowds who shared the revolutionary fever in France was a young Englishman, just out of Cambridge, William Wordsworth by name. Reared amidst scenes of English loveliness, he found in France among the revolutionists a philosophy of liberty. Burning with love of nature and freedom, he returned to England to begin an association with Samuel Taylor Coleridge which was climaxed by the appearance of a volume titled "Lyrical Ballads."

In this slender work are found the first practical results of the Romantic movement. Simplicity and the love of nature which comes from after-contemplation were illustrated by Wordsworth in his contributions; the medieval love

of mystery was ably handled in Coleridge's chief work, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Significant as the first complete break with Classicism, the "Lyrical Ballads" was also important as an inspiration for other young poets. For while Wordsworth's ardor for liberty was soon quenched, others eagerly continued the struggle.

George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron, was one of these. Noble by birth, he mirrored a continental trip in his "Childe Harold." Its publication coincided with the rise of Napoleon and its instantaneous success reflected England's growing patriotism. Thereafter his pen poured forth countless works before he died aiding the Greeks. Today most of his works are dying or dead; they are read more as examples of extreme Romantic effusion than as types of mature thought and polish.

Byron died in his last melodramatic bow to liberty; Shelley fought the forces of tyranny and oppression his whole life. It has been said that Shelley's early environment wreaked havoc with his spirit and sent him upon so tragic a career. But there the theorists forget the man's essential character. When he challenged the hectoring system of Eton and stood up for the small chap, it not through any desire to make himself noted. A sensitive soul, he could not bear the sufferings of others. But though his love of liberty was great he yet was a sincere lover of nature. "Earth, ocean, air, eternal brotherhood," he wrote in the opening lines of *Alastor*, and all through his short life he revelled in nature, the nature which he found on earth, in the ocean, or in the air. Impotent were his rumblings, for as Francis Thompson says, he was only a child playing among the stars and covering himself with star-

dust. He fiercely cried for relief from tyranny, but his soul was more with that "eternal brotherhood."

The fourth great Romanticist was John Keats, son of an humble hostler. To him nature was everything. Little mattered the troubled world, for he found his enjoyment in fairy kingdoms. To please his guardians he studied medicine, but his heart was elsewhere. Often, he admitted, as he listened to prosaic lectures, his mind would fly away to Oberon and his merry band. Such a spirit was easily captivated by Greek mythology and his poems abound in mythology. Although his life was sad, his philosophy was contented and uplifting. If he did sink into pessimistic thoughts he was drawn into them by his contemplative study of nature. In his *Ode to a Nightingale* he probably reached the highest point of English Romanticism. His long poems, *Endymion* and *Hyperion*, are still read but his short odes and lyrics stamp him as one of the great poets in the English literature.

With the untimely deaths of Keats and Shelley and the unfortunate lapse of Wordsworth, true Romanticism as such died. It did linger on for a time until it finally merged with the Victorianism, but in this quartet we have the greatest group of lyricists and imagists England has known. Poetry is ever advancing; new modes and schemes occupy the minds of the moderns. At this period we cannot judge their work, but for the greatest collection of poetry we have, we must always return to these Romanticists. They fought and died for love, nature, and liberty, but failed; someday, perhaps, we shall see a group of new moderns who may take up the cry of Romanticism and bear it to victory.

*Evidently our bookish E. Riley has not changed.  
If you want to know what is happening in the  
world of books, read*

## HOW TOMES HAVE CHANGED!

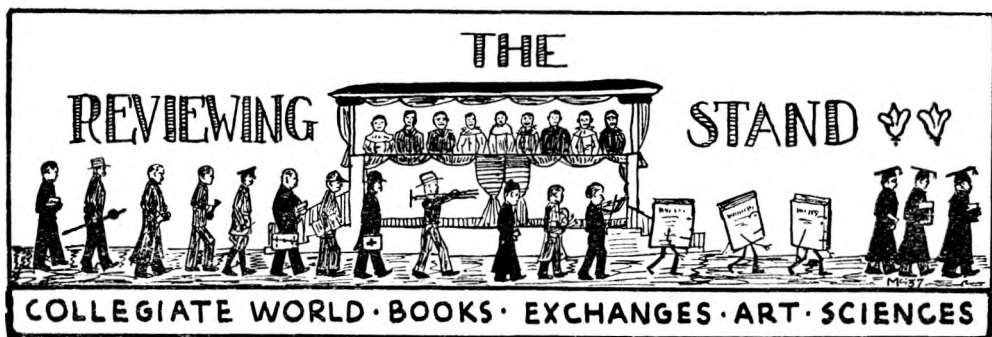
E. RILEY HUGHES, '37

Since it is perhaps even more important to mention what is being currently read rather than what is being written, it must be noted that a powerful Shakespeare and Dickens revival is in effect at the present time. The recent interest of the cinema in both of these authors is no doubt in a large way responsible for their being read. If only for the purpose of comparison, people are turning from the Dickens they know on the screen to the immeasurably greater Dickens of the printed page. They are incidentally proving for themselves the hoary adage that the classics are things of flesh and blood, and not as dry as dust. It is more significant that this be proved to an increasing number, I think, than it be proved that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. The one is mere factual knowledge, the other deep personal experience.

It was the fashion not so long ago to decry Shakespeare and to consider Dickens as a person possessed of a vigorous and unlimited imagination who never quite learned how to write. In a fuller sense, they knew better than how to write, they knew how to create. Like all great men they ignored the rules of their craft when those rules proved restrictive of their freer genius. Discovering flaws in their work has in

this enlightened generation proved nimble exercise for the literary jackals. Bernard Shaw has been able to declare himself Shakespeare's peer without exciting derision, and Dickens, if mentioned at all, was patronized to extinction.

As every action had an equal opposite reaction, in affairs literary as well as in the sciences, the pendulum has swung the other way. Shakespeare is holding the boards in New York and the provinces, notably "Romeo And Juliet" with Katherine Cornell, and Lunt and Fontaine in "Taming of the Shrew." The cinema has done "A Midsummer's Night Dream" into a distinguished film, and production will soon start on "Hamlet" with Leslie Howard playing the gloomy Dane. A month does not pass by without a new critical work on Shakespeare in terms of present day values and psychology. The recently published selections from Shakespeare's poetical passages and sonnets, "The Shakespeare Anthology" is one of the most recent of a never-ending list. The brief for the de Vere authorship of the plays is brilliantly restated in Eva Turner Clark's "Hidden Allusions in Shakespeare's Plays." But, as John Macy once wrote, it matters little whether the author of the First Folio was the Earl of Oxford, Francis



### THE COLLEGIATE WORLD

It is an evident and undeniable fact that some of the men who are engaged in the work of designing collegiate curricula, have become so deeply engrossed in 'progress for the sake of progress,' that they have forced education to over-step its bounds. This situation is best exemplified by the modern tendency to include in the curriculum a number of ridiculous courses under the name of "Education for Marriage." The answers to questionnaires conducted in 105 colleges by the Bulletin of the Association of American Colleges reveal the existence of twenty-four such courses, including Divorce, The Wedding, The Honeymoon, The Engagement, Petting, etc. Surely, those who propound such courses cannot be sincere in their contention that such material is a suitable constituent for an educational program. Pedagogical instruction and theoretical principles not only fail to solve marital problems, but often accentuate them by an over-focus of attention. These courses are out of place—even in 'modern education.' In seeking to adapt ourselves to a changing world, we should not lose sight of factors in the old order which are sound.

Of the twenty-two states in which teacher's oath laws now exist, Georgia is distinctive for her enactment of the most stringent laws. In that state, the provisions of the law apply not only to principals and teachers, but also to librarians, clerks, nurses, custodians, maids, janitors, and any others employed by the school or college.

### COLLEGIATE NEWS FLASHES

The marks received by a Freshman, during the first semester of his college career, are an accurate index to his final attainments. This conclusion was formed by John R. Richards, assistant to the dean of the School of Liberal Arts at the Pennsylvania State College, after completing a study of the records of 1,500 recent graduates.

A fund of \$125,000, created by the will of Mrs. Elizabeth Putnam, has provided for annual intellectual competition between a team of Harvard students and teams from other colleges and universities.

Randall Thompson's book "College Music," has attempted to prove that granting credit for any activity in applied music works to the disadvantage of the performance secured. In part, Thompson says, "It is the study of

music for itself, 'das Ding an sich,' and not the practice of musical performance that should be the basis of under-graduate and graduate work for academic degrees in American colleges and universities.

From July 1935 to December 1935, inclusive, Kentuckians have been able to gain a liberal education by listening to the radio fifteen to thirty minutes a day, five days a week. The broadcasts were maintained by the University of Kentucky, in collaboration with the Courier-Journal and the Louisville Times.

In a Catholic University questionnaire students condemned "Cinch" courses and promiscuous high marks; they commended stiff markers and professors demanding high scholastic standards.

A hasty analysis of the above items is sufficient to give a general notion of the enormous number of people who are displaying constructive interest in the field of education. The professor strives for more efficient methods, plus a better understanding of the student; the philanthropist offers financial aid; while the critic suggests certain modifications; the University broadens its scope of instruction; the student makes known his desires; and the newspaper publishes the steps of progression.

Men have always been interested in education, but the extra burst of enthusiasm which we have witnessed during the past few years is merely the reaction of our financial depression. The world has become a more difficult place in which to live. Men must be better equipped. Thus, education, the most potent factor in the development of man, has assumed the task of developing men who are capable of readjusting a chaotic world.

## EXCHANGES

Our perusal of exchange magazine is one task which we never hurry. This is so, not because we look upon the work as secondary and unimportant, but rather because we like to accomplish this work at our leisure. We realize that any criticism which we might offer after a hasty inspection, would be unfair, inaccurate, and therefore a grave injustice to the author of the article and the editor of the magazine. We, who are also engaged in the magazine field, can readily appreciate the psychological effect which adverse criticism might produce in the aspiring writer. Therefore, we have devoted ourselves very carefully to the appraisal of collegiate literature, in order to prevent our criticism from becoming disparaging.

In our study during the past few months, we became acquainted with some very praiseworthy contributions. From these it has been our pleasure to signal out three which deserve special mention.

In the November 1935, Fordham Monthly, there appears a one-act play written by Thomas J. Fitzmorris, "The Father." The scene is laid in a small fishing town on the eastern seaboard. The action takes place in the second half of the seventeenth century. A crisis has arisen in the life of a young fisherman, in virtue of which, a decision must be made. In this play Fitzmorris has exhibited a strong command of dramatic situations, an intimate knowledge of his characters and background, and a masterful portrayal of characteristics and emotional reactions. An accepted theme, polished by originality, and a wholesome satisfying conclusion have added vigor and body to one of the finest of collegiate plays.

On May 24, 1935, it was awarded first prize by the Century Theatre Club of New York, in its contest for the best one-act play having an American or English background, written by a student of any college in the city of New York.

David Sheehan's twenty pages of "Whiskey Noose," which appears in the November of the Holy Cross Purple, presents some of the finest descriptive passages that recently have been brought to our attention. His portrayal of "The Limerick Club Lounge," the "Gentleman in the White Waistcoat," and the "Pot of Porter" are worthy of our best praise. On the whole, the story is tainted with the style of the "Old School" and would perhaps receive severe criticism from the modern short-story connoisseur; but whatever it lacks in approach and treatment, is hidden by a screen of vivid and artistic phraseology.

Our third award of honor goes to Mark Dalton of the Boston College "Stylus," for his biographical sketch of Heywood Broun, entitled "A Militant Columnist." The work is set against the very intriguing background of the public opinion concerning this illustrious journalist. After an abbreviated description of Broun's career, Dalton sets himself to the task of interpreting the facts, which accomplishment is marked by the genial expression of an unbiased opinion. Extracts from Broun's daily column help the reader to see this man as the author sees him.

In our opinion these three works suggest exceptional talent, and therefore rate a higher standing than the ordinary collegiate contribution. In addition we have a word of praise for the following: Richard King, whose brilliant picture of Alexander Pope ap-

pears in the Fall issue of the *Canisius Quarterly*; Edward Merrick, of the *Stylus*, for the poetic thought expressed in "It is not as our Sorrow;" Joseph Unger, of the *St. Joseph's "Gleaner,"* for his fast-moving short-story, entitled "Yellow Fever;" Raymond J. Ripple, of the *Fordham Monthly*, for his vivid description of the part played by the Negro Folk Song, in an essay entitled "A People and its Song;" And finally, Joseph Burke, of the *St. Joseph's "Chronicle,"* for his interesting discussion on, "The Future of the League of Nations."

#### MILLIONS AND ART

After a long wait of sixteen years, New York has been allowed to admire the famous Frick collection of art treasures. Sixteen years after the death of Henry Clay Frick, the huge gray building that spreads cross the entire block at 70th street is now open to a curious public. Within those walls were almost one hundred and forty paintings, innumerable porcelains, rare furniture, and bronzes. Many tales had been heard of this unique collection, but very few had the honor of seeing it.

When Mr. Frick died, he left his house and all it contained to a board of trustees who were to establish an art gallery and encourage and develop the study of fine arts, with the proviso that Mrs. Frick should use his mansion as her home until her death. In 1931, Mrs. Frick died and the trustees began the formidable task of arranging the treasures for display.

Even with an endowment of fifteen million dollars, the trustees of the Frick collection found the museum business a very long and tedious job, since four years were required to put the mansion

on a displaying basis. The mansion had to be completely overhauled and the collection had to be organized and arranged.

Visitors to this museum are intentionally guided by a path of ropes through the route laid out for them to follow. There is no turning back or drifting around at random. The visit is brief and systematized. Visitors go from the reception room to a colonaded glass enclosed court, where the shrubbery and fountain quietly set the tone of the tour. Beyond the court lies the new oval gallery, housing one of the gems of the collection, Velasquez's "Philip IV." After comes the east Gallery, then a return to the court and into the main house. Here the route becomes roped. A corridor leads to the West Gallery which contains the bulk of the paintings and furniture, then into the Enamel room at the end of it, returning down the other side of the

Gallery ending the tour into the main hall.

The library, living room, Fragonard room, and the dining room, all follow in an arranged order. Frick's love for the Barbizon school results in an array of Corots, Rousseaus, Millets and Daubignys.

Visitors invariably pause to look at Rembrandt's portraits of himself. In one gallery there are six Van Dykes and the arresting portraits of Frank Snyder, together with a large, colorful Marchesa Cattaneo. In the dining room stands one of Gainsborough's few landscapes, "The Mall," purchased by Mr. Frick for three hundred dollars. Panels by Fragonard and Boucher, painted for the delight of Mme. Poumpadour, adorn two rooms.

Altogether it is a splendid acquisition by an art loving public. Things have a way of returning to people in some form or other.

## PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Swinging along the highway  
With the sunlight in his eyes,  
Treading a pleasant by-way  
Under God's benignant skies,  
Breathing refreshed breezes,  
Seeing the Earth awake,  
Watching the seasons color  
Each acre of ground, each lake;  
What can a man desire  
More from life and living  
Than to have the good things  
God is always giving?

—HERBERT F. MURRAY, '35





Once more our Spotlight sends a brilliant finger of light into the past, bringing to view in black and white, scenes from the college year—highlights which, as part of what will one day be a priceless heritage of memories, deserve to be preserved in more concentrated and dignified form than is possible through the weekly publication.

#### SOPHOMORE HOP

Our beam reveals some two hundred dancing couples - - Soft colored lights play upon the gracefully swaying figures, revealing now the pretty smiling features of a beautiful girl, now the sparkling eyes of a student, relaxed, enjoying himself for a night, his studies forgotten. The music is soothing; the hall gaily decorated with bunches of balloons clustered as grapes along the walls; a fine sterling bracelet to the fair one as a souvenir.

#### SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN MIXER

The rays of the Spotlight shift now, revealing an entirely different scene. The Soph-Frosh Mixer is in progress. Pipes and cigarettes are in evidence. Now and then the hall, darkened while that gripping drama "There's Gold in Them Thar Hills" is being presented, is lighted up by the flash of a match.

The drama is followed by the "Made Your Blows" troupe of talent. This well received presentation starred Frank Moriarity and Fred Roberts. None who were there will ever forget the former's hilarious impersonations of Ed Wynn, Joe E. Brown, and other Broadway personalities. The latter, billed as the "Fred Astaire of Providence College," gave more entertainment in ten minutes of his aesthetic dancing than Astaire ever gave in a sixty minute film. The applause for this act long reverberated over Bradley Hill. Also on the night's program was another play, "The Perfect Crime"—or "100% in a monthly exam," selections by the orchestra, a trumpet solo, and a real luncheon. "A good time was had by all."

#### SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN FOOTBALL GAME

Let us turn our Spotlight out onto New Henricken Field. The wind is howling, the ground is frozen hard. A few sturdy, red-nose devotees are in the stands, many more are huddled in autos lined on both sides of the playing field—"a small but appreciative audience." Out there on the rock-like turf, twenty-two noble youths are battling, like knights old for honor. Their ar-

mour consists of football suits; their weapons are blocking, tackling, running, passing, kicking, but not for the hand of a fair damsel do they joust, rather for the honor of their class. The Sophomores and Freshmen are at it again. Despite the cold, the teams perform marvels. The Sophomores' gallant bid to tie it up is halted on the one foot line by a desperate Freshman tackler and the timekeeper's whistle. There are rumors that the timekeeper, anxious to get inside and warm his toes, clipped a minute or two off that last quarter. At all events, it was a memorable battle, and those who witnessed it that cold December day deserve membership in the Polar Bear Club—or a berth at Howard.

#### WINTER COMES TO BRADLEY HILL

One Winter's morning we turned our Spotlight on Bradley Hill, and had revealed to us an encounter, an almost daily occurrence during the Winter, worthy of being immortalized in epic poetry. The wind was howling down Smith St., roaring up Sophomore Lane and over Donnelly Road. The temperature was somewhere near absolute zero. Heads bowed, shoulders hunched against the wind, collars up, the delegation from the 8:25 Smith Street car was bravely facing the elements and struggling to gain the shelter of Harkins Hall at the foot of the hill, in time for the nine o'clock classes. Never was there a more silent, tight lipped, determined group. Of such stuff was the Mayflower dynasty founded, Rhode Island established, and the Thirteen Colonies made into these glorious United States.

#### THE COWL CONDUCTS A POLL

Into the all-seeing beam of the Spot-

light, there has come of late a new object of worth—the "COWL" our student weekly. This up-to-the-minute publication, in its issue of Friday the Thirteenth, announced a poll of student opinions on topics of national and college interest. This poll revealed in its answers, the results of consideration by the serious college mind. For your enlightenment,—185 favored the Roosevelt administration as apposed to a minority of 85 who thought his innovations a failure. A majority of fifty students advocated that American Olympic contenders be sent to Germany, and Italy was criticized by a small majority for her invasion of Ethiopia. Bruno Richard Hauptmann was given a reprieve by a plurality of 30, but a number of these suggested his sentence be changed to one of life imprisonment. Senator Borah was the favorite of the student body for the Republican Presidential nomination. while Ex-President Hoover and Governor Landon polled a considerable number of votes.

On the questions concerned with scholastic matters, the students evidenced a greater interest in activities than the editors suspected. The COWL was accorded unanimous approval, while the ALEMBIC was criticised as to matter and literary excellence, but approved as to Cover and Format. The football team was congratulated on its performance during the season. The athletic office and several other departments were reprimanded for a number of reasons. However the criticisms were constructively meant and received in good spirit. Almost unanimously the desire was expressed for a new science hall, a gymnasium, dormitories, a field house and a chapel.

## BASKETBALL DEVOTEES

The Spotlight is more than grateful for the opportunity to turn its beams on the home basketball games. Here though, the brilliancy of our reflection is dimmed by those stalwarts who are providing the thrills. A nicer game to watch there never was—especially here where it provides one of the few opportunities to see the Providence College "gentleman," and girl he left over Christmas, back together again. The flush of excitement on their cheeks, the colorful scarf beneath the racoon coats, the sparkle of smiling and cheering faces all add up and spell COLLEGE.

## THE JUNIOR DANCE

We colored the lens of the Spotlight and attended the dance of the tenth. A typical Junior affair, it was conducted with the smoothness and finesse that has marked the present Junior Class as the Social Body of the College. Music, the mellowness and heat of Billy Carlin, the dance, E. Riley's interpretation of the "cheek to cheek" motif, and, well, the evening in general, a heritage of happiness.

FROM CHRISTMAS COMPLACENCY TO  
JANUARY JITTERS

The Spotlight is in trouble— In the next few days not a cheerful nook can it discern. Exams—better they were not mentioned. But let us be content in the happier memories of the Junior Dance, and apply ourselves with a little more diligence to the books in hope of rewards to come next semester. They'll be worth it.

## GUZMAN HALL

The Guzmanites have been accom-

plishing things. The Entertainment Committee, headed by Russell Aumann, has been presenting dramatic pieces on appropriate occasions. Their latest production, however, received the greatest reception ever. Presenting "The Pretender," a one-act play with a Christmas atmosphere and collegiate locale, the principal actors, William Geary, Aumann, and Joseph McTigue, proved veterans in the histrionic field having turned in performances that are worthy of the "top" in entertainment.

Athletically, the Hall is keeping pace with the College tradition, by turning out an excellent basketball team in each class. The seasoned Juniors wrung a victory from the Freshmen by a tally of 37—27. The latter, however showed surprising ability for neophytes—their weakness is lack of sufficient concentration in plays and teamwork.

Back at the Hall from all points of the compass, the Guzman boys, refreshed after a week of welcomed idleness are ready and eager to re-enter scholastic and athletic competition. William McDermott travelled farthest to see "the folks," having a trip to and from Huron, S. D. to his credit. Less extra-curricular activities will be the rule now with the approach of the "mid-years" and the coming of Lent.

## ADIOS

Memories—gay times—sad times—"Round and round again spins the wheel of college activities." The Spotlight has tried to catch in its beam and record for later years those things, some great, most of them small—but all of which make college life so complete and colorful.

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## MUSTY TIME FROM MUSTY PAPERS

Leap Year—1 9 3 6 —Square Year

Junius, Aprilis, Septemq, Nouemq; tricenos,  
Vnum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicens,  
At si Bissexthus fuerit superadditur vnus.

William Harrison: *Description of Britain*  
prefixed to Holinshed's "Chronicle," 1577.



Thirty dayes hath Nouember,  
Aprill, June, and September,  
February hath xxviii alone,  
And all the rest have xxxi.

Richard Grafton: *Chronicles of England* (1590)



Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November,  
February has twenty-eight alone,  
All the rest have thirty-one;  
Excepting leap year—that's the time  
When February's days are twenty-nine.

*The Return from Parnassus.* (London, 1606)



Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November,  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Excepting February alone,  
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,  
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

Common in the New England States.



Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,  
Thirty days to each affix;  
Every other thirty-one,  
Except the second month alone.

Common in Chester County,  
Penn., among the Quakers.



Tell her the joyous Time will not be staid,  
Unless she doe him by the forelock take.

Edmund Spenser—*Amoretti*, lxx.

# JOHN R. McMULLEN

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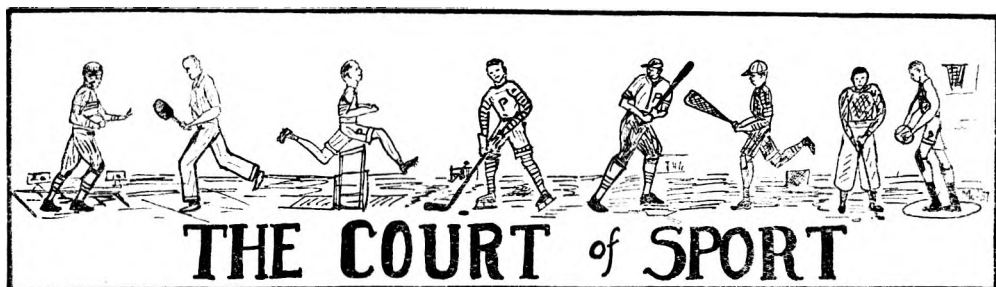
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"Quality Always"  
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TUXEDOS  
FULL DRESS  
CUTAWAYS  
FOR HIRE  
CAPS & GOWNS**

214 Woolworth Bld.  
Providence Men



FRANCIS MCINNIS, '38

### WE INSIST

This column no longer serves the useful, if not necessary, purpose of former years. Since the College now enjoys *The COWL*, a weekly publication, in which is preserved the sport record as it unfolds week by week, it is found neither expedient nor practical to report sport items in detail. As a rule facts of sport enshrined in the pages of a College quarterly are too cold to be appealing; time moves so fast, while memory and interest are so short. We could not hope, for example, to keep pace with the basketball team in these pages. The exigencies of the press demand that material be submitted weeks ahead of the date of issue, and who then wants to read in the January issue about a game played last year?

Indeed, many have questioned the advisability of retaining this column in the quarterly. In a poll recently conducted by *The COWL* the majority of the students favored the suppression of *The Court of Sport*. We see their point. But think we: here we have gone to the trouble of getting a nice, attractive cuthead made for the November issue, at a time when *The COWL* had not even been in serious contemplation,

and we devised a fancy title—*The Court of Sport* (or is it fancy?)—for it; why then discard so promptly such noble fruit of wracking meditation.

We are not going to discard it. A future staff may think otherwise, but this present one is of the opinion that there is yet room in a quarterly for a sport column. The reporting of sport can be sublimated to the dignity of a quarterly. We do not have to inscribe trivial details of a game, we do not have to present box scores, we do not have to keep in the limelight our pets among the athletes, annoying our readers with boring minutiae about their greatness. Rather, we propose to treat of sport in a general, philosophical way, which according to the sages transcends all time and matter. We like that—the transcending of time and matter. It leaves us very free to write what we like without having to pour over statistics. Mind over matter, you know, even if you are writing about so grossly physical a thing as athletics.

### THE GRIDIRON

We succeeded in our last issue in including all the games played by our varsity. It was a creditable record. We bowed to but two teams, both neigh-

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bors of ours, and both of them conducted by an element that traditionally seems to fit snugly into the scheme of intense and natural rivalry with the powers that control our destinies. Curious how the spirit infiltrates into the student body. Curious too how bitterly Catholic Colleges compete with one another in sports. Bitter may be criticized as a strong word, but no one who has consistently witnessed games among neighboring Catholic Colleges can honestly describe it by a softer word. Likely, it is for the best. A game should be fought hard: there should be *animus* (the Latin meaning) behind it. As long as dirty playing, unsportmanlike conduct and hatred are avoided, the game is bound to be a thriller which is played by teams that go out on the field for more of an objective than mere physical exercise, gate receipts or entertainment of the customers. The sporting public wants a fight, and it generally gets it when Catholic Colleges play each other.

Coach McGee has announced spring practice for the pig-skinners. As soon as the snows of winter melt away from the bosom of Henricken Field, the squad will sally forth merrily, and frisking blithely mid the greening grass and dancing daffodils, will sweat out of its aging joints the numbness of a frozen winter past. In all likelihood, the men will dash off their plays in brilliant style, signals will be rattled off with startling precision, plays will "click," gaping holes through the line of scrimmage will be torn by tacklers rejuvenated by the breath of spring, while the prancing backs will squirm and wiggle through the opposition like lively urchins among the pushcarts of Orchard Street. They do not do that in a game; at least not in the games that

we cherish most, as with Holy Cross and Boston College. In the crucial test, there is no conformity between spring practice and game results—or are we becoming too philosophical.

Spring practice had long been discarded here. We are glad that Coach McGee is reviving it. That, with a few other improvements in the Athletic Department, may yet make the Friar gridgers a formidable Eastern team. We may still be a long way from the Rose Bowl, but so once were many other squads. Are we getting too idealistic in our philosophy?

For the occasion of the Tercentenary Celebration of the founding of this tough little State, the schedule for 1936 is an attractive and hard one. To our own amazement we have invited Western Maryland to dare the autumn blasts of Hendricken Field. It is an agreeable innovation to bring in so noted and distant a team. Our stocks are going up. But is our horse-sense going down?

#### THE COURT

One look at his mountainous frame and one hearing of his booming voice convinces one immediately of the tireless, physical energies of our basketball coach. One glance at the record he has made also convinces one that on top of that mountain of meat is a brain that understands all the intricacies of that swift, exhaustive game of basketball. Now the General is a capable man, and he has given us season after season a team of which any college might be proud. The man is also very likeable—Genial Gen, they call him, and genial he is, until he is crossed. All in the game, don't you know; he has to assert himself from time to time, because he happens at present to have on his hands

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**THE EDITOR.**

games, varsity and otherwise, fully three-quarters of the total enrollment would continue to absent itself from the contests. What can we do about it? Whatever it is, it ought to be done.

#### THE RING

Very soon the Juniors will stage their annual boxing event. This always is a good show, and it has the reputation of revealing to us much new fistic talent. It's good to watch our fellow classmen

slugging each other between the ropes. We get a vicarious thrill at times when we see a blow landed on someone who always gets into our hair. Is this uncharitable? Verily, boxing seems to be just a little *outré* in a serene academic atmosphere; it is the glorification of brute physical strength, the sublimation of the flesh at the expense of the spirit—but it arouses more spirit than many an intellectual endeavor around here. So on with the gloves!





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