

THE
ALEMBIC



EASTER NUMBER

Providence College

VOL. XVIII. No. 5

MARCH, 1936



The Alembic

VOLUME XVIII

MARCH, 1936

No. 3

TABLE OF CONTENTS

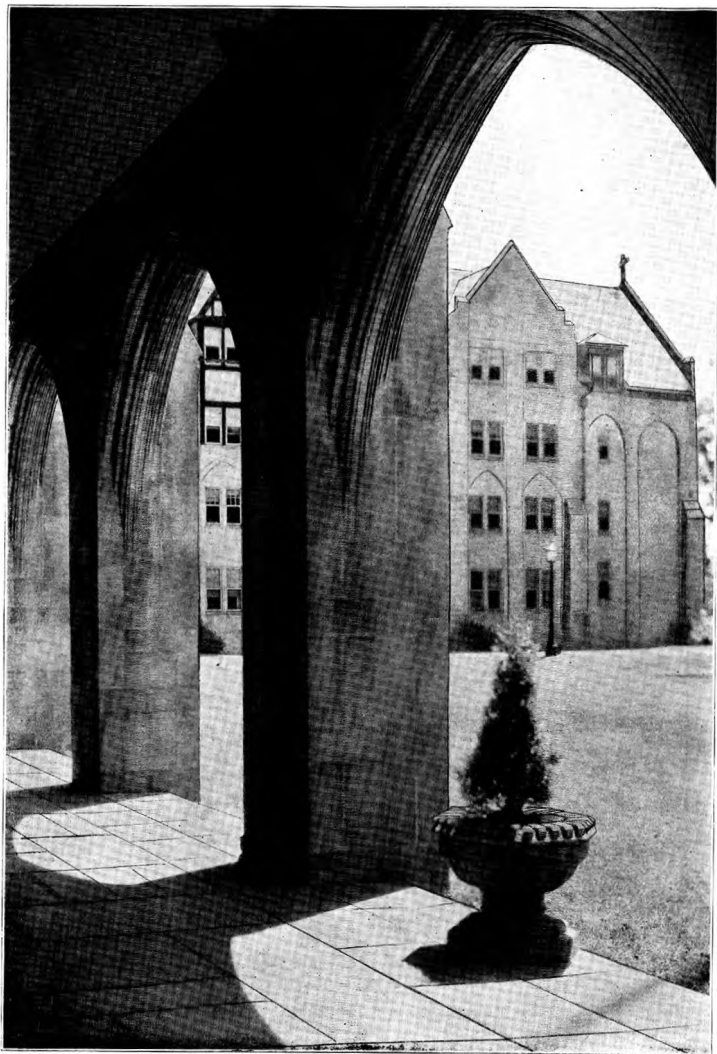
FRONTISPIECE: A CATHOLIC COLLEGE	4
THE FOUNTAIN OF AGE <i>Walter A. Hughes</i> , '39	5
O'NEILL'S AH WILDERNESS <i>Leo Duprey</i> , '36	8
THE QUEST—A POEM <i>William Geary</i> , '39	14
WHITHER MICKEY MOUSE <i>E. Riley Hughes</i> , '37	16
ASPIRATION — A POEM	18
CREED OR GREED <i>Thomas Flynn</i> , '39	19
LAUS DEO — A POEM	21
THE SPARKLING SNATCH <i>William J. Sullivan</i> , '36	22
SPRING — A POEM	27
THE LOWLY SUSPENDER <i>Richard P. Larcher</i> , '39	28
THE CATHEDRAL OF THOUGHT <i>Dennis Shea</i> , '36	30
UNSHELTERED LIFE <i>Thomas J. Hogan</i> , '36	32
BAGATELLE	35
THE SPRING POET — A POEM	40
CAP, GOWN AND HALO — ST. GREGORY THE GREAT	41
EDITORIALS	43
THIS COLLEGIATE WORLD <i>George Scowcroft</i> , '37	46
THE CAMPUS SPOTLIGHT <i>William Beaudro</i> , '38	48
THE COURT OF SPORT <i>Frank McInnis</i> , '38	54

The ALEMBIC is published quarterly by the students of Providence College, Providence, R. I. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Providence, R. I., December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription, \$2.00 the year. "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized April 9, 1932." Printed by The Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio.

The Alembic



PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY
By the Students Of
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
PROVIDENCE, R. I.



A CATHOLIC COLLEGE

*. . . With strong gray Walls against blue sky. With pillared arch
of stone . . . she stands: . . . Her trust the sacred rock of truth.*

The Fountain of Age

A Story

Walter Appleton Hughes, '39

He couldn't stand it any longer. For one thing, it was irksome to be forced to look past a brooding and, he reflected, probably a crotchety old woman to see the vaguely outlined countryside through the train window. He tried to rise above it all, the crowded daycoach, the woman who reminded him annoyingly of Whistler's "Mother"—annoyingly because he hated sentiment in at least its more obvious forms—the noise of the train and the bourgeois element of it all.

None of them could possibly understand him. He was high-strung, at least that was what a high school teacher told him once, and these people were too engrossed in themselves to realize that there was a noble spirit among them. He mused contentedly that not one of them could look forward to the great things he had in store for himself. That bulk of a man dumped into the seat across the aisle, reading a tabloid and chewing an unlighted cigar nauseated him. There was an outstanding example of a mess of a man, mentally and physically, who was out of touch with the finer things of life. He thought again, more patronizingly, that these people merely exist, probably to do the menial work connected with the organizing force of some college man. This thought consoled him; he could now reasonably love his neighbor.

His mind reverted to the bliss of joyous expectation in which he saw himself president of his "frat" and a class officer. He had made quite a few friends in the past year; everyone admitted he had personality. He would make some use of it this year.

He was forcefully and violently returned to the abysmal sordidness which surrounded him by an unwary child's stumbling and spilling water at his feet. Her mother's attempts at apology only increased his disgust at brats, as he mentally branded her, who could not respect their elders. After all, his clothes were about the best one could afford; these people should recognize that. But no, only a college bred person would appreciate the value of clothes to the higher class man and would admire his undergraduate attire.

Despairingly he decided that the only outlet was in conversation.

"What's the matter, Mother?"

Why had he called her Mother? He neither knew her nor felt any comfort in so calling her; he was beyond all that. Perhaps it was his long experience in life that made him consider all old women as mothers.

"It doesn't seem possible."

He drew away to glance askance at her, showing his disgust at so irrelevant a remark, but she continued to think aloud and absorb him in her thought.

"It doesn't seem possible that it could have happened to Henry."

"Who is Henry, and what happened to him?"

He spoke in a tone of mingled irritation and reverence, not understanding fully, but realizing the solemnity of her words by the effort it cost her to speak. (He could understand people.) She seemed startled, as if resenting his broaching conversation and questioning her. Regaining her thoughts, she seemed pathetically willing to talk and at the same time to wrap herself in moody silence.

"He is my son. You see, I just buried him."

"I understand."

"But you don't." She extended a pleading hand. "I really didn't mean that. You would understand. You remind me of him."

He wondered vaguely if he should resent that, but she continued unaware of his displeasure.

"He was twice my size, but I called him my baby. He didn't like it. He thought he deserved more respect as a college man."

"Perhaps he did."

"He didn't like to leave me to start his Freshman year. Were you like that when you first left home?"

"I don't know."

He hated the mention of that Freshman year, remembering the mental memorandum he made to avenge himself on the "frosh" when he was a Sophomore.

"When he finally got there he was popular. The first year was hard though, and most fellows liked to tease him because I used to send him clothes that the college boys must wear, at least that's what the salesman said."

"The same thing happens in most colleges, I imagine" he said more through politeness than interest.

"I'm trying to forget him and give all my time to my other children, but it seems hard."

A lapse in the conversation gave him the opportunity to recollect that he knew her whole problem, not by direct revelation of course, but by his own perception, and that she knew nothing of him or his difficulties.

"Do you have any trouble in college?"

She had recognized him as a college man; that was the most he hoped from her. But why consider trouble? After that first terrifying year all his collegiate thought had happy aspects, but then, all his college concerns were social.

"No, my studies never worry me, and there's a round of fun for any fellow in my position."

"I mean, do you ever feel that it isn't complete? Henry often said that he thought it was. And he was president of his fraternity and class treasurer."

"He was awfully successful, wasn't he?"

"He thought he had gone as far as he could in college and was anxious to get out into life and improve himself."

"I'd be satisfied by holding those offices."

"Henry was ambitious like you and always looked for the very next step. Sometimes I wish he had prepared more for the future even though—"

"What good would it have done?"

"Oh, I don't mean for his immediate future, but after that—"

"What could he have done anyway? That comes no matter what you do. This whole generation has a different attitude toward—that. We take it as a matter of course. You see, we're not afraid of it. I think your Henry was happy even up to the last minute."

"Perhaps. It happened in an automobile accident and they say he didn't suffer. That makes it easier for me—knowing that he died without pain."

"I'd hoped we wouldn't discuss it. It's not a very pleasant subject, and anyway I don't know much about it."

"We old people may seem to be odd about it, but we have very definite ideas, and we are waiting patiently for—it. I guess you could call it our fountain of age."

Suddenly the train drew to a stop, and muttering that it was her station long before she expected it, she started to grab together all the little things she had with her. She seemed very nervous and fidgety to him. She said "Good-bye" and started off. Clutching her hat bag and with her pocket book under her arm and supported by the porter she descended from the train to the station platform in a few unsteady steps.

As the train left the station he could see her standing in the same position, fumbling in her pocket book for the pennies to buy a paper which she couldn't read through her tear-dimmed eyes from a raggamuffin who had accosted her after he saw her tip the porter. He settled back for the hour trip ahead of him, trying to be comfortable now that he had two seats. Moving to the inside seat to get a better view, he felt something under his hand. He picked it up and was amazed and confounded to find the object was a pair of rosary beads. So she had been praying. He knew she couldn't have been thinking all that time.

He gradually lapsed into the rhythm and swaying motion of the train. She had said something about a "fountain of age." Really now, she couldn't have expected that that was clever. But there were after all more important things to think about. He wondered idly whether Chuck Martin would be waiting for him at the station to arrange about a committee for the elections.

Ah, O'Neill's Wilderness

Leo Duprey, '36

Written as a review of a recent important book of criticism "The Poet's Quest" by Richard Dana Skinner, here is a stimulating and penetrating appraisal of the work to date of our most significant contemporary dramatist, Eugene O'Neill. This was perhaps the most outstanding treatment on the subject of those submitted to the Extension School course in Current Literary Trends.

ANY CRITICAL COMMENT IS almost invariably preceded by prefatory remarks. To justify a course in literary criticism I feel forced to bow to convention and submit an introduction. There is no necessity for me to state my lack of qualifications to discuss a la Nathan the "inner continuity" of "O'Neilliana. Yet, discussion of reaction, however immature, is an admirable way of cementing the bond that exists between author and reader. The plays of Eugene O'Neill have for a long time exerted a profound influence upon me. I can recall rather vividly maternal criticism about the so-called immorality of his plays. My critic was of the opinion that the lover of fire always was consumed by it—art notwithstanding. My interest in him was aroused first by *Mourning Becomes Electra*. I was somewhat familiar with the Attic conception of tragedy and I wanted to parallel the House of Atreus with the highly-heralded House of

Mannon. This inevitably lead me to want to know more of this modern Aeschylus. The experience was a fascinating one—not particularly wholesome, but nevertheless enjoyable. Long before English 424 was objectified, I had put a reservation in for Doctor Skinner's critique.

While not attempting to improve upon his panorama which begins with the sea-cycles, I am more inclined to regard O'Neill's five one-act plays (under the title *Thirst*) as the first dim statement or stage of his quest. Accordingly, my analysis will begin with one of these, considering *The Web* as typical of the entire collection.

The Web is the title of O'Neill's first play; it is a brief one-act drama in which a prostitute attempts to shield her criminal lover from the clutches of the law. While this play is relatively unimportant, it contains the germ of many complexes that are prominent in the later, more mature works of the

dramatist. With this "first," (contained in O'Neill's chronology under five plays in *Thirst*) the poet grapples with the momentous struggle between good and evil. The wonderful way in which O'Neill can universalize a particular theme, regardless how fantastic it may appear at first glance, is perhaps the secret of his rare genius. The leading character of *The Web* is Rose Thomas, a prostitute; she is the prototype of numerous others of that sisterhood that are scattered throughout his plays. Like them she is more sinned against than sinning. This was O'Neill's early credo; the staid American theatre now has its first heroine of the Ibsen tradition. It is significant to note that *The Web* reveals a tendency in O'Neill—symbolism. The title is symbolic of a labyrinth of misfortunes, a web that is not of man's design. Yet when the dragnet closes in, society, the true cause of the disaster, holds man responsible. Tim Morgan and Rose Thomas are victims of love, hate, jealousy and commercial vice, or more accurately, they succumb to forces in their nature and environment over which they can exercise no control. Those very forces which supported them in their vice are the first ones to condemn them. This type of drama was definitely new to the American theatre; it was on an uncompromising revolt against an unjust system which mires men. Rose lets her audience know why she has fallen—dying of consumption; she did not directly cause this condition; it was the corrupt social system that disregards those whom it destroys in its futile endeavor to glorify conventional concepts of good and evil. *The Web* dramatizes the tragic inadequacy of a social order which creates an evil and then righteously con-

demns its own offspring. This first group, of which *The Web* is typical, is an indication of motivation and perspective—not a yardstick of theatrical artistry. In connection with this item, it is to be noted that the author has repudiated them and that they will never be printed again with his permission. This may explain Doctor Skinner's omission. To me the poetic progression begins with the poetic concept enunciated in a later play (Dion Anthony's words in *The Great God Brown*) "We communicate in code—when neither has the other's key." In this first group we find O'Neill's credo of futility and revolt.

The sea-sagas revolve around the S. S. Glencairn and its picturesque crew. The fascinating problem of Death captures the poet who treats it in *East Bound for Cardiff*. While the good ship Glencairn, east bound for Cardiff, moves through the dense fog, one of her crew, Yank, is dying. Yank's ship was going east and Yank knew that he was "going west." It is Dricoll, his dearest enemy, to whom Yank pours forth his terrible doubts and fears about the beyond. In this play is exemplified the concept 'doubt,' or as Skinner labels it "Fogs."

"Discovery" might well be the poetic concept emphasized in *Beyond the Horizon*. (Doctor Skinner calls it sacrifice.) There has been much critical comment upon O'Neill's use of illusory ideals. No play better exemplifies this than *Beyond the Horizon*. All the characters base their lives upon illusion—the hope for an ultimate meaning and justification for existence. Robert is "the subjective, creative dreamer." Andrew, his brother, is rooted in the soil. Ruth, the daughter of a neighboring farmer is the usual O'Neill

femme fatale. It is strange his women are triumphant in their weaknesses; it is they who always "upset the apple-cart," and destroy the stronger male. Here it is the perverse fickleness of Ruth that ruins both brothers. As Doctor Skinner says, the seed of tragedy is the feminine desire to dominate, to exclude everything alien. Man's submission to Circe's song eventuates his ultimate debacle. Robert's ecstatic vision of the beauty that lays 'beyond the horizon,' constitutes the theme of the play; he might well have echoed Paul's words, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" In the defeat of death Robert found his victory.

The cavalcade of O'Neilliana stops next at *The Straw*. This is a tale of physical and moral incapacity. The story concerns two consumptives confined in a sanatorium. Friendship ripens into love on the part of Eileen Carmody for Stephen Murray. She unwisely confesses her love to him and is spurned. Murray returns to New York, but is soon dissatisfied and comes back to the sanatorium. Persuaded by the nurse to feign love for Eileen, in a desperate attempt to save her life, Murray sadly learns that his passion is real. The play ends with both nursing the illusion that all is well. The dramatist leaves the concept of positive hope—"Affirmation."

Captain Bartlett's tragedy in *Gold*, is a saga of spiritual despair and eventual catharsis. His futile vigil for the Sarah Allen's return is symbolic of man's search for an ideal. As in *Beyond the Horizon*, Death is the great liberator for the Captain tears up the map of the island on which he buried his bloody booty of brass. This gesture

is another milestone along the long road leading to the land of Ur.

Anna Christie gives the author of *Our Changing Theatre*, the basis for the concept "possession" in the poet's quest. The poet cannot shake off completely that fatalistic trend apparent in most of his plays. While Anna is re-generated temporarily, Chris' bondage to "dat ole debil sea" is not loosened. In this play many inconsistencies which make O'Neill so difficult to definitely analyze. Here again, the problem of good and evil that fascinated the tyro in *The Web*, is treated by the more mature artist, who again rebels against conventional ethics. For example, there is that vexing problem of the single standard. Violation of chastity is considered from two angles—for the male it is a sin to be eternally committed—for the woman, it is a sin to be eternally punished. O'Neill's symbolism makes pronouncement difficult. Anna symbolizes an institution in Matt's eyes; to him she is an end, a goal—a glorious reality transcending life's dross. Anna is aware of all this and resents being accepted as a figure; she is a vibrant human being—however weak and frail. Added to this maze of conflict, is the germ of Kantian morality. (a person is free to do anything provided he does not interfere with the same identical liberties of another). O'Neill's fatalistic determinism adds to the confusion. Witness Anna's rationalization of her downfall—"It wasn't none of my fault. I hated him worse'n hell and he knew it. But he was big and strong." Yet towering over all these are Matt's triumphant words, "If your oath is no proper oath at all, I'll have to be taking your naked word for it and have you anyway, I'm needing you

that bad." Despite the multiplicity of under currents in Pulitzer Prize Play, the resurgent concept of possession dominates it.

The next stage on the road has been characterized as "Pride and Frustration." *Emperor Jones* manifests similarity with the previously discussed play. Jones is a slave to pride, just as Matt Burke was to an inelastic moral code. This play, together with *Different* marks the first decline in the lofty progression; it is the first disquieting note on the trail of the poet's "high romance." Some significance may be attached to the fact that male characters dominate the story of the Emperor. Emma Crosby's sole glimpse of reality, like the Lady of Shalott's, cost her her happiness. One is left with the conclusion that an ideal is self-destructive. The quality, but not the intensity, of this concept is disappointing. The savant's previous gropings held promise for the attainment of a dazzling El Dorado. Now, it is but an impossible myth.

The stagnant sterility of this nihilism is partially erased in "partial acceptance." The problem of the equality of the sexes vexes the seer. Curtis Jayson's masculinity destroys him and his wife, Martha. Yet there is not the overpowering sense of futility that was evidenced in the *Emperor Jones*. The quest is not altogether in vain. In the words of Poe, "Thank Heaven! the crisis is past." Not yet though, had "the fever called 'Living,' " been conquered. "The terrible torture of thirst for the rivers of Passion accurst," still lingered.

This titanic contest with reality was continued in *The Hairy Ape*, which affords a temporary "escape" from deepest despondency. "Yank" is a symbol

of a system that has exploited both man's body and spirit. His inability to "belong" is a sweeping condemnation of the scientific world. The horrible doubts occasioned by retrogression to primitive bestiality seared the poet's soul. Redemption is impossible. This is the Inferno stage along the journey.

The philosophic inferences that had to be culled from *The Fountain*, made that play unsuccessful from the box-office angle. But as our critic says, "As a part of spiritual sequence, it is very important." The grim search of Ponce de Leon for the fountain of youth is depicted against a motif of grasping, ecclesiastical greed. I think that this caricature is in a sense autobiographical. The author's refusal to climb the arduous Seven Hills of Petrine Rome may have caused this bitterness against the Catholic Church. This scornful attitude is however, but a ripple on the main artery of thought. The Spaniard identifies himself with Supreme Beauty. The transition from the abyss of self-negation that characterized Yank to the self worship of de Leon is a momentous one, yet the poet's despair is gone. The beckoning light bespeaks of "tenderness."

The "house-divided" theme now appears in *Welded*; it is a faint apparition of the character of John Loving in a later opus, *Days without End*. Eleanor and Michael Cape are consumed by the intensity of their passion; the happiness and joy that should have been their lot sour into the bitter vinegar of incompleteness. The age-old conflict between tradition and convention again reappears. Eleanor's past rises to torture and taunt Cape. His desire for domination, like Emma Crosby's, destroys his love for Eleanor. This ter-

rible abstraction of hopeless and helpless passion leaves the poet undecided.

The poet's treatment of *All God's Chillun* bears much similarity with that of *Welded*. Passion again destroys the principals. The epic problem of miscengenation furnishes O'Neill with the proper material with which to substantiate his thesis that the negro is still in bondage. The desire for equality destroys Jim Harris; the desire for domination ruins Ela Downey. The poet bows to reality and acknowledges his immaturity. With this ends the first division "Turmoil."

The regressive division included the best known plays of Eugene O'Neill. He accepts the Attic conception of tragedy with its complete convolution of plot. The first play of the new O'Neill is *Desire under the Elms*, a conflict of "unrepented lust." The next step, that of retribution, is realized in a later trilogy. Due stress should be laid upon the "incest" angle. Ties to a "sinister" maternity are not completely severed. The poet's concept is one of titanic struggle—the "dragons of youth" still paw the ground with lethal fire coming from their nostrils.

The seething volcano of primal emotions was followed by a concept of resignation in *Marco's Millions*. The main theme of a lost soul is sidetracked by bitter invective on religion and civilization. "Eden" is supplanted by the resigned Kublai. The quest's value seems to have lost some of its allure.

The Great God Brown has been called by some the least theatrical of O'Neilliana. The use of extreme symbolism, in addition to complete masque technique was more an incentive for analysis than enjoyment. The play is a dramatization of duty and pleasure, hedonism and asceticism,

Dionysius and St. Anthony (combined by O'Neill in *Dion Anthony*). Dion is the "supersensitive painter-poet. William A. Brown is the visionless demigod of our new materialistic myth-Success." Again the desire for domination appears. Dion's mask of Pan excites Margaret's cupidity. Brown's "Only he that has wept can laugh," is but a milestone along the road. Complete quiescence is yet unattained for the laughter is sardonic.

The "inner continuity" becomes more apparent. Lazarus achieves what Dion could not attain; he has emancipated himself from those depressing companions—fear, death, retribution. The poet pauses in his quest to toy with Nietzschean morality of the super-man. To the question of salvation Lazarus has an answer—"There is Hope for Man! Love is Man's Hope—love for his life on earth, a noble love above suspicion and distrust. Hitherto, Man has always suspected his life, and in revenge and self-torture has been faithless! He has even betrayed Eternity, his mother, with the slave he calls his immortal soul. Hope for you, Tiberius Caesar? Then dare to love Eternity without your fear desiring to possess her. Be brave enough to be possessed." The laughing Lazarus defies himself and assumes God-like prerogatives. This magnificent obsession that death is laughter with God is the most exalted concept yet discovered in the soul's saga.

The transition from what might be termed moderate realism in the Scholastic sense, to a subjectivistic perspective begins with *Desire Under the Elms*, and becomes more apparent in *Lazarus Laughed*. In *Strange Interlude* and *Dynamo*, this tendency reaches its height.

The mysticism discovered in Brown's exultation is lost in this play. O'Neill's brief excursion into Nietzschean super-morality in *Lazarus Laughed* is followed by the savage quest of a Mother—God. All of his heroines are possessive; Nine Leeds is, perhaps, the most domineering of them all. She derives her strength from sapping that of the stronger male. In this respect, O'Neill resembles Hardy and Ibsen. Eustacia Vye destroys the "native"—Clyn Yeobright, yet she is undeniably weaker. Rebecca West, admittedly inferior, undermines Rosmers through her passion for ascendancy. The clear path that lay ahead again becomes darkened.

The attempt to destroy the romantic ideal by escape from outer realities is represented by *Dynamo*. Echoes of Kantian morality are heard when Reuben disavows the existence of any immutable law of morality. The dominant female is discarded and the poet symbolizes the spirit of a scientific age which paradoxically denies God by deifying its denial. The effects of this struggle with false gods are beginning to tell upon the wayfarer whose sorrowful search for the magic key has been fruitless.

There are but two more possible solutions; the first of these has been dimly suggested in the pantheism of *Lazarus*; the second of these is what Doctor Skinner calls "Victory in Surrender." The poet models his quest for the first on Greek tragedy. Even the names of

his characters are reminiscent of the Attic themes. Christine is a thinly disguised Clytemnestra; Lavinia, Electra, Orin, Orestes. The hideous procession of incest, intrigue and murder, leaves the reader's emotional range almost exhausted. Lavinia alone is left to expiate the "Primal Sin" of her House. The ancient arrogance is gone; the myriads of tapers that burned so brightly and so long before the altar of the "old gods," are extinguished. The quest is nearing its ultimate resolution.

In *Ah, Wilderness*, O'Neill abandons the charred ghost of sadistic pessimism and futility. His characters cease to be animated abstractions, inevitably associated with the mire of human frailty from which there is no escape. Richard, Miriam, Nat, and all the rest are real. The poetic concept is sweet and nostalgic, withal powerful. The poet is emerging from his shroud; the purging is almost complete.

This final step was accomplished in the dualistic character of John Loving and his submission to the object of the poet's long quest. His search, like Thompson's is ended:

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!"

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that O'Neill's quest begins with that soul-intoxicating discovery, for the chrysalis has not yet emerged into its plenitude of promised beauty.

The Quest

*Sometimes I wonder at this life
With joy and sorrow mixed with love and hate.
Is there no room for happiness?
If so, where can it be?*

*Must I be made happy by merely watching others so?
Or is it possible for me to seek it by myself
By listening to the lowing of the herds?
Or touching green and velvet smoothness of the moss?
Or watching humble shepherds, who
Content themselves with plain and simple things?*

*Can I transplant this beauty from the hills
And put it in my heart?
The purity of lilies—in my soul?
The strength of forests deep—into my mind?*

*Or can I make myself a second Pan?
Turn nature into music,
Music lilting with the song of birds
And dancing as the water dances in a spring;
The plaintive, mournful melody of mounds
Wherein lie brothers who've passed away
Unto a true and surer happiness.*

*Happiness? Ah, yes, a happiness
Which we can never find on earth.
But why a mournful melody if they have happiness?
They are gone—we can no longer find a solace
In their friendship true,
No longer tell to them our troubles and be comforted,
So thus a mournful melody.*

*The dreamy tune of the aged oak—remembering youth.
Youth with its carefree joys—
Joys that to youth are cares,
Happiness that to youth is sorrow.
The oak is happy to remember joys of his own youth
Which seemed to him a burden then,
 The carefree jingles of the buds
Who've yet to face their first cold winter.
 The sweeter music of the violet
That waltzes with the breeze.*

*If so—
Could I convey some happiness to those
Who know not how to seek it,
Who give themselves to tyrant gloom?*

*If I could but do this,
Then should I find true happiness.*

Whither Mickey Mouse?

E. Riley Hughes, '37

Perhaps the greatest character of our day is not one of a dozen dictators but the ruler of a million hearts, little Mickey Mouse. But all is not well in the cartoon game and this article, flippant only in its approach, gives some of the reasons why.

I HAPPEN TO BE ONE OF THE few persons living within reasonable hitch-hiking distance of a cinema palace who can boast of never having laid eyes on or ears to Mr. Walter Disney's magnus opus and pictorial gift to posterity, "The Three Little Pigs." As I am rather careless about shutting off the radio I have been made, of course, only too aware of the miserable ditty which was the cartoon's theme song. And I have it on fairly reliable authority that what obtains in the Disney epic bears some slight relation to the nursery tale which can be said to have inspired it. In the original version, however, the brightest of the pig trio (he of the brick-built dwelling with John Mansville's improvements) did not play the piano. Perhaps he didn't know how. In any event, I refuse to consider his porcine ignorance in that instance regrettable. But like the man who claimed he was the best possible

judge of oysters because he had more sense than to eat them, I don't like the porkers three "nohow."

This should not be taken to mean that I am not kindly disposed toward the cartoon genre. I am. So much so, in fact, that I have been known (though not widely) to sit patiently through seven reels of Joan Crawford and wardrobe merely to pass ten minutes in the delectable company of Oswald the Rabbit. And if upon introspection I found myself chuckling more than twice I thought I was having a hell of a time. Oswald and his ingratiatingly smug smile, it seems, remind me of someone I know and dislike heartily, therefore his pictures have a fascination for me I cannot attempt to explain. No doubt there's something Freudian in it somewhere.

The creation of the cartoon is, I must own at very first blush, one of the finest and most original things

Hollywood has done or is likely to do. It is the cinema in a far more special sense than are the talking pictures themselves, because it is refreshingly new in technique and its whimsy is more intelligent and therefore more intelligible than that of the average feature film. Until the cartoon started *Going Wrong* it was in a fair way to become a part of genuine American folk-lore or maybe American home life. Anyway, it is by no means extravagant to intimate that its possibilities exceeded its impossibilities. Now the very converse is true. It's a long, sad story, so draw up a chair.

In the beginning the cartoons (I include *Popeye*, *Mickey Mouse*, *Oswald*, *Scrappy* et al. in one fell swoop) were amusing and increasingly exciting; they were different and distinguishable. Not a little of their charm lay in the fact that anything could happen and when it did it came as *One Great Big Surprise After Another*. But time marched on and now, alas, they have become as much alike as two jokes by two radio comedians. I defy anyone, critics and imbeciles of course excepted, to view the run of the mill cartoon of this late date and not to be painfully aware that the caterpillar will in the next instant become a zydaphone-caterpillar with a boxing glove on each and every foot. In the present state of things it cannot be otherwise.

Then there is the matter of the standard plot which serves as the main thread of the story—if such it can be called—or the jumping off place for the ensuing action. There is usually a Hero, and presently a Heroine In Distress. Said distress again is usually caused by the sudden and upsetting appearance of the villain, who is an enormous bug, a gorilla, a wolf—in *Popeye*

a huge bewhiskered brute who probably answers to the name of Pierre—a bear, et cetera. (It doesn't make much difference what the villain is so long as he is at least forty times bigger and tougher than the Hero.) Let us say he (the Villyun) captures "the gal" or is in a position in which it is evident that He Means Her No Good. Enter the Hero. (Sound effects here. You know, trumpets and all that sort of thing.) If he be a toy soldier (an unhealthy percentage are) then dozens of toy soldiers march out of a box dragging cannons, etc. and the hero's pals and the combined forces of nature effect climax, rescue and finis.

It is in the overthrowing of the antagonist (Villain to you) that cartoon after cartoon becomes, annoyingly trite. Whenever I see mosquitoes I know deep down inside that presently they will become airplanes, (they invariably do) assume a V formation and buzz and zoom in huge swarms in behalf of the Good Guys. The surroundings always become ammunition to be used for bombarding the Villain. And I for one am getting sick and tired of it. One likes to discover trees, for instance, on the landscape without having the sickening apprehension that in some marvelous way they are going to be catapulted at a bear.

Still another distressing element which has insinuated its uneven way into the cartoon is the highly misplaced emphasis on a new and cuter angle in an old nursery tale. To my humble way of thinking there is something commendably virile about the directness and lack of saccharine sentiment in the old nursery tale that the pen and ink dramas of the screen definitely lack. The way I first heard it, *Cock Robin* was really honest-to-goodness

dead when the sparrow twanged an arrow into his scarlet tummy. I hate to think of the generations of sissies who will believe (as they can't help believing after viewing the color cartoon) that he got up all right afterwards. And in the sterner version was no Mae West-ish bird present to supply the love interest. There was no love interest. And best of all, the slaying wasn't just make-believe. I suppose we shall learn any day now that the wolf didn't really eat Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother—he just tasted her.

Of course the worst is not yet. Grave as the situation is, it has possibilities, as Popeye would say, of becoming definitely graver. Perhaps the very worst I could imagine (and at that I'm not half trying) for the fate of the cartoon and the peace of nations as well is the sorry prospect of the cartoons becoming advertising-conscious. Then will we forever know the label and brand on Popeye's spinach can and the kind of cheese Mickey Mouse would rather die than be without. When that dire day occurs I expect to sleep through more than the newsreels.

Aspiration

*Not when the vine shoots out its tendrils young
 Not when its bloom is sought by honey bee,
 Or nestlings build among its tangles free.
 Nor when its longing arms are flung,
 To clasp the friend to whom it ever clung,
 Not then, not then, its strength of love we see—
 But when the pruner cuts impartially
 Its heart's best shoots, its praise for strength be sung.*

*The vine doth symbol souls that fain would reach
 To things beyond their sphere, and thus decrease
 The God-sent power, that in them hidden lies
 For good. If they with love would do and teach
 As He designs; they shall in perfect peace,
 Enjoy the bliss of heart that never dies.*

Creed or Greed

Thomas Flynn, '39

How can we frustrate the Communistic mad dog? Here is a review of the Red claims and an explanation of their fallacies together with remedies of a truly Christian nature. It is a new angle of the old and ancient fight between capital and labor.

IF INDEED THE SECURITY OF nations is menaced by the appeals of Communism to the laboring class, then this peril to civil and religious liberty will not be averted by ineffectual upraisings of hands nor by forever attaching a stigma to the name "Communist." Rather, the solution must be found in Christian Social Justice: resorts which ignore the Christian programme are foredoomed to failure and their failure will only aggravate the situation.

The worker is in desperate plight. Communism has succeeded at least in gaining the eye of the worker by crying up, with whatever intention, the good of the laboring class. Perhaps a certain ill-fame clinging to the word "Communist" keeps workers out of Red ranks for the time being. Perhaps, too, Man is naturally averse to Communism, as has been asserted by some sociological writers. However that

may be, the number of those with I. W. W. spirit increases, if one may judge by the current stir among Catholics themselves.

The propagators of Communism are zealous; they bear hunger, disrepute, and even arrest with constancy. Most important of all, they have a large degree of plausibility on their side. They decry the concentration of wealth in the hands of a powerful few; they emphasize the niggardly "relief" allowance of workers; they insist on the undoubtedly implacable hostility of Big Business to Labor. It is part of their argument against religion that so-called Christians are responsible for these conditions.

How to vindicate, to retain the allegiance of workers? How to strip Communism of its own adherents? The first step is to impress on workers that it is not necessary to find comfort in Communism, since Christianity teaches

all that is good in Communism. Christianity steers a media via between the Charybdis of Collectivism and the Scylla of Individualism.

The second step is to admit the justice of their complaints. There IS a high concentration of wealth. To give a recent but not at all outstanding example, "Commonweal" carried an article reporting that the president of a certain tobacco company took in 1929 about \$605,000; while a grade of workers in that same industry received \$870, on an average, in 1929. And the relief allowance is niggardly. The diet necessitated by "relief" allowances will certainly work a deleterious effect, not only on health but also on morale.

That Big Business, generally speaking, is hostile to Labor needs little *discussion*. It is sufficient to point to the antagonism of Capital towards Section 7a of the NRA, which attempted to secure the rights of Labor. More recently, the reactionaries of Money are assailing the National Labor Board. A glance at the "American Federationist" for January, wherein are listed various actions before the Board, will be illuminating. As if anything more needed to be said, the story of Pearl Bergoff's "I Break Strikes" will perhaps suffice.

No doubt, too, Big Business "Christians" are at fault. Pope Pius XI, in his encyclical "Ubi Arcano," says: "There are many who profess the Catholic Doctrine concerning . . . the rights of Labor, the relations between Capital and Labor . . . but these same many in their words, writings, and whole tenor of life behave as if the teaching of Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV were no more than a dead letter void of all authority."

The third step is to remedy what is confessedly wrong. Such remedy will

include the recognition of the rights of workers. Recognition will imply the right to organize for purposes of collective bargaining, the right to strike, and the right to a "just and living wage."

By organization is not meant membership in a so-called Company Union. A Company Union usually is one established, maintained and directed by the Management, and such a one generally gives a worker the shadow, not the substance, of his rights. For example: in the case of the Greyhound Bus Company, Inc., of Pennsylvania, recently adjudicated by the National Labor Board, it was shown that the Company Union was originally foisted on the employes. No dues were payable, membership was automatic. Nothing apparently might be discussed by the "unionists" without approval of the Management. These phantoms may discuss, say, a question of drinking water, but probably would venture to discuss a wage increase. One concludes that by organization is meant membership in an independent union.

A right to strike is to the worker what a gun is to the policeman—a last resort. Organized Labor is opposed to strikes, except in desperate cases. As a matter of stated policy the Knights of Labor were, and their successor, the American Federation of Labor, is averse to striking. But this right is usually enjoined by some court. If an injunction be not readily obtainable, the National Guard may be called out—to the disrepute of its name, be it said. Alternatively, however, the likes of Pearl Bergoff, the pugnacious head of strikebreaking pluguglies, may be summoned. The Catholic Church concedes the right to strike, but desires arbitrational boards to act on demands in

order to avoid the possible disorder and hardship attending industrial disputes.

A further remedy is payment of a wage enabling a man to live in a manner consistent with the dignity of a human being. This wage should be sufficient to allow a worker: first, to shelter and clothe his dependents, second, to feed them decently, third, to educate them fittingly, fourth, to put something aside for old age.

Monsignor John A. Ryan, head of the Industrial Ethics Division, Catholic University of America, in his book "A Living Wage," demonstrates that moral and religious precept and industrial profits argue for payment of such a wage. As Pius XI observes in his encyclical "40th Year," there is a tendency to regard this obligation as not practicable. But, again to give an example, Colonel Patrick Callahan, a leading paints and varnish dealer, Louisville, Kentucky, included this feature

in a scheme of management based on Catholic Social Justice.

Besides these duties which bind employers in justice, there is the Christian Law of charity to be obeyed. This Law, briefly stated, is that all men, regardless of wealth or poverty, are brothers by the same Divine Father. What a revolution would the observance of such a law effect!

Reasonable principles on the rights and duties of Capital and Labor have been published by Leo XIII in his encyclical on "The Condition of Labor," in 1891, and by Pius XI in "The 40th Year," in 1931. Will Catholics, notwithstanding, "behave as if the teaching" of the Vicars of Christ "is a dead letter void of all authority?" God forbid. For that urgency of tone in all social encyclicals from the See of Peter must awaken Christians to action; since it is only by intelligent and immediate action that the Communistic mad dog will be frustrated.

Laus Deo

*God has given everything,
His Word and Praise for us to sing;
His heart for us around to cling.
Believe, and take the Holy Offering.
Accepting that which He has given;
Knowing that for which we've striven,
Wonderful, it all is, order, sequence,
Plan, and such. Intelligent, it all is,*

*Surely a Divine touch.
We know what was in the past,
And we know what is to-day,
But as for what's to be, we know not;
It's all His. It centers in the One All-Free.*

—PATRICK J. MORRISON, '36.

The Sparling Snatch

A Story

William J. Sullivan, Jr., '36

ANNUAL COLLEGE CARNIVAL SLATED FOR NEXT WEEK

MIDDLETOWN—FEB. 1. The annual Winter Carnival will be held at State College next week. As usual the affair will run thru two days, starting Friday and ending with the Snow Ball Saturday evening.

The outdoor program will include various sporting events including tobogganing, ski-jumping, snow-shoe racing as well as many skating events. Earl Williams, holder of the State ski jump record for the last two years, will be on hand to defend his title against this stellar array of talent. Chris Morrow, who last year won the mile skating event, is favored to repeat the performance.

Besides the sporting events for students, a program of entertainment for their feminine friends has been arranged. Skating parties and cross country ski jaunts are on the program.

A novelty this year will be a baseball game on skates between the Seniors and Juniors. This classic is scheduled for Saturday afternoon.

The week's activities will reach a grand climax at the Snow Ball Saturday night. A well-known radio orchestra, Jack Dunne and his Radio Ramblers, has been engaged for the occasion. The selection of the Carnival Queen will be the feature of the evening. Already large delegations from Smith, Wellesly, Mt. Holyoke, Vassar, Elmhurst and other colleges are preparing for the week end at State. The title of State College Carnival Queen is coveted by every New England girl and even now some students are showing pictures of their favorites. As usual the Stylites Club, the student governing council, will select and announce the winner.

Iota Omega Upsilon,
State College,
Middletown, Vt.,
February 6, 1936.

Mr. Henry Forester,
976 Scott Blvd.,
Burlington, Vt.

Dear Dad,

Thanks a lot for your most welcome check. It came in handy. You might be pleased to know that Professor McKnight selected me as one of three to assist him in a laboratory experiment. He hasn't told us just what it is all about yet, but I guess it's quite an honor.

As you know the Winter Carnival will be held next week. Well, each year a girl is selected as the Carnival Queen. This is good stuff because both the college and the girl receive plenty of publicity with the babe's pan plastered in every paper in the country. Of course the general public thinks the girl is selected by everybody at the carnival, but as the Stylites Club runs the affair, it usually ends up that the girl the club president brings, is the one chosen, even if she's as homely as a one-eyed banana bum with poison ivy.

Well, Joe Crandall, the president, is planning to take Senator Sparling's little gal, Ruth. Which means a nice bit of free advertising for the Senator. That old buzzard will love that. Of course the 1936 election is not far distant and he is probably seeking by every means to beat you again.

How about slipping me an extra ten iron men this week, Dad? With the Carnival and all, I'll need it. Then besides I didn't do too bad in the mid-years.

Give my love to Mother and the rest of the family and tell her I'll write later.

Your loving son,
Bob.

* * * * *

GIRL KIDNAPPED EVE OF COLLEGE CARNIVAL DANCE

MIDDLETOWN, FEB. 8: Ruth Sparling, beautiful debutante daughter of Senator Sparling was reported missing early this afternoon by Joseph Crandall of Bernington. The daughter of the socially and politically prominent Burlington man was last seen shortly before noon today.

Crandall told Middleton police that he left Miss Sparling about eleven-thirty this morning, at the Updike Hotel, where she was staying. When he called for the girl early in the afternoon, Crandall was unable to locate her.

Believing that Miss Sparling had taken a short walk Crandall waited, but she did not return. An inquiry of the hotel management proved fruitless.

Capt. Baker of the Middletown Police assumed charge of the case, pending orders from the State District Attorney, Owen J. Maher. The entire staff of the hotel was questioned and the only result was the statement by James Greene page boy that he had seen a girl believed to be Miss Sparling leave the hotel shortly before noon with a young man. Greene was unable to give any satisfactory description of the Sparling girl's unknown escort and it is upon this mysterious figure that the whole case centers.

Authorities at State College where Crandall is an honor student refused to make a statement tonight, but were obviously worried over the unfavorable publicity the affair might bring. The Sparling girl is a guest of Crandall at the Winter Carnival held by the college.

Despite the apprehension concerning the fate of the girl, State College will bring its annual Winter Carnival to a close this evening with the Snow Ball. The highlight of the affair will be the selection of the Carnival Queen, as well as her court of honor. Because of her own personal beauty and the high place her escort, Joseph Crandall held at the college, Miss Sparling was favored to be chosen queen. Now it seems that some other girl will win the title.

* * * * *

SPARLING GIRL SAFE; FATHER TO PROSECUTE

BENNINGTON, VT.—FEB. 9.—The latest kidnaping scare came to an end yesterday, when Miss Ruth Sparling was returned to her home late last night.

Obviously worn and tired out from her experience, the beautiful daughter of Senator James J. Sparling declined to answer any questions put to her by reporters. The only statement the girl would make was that she was with Robert Forester of Burlington. Forester is the son of Henry V. Forester, arch-rival of Senator Sparling in state politics.

When the girl admitted that Forester had forced her to go to Montpelier with him on Saturday, the Senator promised to prosecute the case to the limit. At Montpelier, the girl said, they stayed at the home of Mrs. William Blake, an aunt of the Forester youth. In a statement to the press issued last night, the Senator said, "The whole thing is a political plot, and I wouldn't be surprised if old Henry Forester has a finger in the pie somewhere."

If Senator Sparling is able to prove the kidnaping charges against the youth, under the Lindberg Law Forester faces a term of life imprisonment.

Police tried to locate Forester at his home in Burlington, but Henry V. Forester, prominent lawyer and father of the boy, told authorities that he had not heard from his son. It is believed that he returned to State College.

STUDENT HELD FOR SNATCHING; FATHER TO ACT AS LAWYER

MIDDLETOWN, FEB. 10.—Robert Forester, State College senior, was held today without bail on a kidnapping charge involving Ruth Sparling of Bennington.

On a formal complaint lodged by the girl's father, Senator James J. Sparling, the youth was bond over for trial when arraigned in the First District Court by Judge McKinney. In view of the peculiar aspects of the case, Forester was held without bail pending a complete investigation by the District Attorney, Owen J. Maher, who is a close personal friend of the Senator. Maher is expected to arrive tomorrow to assume charge of the case.

Young Forester, who distinguished himself as a student and a football player at the local college, refused to comment, except to say, "It's making a mountain out of a molehill."

Henry V. Forester, father of the youth is expected to provide the legal defense. The elder Forester is a well-known attorney, who has been prominent in state politics for the past twenty years.

The whole case grew out of a forced trip to the Montpelier home of Forester's aunt, which the Sparling girl took with the State student last Saturday. On the day of the annual Snow Ball, Miss Sparling met Forester and, it is charged by her father, was forced to accompany the youth to Montpelier. Under the new Lindberg Law, Forester faces a sentence of life imprisonment, if he is convicted.

Despite the fact that her absence caused her to take no part in the selection of the Carnival Queen, an honor for which she was the leading candidate, Miss Sparling evidently held no ill-will against Forester. When questioned by reporters she replied that she was sorry for all the trouble that the affair had caused.

* * * * *

Udpike Hotel
Middletown, Vt.
February 12, 1936.

Senator James J. Sparling
96 Maple Avenue
Bennington, Vt.

Dear Jim,

Well, Senator old boy, you win the silver cuspidor this time. You better stick to getting your name in the Congressional record and leave the local publicity stunts up to the flagpole sitters and marathon dancers. You may be

able to tell the President how the country should be run but you can't tell these college boys how to run their own affairs.

This thing down here is hotter than a fan dance in a Harlem night club and I think you better drop the whole mess.

Why in the name of all creation, do you sign your name to incriminatory documents? It seems that some of Forester's friends became wise to the reason why you wanted young Crandall to take your little girl Ruth to the carnival. They searched his room and found your letter promising Crandall a position in Washington after he graduated, if he would see that Ruth was elected queen of the college carnival. According to your own words, her election would give you "desirable publicity." Well, Senator, you will get it and so will the whole party, unless the matter is dropped.

The boys showed me the letter and threatened to submit it as evidence if young Forester is ever brought to trial.

And, Jim, I wouldn't be too sure that Ruth will be on your side. She has been visiting in his cell almost every day and they seem to get along like turtle doves.

So I guess that leaves you behind the well-known eight-ball.

Sincerely,

Owen J. Maher.

Spring

*The naked brown of Mother Earth
Is mantled o'er with green;
The first sweet bloom of fragrant flow'rs
Above the mould is seen.*

*The buds encased in sombre folds,
Thrust out the peeping leaf;
Life, joy and peace are here again.
But happiness is brief.*

*Man feels the change of nature kind,
His frozen heart unbends,
And joyous hope now leaping high—
His every vein ascends.*

*He thinketh of his neighbor's need,
The friends he holds most dear,
And sacrifices selfish ease,
To give their spirits cheer.*

*The balmy zephyrs vernal stir
The inmost heart of love;
To procreate its likeness here,
In all the things that move.*

The Lowly Suspender

Richard P. Larcher, '39

"Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me."—Shakespeare.

WITH THE PASSING OF THE toga and the consequent evolution of the trousers, the suspender has become an indispensable article of wear. At first, it was not an end in itself, as it is today—embellishment—it was more or less a means that justified its end.

Originally intended as a device for holding up the trousers, it became, as time went on, an X-shaped affair designed to accomplish the same end. In this decussated form it worked on the principle that the triangle is the angle of rigidity. After tireless effort and application on the part of designers, it was advertised as a device for preventing trousers from falling down. It had attained ultimate perfection; at least, so thought the men of a previous generation. But was posterity to be denied? Indeed not. They worked on a combination theory and produced an ingenious contrivance that both held up the trousers and at the same time prevented their slipping down. With these features it found a ready market, because people realized that with the security engendered by such a trusty

combination, the era of embarrassment was over. Gravitation was temporarily suspended.

The suspender has never played favorites; never has it fawned in the courts of royalty, never has it snubbed the peasant. Certainly, the average fellow could not stand the expense of keeping lavishly decorated suspenders, but the less costly ones accomplished their purpose as effectively as the more expensive. Clerics, who, I am inclined to suspect, wear both toga and pants, found in the suspender a welcome relief from the too-oppressing girdle. The laborer, unhampered by a parsimonious consort who would substitute rope criss-crossed over the shoulders, discovered that the heavier suspender was what the doctor prescribed. The corpulent person, desiring to give free rein to the growth of his prominence, found them both expedient and amazingly comfortable. With suspenders the thin man was able to leave an eighth-inch free all around between the circumference of his pants and his person, and so leave the impression that

he is more robust than he really is. This deception could never be accomplished with the belt, which left tell-tale creases tucked in either under the coat-tail or around the sides.

With careful handling and proper use, a pair of suspenders should last three or more years, provided that it is the product of a reputable firm. It is due to misuse and abuse that they perish prematurely. Testing their elasticity by inserting the middle finger between the straps and letting them slap back to their normal position is a practice to be discouraged. This abuse, if committed with unscrupulous frequency, not only detracts from the efficiency of the suspenders, but in some instances, even snaps its very life's thread.

As with almost everything else, there is both a correct and an incorrect way of adjusting suspenders. Experience has taught that he is a judicious person who fastens the two strands in the back before he attempts the front. There are two potent arguments for this *modus operandi*. First, there are only two buttons in the back, while in the front, there are four. This was so arranged for a purpose, evident to anyone who will consider the matter. Secondly, after the back has been adjusted, the suspenders become taut in the process of pulling the free strands over the shoulders and no "play" is left in them. The eye can guide the hand in the smooth operation of fas-

tening them in front. A reversion of the process accounts for many strained necks and cases of cross-eyes produced by an unnatural turn of the head to see what is transpiring behind.

A solution to the enigma created when the button is too large for the opening has not yet been hit upon. There are two schools of opinion on this question, both differing widely and conflicting in almost every possible phase. The one suggests substituting a smaller button; the other would urge making the opening larger. We would suggest sending the suspenders back to the factory with a note advising of the situation and demanding immediate attention to the matter. This is more manly, because it affords opportunity to assert one's self.

At the risk of blemishing her hitherto spotless record of correct predictions, an eminent clairvoyant intimated to me that the day is not far removed when the suspender will become the substitute for the prodigious influx of neckties at Christmas time. This coming from a seer merits consideration. Those who have faith in such remarks might do well to look forward to the day when her prophecy shall have been fulfilled. Then instead of the mild calisthenics engaged in while arranging a tie, a ritual for adjusting suspenders will afford opportunity for a new system of gymnastics. The secret words will be: Hop, Stoop and Fasten.

A Cathedral of Thought

St. Thomas D'Aquin

*When God, His Providence directing,
Saw ample need of making one
Whose hand and heart would fashion Him
A house where nought but truth would dwell,
From mortal clay He formed a body,
Infused in it a soul angelic.*

*To build an edifice, his problem was,
Of such enduring frame and solemn grandeur
That man could derive therefrom the fruits
Of speculation and truth for all time.
From Stagyrian stone—stone that Rome alone
Revealed to him—he carved a foundation
That rooted firmly the granite truth;
From Africa came an artisan wise
To fashion Grecian brick to nobler stuff;
From rugged Celtic shores he drew
Everlasting inspiration.
To complete the structure he added things
No mind before encompassed here.
Not finished yet—there still remained
The Galilean's touch to perfect
The mighty props against attacks.*

*From deep recesses he would draw
The shadows: gloomy light would yield
To such illumination that angels give.
No hidden arch, but all exposed
In careful and simple style arranged;
No stained panel that would not diffuse
The light; no obscure part to leave unexpressed
What he wished for all to manifest:
The everlasting summary of his God.*

*"What is God?" he had sought:
Thus youthful thought did aspire
To heights unreached before by man;
A slender spire he built above the frame,
Its apex sharp against the light.
No one gazed but with awe to behold
The neatness of it all; no one entered
Who stayed not for prayer and thankfulness.*

—DENNIS SHEA, '36.

Unsheltered Life

Thomas J. Hogan

Mr. Hogan has not been left out in the cold even though the title of this article may indicate this fact. Herein he tells of his youth and the life of his neighborhood and just how he triumphed or was overwhelmed by conflicting odds.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS AT best a defense mechanism. It is the one weapon with which a great man may bamboozle posterity in an attempt to justify himself. And then too, it is the plaything of old men in their dotage. Senile Emperors like Edward VII, aged men of letters like Lincoln Steffans, characters like Winifred or "Annie Laurie" Black, Presidents' daughters, Poets, Madmen, even Edward Bok, all are allowed to go rambling through their memories. All have done something or are internationally known for something and that something is unique. Otherwise uneventful or on the other hand too colorful lives are pleasantly painted with the aid of a well paid ghost. In short, the autobiography of a man is an injustice to honest chroniclers for a man who casts superstitions upon himself is either being falsely humble or a fool.

With me, however, it is different. I write this little piece merely to amuse myself and, since I am easily amused, I cannot expect others to derive much pleasure from it. And yet, for those

unholy few who might have the courage to bear with me, I shall begin, as all good autobiographers begin, by describing the locale from which I sprang.

I was born on Chaplain Street in that now degenerated section of Pawtucket known as Darlington. Chaplin Street is one of those quiet ordinary little streets that lives its daily life according to the clock. Long ago, its hardy New England ancestors decided that there is a time for everything and while Chaplin Street admittedly agrees with such a philosophy it is dissatisfied with mere generalities. It carries this thrifty advice to a more specific point by trying to regulate its activities as precisely as a normal patient's pulse. Chaplin Street is suburbanly sympathetic in a calm, unobtrusive, Mid-Victorian way. It loves its elm shaded lanes (a figure of speech,) tiny multi-colored garden, short clipped green lawns, shouting children, and friendly dogs. The isms of every faction may impinge upon its consciousness but only momentarily. Chaplin Street stands as the last phalanx, still true to

the tenets of its fathers. In short, Chaplin Street, at the time of my arrival, still has ideals.

When I first popped into Europe's promised land, Chaplin Street was worried. A great man had appeared on the horizon. I do not refer to the embryonic me but rather to the great Woodrow Wilson. "When," he was promising, "I am toasting my toes in the White House, I'll see that the United States is not enticed into a foreign family fight." A few short months later he broke that promise and Chaplin Street sent forth her sons, her brothers, her young husbands, her sweethearts, and finally her fathers. She had no time to consider the new baby at Hogan's House; and, not until the war had ceased and the sharp pangs of that first great emptiness had mitigated their eternal gnawings, did she become cognizant of his existence. Some of her warriors slept in Flanders Fields. Nature had contracted for others to be loved and pelted and pampered; to shout, to yell, and to ravage the sombre slumbers of Chaplin Street. One of these cheering leaders was christened Thomas and when Chaplin Street awoke to his existence, it was to face a stern reality.

At that time I was three and although I cried and kicked, yelled and shouted with the best of them I had, as yet, never uttered an intelligible word. Some of my friends still remain constant to that claim and for their benefit I must mention the distinction between intelligible and intelligent. Forgive me for I ramble. So far, I am still three and have not yet spoken.

I was submitted to everyone. The neighbors gaped into my colossal maw; doctors looked lovingly at my well developed tonsils; and all the while I

kept my thoughts to myself. One day my mother placed me on the table in such a way that only the ceiling confronted my investigating eyes. Armed with a huge soup spoon, the purpose of which was to terminate the ramblings of my ever busy tongue, she too sat and gaped. Her reverie was interrupted by the appearance of our Jew peddler. A fine man was he, the last outpost of a long vanished line. Knowing well the condition of my pallet he decided to be comforting if not authoritative. "Don't worry Mrs. Hogan," he said, "someday he'll talk—he'll talk too much." I guess the philosopher of the fruits and vegetables was saying something profound.

I could, perhaps, trace the major portion of my young life by the epithets which I have been called. When as a very unpromising, square pawed right fielder I voiced my baseball aspirations, they called me "Lefty." I entered St. Raphael Academy and there continued my balled career. For four successive Springs our berunted Coach cut me from his efficiency losing squad. "Lefty" was not all he termed me. During my stay at the school even George Grant made the team. I must have been pretty rotten. Seeing George in a baseball suit however cured my sportive hopes from that thwarted trend. Very unhappily I buried "Lefty" deep within my heart and although he is not such a bad skeleton I think I shall keep him locked up always.

Previous to my experiences with my Southern hand I had high hopes of being a circus performer. This was gratefully influenced by the sight of Tom Mix in person and for a while I was greatly animated in my realistic imitation of him. Like ordinary smoke, however, this dream went up the chim-

ney. I was then and still am mortally afraid of horses. Why, I don't know but I strongly suspect my mother. That, you'll admit, is one explanation.

And then Dempsey became my idol. I remember crying when I heard Tunney had taken the crown and even today I firmly believe the "dopes" story. At any rate, I should be quite apt in the gentle art of fisticuffs. Every lad in Darlington who was within five years of my age had two hands in teaching me how to fight. Then they called me "Spike." That name too, fell before the terrific St. Raphael onslaught. On several occasions the referee and I strode gallantly into the ring. Once in a while Spike received a few half hearted calls but usually they had a pathetic note. In the end "Spike" too was interred in my memories and the third fellow in the ring usually emerged "The Mad Butcher" or more simply "Butch."

My love affairs. Yes, I am still deeply engrossed in one. She's an embryonic poetess and as Benny says, "I could do verse." But as to the name and address. I refuse to comment. As the fellow who went to confession the second time answered the query of his

favorite priest, "To hell with you Father. I told you where I got the eggs."

This brings me up to my senior year in college. Carefully I omit reference to my first three. They were silently spent in arms; the arms of Morpheus—of Bacchus—and finally Genevieve. And now I am a senior, faced with the problems that only a senior has or can ever face. On all sides questions and challenges loom up before me. Like my confreres I and I alone must grope for the answers. Perhaps I have read too widely and promiscuously. I have attempted to chew all that I have ever read and perhaps I chewed too much. At present I am in doubt; family alliances and obligations—what are they? Conventions—why, Sex—a question of vital youth, love—a promise, "the new morality"—an outlet, hope, fear, and finally, the future. I alone must face these problems. I alone shall find my answers. And then! Perhaps if the skeletons are small and only slightly colored, I may relate them to you by completing this little piece. But that, my friends, depends upon whether or not I am to accomplish the unique, for after all, that is the prerequisite of the autobiographer. Is it not?

BAGATELLE

Here we present our clearing-house for personal effusions which by reason of their brevity and casual treatment of subject matter do not merit separate publication. It is the intention of this department to print brief familiar essays from two sources—those directly submitted to it, and those selected from the best and most representative effort of the classes in English Composition and the Essay.

Personal Experience

During my short career as a deep-sea fisherman, I have had many thrilling experiences. There is one, in particular, which I think worthy of mention. It occurred two years ago in Long Island Sound about one mile from Fisher's Island.

My two companions and I left New London about three o'clock in the morning aboard a small motorboat and immediately headed into the Sound. We proceeded very cautiously on account of the large number of vessels anchored nearby. As we wended our way through the network of ships, I was deeply impressed by the majestic scene which they presented. Their dimly outlined hulls cast unreal shadows on the bay. This sense of unreality was increased whenever a moon-flickered wave lapped at the side of a motionless hull.

As we neared our objective the vessels became less numerous and finally completely disappeared from view. About five o'clock we neared Fisher's Island and immediately proceeded to make preparations for fishing. The sun had not risen so we assembled our jigs by the aid of a lantern which had been brought along. After the jigs were assembled for use we tossed them overboard and silently waited for the first attack.

Up to this time the sea had been very calm but now there arose a wind-storm which gradually grew worse and worse. One moment the sea had been placid and serene, the next moment it was being lashed into fury by the terrific wind. We drew up our lines and headed for Fisher's Island but it seemed as if fate had other plans for us. The boat had proceeded only a few feet when the motor began to wheeze and cough. After a series of backfires it finally stopped, leaving us to the mercy of the waves.

All efforts to start the motor proved fruitless and we found ourselves adrift on a storm-tossed sea.

Our small craft was caught in a swift current and rapidly carried toward a group of rocks. The high waves in the meantime threatened at any moment to capsize our small boat. Suddenly, like lightning we were hurled upon a large rock which protruded a few feet above the surface. Fortunately, none of us were injured although one of my companions found himself floundering in the sea. After considerable effort we pulled him up on the rock, where we huddled together in an effort to keep warm. During these rather futile efforts we suddenly remembered the flares aboard the boat. After a short search we found them to be still dry. We lit them and hopefully waited for help. This help arrived in the form of a Coast Guard Cutter about an hour later. The captain of the cutter informed us that his ship would pull us off the rock, if he could get rope to us. After many unsuccessful efforts to capture the elusive rope we finally secured it and tied it to the prow of our craft.

As the storm had abated somewhat our removal from the rock was accomplished without further mishap; although the rudder of the motor-boat was damaged.

We were taken on board the cutter and immediately given a warm shower and dry clothes. The captain proved to be a very genial host and made our short trip home a very pleasant one. It was indeed a sharp contrast to the trip we had that morning.

JOHN TYTLA, '38.

Are We The Only Planet Dwellers

Guided by a divine, unseen hand as they whirled dizzily along in the vast regions of the solar system, the planets have excited the curiosity of mankind from time immemorial. The most popular question concerning these dervish-like entities hinges on whether or not these speeding spheres are inhabited by beings possessing an intelligence which is akin to that of man. All through the ages this particular point has been a matter of continual conjecture on the part of shepherds, scientists, poets, and the inevitable "man in the street." Students of science say that forbidding climatic conditions and the presence of deadly gases exclude the possibility of life such as ours on the majority of these neighboring worlds. Mars, they declare, alone has the conditions necessary to sustain life similar to the earth's.

Many learned commentators on the subject seem to ignore or forget God in their discussions. If He wished to people these planets that differ so greatly from the Earth in relation to make-up and atmosphere, He, in His omnipotence, could easily create a being whose physical qualities would be developed in such a manner that he would be enabled to dwell under conditions prohibitive to the existence of such a creature as man. Deadly gases and intemperate climate would be small obstacles to God. Thus, until definite scientific proof

has been ascertained on this point, persons believing that life exists on other planets have a perfect right to their opinion. For these scholarly, poetic, and popular ruminations on this question will only be throttled by science's ultimate discovery of life or lack of life on the other planets. But until that day this writer will cherish his belief that beings do exist on our neighboring giant globes. As we gaze up into the starry heavens on a cloudless night, it's rather comforting to think that "Earthians" are not alone in the apparently limitless space of the solar system but that there are reasoning beings daily confronting situations similar to human affairs while the benign Creator looks down on us all with kindly eye. When Mars sees us swim into her sky does some small child, afire with that insatiable curiosity so closely identified with Earth's youngsters, gaze off towards us and, pointing a grimy finger, inquire, "Daddy, what's that bright star?"

It's not impossible.

LEO FISHER, '38.

On Being A Senior

The realization of being a Senior at last after many efforts and almost as many failures, ordinarily would be a source of joy coupled with a certain amount of satisfaction. Yet after passing through the ordinary trials of education, finally my Senior year has arrived. Not only has it arrived; it is well half spent.

As the mid-year examinations loomed up before me last month I engrossed myself in study to acquit my record at last in some sort of a favorable manner. In the midst of my exams the thought occurred to me that these were my last mid-year exams. In other years this thought would have burst the cockles of my heart, but now they were merely a foreshadow of my departure from Providence College. The place that I have learned to love so well; where some of my finest friendships have had their birth; where many happy hours have been spent in sport, in dance, in simple talk. This is the place I must leave.

A tear swelled up in my eye as the memory of time gone, passed in review before my mind. Oh how lonely it was! All the trials and difficulties of the past were now as beautiful as any of my dreams of childhood. Every day that had been spent in college appeared, in the retrospect, prescinded of all difficulties and disappointments. Yet that tear continued to rise, to flood the margin of my eye, for my soul realized that these pleasures were soon to join the statuary of the past, and I—I must leave my Alma Mater.

Oh you who gave me intellectual birth, you, Providence College, who supported my infantile steps toward truth, whose walls echoed my childish supplications for knoweldge, who took my little hand and led the way, who attended every want and care that beset my path; it is you, whom I must

leave shortly. Why should I not shed a tear? A most ungrateful son would I be were there no grief in my heart at the thought of departure.

Alma Mater, you grow old on the actions of your young sons. Am I presumptuous if it is my thought that in some little way I, too have helped to gray your hair? Unlike your worldly counterpart, your flower comes with age. When all is hoary about you, when you have buried many sons, when you have a fuller figure, when all is in the sunset, not the dawn; then, Alma Mater, on some quiet starlit eve as the moon peers out and strikes your gilded cross, reminisce the years I spent with you. If you recall just the years I will be satisfied, for then some friend of mine, some dance I attended, or some conversation in which I had a part may come to your mind. Perhaps you will eventually whisper "I had three new gray hairs that year."

What can I do to please you? There is nothing that I can offer that you have not already. Yet, as the valediction approaches, more and more it is my desire to manifest my appreciation for all that you have done for me. Therefore, Alma Mater, there is only one thing to do, ever the principles of truth and justice that have been learned at your knee will be the principles of my future life. Nothing more can I offer than a strict observance of your teachings.

So ran my thoughts that evening during the mid-winter examinations, with an intermixture of pain and joy, desire and hope, love and not a single pang of hatred. Now I know what it is to be a senior; I am one.

BRENDAN J. McMULLEN, '36.

Our Business Department

Establishing Providence College, the Founders envisioned an institution wherein young men might obtain a general cultural education based on solid Catholic Philosophy and at the same time be able to specialize in the fields of endeavor toward which they might have a particular affinity. In accordance with this principle the authorities decided some three and one half years ago, to add another field of concentration to those already in existence.

The fall term of 1932 witnessed the inauguration of the Department of Business Administration. The Reverend Joseph A. Manning, O.P., was added to the faculty to take over the work of establishing the new course. Father Manning, having studied economics for three years at Catholic University, and having completed a two and one-half year course in graduate work at Columbia University came well prepared to carry on this work.

Under his capable direction the new department has steadily progressed. In September of 1935 the Reverend Edward I. Masterson, O.P., became an associate professor in the department. Father Masterson, before entering the priesthood, spent several years in the public accounting field which gives him a fund of valuable experience. He augmented this practical work with a com-

plete course in economics at Catholic University. At the same time Mr. William Keenan, a graduate of Providence in the class of 1931, became an assistant professor. He also completed a course in graduate work in the School of Business in Columbia University. He received his degree Master of Science in the spring of 1933. Mr. J. William McGovern, '37, has been an assistant in the laboratory for the past three years.

The Department now offers a well rounded course including Principles of Accounting, Advanced Accounting, Cost Accounting, Accounting in Law Practice, Business Law, Business Statistics, Banking and Corporation Finance. This present semester a new course has been added in Analysis of Financial Statements. This course is open only to Seniors. A course in typewriting has also been added. This is now a required subject for all Freshmen in the Business Department.

Laboratory is maintained for all accounting students. Here they make application of theory to practical problems under the direct supervision of the professors. Each student is required to do a minimum of eight hours of "Lab" a week. In order that students may have an opportunity to fulfill this requirement "Lab" is opened every day from 1 o'clock to 5 o'clock and every Saturday morning.

The Laboratory is equipped with the latest Sundstrand adding machines, Friden electric calculators and Sundstrand electric ledger and statement machines.

The Very Reverend President, Father L. C. McCarthy, O.P., and the Very Reverend Father A. H. Chandler, O.P., are endeavoring to make it possible for Business students to receive an education which will equip them to take their places as leaders in the business world.

It is not amiss to make acknowledgment here of our indebtedness to benefactors. From the establishment of the course to the present time Mr. and Mrs. P. de St. Aubin have been most encouraging. Not only have they established a scholarship in memory of their son, Edward, but they have been most generous in providing modern equipment, adding machines and typewriters. We students wish to thank them for aiding us in thus obtaining a knowledge of the mechanical aids to business.

We hope that the plans for a larger department may be carried through. Such subjects as Advertising, Retail Sales, Public Finance, Insurance, and Consumer Demand would be well worth while additions.

With the co-operation that exists between students and professors we cannot be anything but optimistic for the future of the courses in Business Administration.

ERVILLE WILLIAMS, '36.

'The Spring Poet

*All hail! thou patient vender
Of the ravings of thy brain
Thou'rt a friend of winter,
A grim burser doling pain!*

*Thou suff'rest many sorrows
And thy only aim may be
To make a happy people
Endure thy woes with thee.*

*Keep on thy course with fervor
Hit them hard and hit them strong,
Keep dinning in their auricles
The sweet harshness of thy song!*

*Remember thou'rt a martyr
To the sweetness of the spring,
Thy place's among the croakers
Who can do—the all—but sing!*

*Thou fill'st thy sphere in nature
Quite the same as do the flies
Whose presence's always baneful
And whose death no mortal sighs.*

CAP, GOWN AND HALO

This continues a series of one page features to demonstrate the claims of the Catholic Church that the best scholarship is not only compatible with sainthood, but that sanctity is the real complement of true learning. The true academy is inseparable from the altar.

No. 3 SAINT GREGORY I, THE GREAT

Gregory, born about the year 540, was the son of Gordian, a Roman senator, and Sylvia, a noble lady, who became a Saint. Wealthy and noble, he had every facility of receiving a splendid education. Taking full advantage of his fortunate condition, and aided by his native penetrating perspicacity and a retentive memory, he delved deeply into the lore of the Scriptures, the writings of the Apologists and Fathers, the discourses of the philosophers and the findings of the best science of his day. He became vastly erudite and was recognized as an authority on many subjects far beyond Rome. He made even greater advances in that higher science, learned at the feet of the Savior and of the Saints. He led an unblemished life, spent long hours in prayer, and in particular was extremely generous in giving alms to the poor of Rome and to religious Orders.

He was made Praetor of Rome by an enthusiastic populace, in which office he demonstrated an exalted administrative ability. Tiring of the world, in spite of its promises to him, he retired to a Benedictine monastery. However, he was not allowed to live his days in seclusion. Pope Pelagius II made him his secretary, and often sent him on important embassies. Gregory wished to be sent as a missionary to England. He was not to go himself, but later he did send to England her famous apostle Augustine.

Upon the death of Pelagius in 590, Gregory was unanimously elected Pope. He brought to this office an exquisite saintly humility. It was he who originated that famous phrase, *Servus Servorum Dei*. Intelligent Catholic action of the

most progressive sort marked his pontificate. Under him studies flourished, the missions expanded, the liturgy beautified, the clerical state placed on a high plane. There was no phase of his high office that did not receive his careful, intelligent attention. Accordingly, the Church made wonderful strides under his superb leadership, and she reached a very high peak of spiritual and temporal grandeur.

Particularly in his defence of the Faith against the machinations of the Arians and other Oriental heresiarchs was Gregory's learning and santliness of inestimable value to the Church. With a firm hand he rallied Christendom to the decrees of the Councils of Nicea, Constantinople, Ephesus and Calcedon, declaring them to be as authoritative as the four Gospels. He was the first to employ the phrase *ex cathedra*. Personally he aided the work by incessant preaching, writing, private prayer and mortification.

Worn out by his many labors, he died on March 12, 603. Posterity instinctively has given him the title of Great; the Church has adorned him with the higher title of Saint and Doctor. He was a great man, for he had a great mind and a great soul. His vast learning he used as an instrument in knowing God the more, and his increasing knowledge of God kept improving his own intellect. He is one of the most conspicuous examples of the Saint and the Scholar.

The Alembic

Editor-in-Chief

JOSEPH P. DYER, '36

Associate Editor

E. RILEY HUGHES, '37

Assistant Editors

GEORGE SCOWCROFT, '37

THOMAS J. HOGAN, '36

ROBERT HEALY, '39

WILLIAM G. BEAUDRO, '38

FRANCIS McINNIS, '38

WALTER A. HUGHES, '39

Staff Artists

WILLIAM MCGOVERN, '37

FRANK DEL DEO, '38

Business Staff

BRENDAN J. McMULLEN, '36

ERVILLE WILLIAMS, '36

JOHN FANNING, '38

Business Manager

Auditor

Circulation Manager

Business Assistants

JOHN MAHONEY, '39

FRANCIS CROGHAN, '37

ARTHUR COSTANTINO, '36

LEONARD MORREY, '38

RADIO EDUCATION

Although perhaps somewhat unnoticed, radio is making rapid strides toward a more complete education—an education which is based on pedagogical methods which are at once scientifically and psychologically sound. The progress made by radio has not received the praise and recognition which it has merited mainly because of the time element. America's yearning for entertainment in the form of music and fictional drama has caused the non-sponsored educational programs to give way to commercial advertising, and thus to accept the less fruitful hours of the afternoon for their broadcasting periods. Thus handicapped by its in-

ability to reach an adequate audience, Radio education, nevertheless has withstood the disease of infancy and has developed naturally by the process of unfolding its inherent potentialities. And what are these inherent potentialities? The answer is, the capacity of the radio to educate in accordance with scientific and psychological principles. Consider for a moment the studies which present an objective appeal, such as, History, Geography, Biography, and English. Presented as they are in story or dramatic form, these subjects create what is known as "spontaneous interest"—the most desirable of pupil attitudes. The sound of voices in addition to the mechanical sound effects are so realistic and vivid that the student

can form a substantial visual image of scenes and characters, thus utilizing the principle of "multiple presentation." The fact that the student may be left alone during his instruction fosters a feeling of privacy and specialization; removes the cause of distraction; and allows the student to react freely and unhampered. In preparing the programs, cumbersome details are omitted, and the mind is left free to consider only the more important facts. As yet, radio has attempted to adapt itself to only a few subjects. Many branches of study are not yet suited to broadcasting purposes. However the fact the system of radio education is not a complete system in its present form, is no indication that it will not some day be realized. Thus far, radio has undertaken instruction in the following subjects: History, Geography, English, Political Science, Home Economics, Languages, Botany, Biology, Zoology, and many others. Although we call to your attention the numerous opportunities and the huge field of possibility which lay before the system of education by radio, still we urge you to remember that we recommend the system, not as a substitute for our regular scholastic instruction but rather as a supplement to it.

CLASS CONFLICT

Outstanding critics of the New Deal accuse the present Administration in Washington of aligning class against class. The propriety of such an indictment seems open to question.

For a number of years under the Capitalistic System in America the rich become richer and the poor, poorer. In such a manner did the mechanics of civilization operate under the principle

of rugged individualism that there resulted a maladjustment of conditions in general and a very devastating economic depression.

Leaders of thought immediately recognized the need for a reconstruction of the social order to avoid open class strife and the consequent disintegration of American Society. The desire of the less fortunate for social justice—the rendering of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to all and especially the working classes—took firm root in their hearts and souls.

A Defense of the working classes was undertaken by that illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII. In one of the finest documents of its kind ever written, the Encyclical "Rerum Novarum," he emphasized the need of charity in industrial society. He wrote: "The great mistake that is made in the matter now under consideration, is to possess oneself of the idea that class is naturally hostile to class; that rich and poor are intended by nature to live at war with one another. So irrational and so false is this view, that the exact contrary is the truth."

Now the question is, has the Administration in Washington instilled hatred in the wage-earners and insisted that better conditions can be effected only if they hate and antagonize employers and the employing class? Hardly does it seem so. The defense of the working class and especially the unemployed by the Administration in the first place, was an act of charity. And in the second place, its efforts made to help them were in accord with the principles of social justice though some of these were declared unconstitutional. No reasonable individual can deny that the objective of the New

Deal was sincere and for the common good.

It must be noted that concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, poverty in the midst of plenty will lead only to dire results. The fact remains there must be a more equitable distribution of wealth else American society will succumb to the onslaught of Socialism or Communism.

CATHOLIC ACTION

Catholic action is religion carried into every detail of life. It is the encouragement and co-ordination of the Catholic laity in the propagation of Catholic thought. It is the participation of laymen in Catholicism with the object of spreading the teachings and applying the principles of Jesus Christ. This is done in many ways. One of the earliest ways was through the church congresses. This means sprung up in Mainz, Germany, in 1648. Many delegates got together and discussed the various methods of disseminating Christian doctrines. The congresses were a means of propaganda, and much publicity was given to them. Also, social organizations were founded to help and guide Catholics in the choice of vocations and in many other matters. However, this took on the nature of a social movement.

Religion is not a mere theory, but it involves a set of principles which must be put into practice. Nor is religion something to be thought about, approved or weighed intellectually, but left without effect on a person's mind. Also, religion is not to be confined to Sunday mornings, and to night and

morning prayers and meditation. It is and must be a dominant factor in our conduct in everyday life. It gives us the reason for life, the objective of life, and the correct way to live that life. Religion dominates our work, our play, our social activities, our country, our home, and every other activity thinkable or conceivable.

Hence one who thoroughly understands the importance of his religion, and intelligently learns to apply its just and simple principles, is a good Catholic. He is meritorious of the trust placed in him by Almighty God. Only when he has learned to do this will he be fair in his profession, loyal to his country, and honest in his dealings with his fellow-men. Thus will he be pure and wholesome in his thoughts and ideas. In this manner he will not be a party to crooked politics, stealing, and unjust and cruel to others.

One should honestly try to bring to his everyday life and dealings with others the principles of Jesus Christ as explained and interpreted by the Catholic Church. A really educated Catholic knows the theory and practice of religion from his religion and philosophy classes. In this way he can intelligently apply what he learns in the class room to actual cases in life. He can dispose of his many perplexing problems as well as those of others. The great questions of life are discussed and analyzed from a broad-minded and professional viewpoint. He will not content himself with abstract religion, but will use it immediately and effectively to enlighten himself and his inquirers. This is the real object and aim of Catholic action.

This Collegiate World

George Scowcroft, '37

Men have challenged the ability of colleges to foster within students a creative ability. This idea is repudiated below in a review of collegiate activities and the activities of those who have acquired a higher education. Our author also shows in a small way what is wrong with our educational system.

A RECENT ISSUE OF THE BULLETIN of the Association of American Colleges contains an article of which College Students might well be proud. The article, entitled "Harnessing Student Imagination," discusses at some length the delicate question, "Does the college develop originality or creative ability within the student?" The topic has been touched upon now and then throughout the history of education, but so lightly, until today, that it might be considered specifically as an outgrowth of the current depression years. Students of the present generation attend class with the same zeal and determination, they have the same desire to succeed, and the same mental equipment as the students of any preceding period,—still the fact remains that recent graduates have found it very difficult to obtain employment. It is, therefore, in view of this situation, that men have challenged the ability of the college to foster within the student of a creative power,—or rather, have challenged the student to utilize this so-called power. Thus, in order to demonstrate the validity of this power, and likewise to commend the heroic

spirit of persistent youth, the Bulletin has printed a formidable list of typical illustrations of young graduates, who have created jobs for themselves. To exemplify the nature of the positions and the diversification of fields invaded, we mention a few cases here.

MUSIC—A graduate from Oberlin College, N. J. transformed her father's stable into a studio where she was highly successful giving piano lessons.

SCIENCE—Against the advice of experienced pathologists, a would-be botany teacher set up her own laboratory and called herself a Plant Doctor. Her business is expanding beyond her control, as she is the only known doctor of her kind.

ART—A graduate of Connecticut College became a free-lance commercial artist and has worked consistently for "The Pictorial Review, McCall's, New York, Herald-Tribune, and The American Home."

JOURNALISM—A Lake Erie College graduate of the '29 Class now owns

and operates a newspaper with a circulation of 2,000.

EDUCATION—Mrs. X (a Mt. Holyoke graduate) and her husband were unemployed school teachers. Two years ago they opened-up their own school, and have been very successful.

THE ALUMNI COLLEGE

In 1929 Lafayette College invited its Alumni to return to the campus and spend the week following the annual reunion, as they did in their undergraduate days. Rooms were provided, meals were furnished, and recreational facilities were arranged so that the men might once more enjoy a stimulating week of intellectual, social, and recreational activities. Departmental heads at the college carried on lectures and discussions each morning from nine to twelve o'clock. Sixty of the Alumni accepted this invitation, and thus the first of those organizations, which are known as Alumni Colleges, came into existence.

Since the pioneering days of Lafayette, the Alumni College has become a very popular form of post-graduate education. It affords the college man an excellent opportunity for reorganizing his knowledge, and for taking mental inventory in the convivial and rejuvenating atmosphere of his college days. It prevents the scholar from falling into "a process of gradual mental deterioration," and from descending "into the valley of mediocrity and stagnation."

COLLEGIATE CLIPPINGS

President Conant of Harvard has come to the conclusion that his University isn't doing as much as it should for prospective school teachers. What Harvard lacks, is a course in practice teaching. The situation will soon be remedied, says the President.

Dr. Fred C. Zapffe, Secretary of the Association of American Medical Colleges, recently issued the following statement: "So called 'premedical' courses in art colleges are not approved by this Association and the colleges have been notified of this fact. Too much science and specially arranged courses for medical students are not productive of the best training.

Dr. Harl McDonald, Professor of Music at the University of Pennsylvania, and the famous Dr. Leopold Stokowski during the past few weeks have been spending most of their spare time at the zoo. They hope to compose the music proper to each animal; thus the Doctors intend to watch, listen, and even smell until they become sufficiently 'animalized.' A survey of a dozen major universities conducted by Prof. B. W. Kunkel of Lafayette reveals that the average age at which the Bachelor's Degree is obtained is 23.71 years, and that at which the Doctor's is obtained is 30.96. A full Professorship averages 36.66 years. An observation from "Years of Grace": "The trouble with education is that we always read everything when we're too young to know what it means. And the trouble with life is that we're always too busy to read it later."

The Campus Spotlight

William George Beaudro

THE RECENT "COWL" POLL revealed a student demand for intramural sports, which, it was stated, were non-existent except for inter-class basketball. The all revealing rays of the Spotlight have found a wealth of sports being enthusiastically carried on within our walls. Sports which, although they do not come within the scope of the "Court of Sport," nevertheless deserve formal recognition as one of the multitudinous activities which come under the heading of "College Life."

Perhaps most popular of these sports is ping-pong. The two tables in the cloak room are seldom idle, battles are heatedly contested, the little white balls ping and pong madly all the day. Not infrequently the duels are witnessed by large and decidedly articulate galleries.

But this is mere physical activity. There is an intelligensia which spurns exertions of such lowly order. With this group checkers and chess, as a discipline for and stimulus to the mind, are favored. The Spotlight has found furrowed brows facing each other over the black and red squares in all manner of odd corners at all manner of odd times. However, the cafeteria seems to be the favored battle ground.

Another favorite with the intellectually inclined is cross-word puzzling. Many daily papers are to found scattered about the college (this is all too literally true,) but few of these abandoned Journals (and what is more abandoned than yesterday's paper) have not had the cross-word puzzle worked out.

There are still other activities of this sort—such established indoor sports as (believe it or not) tic-tac-toe, second guessing, bellyaching, and well . . . others, have many adherents. Yet they say we have no intramural sports!

CHERRY TREE FIESTA

On the night of February 22, the Spotlight discovered something new in the social life of the college—a dance conducted solely under the auspices of the Freshman Class. The Class of '39 has, from the start, been a lively, go-getting group. So it is with pleasure that the Spotlight records a triumph for it in this pioneer event—the Cherry Tree Fiesta. A large crowd found the music and the decorations (featuring a cherry tree and birthday cake) much to its liking, and the evening was a success from every consideration. Hats off to '39.

New DRESS SUITS FOR SALE TO HIRE **New TUXEDOS**

NEW WALDORF TUXEDOS
(INCLUDING VEST)


\$22.50

15 WEEKS TO PAY

FULL DRESS SUITS

WALDORF CLOTHING COMPANY
MEN'S FORMAL WEAR EXCLUSIVELY

212 UNION STREET Cor. WEYBOSSET PROVIDENCE, R. I.




**The Balmac-an Type
TOPCOAT in
SAWYER-SPUN**

The faithful reproduction of hand-loomed North Carolina Homespun in exact copies of custom tailor models.

In these Sawyer-Spun topcoats you'll see overplaids, rich herring-bones, Spitalsfield effects and solid tones. They're worn in the country's fashion high-spots . . . the smart resorts . . . the eastern universities . . . and New York's social centers.

27.50

—Lounge tailored
—Quality lined
with Earl-Glo

The OUTLET Company
RHODE ISLAND'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE

JOSEPH M. TALLY
JOSEPH V. TALLY, P.C., '26
CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND CARDS

**Religious Articles—Church
Goods—Tourists' Agency**

505 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

WASHING SIMONIZING

**NARRAGANSETT
HOTEL GARAGE**

(Opposite Narragansett Hotel)

POLISHING STORAGE

DEBATING

Hard work and accomplishment always bring proportional benefits to their author, but frequently fail to bring him much recognition. Such is the case with the Providence College Debating Union.

Early in the year debaters held intramural clashes, which served to familiarize them with current topics of discussion and to bring out the best talent. With the experience thus gained, they sallied forth, and have planted their colors victoriously in many foreign fields. But they occasion almost no interest whatsoever at home, despite their splendid achievements.

So far the record stands at one defeat, and five victories. The loss was to Boston College, while victories have been scored over Rhode Island State, Boston University, Fordham, John Marshall, and New Hampshire State.

"FRANK MERRIWELL IS BACK"

Of late there has been considerable excitement over the return of the incomparable Frank Merriwell. You may think him purely a mythical character. Not at all. The Spotlight, while plying through the smoke haze in the Auditorium during the Springfield game, discovered him there (on the basketball floor, not in the haze) in the flesh, wearing the Providence College colors. The spotlight ventures to preserve for posterity, here in the pages of the "Alembic," the story of Frank Merriwell's brief appearance as a member of the freshman basketball team of Providence College.

The stage was fittingly set for his entrance. His team had been gamely fighting to hold an early lead, but, with

seconds to go, had lost it, and was a basket or two behind. The players were panting, wild-eyed, desperate; the spectators in a particularly wild frenzy. Ah! what a dramatic setting.

Hastily the coach sent Frank in. Play was resumed. Frank got the ball, dribbled to the side of the court, almost at mid-floor, and let go a daring, one-handed shot. Straight and true the ball flew, struck the very top of the back board, bounced high and straight into the air, and fell through the heart of the basket, hardly grazing the net—just as Frank had planned. The huge assembly fully appreciated the shot, for the rafters shook with astonishment and delight. Fired by this example, Frank's team mates went on to register a thrilling victory.

(The line up had this man down as Memphis, but that was merely to conceal Frank's identity so he could continue his activities at Fardale.)

THE CHAPEL

It is a small chapel. The walls are bare brick. The altars are small and wooden, severe in their white simplicity. The pews are hardly more than wooden benches. Noises from outside occasionally intrude.

But He is there—God in all His Power and Glory. Daily, students come here in a steady stream, kneeling before Him in humble devotion. Every third Thursday of the month, the Eucharist is exposed for adoration. Now, in the Lenten Season, groups of students are always here, in prayer and meditation. Holy Mass is celebrated daily—five times during Lent.

As much as the richest Cathedral, it is the House of God, our chapel.

GIBSON'S
 Chocolates and Bon Bons



Providence Made—Fresh Daily

12 Convenient Locations

**Starkweather &
 Williams**

47 Exchange Place

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES

SLIDE RULES

PAINTS & ENAMELS

NOW—COMPLETE OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGE MAN

McCARTHY'S

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPT. - - - DAYLIGHT BASEMENT

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPT. - - MAIN FLOOR

McCARTHY'S

(WOONSOCKET'S GREATEST DEPARTMENT STORE)

IT IS TO YOUR ADVANTAGE
 TO ALWAYS
 CONSULT YOUR
**GAS COMPANY'S
 EXPERTS**

Their Experience is Extensive
 Their Counsel is Valuable

ARROW SHIRTS
 MALLORY HATS

FOR THE COLLEGE MAN

Complete Lines of

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

O'DONNELL'S
 40 Washington Street

FRYER BANQUET

There is always a certain thrill in being present at the beginning of a great enterprise. Those who made the first trans-pacific flight in the "Clipper" experienced it. So too did, the some hundred or so Providence men who attended the first Fryer Banquet.

Of course, besides this thrill of the pioneer, there was present at the banquet the keen pleasure of good food, good fellowship, jokes, and song—an unbeatable formula for a good time.

Those, of whose vision and initiative

the banquet was the fruition, deserve our heartiest gratitude.

THE RETREAT

The spiritual opportunities always on hand in a Catholic College become intensified during the period of retreat. The atmosphere here at Providence was, as always, one of deep devotion and reverence, the retreat being regarded by all as a wonderful opportunity for setting the spiritual house in order. May God give us the strength to be firm in the resolutions made under the influence of this period of devotion.

**McDUFF COAL &
LUMBER CO.**

Coal—Coke—Fuel Oil—Range Oil
 McDUFF Automatic OIL BURNER
 LUMBER—Mason's Materials—Paints
 11 High St. PAWTUCKET, R. I.
 PErry 2400 GAspee 4148

SUPPORT
 YOUR MISSIONS
 AT
 HOME AND ABROAD

Edward F. C. McLaughlin & Co., Inc.

INSURANCE SPECIALISTS

New York Office
 270 Madison Ave.

Scranton Office
 Scranton Life Bldg.

MAIN OFFICE

ONE NEWARK STREET

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY

BROKERS FOR ALL TYPES OF INSURANCE

**MCGLINCHY
 HARDWARE & PAINT CO.**

Locksmithing	Garden Tools
Window Glass	Maza Lamps
Paint Supplies	Roofing Supplies
Household Supplies	Electrical Supplies

420 Smith St. DE 5674

**Pictures and Picture
 Framing**

Over 40 Years in the Old Arcade

**Providence Picture
 Frame Co.**

61 ARCADE BLDG. - 3rd FLOOR

The Court of Sports

F. E. McInnis, '38

DIAMOND GLEAMINGS

WITH THE ADVENT OF spring the raging rivulets have carried both the melted snow and the interest of sport lovers further away from winter and its indoor competition, yielding to the open field and baseball. Equipment having been distributed, the veterans of last year's highly successful team are fighting for their positions with a host of ambitious youngsters whose wild enthusiasm is causing the lettermen to look to their laurels. Coach Egan, who is starting his second year at the helm of Providence College baseball, is fortunate in being possessed with a wealth of material which, from all indications, should insure the team a select place among the elite of eastern college baseball. We have reason to be proud of Coach Egan who is commenting on baseball through the medium of one of our local stations; his commentaries on the greatest of all sports are also appearing in the News Tribune. There are few men in the world of baseball whose knowledge of the game surpasses that of our coach. His instructive talks and articles cover the game in a general but most interest-

ing manner. His many years of experience, both as player and official have given his work a philosophic and intelligent completeness. Coach Egan does not restrict his commentaries to collegiate baseball alone, but rather does he comment upon major league teams and players and their possibilities of completing difficult schedules successfully. A world of knowledge on the subject of baseball can be acquired through Egan's commentations. They are also an asset to Providence College for they are widely discussed and so afford the College some very nice publicity. His talks are illimitable and educational, and are indicative of a man possessed with a prodigious baseball mind.

INTER-CLASS BASEBALL

Our inter-class basketball teams are again, this year, dominated by Guzman Hall. This fine aggregation consists of some remarkable basketball talent of which any coach would have reason to be proud. Close on the heels of Guzman Hall are the Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, and Seniors, respectively. This inter-class league offers a

PETRO-NOKOL OIL BURNERS

Domestic—Industrial

FUEL OIL

* * * * *

PETROLEUM HEAT AND POWER CO.
32 FRANKLIN STREET - - PROVIDENCE R. I.

GA_{spee} 9166

**GET YOUR COLLEGE
 SHIELDS AND
 PENNANTS NOW!**

Apply to
ALEMBIC OFFICE
 For Prices

EAT AT
MARCONI'S
 17 BRADFORD ST.



**Providence Men
 FIND
 "Quality Always"
 AT
 READ & WHITE
 TUXEDOS
 FULL DRESS
 CUTAWAYS
 FOR HIRE
 CAPS & GOWNS
 214 Woolworth Bld.
 Providence Men**

wonderful opportunity for the student body to display some of its occult school spirit. On the whole the chance is ignored. Why is it that this institution lacks that individualistic loyal spirit, so prevalent in many other colleges which do not and cannot produce athletic teams to compare with ours? This question is the enduring riddle around this campus. The enigma as yet, has not been satisfactorily resolved for those few, very few who do possess some spirit but are not strong enough to carry the whole burden on their courageous but overworked shoulders. All that we can do is hope that someday, before the Archangels blow their trumpets calling the end of time, the students of this college will wake up to the realization that Providence produces the best in sports and could easily produce the best in outside activities if only more of the students would cooperate by attending these activities with open mouths and pocketbooks.

THE CLAY COURT

Our tennis team is annually establishing itself among the leading teams of eastern college tennis. Two able captains have been elected, Vin Fiorillo and Irwing Anger, and they are supported by a fine collection of players—among whom is one of New England's leading contenders for intercollegiate honors. The schedule is a difficult one, with many new teams included, but by combining their knowledge of the game with a fine spirit, the boys should finish the season with a splendid record.—Tennis is fast becoming one of the world's leading sports; the game is filled with stars who are making it more popular with every match

they play. At the present time professional tennis holds the spotlight, but with the innovation of tennis in many colleges of the country it is fast becoming one of the world's most popular pastimes, and is becoming more of an amateur game than ever. Tennis is a new sport at Providence College but the interest that has been shown by our team will soon make the game and the team more popular in the eyes of the students.

BYE-BYE OLYMPICS

In our last bleating, we made the dire prophecy that in all likelihood we would not be able to stand the strain of competition in basketball for Olympic honors. Our team has done wondrously well this season, emerging finally as the leading Rhode Island Quintet. But alack and alas for New England honors, and for final tryouts with the New York Teams for participation in the Olympics. We just "couldn't take it." The strain proved too much on the boys; the playing in the last few games clearly showed that they were tired, and so have tumbled the beautiful castles that had been built in the minds of many dreamy youths this winter past.

IN THIS CORNER

The boxing exhibition staged by the Juniors on March 24 excited more than the usual interest. Carlo Angelica had been faithful in getting the academic maulers in good shape, and they put on a splendid exhibition of amateur skill in the ring. No Gene Tunny or Joe Louis developed, but then what can one expect from boys who tote books all day and have to wear peepers at night.

BERRY FARMS

PRODUCERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF
COLT FARM GRADE "A" MILK

Visitors Welcome at all Times

SEEKOOK, MASS.

E. A. 2020

Read Dominican Literature

The Rosary Magazine
The Holy Name Journal
Dominicana *The Torch*

Costello Brothers, Inc.

DISTRIBUTORS FOR
SHRAFFT CANDIES
BAYUK "PHILLIES"
CREMO CIGARS

Providence - Pawtucket

NEW STYLES

BY PEIRCE
IN SPORT SHOES
OR STREET SHOES
FROM \$5.00 UP

THOMAS F. PIERCE & SON

Westminster and Dorrance Streets
Catering to college men since 1767

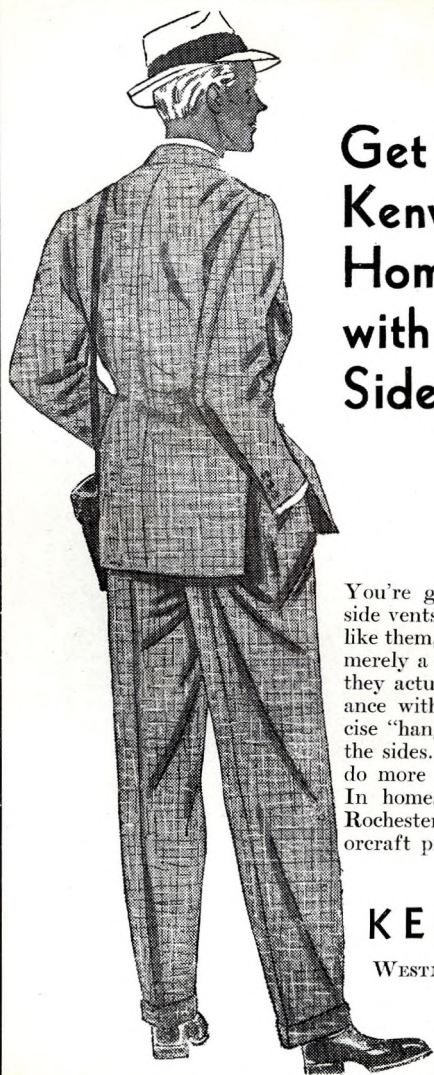
TEE-HEE

The golfing team, organized and otherwise, has started crushing the daffodils on our campus. Wham, goes the ball through one of the lamp-posts. It's rather difficult at times to distinguish the pill from the conglomeration

of bones, cans, stones and ashes sprinkled on the lawn, but then one is not supposed to find all his golf balls, and it merely adds zest to the game. The nineteenth hole is invariably in the meeting room of the Taurus Club.

In fact the Taurus Club is the real Sport center of the College.





Get Into Kenwood Homespuns with the New Side Vents

\$35

You're going to wear suits with side vents this season. And you'll like them, too. Because they're not merely a new note in men's attire, they actually add to your appearance with their straight and precise "hang" in the back and fit at the sides. No custom tailor could do more for you than side vents. In homespun fabrics tailored in Rochester where painstaking tailcraft prevails.

KENNEDY'S

WESTMINSTER AND DORRANCE

Charge Accounts Invited



*— and Chesterfields
are usually there*



*..they're mild
and yet
They Satisfy*