

ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE



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NOVEMBER, 1937

THE LIFE OF A LEGEND

LIONEL J. LANDRY

PSEUDONYM

JOHN J. REIDY

EROICA

ROBERT C. HEALEY

THE ALEMBIC

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I Wandered Down Amid the Sedge

I wandered down amid the sedge
Along the barren marshland—
The wild and haunting marshland.
I saw a gnarled and stunted tree
Reaching with eager, miser's hand,
Clutching the misty grey of the strand;
While round the thorns and dried reeds' edge
Led trackless wastes of salty sea—
Harsh pathways to Infinity.
Were all of these foredoomed to be
Secluded, left forsakenly,
Yes, lost, beyond the rocky ledge,
Hidden in dreary stretches of sand?
This is not what their Maker has planned;
But only—set aside, that we
Recall one drink of salt, one band
Of thorns, the reed held in His hand
The Tree on which He kept His pledge.

ROBERT SULLIVAN, '38

Eroica

ROBERT C. HEALEY, '39

AN air of shabby luxury filled the shop. Two barber chairs were serenely unoccupied and months-old magazines lay scattered over a trio of moribund waiting chairs. There was one large window but a sickly green shade repelled the warm afternoon sun. The barber sat reading.

From time to time he looked up, murmuring in an enraptured undertone, "how deep, marvellous," or some such vague ejaculations. Only heavy footsteps outside the window indicating the approach of a possible customer disturbed him.

And finally steps beat nearer. The battered screen door creaked open and the barber threw aside his copy of "The Idiot." He rose, his small moustached face gleaming in an oily smile.

"Ah, Mr. Thompson, good afternoon," he proclaimed. The voice had a touch of the exotic in it, a soft rippling accent that sounded foreign and far away. It was sweet, though, and Thompson smiled.

"Hello—hot, isn't it?" he replied.

That was the depth of the countless conversations they had ever had. It never went further than the weather and those few basic realities which are food for the tongue-tied. For years, over six to be exact, it had been like that. Never had either been able to pierce the light shell of the other's personality. One seemed the stern complement of the other in this extraordinary business of living, and in that unobtrusive way they treated each other.

Martin Thompson had entered Amadar Sakadian's barber shop for the first time six years before. He had sniffed at the shabby luxury, he had reneged at the months-old magazines, and he had remained for a haircut. Amadar was cordial then, was cordial now. A slim ageing Armenian with small face and features and an ungainly quiet youth. They were relatively unchanged now. Thompson had weathered school life and had finally emerged as an assistant librarian in a city branch library. He was almost self-satisfied, smug and settled, and yet in his ideals there were castles of independence. At times he was full of an immense practicality and again he would be listless and diffident. In his heart he pitied the poor barber, Amadar. He pitied him his circumscribed life, his bounded frontiers and his hapless trade. He had pitied him six years ago and he was still pitying him now as he sat back into the barber chair for the tonsorial rites.

Amadar was facile with the electric shears. He fondled it like a child as he guided its whirring way through Martin's light hair. Indeed, it was a rite with him, plain and simple. He exulted in the neat line against the hard skull, and surveying the dripping hair he knew that he was as much an artist as the titan Michelangelo standing grim-faced in the quarry at Carrara letting stone drip off a miraculous David.

Martin didn't. He hated to enter the shoddy shop and trust himself to the ministrations of the evil foreigner. Why, he could be home practicing his violin or reading something high, something mightily beyond the deadness of the barber shop. He glowered at himself in the glass as he watched the barber circle dexterously around with tweezers and comb.

The music of snips was finally broken as Amadar glanced at the clock, scowled, and stepped over to a small radio on the work shelf. He turned it on and returned to his work.

"I almost forgot," he said apologetically as he wielded his tools once more.

"Oh, yes," Martin murmured apropos of almost nothing. Sinking a little deeper into his thoughts, he was only conscious of the music. Somewhere people were playing, violins were swaying and here was he. He revelled in the fountain of joy. Oblivion pressed him.

"I see that you, too, like music, Mr. Thompson." The barber startled him, and he was awake to hear him conclude "—so few people do nowadays."

Martin answered rather hastily, "Yes, I've always liked that sort of thing," and then began to think. It all fitted together in an amazing way. The barber, the radio, and then the music. Perhaps this person likes music, too! The inference was annihilating. To his mind a barber was a barber, and couldn't bother with anything else. Preposterous. He decided to investigate.

Amadar placed the comb and brush on the shelf. With an air of finality he began:

Cautiously, "Do you listen to much music?"

"Listen? I love music. I live it every day. It's like a delicate ambrosia that I drink with the Olympians."

He almost fumbled at the unfamiliar words.

"There are even times which I feel terror-stricken and awed at the beating of a titanic bar."

There was more than the little barber here. It was a man pleading for his life, defending his heritage, seeking the truth. Before the judge in the barber chair he declaimed heroically. Thompson could see the man's heart in his words. It was pure, but he hated to see that soul's beauty. He responded lamely:

"I know, Mr. Sakadian, music has always been a deep source of pleasure to me."

But had it? He wondered even as he spoke. Trying to steer a course amid the paths of music he had often felt lost. At times everything seemed so artificial, so unworthy. Do I like this because I think I should like it? he would ask himself. And then

a few deep notes would glide into his consciousness and he would taste the depth of that same ambrosial cup.

He wasn't listening to Amadar.

"I'm so glad I find you out. I knew that you weren't like my usual customers. They sit into the chair and seem asleep. And you, you come and seem alive. And now this. You'll . . . you'll have to come up to my house and hear some music much better."

"You have a radio there, too?"

"Yes, yes, but we have an electric-phonograph. There's nothing like it. Absolutely. Once you hear that you'll never want to listen to radio music. We have all kinds of records, operatic arias, symphonies, anything. Won't you come some night?"

This was more unexpected. Still in the chair, Thompson stiffened and then relaxed.

"Yes, I will, some time."

That "some time" was a concession to his pride. These people could have those phonographs and he couldn't. Terrible, terrible. Yet he longed to rush off immediately and drink in a full meal of music.

"Where is your house?" he asked.

"Across the street. You see that third floor front?"

Martin surveyed the place. Dingy, tattered, dirty. There was a fish store on the corner. A crumpled newspaper lay on the front doorstep. A frowzy woman was washing windows on the second floor. A withered geranium stood on the window sill of third floor front. He swallowed his observations and resumed:

"I'll be glad to come. Some night I'll surprise you."

"There may be a few of my friends about, but they'll be entertaining."

Amadar's voice was thankful. He patted the hot towel about Thompson's face. The operation was soon over. The money clinked into the register and Thompson opened the battered screen door.

"Good-bye," he called back.

There was the house before him. Third floor front gazed down on him with implacable force. The withered bud was still on the sill but the frowzy woman was gone. He tried to forget it all but the needle of the little Armenian's electric-phonograph kept scratching in his mind.

He wanted to hear that phonograph. The more he thought, the more the records crissed and crossed in his ears. Music and song, music and song playing in the night. Sweet melodies, strange and enchanting.

He stood before the house nearly a week later. An odor of fish drifted into his nostrils and he winced. But he couldn't go back now. He pushed open the front door. Malodorous. The stairs cracked painfully as he started up. Wallpaper cracked and faded. Carpetless, worn stairs. All so dreary, devastating. A bulb painted a dull red threw a ghostly light at the top of the stairs. There was a broken shoe outside one of the doors on the landing, and a few uncleaned milk bottles. The front window curtain waved disconsolately as he turned up the second flight. It was darker, more uncertain. He groped into the darkness above. There were voices rising and falling in spirited conversation as he went to the door nearest the hall window.

He knocked, but the voices chattered on. No answer.

Again he pounded, and heavy footsteps sounded. A thickset, sharp-eyed foreigner opened the door.

"Mr. Sakadian, please," Martin whispered into the maze of tobacco smoke. A slight figure rose up from the other side of the sitting room and stepped lightly to the door.

"Ah, Mr. Thompson, I'm so glad you come."

Amadar was voluble. He shushed the talking group and ushered Martin before them.

"May I present a dear friend of mine, one who has our life and loves at heart."

He stopped as if to let the full meaning of his phrase creep in.

"Mr. Thompson," he continued, turning to Martin, "these

"Let me talk to you for a while," he said softly. "Listen, but don't speak."

"I have watched you closely tonight. I have seen you wonder. I know why. You did not think that such as this and people like these could exist in these surroundings . . . Sh!"

The new theme began. It was more flowing and more subdued.

"But here we are. Don't speak, just listen. We've found all this in America, all we would never have thought of at home. I was a child once in Armenia. It's . . . oh, so many years ago. I must have been born around 1905, a terrible year. My father was the teller in a small Armenian bank in Hadjin in Cilicia. He had a respectable job, a wife, a home and children.

"I was happy in those early days. I went to a little grade school our colony conducted. The Armenians love schooling, you know, even under the foot of the oppressor. The Turks were oppressors and had been for ages of our history. But I knew nothing of that then. I went to school and had a huge time. There were very few subjects in that school. I always wanted more, but old Sheir, the teacher, used to tell me that some day I could go off to Aleppo or perhaps Constantinople and learn all I wanted.

"Enough of that. I was happy; we were all happy."

The music seemed to reflect his feelings as it swung into the recapitulation at the close. "And then—," he continued.

And then a slight pause and two deep notes cracked forth. The sonorites of the Funeral March began to sound. They rolled forth, like the measured beats of heavenly drums. The cortege moved slowly on, gathering a whirl of power and movement.

"And then," resumed Amadar in a lower and sadder voice, "—and then came the Turks. It was sudden at least to me. I was ten and I knew just a little about the trouble. There were guards and Turks all over the place all the time, but I didn't know anything would happen. My brother was a member of

a secret committee and sometimes he did not come home for days, but that didn't bother me a bit.

"One day everything broke loose. We were ordered to get ready immediately to move out of the town. My father was frantic. My brother was missing and no news had arrived of events in surrounding places. We rushed about that night working to pack a few necessities into cloth bags. It was impossible to get carriages and we knew we would have to walk. I remember how my mother sat and mourned. She would stare clear-eyed about the house, her own house, and then break into tears.

"I think that for a while I enjoyed the excitement of rushing about, but as the night wore on and neighbors began to crowd into our house I began to fear. My sister Freda stayed with me and tried to keep me calm. The excitement increased. Rumors of massacres through all Armenia reached us. There was continual rushing in and out. At times we heard gunfire and then kneeled to pray.

"I became more and more frightened when even Freda wouldn't notice me. Dawn began to break. The first rays broke over the flat-roofed houses, glinting on the guns of Turkish guards. About six, a mounted Sikh rode through the streets telling everyone to leave houses and prepare for the march."

The music had risen to the heights of hell. Martin pulsed with the feet of marching thousands. He heard the trembling drums pound fiercely. He heard the creak of the funeral train. The dead Napoleon being borne into Vienna, the Armenians crowding out of life and home. He picked up the thread:

"—came and told my father that he would lend him his cart and driver for a price. Most of our goods were placed on the cart. I never saw them again. All of us were soon driven together in the principal square of the town. The Turkish commandant appeared and ordered able-bodied men to separate and get ready to march. I saw my father and one of my brothers march off with the tattered horde under the prick of bayonets.

"The women and children who were left behind did not know what to expect. We are ordered back to the houses, however. A sorrowful group, my mother, my two sisters and I, trailed through the streets back to the empty house. They were all crying. For the rest of the day nothing happened. As the night came on gunshots came to our ears and cries of all kinds filled the air. My mother was in hysterics. She had all the doors locked and bolted and intended to spend the night before her little altar.

"I was put to bed, at least for the moment. But I had screwed up enough spirit to decide to venture out to see what was happening. Down the back window and I was in the back court. Darkness was heavy about. I was afraid to go out into the streets so I kept climbing fences until I had circled 'round to a principal street. Twice I saw huge, unkempt mobs rushing through the houses of well-to-do Armenians. I heard women's screams. I was afraid now, even to go back. The shouts of the mobs rang through the streets. Guns boomed and screams sounded everywhere. For hours I crouched under a tree in a yard about a mile from my house. At last I had enough courage to return.

"I cannot say it. You will not ask me. The house was empty and wrecked. Where, where were they? A question I have never solved. Though I fear and have feared to say it, I know they are dead, all of them, father, mother, brother, sisters.

"I spent the night in that empty house. I even slept. In the morning I put on my dirtiest clothes and wandered into the deserted streets. Someone picked me up and brought me to the French consul. He heard my story, nodded his head and arranged to have me board a French refugee cruiser at Aleppo."

The dead march was finished. The music sank into silence and then broke into happy joyous measures. Amadar continued in a new mood:

"Thus, I was sent to America. Some kindly people adopted me and I began life again. It was a newer and better life. I became a barber. I have worked hard and now I have my own

little shop. But more than that I have my friends, my music, and my books. All these mean so much to me. Here in America I have found all of them. Sometimes I wonder what would have happened if I had remained in Armenia. Somehow I don't care now. I have everything I can wish for. I see men and admire them but I am content in my own way. So are all these here. They live and die doing the greatest for themselves, even though that greatest may not seem much to you. You understand?"

Martin nodded. He understood. He understood in a full and vital way. He had just listened and now he didn't speak. He listened as the Eroica unfolded becoming greater and greater. The fourth part swelled and finally left the room hushed and spell-bound.

"That is all."

Amadar had broken the silence first. Martin did not reply.

"I'm afraid I must go," he said finally, rising.

"As you wish. I'm sorry to see you go. But you will come back, won't you?"

"Yes, I will come back."

"Good-bye," Martin called back as he closed the door. The words echoed in the hall. He went down the stairs quickly and out into the street. There was the barber shop before him. It wore a happy familiar air. He turned pensively on his way. There was peace and quietness in his heart.



Nosco et Nescio

I sit and thus silently bow my head
To strains of violin mystery,
Borne on the stillness as a convulsive breath,
Carried to my tumultuous soul
Where lingers yet a last refrain:
A mystery, too!
For though I know,
And in my heart feel sad or glad or so;
Yet still I do not understand
The master's stroke, the master's hand.

JOHN T. HOULIHAN, '40.

Studying Catholicism Now

MICHAEL A. COYNE, '39

OFTEN today, Catholics in the professional and industrial walks of life have occasion to speak of their Faith to their fellow workers. An ordination ceremony, a marriage, a funeral, or a controversy in the newspapers provokes various questions in the mind of the non-Catholic observer. Not willing, perhaps even afraid to carry his questions to a priest, he determines to seek the desired information of some Catholic with whom he is acquainted. On the type of answer which that Catholic gives may depend the salvation of the questioner's soul. Whether it be a fundamental doubt or mere curiosity about liturgical procedure, the Catholic ought to be ready to give a general answer and to obtain immediately whatever other data may be necessary or useful. To furnish Catholics with a means of gaining a better knowledge of their religion and to enable them to express that knowledge clearly, there has been instituted in the Church a society for laymen, "The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine."

The object of the Confraternity is to furnish Catholic laymen with a means of broadening their knowledge of their religion, to see that they have a proper grasp on the truths of the Faith, and to give them a more nearly complete understanding of Catholic practices. More important, however, the organization aims to cultivate among the laity A MASTERY OF EXPRESSION of religious thought. With the idea that one does not thoroughly know his religion until he can explain it to others, the Confraternity has the individual member do his own research and inform the group of his findings. He is always under the supervision and guidance of the spiritual director, a priest, so

that his efforts can be utilized to the best advantage, and that he may be prevented from examining harmful or irrelevant material.

The society is so constituted that any Catholic can enjoy the full benefits and non-Catholics can participate in the discussions. The members are divided according to their duties and the extent to which they take part in the activities. Concentrating on the catechetical instruction of the young, the society sponsors courses in methods of teaching the catechism. Those attending these courses, usually Catholics who teach in the public schools, are considered qualified to assist the priests in the instruction of children. Children's religious summer schools are formed, with emphasis placed on attracting those who have not the benefits of parochial school teaching. Results have been highly satisfactory wherever this plan has been adopted. Helping these teachers are many who, unable to participate actively, give of their time and money. A large number of shut-ins, for example, is engaged in making booklets, charts, posters, graphs, and pictures for use in illustrating lessons in the classroom. People not qualified to teach may provide transportation for teachers and pupils or make donations to cover incidental expenses. To all who further this work the Church offers numerous indulgences and blessings.

The principal, and I think, the most important function of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is the promotion of the Discussion Study Club for High School and Adult groups. "The study club," as defined by the Confraternity, "consists of a small group of persons who, by reading and collecting data, acquire information regarding some specific subject, and then meet to clarify and correlate this information and develop accuracy of statement and the power of expression." The pedagogical principles behind this procedure are very sound indeed. The number of members is no more than eight or ten, for only within a small group is spontaneous discussion possible. The informality is conducive to a free expression of opinion, without fear

of ridicule or embarrassment. In a large group the talking would be done by a few, and not always by the best qualified. Individual study in religion is helpful, but it lacks the guidance of leadership and the interchange of thought. Also, the member of a small group will not be likely to absent himself, for his absence will be noted by all. Interest runs high when the group is small, for the member is willing to hear the opinions of all his associates and will be diligent in the preparation of his own assignment. This system of group discussion, a system whose origin dates back to the medieval form of debate, will assist in developing facility of expression in matters of religion.

The fact that the Catholic laity is now inarticulate in religious discussions is well known. The laity in general can *not* explain the doctrine to which it so firmly adheres, and can *not* always successfully defend the Faith for which it would sacrifice its life. Even though they attend Sunday Mass and other services, most Catholics do not absorb adequately the instruction given. Mere ability to repeat the content of a sermon or to recite the Catechism by rote does not evidence a full appreciation of the beauty of religious truth. The average Catholic is hard pressed when called upon to refute some objection to Catholicism, no matter how trivial it may be. Indeed, I have seen Catholic-College students, who should be more familiar than any other lay group with the teachings of their Church, make a sorry mess of some simple doctrinal explanation. Many Catholic-College men, unskilled in argument, have done more harm than good by attempting to explain a point of Christian Doctrine. Plus an infinite ignorance of their religion, they have a spirit of what they think self-confidence, but which really amounts to rashness, and antagonizes rather than draws their listeners. While one does not expect Catholic-College students to be profoundly learned in every branch of the theological studies, it is not demanding too much to ask that they have a working knowledge of the elementary Catechism and that they attempt to acquire some idea of what a gentlemanly discussion is like with the object of ap-

plying their findings. Potentially the greatest force for the promulgation of Catholic teaching, they are in many cases a definite detriment. Not only do some of them bend their misguided efforts to pursuit of inconsequentialities, but many, laboring under false notions, do not check up on their data, and they plunge without hesitation into debate on matters of which they know little or nothing. Certainly they would benefit immeasurably from participation in the parish study club. If nothing else, they might be sharply brought to a realization of their ignorance. Perhaps to meet defeat at the hands of some less "highly educated" but far better informed person would impress the Catholic-College student with the necessity of taking advantage of the opportunities he is offered. No amount of exhortation will produce the desire to learn that is instilled by losing an argument through culpable ignorance.

A large number of Catholics bemoan the fact that they have had but little training in religion since their childhood. They regret that their educational period was cut short, and they wish they could learn more of their Faith. The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine is exactly what they need. The general equality of the members, no matter what be their scholastic status, together with the freedom to air opinions, is an attractive characteristic. Each member wants to learn; none should want only to teach. The timid, reserved, "uneducated," layman is brought to see the reasonableness of many doctrines he had previously "taken on Faith." Study of the liturgy shows him the great care the Church exercises in the fulfillment of its mission. With a new confidence and a greater degree of reverence toward religion, he becomes at least somewhat articulate in explaining his beliefs and practices. Secure in the knowledge that he has the Truth, he is able to wage a militant campaign for the cause of Christianity.

The most enthusiastic support for the movement should emanate from the Catholic-College student.

Participation in this work gives him a chance to make immediate practical use of his education. The role of Catholic gentleman is best played by those who have made serious efforts to further a program of Catholic action during their preparatory days.

Every student can derive a definite profit from this work. The future priest will have obtained practical experience in the apostolate of the laity; he will better understand the difficulties the people face in their attempts to learn. The student who will not continue the formal pursuit of religious knowledge is offered an excellent means for keeping alive his interest and helping to increase his reverence and devotion. If the laity would properly represent the Church to non-Catholics, it must first broaden its own acquaintance with Catholicism.



On Walking

JOHN A. GRAHAM, '38

HAZLITT and Stevenson have spoken at length and, apparently, with great delight on the subject of taking a walk. They seem so much in earnest with respect to the benefits and enjoyments of such a pastime that I have begun to consider whether or not there may be something in it after all. Just when I am about to set out upon one of those "refreshing" journeys, however, I am faced with recollections of former experiences which tend to discourage further attempts.

To one who prefers the country when he does walk, automobiles are as much a nuisance as they are a joy to those within them. Never yet have I chosen a country road for an excursion on foot, but that on that very day it has become the favorite hunting grounds for innumerable motorists. For days and weeks before no more than five cars have traveled that narrow, winding cart path the town calls a road, but no sooner do I set foot upon it than vehicles of every make and description swarm into it like bees into a hive. If you can see anything enjoyable in leaping over stone walls to save your leg from being disjoined by the fender of a passing Buick; if you can still smile after having a bushel of pebbles and dust cast up into your face; if you delight in being choked by the fumes belched forth by an ancient Ford striving to make a small grade; if you can remain serene when you round a bend to find a roaring Pontiac speeding towards you, goaded on by a speed maniac taking "the kids out to see the country:" then you can say with Hazlitt, "one of the pleasantest things in the world is going on a journey." I prefer to face these foes equally armed. In vain have I tried to experience the delight and buoyancy he felt on returning from a

hike in the country. I have only found myself on the verge of nervous prostration.

The condition of one's feet, I suppose, also limits the enjoyment derived. I have the misfortune of having been endowed with large pedal extremities which not only become burdensome after a short period of continually "picking them up and laying them down," but which are also susceptible to injury from every minute pebble upon which they descend. If there is pleasure to be found in having to soak your feet in hot water and in hobbling about for a week afterwards, I fail to appreciate it. If it is a cold day, my feet immediately become numb; if it is wet I always contrive to step in a puddle. On a dirt road they entangle themselves in ruts and around stones. When I wear rubbers there is an extra burden to carry, and I sound like a cow extracting her hoofs from the mire. I wear "sneaks" and my arches ache; shoes that fit snugly, and I come home liberally endowed with corns and bunions. Stevenson says the latter half of the journey is the better. He could not have had feet like mine. Before I complete the first half of the distance, my feet begin to whisper their displeasure at so much continuous motion; during the second half they positively shriek. I prefer to remain at home, or travel by car.

If you have had experience with watchdogs, you can readily understand my next objection to walking through the country. Of course, the farmer assures you the dog's bark is worse than his bite. The bark suffices for me; I do not relish testing his biting ability. I've noticed each dog has his own individual method of approach. One delights in staring at you with an apparently friendly look in his eye, and, when you have practically assured yourself that he is harmless, in sneaking up behind to frighten you out of what ever wits you possess. Another comes to meet you and follows for a great distance, snarling and snapping at your heels. Still another gives no sign of his presence, but hides in nearby bushes, ready to leap out at the passerby with a snarling reproof for having ventured to tres-

pass within the district entrusted to his care. I know of many better ways to spend an afternoon than avoiding the fangs of mongrels and curs.

"You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees; and off goes the knapsack and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade." That was all very well in your day, Mr. Stevenson, but try it today! "NO TRESPASSING, KEEP OUT, PRIVATE PROPERTY"—what a difference for the tired traveler these signs have made! Where can one sit to smoke in the shade today, except by the side of a road where he is blinded and choked by dust and monoxide fumes? You see a cool spot by the side of a stream where you decide to eat your lunch. You have started on the first sandwich when a fierce looking farmer brandishing a cudgel arrives on the scene to inform you, "This is private property and tramps aint wanted!" In vain do you plead. "Git out!" What do you do? You sit on a hot rock in the glaring sun and eat your lunch much to the enjoyment of the lucky one passing in their cars. Fun? You may have it.

Hazlitt and Stevenson, you are undoubtedly great authors. Your works are immortal, your names undying. You claim there is pleasure to be found in walking through the country. May I beg leave to differ. I write from experience. I know! There is not!



The Church and Labor Unions

EUGENE McELROY, '39

THE history of Catholic Social Reform is the history of the world. The days of De Mun and Von Kettler is an era that has its reflection in the social progress of our day. Such a story, such a cavalcade of momentous happenings is far more worthy of a finer touch and pen than mine. Such a progressive age is scarcely touched upon in a paper of this length. Any paper that would attempt to depict Catholic Social progress would be endless. For scarcely is the ink of truth from the fountain-pen of life, dry on the pages of history than other events and other times are deemed worthy of record.

Today, America faces the most serious threat to its social order in its history. In the two centuries of our existence as an independent nation, we have grown from an unexplored wilderness into the greatest industrial, worker nation in the world. The seemingly solid foundation of democratic government totters under the concerted attack of Communism and Socialism. Democracy alone is unable to combat the feeling of bitterness and strife that has arisen between the two great classes of our country. Labor and Capital mark the two general divisions of mankind. Their relations and co-operation determine the success or failure of Industry. Industry and business cannot succeed without either of these two factors. But the success of all Industry is dependent first upon every division of industry and second upon every individual worker engaged in Industry. Of these two the latter is by far the more necessary to the success of Modern Business.

The individual worker must of necessity join forces with his fellow worker in order to obtain and safeguard the privileges

that he has a right to expect. This junction of workers for the common good is called a union. The right of man to organize is not only a sacred duty but a natural right. It is necessary for man to strive to obtain the best means for the securing of a just living wage.

The sacred society of the family and the natural society of the state is no more essential to man than his right to freedom of association.

The natural benefits of organization in unions are many. Foremost among these is the securing of the right to a living wage and decent living and working conditions. Usually the lone individual struggles in vain against the powers of the machine age and often is forced to accede to the employers' unjust demands. Starvation wages and poor working conditions result from the lack of efficient organization. The American worker is not to become a slave to a growing economic Frankenstein.

On the other hand an organized protest by an organized union is the greatest weapon of the laborer. However, the union must at all times act in accord with the principles of justice. Concerning the union's acts, Pope Leo XIII says in his encyclical on the condition of labor:

"It is neither justice nor humanity to grind men down with excess labor and to stupify their minds and wear out their bodies."

In another place Pope Leo says: "When workers have recourse to a strike it is frequently because the hours of labor are too long or the work too hard or because they consider their wages insufficient."

Thus we see some of the provisions and requirements for a just strike. Still we cannot disregard the statement that all strikes are justifiable. Nor should we disregard the rights of the employer. The current Communistic protest against capital comes in the form of the sit-down strike. We find the condemnation of these and similar acts in the *Rerum Novarum* of

Leo XIII when he says: "neither justice nor the common good allows anyone to seize that which belongs to another."

The subject of unionism is usually so distorted that it is difficult for the average worker to determine what type of union is the most advantageous to himself. The craft type of union organization, the system used by the American Federation of Labor, is rapidly becoming outmoded. It fails to effectually organize an entire Industry. It attempts to organize many parts of diverse industries and then amalgamate the whole into a composite being. Although this method cannot be said to be ineffective, it must nevertheless recede into the background before the rapid advance of progressive industrial unionism. The difference between the two is notable. The craft union for example would include all mechanics, regardless of what industry in which they worked. The Industrial union, advocated by the C. I. O., covers an entire industry, for example, the auto worker's union, the coal miner's union. It is easily seen that complete success in one entire industry is to be advocated rather than a partial success in a few scattered businesses.

In a more modern day we find the words of the *Rerum Novarum* echoed by John L. Lewis when he says, "collective bargaining through means of industrial unionism is the only effective means of adjusting a proper wage scale." Again the recent Wagner Labor Act has been hailed by Liberals as a great advance in social reform. Yet over a quarter of a century ago, the same doctrine was advocated by the great Leo XIII. He maintained that the right of the worker to bargain in an association of his own choosing was a necessary part of common law.

The progress of unionism in America has been in a few instances rapid but in too many instances slow. The indifferent, *laissez-faire* attitude is all too prevalent. As I have said above, it is a social duty of the individual to help provide for the betterment of himself and his fellow worker.

But despite unionizing activities by the workers themselves, Democratic government is seemingly unable to combat the

forces within and without its structure. To Christian Catholics, however, there is another and a greater alternative, that of Christianity. However, aside from a few liberal minds outside the fold of Catholicism there is little said in behalf of the worker. The views of the Catholic Church are definitely pointed out by Bishop Von Kettler when he says, "The fundamental characteristic of the labor movements of our day is the tendency to organize for the purpose of gaining a hearing for their just claims by united action. To this tendency which is not only justifiable but necessary under existing economic conditions the Church cannot but give Her sanction and support."

Thus from one of the greatest of the Catholic labor-union advocates, we can state the position of the Church. For as Pope Leo XIII says: "Workingman's associations should be so organized and governed as to furnish the best and most suitable means for attaining what is aimed at, to help each individual better his condition to the utmost, in mind, body, and property."

So the appeal goes forth to the American college student. For they are the future citizens of our country, and more than that they can be the unionists of the future. Their future is the future of our Country and our Church. This future needs the united support of union against the inroads of communistic propaganda and capitalistic, smug self-complacency. As Albert de Mun said: "This is no time for talking. We must act. To subversive doctrines, to disasterous teaching, we must propose the holy lesson of the Gospel, to materialism the notion of sacrifice; to selfishness and greed, the idea of brotherhood and co-operation; to the fatalism of Marx, we must propose the dynamics of Christ."

The words of Bishop Von Kettler convey the purpose of this paper. They are: "The future of unionism belongs to Christianity."

Mourning the Black Orchid

EUGENE COCHRAN, '38

EVEN the twilight sunbeams filtering through the faded old lace curtains seemed to stand still in mid-air, and refracting, sharply dropped to the somber carpet beneath the casket. The flowers had drooped, faded, their perfume hanging heavily in the dingy room.

In her coffin, the living part of Elsie smiled; she wondered why people feared death, why they fought to live on—to live—that's what they called it—Elsie smiled again. To live—that was to suffer—to seek with all one's heart that abstract state—happiness. Abstract because it existed only in the mind—one never found it—it was, thought Elsie, like the man on the donkey's back—holding a carrot on a stick before the donkey's eyes; the donkey moved—kept moving toward the carrot; but the carrot incessantly moved at the same pace. People were donkeys, too, she reflected.

Over in a corner, alone, unnoticed, except by Elsie, sat Nellie O'Brien. Elsie could see through her externally mournful face—she saw her thoughts of her new Easter hat—her mental image of a handsome swain bowing gallantly to Nellie, on the next morn, Easter. She saw it all, and Elsie laughed. Nellie, even in the new hat, would look no less awkward, no more romantic. Her hopes too would be shattered.

Mrs. Bond, an old wizened woman, dragged her pitifully bent frame over to the casket, and with dimming eyes, looked down, and murmured, "She looks so beautiful!" Well, why shouldn't she; she was dead now, and if not happy, at least not expecting to be.

Old Tom Barry nervously squirmed in his high-backed chair. Good old Tom—he loved Elsie—had asked her to marry him—some 45 years ago. She was glad she had never married. It meant nothing; just another futile step toward an ever evasive bit of bait.

She was glad she was dead; she had nothing to live for; just the same monotonous routine in which she had existed for 65 years. Nothing ever happened. She had been in an unending rut, plodding along, step by step; a hard life, yet a fool—a soft-hearted fool! But all humanity was foolish, and insincere,—pitifully helpless. How Nellie O'Brien's sallow face had beamed when she had given her that old yellow crepe ten years ago just before Easter. And how deeply grateful had been Mrs. Bond's old tear-moistened smile when Elsie had engaged that surgeon to cure her crippled grandson's paralysis. And old Tom Barry—when she had loaned him enough to repair his flooded farm.

And there was John O'Malley—District Attorney for the state—how proud she had been at his commencement—he had treated her like his mother—and how profusely he had thanked her for her help, for the education he had received. And how she cried like an old fool when he had brought Ann (his wife now) to meet her—a pretty little girl, so youthful, so innocent, her round eyes beautiful with happiness—bah!

How stuffy the room was! How quickly the shadows had fallen! She was getting drowsy. She might as well stop thinking. That too is so futile.

The Life of a Legend

LIONEL J. LANDRY, '40

EVERYONE knows, at least in a general way, the story of the famous—or infamous—Don Juan, the scion of a noble family of Seville, who boasted of being the seducer of all women, the ravisher of all girls, and a murderer in cold blood. His bloody career was not destined to exist eternally, however, for one of his adventures had fatal results. One night, while attempting to abduct the daughter of old Commander Ullon, he was surprised by the venerable soldier himself. A duel ensued in which Don Juan was victorious. A few weeks later, as the legend goes, Don Juan happened to find himself in front of his victim's monument. He began mocking the statue and taunting and deriding the man in whose memory it stood; he even pushed his insolence so far as to invite the statue to his house for supper. To his amazement, Juan saw the statue come to life and accept the invitation. The next night, a heavy footstep sounded on the threshold of the arrogant, if frightened, host. The marble statue, rigid and massive, had come! Despite his fearful astonishment, Don Juan assumed an air of bravado and jested with his gruesome visitor, while the latter, in sepulchral tones bade him repent of his vicious life. When Don Juan laughed and sneered at his unwelcome stone guest, he was suddenly enveloped by fierce flames and precipitated into the depths of the infernal regions.

Now, was Done Juan a real person and did he really live, or was he merely the product of some ingenious mind? There has always been a good deal of controversy around this point, but it can be proved easily enough that Don Juan was entirely a fictitious character.

Many critics sympathize with the theory that the legend was based on events. For example, Louis Viardot, a French critic and a great exponent of Spanish literature in France, claimed that Don Juan Tenorio was really of Seville, where the family was, until comparatively recent times, of rather high rank. He went on to say that Don Juan killed Ullon, whose daughter he had abducted and who was buried in the chapel of the convent of San Francisco. He further stated that the Commander's marble statue existed there until the eighteenth century, when it perished in a fire.

He adds: "The Franciscan Friars, in the sixteenth century, all-powerful in Seville, wishing to put a stop to the impieties of Don Juan, whose high birth had assured him impunity, lured him into a trap and put him to death. They then spread the rumor that Don Juan had dared enter the chapel to insult the Commander's statue and that it had hurled him into hell. This humor was gathered into the chronicles of Seville and it was there that Tirso de Molina found the subject matter for his play."

These claims are generally discredited. To begin with, although there was a Tenorio family in Seville at the time, history has left no evidence that any of that family ever resembled the fabulous Don Juan. Then, the commander Ullon, although he too lived, led a remarkably unremarkable life and, after his death was seldom, if ever, mentioned. And another argument shows how improbable it is that Don Juan ever lived. It was the custom of Spanish playwrights of the time to give to their fictitious characters the names of real persons. This dramatic device was intended to render the action more gripping. Tirso de Molina, the formal creator of Don Juan, is well known as a practitioner of this dramatic device.

Still, another school of critics and writers insists that there really was a Donjuanistic person who lived at the time of the first production of *El Burlador de Sevilla*, as de Molina's play was called. His name was Miguel de Manara. Many were the

tales told about him, but during his life he was converted and is said to have spent the following years in an almost holy ardor in atoning for his sins. Aside from this dissimilarity in the endings of the two men's lives, there is yet another reason why Miguel de Manara could not have been the subject of de Molina's play. He was only four years old when the character of Don Juan first trod the boards.

Since neither in Spain nor in any other country which had intellectual relations with Spain, can one meet any anecdote, story or poem published before 1630 in which all the essential traits of Don Juan are found, the only possible source whence Tirso de Molina might have gathered material for his play would have been from provincial legends and mouth-to-mouth folklore in Andalusia. Apparent proof of this is found in the fact that de Molina actually traveled in and around Seville a few years before he wrote his startling drama.

The legend of Don Juan was by no means unique, for the stories of dissipated lives were very common in Spain about that time. There were many tales about the deeds of celebrated rakes and roués, and the themes of many of the plays of that time revolved about these things. For instance, the old legend of Robert the Devil, the story of a Norman nobleman who was supposed to be a son of Satan and whose life was one of truly fiendish revelry and orgy, was at the time extremely popular in Seville, Madrid and Salamanca. Cervantes, in his *Rufian* depicted the excesses of Cristobal de Luego; the *Leonido de la Fianza satisfecho* of Lope de Vega was similar in its delineations of vice unhampered by conscience; the Gil of Mira de Amescua was another popular *infamador*. Enrico, the hero of another of Tirso de Molina's plays, *The Man Condemned for Lack of Faith*, prided himself upon having "violated six virgin damsels" and to have thrown a beggar into the sea, "to end his miseries".

Stories of the preternatural and of the supernatural, such as when the statue came to life in *El Burlador de Sevilla*, were also very popular at that particular period. In the legend which we

are considering, the dead man, instead of assuming the vague, floating form of a phantom, animated the heavy mass of the statue. Tales of similar nature were very prevalent in Spain, as well as in England, Brittany, Bavaria and certain Italian regions.

There was an incident of this nature in the story of the life of Miguel de Manara. One evening he chanced to see an unknown young lady whose graceful walk and rich clothes indicated her high rank. As she was "passing fair of figure", he conceived a fiery desire for her and started to follow her. The faster he walked to try to reach her, the faster she went. The chase lasted until Miguel was ready to drop from exhaustion, when, to his surprise, he saw that the maiden finally stood stock-still. He approached her, but she did not move. When he raised her veil to see her face, he saw the grinning head of a skeleton, much to his horror.

A similar tale, popular in Normandy, was told of a young bridegroom who happened to kick a skull in a cemetery. He was astonished to hear the skull cursing him, but being in a lightsome mood, he invited the skull and all its relatives to come to the nuptial feast, whither he was then bound. To his dismay, when he arrived at the merry-making he found skeletons mingling with the company at the festal board. At the stroke of midnight they arose and carried off their host, who was never heard of more.

These two types of anecdotes were the products of the medieval mind and they and similar tales were deeply entrenched in the minds of the people.

Tirso de Molina took up the element of unbridled passions and the element of supernatural intervention and fused them together in his tragedy. The play may be divided into two parts, each corresponding to the elements just named. The first part is that in which Don Juan goes about on his erotic exploits, where he betrays Dona Ana and so many other unfortunate women. In the second part, the supernatural is introduced with

the animation of the statue; it lasts until the end of the play when Don Juan is cast into hell.

It was probably because of the inclusion of these two popular motifs that the play was successful, but whatever the reason, from the time it was introduced into Barcelona, the story spread apace. It was adopted by the Italian *comedia dell'arte*, but the Italian version is probably more notable for having inspired Molière and the librettists of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* than for any particular merit which it might have had.

After a few years of popularity in Italy, the legend was brought into Paris about 1650 by some travelling Italian actors and was played in Italian at the theater of the *Petit-Bourbon*. Soon after it was translated to the best of French taste by Derimond and De Villiers. This translation seemed to catch the eye of that greatest of all French comedians, Molière, for in 1665 he wrote and produced his concept of Don Juan.

In the legend, although his life was at best a succession of scandals, Don Juan always believed in God, in the judgment after death and in eternal salvation or damnation. However, his extreme dissipation, his sudden, irresistible desires, his boldness, and his inconscience never pushed him to any deed but murder, rape, or abduction. When the statue lowered its avenging arm upon him, he frantically cried for pardon, but his tormentor remained obdurate and at length snuffed out his life and sent him into another world to atone for his crimes. This shows us that he had at least some little faith, but that despite the many supernatural admonitions he had received during his life—and these were by no means few—he always answered gaily *Tan largo me lo fiais* and relegated to his death-bed all thoughts of repentance.

When Molière wrote his version, he not only changed the tone of the play from tragic to comic, but he also radically changed the make-up of Don Juan. In the first place, Molière wrote his *Don Juan, ou le Festin de pierre*, as a sort of makeshift. When his foes, forbade him to produce his great *Tartuffe*, presumably because it made fun of them, he was obliged to write another play

in the meager space of some three weeks. He wrote *Don Juan* as a farce in which he ridiculed his pseudo-pious enemies. The hero of the play is armed, so to speak, with a confidant, Sganarelle, (the Leporello of the Italian version) with whom he pounded his atheistic ideas and poked fun at all pious people. This derision of over-religious folk is especially noticeable in the notorious *scène du pauvre* which, of course, was promptly suppressed.

The vein of irreligion which Molière introduced to his idea of Don Juan was directly opposite to the legendary hero's religious beliefs as first presented by Tirso de Molina. One also notices that the French Don Juan was more delicate in his amatory exploits than his Spanish predecessor. He did not use force in his adventures, but the subtler weapons of seduction, cajolery, and promises, and never, no never, would he carry off girls who wept and screamed. He blasphemed continually, caused gales of laughter with his tirades, scandalized profoundly and shocked in turn. Fearless, senseless and godless to the last, he even quipped with his ghostly visitor until he was damned.

Especially at the end of the play do we notice how every last thought of tragedy is scattered to the four winds. Instead of being awe-struck at the terrible death of his master, or at least of being sorry for his luckless lord and praying for him, Sganarelle stamps about in a rage because his master died without paying him his back wages.

According to Emile Faguet, eminent French littérateur and critic, the character of Don Juan in Molière was a "strange mixture of libertinism, wickedness, cruelty, hypocrisy, courage and generosity . . . He does evil because evil-doing is amusing and to enjoy the pains of others. His is the Neronian character."

Thus, thanks to Molière, the legend was firmly entrenched in French literature. Thereafter, the French authors seemed to adopt Don Juan as one of their country's own traditional figures and more and more writers tried their hand at depicting the character and deeds of the great lover. Especially was this so in the

nineteenth century, when the French romanticists and realists alike turned out novel upon novel dealing with the life and loves of Don Juan. Among them were Prosper Mérimée in his *Les Ames du purgatoire*; Honore de Balzac in his *Elizir d'une longue vie*; de Musset in his *Une Matinée de Don Juan*; and the elder Dumas in his *Don Juan de Manara*. (Evidently, Dumas and several other French writers confused Don Juan Tenorio with Miguel de Manara, for they took the first name of the former and the surname of the latter and joined them together in one name). Flaubert and Barbey d'Aurévilly also wrote lesser works on this same character.

In England, Don Juan was introduced in a feeble play by William Shadwell entitled *The Libertine* (1676). The play had little, if any, influence on English literature and never has been popular or widely-known. Its appeal has ever been limited, probably because the fiery, passionate, Spanish nature of Don Juan was diluted by the efforts at form and the neglect of content which characterized the play. Later, in the nineteenth century, Byron composed a poem entitled *Don Juan*, but there is not the least similarity between his plot and that of the legend of Seville. The only things he did retain, if indeed the legend was his source of inspiration at all, were the names of Ullon's slayer and an analogous idea of libertinism. Not many English writers have been sympathetic to Don Juan's dashing character.

However, there is an English version which is interesting because of its departures from the original, George Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman* (1901-1903). It is typically Shavian, a philosophizing, amusing and very unrealistic essay-drama, in which George Bernard Shaw expounds his theories on man, marriage, morals and socialism.

As to the character of Don Juan in this play, it may be interesting to note that Shaw himself once said that Mozart's was the last true Don Juan. In *Man and Superman*, Juan Tenorio of sixteenth century Spain becomes John Tanner of twentieth century England. Tanner is a likeable enough character in spite

of his extreme views on morals and politics. He is pursued by a lying, hypocritical girl named Ann Whitefield, whose guardian, Roebuck Ramsden, is distinctly prejudiced against Tanner's radical ideas.

In an effort to rid himself of Ann's scheming and plotting, Tanner leaves England for a trip through Spain in his automobile. In the Sierra Nevada mountains he is waylaid in the middle of the night by a band of eccentric brigands, whose chief, Mendoza, is a strange Mephistophelean-looking Jew. After some negotiations concerning ransom, Tanner falls asleep and dreams.

He dreams of himself as the swashbuckling Don Juan meeting Dona Ana Ullon and the statue of her father, the commander, in Hell. It is a strange hell, where Don Juan is not tormented by fire and brimstone, but by eternal boredom at the hands of Wagner, Goethe, Nietzsche, Rembrandt, and Koheleth. Mozart was there, too, but he moped too much, so was sent to heaven to stay awhile. Dona Ana resembles Ann Whitefield very much. Ana was a nun on earth after her father's murder and cannot imagine why she is in hell, of all places. However, she is somewhat comforted when she meets her father in the form of his statue there on one of his periodical visits from heaven to the Prince of Darkness. Gonzalo d'Ullon bemoans the judgment that sent him to heaven, but says, "I can't complain, I was a hypocrite; and it served me right to be sent to heaven," for, "heaven is the most angelically dull place in all creation." Incidentally, Ullon resembles Ann's guardian, Roebuck Ramsden, to a striking degree. And when Satan appears, he strikes the audience as looking a good deal like Mendoza, the chief of the brigands.

In the dream, the four have lively discussions on the relative merits of heaven and hell, on morality, on matrimony, on capitalism, and on the celebrities of the infernal 400. Juan, being the superman involved, explains his superhuman philosophy to the man, Ullon. After a considerable and lengthy talk, interspersed here and there with witty, sarcastic remarks on the insti-

tutions of the humans on earth, Don Juan leaves hell for a visit to heaven.

The dream suddenly ends when Tanner is awakened by an approaching party of automobilists. When the brigands stop the party, Tanner finds to his dismay that Ann Whitefield has followed him and refuses to give him any peace. In the end, through Ann's trickery, he finally promises to marry her, when the final curtain is rung down.

What a difference between Molina's and Shaw's concepts of Don Juan! Where Tenorio wore knee-breeches, capes and plumed hats, Tanner is dressed in modern clothes; where Tenorio rode a charger, Tanner drives a high-powered automobile; where Tenorio read Ovid, Tanner reads Westermarck, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche. Molina depicted Don Juan's loves and murders on the stage; Shaw denies his character any misdeeds in the play; Molina made his hero express his desires through criminal acts; Shaw makes his hero express his urges through a modern sophisticated philosophy; Molina's hero is the pursuer and the victor; Shaw's, the pursued and the victim; Molina's hero is punished by a statue for his evil deeds; Shaw's by a woman for his revolutionary outlook on life. There is a difference of night and day between the old and the new Don Juan, yet, they are essentially the same, both acting in response to their ideal of love, and both punished because of these very ideas.

Such is the life of a legend. From 1630 to 1937, Don Juan has evolved from the hero of an obscure legend, to the hero of a moralistic propaganda-play in which Tirso de Molina preached crime and punishment, to the impious Don Juan of Molière, to the hero of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, to the subject of the meanderings of the French novelists, and finally to the central character of another propaganda-play, George Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman*. The fame of the legend spread from Seville to Barcelona, to Florence, to Paris, to Vienna, and to London, to name a few of the cultural capitals of the world where Don Juan was received, adopted, dissected and re-created.

Song of Experience

I sat upon an old stone wall
Beneath the star-full sky and trees
That shone with flying fire, like spangles
On Nature's velvet raiment.

The noisy heath
Played obligato to my moods
On crickets' tongues.
The peace which I drank in
Seemed to increase
With every ripple of the stream.
The very air was laden with
A sweet content
Which gulfed me like a cloak.
I lived no longer on this globe
But rather in the sphere of sylphs
And elves and angels.

But then a cloud obscured the stars;
A playful wind skipped over low hills
And quenched the fire-flies' flames.
It frightened sylphs and elves
And angels all away; but not content with this
It flaunted in my face
The fact that it was free,
And danced mischievously away.

I felt a chill upon my cheek
And realized I was on earth—
A man with human cares.
A desolation crept upon me
Compressing my full soul to human mold.

WILLIAM DENIS GEARY, '39

Pseudonym

JOHN J. REIDY, '39

JASPER HIGGINSON'S mind was made up. He walked along Main Street with the quick certain stride of a man who had a definite destination in view. He was rather short of stature, and clad in a well-worn pencil striped business suit. His face was round and flat, and at first gave the impression of dissipation; but closer scrutiny would lead the observer to think of its owner not as a man of dissipation, but one given to melancholy moods and brooding. In his right hand, handcuffed to his wrist he carried a small black bag, containing the substantial payroll of Elias Whitney & Co.

For fifteen years Jasper Higginson had been a faithful employee of old Elias Whitney. No one knew Jasper's official position in the firm. He seemed to be a combination of book-keeper, accountant, paymaster and confidential secretary. He was never seen to mingle unnecessarily with his fellow employees. They cynically referred to him as "Old Sourpuss." "A capable man," old Elias liked to call him, "not especially brilliant, but dependable and trustworthy."

A sneer crossed Mr. Higginson's none too handsome countenance. "Capable!" he muttered. "Trustworthy!" "Dependable!" It's all right for me to be the guiding hand in the firm, to work half the night, to balance, to advise, to just about run the whole business, while that old fossil sits back at his Rotary Club dinners wallowing in the flattering praises of a bunch of fawning, doting old buzzards. He doesn't have to worry about his job, he's independent. Yuh, that's it—independent. Financially and mentally independent. Well, I'll be independent too. Trustworthy! Bah!"

He reached Factory Street, everlastingly doomed to shadow

by the towering structure of Elias Whitney & Co. But he did not turn. He walked for two blocks farther, turned down a side street and entered a modest tenement dwelling where he had his single room. There was not a soul in sight. He went to his room, locked the door behind him, and released his precious burden. He withdrew the green crinkly notes, placed them in a large brown envelop which he took from a drawer, and carefully sealed it. Taking the bag, he stealthily crept down the back stairs. From a small window he saw Mrs. Brady, his landlady, cleaning rugs in the back yard. He reached the cellar without being seen and went directly to the furnace. Luckily, a low fire was burning. He threw the bag into the fire, and silently returned to his room. From behind the drawn curtain he saw Mrs. Brady gossiping with a neighbor. When she came inside he quickly made his way to the street. A taxi was passing, and he hailed it. The brown envelope was concealed under his coat. At the Pilgrim National Bank he got out, dismissed the cab. Half an hour later he emerged. Twenty thousand dollars were securely locked up in a safe deposit box under the name of Joshua Hill. Higginson straightened his coat, and once more directed his steps toward Elias Whitney and Company.

The stillness of the courtroom was broken by the deep, sonorous voice of the Judge:

"Jasper Higginson, you have been found guilty of grand larceny from your employer, Mr. Elias Whitney. Your attitude in this case has been very strange and puzzling. You claim you were attacked and robbed, but show no injuries to substantiate your story. You produce no witnesses. Your stolid, almost defiant silence places you at the mercy of the court. Despite the fact that this conviction is your first on record, and that the evidence against you is entirely circumstantial, I cannot justify any lenience in this case. I therefore sentence you to the maximum penalty under the State law of ten years in the Penitentiary."

The defendant showed no emotion, no fear, nor anger, nor resentment. He maintained an immobile, inscrutable counte-

nance. Two officers came over and escorted him from the courtroom.

Prison life was not too hard on Jasper Higginson. He made no friends; he did his assigned duties with no complaint, and seldom spoke. He soon acquired the title of "The Mummy" among the prisoners and the guards as well.

Higginson welcomed the night. He would lie on his cot dreaming of the future. The trial had come out according to his expectations. But ten years was a little more than he had reckoned on. But it would be worth it. No more office drudgery, no accounts, no boorish men to work with, no Elias Whitney. There would be a modest country home, probably in California, with fruit trees and flowers, and green lawns. A few horses, a good dog, perhaps a wife. He would be safe out there, far from old friends, or so-called friends. A whole life of ease and comfort beckoned to him. "A retired business man" his neighbors would say, "settling down to a rural life after his fortune was made." He would still be on the better side of forty, but already his temples were turning a greyish silver. Small matter to deceive a bunch of country hicks. Oh, it would be grand, getting up when you wanted to, retiring when you felt like it, lounging in front of a blazing fireplace on a rainy evening, reading, dreaming. He had lived over these days a thousand times; it would be almost natural with him by the time he got out. It was so hard to suppress his eagerness, his burning desire. He longed to share his plans with someone else. But that would be foolhardy. He was glad that the prisoners avoided him as they did; he had no temptation to tell.

Jasper Higginson was paroled in seven years. Good conduct had helped his cause, and even Elias Whitney recommended the move. The "old boy" had always thought his trusted employee was shielding someone. It would have been a reflection on his judgment of men to have placed so much confidence in a thief. He had asked Higginson to come to see him, but Jasper was too smart. It would have been an awkward situation. Besides he wanted to get away as soon as possible.

And so on the day he was released from prison, Higginson immediately headed for the Puritan National Bank. His confinement was like a bad dream, and yet it seemed so real. No one could ever say he did not earn his right to leisure. It had been worth it, now that freedom had come at last, and the realization of his dreams would be accomplished in the near future. Yes, it would be worth all the shame, the hard work in the sweaty prison shoe shop, all the sleepless nights and endless days. What was seven years compared to a lifetime? He would reap a rich reward for his patience.

As he walked along the old familiar street to the bank, a thousand doubts assailed him. Suppose the place had burned down? Suppose it had been robbed? Suppose one of the employees—he blushed scarlet and dismissed the thought. He hurried along to reach the bank before it should close.

Suddenly it loomed up before him, a large brownstone structure in the middle of a business block. Now that the moment had come, Jasper felt a strange sensation—that sinking feeling he had always experienced while descending in an elevator. Pale and trembling he grasped the handle of the door, then stopped a moment to compose himself. He stiffened suddenly, and a frown of annoyance passed over his features. The name! What name had he given? He passed his hand over his brow in an attitude of contemplation. "The name—I couldn't have forgotten."

Recollections of that far-off day came to him. He could see the good-looking young clerk, the vault, the key, the papers he had signed. "But the name—the name!" His breath came quickly, the sweat stood out in beads on his hot forehead, his head swam, he closed his eyes. A man coming out of the bank almost knocked him down, he stopped to apologize, but after one look at the bewildered figure in front of him, he continued on his way.

Presently Higginson was walking, pushing his way violently through the throng of the business district; aimlessly, blindly groping his way along the thoroughfare, unmindful of the with-

ering glances of offended pedestrians. Aimlessly, blindly, too, he groped his way amid the dismal passages of his memory. The name! The NAME! Hundreds of names were running through his mind; Robbins, the warden; Lynch and Williams, the guards; Murdock, who had killed his wife; Adams, who had robbed a bank; names of people he had known, names of famous people, all meaningless and futile words. Eventually his mind plunged into a bottomless abyss of vacant blackness.

He did not know how long he had been walking. When he finally became aware again of his predicament, he was trudging along the bank of the river, miles from town. Twilight was descending with a hazy mist; the spring evening blew a cooling breeze across the river. It refreshed his weary body, and quenched the burning fire in his harassed brain. Slowly he plodded his way along the ridge of Dugan's Bluff. A strolling couple regarded him curiously, but he did not notice. He finally rested upon the edge, head in hands, and once again began to wrack his brain for the elusive pseudonym.

"J. H.—I know I used my own initials. John—John Hogan. No, it wasn't that. James Hart—no, it wasn't such a common first name. Jonathan? Was that it—Jonathan?—Jonathan Hall—no;—Jonathan Harvey, Hale, Hall—"He beat his temples with his fists, repeating the name over and over again; he slammed his hat on the ground, and jumped to his feet. But suddenly he slipped. The fall was sudden but he seemed to be falling for centuries. He went down and down. At last he struck water. He went still further down, down. He . . . He thought he never would reach the bottom. Finally he rose, gasped a great breath, and struggled in a futile effort to swim, then went down again. The water was cold, and Jasper's brain cleared as if by magic. He came up again, struggling furiously now. "I have it!" he cried. "Joshua Hill! Joshua Hill!" The waters of the river smothered his cries as he sank for the third time, and then they re-echoed from the summit of Dugan's Bluff, "Joshua Hill! Joshua Hill!"

In the Place of the Tsar

THOMAS SHEEHAN, '38

SUCH a brutally candid statement as "I shall go on killing people as long as is necessary" has made some opponents of Communism regard Stalin as a demon incarnate. On the other hand, his definition of the dictatorship of the proletariat as "the rule of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie, a rule unrestricted by law, based upon force, enjoying the sympathy and support of the laboring and exploited masses" confirms him in the minds of his followers as their high priest. Before one can discover wherein the truth lies between such extremist views, it is necessary to review Stalin's unusual career from his birth in provincial Georgia to his occupancy of the famous Kremlin Palace in Moscow.

The province of Georgia was an unwilling colony of Tsarist Imperialism. Here Capitalism, with its cruel contrasts of the very rich and the very poor, had begun the exploitation of the manganese mines near Batum on the Black Sea, the oil fields at Baku on the Caspian, and the untold riches of the lofty Caucasus. Here the cobbler Visarion Djughashvili and his intelligent, pious, Ossetian bride Ekaterina began their proletarian life together. They lost their first three children, but Yosip (born at Gori, December 21st, 1879) was to live an unusual life and to climb high the pinnacle of success.

Young "Zozo," as Yosip was nicknamed, was doing well in the local church school. But when he was fourteen, poor trade forced his parents' removal to Tiflis, the capital. Here "Zozo" is said to have become a *kinto*, a ragamuffin. His parents, however, had high plans for their son and obtained his admission to the Georgian Theological Seminary. In this institution there

were already present revolutionary and Marxist groups. "Zozo" became a leading member. He established secret contacts with outside workingmen's circles and smuggled in forbidden literature. Expulsion resulted, and the eighteen-year-old former novice gravitated into the open arms of the Tiflis Social-Democrats.

Under the alias of Comrade Koba he entered on a remarkable career as an underground revolutionary. He became an adept conspirator, an indefatigable writer, organizer, agitator. Even when in prison and in exile (he was, in fact, exiled five times, escaping each time), he never ceased to study and to propagate Marxism. But Koba relied mostly on strong tactics, such as strikes and demonstrations, in which he did not shrink from terrorism. He became leader of the Caucasian Bolsheviks, and kept the Party alive there after the disastrous Revolution of 1905.

While others were deserting or escaping into exile, Koba remained in Russia to bear the burden of incessant field work. The Party treasury was empty. Lenin decided on a series of "expropriations of private property" to replenish it. Koba took the leading part in these raids, partly because of his cool daring, partly because of his strict honesty to the Party. As a result of the "Tiflis affair," a spectacular but bloody bank robbery, he aroused a deep hostility from the more conservative Menshevik faction.

Shortly after Koba fell into the hands of the police—who could never prove a major charge against the wily outlaw—and he was committed to the Bailov prison. Here a demonstration of some of the prisoners took place, as a consequence of which the offenders were made to run the gauntlet. Their punishment was so brutal many fell unconscious to the ground. Yet Koba *sauntered* through, contemptuously reading a pamphlet of Lenin's. He never flinched, although he could not lie on his back for several weeks afterwards. His followers sometimes attribute this instance of physical prowess to heroism and martyrdom for his cause. This may be seriously doubted, however,

since he did not have the proper motivation for martyrdom but rather a personal contempt for his oppressors.

When in 1911 the Mensheviks and the Bolsheviks split irreparably, Stalin followed Lenin's much more radical Bolsheviks. He had a complete admiration for Lenin's undoubtable genius and he was perfectly content to serve him faithfully in complete self-effacement for many years to come. Meanwhile, Menshevism had gained control of Trans-Caucasia, and so Koba went north to Petrograd. Here he resumed his editorial work until betrayed by a spy and exiled to Kureika, above the Arctic Circle. Escape was impossible and Koba went into enforced hibernation for four years until released by the Fall of the Monarchy in February, 1917.

On his return to Petrograd Koba found all the revolutionary parties in complete confusion. When he took up his pen he, too, found himself without any clear, practical program. It was only Lenin's return from exile which saved the long-awaited proletarian Revolution from the bourgeois Provisional Government of Kerensky. Lenin whipped his party into fighting dress, while Stalin resumed his position of lieutenant-pupil. With the popular slogans, "Down with the Imperialistic War!", "The Land to the Peasants!", "All Power to the Soviets!", Lenin drove on to the October Revolution through which the Communists came to power.

The needs of the time brought the free-lance Menshevik Trotsky into Lenin's following. During the hectic days of the Civil War, Trotsky became War Commissar while Stalin played the role of all-round field general. Stalin was shifted from danger zone to danger zone, performing valuable service to the hard-pressed, badly organized Red forces. He was in constant conflict with the War Commissar's plans, as in the well-known incident at Tsaritsyn where he wrote over a military order of Trotsky's "Ignore."

After the October Revolution was an established fact, the new regime faced the staggering task of fashioning a new, Socialist society in a backward, war-disorganized, agricultural coun-

try. It is evidence of Stalin's inferior standing in the Party that in the new government he received only a minor position—Commissar for Nationality Affairs. Yet it is due to his work in this Commissarship that the Union of Socialistic Soviet Republics exists as it is today. However, in so doing, Stalin reversed a previously supported Leninist theory. This was that subject peoples have the right to independence, even to absolute secession from the Russian Empire. Stalin would grant them freedom of cultural expression but not of political determinism. His high-handed and brutal suppression of the Nationalists of his own native Georgia, which was done secretly while Lenin lay ill, precipitated Lenin's disowning him in his testament as his successor.

Lenin had also appointed Stalin Secretary-General of the Communist Party—a routine post of no political importance. Lenin relied on Stalin, yet Stalin did not inspire Lenin to give him high position, nor indeed had Stalin sought such position for himself. But now as Secretary-General Stalin began quietly to build that all-powerful political machine through which he rules Russia today. (Stalin at present holds no important Government office, but as dictator of the Communist Party he therefore exercises complete control over the State.) He gradually took to himself more and more authority, appointed his friends to political jobs, so that by the time of Lenin's death in 1924 he was well-entrenched for his struggle to be leader after Lenin.

It was inevitable that there should be hostility between Trotsky and Stalin. They were diametrically opposite in personality. Trotsky was quick, brilliant, witty. Stalin was slow, reserved, uncolorful. Trotsky was open, unambiguous. Stalin was wily, conspirative. Trotsky was an intellectual. Stalin was a worker. Trotsky was an enthusiast, impatient, idealistic. Stalin was cool, patient, practical. Trotsky was ambitious, egoistic. Stalin worked only for the Party. Trotsky, besides, was a newcomer to the ranks, while Koba had borne the burden of the day and the heats. Conflict had arisen over the military tactics to be followed during the Civil War. Stalin especially opposed

Trotsky's employment of generals of the old regime. And finally, in their interpretations of Marxism they had many dialectical differences, which for propaganda purposes were the sole basis for their rivalry.

For instance, Trotsky maintained that it is impossible to have a permanently successful Socialistic revolution in just one country. Stalin condemned Trotsky before the people for this belief, saying that Trotsky lacked faith in the revolutionary fortitude and creativeness of the proletariat. (While Stalin himself believes in the necessity for the World Revolution, his primary policy now is to secure the regime at home.) Trotsky also held that under the "dictatorship of the proletariat," i. e., that the industrial workers should dominate Socialistic society, the proletariat must even be in hostile conflict with the peasantry. Stalin denounced this belittling of the revolutionary role of the peasantry as Leninist heresy, saying that the dictatorship must be effected in mutual accord with the country workers.

Stalin fought unfairly. For instance, when Lenin died Trotsky was in southern Russia convalescing from a fever. On Thursday he telephoned to the Kremlin to ask if he could make the three-day trip in time for the funeral. Stalin told him no, as it would be held Saturday. Yet Stalin knew it would actually take place Sunday, but for his own purposes he did not wish Trotsky to be present. On the other hand, if Trotsky were more the conspirator and less afraid of splitting the new regime, as head of the army he could have made a successful military *coup* against Stalin. But soon it was too late, and Stalin procured Trotsky's removal to an obscure post and finally, because of Trotsky's continued opposition, his exile in 1928.

After Trotsky's defeat, the oppositions of lesser leaders were readily crushed. Stalin launched the first Five-Year Plan in 1928, which had been previously sketched by Trotsky—Stalin was adept at taking over the very plans for which he had criticized and defeated an enemy. Under the Plan Russia was forcibly industrialized; the peasantry was hurried rudely towards collectivization; the *kulaks*, well-to-do peasants, were ruthlessly

wiped out as a class; exports were forced to gain foreign credits. Immediate comfort was harshly sacrificed to the future Utopia. Stalin seemed determined to make his people happy no matter how great the cost. The Five Year Plan was declared a great success and a Second was launched. This program is bogging down and now the world is shocked by the present sweeping purge of alleged "Trotskyist saboteurs" and other oppositionists. Stalin's internal worries are continually increased by the ever-present external threat of War.

The test of Stalin's real greatness still remains to be proven. Can he keep Russia out of War—so dangerous to the permanence of the Revolution? Can he continue to improve the internal material welfare of the Russians—thus spiking the guns of the opposition? Can he keep Communism in Russia sufficiently vigorous for the World Revolution, which is still indefinitely in the future? Or was Trotsky right by his insisting that it is impossible to have Socialism in one country? If Trotsky is right, Stalin will then become the leader of a discredited system which yet, during its lifetime, even though misguidedly, was the hope of the under-privileged masses of the world. At all events, Stalin still stands in a position to be one of the world's great remakers of history.

Remarkably little personal information is known about Stalin, and so it might be well to mention a few details which show the human side of the Communist leader. In personal appearance, he is of moderate height, somewhat heavy of build. He always dresses in boots, and plain, near-military trousers and tunic. He has a thick shock of now greying black hair, a low and slightly receding forehead. His features are heavy, his nose longish and aquiline, his skin dark and lightly pock-marked. He wears a full black mustache.

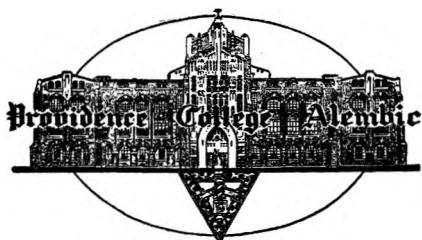
Stalin is extremely moderate and plain in his tastes. His quarters in the Kremlin are very small. He works very hard, yet he knows well how to relax. At his country villa in the Moscow suburb of Gorky, he reads a great deal, generally smokes a pipe, occasionally hunts or fishes or entertains some of his lim-

ited circle of friends. Recently, the sister of Kaganovich, one of his aides, became his third wife. He has one grown son by his first wife and a young son and daughter by his second marriage.

Stalin is well-read, but he is neither a scholar nor a great theorist, even in Marxism. His speeches are generally long, simply constructed, boring, factual reports. Since he is not an inspiring speaker like Hitler or Mussolini, he depends for getting his point across to his hearers by repetition rather than by histrionics. His proletarian origin and his harsh life have left a certain roughness in his manner. His conspirator's career has left him somewhat suspicious, reserved, lonely. He seems stern, gloomy, except to those who know him intimately. He has a hearty laugh when pleased, but he is capable of a relentless and ruthless cruelty when crushing an enemy. He is intolerant of opposition and impatient of failure in those who do not share his fanatical devotion to Bolshevism.

Stalin is not ambitious for personal glory or comfort—his whole existence is to carry successfully forward the banner of Marx and Lenin. He prefers to avoid the public eye, though lately for political reasons he has bowed somewhat to the tremendous tendency to hero-worship current in Russia today. Stalin is deeply hated and as deeply idolized, and as the material condition of the people is improving, his star is in the ascendant. Undoubtedly he has emerged from this latest purge more powerful than ever.

His leadership has strengthened and probably will continue for some years to come to strengthen the hopes, idealism and sacrifice which have gone into this first Socialistic society. In this way he is the high priest. But the system is essentially false in its philosophy and unjustified in its methods and can only end in complete disillusionment for its followers. While it is extremist to declare that Stalin is demonically inspired, it is true, nevertheless, that he has led many astray from the true way of a Christian Social Reform. Therefore, right-minded people cannot but condemn his system and desire its early disappearance.



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EDITORIALS

New Alembic

WITH new, perhaps radical changes, we embark upon another year of ALEMBIC publication. To us it signifies an advance, a huge advance, over the efforts of last year. We have attempted to incorporate student advice and student suggestions into the new ALEMBIC and we believe we can now present a publication which is worthy of the college and very importantly interesting and important to the student.

In past years the ALEMBIC may have taken a passive view of the college scene. Undoubtedly in its past appearance it was somewhat heavy, both in format and content. We have tried to remedy both defects. We are striking a new note of confidence with this first issue which we hope will be welcomed by the students of Providence College. There is a deep and unmined field for a literary quarterly at the College and we intend to make a vital effort to gather this literary gold and present it in the persuasive and charming setting of our new format.

Remember the ALEMBIC is a student publication. We depend on the student support for the material which is published. Perhaps the changes initiated will persuade many to trust their undying thoughts to paper. That is what we need and are striving to develop: a finer sense of the value of thought, paper and ink. The ALEMBIC now deserves your finest consideration.

OBITER DICTA

WALTER F. GIBBONS, '38

THE recent inception of the Committee for Industrial Organization, directed by John Lewis, marks an important stage in the development of American society. For a long time it has been apparent that some organ was needed to aid the working man in his struggle against the opposing forces of our economic world. Independent and autonomous crafts, or guilds had existed for a long time, but had done little or nothing for the average worker. Shortly before the Civil War we saw the first attempt at national collective bargaining. The National Trades

Union was organized in an attempt to band the laborers of the nation together, thus giving each other mutual support.

It was a direct outgrowth of the craft system. It preserved the independence of the individual guilds, merely uniting them in a confederation. For a time it seemed to serve its purpose well enough, but subsequently there arose a group of separatists. They accused the Union of operating upon "false and selfish principles of temporary advantage, to the sacrifice of the general interests of labor. This group headed by Samuel Gompers, in 1881 established what they called the American Federation of Labor. Its inception was attended by much violence and bloodshed; feeling ran high between the two factions, but it soon became apparent that Gompers was to win out. Gradually the National Trades Union sank into degeneracy and final oblivion. The Federation of Labor remained master of the field, and has ruled alone since that time.

The Spring of 1935 saw a revolution take place in the American Federation. Unsatisfied with its operations, John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, set up the Committee for Industrial Organization. It was, at that time, just what the name implies—a special committee for the investigation of the advisability of adapting industrial, or vertical unionism. When the Federation finally rejected the proposal Lewis withdrew and set up his own organization. So rapidly did it take root that today after less than two years of existence it rivals the Federation itself. Its popularity is due principally to the electrical force of Mr. Lewis' own personality. It is due to his ability to talk forcibly, to criticize bitingly, to sweep away all opposition before the ponderous flow of rhetoric in which he delights to indulge. It is due to his power to influence men, to organize, to capitalize upon every slightest opportunity. That is the reason for Mr. Lewis' success.

This is not surprising. Ours is an age of personalities, rather than principles. The world has never recovered from the Great War. Disconsolate, hopeless, discouraged, despairing of ever

obtaining justice by ordinary means, people all over the world have thrown caution to the winds, to follow the man who most commands their confidence. Hitler was swept to the command of a nation, because he could command confidence in a terror-stricken people. Mussolini was able to convince the commoners that his promises of reconstruction were founded in possibility, and with one accord he was elevated to power. France, doubtful and vacillating, is today willing to follow whoever seems stronger than the man of yesterday. Roosevelt commands an amazing support of the American people because of his dominant personality. And for the same reason, Mr. Lewis has pushed to the fore in the labor question.

Mr. Lewis, I say without fear of contradiction, is a dictator. He has, I think, no idea of what the democratic process means. Whether this is for the better or worse I hesitate to say. There has been such a perversion of democracy recently in this country, with the Morgans and Mellons building loopholes in laws, and air-pockets in police forces, that there arise in my mind grave doubts as to the ultimate efficacy of an unlimited democracy. But—to return from the obiter dicta—the fact of Lewis' dictatorial tendencies cannot be denied.

For an illustration of this, it were best we look into the operators of Lewis' own union, the United Mine Workers. He babbles a cant of democracy to the gullible public, but here he rules with the iron fist of a Bismark, the sceptre of a Caesar or—as it has been suggested by more bitter adversaries—the sickle of a Stalin. Consider Lewis' technique in parliamentary affairs. When a convention of the U. M. W. convenes, he first appoints all committees, including that on credentials. Through his committee on resolutions he controls the agenda. By various devices he sways the voting power of the docile delegations. Anti-Lewis delegates, who despite precaution manage to obtain the floor, find themselves powerless. "The authoritarian shadow of Lewis pervades every corner of the convention hall; he controls proceedings with the threatening fist of a slugger."

In his book, "Misleaders of Labor", published in 1927, Comrade William Z. Foster, veteran chief of the Communist Party and now a loyal supporter of the C. I. O., describes a U. M. W. convention as follows:

"Speakers were terrorized by professional gunmen. If, in spite of precautions, a majority does vote against Lewis, he brazenly ignores it. At the 1924 convention he did this four times. Once the convention stormed for three hours. But Lewis, holding the platform with his gunmen, waited until the next day, when the storm had blown over. Then he went ahead, his minority prevailing over the majority."

This seems to be one of the most damaging arguments against Lewis. He simply does not "play ball" in the American way. It has been predicted by an eminent authority that if he continues in his present operations, within four years he will control the United States. Allow me to illustrate. In so far as can be ascertained all contracts made by the C. I. O. are identical in this—the date of termination. For example, there follows the relevant clause in the Carnegie-Illinois contract:

"The agreement effectuated pursuant to Section 4 hereof shall be in full force until February 28, 1938."

In another contract, in simpler language, the same date is established:

"This agreement shall remain in full force and effect until February 28, 1938."

The Vilter Manufacturing Company contract, drawn up March 12, 1937, runs as follows:

"This agreement terminates February 28, 1938."

Consider for a moment the significance of this fact. It means that on the twenty-eighth of February, 1938, all agreements made by the C. I. O. and different industrial establishments would legally lapse, and a general strike in the entire industrial life of the country might ensue, unless the agreement be renewed, in whatever terms Mr. Lewis may see fit.

Conditions which exist in a general strike are very different

from those which obtain when only a few isolated plants are on strike. In case of a single local closure, the consumers may be supplied by those plants not on strike. The threat of a universal stoppage would give Mr. Lewis a whiphand year after year. He might be the dictator of national industry, and indirectly, through the thirty million workers he intends to enlist, the dictator of The United States.

Perhaps it may be the American spirit of supreme egoism. Perhaps it may be an unjustifiable attitude of naive insouciance. But I hardly think this dire catastrophe will ever actually befall our country. To be sure, thundered in the campaign-cracked baritone of a hack politician, it stirs one to fight for the "land of the free." Nevertheless, I cannot convince myself that it is as easy as all that to storm America. It would have been long ago.

The accusation of Communism is, I think, unjustifiable. There are, it is true, men of known Communistic affiliations assisting Mr. Lewis. This is admitted. But to say that the whole organization has taken on the complexion of a few of its radical adherents is neither just, nor good logic. Communist workers are continually inserting themselves into large gatherings of workers, merely in the hope of inciting demonstration. The Reds have allied themselves very strongly with the W. P. A., especially in New York City, but such would hardly justify an accusation of Communistic proselytizing against President Roosevelt, or Mr. Hopkins.

Another most damaging indictment of the C. I. O. is the objections as to its methods. Of these we cannot approve. The callous incendiarism, by which the C. I. O. has attempted to attain its ends, is enough to condemn the whole movement in the eyes of a law-respecting public. The end does not justify the means. It has been explained that mob psychology is the reason for the violence and bloodshed that has been witnessed. This does not seem to me a valid explanation. Mob psychology does not account for the arbitrary use of the sit-down strike. It

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does not account for the deliberate instigation of civil war in Youngstown. It can never account for Mr. Lewis' outright defiance of Governor Murphy's injunction to evacuate the General Motors plant in Detroit. That was deliberate and calculated disrespect for constituted law.

But in spite of all the objectionable elements, I think the C. I. O. has something. Perhaps it is not as highly organized as it might be. Perhaps it is not the well-oiled machine that the Federation is. But it is definitely going places. Already, after a brief two years of existence, it rivals the A. F. of L. in membership. It has done more in its meteoric career to stir up from its lethargy American "Big Business" than has the A. F. of L. in twenty years. It has twice the energy, and five times the determination of its step-father. It still has the rashness, the impetuosity, the growing pains of adolescence, but these should pass with the approach of maturity, and the adoption of a regulated existence. When it finally purges itself of seditious elements, when it recognizes that eventually it must resort to law and order if it is to find a place in the American scheme of life, when, in a word, it grows up, then will the Committee for Industrial Organization become a permanent, vital, and beneficial force in the labor question. Until then we must wait, and hope that it does not burn itself out in its own fire.

BOOK REVIEWS

THIS intimate reconstruction of the life and its attendant vicissitudes, both mental and physical, of the "Little Flower of Liseux" has carefully avoided pious speculation and purposeless theorizing. The author does not attempt to take one to the shrine of the beloved Carmelite Saint, but to her home.

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Written in Heaven, by Frances P. Keyes. Julian Messner, Inc. \$2.00.

W. A. H.

FRANCIS MACMANUS has long since joined the chorus of the voices of Ireland, but in this present volume he sings a triumphant "alleluia" above the rest. He does not strike for the soil of the land, but for its spirit and faith. Donnacha Ruadh MacConmara, recalcitrant priest, scholar and roamer, is the figure about whom Mr. MacManus' Ireland revolves. The author evolves a tale—for it has a tinge of the legend—of the Anglo-Irish land struggle, whose real basis is found in the conflicting religious beliefs of the two nations. The novel reaches dramatic and inspirational heights in concluding with the humble "acceptance into the fold" of MacConmara whose intellectual pride has caused him so much unnecessary unhappiness.

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