

ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE



VOLUME XXI

NUMBER 3

MARCH 1939

"THE LEAST OF MY CHILDREN"

C. FRANCIS CROWLEY

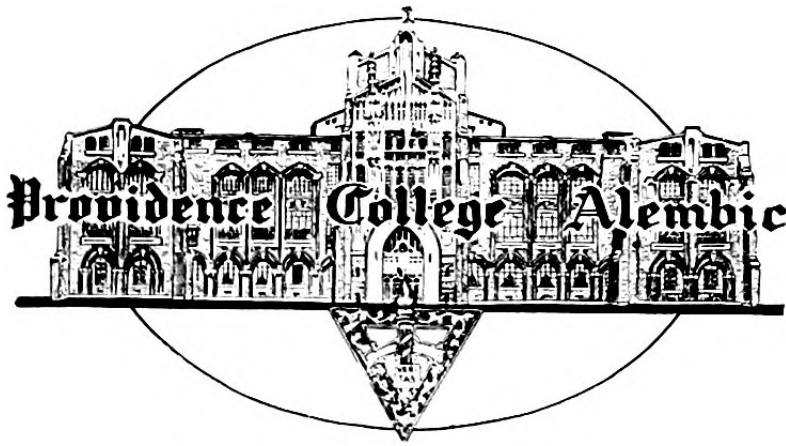
TAVERN ON THE TURNPIKE

IRVING WARDLE

BAG OF OATS

JOHN T. HAYES

THE ALEMBIC



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
BY THE
STUDENTS OF PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Urbi Et Orbi

TO the city and to the world a great pontiff was lost. Pius XI had relinquished his name to posterity and his soul to God. The Pope of Peace was no more.

To the city and to the world a new pontiff has come. The throne which he mounts is the only one which men and time have never been able to shake. Today more than ever it is the bulwark which defends human rights against the brutal forces which hatred and greed have unleashed. The crown of Saint Peter is only one which can radiate the light of peace on this furious, embattled, hating world. This when so many crowns have fallen ignominiously into puddles of mire and blood. The new pontiff mounts the steps to the chair and dons the triregnum. Upon him falls the duty of seeing that the strength of the throne and the effulgence of the crown be imparted to our chaotic lives. Upon him lies the responsibility of regaining and safeguarding for men those precious gifts of freedom and liberty which have been so unjustly deprived them.

To the city and to the world the new pope inspires new strength, new courage, new zeal. He comes as a symbol of a new era when men will submit once more to the sweet yoke of Christ and forsake justice-usurping tyranny and hollow, gory, glory.

To the city and to the world he gives his paternal benediction while we kneel jubilantly, thanking God for having entrusted us into the hands of Pius XII.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME XXI

MARCH, 1939

NUMBER 3

URBI ET ORBI	
Editorial	3
"THE LEAST OF MY CHILDREN"	
Short Story, by <i>C. Francis Crowley</i> , '39	5
TAVERN ON THE TURNPIKE	
A Sketch, by <i>Irving Wardle</i> , '39	9
BAD, BAD BENNY	
A Short Story, by <i>Norman J. Carignan</i> , '39	11
A CLEAR PROPHET	
An Article, by <i>Lionel Landry</i> , '40	15
WELCOME HOME	
A Short Story, by <i>Ira T. Williams, Jr.</i> , '41	21
ADAPTATION OF XXI OF LES REGRETS	
A Poem, by <i>John T. Houlihan</i> , '40	24
BAG OF OATS	
A Short Story, by <i>John T. Hayes</i> , '40	25
THE OLD MASTERS	
By <i>Anthony R. Sasso</i> , '40	33
I HOLD A DROP OF WATER	
A Poem, by <i>John T. Houlihan</i> , '40	41
ARMAGEDDON	
An Essay, by <i>Matthew P. Gallagher</i> , '41	42
CLIMBING MOUNT MCHENRY	
A Narrative, by <i>Mark John Ryan</i> , '41	45
I LOSE A FRIEND	
A Sketch, by <i>John J. Reidy</i> , '39	54
ON WATER	
An Essay, by <i>Seymour A. Sherman</i> , '41	58

“The Least of My Children”

By C. FRANCIS CROWLEY, '39

HE walked hesitantly down the street, placing one foot methodically in front of the other, while watching intently the arc each foot formed as it swung and clumped heavily to the ground.

He paused, breathing heavily as he hitched his baggy trousers almost to his chest and started again, swinging first one foot then the other, jolting his entire body as each successive foot heavily hit the earth.

He knew where he was going, for he had traversed this same route innumerable times before.

Now he stopped, pulling himself up sharply. Slowly he raised his immense head and surveyed his surroundings, and as if satisfied with his findings lowered it once more and proceeded again in the same manner.

Suddenly a shrill youthful voice interrupted his progress, “Hey halfwit! Countin’ ya steps agin?”

“Huh?” was the reply.

“Look,” chortled the same voice, “crazy Tom’s countin’ steps agin.”

Crazy Tom stood still, swinging his hands to and fro as other boys crowded around him.

“No I ain’t,” he said, and looked expectantly around at the dozen or more boys to see how this remark was received.

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief

NORMAN J. CARIGNAN, '39

Assistant Editors

ROBERT C. HEALEY, '39

WALTER F. GIBBONS, '39

CHARLES SWEENEY, '41

LIONEL J. LANDRY, '40

JOHN T. HAYES, '40

Business Manager

JOHN J. MAHONEY, '39

Assistant

BERNARD NADEAU, '41

Circulation Manager

JOHN T. REYNOLDS, '40

"The Least of My Children"

This is one route he knew well, for he had traversed it innumerable times before.

Now he reached a crossroad and checked his heavy body with an effort and flung, rather than turned, himself around. His nose, though red from the blow it had received, was no longer painful, for he was absorbed in the swing of his feet as first one, and then the other, came from the rear and struck the ground.

Again he stopped, lifted his large head and viewed his surroundings. Finding them evidently to his liking, he proceeded as before. The same shrill voice interrupted his peaceful passage.

"Yah, crazy! wanna play football?"

"Huh?" answered Tom.

"Wanna play football, ya dope,—huh?"

The halfwit slowly allowed this offer to permeate his sluggish brain.

"Yuh," answered Tom uncomprehendingly.

"Awright, all ya gotta do is stand there, and we'll teach ya. You be the tackling dummy."

"Yuh," answered Tom.

The young leader formed a line of his cohorts, and lunged at Tom to show the others the idea. Down went Tom breathing in gasps, opening his huge mouth wide in a vain attempt to regain his breath.

He struggled pitifully to his feet, only to have the same act repeated by the next boy. Again he went down, gasping more audibly,—again and again. Finally, he lay still on the ground, sobbing.

"Ya cryin' again, ya baby," offered the boy of nine.

"No, I ain't," sobbed Tom.

Derisive laughter greeted his effort, and fearful of more comments he turned and made as if to go away.

"Oh, no ya don't," came the voice of his chief tormentor, "not till I show the fellas how I kin beat ya up."

Crazy Tom lowered his head once more and a sob broke from his lips.

"Jeez, will ya look at that, fellas," taunted the boy. "He's cryin'."

"No, I ain't," said Tom.

"Ya are too."

"No, I ain't."

"Ya are too, and if ya say 'no I ain't' again, I'll smack ya."

"No, I ain't," was the reply.

A hard young fist placed squarely to the nose settled crazy Tom to the ground, his young adversary meanwhile flailed his hands in the air, dancing around his victim, as the "halfwit" wiped his bleeding nose with two clumsy hands, and sought laboriously to recapture his breath.

"Had a nough, huh?"

"Yea," gasped Tom.

Slowly and awkwardly crazy Tom raised himself from the ground, shrinking fearfully away from his opponent until he was well out of the jeering crowd. Then letting his head fall forward, he began as before placing one foot slowly but methodically in front of the other, all the time holding one hand to his bleeding nose.

He watched his feet as they moved over the ground—never lifting his head to sight obstacles in his path, rather moving mechanically first to one side, then the other—never raising his eyes from the ground.

Tavern On The Turnpike

By IRVING WARDLE, '39

AND every day there came to the tavern an old man. Every day he sat there at the same table. Beneath the same window, his glass before him, on the little round table, saying nothing to anyone except his "Good Morning" to me at the bar. He fumbled, always; with his bent old fingers, mechanically. He sat waiting in the dark back-shop, sometimes a half-hour, sometimes an hour, until the sun had swung about and fallen through the window. Then he sat and watched it come across the floor slowly toward him until it touched his shoes and climbed his legs and rested finally in his lap. There it stayed for sometimes an hour and sometimes two hours, according to the season, curled like a great golden cat in the lap of the old man, and he would leave his glass untouched during all that time. Then it would be down upon the floor again, going slowly up the wall, growing long and thin and sharply drawn where it had been so round and fat and softly edged, and then it would be gone.

The back-shop would be dark again. The old man sat always when the sun lay in his lap with his head upon his chest, and sometimes we thought we heard him chuckling. This was probably a wrong notion. Perhaps he dozed and the thing we thought a chuckle was the old man lightly snoring. This must have been, because he was never heard to laugh or seem to smile. He was a sad old man.

“Ya are too, an if ya say ‘no I ain’t’ again, I’ll sit on ya an whack ya some more.”

“No I ain’t,” was the answer.

The boy looked to his companions and, seeing the expectation in their faces, straddled his victim and pummelled him with surprisingly hard blows.

Crazy Tom, unable to fathom this new fury inflicted upon him, rolled his oversized body to escape the punishment,—and as he did so, pinned the other beneath his bulk.

Clumsily he placed his big hands on the boy’s face and attempted to rise, only to lose his balance and fall. The weight of his great body came down full upon the boy’s face.

Blood covered the youngster’s countenance and he lay still, while Tom already having forgotten his own bruises, rose to his feet, lowered his head, and watched the arc of his feet as they moved down the street.

The next day crazy Tom didn’t resume his methodic walking.

He was a menace to public safety, they said, so they took him away.



Bad, Bad Benny

By NORMAN J. CARIGNAN, '39

SOME people are born to rule. Some are born to serve. Others are just born. But Benny? Well, he seems to have been born for trouble. Benny's mother had worried herself sick over her son's waywardness. His father had more than once vented his spleen on him, but to no avail. He was just born that way they both concluded. The seventeen-year-old Italian youth felt that he couldn't help getting into trouble. The Lord knows he tried not to. He made resolutions, but every time a fresh temptation arose, he became victimized and found himself back where he started from—the district court, a reprimand, a severe blasting from his father, and tears from his mother.

Patrolman O'Flanagan was the cop on duty in this Italian district. A strange relationship had come into being between Benny and O'Flanagan. The youthful delinquent had been arrested so often by O'Flanagan that they had come to know each other quite well. They were very good friends inside the law. Once outside the law, Benny was a law-breaker and Patrolman O'Flanagan was an officer of the law acting in the line of duty. The offences had not been great, but Benny was always doing so many things, and O'Flanagan was very aggressive with his eye toward a promotion. That was an unhappy combination of dispositions.

On the bench at the Fifth District Court was old Judge Frazier, a wizened interpreter of the law and dispenser of

How often did I think he held a great golden cat upon his lap. Looking through the dusk of the back-shop in the late afternoon this was an easy illusion. The one bent dark figure with the lightness in its lap. Mostly I was there alone during those afternoon hours. This is a small old tavern. We have small business in the afternoon and I could stand and pretend to read the papers or polish glasses while I wondered about the sad old man. Yet, he became so regular, so unvaried with the sunny days that I grew no longer curious. He was part of the afternoon, and it was idly and without purpose that I wondered about him when he brought his glass to the bar and, with a little farewell motion of his hand, went into the street.

He left punctually and hastefully with the departure of the sun. He drained the beer, gone flat from standing, full or half-empty at one draught and left quickly.

When I missed him for a week running with four sunny days I wondered what had happened to the old man. The days and weeks dropped away and still he came no more. And to this day I have not seen him.

For ten cold seasons he came every day to this tavern. He did not speak much to anyone nor did he play pitch. The laughing jibes that may have really gone in his direction he ignored; and he was always a good customer. Sometimes someone speaks of him. Some have said he died and that he lived in the next township.

I knew nothing of him except that he was a good customer who seemed to enjoy the sunbeams that come into the back-shop of an afternoon.

Bad, Bad Benny

"He's done a very fine deed, Your Honor. He's a hero," O'Flanagan said with all the emphasis at his command.

"Eh?" squeaked his Honor.

"Yes, Your Honor, you see there was a big fire on Barton Street and the firemen couldn't control it. There were two people trapped on the second story and nobody could get to them."

"What's that got to do with Benny? He's not a fireman," Judge Frazier interrupted.

"If you'll allow me to continue, Your Honor. Both of them were unconscious from the smoke. Then all of a sudden we saw somebody break a window on the second floor and holler for a ladder. The firemen raised a ladder and this person brought the woman down first and before anybody could stop him he climbed up the ladder again and went into the blazing house. The next thing we saw was him again coming down the ladder with the man. And that person was Benny. He's a hero. Everybody said so. I saw it with my own eyes, so it's true."

Judge Frazier's countenance had changed.

"I'm glad to hear that, but why bring him into court for it?" the judge questioned O'Flanagan.

"Well, you see it's like this. Everybody knows how Benny's always in trouble all the time. So they asked me to bring him here to show you that he isn't so bad after all and to give him a break for it."

The die-hard old judge leaned back in his chair in amazement. He could hardly believe O'Flanagan's story, but the officer swore by it.

"He's not a bad boy," O'Flanagan said rather affectionately.

justice. Judge Frazier was nearing the pension age and was tiring of handing down sentences. Beneath that ever-present grouch was a kindly heart which wanted to give youth a chance and to direct him in the right path if possible.

The night session was in progress and Judge Frazier had cleared the docket for the night when he noticed Patrolman O'Flanagan and Benny marching into the court room. The two familiar figures walked right up to the bench. The judge frowned and the court clerk remarked: "You again, Benny?"

"What's the charge this time, O'Flanagan?" Judge Frazier acidly demanded.

"Well, it's like this, your Honor," O'Flanagan began. "Benny here . . ."

"It's the same old story, eh," the judge cackled.

"But . . ." interrupted Benny with an appeal of sympathy in his voice.

"There are no 'buts' this time, Benny. I'm tired of seeing you in court. You just can't keep out of trouble. You seem to be monopolizing O'Flanagan's time on duty," the judge shot back.

O'Flanagan was deeply troubled. He mumbled incoherently, trying to interrupt the judge who was reprimanding the youth severely in a build-up that was sure to lead to a jail term.

"Pardon me, Your Honor . . ." O'Flanagan said, seeking the right to speak.

"You keep quiet, O'Flanagan. I'm going to handle this fellow the way I should have a long time ago," the judge bellowed to the sturdy officer.

"But I've got to explain," O'Flanagan said.

"There's nothing to explain," Judge Frazier returned.

A Clear Prophet

By LIONEL LANDRY, '40

A SHORT time ago, before the accession of Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli to the papal throne at Rome, the whole newspaper-reading world suddenly developed a prophecy-complex, as indeed they have every time St. Peter's chair has been vacated. As always, there was a great deal of speculation as to who the next Pope would be.

It was, of course, impossible to peer into the future to find the identity of Pius XI's successor, so the mothballs of desuetude that preserve St. Malachy's prophecy on the papal succession were shaken off once more and the clairvoyant words of the medieval sage enjoyed another brief but universal vogue.

Not much is known concerning St. Malachy except that he was Irish and prophesied a bit more correctly than the average Irishman. We do know that he was Archbishop Armagh in the 12th century and that he was a close friend of St. Bernard. Let us remark in passing that none of St. Malachy's or St. Bernard's contemporaries ever made any allusion to this particular prophecy, although they paid high tribute to his gift of clairvoyance.

"What is the nature of this prophecy?" the impatient reader might well ask. It is variously reckoned that good St. Malachy predicted the accession of from 111 to 115 popes to the Holy See, after which would come the Day of Judgment.

"Naw, you've all got me wrong," Benny interjected in his own behalf.

Judge Frazier leaned forward, resuming his customary position on the bench.

"Well, Benny," he began, "I was just going to put you in jail for a couple of weeks, so that you could stay out of trouble for that length of time anyway. This was a remarkable deed you did tonight. It shows that there is some good in you. For that I'm going to forget the past and give you a clean slate again. But mind you don't start all over again. I'm quite proud of you in the fact that you have wiped out your past and I want to thank Officer O'Flanagan for telling me about this."

The two men left the court room. A wry smile swept over the judge's face as he watched them leave. Officer O'Flanagan was full of pride—proud of his own deed, proud of Benny, proud that the judge had acted as he thought and promised Benny he would.

Benny was full of pride himself and wore a peculiar smile on his face. He was a good boy in the judge's eyes, he thought, a hero in O'Flanagan's, and in his own, well, he was a smart guy.

As they walked down the stairs leading out of the court building, he mumbled to himself.

"Boy," he said, "if they only knew I was robbing that house when the fire broke out!"

A Clear Prophet

The fact that the prophecy was unknown until the end of the XVIth century, coupled with the fact that none of St. Malachy's acquaintances ever referred to it, seems to cast a great deal of doubt on its authenticity. As a matter of fact, it was not until 1595 that the remarkable manuscript containing all the previsions of the Irish archbishop was made public, and that a long way from its point of origin. In Venice, a Benedictine monk named Arnold de Wion wrote out the text, which was supposed to be a direct copy of an old manuscript. The copy was supplemented with interpretations of the "prophetic titles down to and including Pope Urban VII" (1590), by a Dominican, Alphonse Chacon. It is no small wonder then that we can point out the startling accuracy of the titles of popes anterior to 1595. St. Malachy may have had something to do with the prophecies attributed to him, but this affair leaves a great deal of room for doubt as to the authenticity of the document.

For this reason, we skeptics look askance at the devices which pertain to papacies before the 16th century. H. V. in the old "*Annales de Paris*" points out that the two monks ardently disclaim its authorship. He further states that "they claimed that it was known to people long before they published it." Probably. But the very vociferousness of the good monks in denying their invention of it merely aggravates our suspicions.

Another fact certainly does not allay our doubts: the circumstances under which the prophecy was made known. A papal conclave was engaged in furious battle, a bare majority wanting to favor the candidature of Cardinal Simoncelli. It was of considerable strategic value, then, to the Simoncelli faction to have a prophecy naming their candidate to the papacy appear at the psychological moment. As a matter of

It was made during the pontificate of Pope Celestine II in 1143 and designates as successors of that Pontiff a line of popes who are marked by appellations referring either to their origin, their name, a particularity of their character or an event of their reign.

Some of these designations are especially apt. Some even seem to bear out the alleged divine inspiration of the Irish seer. For instance, *Inimicus expulsus*—"the enemy expelled"—was to designate the successor of Celestine II, Lucius II. Appropriately enough, Lucius was a member of the Caccianemici family; Caccianemici, when translated from the Italian, means "Chase-enemy." Adrian IV, another 12th century Pope, was tagged *De Rure Albo*—from the white land. Adrian was born at St. Albans in England and had been Cardinal Bishop of Alba. More striking still was the prediction that Honorius III would be fittingly termed *Canonicus ex Latere*. He turned out to be a Canon of St. John Lateran. Even Dominicans, not to be outdone by the secular clergy, have found their way into St. Malachy's prophecy. Pope Benedict XI, who was labeled *Concionator Patereus*—the preacher of Patara—was indeed a native of Patara and a member of the Order of Preachers.

Later Alexander V (1409-1410) was to be distinguished by the term *Flagellum Solis*, the scourge of the sun. In his coat of arms he bore a sun and, in order to fulfill the scourging part of the prediction, gave a sound verbal trouncing to the rival popes at the Council of Pisa, calling them heretics and schismatics.

There! That would seem to disprove the brazen ones who cry "Fraudulence and folderol!" where good St. Malachy's miraculous predictions are concerned. But there is another factor which must not be overlooked.

A Clear Prophet

with whom Pius engaged in a long dispute, bore a cross in its coat-of-arms. Rather than prove the value of the prophecy, this shows rather how lucky St. Malachy was that popes had coats of arms or knew people who had them.

If we go back a bit to the reign of Pius IV, who had been designated as *Esculapii Pharmacum*—the drug of Aesculapius—we find that the nearest he came to living up to the prediction was having sprung from the *Medici* family. Then if we return to the comparatively recent reign of Benedict XV, we see that he was to witness a persecution of the religion (*religio depopulata*). In 1914 we had a war instead of a persecution, so that the only remaining expedient is to stretch the meaning of the word “religio”. There was, incidentally, a great deal prophesied of Benedict’s reign by Malachy and the “Monk of Padua”. Not content with copying Malachy’s miraculous words, the latter felt that he must add to them. During Benedict’s pontificate, he said there would be the formation of a new Italian league, which many recognize as Fascism. The devil was supposed to cavort and traipse about a good deal, too. However, there has been little to confirm this, although during the World War many reported that the Kaiser was sprouting horns.

As l’Oncle Gaspard points out in the Quebec *Evénement-Journal*, “*Fides intrepida, Ignis ardens, and Lumen de Coelo* characterized to a certain degree the pontificates of Pius XI, Pius X, and Leo XIII. But invert the order . . . and the terms still do not misapply.” Especially here do we see how vague and inappropriate many of the terms attributed to some popes have been. That which describes our present Supreme Pontiff, Pius XII, *Angelic Shepherd*, certainly is not a misnomer. But we could have used that epithet correctly in speaking of many another successor of Peter.

fact, the prediction characterized the next pope as *De Antiquitate Urbis*—from the ancientness of the city,” something which coincided quite well with the name of Simoncelli’s bishopric, Orvieto. (From the Latin *Urbs Vetus*, “old city”). The conclave, however was loathe to be influenced, so it elected Niccolo Sfondatre, a native of Milan, who took the name of Gregory XIV. Here again, however, the partisans of the prophecy rejoin that Milan is just as old as Orvieto anyway and thus the prediction still holds true. Here again we skeptics raise an eyebrow and smile indulgently.

Regarding the terms applied to subsequent popes, however, we must admit that certain ones do arouse our curiosity considerably. Take for instance the *Lilium et Rosa*—the lily and the rose—which was to characterize Urban VIII (1623-1644). Urban was sprung of the Barberini family, whose heraldic insignia bore lilies and roses. Perhaps the most quoted of examples is the one relating to the tragic papacy of Pius VI (1775-1799). St. Malachy’s prophecy called him *Pelerinus Apostolicus*, Apostolic Pilgrim. “There!” the exultant Malachites point out. “What could come closer?” Then they point out that Pius took a voyage to Vienna and subsequently died in exile in Valencia. With a triumphant look they defy one to seek further to refute not only the authenticity but even the divine inspiration of the utterings of the ancient saint.

But for each of these extraordinarily fitting phrases even the casual observer will notice that there are as many which have to have brute strength applied to make them valid. There was Pius IX’s dolorous-sounding *Crux de cruce*—cross from the cross. To make this one apply to Pius IX’s reign we must literally drag it around by the hair. The only way in which it could apply would be in this that the house of Savoia,

Welcome Home

By IRA T. WILLIAMS, JR., '41

IT was raining. Not just rain but actually torrents of water pouring from the heavens. Little rivers bubbled effervescently in the gutters, whirling tiny sticks madly around in their raging currents. People scurrying homeward to escape the drenching rain, darted among the giant puddles dodging spray cast by flying taxi-cabs.

Inside the house, peering anxiously into the gathering dusk, Tommy was a nervous wreck. That was the hundredth time in the last hour that he had looked from that window. The rain and gathering dark only added to his nervousness as he went about his menial tasks. His thoughts were abstract as he first placed the chair in one corner and then immediately reverted it to its former position. Nervously he picked up a cigarette and went about his task with it hanging loosely from his mouth, unlit. Later he went over to the chair and sat down looking at a magazine with unseeing eyes. He could not seem to concentrate on any one idea long enough to calm his uneasiness.

The bell! Tommy rushed headlong for the door only to admit the boy with the groceries. Disappointed he returned to the chair and lit the cigarette that by now was damp at its top. He studied the smoke-rings absently and yet seemed to be deep in thought. He sat there moodily while the ashes dropped in a tiny heap on the rug at his feet. Emerging from

After Pius XII there remain only a handful of names on St. Malachy's roster. Probably the good saint just wearied of writing his charade. But if he was in earnest in limiting his number, and if the remaining popes should decide to succeed one another as rapidly as they did in the 12th century, when eight popes reigned in the short space of fourteen years, then it might not be long before we see that awesome Day of Judgment. As a matter of fact it is entirely possible that we shall see that day in the very near future.



Welcome Home

opened it with such exuberance that the man on the step was frightened half out of his wits. There she was at last! After thanking the man for his services he looked with beaming countenance upon her. As she started to walk across the floor he grasped her in his arms and carried her to the little bed. Immediately she kissed him joyously all over his face and even cried a little, so happy was she to be with him again. As they reached the bed he put her down on the floor and she walked around re-familiarizing herself with the house. His eyes followed her with every step as he watched her go into the kitchen. Now she came back and kissed him again and climbed into his lap snuggling close to him and commencing to go to sleep. Ever gently he lifted her and put her in the tiny bed making sure not to hurt her in her convalescent stage. Quietly he placed the covers over her and looked appraisingly at her as she slept. At last he was happy again. She was home and well on the road to recovery. "Gee," said Tommy buoyantly, "you're the swellest dog in the world."



his static recumbent posture he went once more to the window and with squinting eyes studied the now impenetrable fog. Again he glanced around the room to make sure that all was in readiness and in its right place. Tommy wanted the house to look its best this time above all others. Putting out his cigarette in a nearby ash tray, he went to the kitchen and sat near the white-topped table scrutinizing the evening paper earnestly.

Soon he commenced to pace back and forth on the dining room floor. He thought that the car would never get there with her. It was so long since last he had seen her he could hardly wait. As each car went rumbling up the deserted street he rushed to the window hoping it would be they. As they went by he became more vexed than previous. He remembered how she had looked at him when they had taken her away in the ambulance. Her eyes were full of fear and expectancy of what might happen. She seemed to beg him to come along and comfort her, but there wasn't any room so he had stayed home and prayed that she would be all right. The injury was not serious but she looked so weak and limp when she was carried out of the house that he was doubtful as to the outcome.

She was coming home today he was sure of that, but what was taking them so long? So as to pass the time more quickly he again went about readying the house in preparation of her coming. He fixed the covers on the little bed; he tried to arrange the room exactly as it had been the day she went away so that it would look familiar on her home-coming. So busy was he that he failed to heed the sound of a car drawing up to the curve in front of the house. It wasn't until he started to approach the window that he was startled by the ringing of the door bell. Now breathlessly he rushed for the door and

Bag Of Oats

By JOHN T. HAYES, '40

“MY cousin Lifter, found out that to wish too heartily for a thing, sometimes has unpleasant consequences.” It was a stout, middle-aged man, in a gray suit-coat and loose fitting brown trousers who spoke. His assertion came in reply to a statement of one of his companions, waiting for the door of the bar room to open, to the effect that “All doors open if one waits long enough.” It was a sweltering hot day in mid-July, and three or four others, with their eyes on the same door, were listening to the philosophic discussion of these two, occasionally interjecting a word of their own. There was no one on the long sun-glazed street, and even the flies were half-hearted in their buzzing. A drooping mongrel hound dog moping along the opposite side of the street, spotted an alley cat, and with a slight increase in pace made after it, to the half-shouted cheers and encouragement of the loiterers. The noon hour never failed to bring a hush and quiet over the little town and its inhabitants, and this was especially so on Sunday. Sunday was always a pleasant and restful day. Its only drawback was that the bar room did not open until noon.

When the great clock above the Temple of Abstinence struck twelve, the lock of Pete’s bar clicked open, and the four entered. Comfortably seated around the wobbly table that served for a booth at Pete’s, the stout man cleared his hatch

Adaptation of XXI of Les Regrets

By Joachim du Bellay

Happy is he who like Ulysses found
His home again; or as King Aeson's son
Came home again when Golden Fleece was won,
When he by toil had been made shrewd and sound.

Oh when shall I again be homeward bound
For native places, and in what season
Shall I see my small yard, for which reason
I would give more than this New England ground?

I love the dwelling that my father owns
More than these wealthy homes with bolder face;
I'll take its stucco for their better stones.
I'll take my artless plains for hilly grace:
The Mississippi for the brilliant sea,
The silence of the west for windy lea.

JOHN T. HOULIHAN, '40.

Bag of Oats

woman, who prided herself on her baking ability, and who sent her howling chickens off to school every morning with a cuff of her ham-like hand, and a 'Mind your lessons now' in a brogue that would peel a turnip. Lifter tells me he could never quite understand how Katherine, for all of her knowledge of baking, could have married a man, as half-baked as her husband. A mite of a man, with a weasel face and a high-pitched voice. No fair match at all for his lumbering, loud-voiced wife. But then he had heard of match-making in Ireland, where the parents and friends of the intended, have a get-together and, after cracking a new bottle of whiskey, extol the virtues of their candidates. As silently as he had come down the stairs, his effort at escape proved futile at the last moment, for he was in the act of reaching for the doorknob, the turning of which would bring him to the back porch and put him in an excellent position for a hundred-yard dash, in case he should be hailed by the bulky amazon within the house. However, as I said, his efforts were doomed to failure, for just as he was reaching for the door, it was hurled back on its hinges, and catching him off balance sprawled him on the flat of his back, half-way down the cellar stairs. Even as he was still tumbling down the stairs, he could hear Katherine's great voice booming: 'The devil take ye, and what may be the meanin' o' this? And taking Lifter by the collar of his coat she lifted him with one hand, and proceeded to shake him until he thought he was surely murdered, and let her know it by his shouts and kicking. Now all this was very puzzling, and very nearly startled poor Lifter out of his wits, for up to that moment, he had been on at least friendly terms with Katherine. And to be thus knocked about and unceremoniously shaken, made him exceedingly indignant. When Katherine finished playing cat-shake-rat she car-

with a straight whiskey, and began again: "As I was saying, my cousin Lifter"—One of his companions of the Tip Another Fraternity, interrupted him with a comment on the President's unsuccessful policy of appeasement. With a stare as hard as a billiard ball and a cough as uncongenial as a dictator with a tooth-ache, the stout man put a quick end to this unbecoming outburst of political oratory. And with another glance around at his other companions, which plainly threatened to pin their ears back if they interrupted, he continued: "My cousin Lifter was a great lover of peace. He yearned heartily for solitude. He worshipped peace and silence as the ancient Romans did a goddess. This, he tells me, is why he never married. That is to say, why he never married up to the time of this adventure, which I am about to relate to you.

"He tells me that it was on a warm and somewhat stuffy evening, an evening, no doubt, like the one which shall follow this miserably hot day. Well, as I said, it was on such an evening that he sat in his room thinking. Just thinking and twirling the ends of his mustache. Cigarette butts and matches were strewn all around the room, for it was a cheap room, (things had not gone so well with him), and he did not think it worth his effort to keep the room tidy.

" 'Heat,' he muttered to himself, 'Heat and noise, if only I could exchange it for a cool and quiet little room. Yes,' he said to the ceiling, 'That is the desire closest to my heart,'—and another cigarette butt joined its brothers on the floor. Rising to his feet, Lifter stepped on the lighted butt, and, locking the door, started down the stairs, fully intent on taking a walk and perhaps, tipping up a few cool ones in some quiet cafe. He stepped softly, and on tiptoe, as he started down the steep stairs, for he dreaded, with an unholy dread, the prospect of talking to his landlady, Katherine, a huge and coarse

Bag of Oats

body against his leg, a young woman, of an athletic figure, and race-horse stride, wearing a sport skirt and jacket, turned up the street. She was mincing along, deep in her own pleasant thoughts, and was just nearing the front of Lifter's house when she saw him come hurtling out of the gateway, and apparently blinded bear down on her with the speed of a bullet. With a short, choked, and very high-pitched scream, the young woman turned and fled down the street in front of Lifter. And if Lifter was traveling with the speed of a bullet, then surely she was traveling with the speed of a bullet with a mission. My cousin hardly noticed that she was there running from him. Then all at once it struck him that it was a damned fine exhilarating thing to be able to run away from troubles, and there just in front of him was a young woman who evidently believed the same thing. And immediately his heart went out to her. He had only seen her back and her two shapely legs pounding rhythmically up and down on the pavement, but he knew at once that she was a kindred spirit. Perhaps she, too, was a sensitive soul, and was fleeing from the sudden jars and jolts that one receives in society. Perhaps she, too, was seeking peace and quiet. A soul mate, he was thinking, as he watched her excellent leg movement, a soul mate at last. . . . Now, mind you, my cousin was no fool, he was not one to let an opportunity slip. He must make the acquaintance of this girl and make it immediately. With this thought in mind, he rounded the corner onto Main street, the girl still seven lengths in front of him, and gaining with every stride. He saw at once that he could not hope to get close enough to tap her on the shoulder, and introduce himself, and tell her of his sudden and intense affection for her. She was much too fleet for that, so putting his hands to his mouth and cupping them, he shouted after her: 'Ho there! I say Miss! Yoo Hoo!', and sev-

ried him into the kitchen and set him down in a chair. Where, upon looking at him, she let out a roar that sent the walls to quaking, and her great girth rolled and swayed in mirth. 'Sure, now,' she said when she was able to control her voice and suppress it to a medium shout, 'Sure, now, I was after thinking ye were my husband,' and once again she burst into roaring laughter, and caused Lifter to shudder at the sight of two hundred and forty pounds of feminine mirth rolling and swaying around the tiny kitchen. And taking advantage of her unstable condition, quick-thinking Lifter sped hurriedly out the door and into the garden. And once there, more than ever he longed for peace.

"A moon flower lifted its round pale face in surprise as it heard Lifter talking to himself (for he did talk to himself). Especially after emotional experiences such as the one he had just had. It served to console him. So, as I was saying, there he stood in the garden talking to himself, with Katherine's laughter still rumbling in his ears. He was talking rapidly and in a somewhat jumbled sequence, for he was quite confused. Suddenly he stopped short and his eyes widened, for something cold and clammy had brushed against his leg inside his trouser, then the thing leaped up his leg almost to the knee and slid down again. With a wild whoop of terror, and visions of a snake as round as Katherine, and a head like her husband, my cousin Lifter fled out of the garden, rounded the corner of the house, came to a sliding turn at the gate and, with necktie flying over his shoulder, hair disheveled, and nostrils distended, flew down the street like a thoroughbred on the home stretch. No man could have outdistanced him at the speed with which he was traveling, but this did not hold true for women, as you shall soon see. For as Lifter was talking in the garden just before the frog had thrown its cold-blooded

Bag of Oats

was off again. Bolting the hedge, tramping the tulips, clearing the back fence with the grace of a greyhound, he found himself on the next street with his nose toward home.

“He tells me that when he finally got to the house, that he leaped up the steep stairs three at a leap, and once in his room it was but a matter of seconds before he had locked the door. Not that he was frightened—far from it. My cousin is not one to be easily frightened. He had simply been upset by the whole jumbled proceedings, and the peculiar turn his intended peaceful walk had taken. I imagine it would have proved distressing to anyone, and more so to one of Lifter’s sensitive nature. First an amazon shaking him nearly to death, then a frisky frog, a fleeing girl, a quick sprint, and finally a swift pursuit by an irate storekeeper and an officer of the law. One cannot wonder that after reaching the quiet of his room his first thought was of a bracer. He mixed himself a good stiff one, a second, and was in the act of downing a third, when a heavy knock sounded on the door causing him to jump at least eight inches into the air, and when just as he was about to touch the floor again he heard the voice of the knocker below: ‘Open in the name of the law.’ Why he bettered his previous jumping record by a good five inches, thus making the sum total of his aerial excursions somewhat over twenty-one inches. Even while he was yet in the air his mind was working with amazing rapidity. On reaching the floor he grabbed up his liquor bottles and hastily concealed them under the cushion of the chair. He says that by this time the pounding and bellowing had increased to such an extent that he deemed it wise to open the door. No sooner had he done so than a wave of blue rolled in, dragging in its wake a very distraught and horse-faced young lady, and also a wildly gesticulating storekeeper.

eral other exclamations designed to pull her up short. He even interspersed a few shouts of 'Yorick!' and 'To the hounds!', but all to no avail. His shouting only served to urge the young lady to new and incredible bursts of speed. Now Lifter was so occupied with the chase that he did not heed or even notice the startled looks and exclamations of astonishment that came from the good residents of Main street, who were quietly sitting on their porches to enjoy the last hour of twilight. Nor did he notice a group of slightly inebriated gentlemen who were sitting outside the public house, and who gave a faint cheer as he passed and at once began to make speculations as to the probable outcome of the race now being run before them. No, all he could see, and indeed all he wanted to see, was the flying girl. Seeing that his shouts and calls were useless, he scooped up a handful of tomatoes as he dashed past an outdoor stand, and began throwing them at the girl. Cries of surprised astonishment could now be heard on all sides. Now my cousin was always proud of his marksmanship, and indeed he still is. The first tomato missed the girl by a matter of inches, but it served to give him the range. The next one caught her in the small of her back, and the third splashed beautifully over her head. This was too much for any honest girl, and with a final scream, and a burst of speed that would make the speed of light seem unbearably slow, she bolted over a low hedge, flew across a tulip bed, and disappeared into an open doorway. Lifter came to a sliding halt, panting rapidly, and still clutching a tomato in his hand. Thus he stood for a moment, and was on the point of jumping the hedge to follow the girl, when he heard a series of shouts behind him, and turning he saw a round fat man in a white apron, closely followed by a policeman bearing down on him. With a sharp intake of the breath, and a noticeable widening of the eyes, he

The Old Masters

By ANTHONY R. SASSO, '40

I BELONG to that pipe-smoking clan of lackadaisical individuals who are called by misnomer, farmers. I own a farm . . . by inheritance . . . in a little town on the outskirts of an important New England city. I've had a fairly decent education . . . high school and three months of college, but college, like farming, is hard work.

My name's Jack Winston and I'll admit right now that I have enough money . . . also by inheritance . . . to live very moderately. My farm is a fairly good one . . . about two thousand apple trees. If I had gumption enough to really manage the place, I could live rather luxuriously. But if I did that, I'd never have time to fish, hunt, or listen to yarns told by Tom Doby, the oldest and best yarn-spinner in our village.

My favorite indoor sport is listening to such yarns as the one I'm going to tell you. My wife sent me down to the village after some sugar one afternoon. It was July. I was waiting for apples to ripen. Having finished mowing and spraying, I had a wee bit of extra time on my hands. Consequently, errands such as this were a common occurrence. Almost daily, I found some excuse to go down to the village.

As I rattled into the village this hot July afternoon, not a soul was in sight. This village is the same as any other

“ ‘That’s the rotter,’ shouted the aproned ball of flesh.

“ ‘That’s him,’ brayed the girl.

“Lifter looked at her and his love for her died as quickly as it had been born. One look at that decidedly equine face was enough to blight the most ardent love, regardless of the creature’s running ability.

“ ‘What have ye to say for yourself?’ growled the copper.

“ ‘My tomatoes, my tomatoes,’ shouted the storekeeper.

“ ‘I must sit down,’ whinnied the girl, and she sank into the cushioned chair.

“She did not sink far however before there was a sound of cracking glass, and the girl was out of the chair with a leap that brought her head dangerously close to the ceiling, and a shout that curled the wall paper. Lifter looked at her in utter amazement, ‘God,’ he muttered. ‘She’s not only a runner but also a first-rate jumper. God,’ he muttered again.

“ ‘You’re drunk,’ cried the copper as the scent of the spilled liquor assailed his nostrils and caused them to twitch pleasantly. He took Lifter by the arm and led him out of the house, with the girl and the storekeeper close at his heels, shouting and braying, each in their turn. But the officer paid no attention to them. He simply told them that he was going to lock Lifter up, where he’d be nice and quiet. When the copper had turned the key in the door of my cousin’s cell, he turned to him and said, ‘Anthing you want, buddy?’

“ ‘Yes,’ said Lifter, pushing a five-dollar bill through the bars. ‘Take this and buy that dame a bag of oats.’ And there he was, nice and quiet, in his little cell.”

The stout man said this last sentence in a weary manner as if to show the folly of trying to avoid one’s fate. “Fill them up,” he shouted to Pete, “and keep them filled.”

The Old Masters

leaned on the counter facing us . . . his elbows as braces. There we were, willfully wasting time, Will behind the counter, Tom with his back to a showcase, his feet stretched down before him crossed, one over the other, and I with my battered felt hat pushed to the back of my head, anxious to hear from Tom, although I knew I should have been at work.

As I said before, Tom was old when I was born. Although he never told us I judged him to be about eighty-five or ninety. He had outlived two faithful wives and was spending the rest of his days in pleasant relaxation living on the pensions of two wars. He claims to have been a bugler in the Civil War at the age of ten, and a "regular" in the Spanish-American War. He's about five feet ten inches tall, but claims that he was six feet two inches when in his prime. The shrinkage he attributes to old age. He has piercing blue eyes, white hair and a very firm voice. An old, battered, gray slouch hat covers his head in winter and summer.

It seems to me that everything about the old character has something unusual which he calmly proceeds to explain in matter-of-fact tones. For example, his height . . . how many men shrink *four* inches in old age? He was in two wars . . . one wasn't enough. He had two wives . . . of course this isn't too unusual, but to hear the old fellow talk now you'd think he was a woman hater. Sometimes I'm inclined to believe that events of the past become magnified as the years roll on . . . especially if you're the only one left to talk about them.

Tom began his story by turning back time fifty years. . . .

"No sir, you fellers don't know nothin' 'bout huntin' an' fishin', no sir." He paused, waiting for a goad from one

New England village . . . a general store, large, white Baptist Church, barber shop and Post Office. It was too hot to work and I wanted to hear a good yarn, so, as I headed for the general store, I hoped that Tom Doby would be loafing somewhere about the place.

As I entered the store Will Forrester, the owner, greeted me with a lazy drawl but characteristically clipped consonants of true Yankees. My eyes were a few minutes adjusting themselves to the dark, cool atmosphere of the store. As I glanced around, I noticed Old Tom sitting on an empty box contentedly smoking a corn-cob pipe. His only acknowledgment to my entrance was a brief nod; he seldom started speaking unless he could continue for about fifteen minutes at least. After ordering a bottle of soda, ten pounds of sugar, drinking the soda and exchanging the time of day with Will I picked up the sugar and began to make a slow exit, taking a couple of grapes as I passed the fruit counter.

I felt rather disappointed because Tom hadn't uttered a word. He didn't seem to be in a talkative mood that day. Will, who welcomed a visitor any time, asked me how the two and a half pound bass that he had watched me land a couple of days before tasted. He's also a devoted follower of that real old master, Izaak Walton. He knew that he'd start a conversation somehow. He did.

I replied in effect that the fish had tasted very good; At this a snort from Tom brought a wink to the humorous eyes of Will.

"Why you young fellers don't know nothin' 'bout fishin' or huntin', no sir, nothin' 'tall." This was from Old Tom so I gleefully set my sugar back on the counter, sat on one of the rickety chairs and prepared myself for a yarn.

Will chuckled, slid his glasses up on his forehead and

The Old Masters

want to ruin his hide with my shotgun. He fell partly off the log . . . his head an' fore quarters on the log . . . his hind legs an' tail in the water . . . through the thin ice. I knew he'd slip off the log any minute.

"Otters was valu'ble furs them times. So I took off my clothes an' with my huntin' knife in my teeth swam to the log. I had to keep breakin' the thin ice as I swam. Just as I was about t' grab him, he suddenly come back t' life. Well . . . I don't have to tell you that any animal will fight if it's wounded or cornered . . . otters is no exception . . . an' they're vicious fighters.

"He was between the log an' me, an' knew if he could swim under the log an' break through the thin ice on the other side he might escape. I guess my bullet only knocked him out . . . just grazed his head. As he dived I grabbed one of his hind feet an' almost wished I hadn't."

"You mean to say that you wrestled with that otter in deep water, the otter's own element?" I interrupted . . . almost rudely.

"I'm tellin' this story lad . . . you're supposed to be listenin' but doin' a poor job of it at that," returned Tom very dryly. This put me in my place so I shut up and relaxed again.

"Well," Tom said, "that otter turned, scratchin', bitin', an' churnin' the icy water to a froth, but I held on. I stopped treadin' water. I took my huntin' knife, an' with my free hand tried to drive it into the back of his neck or his throat. While this was goin' on both of us sank to the bottom. . . . There was 'bout eight feet of water. At last I slashed a hole in his throat. After a couple of seconds of death struggles he quieted down. I didn't dare to let go his leg, 'cause I was afraid the current would carry him down to the muddy bottom an' lose

of us. Will spoke up, almost as though he were an experienced actor taking his cue.

"What d'you mean, Tom? . . . I s'pose you claim to know all about sech things." A goad if there ever was one.

"I don't know everything, but what I don't know ain't wuth the trouble to find out." Old Tom was really getting started now. He put his heavy cob pipe in his shirt pocket, edged his box-seat a little closer to the counter and began.

"It was fifty years ago, boys, yep fifty short years ago." Tom has a habit of repeating the first parts of important sentences.

"I was quite a trapper then, never had to work at anything else durin' the cold months. Just trappin', huntin', eatin', playin' cards an' sleepin'. Them was the good old days." Tom rambled on, his blue eyes squinting into space.

At this point I knew that he was reliving everything that he had enjoyed as a young man. For some unknown reason this reminiscence made me feel rather peculiar, the hair on the back of my head began to prickle, a queer feeling crept up my spinal cord and darn it all, my eyes even started to water . . . must have been the change of atmosphere I guess. Tom continued.

"One day 'bout the middle of November I went out to have a look at my traps. The only equipment I took with me was a single action twelve gauge shot-gun, a huntin' ax, an' a twenty-two calibre pistol. The pistol had a long barrel. I used it to kill game after I'd trapped it. I found middle-sized otters in two of my traps. Just as I was finishin' off the second one, I spotted 'nother on a log 'bout a hunnerd foot from shore. The night before had been pretty cold an' because of this there was a thin layer of ice on the river. I aimed at his head with my pistol. See, I used my pistol 'cause I didn't

The Old Masters

When I looked up I was starin' a buck deer right in the face. He was 'bout twenty yards away lookin' at me kind of curious like. I stayed just the way I was. I drew my revolver an' fired. I tried to hit his left shoulder 'cause I knew my revolver wouldn't have enough power to kill him in any other part of his body.

"He bounded into the air, but kept right on runnin'. Figurin' that I'd either missed or only wounded him, I forgot about the whole thing. My whole catch for that day was three otters, three muskrats, an' a cock pheasant. Not bad, eh boys?"

"Must've been gettin' near noon time wasn't it Tom?" interrupted Will.

"Yep,—that's just why I began to hurry back to my cabin. It was gettin' late an' I was gettin' hungry, besides. Myra would be mad if I didn't get home in time for dinner."

"Myra was your first wife?" It was my question.

"Yep, but that's got nothing to do with my story," replied Tom extra tartly. He's kind of touchy on the subject of wives, especially his wives.

"As I hurried home," continued the old trapper, "I noticed a couple of drops of blood in the path I was follerin'. But I didn't think nothin' more 'bout it. The sun was getting pretty high, an' warm. Knowin' it was late I begun to dog-trot an' covered 'bout six miles in little less 'n an hour. When I walked in the kitchen of my cabin I noticed a glint in Myra's eyes. That meant she was mad, an' boy she could get mad sometimes."

By this last remark he implied his aversion for the gentler sex.

"She cooled down though when she saw what I'd

him forever. I struggled to the surface, got some air in my lungs, put the knife between my teeth, an' made my way towards shore. My body was startin' to get numb in the cold water.

"After buildin' a fire an' feelin' half-way near warm again, I looked at my prize. He was a beauty. One of the biggest otters I'd ever seen. He was about three and a half feet long, not countin' his tail."

Old Tom paused, refilled and lighted his pipe and grinned at us. I rose as if to leave, but Tom motioned me to sit down again so I did.

"This story ain't over yet young feller; don't be in so much of a hurry," admonished Tom. He then went on.

"After skinnin' the otters an' puttin' the pelts in my jacket, I headed for my muskrat traps. There was a cranberry bog between me an' the brook where I had my traps. I usually went around it but this mornin' I was in a hurry because I wasted so much time with that otter. So I began to walk across the bog. About half-way across it a cock pheasant went up. Even though I wasn't ready, picked up my gun an' fired when he was 'bout fifty yards away. He dropped like a stone.

"That was quite a stroke of good luck—three otters, besides a cock pheasant for my dinner."

I was tempted to ask the old fellow if he ate the otters too because of his strange phraseology, but decided against arousing him any more than necessary. The story continued:

"I didn't care whether I had any muskrats or not by this time. But my luck was runnin' good that day 'cause there was three of 'em in my traps along the brook. After I finished skinnin' them, the sun was gettin' pretty high.

"I stooped to the brook for a drink an' when I was drinkin' I heard a rustle in the brush on the other bank.

The Old Masters

Later that evening we were sitting on the porch listening to the whip-poor-Will and being thankful that we had a screened porch when I broke the silence.

"You know Helen, I think that Tom was stretching it a bit."

I could see her white teeth in the gloom as she replied, "So what, you enjoyed it didn't you, you big overgrown kid." We both laughed some more.

I Hold A Drop Of Water

I hold a drop of water in my hand;
I view a profound water at my feet
That stretches far from here to every land.
I pour the water in my hand to meet
The trembling waves.

Know I that apart from Thee I stand
And, as a drop of water held in hand,
Unjoined from mighty waters,
Feels no awful powers—
So I from Thee: a worthless, servile man.

I sense the hopeless, endless hours
That bind my soul to earth apart from Thee.
Do Thou, Unsounded One, absorb, empower
My feebleness
In boundless love of Thee.

JOHN HOULIHAN, '40.

brought home. She began to pluck the pheasant right away." He paused now for a full ten seconds.

"I guess I'll be gettin' back home now boys," I said . . . thinking that the yarn was told. "Pretty good huntin' in those days, eh Tom?"

"Wait a minute, goldurn it," rasped Tom, "can't you see I ain't finished with my story yet? These darn upstarts is always in so much of a hurry they don't see half o' what's goin' on."

Grumble, grumble, that's Tom when he's laughing at you, so down I sat again.

"Myra asked me to go down to the spring after some fresh water. When I went 'round back o' the house you could have knocked me over with a toothpick when I seen that buck layin' dead right at my cellar door."

"Gosh Tom!" I broke in, "you can't expect us to . . ." A very stern warning look from Will settled all my doubts. Will explained later that Tom never liked anyone who questioned, doubted, or made fun of his stories, which are all true, according to Tom.

* * * * *

I looked at the old clock in the store. It was 5:30 and I had come down at 3:30. Gosh did I hurry out of there! About half-way home I felt kind of lost. You've guessed it . . . the sugar. By the time I went back after the sugar and then returned home it was 6:15.

There was a glint in Helen's eyes, but I didn't have six pelts, a cock pheasant and a buck to show for my delay. I had the story though and after supper I finally won her over by telling her the same story I just told you. After the story she laughed until her eyes watered. Knowing I was forgiven, I laughed too.

Armageddon

John had entered Parliament and, to the betrayal of his country, had become a puppet in the hands of the prime minister, Sir Robert Peel. His easy manner and genial humor had won him a host of admirers among the English gentry and his Whig friends thought him an excellent dinner companion and a first-class wit. Through four terms he sat with his opulent friends and watched a little band of tight lipped men led by an indomitable Parnell, cut and thrust and fight with all their will and all their strength until from sheer exhaustion they could fight no longer. But John O'Donnell only sneered. A short time later, when he heard of the Sligo indictments, he laughed aloud. "Let the fools fight for a hopeless cause." Now they would have a chance to ponder the futility of it, during the long days at Dartmoor. He had the right philosophy. "Never say yes, and never say no, just so long as you are not offensive to the right people."

And back in Clare the peasants, who had elected him, starved and died.

Meanwhile, Hugh, the idealist, had been accepted to the bar and had acquired a reputation for honesty and courage equalled by few since the days of O'Connell. But, unlike John, his friends were few because where he moved, danger moved also, and where he sat, at his right hand sat death. His trials were dogged by government spies and Fenian criminals. His every word was noted but he was fearless and spoke his mind at all times. One day following the perilous summer of 1865, which occasioned the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, he addressed a mass meeting which was subsequently dispersed by the police. During the melee which ensued a policeman was accidentally killed. For this, "Red" Hugh was indicted and after a farcical trial by three judges he was sentenced to be hanged. Three days later he was led to the gallows and with a fearless smile he went to meet his Creator.

Armageddon

By MATTHEW P. GALLAGHER, '41

A FEW years ago (barely the span of a man's life) a grand-uncle of mine died on the gallows of Kilmainham, a martyr to the cause of Irish freedom. His name has not been inscribed in the glorious annals of that country's history, along with the Emmetts, the O'Connells, and the Fitzgeralds, yet, to me, his memory is a source of pride and his life a model of inspiration. His name was "Red" Hugh O'Donnell and, as vouchsafed by my great-aunts, red indeed was his unruly hair. His brother, unlike the rest of the family, lacked the self-reliant Irish character and, it seemed, had inherited only one ancestral legacy and that was the gift of eloquent speech.

One day, when they were still but youths, their father became deathly ill and, knowing that his time had come, he called the boys to him and taking them by the hand he said, "During life, my sons, you will have to make many decisions. Therefore, remember this that I tell you: Be sure that you are right—then damn the world." And Hugh took the words to his heart and cherished them; but John, he of the loquacious tongue, did not comprehend the words and his mind succumbed to the cynicism of this world.

As the years went by and the brothers matured, they grew farther and farther apart in thought and ideals and, as a friend remarked, had become as "disparate as night and day."

Climbing Mount McHenry

By MARK JOHN RYAN, '41

WE met at the parking area a mile below Bear Lake at seven-thirty on a sunny morning in August. Although the party was smaller than usual, still it was larger than Ranger Obee expected it to be. For this particular expedition is undertaken but once a year. Nearly all the other Ranger-led hikes in Rocky Mountain National Park are repeated several times during the course of the summer. Mountain climbing, however, is not in the regular schedule. McHenry is climbed once during the summer for the accommodation of those tourists who would like to scale a peak but have not the requisite experience to try it alone and do not wish to hire a guide; Mt. McHenry is chosen because, while it is a mountain which demands climbing rather than mere uphill hiking, it offers no especially great difficulties. Obee was the Ranger detailed to lead the hike. There was another Ranger there also—Radcliffe was his name, I believe. He was coming along to learn the route, as he was scheduled to lead the Colorado Mountain Club on the same climb the following Sunday. There were three women there although the trip had been announced as “a trail-blazer hike for experienced hikers only.” One was accompanied by her husband, a professor from a California college. The other two were young schoolteachers from Nebraska, which happens to be my home also. All three proved to be excellent hikers.

I have not recounted this little story as an historical anecdote, but I have used it in the belief that it will serve as a parable of the plight of yourselves, this day. (I use the second person not to exclude myself but for the purpose of emphasis.) Are you not, as was John O'Donnell, politically lethargic? Did I hear you say, "Why not?" Ah, how I envy you. Yours must be an existence which would cause the green flames of jealousy to smoulder in the eyes of a cow. Give you plenty of sleep, and plenty to eat, and your share of earthly pleasures and you are satisfied. You seem afraid to voice your opinion unless it be expedient to your immediate welfare. Can it be that you have been so enervated by the *laissez faire* attitude of the day that you no longer thrill to the call of a noble ideal? Can it be that, to you, contentedness is more desirable than truth and righteousness? "To see what is right and not to do it, is want of courage," said Confucius. With his native reserve, Confucius has couched his noble thought in tempered language, but I would rather call your quiescence, bare-faced, indefensible cowardice. There is no vindication for your indolent attitude. In our age there is no middle way. The weighty questions of the day are too grave and consummate to be ignored or rejected with disdain. There is a right and wrong answer to every question, and, before our conscience and our God, we are bound, not only to accept the right but, to defend and support it.

Climbing Mt. McHenry

right and crossed the Blue Lake outlet on the rocks. Then up a steep grassy rock-studded bank to a long smooth ledge of rock. It was quite wide but so smooth that my hobnails did not grasp it very well. Though it looked dangerous, it proved not to be, provided one picked up his feet slowly and put them down again cautiously. Then, after picking our way from stone to stone through a wide stream of water coming from the melting snow banks, we set out towards the peak across a gently sloping plateau. The terrain was rather rough and was dotted with numerous patches of the stunted trees commonly found near timber line, which we were rapidly approaching. These shrubs seemed more like vines than trees, for they crept along the ground and were matted together, forming a rough carpet two or three feet thick. The areas covered were too large to be easily circuited; so we walked right through them, or rather, over them. Quite literally, we walked through the tree tops. It made me feel much as Lemuel Gulliver must have felt walking through the diminutive forests of Lilliput. When I looked up, however, I felt more as Gulliver must have felt while among the knolls of Brobdingnag, for we were surrounded on three sides by towering mountain peaks.

Having reached the shade of a tremendous boulder at about the center of the plateau, we stopped for a rest and to survey the surrounding country. Turning our backs on Mt. McHenry, we saw in the east the rear of the square head of majestic Long's Peak, a fourteen thousand-footer, the highest mountain in the Park and the one most frequently climbed. It was as close as McHenry, but I do not think any of us would have cared to climb it from that side, though doubtless it is possible. To the north lay the imposing Glacier Gorge, not quite so breath-taking as when viewed from the other end

Obee soon decided that it was time to leave, and, after a few simple instructions from him, we set out on the Loch Vale trail. We took the old trail, now known as the cut-off trail. It is shorter but so narrow and rough that we really did not save much time by taking it. Ahead of me on the trail was Fritz Weil, a guide from Bear Lake Lodge, who was going just for the fun of it. Short and stocky, he was carrying a large pack made especially for mountain climbers and was wearing heavy shoes equipped with Swiss hobnails. Behind me were two fellows from the Y. M. C. A. settlement. One was a guide there, a tall well-built young man with curly brown hair. His companion, a boy of about fourteen, called him "Bruce." They seemed to be great pals and talked much of the peaks they had scaled together earlier in the summer.

We soon hit the new Loch Vale trail but followed it for only about a hundred yards. Then we turned off on the Glacier Gorge trail. We stopped for our first rest at Mills Lake, the first of the three lakes in the Gorge. The California professor and his wife began talking German to Fritz, who has been in this country only four or five years. He had learned to climb in the Alps and thus was able to tell us a number of interesting things about Alpine climbing in comparison with climbing in this country. After a few minutes we proceeded to Jewel Lake, little more than a wide place in the stream between Black Lake and Mills. We arrived at Black Lake, which lies at the head of the Gorge, at nine-thirty, two hours after our departure, which is good time for four miles of mountain trail.

Ordinarily Black Lake is an all-day hike, but that day it was just the starting point. Leaving the lake, we headed in the opposite direction from Mt. McHenry, east, up the steep trail toward Blue Lake. Half way up we turned to the

Climbing Mt. McHenry

From then on we encountered nothing especially difficult or dangerous. It was necessary, though, for one to keep his mind on what he was doing. There was a good deal of loose rock in our path all the way to the summit, and no one was eager to start a landslide or to kick a stout rock down on someone else's head. We soon attained the ridge of the shoulder which sloped down from the peak. There we stopped again to rest and to survey the landscape, of which we were able to see a great deal, as we now could view the Western Slope as well as the Eastern, McHenry being part of the range which forms the Continental Divide. Black Lake looked very small and very far away, but the summit did not seem proportionately closer. We were well above timber line, and our goal was only about a thousand feet above us, which meant about an hour and a half of hard work.

We were all hungry but lunch time was whenever we reached the top; so we set out once more. We followed the sharp ridge for a couple of hundred yards, then veered to the left and ascended from the northwest. Within five hundred feet of the top of the oldest member of the party, Mr. Stubbs, a short frail man of about sixty, decided he could go no further, and sat down on a rock to await our return. One of the Nebraska schoolteachers had become air-sick (she had never been above twelve thousand feet before), but she insisted on going on to the top. She succeeded, too, but I fear she was too ill to enjoy the view. And the view really was magnificent.

There we were, at an elevation of thirteen thousand two hundred feet, right on top of the Continental Divide. Standing on the edge of the sheer cliff which forms the east face of McHenry, one could see the plains of eastern Colorado, perhaps those of the Nebraska Panhandle also, dotted

I Lose A Friend

By JOHN J. REIDY, '39

I SMILED at the wan figure on the very white bed, and the answering smile showed as much effort as my own had cost me. I hoped he hadn't penetrated my false cheerfulness, but I guess he did. He knew. The kindly old doctor had told me Ted was dying, but it hadn't been necessary; Ted told me with his smile.

It was hard, sitting there watching life flow out of him that had been so full of life. All the good times we had together were relived in a moment. I closed my eyes. We might have been basking in the sunshine on the shores of White Lake.

"Jack."

"Yes, Ted."

"Smoke, if you please." I lit a cigarette.

"The boys all would have liked to come, Ted, but they couldn't make Portland. Too far, you know."

"Yeah, I know."

"They gave me this for you." I handed him the spiritual bouquet.

"Gee, that's swell." He closed his eyes, trying to hide the sudden mist. I turned away and sat watching the glow of the cigarette. His life was like that—a tiny glow, slowly coming to the end.

Everything was so quiet. The sun emerging from behind the clouds, cast a shaft of light across the room. The

ADVERTISEMENTS

Costello Bros.

Providence

Pawtucket

Gaspee 2158

Joseph V. Tally, Inc.

*Church Supplies, Religious
Articles, Greeting Cards*

TRAVEL AGENCY

505 Westminster Street
Providence, R. I.

Shepard

New
Spring Clothing
Sports Togs

*—the correct apparel
for all occasions.*

MEN'S STORE—Street Floor

P.C.CAFETERIA



GOOD FOOD AT
REASONABLE PRICES



John Condon

Proprietor

VACUUM | | PACKED
AUTOCRAT

coffee

Perfect Flavor *Always Fresh*
BROWNELL & FIELD CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FOR EVERYTHING IN

Sport Goods : Sport Apparel

BE SURE TO VISIT

**CITY HALL HARDWARE
COMPANY**

Washington and Snow Sts.

Gaspee 2600

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

white-clad nurse looked off into space. A bird alighted on the windowsill with a cheery chirp. It sounded strange in that tense atmosphere.

I felt Ted's hand on my arm, and gave him my hand.

"Pray for me," he whispered. A lump rose in my throat, and I couldn't answer. I nodded. His grip relaxed; the sun retreated behind the clouds; the bird flew from the windowsill; I crushed out the cigarette; my best friend was dead.



GO ALL ELECTRIC
ALL THE WAY
The Narragansett Electric Co.
Part of New England Power Association

SUBSCRIBE

● to THE COWL

Providence College Weekly Newspaper
Gives Complete Campus Coverage
Informative, Efficient, Reliable
"It's Here Because It's True . . ."
Subscription Rate—\$1.00 per year

● to THE ALEMBIC

Providence College Literary Magazine
Published Quarterly By The Students
Short Stories, Essays, and Articles
By Student Authors
Subscription Rate—\$2.00 per year

John J. Rourke & Son

*Beef and Provisions
Butter, Eggs and Poultry*

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

261-267 Canal Street
Telephone DEXter 2351

ARROW SHIRTS
STETSON-MALLORY
HATS

Complete lines of
*Men's Furnishings
for the College Man*

O'Donnell's
40 Washington St.

On Water

By SEYMOUR A. SHERMAN, '41

CLEAR, sparkling water—the vintage pressed from the earth and sky—that has never heated the brow of him who drank it. Cool, limpid water, rushing down the sunny hill and through the shadowed vale. Water

“that hath been

Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country green.”

See there! The dying pilgrim in the desert sinks and rises in the broiling sand, while his throat whispers harshly what it would fain shout: “Water! Water! Give me water!” Or turn your gaze upon the vessel becalmed in the torrid clime of the equator. The casks of water are long since drunk, and the fierce heat stifles the sultry air. Hear the sailors as they raise their tortured eyes to the furnace that is heaven, and implore: “Water! O God! a dram of life-giving water . . .”

Blessed is the water that wells from sunless caverns, and flows into sunlit seas; that leaps and frolics down the steep side of the mountain, and dissolves into radiant spray; that chastely glides down the dim aisles of cathedral forests, murmuring inspired music. Blessed is the awful ocean that paces restlessly to and fro, while it rears its hoary beard to heaven. Blessed are the dewdrops that richly quench the thirsting flowers, and succor drooping buds. Blessed are the angelic

tears that weep for earth through the rent veil of heaven and glitter in the rainbow of peace. Blessed is water.

Water is the orchestra that plays the swelling theme of nature; it is the tuning-fork that strikes the music that is ageless, yet ever new. There is music in the sonorous roar of the waterfall, as it crashes to the rocks below; in the modulated splashing of the cultivated fountain; in the wild anguish of the torrent sea, as it heaves in its groaning ocean bed. The shepherd pipes to his gamboling flocks by the side of the trickling stream, and lovers dream.

“By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.”

Once, on a brilliant summer's day I stood upon a promontory and gazed into the distance where the azure sky mingled with the sapphire waters and wept. Ah, water, sweet water, “you change, but cannot die;” yet, whether you are rain or snow, hail or tears, or the water drawn from the brimming well for the thirsting child, you are ever “sweet, beautiful water”.



THE

RIGHT COMBINATION

FOR MORE

SMOKING

PLEASURE



Chesterfield

THE BLEND THAT CAN'T BE COPIED

THE RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE TOBACCOS