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College Men

THERE is something fascinating in standing on the top of a high hill and looking forward to the panorama ahead. Again this year thousands upon thousands of young men will stand at the top of the hill and will peer wonderingly into the future of life after graduation.

People told them when they entered college that they would be entering a prosperous world at graduation. They believed them and looked forward to the day when they might go out into the cities and towns of the nation, spurning any number of eligible jobs before selecting a comfortable position. It was a pleasant enough dream, but now in the face of impending graduation they must take and consider the somewhat parlous state of the time.

A recession has set in, a minor depression consequent upon recovery. War clouds throw fitful shadows over parts of the earth. Everything seems in a state of upheaval. Nothing seems sacred as man continues his blind destruction. It may not be wondered that the graduate-to-be is confused at the scene. He may feel depressed or he may feel that it is up to him to right the world's wrongs. In either case, he must go forth and fight a battle.

There are many things to be done in the world of today, big things, little things. College men have a task before them. They must go forth and find their place in society without bending to the outrageous demands of society. They must be ever conscious of their training in the midst of fallacious cross-currents. In fine, they must be college men, representatives of a college education. If they do that, if they fulfill those requisites to the best of their ability, then they will serve as a stabilizing influence in a world of turmoil. And they will go a long way in setting the world aright.

The Bells

In the ears of every man, alike the small and great,
Ring two bells; in heeding one he thus decides his fate.
Lilting, tingling, gladsome, sportive,
Calling us to joys abortive,
One's the gleeful voice of pleasure—
So enticing, luring, snaring,
All the passion in us baring—
With its wanton pitch and measure
In the gay throngs of the city,
In the halls of lust enshrined.
At dusk and dawn on mountain tops and in
The quiet garden of a monastery
Reverberates the other's solemn tone.
Oh, one's a siren drawing us to earthly glee fanatic,
And one's a tocsin calling us to heavenly bliss ecstatic.
The first, that once so hearty seemed, grows thin,
A grating sound replaces now the merry
Like the raspings of an aged man, alone.
In the distance from the city,
In the halls of love enshrined,
Tender, instant, sharp, impelling,
Rings Christ's bell—its echo swelling,
Ever swelling as the ancient sea,
Fills the heart and bursts its bounds—
Hear the faint, persistent sounds:
"Rise, My son, and come and follow Me."
Man, who one must follow in working out thy fate,
Harken to the second bell before it is too late.

ROBERT SULLIVAN, '38

The Great American Novel

By Robert C. Healey, '39

THE book reviewer of today who cannot command a plentiful supply of "great American novel" labels is abject. He is without one of the most important of his tools in trade. He has not, of course, that resonant voice that can hurl a book into the winds of popularity. In a word, he is not to be respected, for he believes that there has been no great American novel and that there is no immediate prospect of one in the future.

First of all, what does he mean by "a great American novel?" Is it something like "Gone With the Wind," something authentically American that catches a vagrant public fancy and enshrines itself in favor? Or is it a scabrous picture of American factory life: "The Foundry," or a poignant idealized portrait of the quiet serene life: "The Last Puritan" or "The Late George Apley?" Will it be immediately evident to every reader that here, at last, is the triumph of fictional art in America? What, in short, will be the distinguishing features of this great opus, or, more succinctly, what will the "great American novel" be?

Someone typed America forever when he applied the term, Melting Pot of the World. Such complexity of life is found in no other country in the world. The ravenous horde of immigrants which poured into this land of the free during the nineteenth century has yet to be amalgamated and assimilated into one common people. The Chinese of Mott Street and the Germans of Yorkville are as much apart as if they had separate

niches on different continents. The bond of citizenship is arbitrary. It means little to the average man and until there is a deeper, more precise centrifugal force uniting all these different elements into one entity there is little chance for any union of mind and soul throughout America.

These racial divisions, recent though they are, merely accentuate the cleavages caused by territory or ancestry. The Episcopal tobacco growers of Virginia and the Puritan overlords of New England sit on separate peaks, each content in his own superiority. The West contemns the East, the South hates the North. Again the unity of *E Pluribus Unum* is merely arbitrary, merely fictitious.

Until some future day when the boundaries of America are tightly closed and the leaven of nationalism has begun to function we will not have a great American novel. When it does come, it will express a national, not a sectional, spirit. It will be universal in the sense that every person reading it will be filled with a full sense of national pride and national emotion. It will not be the sectionalism that vitiates the power of "Gone With the Wind" and "Action at Aquila." Nor will it be so fully sensitive of national defects as "Main Street" or "Babbitt."

This universality drawing all sections together in one harmonious treatment of the scene will be the content of this volume. But how, or in what language, will it be written? Obviously those dialects that furnished literary fodder for Joseph Lincoln Cable and Octavus Ray Cohen are eliminated. The "great American novel" will not be down east, or southern, or eastern, or western. It will be written in the strong vibrant phrases of the American language, literary in all its aspects, but making full use of those undercurrents of movement and economy that motivate American life. It will be a riper speech than we use today and it will evolve gradually as the national spirit grows. Some time in the future it will become stable and

then perhaps we will have something differing very much from the overstuffed English that clogs many of our best English novels.

Thus the determination of language and content, but what of treatment? The trend today is towards impressionism and realism in American fiction. The O'Haras, Farrells, Hemingways and Faulkners represent the advance guard of young revolutionists who are striving to evolve a new function in the novel, i. e., to be a colored, exaggerated picture of the worst of life. But, after all, they are only experimenting in fiction. Their only success has been in the novelty of their message. People read them because they are deliciously scandalized and not because they are literature. Dreiser and Lewis, however, are just beyond the border line of the true realism. Dreiser in his "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," and "An American Tragedy" is a ragged writer who delves fiendishly into the vitals of man, but his purpose is not merely to amaze but to show the folly of life. He has all the subtlety of a train wreck, but still he is above pornography for the sake of pornography. Lewis represents the sledge hammer technique. He etches a sharp precise picture of innumerable details with all the precision of a sculptor. Give him a little more humanity, a little more verve and some of the insight of Dreiser and you have someone who might conceivably be the great American novelist.

Yes, cry the ardent readers of best sellers, it is very nice to expatiate on the content, the language, and the treatment of this mythical thing that will some day be born as the "great American novel." What of those hundreds of books that have been so quickly labeled these hundred years as the great work? Are they so many hack pieces ready to go into the limbo of literature?

The not-to-be-respected book critic will settle back and take a decided stand, once and for all, on these American works

of literature. Too many people confuse a good or even a great novel with the "great American novel." The terms are synoymous in a limited way. There have been many great American novels, but "the great American novel" seems very distant.

To go back to the very dawn of American fiction,—Cooper wrote novels that were great in their genre, and their genre was action. They were superficial and artificial, lacking an essential depth of characterization and action that we demand. "The Scarlet Letter" had that depth, but it was limited in psychology and locale. It was morbid, almost unfriendly, and it could never hope to possess any universal fascination. The course of American fiction has always been this way—limited in scope and content, imitative in style. It is only in recent years that the American novel has struck new life and then it is through experiments in realism.

No one quarrels with real realism. We do not want the novel tricked out in the lurid trappings of a Cabell nor do we want it in all its baser parts. But we do wish to see it in its whole part as it is. That at present is the chief mission of the American novelist. If he can refine and develop his method, if he can breathe into his material life and fervor he will have a masterpiece, and, incidentally, the basis of "the great American novel."

This is the foundation for "the great American novel." It will be universal in content, possessing a broad sweep and universality. Its language will be simple but plangent, a powerful voice, and it will be a moderately realistic treatment of the whole of life.

"The great American novel" is not something that can be expected today, tomorrow, a year from now. There will be no fanforades. All America will be quiet. Ten thousand eyes will be reading and suddenly five thousand voices with all the solemnity of a conqueror will well up:—This is "the Great American Novel."

"Lamb On Your Bosom"

By JOHN H. FANNING, '38

CHARLES LAMB, English author, was born in London, England, on February 10, 1775. What a trite way to introduce one of the most enjoyable and most humanly appealing of all essayists. Yet no other approach seems as succint and inasmuch as a factual resume is necessary before any personal interpretation can be made of the life of the eminent litterateur, a very brief account of the milestones in his career is in order. Lamb was educated at Christ's Hospital School and in 1789 obtained an appointment in the South Sea House, which he left, in 1792, for the East India Company. A confirmed bachelor, he resided for the great part of his life with an accomplished sister. This house at Islington was the first resort of a most brilliant literary coterie which included Coleridge, Lloyd, Southey, Wordsworth, Dyer, Barton, Leigh Hunt, Proctor, Hazlitt, DeQuincy and Manning. The most eminent of his works is the "Essays of Elia" (1823). This work was supplemented by the "Last Essays of Elia" (1833). He died in Edmonton, England, December 27, 1834. Such is the resume of the life of one of the most charming and appealing of our personal essayists as it might appear preceding excerpts from his works in an English literature textbook. But such a cold, blunt, uninterpretative biographical sketch is indeed an affront to his pleasing and contagious personality, a personality which imbues his writings with such wit and entertainment that his essays can be enjoyed by almost everyone.

Just as there is an essential distinction between imagination and fancy as popularized in the writings of Wordsworth, so too is there a critical distinction in the subtle interpretation of delicate wit and boisterous, ebullient humor in the character and writings of Charles Lamb; he thrived upon literary subtleties. The writings of this essayist are considered as transitionary works, links connecting the deep subjectivity and closer living with self so characteristic of Thackeray and the more high-pitched feeling and almost boisterousness of Charles Dickens. "Monotonous labor" would perhaps best synthesize any commentary on the life of Lamb from the pen of a contemporary. For to his age his literary gifts seemed no very important thing, furnishing a little pleasure, a little information, a little retrospection. But no one even dreamed that the writings of this modest self-effacing author would turn the literary tides of the world. Many of Lamb's contemporaries devoted most of their efforts to the development of religious, moral and political ideas,—propagandists, if you will—ideas which have since entered permanently into the general consciousness. And because they have been adopted, submerged and devoured by modern social thought, and lost all their individuality and stimulation for a new generation surfeit with new ideas, they have lost, with posterity, something of their immediate influence. Yet Lamb's modesty has impressed upon his works a certain individual and unusual lasting quality.

Lamb's prose is comparable to Keat's verse in that both realized the principle of art for art's sake. He has attained an enduring moral effect upon his readers especially because of his attentiveness to details, small or great, his observation and sympathy with the poor and insignificant, his almost glorification of the squalid things of humanity, and especially because of his clear and logical thinking free from mere abstract theories. His pathos and sympathy with mankind is shown in his contact

and understanding. For the humorist in a pensive mood has "anticipated the enchantment of distance" and "the praise of beggars," "the traits of actors just grown 'old'," his "intellectual wardrobe," and description of pure brotherliness as "the most kindly and natural species of love" and yet he must not be condemned for what appears on the surface as sentimentality, but is rather boundless sympathy.

With Lamb, as with Montaigne, the desire of self-portraiture is, aside from all accidental endeavors, the real stimulus in writing. His power of intimate self-revelation, of "Montaignesque," in literary terminology, is perhaps more predominant than any of the English essayists. No doubt his simplicity and naturalness of style helped him to give himself to his reader, at times more or less reserved, it is true, for friendship counted for so much in his scheme of values that he is continually en garde less anything injure or disturb its tranquillity, almost, he has been accused, to the point of insincerity. All his writings are filled with a keen appreciation of life, flowing over with a goodness and a pleasure which can only result from the integrity of his life, the sweetness of his disposition, the magnetism of his personality.

A duly meditative reader can obtain a very delicate but none the less vivid and expressive picture of this loveable essayist from any of his writings. Much of this vivid delineation is revealed through his letters which really are a part of his essays, for his type of letter writing is like the essay writing, a sly, unique yet adroit combination of accident and circumstance nourished by deep observation. However, as the editor of his letters tells us, "it is to be regretted that in the printed letters the reader will lose the curious varieties of writing with which the originals abound, and which are scrupulously adapted to the subject."

Charles Lamb possessed a fine capacity for enjoying the more refined points of human relationships. With his poetry

and humor he could throw a gleam of haloed light on the common and threadbare, the weary and humdrum, even man's "pathetic gentilities." Yet in a more serious perspective he possesses the majesty of Shakespeare. "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist" is an excellent example of how an author's genius can make an insignificant thing, significant. Lamb was a true "collector" and found the greatest pleasure in personally finding a thing, an old book or a print. Wither's "Emblems," "that old book and quaint," when he at last finds it, is valued and treasured none the less because some mischievous child had mutilated the plates with his paints. He loved that warm, human atmosphere which comes to old houses of long occupancy; he "stuck to his favorite books as he did to his friends," and "old houses" seemed to have souls, for him.

The writings of Charles Lamb afford an excellent illustration of the value of reserve in literature. Beneath the veneer of his quaintness and humor and, what may seem to the uninitiated, the accidental character of his work there is, as in his life, a substrata of tragedy, an element of pathos. The melancholy is always there, hidden at times and always restrained in utterance, but nevertheless present, and giving a wonderful force of expression to the lighter matters which he treated endowing on them a cloak of expectancy, a waiting for them to pierce into the very soul of things.

Lamb's writings are philosophical treatments of their subjects and worthy of the interest of men of high intellectuality. Yet his treatment of a weighty subject is accomplished so delicately that even the most unappreciative mind enjoys his works. His humor consists not in what he says, but in how he says it, and a serious matter may become "philosophical burlesque" in his hands. While some literary critics may disagree with my selection, to me there is one last paragraph in Lamb's "The Praise of Chimney-sweepers" which seems, more than any other, to

typify his entire philosophy of life. He is writing of the annual feast of chimney-sweepers and his friend Jem White whose pleasure it was to officiate as host and waiter at this affair.

> "James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever."

Might we not utter the same epitaph for this charming, appealing and sympathetic essayist?

Falling Stars

Heading through the void they plunge,
Enwrapped in utter black;
Startled planets watch them swerve
On weird, eccentric track.

Spirals and parabolas
Against a sable sky,
Falling sparks from cosmic forge,
They briefly flare and die.

Across the trackless depths of space—
Eternal, lonely flight!—
Coming whence no man can tell,
They speed through endless night.

Origin and destiny
A mystery unknown;
Enigma of the universe
By which God's might is shown.

Man stands in awe at sight of them,
He feels alone and small,
And with them, but in different ways,
Adores the Lord of all.

ROBERT SULLIVAN, '38

World Beyond

By Charles E. Sweeney, '41

THE red brick building at the top of the grassy slope would have been deserted but for the youth who sat on the bench outside. Bob Shannon had come far too early for the opening exercises of his first year in college. Now, only the distant murmur of a city going to work disturbed the stillness of the quiet college scene.

Bob's lanky frame took on a hooked appearance as he cupped his face in his hands, rested his elbows on his knees and stared down unconsciously at the grass at his feet.

His first year in college. He wondered dejectedly if it would be the failure it promised to be. "How could it be otherwise?" he asked himself. Here they would prattle morals to him, morals which he knew few believed in and fewer practised. Here they would preach to him their impossible world of ideals, a world which he believed in once but which had crashed about him during the summer, leaving him with hardly a shred of an ideal to repair his shattered dreams. Here they would mold his character and make him a Christian gentleman and an upright citizen. Now, he had his own ideas about Christian gentlemen and upright citizens.

He'd been much happier before last summer, though, with all his high ideas about the world beyond his boyhood. How he'd wanted to get out of high school and into a job when all the time he hadn't the slightest conception of what it would be. Bob ached at the thought of the perfect happiness he hadn't realized

or appreciated when on his high school graduation day last June he stood tall and proud on the stage of the big downtown theatre and gave the valedictory address into that mass of white faces. The nervousness he had felt while giving those idealistic phrases —"Sunrise of hope"—"true, loyal, Christian men," had not succeeded in subduing the sincerity welling within him! Never had he been more completely content, at peace.

Bob traced the crease down the left leg of his newly pressed suit and flicked a speck of dust off a shiny black shoe. It felt good to be wearing good clothes again instead of the sweaty old khaki outfit that he'd worked in all summer. And even though he didn't get an awful lot out of college, it would be a relief from heaving beer kegs around all day in the hot sun.

"I must have been doing that for at least three months," he figured. "We graduated at the end of May and I landed the job early in June. They would have hired anyone that day," remembering how the sales manager had sized him up as being husky enough and put him on the truck before he even asked him his name. "It was so hot that they couldn't get rid of half the beer they had orders for," he thought. Those twelve hours he had spent helping the truck driver, Jack Thurlow, lug kegs and boxes and cans in and out of an unending chain of stores had been the hardest work he'd ever done.

He'd gloried in it though—his aching body, his sweaty clothes. Late that night he had gone home proudly to his Mother and solenmly announced that he not only had a job but that it paid twenty dollars a week. Grown up at last, and earning his way!

Bob Shannon, Social Security 078-93-732, nearly got fired two weeks later. The heat wave had gone down and it was cold and rainy and the state wasn't drinking much beer. Sitting there on the bench, Bob warmed all over again at the thought

of how Jack Thurlow had gone to bat for him with the sales manager and saved his job!

Jack and he had got along famously together. Jack had told him that it would be a liberal education to work on the truck and it had been. He'd seen an awful lot he hadn't seen before, especially how really poor people lived and worked. He'd seen them in the factories, long rows of them at benches and machines. He'd seen young girls fainting from heat and exhaustion in the laundries and jewelry shops; he'd seen people who didn't have enough to eat and who showed it in their faces; he'd seen hundreds of dejected looking men hanging around street corners, cluttering up the barrooms.

It had been a liberal education. He'd never realized what people went through to make a living. He and Jack used to talk about it during their noon hours in the small lunch room. They had both agreed that some kind of a planned society was necessary and inevitable if people were ever going to be able to receive the benefit of the goods they produced. They had argued about politics, discussed books, music, and their own ambitions over their empty plates.

Jack was a college graduate and was peddling beer because the same depression which had kept some people out of factories kept him out of an office. Bob had found himself drawn to Jack through bonds of mutual interest and he'd always be grateful to Jack for saving his job.

From his bench on the slope, Bob could look out at the hundreds of houses stretching from the foot of the slope for a few miles into the distance where they faded into the smoking enormity of the mills. He thought of Jack out there, still driving the truck, of Jack's high forehead, receding, curly, blond hair, of his large, discerning, tired eyes.

Jack had been the first to shake his well-set pattern of ideals. Bob's beliefs had been intact until the day they had

argued about religion. They then had changed color. He still had them, yes, but he wasn't able to feel the same way about them any more. Never before had he appreciated the word atheist until the day the young fellow whom he liked and whose intelligence and learning he respected told him dispassionately that he didn't believe there was a God.

The argument had started mildly, had risen in intensity. Jack had labeled the Catholic Church a "hypocritical political organization playing on the false hopes of a miserable world," called the beliefs of the Church "sillier than the ancient myths," called the Church itself "a two faced bulwark of reaction, preaching a merciful God who condemns the majority of mankind to an eternity of wretchedness for failing occasionally to submerge the instincts he gave them."

The unexpected diatribe had bewildered him. It had taken him time to muster his high school apologetics, to establish a God as "the cause uncaused," to show that only a God "could rise from the dead," to try to distinguish real objections from prejudice.

Jack's ideas on morality had shaken him far more than the attack on religion. His mind had revolted against Jack's "natural goodness." How could anyone lead a life like that? He had hardly been able to believe it. So far, he had thought that Jack was a prince of a fellow, always ready to help someone, generous, intelligent, kind. Jack's cool criticism had left him thoroughly shaken, blindly incoherent. He was disappointed with Jack and slightly apprehensive about the codes of ideals which would have made Jack a rotter. According to them, Jack was no Christian gentleman and upright citizen. But Jack had been perfectly frank about his life. Bob wondered morbidly how many Christians were as frank and if the only difference between Jack and the other upright citizens he had met this summer was that they were hypocrites and Jack was not.

Bob thought of the day when his disappointment with Jack had further increased, the Sunday of the company outing. He recalled the sunny day, the lake, employees with their wives and children, pretty girls, games, clam chowder, free beer.

At dusk he had sat beside the grinding phonograph in a corner of the bar and had suddenly become oblivious to the laughing crowd when he saw Jack swaying around the smoke filled tap as though he were glued to that sleazy looking girl.

He had watched the thick, dull expression on Jack's face, had remembered their old arguments and opposite conclusions. It had been then that he had felt almost a loathing for Jack, and at the same time realized that he liked him more than he wanted. He had gone home with his feelings in a hopeless jumble.

Jack had been indeed a paradox, capable of what Bob had thought at the time were two irreconcilable extremes, personal baseness and beauty. Bob remembered the night when Jack had invited him to his room up on the third floor of a downtown tenement. It had been a small room, just big enough for the comfortable bed, the tall dresser, and a phonograph hooped up to a loud speaker. The room had been disorderly, socks, shirts, neckties, books and magazines all over the bed and floor.

Bob wondered how Jack could have afforded the phonograph and the loud speaker. Their looks and the devices controlling tone and volume betrayed their expense. Jack had hinted that he'd had to pinch to get them, and the records, dozens of them, mostly of Beethoven. Surely they must have taxed Jack's small salary to the limit.

Bob's first lesson in classical music had been almost entirely lost on him. While Jack played and casually explained the records of Beethoven's symphonies, Bob hadn't been able to keep from wondering at Jack's knowledge of and interest in music.

"And you see, Bob, this next part will sound like a bunch of elephants stamping on the ground."

Jack had stood by the phonograph listening and explaining, and Bob had sat on the bed and a new appreciation for music was born in him.

And then Jack had taken him out in the dimly lighted hallway where there was a second hand piano and entertained him with the joyous tragedy of Mozart. Jack had become lost in feeling as he played softly with his calloused hands.

Surely there had been beauty and there had been disappointment for Bob. The works of Mozart like fleecy clouds in a blue sky and the self indulgence written on Jack's young face. Bob knew he would never forget that night as long as he lived.

Neither would he forget the sordid three days of the summer when George Meegan, the company supervisor, had ridden on the truck with them. There had been a big difference between Jack and Meegan, a difference in the fundamental attitude that they had toward other people. Jack could never hurt anyone; Meegan could and did. Meegan was stocky, darkly good looking, emphatic in speech and in walk; had been divorced twice, and by his own vivid testimony led a life which in Bob's mind would have put the worst to shame.

For the three days he had been with them, Meegan had kept the unflagging conversation, touching nothing but lurid personal experiences. Bob remembered how those days had been culminated for him when Meegan tricked him into the upstairs of a dingy barroom, furnished with a crude attempt at luxury. When he had found out what the place was, he had run down the steps with his temples pounding, thoughts of disease clogging his mind, loathing Meegan and his laughter.

He'd never get rid of the memory of that place, of Meegan either, or of all the summer's rot. He had realized this toward

the end of the summer when he used to brood a great deal while driving back to the plant on those nights with Jack, watching the white asphalt disappear under the truck's front wheels, seeing the lights of oncoming cars play across Jack's tired features. His thoughts had changed since the beginning of the summer, now they were no longer complacent—"monopoly of virtue."

He asked himself a question that no statistician could hope to answer successfully. "What was the percentage of good and evil people in the world?" The cynicism that his summer had created and nurtured to vigor brought a silent reply to his mind which in May he would have labelled "the product of a 'degenerate' mind." He felt, however, that his intelligence was closer, everything considered, to what the red brick building had for its motto, "Truth," imprinted boldly in Latin in the colored glass casing in the inside of the building. But how could a merciful God condemn so many?

Jack, Meegan, and the others of the summer had completely changed his ideas about men. Men had fallen tremendously in his estimation. He no longer believed in them or in the institutions which they created. Jack, Meegan, and the others had taught him too much about men as they really think and act.

From his bench on the slope he could see an occasional Friar, his blowing white robes outlined against the red bricks of the building. A palpable atmosphere of serene wholesomeness pervaded everything about this slope; it was indeed a place removed from a world beyond.

He started feeling the thick, dirty brown callouses all over the insides of his hands. He looked at his watch; 8:30. Jack would be driving the truck down in the city's "Little Harlem," the center of the Negro population. He remembered the different shops on the route, stores, barrooms, joints; he thought

of Jack, of Meegan, and of cheap women; he thought of the suffocating heat, of those young girls in the laundries, of shops, the rows of roaring machines, mills, dirt and grease, young fellows of his age standing in line begging for the chance to work for next to nothing, the nauseating stench from the jewelry shops.

He fixed his gaze on the Friar. Could they show him something better here in college, something better than the summer had taught him? He knew he'd never be happy without his house of ideals. He wasn't happy now, not as he had been in high school. Could they give him something here that he could really believe in? He sensed the wholesomeness of this place on the slope. Could they plant that within him? He hoped that they could.

The Harvest Is Ready

By Russell Aumann, '38

This article was recently adjudged the best in an Interracial Justice contest conducted by the editors of the "Catholic Worker" magazine and is being reprinted through their courtesy.—The Editors.

IT is with increasing alarm that Catholic leaders are viewing the amount of zeal displayed by Communists among the Negroes of America. This feeling of discomfort has been echoed in various Catholic publications of this country and has been the topic for discussion in countless parochial study clubs. Whether or not the Communists are really making progress is a question of speculation, but it is certain that these workers are taking every advantage of racial prejudice and racial injustice to further their ends.

At least, the Communists have this in their favor: they are willing to make any sacrifice for their cause. They have a zeal that is startling. The Negro is not only getting a sympathetic ear from the Communist; he is actually being helped in his many problems, and that is a powerful factor in any campaign. Isn't it strange that even with God on our side, we are often apathetic—and in the case of the Negro—downright indifferent.

Interracial justice is not merely a catching phrase with which Father LaFarge entitled his book with an eye to receipts; nor is it just another academic term employed by the sociologist. Rather, connotations of it can be found in the encyclical *Rerum Novarum* and even in Scriptures when Christ said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Whether we want to admit it or not, we have not been

just in our treatment of the Negro. Above all, we Catholics who have known persecution since the infancy of our Church should be the last to be prejudicial towards a minority group. Our Church, whose Founder was a living example of the Brotherhood of Man, does no more than her duty in extending to the Negro the opportunity to participate in the Mystical Body. And that word "duty" is all important.

A man in dire need is in no position to appreciate pious platitudes or to accept even the clearest syllogistic reasoning though we mouth our expressions with the ardour of a saint. And so it is with the Negro. He asks for bread and we give him stones. To him there are only two possible remedies: Catholicism or Communism—and it must be Catholicism.

This is a task for every American Catholic regardless of his state in life. It is the duty of pastors to open their Churches to the Catholic Negro and to permit him to take his place in parish activities with his fellow parishioners. It is the business of *all* Catholic parochial schools, high schools, colleges, and universities to offer their curricula to the Negro youth, for it is through education that the problem of racial prejudice can best be eradicated. And finally, to the Catholic layman belongs the task of opening to the educated Negro entrance into the professional fields and of obtaining for him equality in civic affairs.

This is not a plea to Catholics for the practice of charity in behalf of the Negro; rather, it is a reminder to them of their obligation to practice justice. It is an exhortation to Catholics to look to the Communists and learn at least one thing: that faith alone never wins a battle, but faith and zeal assure victory.

And if the Catholics of this country will not be prompted to interracial justice by any motives of charity or any sense of their obligations, then at least may they be motivated by a desire to save the Negro for America before he is forced to accept the red hand which is already extended to him.

"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"

By Lionel J. Landry, '40

WHEN the languorous Hollywood glamor-girl leans over to her swain and softly drawls "Cigarette?", she is merely echoing the age-old "Hashish?" of a beauty of the Arabian Nights or the "Shall we dig?" of a butter-shampooed Kaffir belle. For, from time immemorial, smoking has been one of the pet peccadilloes of mankind, regardless of distinctions of sex, race, or color of smokers. The inmates of the harem of the fabled Harun-al-Rashid had something in common with the wives of the Tennessee hill-billies, just as the modern, smartly permanented debutante has something in common with the Congo lassie who wears a bone through her kinks. All of them, and their men-folk, too, had or actually have a predilection for, in the first instance, their "chaw," and, in the second, for their smoking.

But if there has been a large variety of smokers, there has been no less a variety of things smoked. Among some of the ingredients that have gone to make up a good smoke from China to Missouri are willow-bark, different kinds of roots, leaves of roses, chestnuts, the inevitable cornsilks, hemp . . . you see that funny-paper cartoonists are not far wrong when they call a bad cigar *El Ropo* . . . and something derived from hemp called bhang, or hashish, if you prefer to call it that.

Hemp, incidentally, was the first thing known to have been smoked. Herodotus writes that the ancient Scythians were particularly fond of it, and that they often had bhang-parties.

The procedure they followed is no less interesting for being outmoded. They used to congregate in one hut, the historian says, place hot stones in the center, stand around in a circle, and throw hemp-seeds on them. The fumes of the sizzling capsules soon reeked through the entire hut and made all the convivial tribesmen rip-roaring drunk.

As time went on, however, and this mode of smoking was considered passé, bhang acquired several other uses. It was eaten as a choice sweet-meat among the Arabs. There are many allusions to it in the "Thousand and One Nights." It seems to have been mixed with aromatic spices and honey-sugar and gladdened the heart of many a dusky be-trousered young lady—not to say that it often intoxicated her. Again, bhang was considered a delightful drink when it was diluted with perfumed water and held sway over many Arabians, Persians, and Hindus. But all this is a digression, for smoking is what really concerns us here.

When bhang fell into disrepute among smokers, it was replaced by ganja, the female of the hemp plant, which did not differ much in appearance from bhang. Its finer texture, however, and its sweeter aroma made it popular in the Near East long, long ago, and because of its qualities it has been smoked there for many centuries. Hindu and Asiatic peoples always swarm through bazaars on market-days in quest of the large cakes of ganja which are sold everywhere. When some of the nomad tribes of Central Asia desire to change the flavor of their smoke, they adulterate this ganja with yakdung, to produce a variation from the run-of-the-mill stuff they have been using.

Opium, of course, is much better known than either of these substances. Although Hindustan, Persia, India, and Egypt produce some of it, China produces by far the largest quantity, yielding annually more than twice the amount of all the other countries. The surprising thing is that China also imports and

absorbs the surplus of India and Persia, as if it could not grow enough in its poppy-fieleds to satisfy home consumption.

Gold and love are probably the only two subjects which have been more closely linked with adventure than opium. It has been the cause of many diplomatic bickerings and high-handed international manoeuvers. Then there were the opium Clippers of the last century, stately but sinister ships which transported and smuggled opium in and out of the Land of the Dragon. These majestic ships and their pernicious cargoes have often figured in exciting tales as well as in real-life escapades. What smacks more of romance and adventure than a description of the dens where opium-smokers and opium-eaters gather?

But, on the whole, opium, as well as ganja and hashish, is principally Oriental. They were smoked, but only in the Far East, where few Europeans had ever penetrated. That is probably why smoking was not indulged in in Europe until the discovery of America at the end of the 15th century. At least we can find no definite proof to indicate that Europeans ever smoked before that, although some archaeologists try to link small clay pipes found among Roman ruins in England with soldiers of the times of the Caesars.

Be that as it may, the Occident never smoked until tobacco was introduced from the New World of Columbus. Hundreds of books have been written on tobacco, its history, its growth, its effects, bad and good, and its composition; but every one of those books seems to have a different idea as to who discovered the tobacco-plant and introduced it into Europe. Jews claim that it was a Spanish Jew named de Terres, one of Columbus' companions on one of the voyages to the Antilles. The English can't quite make up their minds whether Drake, Raleigh, or Lane first brought the plant from the New World to the Old. The Spaniards claim that the honor goes to Fra Romano Pane, who journeyed to America with Columbus in 1496 in order to

evangelize the natives. The French attribute its introduction to André Thivet or to Jean Nicot, French ambassador to the court of Lisbon. The identity of the discoverer may be a moot question, but one thing is certain: the generic name of the plant, *nicotiana,* and the nicotine which characterizes it were both named after Nicot.

Whoever the discoverer was, he probably never realized the furor that would be caused by his startling introduction. He probably died before the outbreak of the storm as to whether tobacco was "divine," as Spenser thought, or a *brûle-gueule* (gullet-scorcher) as the Abbé Mangenot termed it. If only he had known how the controversy would go on for centuries!

Of course, some were in favor of the new herb, and some were "agin it." In France and England, particularly, the contest was fought between the warring factions with all the royal edicts, cardinals' proclamations, pamphleteers' wit and *opéra bouffe's* satire that could be summoned to their help. The struggle spread even to the places where West fades into East, like the Russia and the Persia of the 16th century.

Abbas I, shah of Persia, punished all smokers of tobacco in his domains by having their lips cut off. Mikail Federowitch, having seen his capital burnt to the ground due to the imprudence of a smoker, forbade the importation and the use of tobacco in his reign under severe penalties. He threatened to have smokers' noses cut off, or by way of variation, to have their pipes rammed through their noses. Sometimes even capital punishment was meted out to hardened "criminals" who persisted in offering "incense to Satan."

Elizabeth of England prohibited snuff-pinching in church and authorized sextons to confiscate all snuff-boxes which they might spy in the houses of worship. The sextons received added incentive to carry out the queen's orders when she allowed them to keep as theirs all they might seize. In France, the wily

Cardinal Richelieu, realizing the potential importance of tobacco, imposed a tax upon it, probably the first tobacco-tax in history. Even His Holiness Pope Urban VIII looked with horror upon all people who smoked, and is said to have threatened excommunication to all tobacco-fiends.

But the battle was waged most bitterly among the writers of the period. Even King James I of England had his say on the matter. He wrote a pedantic little thing entitled "A Counter-Blaste to Tobacco," in which he described the "disgusting" habits of smokers. In his "Misocapnos" he fulminated against those who pinched and smoked in Great Britain and said that they were as good as hanged.

The pamphleteers of the period had their fling taunting one another on this same question, too. The two opposing groups wielded the pen belligerently, not to say savagely, producing some queer literary freaks. Joshua Sylvester was one of the writers whose vivid imagination was brought into play by this struggle. His imagination must have been vivid, for certainly no prosaic individual would ever have entitled his work "Tobacco Battered; and the Pipes Shattered (About their Ears that Idlely Idolize so Base and Barbarous a Weed; or at Least Wise Over-love so loathsome a Vanitie:) by a Volley of Holy Shot Thundered from Mount Hellicon." I wonder what the author had left to say after giving the name of his work.

An anonymous work by one Philaretes was named "Work for Chimney-Sweepers; or a Warning to Tobacconists." Pilaretes acutely said, "Better be choked with English hemp than poisoned with Indian tobacco."

Then there was another anonymous author who wrote the "Metamorphosis of Tobacco," an avowed imitation of Ovid's "Metamorphosis." He tells of the council of the elements, where it was decided that a new plant almost unlimited in powers should be created. Jupiter, however, fears for his scepter and

banishes the plant to an unknown and distant land. There it is found by the Graces, who safeguard and cherish it as sacred, and all men who would win their favor must do likewise and follow their example.

As these and many other pamphlets were published, the British reacted very naturally and became quite tobacco-conscious. And as time passed, the number of people who partook of "our holy herb nicotian" became greater and greater. At one time, the man of fashion was determined by the way he smoked and by the jargon and the technical terms concerning the art of smoking which he used. It was quite the rage to use pincers to widen the nostrils to facilitate the escape of smoke in larger quantities.

Likewise, the more tobacco became popular, the more medicinal properties were attributed to it. Tobacco was supposed to be a panacea for the healing of wounds, or the "expulsion of rheums, raw humors, crudities, and obstructions with a thousand of this kind" or for "closing the orifice of the stomach" when one cannot come by a dinner."

Naturally, such exaggerated claims on the part of the pro-tobacconists played right into the hands of their opponents. Ben Johnson's Bobadill explains the miraculous properties of tobacco by stating that the lived in the Indies for twenty-one weeks with no other means of sustenance than a pipe and some tobacco. Howls of derision and mockery were immediately heaped upon the writer and his play, and indirectly upon all smokers.

In all of literature, probably the most famous passage on the whole question came from the pen of Molière. In the very first scene of the first act of "Don Juan" he writes a satirical monologue on the claims of tobacco-users in the French court. He says: "No matter what Aristotle and all of philosophy can say, there is nothing to equal tobacco. It is the passion of all

honorable people and he who lives without it is not worthy to live. Not only does it gladden and purge the brain, but moreover it teaches human souls to walk in the path of virtue, and one learns to become an honest man. From the very first time you use it, don't you see how obligingly we use it where other folks are concerned, and that we are delighted to pass it around right and left, no matter where we are? We don't even wait until we are asked and we anticipate all the wishes of people; so true is it that tobacco inspires sentiments of honor and virtue in all that partake of it." This is the tongue-in-cheek Molière at his best. He sums up the case for tobacco with mock gravity to such an extent that praise turns to ridicule of the subtlest kind.

But not only the theater took up the hue and cry in France. Operas, like the now forgotten *Le Diable à quatre* of Sedaine, both praised and hooted the celestial herb. Then, too, clever, pointed epigrams, exquisitely polished and very witty, were very popular. The following is a good example:

"Le tabac et l'amour se ressemblent fort bien;
Beaucoup en fait du mal, un peu ne gâte rien."

Even the field of the essay was invaded by the writers. One in particular, seems to be a real precursor of Addison's "Fans." It concerns a school for smokers where the master professes to be able to teach his students "all the delicate sweet forms for the assumption of it, and also the rare corollary and practice of the Cuban bolition, the Euripus, and whiff," just as the master in "Fans" taught his students to manoeuver fans as if they had been weapons.

The battle, naturally, was not limited to these two countries. It was particularly noticeable in Spain and the German states, too. But as the rages began to subside in the West, the subject of the controversy was spreading eastward, until it had at length been introduced into all western Asia and in Africa.

Its coming in Asia Minor and Asia and certain parts of Africa brought up the question of finding something to smoke it in. The West had got along with its clay pipes, but the Orient invented its own instruments, some of them rather amusing. In Turkey and nearby countries, the hubble-bubble, also known as the hooka, the narghile, and—in plain English—the water-pipe soon prevailed. It looked for all the world like a bottle with a pipe-bowl where the cork should be. Long, flexible tubes are immersed in water with which the bottle is filled, thus providing a water-cooled smoke for the happy Turk who has rented his smoke. For in those countries, people hired hubble-bubbles from itinerant smoke-vendors, obviating the necessity of carrying a narghile with them all the time. Smoke-selling at one time was indeed a very lucrative occupation.

But certain African tribes have it all over the Turks when it comes to originality on pipe-designs. These hollow out a cow's horn and place it so that the large end will cover their mouth and nose, mouthpiece-fashion. Standing vertically on the horn is a long stem, and atop this is a good sized bowl. Now the idea of the game is this: the negro fits the horn over his mouth and takes a deep breath, thus filling the cow-horn with smoke, which is sucked into his lungs. The negroes claim that smoking a pipe of this kind eliminates all tongue-biting caused by tobacco. All we have to do to find out how it must feel is to try to smoke a sousaphone, with the bell of the instrument over our face, and with the mouthpiece full of our favorite tobacco.

But the Kaffirs—ah, the Kaffirs—have the most novel system of all, and undoubtedly the most comfortable. It is said that a Kaffir will improvise a pipe in very short order, with the assistance of Mother Earth and a little ingenuity. He just digs a small hole in the ground, fits a stem through the ground so that one end will penetrate at the bottom of the hole, fills the

hole with tobacco or whatever he has, and lies on his stomach to enjoy a pleasant quarter-hour.

And so on and so forth until every country from the Aleutian Islands to Tierra del Fuego and the Himalayas became one big pipe-bowl where thousands of tons of tobacco and other substances were consumed annually. Then came the cigarette and the cigar. But they differed only accidentally, for a smoke was still a smoke, and a smoke by any other name . . .

Now, gentle reader—I trust that you are gentle—by no means do I claim that this has been a history of smoking, or anything of the kind. It was just a potpourri of facts that are too little known, facts which we know nothing of when we smilingly say "Cigarette?" For smoking, you see, really has a historical background.

The Carver of Nitsuke

By William Denis Geary, '39

At a recent discussion concerning poetry one of the members remarked what he considered necessary for true poetry. The poet, he insisted, must elevate the mundaneity of human nature to that divinity of which it partakes. The poet must bring mankind closer to the end for which he was created—Truth, Goodness, Beauty—God. The tone of his remarks implied that nothing but poetry of the extended-effort type was true poetry, and, naturally, the objection was raised: could not one bring man to God just as well by means of a cameo as by a skyscraper? In answer to this the member quoted Father Tabb, reinforcing his quotation with the statement that the one-inch *nitsuke* are just as much *objets d'art* as the sixty-foot Buddahs.

And, indeed, Father Tabb's Muse must have been a dwarf, for, after the preliminary excursions into the typically American verbosity in poetry, he finally found his scope as a carver of *nitsuke*. He found his inspiration in little things and, recapturing the finesse of Robert Herrick and precursing by about thirty years the first of the Imagists, he wrote Imagist poetry equal to or better than the triolets of Robert Herrick.

Born in Mattoax, Virginia, in 1845 of a family rooted in Virginia since 1637, John Banister Tabb was tutored privately because of physical defects which prevented him from attending the public schools. What nature kept from him in physical vision it made up in an insight so necessary for poetic effusion.

This poor eye-sight, however, did not prevent him from leading a normal life and, when the Civil War broke out, he joined forces with the South and ran blockades for two years. During his seven month stay at the northern prison camp at Point Lookout a friendship with Sidney Lanier, another of the few true poets America had yet produced, grew and blossomed into many tributary poems of mutual admiration.

After his release, young Tabb went to Baltimore to study music. Money failing, he taught at St. Paul's Episcopal school for boys and here first read Newman. Newman had the same effect upon him as upon countless others, and the seed planted in him by the Cardinal grew and flowered in Tabb's conversion to Catholicism and ultimate ordination in 1884. He spent his priesthood teaching at St. Charles College until 1908, when blindness, which had been threatening all his life, finally came upon him. After a year of blindness his eyes were again opened to "the visions beyond."

The apostolate of the priesthood can and does take many forms. All of these forms are true vocations, as long as they are truly moral, insofar as they fulfill the purpose of the priesthood, the bringing of souls to God. If a priest can do this better by preaching, let him preach; if by teaching, let him teach; and if by writing, let him write. Father Tabb taught and was an important element in the formation and development of many a young mind built upon a strong and solid foundation of true Catholicism. But Father Tabb also wrote and, by this writing, influenced a number of people vastly greater than those with whom he had personal contact. Today he is known as Father Tabb, the poet, and not Father Tabb, the teacher.

His poetry embraced all fields, even the humorous verse. But it is essentially as a nature and religious poet that his genius was evident. He sees divinity in nature, but the divinity of God, not of nature, in all living things and refers everything to God

as its origin. It is only God Who knows all things, and Father Tabb realizes this:

"Discerning star from sister star
We give to each its name;
But ye, O countless blossoms, are
In fragrance and in flame
So like that He from whom ye came
Alone discerneth each by name."

It is in this manner that he interprets nature in terms of Catholicism. His Catholicity pervades his work and enhances it. He writes poetry with a Catholic view, rather than Catholicism with a pseudo-poetic view. This is an important element in poetry as a means of proselytization, the doctrine should not overshadow the poetry. Father Tabb injected just enough doctrine into his poetry to give it meaning and make it effective.

This is true, in a way, of his purely religious poetry also. Here, however, he presents Catholicism without the intermediate veil of nature. This veil has been dropped and his doctrine is presented with only the veil of poetic artistry. His Christ poems, especially "Christ to the Pagan" and "The Image-Maker," are almost syllogisms in poetic form. What more logical expression could social justice ask than the quatrain, "Charity"?

If but the world would give to love
The crumbs that from its table fall,
'Twere bounty large enough for all
The famishing to feed thereof.

It is in this way that he summarizes the most profound doctrine and compresses it into a few lines of true poetry. The history of the Church is traced from its very beginning in the womb of the Virgin, through the Passion, the Resurrection and

then through the Saints. Then he goes into the religion of the soul's private dealings with God, and follows the progress of the soul in attaining eternity. The importance of the body, the dual nature of man is given, with St. Francis as the example, in "Brother Ass and St. Francis" and the supreme virtue of the individual, faith, is proposed to the reader in what is perhaps the shortest, most eloquent sermon ever written in America.

> In every seed to breathe the flower,
> In every drop of dew
> To reverence a cloistered star
> Within the distant blue;
> To wait the promise of the bow,
> Despite the cloud between,
> Is Faith—the fervid evidence
> Of loveliness unseen.

This faith about which he wrote was solid in him, and when the test came, it conquered. When he lost his sight, he did not forget the "loveliness unseen." He experienced a temporary dejection out of which came a cry almost of despair, which is in every sense equal to that of Milton:

> Again as in a desert way,
> Behold my guides, a cloud by day,
> A flame by night;
> For darkness wakens with the morn,
> But dreams, of midnight slumber born,
> Bring back the light.

But he is reassured and, again growing strong in his faith, he gives voice to an expression of supreme submission. In

"Tenebris" he offers the affliction to God for His glory.

> If, then, some life be brighter for the shade
> That darkens mine,
> To both, O Lord, more manifest be made
> The light divine.

There were two great influences in Father Tabb's poetry; one was his Catholicism, which taught him what to write, and the other was Poe, which taught him how to write. Right or wrong, Poe's statement that "there is no such thing as a long poem" has become important in the development of American poetry. It taught Father Tabb to lay down the hammer and chisel and to pick up the scalpel. It has given to America the carver of *nitsuké*.

This carver has followed Poe in one of his points, but in another he has gone far ahead of Poe and of most American poets. He has refused to stop at presenting merely beauty to his readers and has given them thought as well. He has brought before the American public, not the superficial happiness that depends upon physical well-being, but rather has he brought that happiness which grows out of a spiritual serenity, the only true and lasting happiness which comes alone from God, the end of all mankind.

The Worm Turns

By WALTER F. GIBBONS, '39

IN recent months there has been growing upon me the conviction that people are queer. This dance business has cinched the matter. Why do people always go to dances late? This, in the patois of the country, is a sticker. Some time ago I set out to find the answer, expecting no great difficulty. I began by asking questions on the scene of the crime.

"I beg your pardon," I timidly said to a sweet young thing on the dance floor," but could you please give me a little information? I would like to know why people always go to dances late."

She eyed me casually, shifted a wad of gum in her mouth, and said, "Listen, wise guy, what'chu think this is, anyway? Don't try nothin', see, cuz I'm with this here guy."

"No, no," I protested, "you don't understand. I was just wondering——"

"Git rollin', Bud, 'fore I begin to play ball wid yu," snarled "this here guy."

Now I have never been one to quibble. Further, I have always upheld those musty old maxims handed down from time immemorial. Since "this here guy" was what might be termed, in the language of the same country, a bruiser, I put discretion before the laudable valor, and took myself off. But the yearning for truth still burned in my heart. I sidled up to a couple waltzing very nicely on the sidelines.

"I beg your pardon (I always say I beg your pardon), but could you please give me a little information? I would like to know why people always go to dances late."

The gentleman stiffened perceptibly, and glared. I think he was angry about something. The lady smiled understand-

ingly, patted his shoulder, and whispered in his ear. His face relaxed in a grin, and he handed me a lollypop. I think I should have quit there, but the thing began to "get" me. Either no one knew the answer, in which case I would be the first to discover it, or it was a dread secret, which I was determined to ferret out. Thinking that perhaps my approach was wrong, I decided to be more forceful about it. There was a couple of bouncing bumpkins trucking a waltz towards me, so I took a deep breath, stepped into their path, and demanded:

"Listen! I'm not fooling, and I'm not nuts. Why do people always get to dances late?"

They stopped short, looked at each other and back to me, and burst into loud shrieks of laughter. Well, enough is enough. There was murder in my heart. I lost my head, people began to crowd around, and in about thirty seconds I was having a *tete a tete* with the tom-cat in the back alley. Rather disconcerting.

My mind was made up. I'd get to the bottom of this thing if I had to pull a Winchell to do it. While a raw steak was in the process of curing a very lovely shiner hung on me by some vulgar fellow at the ball-room, I plotted ways and means. In the library I pored over psychology books—old and new—until my eyes were afire. Aristotle, Aquinas, Freud, Darwin, McDougall, Spearman, James. None seemed to answer the question. Finally, rising in despair from the philosophic tomes, I concluded I would have to analyze the problem for myself.

In the first place there are certain fundamental truths which must be admitted. Everyone does go to dances late; it is expected. It is unheard of to plan to get there on time. That is, it was unheard of until I made a date for seven-thirty one night. At last I was about to solve the mystery. The dance started at eight. I figured we would have plenty of time to get there before it began. At about seven-twenty-nine I aproached the young lady's house, rang the bell, and entered. There she was, sprawled

on the divan, looking as though she had just finished the year's laundry. There were all sorts of funny steel things in her hair. She thought I was kidding. Well, to make a Liberty story, we got there with the early birds, about an hour late.

I couldn't seem to attach any reasonable explanation to it. It was suggested to me that people were never on time because the dances started too early; they didn't have time to get ready after school or work. But no matter how late the dance starts, everybody plans to get there about an hour late. Besides, they can manage to get to the show or the opera (what opera!) on time, so I don't see where that has any bearing. You never hear anyone say, "Well, let's see. The play starts at eight-fifteen. I'll pick you up at nine o'clock," unless it's a college show, in which case you can't blame them. It seems to be something peculiar to the dance, this mania for tardiness.

The other day I was talking to an old acquaintance of mine who had slipped from the straight and narrow, and was playing hide-and-seek with certain uniformed gentlemen. The uniformed gentlemen happened, just then, to be "it." I asked him the question, not that I expected an answer, but just in case he might give me a lead.

"Say, Mac," he said, "I often thought of that thing, myself. I figgered it'd be a swell set fer a hold-up job, no one there to spot yer, an' everything. The on'y trouble is, there ain't no one there to hold-up."

Which might have been true, but not particularly enlightening. I had a friend who was an orchestra leader, so I dropped around to see him one night, thinking he should be up on such things. After beating around the bush for about an hour, afraid to ask such a question, I finally got up courage and spluttered:

"Listen, Ed, I've got to know something. Maybe you can tell me. What does an eight o'clock dance look like at eight o'clock?"

"What are you, tappy?" he said. "W enever have to get

to a job on time. If we're there a half hour late, we're still plenty early. No sense playing to an empty hall."

I could see I wasn't getting far. Back home again, musing before the fireplace in the library. I began to wonder just when the foolish custom started. In Roman times there was no such inane convention, because they just stayed at their parties. When one ended, another began, so there was no difficulty in that regard. Down through the dark ages they had to be on time at the balls to greet the king and queen when they arrived, or else . . . Jumping to the last generation, we see that they were still being on time. That immortal classic, "The Dark Town Strutters' Ball," tells how they "want to be there when the band starts playing," so obviously it was not considered a sin then. It occurred to me that it might be a product of the War, a hangover from the zero-hour charge, but this did not seem to explain the problem completely. Hour by hour, day by day, it became worse. I couldn't eat or sleep, I couldn't think of anything else. *Why do people go to dances late?* This single thought took possession of my soul, coursed through my brain, day and night. As the weeks wore on, people began to notice my haggard look, my wild eye. And still the problem went unsolved.

Then, one day, came the dawn, and peace. I had been up all the night before gulping coffee and pacing the hall. As the first rays of the morning sun chased the night from my room, I heard a gentle chirping outside the window. A pretty little robin was perched on the branch of the tree, within easy reach from the room. I opened the window softly and said:

"Who are you, li'l fella?"

In a sweet little voice he answered, "Tweet, tweet," which is bird language for "I am the early bird."

There I had the answer to my question. The reason people are always late for dances is simply this—everyone's afraid he'll get the worm. And you never can tell about worms. They take some funny turns.

Brotherly Martin

By Thomas F. Sheehan, '38

THE city of Lima was founded by Pizarro in 1535 to be the capital of the new Spanish province of Peru. As the city grew it housed a motley population—Incas, mindful of their recent proud civilization; Negroes, brought in as slaves; Spanish *dons,* traders, adventurers; mixed bloods, missionaries. Side by side one saw abject poverty and great wealth; basest ignorance and traditional Castilian courtliness; vice and fraud and the contemporaneous appearance of the lovely St. Rose of Lima, the zealous Franciscan missioner St. Francis Solano, St. Turibius, Archbishop of Lima, and Blessed Juan Massías, the intimate friend of our own Blessed Martin.

Martin de Porres was born on December 9, 1579, less than a half-century after the fall of the Incas. His father was Don Juan, a Spanish knight who was determined to seek his fortune in the New World. His mother was Ana Velázquez, a beautiful colored freedwoman. Because the child had decidedly Negroid features, Don Juan rejected him. The youngster suffered the handicap of being an unwanted child.

From the beginning young Martin showed signs of unusual piety. He was generous to the poor, to a fault. Poor Ana would send him to the market, but the best part of his purchases would be given away by the time he had returned. And no amount of punishment seemed to break him of the habit! He was intelligent and industrious. In fact, he showed such promise that his father relented sufficiently to send him to school. Afterwards, he apprenticed the boy to a barber—who in those days was also a surgeon, physician and medicinist! This profession held an even greater attraction to young Martin as he knew by then that his vocation was to be one of service to others.

But Martin felt that his work should be identified with one of the missionary Orders. He further realized that there were distinct spiritual advantages to be gained from living the monastic way of life. Accordingly, at the age of fifteen, he applied at the Convent of the Most Holy Rosary to become a Tertiary of the Third Order of St. Dominic. His humility—not because he was a Negro, but because he knew that Christ had highly recommended that virtue for all Christians—prevented him from applying as a seminarian or as a regular lay-brother of the First Order, as the aristocratic Don Juan desired. It was not until several years later that his superior commanded him to become a regular lay-brother.

The ideal of the Dominican way of life is to combine action and contemplation. From contemplation the Dominican derives renewed strength and inspiration for carrying on more vigorously and more efficaciously the work of saving souls. In his contemplative life, Martin reached great heights of sanctity; in his active ministry, he accomplished a really extraordinary amount of good.

When he was not engaged in helping others, or in doing the humblest chores about the convent, Martin spent all his time in prayer. Despite his attempts to avoid it, God seems to have insisted that others learn something of the supernatural favors that Martin was receiving in his meditations. Thus he was seen many times wrapped in ecstasy. He would kneel beneath some crucifix to pray earnest, comforting words to Jesus, and then he would often be miraculously held suspended off the floor so that he might sympathetically kiss the suffering Saviour. The Blessed Virgin frequently appeared to him and engaged him in long conversations.

There is an innate tendency in unspoiled human nature to perform practices of asceticism. Those who know and love Christ deeply find it a natural thing to mortify themselves in

ways that seem excessive to every-day Christians. Because of his keen fear of becoming attached to material things at the expense of the supernatural, the saint often turns vigorously against the material pleasures of life. So it was that Blessed Martin pared down his hours of sleep to the barest minimum, and made his bed of rough planks. One time when he was ordered to use sheets and covers, he obeyed, but cleverly slept fully clad so that he might not lose a single chance of suffering some physical discomfort.

He practiced the vow of poverty in its severest sense. He would wear only cast-off clothing. He fasted rigorously, and what he did eat was sparing and of the poorest quality. Because of his love of poverty, he was called upon to condemn one of the Fathers who liked to play the dandy. Martin's reply came rather as a shock to those who had expected him to side with them.

"Perhaps Divine Providence has some design back of it all. Suppose an unfortunate sinner meets him and because of his agreeable appearance, will feel that here is a priest who will understand, who will be easy and gentle on hardened sinners. Thus a soul will be brought back to God. But, if he should meet a priest like you, he will be frightened away by your austere appearance. You look so serious, so ascetical,—why, the poor sinner would run away feeling sure that you, with all your severity, would never understand his case!"

Three separate times during the night—when most good Christians are asleep, and many not-so-good Christians ought to be asleep—Martin applied the discipline to himself. That is, he lashed himself with a whip, usually until the blood flowed. For he reasoned in this way: "Our Saviour, Who had only to shed just one drop of His Most Precious Blood to redeem us, had actually suffered until His every single drop was spent. Surely then His servant can spare a few drops for his own sins

and for the sins of others."

A characteristic of the saints is the tremendous way in which they carry into action the enjoinder of Christ, "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love for one another." Martin just could not do enough for the unfortunate; he was completely unsparing of himself in the service of others. He brought more than medicine and surgery to his patients. He brought a gentle kindliness, a glowing Christian charity, a real personal concern. More still, he brought numerous cures, explainable only through the miraculous. In his zeal he is said to have appeared many times from nowhere, through locked doors, on his errands of mercy. He is even reported to have gone miraculously to North Africa, to China, to Mexico, the while his associates were seeing him daily in Lima.

Martin's convent became a very busy dispensary and clinic. The more piteous cases the compassionate brother housed in his own cell. Once when he had so sheltered a particularly loathesome sufferer, he was accused of endangering the health of the house. His answer is typical of him and is worthy of our attention: "Christlike charity is more important than having our clothes neat and clean. They are easily washed, but the blot on the soul due to lack of charity to the sick poor can only be washed out with tears of profound humiliation and bitter repentance."

However, such invitations were disrupting the privacy and the peace of mind of the Community. Martin was ordered to cease the practise. Shortly after, he found a man close to death and brought him back into his cell. Martin accepted punishment for his disobedience, but afterwards he asked, ostensibly to set his own mind right, "Was I really wrong in thinking the precept of obedience yielded in such an emergency to the demands of justice and charity?"

Martin dispensed each week almost unbelievable sums of money—much of the alms probably coming from those adventurers who sought thereby to salve their consciences somewhat. Blessed Martin is usually depicted carrying a basket because he never seemed to be without medicines, food, fruits and coins for his friends the needy. He once gave away his sister Juana's entire dowry which had been entrustd to his care. The poor girl almost lost her match until a wealthy man heard of the incident and replaced the money.

A city of the boom-time character of early Lima has usually a great number of orphaned and neglected children. Martin's heart went out to these poor youngsters. It cut him to the quick to see children unhappy, to see the life of the street robbing them of their natural lovableness. But he was above all concerned for the moral development of their souls. And so he invaded the homes of his rich benefactors again, and enlisted the interest and support of the authorities which was necessary for the founding of an institution for them. The Orphanage and School of the Holy Cross which he established still stands open today.

Martin's love of the unfortunate was so intense that it inevitably overflowed into a real concern for the sufferers of the animal world. A legend relates that after the rats had become especially bold in the convent, traps were set out. Martin discovered one of the little captives and set him free. But in letting him go, Martin bade him and his friends to leave the premises, and that he himself would bring them food each day. The creature (no doubt mindful of his own narrow escape) thought that this was fair enough, and so from then on the Monastery went untroubled.

In his sixtieth year our friend was forced to his bed by the fever. He had never pampered his body, but had driven it remorselessly on. Practicing such austerities as he did, keeping

so tremendously active as he did, it could only have been supernatural strength which kept him on the go. But now it was time for him to depart to heaven, to the God he loved so well and from where he might do so much more for humankind. To the assembled religious Martin asked, of all things, pardon for his "bad example," and then slipped peacefully away, crucifix clasped tightly to his bosom. This happened on November 3rd, 1639. News of his passing brought everybody there, rich and poor, white and colored, for all had experienced his goodness.

Thus did the Negro race give yet one more great saint to the Church. How reassuring this must be to those of his color! For they must often be tempted to ask themselves in the face of the white man's prejudice, "Can it be that I really am a baser creation?" Perhaps, too, a better acquaintance with Blessed Martin may enable the white Catholic to see a new application in the unequivocal command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." For it is strange how genuine piety can many times display really astounding bald spots. Witness the instance of the woman who had begun devotions to Blessed Martin, that is, until she discovered to her horror that he was a Negro! Then she wanted to "take everything back." She would "jim-crow" a saint of God even in heaven! Does the case seem extravagant? It is,—but it is also characteristic of how deeply prejudice against a race, merely because of its color, has penetrated into and vitiated Christianity, wherein there is "neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, and all are one in Christ Jesus, Our Lord."

People often say that saints are to be admired, not imitated. Of course, they are wrong. Or at least, let them remember the words of the noble *doña* to her daughter, "See that holy man kissing wounds we scarcely venture to look at.—Is it not shameful for us to do nothing for the service of our brethren?"

Enchanted Isles

By Daniel J. MacArthur, '40

PERHAPS no place in the whole world possesses more romantic appeal than the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and of these, none more interesting to traveler, adventurer, and scientist than the Galapagos. Officially called *Archipielago De Galapagos,* these islands lie scattered about thirty miles north and south of the Equator and approximately ninety degrees west longitude, roughly six hundred miles off the coast of Ecuador, to which nation they belong. The islands, fifteen in number, came into existence undoubtedly through volcanic eruptions. Many strange animals roam this almost little continent, animals which are found in no other locale in the world except the Antarctic regions. Why they exist on the Galapagos; how they came to these islands, no one knows. The uniqueness of the animal life has attracted many scientific expeditions to the islands; they date back to 1858 when Charles Darwin appeared off these shores in the "Beagle". The animals of the islands are remarkably unlike those of the continent of South America, only six hundred miles to the east. Not only have they been a place of scientific investigation but also a haven of refuge for the bucaneers who roamed the Spanish Main plundering towns on the Central and South American coasts. Here many a castaway has tramped the dry and sandy beach waiting in vain for the appearance of a rescuing sail on the horizon. It is also believed that after Alexander Selkirk left Islas Juan Fernandez he stopped at the Galapagos in search of further adventure which ultimately was to be narrated in the famous Coffee Houses of England.

Just a few years ago the headlines of our newspapers were once more filled with accounts of the Galapagos and a Mad Duchess on the island of Florena or Santa Maria. She claims to have gone to these waterless and forsaken islands where twentieth century civilization does not exist seeking peace and tranquility. On this particular island a barrel is used as a mailbox. It is situated in Post Office Bay, which, incidentally, was first so named by the early whalers who stopped there. This island was also a prison to which were sent convicts from Ecuador. The convicts were given cattle which to this day roam the islands in fairly large numbers. However, the greatest population is on the Island of San Christobal, or Chatham Island.

Spanish explorers discovered these islands first, and finding countless land turtles and iguanas, named them Galapagos. Darwin states in his book "The Voyage of Beagle" that he had never seen such great numbers of animals in all his travels. He spoke of the huge turtles which were so heavy that it would require six or eight men to lift one. He also remarked on the friendliness of the animals, which I also experienced on various jaunts. The Galapagos are truly islands of mystery.

THURSDAY, NOV, 22, 1935. At sea. Went on watch at 4:00 o'clock. Left Manta, Ecuador, last night at 12:00 o'clock for La Libertad, Ecuador, which was quite unexpected. Experienced considerable trouble getting permission from the Ecuadorian government to explore the Galapagos Islands. Had first wheel, course 175 degrees on steering compass. Ship steers quite well. Temperature of water at 7:15 is 74 degrees; air 70 degrees. Propellers turning 147. After wheel watch first mate gave me the job of washing paint or in the sailor's language, "Soogee Mogee", and I must say at this point that I dislike washing paint most intensely. Starting to get lines ready for arrival at La Libertad. We can see it faintly off to port. To the right there is a small mountain shaped like a table. The crew hopes that our stay

here will be short, for this part of the country is very dry and desolate. In a conversation with one of the natives I learned that they have had no rain in two years. Water is transported by tanker from Guayaquil, Ecuador, the most important port of the country, but he informed me that the boat was wrecked on a reef a short while ago. After my watch I went ashore in one of the dories to play sightseer through the town. My first impression was that this is not La Libertad, Ecuador, but rather the Sahara Desert. I have never in my life experienced such dryness or aridity. Stopped to look at one of the ragged schools. I thought I would attempt a little of my Spanish. A good morning to the teacher was greeted by loud laughter from the children who undoubtedly were amused by my pronunciation. However, I am inclined to believe that they are not the only individuals who think my Spanish very sketchy. During my short jaunt inland from this little town I became quite curious to discover why there was so much indescribably parched land. I went up on the bridge of the ship to look over the South American Pilot Book. I found that the South East Trade winds which pass over the Continent lose their moisture in the mountain ranges and when the wind reaches the east coast of South America there is hardly any water for that particular area. One would expect the local sea breeze called the *virazon* to supply some moisture but then along comes another element, the "Humboldt Current", which kills any chances of the Ecuadorian or Peruvian coasts becoming covered with green vegetation.

Nov. 25TH. At Sea. This morning we are at sea heading for the so called Enchanted Islands. Our course is changed from 266 degrees to 269 degrees. The propellers are turning fairly fast and with the help of the Equatorial Counter Current we are making good time. As I look down from the starboard wing of the bridge I can see thousands of little jelly fish, quite a few monstrous sharks and schools of fish. Our friends the birds which

flew around the ship in great numbers have now left us. We quartermasters do not oppose their departure. There is so much work to be done while they are flying overhead. The water is like the creek up in Poppysquash Corners, smooth as glass. As one gazes out over the water he immediately thinks of the old Carribean Sea which was so beautiful in the early morning, or the sparkling waters of the Bahamas or West Indies.

About 10:00 o'clock we ran into an eddy of a reddish color. I scooped up some of the water to find out why it was so red. I immediately developed some theories for such a condition. Perhaps there was an eruption under the sea and the bottom of the sea had not settled yet. This would seem quite logical because we were nearing the Galapagos Islands which arose through volcanic eruptions. But closer examination of the water revealed some minute marine animals. It was only possible to see these by holding them up to the sun in a bottle. I later discovered they were diatoms and supplied the numerous fish and birds with food. There is an interesting story behind this prolific form of marine life. It follows the "Humboldt Current" which is quite cold and has its origin in the Antarctic regions. Hundreds of thousands of birds that inhabit the South American coasts live on these diatoms, and leave the excretions on the islands off the coast of Peru. This accounts for the great supply of rich fertilizer that Peru has to offer to the world. It has been said that as a result of years of this process one island in that area has increased in height to the extent of one hundred feet.

NOVEMBER 27TH: This morning we are anchored under the lee of Espanola Island in about 17 fathom of water. Just as I was taking the morning temperature on the bridge I noticed a monstrous black object in the water. It looked like a bat and must have been nineteen or twenty feet across. It continued circling closer to the boat. Suddenly it expelled a cloud of reddish substance which covered a very large area. This is un-

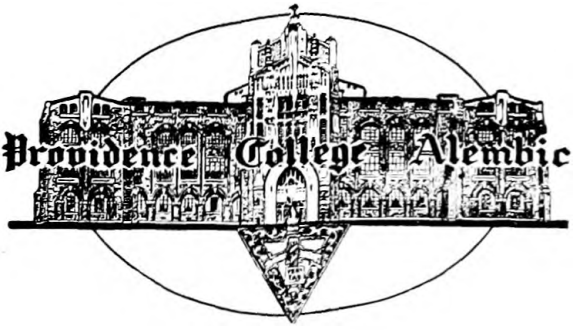
doubtedly a means of protection. We later received instructions about the savage attacks of these monsters of the deep on a poor, helpless swimmer. The sight of such creatures dispells all hopes for a morning plunge. After my watch I succeeded in gaining permission from the mate to explore the island. We hoisted a good old Cape Cod Dory. As we paddled ashore our oars gleamed in the early morning sun. How undisturbed was the air. How different it was here in these far flung islands from those crowded streets of Miami and Panama City. The water was so clear that one could see the bottom with its beautiful tropical fish. As we approached closer to the shore we caught the incoming wave and landed quite successfully on the sandy shores. What a feeling! A little goat appeared from behind a large piece of lava; one of the fellows ran after it but his efforts were fruitless. As we walked along we fell upon two large sea lions basking in the sun. We tried to corner them, but they made a lunge for the water and who would try to stop these huge creatures that weighed tons. A few little mocking birds followed us on our heels. Their friendliness amazed us. Approaching a cluster of rocks we came upon some marine iguanas that were not so friendly. They dived into the water splashing about like a drowning man. Around our heads shot the little frigate boobies who apparently take an awful beating from the large birds, particularly the frigate bird. We found some turtle tracks and decided to walk a little into the interior of the island. Did not find any turtles for this territory is too dry. We did catch some snakes, hawks and marine iguanas and then headed back for the ship. Our feet were sore from chasing kids over the sharp lava and climbing trees to catch lazy hawks and it sure was nice to get back on the ship and have a steaming cup of coffee.

Nov. 28TH: Espanola Island. "Lucky", a dog, and the ship's mascot, just came in my room. She seems to like my bunk very much, and especially to be petted and held in one's arms. She

is by no means a land lubber, having sailed over a great part of this planet. Incidentally, Lucky was captured on one of these islands. She undoubtedly is a distant relative of one of the dogs from some pirate ship. The pirates used the islands time and again as a hide out from the pursuing Spanish Galleons.

Left the island at 1:00 o'clock. Did not have much trouble turning ship around. Rip in vicinity quite strong. We are going to Wreck Bay located on the north side of San Cristobal Island.

The third mate is cutting up turtles. It looks like turtle soup for supper. I held the heart in my hand and it still continues to contract and expand. There is a terrible odor from these turtles and I did not delay long in getting off the well deck. At this time we are pretty well up to Wreck Point. Just saw two big rays jumping around off to starboard, also the fin of a shark that shined like a mirror. Came to anchor in Wreck Bay in about eight fathom of water. Through the captain's glasses I can see practically the whole population assembled on the shore. This is a great sight for those poor souls who hardly ever see any one. The officials came out and looked over our papers. We lowered the starboard launch for the captain and he went ashore. Many of the fellows are fishing off the ship. After watch, Jim Kidd, Ransom Parker, and myself plan on going ashore to look over the old *Svaap*, a real sailing boat that has seen and felt plenty of green water in the China Seas. She was owned by William Albert Robinson, a real ocean going sailor who knows the difference between a mill pond and an ocean. After looking over the *Svaap* we decided to walk up to Progreso, a little village about six miles inland, where, if we can talk a little Spanish, we will try to get the inside dope on the Mad Duchess who has been threatening to kill her neighbors on the island of Santa Maria. Her real name is Baroness Eloise Bosquet de Wagner.



EDITORIAL

TWENTIETH CENTURY MORAL PERSPECTIVE

IF we were to epitomize this modern era, this pseudo-sophisticated twentieth century of ours we could perhaps best do so by saying it is synonymous with such terms as Mechanical Genius, Inventive Progress, Emphasized Efficiency, Speed, Swing and Bewilderment. In the United States we are cognizant, and most vitally, of our financial bewilderment. In Europe the haze is not so much one of economics as of politics. And although each continent seems to possess its own particular kind of confusion there is one with which all seem to have been infected. We

refer to the moral confusion existing in the world today, particularly with regard to marriage and the family.

This is an age of social and moral skepticism, and at the moment marriage, and indirectly the family, are the butts of the new, caustic, quasi-philosophy, Modernism. Our novelists and playwrights have thrown another log on the fire by using family problems as themes. The universe and its myriad of antlike humans has become a skeptic in its moral perspective on life, and we are forced to face the question, Is marriage and the family doomed?

Originally the family was a biological organization and is still that in the animal world today. For man, however, it has developed into a unit of far greater importance. Its biological functions have been overshadowed by its social significance. The family now possesses physical, psychological, economic, cultural and social functions. It is, in brief, a social institution. For these reasons the family has both a subjective and an objective value. The family, although providing for its members a social microcosm, does not exist by itself, uninfluenced by outside social conditions. On the contrary much of the family conditioning processes are derived by members of the family in outside experiences. In this way a continual process of adaptation and evolution is going on.

How does the world regard the family today? Judging from material evidence, we would say that respect for the family is at a very low ebb. We are living in a world of sheer materiality. Spirituality, as an antithetical term, is relegated to the ash heap.

Look at Europe today. In Russia there is no God and consequently no morality, and marriage has been raped of all its ancestral and holy dignity. It has been relegated to the position of an inferior civil affair. We must admit that the sacrament of marriage does not exist in the U. S .S. R. How can the family,

with all its implications, exist in the communist state where dictatorship is so flagrant and where parental authority so abused? There are no homes in the true sense of the word, but only unions for the purpose of reproduction.

In Germany today we have veritable sex communism. "Reproduce" is the perpetual cry of Hitler, with the result that last year there were 150,000 illegitimate children born in Germany. Legally or illegally Germany, intoxicated with a new, stupefying nationalistic fervor, wants an increased population. And why should young Germans marry when they can go to labor and concentration camps and enjoy all the privileges of a marital contract with few, if any, of the obligations? Hitler would substitute for a philosophy of spirituality one of materiality. Can marriage and the family retain their dignity and stability under such conditions?

In the United States the Depression has struck a severe blow at marriage and the family. Young couples find it financially impossible to marry. They either have no positions or if they are among the fortunate the salary they receive is scarcely adequate to support themselves, let alone a wife and children, in a decent Christian manner. Also, today we are an essentially urban population. Our young men and women are engrossed in the hustle-bustle of the business world, financially independent, are hesitant to risk these by marriage. Another great danger lies in the modern demand for celibacy or childless marriages from so large a part of the nation's best population. Our women teachers, college graduates and professional men who must prepare and build up a practice for many years before they are financially able to marry, all spend the best years of their life preparing for economic security. Is it any wonder that there is a constant and ever increasing stream of divorce litigation entering law courts? People have become too set, too stagnant in modes of thought and action by the time they are ready to

marry to readjust themselves satisfactorily to the idiosyncracies of others who will live in the close intimacy that a husband or wife does. Is it any wonder that we hear much today of companionate marriages, trial marriages, free love?

The young people of the twentieth century want marriage, families, homes of their own just as much as their ancestors did. It is only man's natural desire, his very nature, to want these things which develop him to the culmination of his nature. But youth, though essentially good, is notoriously impatient. We must remember also that the roots of the present generation were planted in the morally hectic and turbulent days of the World War. Yet the majority of the youth of today still is constant to its ideal. The fact remains that our generation with all its speed, its swing, its affected sophistication and blasé exterior still has ideals, and these intangible urges will prove the driving force in the struggle to effect a change in the present moral perspective. Notice that it is not the youngsters who throng to Reno, or "make" our front pages with their marital difficulties. It is the generation ranging around 30 years of age or upward. And they learned their morality from the Great War.

Looking at the world today we must be convinced that when marriage and the family arrive at thir full, supernatural dignity as they ultimately and inevitably must, it will be through the agency and by the intellectual freedom of the youth of America. Hence we utter these words of warning and encouragement to the graduating seniors who soon must cope with these problems.

OBITER DICTA

By Walter F. Gibbons, '39

THE case for the defense rests. All over the world there is noticeable an unmistakable tendency towards rearming for aggressive warfare. The United States joined the parade a few weeks ago when the Senate finally approved the Naval Appropriations Bill. By the new bill, the Naval Department is authorized to spend $1,156,000,000 to bring our naval strength to a par with Great Britain, in ships, guns and men, and the traditional five to three ratio over Japan. This demands the construction of nine battleships, two 20,000 ton air carriers, nine cruisers, twenty-three destroyers, nine submarines, twenty-six auxiliary craft, and 950 aircraft—truly a formidable array when united to our present navy, which is not as weak as popular opinion would suggest. If put into effect by annual appropriations, the ten year expansion program will increase our sea strength by fifty to seventy percent, though the actual tonnage increase is only approximately twenty-three percent. Modern guns, faster ships, the hundreds of new planes, and the replacement of outmoded warships are the explanation for the great increase.

Simultaneously, Great Britain, already the greatest sea power, has seven battleships building, appropriated for, or projected for the immediate future. Japan is believed to have at least three on the ways, besides numerous smaller craft. Hitler is concentrating his attention upon developing the strongest land force the continent has ever seen, while Mussolini stages week-long demonstrations for the benefit of the world at large. Though definite information on Russian affairs is lacking, it is thought in diplomatic circles that Stalin, too, is working seriously to strengthen his forces.

At the same time, while nations are arming to the teeth, there was never a greater show of friendship, and a desire to avoid war. The recently formed Anglo-Italian accord, and Mussolini's attempts to unite the four major powers in treaty, seem to presage an amicable Europe. England has hinted that she is considering relations with Russia, and Foreign Minister George Bonnet, of Lebrun's cabinet, has already drawn up an outline for a treaty among Paris, Washington, and London. The significant factor, however, of all these international manoeuverings is that they spell the death of the Wilsonian ideal. The world has returned with a vengeance to the pre-war idea of power politics. That is the major fact.

United States' latest move will probably be the starter's gun for another gigantic armament race. After the World War, there was a consistent and somewhat successful attepmt to reduce the great expense of armaments, fast becoming an unbearable burden to the taxpayer. By gradual steps, ship after ship was scrapped by all countries. The five-five-three ratio, which seemed at the time of formation impossible to maintain, lasted for a relatively long period. But to hope that it would last was futile; once again the old race has started, to lead no one knows where.

It is based upon the political philosophy that preparedness is the only way to avoid war, that if one has a large enough force to frighten all the world, then there will be no question of fighting. Unfortunately, each nation gets the same idea, and none scares. If any one nation can become so powerful that it shadows all the rest of the world, then there is a possibility that it might preserve at least a grudging peace, but it is highly improbable that any one nation can today effect such a situation.

Especially dangerous is such a vast rearmament program in the hands of one who seems to have caught a vision of braking the onslaught of dictatorship and autocracy, and re-enforcing democracy. If we may consider President Roosevelt's Chicago

"quarantine" speech seriously, doubts may be entertained as to the use to which our new navy will be put. Roosevelt has already taken us part way to Geneva, and entaglement, in authorizing Norman Davis to announce that if substantial reductions in arms were achieved we would promise to "consult other states in case of a threat to peace." In 1935, during the Ethiopian conflict, the United States went further than any other nation in taking measures against Italy. We were just short of invoking our hazardous Neutrality Act at the peak of the Sino-Japanese "war." Has our President any idea of embarking upon another venture to preserve democracy for future generations?

The generality of the American public looks with a suspicious eye upon crusades. Perhaps they remember all too well a previous crusade which ended badly for all concerned, leaving even less democracy, and even less freedom. Perhaps it is in selfishness, but the American people, as a whole, shows little desire to enter the world arena, even to save democracy. We have already fought that war once, some of them are telling Mr. Roosevelt. We do not wish to fight it again.

It may be unreasonable to suggest it, but might not our energies be better expended in saving our own nation? In the wake of the world-wide economic deperession lies one third of America, still unfed, ill clothed, and badly housed. And the dark storm clouds of another greater depression loom on the horizon, threatening to sweep away our very foundations. Steel plate and rivets are not especially dilectable to a starving family. Perhaps that billion and a half dollar appropriation might better be spent to stabilize our national economy, that we might at last find our way to security and national peace. Then, perhaps, we may have time to think of the outside world.