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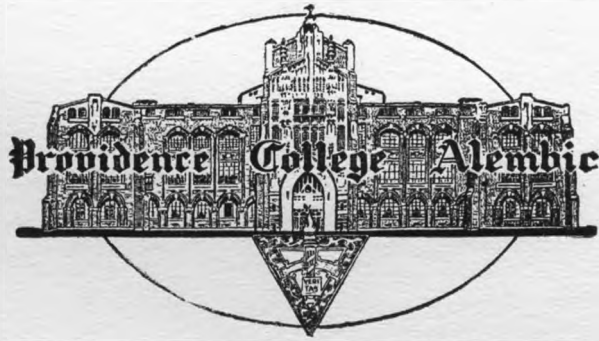
OCTOBER, 1940

BY THE WAY
A NEW COLUMN

MEN AGAINST A TIDE
CHARLES E. SWEENEY

THE WINES OF GERMANY
JOSEPH A. CONWAY

THE ALEMBIC



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Traumwelt

YOUTH walks in dreams. His world is a concatenation of preconceptions and unbounded hopes, a little fear and desperate idealism; he lives in expectancy and, like Alnaschar, no despair will he brook. Courage is his heritage; self-reliance its concomitant. Eagerly, impatiently he tempts his destiny; importunate he strains to enter the Tournament of Life, to joust with Living. His way is glorious, always the same yet ever new.

We are young. We too have our ideals—and, oh, what tests they have been put to and are yet to undergo. Now is the time to analyze those ideals. They are like precious ore newly brought from the mine. We must assay it, weigh it, scrutinize it. Discard the “fools gold”; cherish the true. Time yet remains before the ore is carried into the furnace of suffering for purification.

Time yet remains, but we must hurry. Our fathers' world staggers like a stricken thing. Saxon against Anglo-Saxon; Oriental against Oriental; Frenchman against Frenchman; African against African; brother against brother. Europe is destroying the milestones of its culture. And worse still, from our viewpoint, America is also threatened. Threatened with selfishness and demagoguery. Soon, very soon, the American people will pronounce judgment upon themselves. It will then be known whether the legacy of selfless idealism has been bequeathed to worthy heirs.

Yes, ours can be a glorious youth. We still have our hopes and ideals, our illusions, perhaps—but no longer will we walk in dreams.

M. P. G.

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Men Against a Tide

By CHARLES E. SWEENEY, '41

TO all intents and purposes, the Wisconsin Senator was talking himself into political oblivion. The Washington galleries, packed with those eager to see the United States pass the joint resolution which would declare this country at war against Germany, vehemently disapproved. Lonely and alone, the idealistic, radical member of the Republican party droned on. He was condemning the war. Coldly, logically, point by point, argument by argument, sentence by sentence, he called the war a mistake; attacked what he called a contradictory foreign policy held by the Wilson government; argued on the Senate floor till the drab day-time spectacle of the galleries blossomed into the dinner-dress brilliance of Washington officialdom.

Today in the Congressional Record, that speech takes approximately thirteen large, double-columned, closely printed pages. It was four hours before Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin sank slowly to his seat.

Shortly the United States was at war with Germany. The country was in a fever pitch of war hysteria. Six senators and fifty representatives had dared to vote against the measure. The combined senate and house vote had been better than ten to one in favor of war. And when the verdict had been sealed, fifty eight representatives of the people went home to face the hysterical anger of their pro-war constituents.

La Follette was burned in effigy.

"The poor, sir, who are the ones to rot in the trenches, have no organized power, have no press to voice their will upon this question of peace or war, but oh, Mr. President, at sometime they will be heard." In a speech written in the manner of a brief, La Follette had picked apart the Wilsonian foreign policy, had blasted it from top to bottom, from the Lusitania which carried "six million rounds of ammunition," to the smallest sinking of a neutral ship in the North Sea. The Senator criticized the so-called "pro-humanity" arguments of Wilson, hit the idea of a false war for democracy, spoke of the Kaiser's unrestricted submarine campaign as analagous to England's mining the North Sea and declared himself against entanglement in World War I.

La Follette's analytic and sweepingly condemnatory speech is symbolic of an era in which the United States, twice within thirty years, has been and is being called upon to give an answer to the same question: "Peace or war."

The speech also represents a minority whose voice is made effective by a small number of neutrality-loving Senators in the Washington of 1940 and by editorials of small, labor and "pink" publications. The press, radio, movies and administration of the United States have horsewhipped the imagination of the average American until it has been bludgeoned into a formless and pliant pulp, fit to be transformed to the uses of present day interventionist advocates.

In numbers of supporters and in basic argument, there is almost a phenomenal parallel existing between the isolation of 1914 and the isolation of 1940. The parallel is extraordinary—history does repeat itself and in this case down to the last detail. One has merely to compare the words of interventionist Dorothy Thompson with those of former Senator Henry Cabot Lodge who spoke in the Senate immediately following the words of La Follette. Said Lodge:

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"This is a war against barbarism. We are fighting against a nation which, in the fashion of centuries ago, drags the inhabitants of conquered lands into slavery, which carries off women and girls for even worse purposes, which, in its mad desire to conquer and trample them under foot, has stopped at no wrong and regarded no treaty."

1940 successors of La Follette's group are able to give two answers to the argument that Nazi Germany will destroy civilization. The first answer, they say, is the result of the last war which was fought for freedom and democracy and which left in its path the greatest wave of dictatorship and oppression ever known to man. This disillusion is admirably summed up in the words of Charles A. Beard: "But it was evident that the nature of the next peace would, like other settlements, be determined by the configuration of military and naval power at the end of the war. If Great Britain and France clearly approached victory, they would not, and rightly, want any American meddling in the terms imposed on the vanquished. If they saw defeat looming on the horizon, they would need military and naval and financial aid from the United States in their effort to make a just and permanent peace."

Next, the non-interventionists pose the question: "If the British are so set against the barbarism of Hitler, why did they deliberately build him up to be the power that he is in Europe today? Why did they tolerate his first aggressions? Why did they lend him money to build the war machine which he has today?" The cynics among the isolationists believe that the British conservatives are smitten not so much with hate for Hitler as love for themselves and for the antique Empire they represent.

Second answer to the interventionists' "civilization" argument lies in another question: "If the lamp of civilization is

going out all over Europe, what can the United States do about it?" It seems obvious to the isolationists that, although the United States is a strong country, it nevertheless is not strong enough to hold the British Empire on its shoulders, to beat back the Nazi, the Russian and the Japanese. They say that America can defend itself but that it cannot spreadeagle all over the globe in suicidal attempts to maintain justice for everybody from the Amazons to the Eskimos.

"We are once again faced with a situation in which a sedulous attempt is being made to work the country into a state of war hysteria, in which physical facts will be utterly disregarded and our people induced to abandon their hard common sense and see ghosts on every side." So declares Senator Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri, one of the outstanding peace advocates in the Senate, in words which sum up the isolationist attitude toward the argument: "If Hitler wins it will be our turn next."

Isolationists say that there can be no positive predictions as to what will happen after a victory for the German National Socialists. Wars have been fought over the length and breadth of a ravaged Europe for centuries; wars which have been the results of excessive nationalism in confined areas; wars which have been the products of a complete lack of integration in the European continent. Yet, the interventionists declare that when and if Germany wins the war there will be no more war in Europe but that all of Europe will combine in a ferocious attack upon the United States. According to the isolationists, this assumption is based on other assumptions, first that Germany would be able to control all of Europe, second, that Germany would continue to be friendly with Italy and Russia, third, that Russia would be friendly with Japan. Interventionists discount the fact that Europe might be physically paralyzed after

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this war, that Europe might not be able to provide a combination against the United States. Interventionists believe that Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin and the Japanese militarists will get together after the war like a bunch of brother-loving gangsters with the sole intent of undermining the democracy of the United States. But the present little group of isolationists believes that the assumptions are too many, that a united totalitarianism is something based on an utter disregard for the economic and personal equation.

Then the isolationists bring to the fore such opinions as those of Admiral Yarnell, former commander of the United States Fleet in the Far East, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, Gen. Smedley Butler, and Gen. Hugh Johnson, all of whom caution this country to stay at home and mind its own business.

The non-interventionists bolster their case by using the statistics quoted by Hanson Baldwin, military writer of the New York Times, which state that on the basis of present naval power, the United States would be able to administer a thoroughgoing defeat to a combined and simultaneous attack on this country by Germany, Italy and Japan combined.

It is on the question of foreign trade that the members of the isolationists camp are particularly caustic. According to Jerome Frank, chairman of SEC, the foreign trade of the United States has seldom if ever absorbed more than seven per cent of total American production. Beard states that the four or five billions of dollars worth of American goods which annually go into foreign trade are as nothing compared with the economic waste of from twenty to thirty billions which are annually lost in this country through idle factories, idle labor. Those who argue for continental integrity, state that foreign trade could never begin to pay for the expense to which Uncle Sam would be put were he to indulge in another European conflict. They

add that there is no panacea in foreign trade, that it is almost a liability when there is considered all the expense to which the United States has been put to defend it, and also when there is considered the unsupplied domestic market in America which is far greater than anything which local international peddlers ever dreamed of.

"Pinks" among the isolationists offer a far-reaching argument which centers around the alleged fact that the conflicts of the present time are merely phenomena arising from economic facts, facts which are themselves the results of an era whose economy has been made almost disastrously complex by the advance of science. Social fatalists, taking a cue from the inevitability which pervades almost every paragraph of the Communist Manifesto and other unorthodox publications, have come to the conclusion that this war is an inevitable result of the progress of man away from a system of *laissez faire* which was itself the result of scientific advance. They say that once *laissez faire* came to be an accepted fact, it inevitably sowed the seeds of its own destruction. They say that science solved the problem of production and that *laissez faire* provided the free reigns for exploitation. Now, they contend, no further exploitation is possible and, therefore, necessary economic integration makes rugged individualism look like a sentimental haze in the minds of outdated, self-made men of the Liberty League. They say that with this problem of production solved, there has come to be a problem of distribution; that *laissez faire* will not produce of its own volition where no further profit is possible. Thus, idle factories, idle labor. Want amidst plenty.

The result has been the dynamic state, a plutocracy founded upon the necessity of distributing the economic products of each nation. National Socialism, they say, is merely a horrific youngster arising from inevitable economic fact. They

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point out tendencies toward centralization in every nation on earth, including capitalistic England and the United States.

Thus they reach the conclusion that the United States must attempt to solve its own problem of distribution in a manner compatible with political democracy, in a manner divorced from that of totalitarianism which dictates not only economic codes but also the personal codes of those whom it subjugates. They reach the further conclusion that if this country squanders its talents and resources on another war, there will be so much the more danger of having centralization and integration which will not only do away with *laissez faire* and rugged individualism completely and forever, but which will also ultimately and inevitably destroy the personal liberties guaranteed under the Bill of Rights. This latter is probably the most fundamental argument which can be mustered for the isolationist side.

And so the argument wears on. Middle westerners who were called "traitors" and "Isariots" in the last war, those who, according to the New York Times whispered "cheek by jowl in the basement of the capitol," who were called the "Benedict Arnolds of Congress" by Alton B. Parker, are merely the predecessors of another small group who, at the present time, are trying to avoid being called "pro-Nazi," for refusing to bow down before an opposition slogan—"Politics stops at the water's edge." In the last war, La Follette of Wisconsin, Gronna of North Dakota, Lane of Oregon, Stone of Mississippi, Vardaman of Missouri. At the present time Nye of North Dakota, Johnson of California, Clark of Missouri, Vandenberg of Michigan, and the late dean of them all, Borah of Idaho.

"Sir, I take it for granted that you have sense enough to see us in Europe cut each other's throats with philosophical

tranquility," said a nineteenth-century Swedish ambassador at the Court of St. James to John Adams.

The national disgust which followed the Nye investigation into the munitions industry, and the criticisms made of the president of the United States following the Chicago "quarantine" speech, gave full evidence of an American spirit of neutrality which was based upon the belief that the basic interest of the United States was in the Western Hemisphere. America, several years ago, was becoming philosophical in the sense implied by an outside isolationist.

But the tide has turned and the torrents are destroying the powerful wall of fact which was set up so painfully and laboriously and, at one time, seemingly so logically by those who now are called intellectual ostriches. From Roosevelt's Chautauqua speech in 1936 to talk of repealing the Johnson Act, which forbids extension of American credit to nations which have defaulted on their war debts, a complete transgression has taken place.

Faced with an actuality, with all the circumstances of war, its horrors, threats, counter-threats, libels, propaganda, speeches, emotionalism and fanaticism, Uncle Sam is literally wobbling on his legs, wary of the conflict, vibrating on the same emotional plane with the British conservatives and afraid at the same time to wreck his ship of state on the shoals of international ruin and disillusion. With the intensification of the German drive, popular sentiment, whipped on by an avid press, hysterical movie camera, and a pro-Ally administration, is being shaped more and more to the likings of those in Europe who are waiting for the day when the humane old uncle in the striped costume will once again bend down, in order that democracy and decency may rest upon his broad and willing shoulders.

Will April 6, 1917 have a blood brother in American

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history? Again we have barbarian hordes. Hitler is the Kaiser; the Nazis are the Prussians; the original story of Belgium has taken place in many countries. The answer to possible American participation rests in another question: "Will the American people put for naught the emotional Blitzkreig now being launched against them, draw the parallel between 1917 and 1940 and ask for an answer to the internationalist argument, different from the one made in World War I?"

The question mark lies on this country from coast to coast.

And if America again faces armageddon? If the forces of war again capture the hearts and imaginations of the American people? If Jane Adamses and David Starr Jordans are again hunted down? If war and patriotism become synonyms? —There will in all likelihood arise in the Senate of the United States another "Iscariot" from the Middle West, another "voice in the wilderness," another who will be willing to stake his reputation and political future to lead another group of willful men down the road to political oblivion. To arise in a hostile Senate, to analyze by the hour, to plead, to read messages for peace. Outside the halls of Congress there will undoubtedly be other pacifists being subjected to the ridicule of a crazed populace. Washington will be at fever pitch. Tons of mail will be received. "I have a son, why should I — —." "It is the manifest duty of the United States to at once put an end to — —."

And while the opposition prepares colorful and scathing rejoinders, the Senator from the Middle West will once again committ to the Congressional Record a plea for neutrality and an indictment of American entry. The drab grey of afternoon will fade, the personnel of the galleries will change and the Senator will plod on probably in this unpopular fashion:

"The poor, sir—will be heard—American Blood—

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European battlefields—neutrality, neutrality, neutrality—Mr. President—this is not our war—.”

And only time will tell whether the effigies of the last war will be succeeded by others.

Whether the tide will again reach its peak and overflow.



Fantasy at Night

By LOUIS ROSEN, '42

It was night in the city.

Far below me a multitude of lights
Flashed from the prideful buildings.
The commerce of the day,
The smoke of factories,
Noisy crowds,
Had melted into calm serenity.

Trains rolled now and then
With muffled pace
Into the station,
And then moved on.

There were stars over the city,
Smiling from a cloudless sky.
They seemed as natural there
As in the broad fields
Where they gleam unchallenged,
Drawing up men's thoughts.

There were people in the city
Whose strength had built it
From the shadow of emptiness;
Whose search for Truth
Was never-ending.

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Then before my gaze
 The city seemed to wane and fade,
And there below
 Were the towers of another age:
Memphis or Babylon.
And yet—
 The stars were sparkling
 And unchanged.

And then I thought:
 Even if the splendor of this night
 Should pass;
This capsule of Time we call our own
 Crumble into dust—
Man shall build upon the ashes
 Of the past
Another city, proud and beautiful,
 Nearer to eternity.

The Kettle

By MATTHEW P. GALLAGHER

GREGOR POPOTKOV, ruthless killer and Social-Democratic revolutionary, sent here from Bukhara for bank robbery and murder, July 1915, escaped from the Yakutsk labor camp, January 1917.

This was the summary history of Gregor Popotkov in the annals of the Cheka secret police. It was a tribute to him not only in that it bore testimony to his elusiveness but also because, by its brevity, it was indicative of the stealth and craftiness which had characterized his long life of crime.

It had been five days now since Gregor had set fire to his exiles hovel in Yakutsk and in the ensuing excitement had eluded his guards and had slipped into the great pine forests which line the banks of the Lena River. They had been five days of terrible hardship. He had traveled far, more than a hundred kilometers,—and always between suns. During the nights he plodded along the frozen river which had been swept clean by a piercing wind. Each morning when the first signs of dawn appeared on the horizon, he wrapped himself in a giant bearskin and wormed over the crusted snow into the woods where he could walk without fear of leaving tracks. Then he would find shelter for protection against the cold during the day. Sometimes he burrowed into a dry windfall of down-timber where, wrapped in his bearskin, he found a measure of warmth. Once he found an abandoned miner's shack. That had been a day of comparative comfort. He had even dared to kindle a small fire towards

dusk and he enjoyed his first warm meal since his escape—a cat that had apparently been left behind by the previous occupant of the cabin.

Yesterday morning, Gregor had wandered up a small affluent to the Lena in search of shelter and, coming upon a well-beaten path, followed it to an open field where he had seen smoke rising from the chimney of a house all but covered by snow.

How warm and snug it had looked! Dared he risk recognition to obtain the warmth of the hearth fire? There was always danger . . . still, he could feel reasonably certain that he had out-distanced any possible news of his escape from Yakutsk. News travels slowly in that country.

A dog howled. Then others joined in. Gregor had had no choice. The dogs had given him away. From behind the snow bank ahead of him a man appeared, seemingly arising out of the snow. Gregor had paused, uncertain. But the stranger greeted him and bade him come forward. "Come in," he called in labored Russian, "come in and warm yourself at my fire."

Gregor, still uncertain, followed the man under the snow-bank and into a cabin. The interior was dark and stinking and stifling hot. There were other indistinct figures in the room. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he saw a large woman sitting by the fire nursing a baby at her breast. Several children hovered shyly in the shadows. The man waved in the direction of his wife and mumbled something about "my woman." Gregor had taken this to be an introduction and had nodded slightly.

He finally was able to see his host as he stood by the fire. Short, heavy-set, hairy, he was, with sly eyes. He was a typical Russian farmer. He would probably be called a *kulak*, an independent, prosperous farmer, for anybody, in that poverty-

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stricken country, who could keep from starving, might well be considered prosperous.

He had spent probably half the morning sitting by the fire talking of farming conditions; of the possibility of growing a new type of Roumanian wheat in the short Siberian summer—maybe by sowing the seed in the fall and covering the ground with a thick mulch of dead grass and manure; he asked guardedly if the reports of gold in the territory were well founded and he very casually mentioned Lake Baikal and watched his host's reaction, for he had heard that nuggets as big as a man's fist abounded on the shores of Baikal. They talked of the weather and of trapping conditions, and of the children; in fact, they talked of everything but what was uppermost in the minds of both—one to discover and the other to conceal—the reason for Gregor's appearance in that desolate country without apparent reason or purpose.

When Gregor had yawned several times, his host had brought him into the other room which was carpeted with skins and served as the family sleeping quarters. "Perhaps you need sleep," he had said, "I will call you for the evening meal."

Gregor had thanked him, and lying down, was soon asleep. Later, as if in a dream, he had heard a loud noise and then voices. In the other room men were talking. He had heard one cautioning the others to silence . . . and then a stealthy opening of his door. He feigned sleep. The voices resumed again—this time more subdued.

Gregor crept to the wall and, placing his ear against a crack, strained to catch the faint voices. A young man was speaking. The word "police" reached his ear.

"But are you sure?" whined another.

"Be quiet, Soso! He is a convict, of that I am sure." This was the voice of Gregor's host. He could hear him pacing the

floor while he gave instructions to his sons who apparently had just come from the village.

"Peter, go immediately. Tell the Cossacks that we have found their prisoner. We here will detain him until you return. Soso, remain armed. I think force will not be necessary but he *must not leave*. Be quick, Peter. Follow the ice.

Fearfully Gregor had crept back to his bed. The door had slammed and Peter was gone. Gregor had lain back then and considered his chances for escape. To attempt to fight his way out of that dark small room against at least two armed men might be heroic but fruitless. To bluff friendliness while awaiting a propitious moment for flight would be equally foolhardy. "No!" Gregor had cast these plans from his mind. He had always used cunning. He would use it now.

"Cunning, cunning," he repeated. A trick. He must think of something. Some trick. An escape trick. What was it? He had read something . . . somewhere. It was about a magician . . . oh! what was his name? Where had he been? Baku? Moscow? Tsarko-Selo? Kag . . . Cagliostro! Cagliostro! that was his name. Cagliostro and his escape trick. It was hardly a trick at all. It was so simple. He remembered it now. Cagliostro had locked himself in a room, all the doors being fastened from the inside. When the searchers burst into the darkened room, Cagliostro slipped out behind them. The searchers then had been astounded to find the room sealed from the inside and yet to find no one there.

Why not here? It *could* be done.

He searched the door for a lock and finding none looked for something heavy with which to barricade the door. In the shadows along the side wall he groped around. The walls were of rough logs with the bark still clinging to them. He felt a ragged blanket clinging to the wall and was surprised. The blanket ap-

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peared to be wedged into the wall at a height of about seven feet from the floor. He pulled it and found that it wouldn't budge. Apparently the blanket had been forced into an aperture in the wall to keep the cold out. Upon investigating, however, he found that it protruded from the wall in the form of a square much as does the burlap lining of a packing box protrude over the edges when the cover is nailed on.

Gregor felt the blood pulse against his collar. He rolled the skins into a pile and stood upon them. He could see that a section of timber had been placed into a small window, apparently to close it for the winter. The blanket had been stuffed into the cracks to seal it tightly.

Unwittingly, he had found a means of escape. His first impulse had been to tear at the partition, fling it to the floor and flee into the safety of the Arctic twilight. But he hardly dared to breathe. The least sound must arouse the suspicions of his captors. He found that a stick inserted under the section of timber and manipulated in the fashion of a lever would move the piece slightly. It was slow work but he persevered until he felt that it was loose enough to lift out. Then he gathered his bear robe and prepared himself to make the break. A moment of silence revealed no sound from the other room.

The time had come. He reached up and lifted the partition out and a cascade of snow tumbled into the room. He was frightened. He could hear the wind tugging at the door which led to the other room. Soon they would hear it or feel the draft and then they would investigate. He knew he would not have much time—and it was not dark yet.

Quickly, he pulled himself through the window and struggled up into the snow. The wind howled in his ears. Again the dogs barked. Where should he go? The stream which flowed past the cabin stretched up into the north; a short distance away

the mighty Lena wound toward the south, toward sunshine and civilization. Gregor chose the north. He chose the arctic semi-darkness, the barren wastes and desolate ice fields, the wolves and deathly quiet. "I *will* escape," he whimpered between quivering lips. And he moved into the blizzard and darkness.

All that had happened yesterday. It seemed much longer to Gregor. He must have plodded along the ice for twelve hours before stumbling upon the little shack which he now occupied. It had apparently been used by lumbermen. Uncut timber was piled along the banks and, in the back, a corduroy log slide struggled up to oblivion in the deeply wooded hills. He lay on a bunk wrapped in his bearskin and pondered over the circumstances that had brought him to his present situation. Those five days had been hard; he had learned the difference between life and death; with something of the philosophic calm, which even an ignorant man can achieve when he has had constant association with death and suffering, Gregor had been considering his life.

He had never been the type to consider the past. What was happening to him? Gregor roused himself. His had always been a life of action. Revolution was his life, his religion. And his guiding principle?—Success! Success for the revolution.

"I must have lain here for hours," he murmured. "They'll never believe me, when I tell them how I escaped. The Cossacks are fools. Twice I have outwitted them. They'll never get me again. I'll get away somehow."

He struggled to his feet and peered out the window on the leeward side of the house—the only one that was clear. The wind had increased and sheets of swirling snow now obliterated the nearby hills. An eddying blast rattled the one pane of glass in the old window and fine snow dust sifted in through the oiled paper which covered the remainder of the window.

It was while he stood peering at the howling gale that the

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first spasm of violent hunger contracted his stomach. His last meal had been yesterday, but during the four preceding days he had subsisted on a pocketful of hard-tack and corn and one skinny cat. Now his mind seemed to have lost its directive power and he was unable to moor himself to reality. He could see the cabin, his surroundings, the window—but not as objects of present experience but as things which he had known long ago. Now the only reality was convulsive pain. He grasped at the window ledge—and later he was able to see the marks of his fingernails where he had driven them a quarter of an inch into the wood.

The attack lasted less than a minute, but when he turned to his bed he felt immeasurably older and weaker than he had a minute before. He lay down and drew his blanket around him and for the first time since his escape the cold pierced his rugged constitution and he felt a chill creep into the very core of his being.

Cold, the snow was—and the wind, but more than the arctic temperature had crept into Gregor's heart. With it came a deadlier cold—the paralysis of mortal fear. Fear of death—starvation.

Gregor cried. He cried as a child would cry, fearful, despairing. The tears rolled down his cheeks and trickled into his beard where they froze, it was so cold. It was surprising that he should weaken to such an extent—he, a bank-robber, murderer, bomb-thrower. But he was weak, unnerved, and—he knew what starvation was.

A year ago, while in prison, he had thought to escape by a ruse so he had feigned insanity. Only a fanatic could have persevered the way he had on such a slim hope of success. The ignorant police had subjected him to all sorts of indignities and torture to discover whether he were really insane. He had been left naked in the snow; needles had been inserted under his fin-

gernails and into his flesh; his hair had been pulled out; and during all this he maintained silence and showed no pain. That was the calibre of man he was.

Now he had reached the breaking-point. All the suffering had brought freedom. And with freedom now appeared death. Was this his only reward?

"God! God!" he cried. What was he saying? "God? God?" But . . . there was no God. What was the matter with him? Was he losing his mind? He mustn't think. No, he mustn't think. He must act; do something. If he thought about himself he *would* lose his mind.

So he sat up and looked around the swiftly darkening room. The fine snow was sifting in under the door and making quite a pile on the floor. In the corner was a stove which he had dared not use before for fear of attracting pursuers. Now he must start a fire. No one would be out in this storm, and if they were they would not be able to see the cabin from the river.

There was wood in the box beside the stove. Gregor was weak and he moved painfully. The door of the stove was rusted and it took all of his strength to pull it open. When he had opened it, he took some dry rotten wood and ground it into a powder. This he ignited with a spark from his flint box. Then the larger pieces were thrown on and soon a comfortable warmth radiated from the oven.

Gregor huddled next to the stove. As the waves of heat splashed against his face he moved closer. The stove door was slightly ajar and he stared into the bowels of the fire. Night hovered at the windows but Gregor was oblivious. The heat permeated his clothes and held him in her embrace. It was debilitating to him who had been so cold.

A strange cackle burst from his lips. He rocked back and forth and held his sides. Peals of weird, insane laughter burst

The Kettle

one upon another. The ancient walls resounded with the crazy sound.

—Then, just as suddenly, it stopped. He smothered the noise with his hands. Fearfully he looked around. Wildly he searched every corner. Then in a great haste he turned to the stove and closed the door and the draught cover and turned the damper down.

Now he crawled into a corner and under his bearskin he cowered, straining his ears for any untoward sound. The hours of the night trooped slowly by and Gregor moved not a muscle. Behind the stove an industrious pack rat pattered. Outside the wind still howled. The old pane rattled in the window and the door groaned. High above the clouds of swirling snow the north star completed its short arc and morning was nigh.

The first gray light of dawn found Gregor in fitful slumber. He was lying on the floor at the foot of his bunk with his head resting on a log. He was very dirty and ragged. In his face were traced in indelible lines the terror and the hunger of the previous night.

Now and again his face twitched. His breathing was irregular. A look of fear gripped his countenance as though his dreams were disturbed by some direful thing. Perhaps the spectre of one of his murdered victims haunted his sleep. At the "expropriation" of the Imperial Express at Ulan Ude he had shoved a guard beneath the grinding wheels. —The spurting blood. And the gasping, rolling head. These had never left his mind.

Now his legs moved. He was trying to escape. The head loomed larger . . . reeling crazily . . . gory . . . grinning. A scream! . . . the horror burst from his unconscious mind and he cowered on the floor in stark terror, stripped of the defense of his perverted idealism—the weak and naked mortal.

Day had come, but Gregor didn't move for a long time

except to shrink farther under his blanket. His eyes, which had become fixed on the door, burned with an insane fire. It was as if he expected that, at any moment, the door would open to admit an avenging monster bent on his destruction.

But Gregor did not remain inactive. As the day matured he regained some amount of confidence. His weak efforts were now directed toward fashioning a hiding place for the coming night. Under the bunk he placed his blanket and around the sides he piled short logs and other debris. He worked slowly but it was not long before he had completely hidden the opening beneath the bed. It satisfied his careful scrutiny.

Now that his hands had finished their work his mind again became active. Again he moved to the single pane of glass and peered out. If anything, the fury of the storm had increased. Great, swirling sheets of snow lashed the cabin unmercifully. The wind howled now a dirge-like fugue, now rising in furious crescendo.

Gregor imagined that his name was called. A voice moaned under the eaves. Gregor jumped and turned from the window, blocking his ears with his hands. He looked wildly about. From the stove the big black kettle pointed an accusing finger at him.

Sobbing he flung himself to the floor and crawled under the bed. Under the bed he felt secure. Again he gained a certain measure of confidence. He could see out, yet no one could see him. Here he remained and watched the day age and young evening approach.

But suddenly his security vanished. A terrible realization struck him. *The kettle on the stove was still pointing at him!* He was not hidden! The kettle knew where he was. It would reveal his hiding place to his enemies.

What should he do? He lay still and thought. It would

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soon be dark again and then no one could see the kettle. Perhaps he would be safe then. Anxiously he watched the cabin door. If no one came . . . If it wasn't opened before dark, he would be safe.

The minutes crawled. Ten struggled past. Thirty. An hour. And the door remained closed.

But still the solemn kettle held court upon the stove. Now it sneered at him. His soul lay exposed and quivering beneath its stare. Always that pointing finger. Always that accusation.

Slowly, very slowly, an idea had penetrated Gregor's consciousness. He forgot his terror for a moment as he considered it. Then a crafty grin cracked his sunken features. His brain had been numb but now a light had suddenly appeared.

Now he would get away. They would never get Gregor. He was too smart. An exultant little cry wheezed in his throat. *He would knock that kettle down!* "Smash it! Kill it! Kill it! Kill it!" Then it wouldn't point that finger at him any more.

"Sshhh . . ." He covered his mouth with his hands. "Mustn't make any noise." He crawled quietly from beneath the bed and got slowly to his feet. Now on tip-toes he approached the stove. Slowly, slowly he approached. Closer, ever closer. His face was grinning but his heart enclosed a livid hate. "Nice kettle," he said. "Pretty kettle."

He was in striking distance now. Now was the time. All the fierce latent fire of maniacal hate burst into living flame. With a wild sweep he dashed the kettle to the floor. And then, sobbing, he grasped upon the stove. All his strength had been expended in that single effort.

On the floor the kettle rolled around. He raised his haggard eyes to look at it. It was in the shadows between the wall and the wood box, hardly visible in the darkness. The finger

had been broken off and was hidden in the corner.

The kettle still rolled, back and forth, back and forth. Round, it was, round and dark. Round and dark. Yes! . . . round. Like a head it was round. Like . . . like a head. That's what it was. A head!

"No!" He shut his eyes and then looked again. "Ahhh . . .!" he shook with terror, it *was* a head! He could see it plainly. It rolled back and forth, back and forth. It gasped and it grinned. Gory, bloody!

He stood grasping the stove unable to move. Again he shut his eyes. What had happened to him? Was he mad? An hour ago, in the daylight, it was a kettle. Now, with the darkness, it had become a head. His mind struggled with the terror that crippled it. He repeated the phrase, "An hour ago, in the daylight, it was a kettle." In the daylight it was a kettle. The *daylight!* "The *daylight!*" he screamed. "Where is the daylight?—Give me light. Light!"

He almost fell upon the stove and as he held it to support himself, he looked at it. He looked at it again; touched it. A thought seized him. He laughed. And again. Weakly at first. Then louder and louder. Once more the walls shook with that weird cacaphony.

He gurgled foolishly, slyly, "They'll never get me. They'll never get Gregor. I'll build a fire—a great fire. I'll make daylight—bright daylight—and then the head will become a kettle again. Just a little black kettle with a broken finger.

"Fire! Fire!" he cried. Clumsily he struck a spark and fanned the tiny flame, and watched it grow and grow. He piled logs on. Soon it was a great fire. The oven was open. Flames darted out. He danced before it crying, laughing.

"See! . . . The head is a kettle now. Just an old black kettle. There's no more head. Just a kettle.

The Kettle

"But I'll need more fire. More wood. Pile it on. Let it grow. Larger. Larger. Grow fire! Never stop. Brighter! Hotter!"

The flames licked out and up. The wood box burst into flames. Flames crept along the wall and into the bed. And the madman laughed.

The kettle danced in the flames. And the madman laughed and laughed.

"They'll never get me," he cackled. "They'll never get Gregor." But the flames licked at his boots and he sprang to the door.

Outside the blazing cabin the wind howled and the snow swirled. Inside, there was a futile beating and struggling at the frozen door—for a while. Then there was only the licking of the flames.



Excuse Please

By FRANCIS J. MAGUIRE, '42

“YOU will excuse us please,” came the apologetic radio voice of a popular orchestra leader. “Our next number will be a classical selection.”

Thus was introduced Liszt's beautiful “Liebestraum”. An announcement of that kind is not at all prudent. It would hardly comfort the dizzy dame who had been awaiting the latest swing arrangement of “Under the Old Crab Apple Tree”. To the lover of good music it would be an insult.

In viewing the apology objectively it would seem to indicate that Americans prefer “swing” to the classics. The facts argue against this conclusion. Symphony concerts are becoming increasingly popular and the sale of phonograph records is tremendous. Despite the great ballyhoo surrounding the swing music craze, the tendency is definitely towards better music. But this is not strange, for the good ultimately conquers and the superiority of the classics is universally admitted.

My remarks in regard to swing may seem rather harsh to some readers who include in their definition of objective writing the dictum that the writer should say nothing “objectionable” to them, and so I say, “Read no further you ‘jitterbuggers’ and ‘swingers’.” My only compromise with the latter is that they can swing as much as they desire—on a limb with no visible means of support but a rope. As for the former—the jitterbuggers—I am speechless.

The barbaric influence has gone just about far enough

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in our native songs. It has introduced into our language sentences and words that defy both the laws of syntax and etymology. Consider this gem for example: "Oh, de Lawd am good and he'll gib me a gold bracelet to put ober ma haid." We wonder if some kind scholar, in the true Thomas Fell tradition, would come forward and parse this sentence for us.

The result of all this jittering and swinging is that the radio crooner must excuse himself for interpolating a classic into an otherwise tin-pan program. It may be that he wants to put some backbone into the meaningless blare of Conga and "Hot-Cha" rhythms. Nor is this at all far-fetched for there is an unmistakable trend to incorporate classical music, appropriately disguised, into the body of modern music. This is done by adapters who filch a beautiful passage from a classic and then dress it to their taste with a new name and lyric.

This type of music writing has always been with us and had a particularly famous disciple in Handel, over two hundred years ago. He, for instance, would take a little known, but lovely, melody and make it a masterpiece. When reminded by his contemporaries that this was plagiarism, Handel replied, "I know it. But look at what that pig did with it, and see how beautiful I made it."

Of course, the modern would-be followers of Handel do not claim that they are improving the works of the masters. They realize that it would be like an ordinary house painter trying to improve the *Mona Lisa*. Whatever the reason, the practice is very prevalent. Such recently successful songs as "Moon Love" and "An Eighteenth Century Drawing Room" are adaptations. They find their origins, as you will discover by looking at some obscure corner of the music, from the Fifth Symphony of Tschaikovsky and a Mozart Sonata. Some critics have been so unkind as to say that adaptation is the vogue be-

cause our moderns have no originality. They are suffering from a dearth of melody say others.

But while music lovers fret and fume over this rampant plagiarism, there is a wholesome effect flowing from it. It does acquaint the public with a "smattering of ignorance" in regard to the classics which leads to curiosity, then investigation and finally to a genuine love for the finer type of music. For instance, one man could not find any enjoyment in the classics because he had never looked for it. His appreciation extended to songs of the day, such as "The Lamp Is Low", until his discovery that that tune was borrowed from Ravel's classic "Pavane".

Though we see some good in the adaptation of the classics, there is no doubt that it is most annoying to real musicians. A certain church organist was particularly irked one day because of this "modernization" of the classics. He almost lost his position in the choir loft when he played "Moonlight and Roses" at a funeral. After the service the irate parson gave him a sermon on good taste. He was placated only after the organist told him that he had not played "Moonlight and Roses", but, rather, the beautiful "Andantino" by Lamare.

Even more brazen than adaptation is the manner in which the band leaders swing the classics. Not only is the rhythm different, but even the theme is tom-tomed into obscurity by an industrious drummer. The former classic loses its identity. The thought intended to be conveyed by the composer is hardly considered for it is completely smothered by the blaring trumpets and the stamping feet of the gyrating dervishes on the dance floor.

And so the days go by and the music lover must continue listening to a distorted rendition of a Tschaikovsky Overture or a Beethoven Symphony. His head has become quite bald now from his plucking; so he no longer vents his rage in that direction. He

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sits about and stoically murmurs to himself that maybe things will get better. The dizzy dame chews her gum vigorously while she awaits the end of "that terrible simponic tripe." Thus, neither listener is satisfied with a half-baked, composite program of swing and classical music. No, the answer does not lie in compromise, for a radio program, somewhat like "a nation divided against itself," cannot stand half Dorsey and half Wagner. What we should seek is the placing of radio entertainment into its proper categories.

Let there be two divisions in our radio networks. One network, perhaps called B.E.S.T., would be for those who want the finest music of both the old and new worlds. The other network, with station K.R.A.C.T., would include all the swing and "hot" music bands. This network would be most profitable, for there would be no lack of sponsors. The toothpasters, lip-stickers, and beauticians would leap for the chance of putting their products before a K.R.A.C.T. audience.

Doubtless the plan, like other Utopias of its kind, is destined for oblivion; but long after both it and swing are relegated to the ash-can the classics will remain. Yet their memories will linger on, but for different reasons. Fifty years hence crippled old men and women will be reviewing the folly of their youth. Like war veterans they'll show their scars. Sacro-illiac conditions, broken bones, cracked ribs, and twisted limbs will be recalled to mind, and when all injuries are added up, particularly those sustained in the "Conga Drive" and the "Big Apple Drive," casualties will rival those received at the Evacuation of Dunkirk. Only a few will recall the plan for separating the radio networks. Historians will cast it aside and term its author an "impractical panacea seeker." People of the twenty-first century will laugh and ridicule it, for they shall look upon our era as one in which their "un-venerable" ancestors almost lapsed

into a neolithic culture. "Ridiculous," they shall say, "to even think that that type of music, 'sling' or 'bing' or whatever they called it, was worthy of a separate network."

But some kind person may add, "Well such a plan would have been good for the 1940's, but we don't need it to-day. Imagine any announcer in this year of 2000 A. D. introducing a beautiful Tschaikovsky masterpiece with 'Excuse Please.'"



The Wines of Germany

By J. A. CONWAY, '43

TO an America still nursing its Volsteadian hangover with bastard potions of white mule, maountain corn, moose milk and assorted distillations which at least attain to the dignity of a label, wine remains pretty much an unknown beverage, imbibed only by waxy little Frenchmen who fairly drip *savoir faire* and the blood of the grape, and who spend their time, when not in bed, either dipping their bills into beakers of claret or poring over charts of vintage years. The era of bathtub gin has done something to our taste, if indeed we may be said ever to have had one, for liquor, as a mark of civilization, rather than as a means of getting drunk as quickly and as inexpensively as possible, has disappeared along with the four-in-hand and the hourglass silhouette. We have forgotten how to enjoy what we drink, and our evenings at the local house of cheer resolve themselves into efforts to stay topside of the table for as long as possible.

Possibly America's cultural inferiority complex has something to do with it. The Solid Citizen turns away baffled from a window filled with imported bottles; his sincere yearning after The Good Things Of Life dissolves before the learned treatise on the good years of the Côte d'Or; the sophisticated chatter of the imported movie star in the café scene anent Champagne leaves him bewildered. Too, most waiters stare blankly at an order for wine, and if you send the barkeep to "see what the boys in the backroom will have," the chances are against

his returning with a bottle of Meursault Genevrières '29 clutched in one fist. Rather than intrude himself upon this company of gourmets and oenophiles, this mystical fraternity of those wise in the ways of *grand vin*, these creatures apart who so effortlessly plan a dinner matching the correct wine against the appropriate food, the good burgher reaches with a grunt of disgust for his good old Pride of the Bluegrass ("This Whiskey Guaranteed 18 Months Old").

The truth is that anyone with a vestige of taste and a moderately well filled wallet can, after a few experiences in a good restaurant, become something of a judge of wine in his own right. He will never find employment with the great vintners of the world as an official taster—probably he will never gather unto himself the ability to place the year, variety, and quality of a wine by nose alone—but he will certainly be able to decide whether or not he likes the wine he has tasted, and after all, that is the final purpose of drinking wine: to enjoy it. However, the average person, which means you and I, would like to be able to judge what a wine will be like before tasting it; he cannot afford to order everything on the list, and he is justly suspicious of the waiter who urges upon him a bottle at five dollars, when he has been told he can get a good one at two. Knowledge of wines, like any other kind of knowledge, cannot be reached via short cuts, but a great deal of what may be expected of a bottle can be found on the label. Alas, most of us have no knowledge of French, and the complicated French system of labelling, coupled with the almost infinite variety of wines produced in France, makes the going pretty difficult. If for that reason alone, though it is a slight to the vineyards of Germany to use it, the person making the acquaintance of fine wine for the first time will do well to start with the wines of Germany. The orderly Germans have devised a clear and easily

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understood system of labelling that is standard throughout Germany, and the amateur's choice of vintages is thereby considerably simplified.

It should be understood that simplified labelling is a quite minor reason for choosing German wines. The products of the German grape rank high, in good years highest, among the great *white* wines of the world. There are certain fundamental facts about them that should be grasped at the outset; they are merely general observations: in view of the volumes that have been written on the subject, this can be only an introduction. But remember the basic facts and you won't go wrong; the lengthy tomes are for the experts, the connoisseurs—you can operate and enjoy a motor car without possessing a knowledge of what makes it run, though of course that knowledge helps. The general observations here are the result of many pleasant evenings I have spent in that finest of Boston's German restaurants, Gundlach's Hofbräu, plus a little study of the Gundlach wine card (smuggled out of the HB under a certain young lady's coat), and the excellent little book *Wines*, by the noted American authority, Julian Street. But the evenings in the Hofbräu would have been enough.

Germany's autumn season is often cold and damp, and as a result the grapes producing her wine must of necessity be the hardiest wine-yielding vines in the world. The grape which has the necessary qualifications is the Riesling, which is employed almost to the exclusion of other varieties. The Riesling is light in color, and produces only white wines—Germany has no excellent red wines—but what white wine! It is in this respect that Germany differs from France in viticulture: there is no wide variety of types and colors there as in France, where the vintages range from magnificent red Burgundy, the climax of any list, through almost equally great Bordeaux, richly sweet Sauternes,

flinty white Chablis, and so forth, to the utter confusion and befuddlement of the uninitiated. A few red wines are, indeed, grown in Germany, but they are insignificant beside the great products of Burgundy and Bordeaux. No, if with Isaiah you would "sing unto a vineyard of red wine," you had best do your warbling in France. Germany's alpha and omega of wine is the white Riesling product; there are shades of sweetness (dryness) and body in the various parts of the grape districts, but it may be said of every good German wine that it is white, has a clean, never-cloying taste, and most charming characteristic of all, a lovely fragile *bouquet* (fragrance) suggestive of flowers.

Even before the waiter draws the cork, however, you may discover a great deal about your wine (the waiter is patient; he will stand politely aside while you read the label). As previously stated, German labelling is easy to understand once you have mastered a few terms. And fortunately for you, the inborn respect of the Germans for law and honesty is nowhere more evident than in the production of their wines. German laws concerning wine are definite, strict, and well enforced, in contradistinction to the vague arrangements in France. French wine is all too often doctored, fortified with inferior wine, exported under false labels, or otherwise tampered with, due to certain defects in the French laws which need not concern us here. The German laws exact that every bottle be completely classified on its label; sugared wine may not carry the name of a specific vineyard, chemical adulteration is made impossible, etc. You may be reasonably certain that you are getting what the label says you are getting. There are six essential parts to the label of a genuine German wine: (1) the year of vintage, (2) the name of the district that produced the wine, (3) *the name of the vineyard*, (4) the type of grape from which the wine was made, (5) the grower's or dealer's name, and (6) one

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of these words: *Wachstum*, *Gewächs* or *Crescenz*, indicating that the wine is unblended and unsugared. Those are the essentials. Too, the label may state *Originalabfuellung*, which means that it was bottled on the grower's estate (cf. French *Mise en Château*), and *Edelgewächs*, which corresponds to the French *Grand Vin*—great wine.

There are further terms which may appear on the label, but only if you have ordered an especially fine wine: *Auslese* (which means a picking out), if the wine has been made from selected bunches of grapes; *Beeren Auslese*, on a wine made from especially chosen single grapes; *Spaetlese* (late picking), if the wine is the product of grapes picked when they are past the earlier ripening stage; or last of all, if you really want to splurge, get a wine that is *Trockenbeeren Auslese*—made from grapes that have been allowed to hang on the vine until they are nearly dried out, containing only a fourth of their original juice, magnificently sweet—and expensive beyond the reach of most of us. A great *Trockenbeeren Auslese* of the historic 1921 vintage sold in 1935 for 360.-RM (\$144) per bottle! The sublime experience of sampling a 1921 has never been mine; I don't possess that color money.

To illustrate the usage of the terminology, here are some sample wines taken from the list at Gundlach's:

1934er Kiedricher Turmberg Riesling Spaetlese Originalabfuellung Dr. Weil-Naturwein

This means that the wine was produced in 1934 (a wonderful year in German wines), in the district of Kiedrich, in the Rheingau (we shall mention the districts later on), on Doctor Weil's estate, Turmberg; that it was made from Riesling grapes; that it is a late wine; bottled on the Doctor's estate, and un-

sugared, *Naturwein* being another term meaning unsugared. Incidentally, this is one of the finest German wines I have ever tasted—at \$3.50 per bottle, it represents the largest single such investment I can reasonably make.

*1934er Schloss Johannisberger Cabinet Riesling Spaetlese
Originalabfuellung Fuerst von Metternich-Natur-
wein*

A 1934 Spaetlese (Cabinet is a term meaning the wine is from the eight or ten best barrels in the entire vintage) from the estate of the Metternich family, Schloss Johannisberg, near the town of the same name. Remember the name, for you will never go wrong on any Schloss Johannisberg wine. This system of labelling prevails throughout the country, and armed with these few essential terms, you and I can buy fine German vintages with the greatest of the connoisseurs.

Never let the problem of vintage years worry you. Here again Germany has the advantage over France, because while in France there is great difference in quality in a given wine from year to year, and a year good in one wine will be poor in a product of a vineyard a hundred yards away (labelled under the same communal name!), and even in a great year French wines from exactly the same château may differ from bottle to bottle, German wines have the highest *average* quality of any in the world. A warm, dry autumn throughout Germany is certain to produce excellent wine in every section and nearly every vineyard; a year *great* in one wine will never be less than *good* in any other, and a year poor in Rhine wine will be pretty much of a disappointment in the other sections. There is a better standardization of quality; one bottle of one of the wines mentioned above will taste very much the same as a second bottle (you will want a second bottle). To remember the good years, simply get a small chart of the vintages from any good importing firm (that

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is, after World War II and the British blockade have ended) ; you may use it as a dependable guide. Or if you don't care to be precise about it, though you so easily may, simply remember that 1921, '29, '33, '34 and '35 are the best recent years, especially '21 and '34. Every wine labelled with the vineyard name and bearing one of those years on the label will be an excellent product of its type. Always look for the vineyard name; usually it is the second word of the wine's title. In a poor year the great growers sadly bottle their wine without affixing the name of their estates, and sell it immediately as common wine. Apropos vintage years, it should be remembered that most German wines, with the exceptions of the various Auslesen and Spaetlesen, mature quickly and should be consumed ordinarily when they are from two to eight years old. Span of maturity is another property of the various sections, of which we had perhaps better make mention before going any further.

This time it is an old German proverb rather than the laws of the Reich that comes to our assistance: "Rhineland is Wineland." True entirely as it stands, for every German wine of any importance whatsoever, from the most unassuming luncheon wine to the greatest Trockenbeeren Auslese, is produced by vines growing, if not along the Rhine itself, at least in the hills and valleys of one of the tributaries of the Rhine. This is perhaps the most beautiful section of Germany, for wherever there are vines along the rivers you may be reasonably certain of green, fertile countryside akin to the hills of our Vermont. Those of the Moselle region are especially picturesque, terraced like an interminable flight of stairs along the hillsides, with here and there great ruined shells of the medieval castles saddening the scene.

A geographical tour of German wines should be at once the simplest and the most logical method of study. Remember

that the rivers, all climaxing with the Rhine, are the key to the problem. The Moselle River runs in a northeasterly direction from the Luxembourg border to the city of Coblenz, where it joins the Rhine. Along the way, the Moselle is itself joined by the little Saar and Ruwer Rivers. All the available sunny space on the hillsides of these little streams is under the vine; they produce, as does their parent stream the Moselle, clean tasting, full, and yet delicate wines which when uncorked will put before your imagination the green clothed hills from whence they came, so fragrantly flowery is the bouquet. The Saar wines are the best of the three, if there be any choice; all three are drawn off in beautiful green bottles of the same slender shape that is characteristic of nearly all German wines. The wines of the Moselle, Saar, and Ruwer are exceptionally light (9% of alcohol by volume), and most satisfactory as luncheon wines. Only a few reach real greatness; I have listed my choices, inexpert though they may be, at the end of this article.

At Coblenz, the Moselle meets the Rhine at almost a right angle, and we turn about southeasterly (against the river's course). For some miles the Rhine flows placidly through country not famous for wine, then suddenly at Bingen-on-Rhine the tributary Nahe joins the larger stream; immediately the Rhine curves around in the shape of a perfect breast—fittingly symbolizing fertility—and there lies the supreme wine producing section of Germany, the Rheingau. The breast faces the Rheingau; the area of the breast itself is the Rheinhessen, another admirable wine region. In this entire area, from the ruined castle of Rüdesheim away to Wiesbaden, the vine reigns supreme. The reason is simply that the river has curved in a southwesterly direction, and now enjoys a flood of sunlight. It is here that Charlemagne is supposed to have planted the first vines; one spring while stopping at Ingleheim he noticed that the heavy

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snow of the night before was melting more rapidly on the side of Johannisberg than elsewhere, and he wisely decided that such glorious sunshine should be put to use. Immediately he despatched a servant to Orleans to bring a vine, which he planted. The peasants of the district staunchly maintain that he still returns every spring on a dark night to bless the grapes. Countless times I have tasted Schloss Johannisberg wines at the Hofbräu, and each time blessed anew the emperor's vision, for these are among the finest wines in Germany, and the world as well; mostly medium dry, except for the Auslesen and Spaetlesen, which are made here as well as in the other districts. The latter are always more or less sweet, regardless of their place of origin. Any German wine menu should climax with a Rheingau wine; they have a more rounded, elegant flavor than any other German product, and the first axiom of serving any wines is that the least-to-greatest climax order must be used; dry wines before sweet wines, lesser wines before greater. A full Rheingau wine will make a less memorable Moselle taste insipid. The wines of the Rheinhessen area, across the river as we have noted, are sweeter, less flowery of bouquet, and not well suited for export. The vineyards of the Nähe, which leaves the Rhine at Bingen and stretches southward, is beginning to produce good wine comparable to the Rheinhessen product; it does not equal Rheingau, but scientific methods recently applied have made the best Nähe wines a liquor to be remembered; full and rich, though delicate, and barely missing greatness.

Finally the Rhine flows without much further deviation past the districts of the Bavarian Palatinate (Rheinpfalz) and Würzburg, the home of Steinwein. The Rheinpfalz produces twelve million gallons annually—a large figure—but since the wine is rather thinner and less noble than other Rhine varieties, it is mostly sold in barrels as Tischwein—table wine—and not

bottled at all. Steinwein is not familiar to most American wine lovers, but it should be. It has the fullness and lovely bouquet of the better Moselles, and is exported in squat, square bottles colored green and termed *Bocksbeutel*; often the wine itself is known by that name. Perhaps Steinwein has received little attention because the fame of the beer from this district—Würzburg—overshadows it. But Steinwein will keep and improve for years in the bottle, and is worthy of attention.

Thus the roster of the districts. At first it may seem difficult to keep straight, but again the elemental facts are to be remembered. The Rheingau is the greatest section, producing medium-dry, flowery wine; Rheinhessen is like Rheingau only less distinguished for body; Moselle, Saar, and Ruwer are light, rather dry luncheon wines; Steinwein is a full, deep-flavored product in an odd-shaped squat bottle, distinguished from the slender ones used with every other type. We have seen that all the wines are white, all have a flowery bouquet. We have noted '21, '29, '33, '34 and '35 as the best years, considered the six requisites of labelling, and the words describing especially fine wine. These are the *sine qua non* of German viniana; know these facts and you are equipped to purchase a good bottle or two.

Serving German wines is a process involving none of the rigmarole which accompanies the setting out of French vintages. Only one type of glass is used—a shallow, crystal goblet with a wide brim to permit the flowery fragrance to circulate under your appreciative nostrils, and having a long stem so that you may hold the glass without warming the wine by the heat of your hand (German wines are at their best cold—but not iced, since excessive heat or cold ruins the fragility of the flavor). There need be none of the rites of examination of the cork so beloved of the French connoisseur; the youth of the average German

The Wines of Germany

wine excludes the judging of the wine by the extent to which the cork is stained. Ordinarily the cork will be clean, unstained, and firm enough so that it will not crumble into the bottle when removed. The information of the label may be repeated on the cork, but this is unnecessary, though I like to save the corks as souvenirs (unfortunately, the Massachusetts law now rules that every bottle be smashed after use). There is no need to strain or decant the wines of Germany; they have little sediment, and careful pouring will leave in the bottle any sediment that may have collected. The host must first pour the top of the bottle into his own glass, mostly as a gesture of courtesy but partly so that possible specks will go into his glass instead of a guest's. Decanting seems to me a crime in any event (*Décante, déchanter*, as the French so admirably put it); I like the graceful slenderness of the bottles—none of the fat surliness of the French variety—and the fascinating labels, both because of their useful information about the wine and the way in which they sum up the enjoyable experience that lies within the bottle.

For it is an enjoyable experience; these mild wines gently smooth off the sharp edges of the mind; after a bottle or two you will be perfectly steady on your feet; but you will find that your conversation comes more easily; where ordinarily you can never think of anything to say, now you are dispensing witticisms that would do credit to a Rabelais. Your surroundings seem to change; everything softens perceptibly; your companion is the finest fellow you have ever known (you may have met him an hour ago), life seems wonderfully worth the living, and you are tempted to grant a generous tip to that excellent waiter who suggested this wine to you (and don't the waiters know it!). Perhaps it is possible to take a bottle of Rheingau to your room and drink it by yourself, but I prefer companionship with the cup. Genial surroundings, good service, pleasant companions,

good music are all conducive to greater enjoyment of your wine. The bottle which first drew nourishment from the German countryside seems somehow more at home in a German restaurant (you need not bring a gun to Gundlach's or to any other German restaurant of my acquaintance; you won't meet any representatives of the Gestapo or Fifth Columnists; most of the waiters are 100% American citizens, though German born, and I don't think Herr Gundlach is yet taking orders from the Wilhelmstrasse); the jovial atmosphere at Gundlach's is such that I infinitely prefer it to the vulgarly ornamental and outrageously expensive night clubs of the city. Let others have the mulcting night spots, the raw tasting whiskeys, the sour, gaseous ales, and the contemptible invention known as the cocktail; but grant us, O Lord, that the Riesling may continue to yield its pale golden ambrosia by the rivers of Germany.

I hear 1940 promises well.

RECOMMENDED TYPICAL GERMAN WINES*

Rheingau Wines

1933er Schloss Reinhartshausener Hattenheimer Heiligenberg

Originalabfuellung Prinz Friedrich Heinrich v. Preuss

1934er Schloss Johannisberger Cabinet Spaetlese (White Seal)

Originalabfuellung Fuerst von Metternich

1934er Winkeler Dachsberg Beerenauslese

Originalabfuellung Jacob Horz

1934er Winkeler Jesuitengarten Auslese

Originalabfuellung Jacob Horz

1934er Ruedesheimer Berg Rottland Spaetlese

Orig. Abf. Grafl. von Francken Sierstorpf'sche Gutsverwaltung

*This list represents only my own experiences at the Hofbräu over a period of time; it is not a transcription of any commercial vintage list, since these are copyrighted. This is a highly personalized guide, but, I hope, a fairly good one.

The Wines of Germany

1934er Schloss Vollradser

Originalabfuellung Graf. Matuschka-Greiffenklau

1935er Schloss Johannisberger Gruenkapsel

Weingut Fuerst von Metternich

Mosel and Saar Wines

1934er Wehlener Sonnenuhr Auslese

Originalabfuellung Bergweiler-Prum

1934er Piesporter Goldtropfchen Spaetlese

Originalabfuellung Schmidt-Kunz

1935er Brauneberger Juffer Spaetlese

Originalabfuellung Ostermann-Karp

Rheinhessen Wines

1935er Oppenheimer Sacktraeger Riesling Spaetlese

Originalabfuellung L. Guntrum

1935er Liebfraumilch Riesling Spaetlese

Weingut Heinrich Gundlach

Rheinpfalz Wines

1934er Deidesheimer Rennpfad Riesling

Gewächs Reichsrat von Buhl

Nähe Wines

1935er Kreuznacher Steinberg Riesling Auslese

Originalabfuellung August Anheuser

1934er Schloss Boeckelheimer Kupfergrube Riesling Spaetlese

Originalabfuellung Staatl. Domaene

Steinwein

1935er Wuerzburger Neuberg Spaetlese

Buergerspital Originalabfuellung Wuerzburg

To Prince Henry The Navigator

On the 800th Birthday of Portugal

By JOHN M. FALCAS, '42

Why so quiet and pensive, lord?
Do you gaze beyond the ford
Of centuries yet in time?

Can you see the nations fall,
One by one, beneath the wall
Of greedy, ruthless crime?

Do you see the monster's claw
Stretch and pull into his maw
The lives of men enslaved?

No wonder you sit there and stare
Into fresh and sea-blown air
As if in bronze engraved.

Eight hundred years have come and gone
Since Lusitania first was born,
In civil strife and bloody war.

Eight hundred years! How long they seem,
Now when life or love is just a dream
That fades before the monster's claw.

But do not grieve. The sun will rise
Again and smile. For so the prize
Of Time is gained, in vile defeat

Of hate and force. The right will out,
And loud hosannas shall we shout
From housetops, in victory sweet!

"Lest We Forget"

By IRA T. WILLIAMS, JR., '41

THE war was over and I was going home! I was sure of it because I heard them say so. Lucky, wasn't I? Damned lucky, I'd say! There were many of my buddies who weren't going home. They weren't going home because they were buried in Flanders. But gee! I was lucky! Imagine. Me going home! I never thought I'd see the good old U. S. A. again after that shell burst on top of me and Mike. Mike? Oh, he was the corporal of our outfit and plenty tough—shells never bothered him. He'd just laugh, and curse those blasted Henies for poor shots. But when hell broke loose over our heads Mike didn't curse—he just disappeared. I looked around after the dirt and muck settled around me but I couldn't find Mike. He was gone! Gone! Guys didn't just disappear for nothing over there in shell holes! Something must have happened. What, I couldn't figure out. But that was war and there was nothing that I, nor anybody else, could do about it.

How did I get into this war? Well it was funny all right. Believe it or not I enlisted! I wasn't drafted. I was anxious to go! Think of that—anxious to go! Sure, you know—get yourself shot and then some one will name a park after you, or maybe a memorial square. Great stuff. After all, some one had to save democracy, didn't they? I didn't have any stripes or a commission—just a plain private—but I was in plenty of that war. All the mud and filth and slime that we lived in for almost two years was real. Maybe some of those officers didn't think so because

they were in more comfortable barracks behind the lines, looking over maps and sending more young Americans into that blazing inferno that was Chateau Thierry. But it was all over now and I was on my way home.

Well, I came home on a boat. Not an ordinary boat, mind you, but a battleship of Uncle Sam's navy! Some class, eh! But why not? Wasn't I one of those heroes who fought to make the world safe for democracy? You bet your last dollar I was! Gee, there were thousands of people at the dock that day and all for me, 'cause I was the only one coming back on that boat. When I came down the gangplank the soldiers stood at attention. Not bad, eh? Heck, I was only a private and didn't even have one stripe, so it was quite an honor—all this saluting and attention for me.

Back in America again, I wanted to go home and see my mother and father. After all, I had been away almost two years. Quite a long time for a guy who was never away before—not even overnight. But they didn't even want me to go home then. They took me to Washington. Boy, I was a big shot! I heard them say that the President was going to give me a medal. So I put off seeing the old folks for a few days to go and get my medal. After all, didn't I fight to make the world safe for democracy? It was worth a medal wasn't it? Of course you understand I didn't get in that mixup just for an old tin medal. No sir! I wanted to make the world safe for democracy!

We arrived at the Capitol city and there were more soldiers standing at attention. We rode up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. There the President made a speech about how brave I was and how brave my pals were who didn't come back. Every one cheered when the President finished. I don't know whether they cheered because he was finished or if they agreed with what he said, but anyway they cheered.

Well, after the noise died down a little, he gave me the

"Lest We Forget"

medal, gold and shiny. Boy, it sure did look good. I thought that if worse came to worse and I didn't get my old job back, I could always hock this medal and pick up some easy money.

Now for home and good old Mom and Pop, I thought. But, no! They didn't think that I should go home yet. They wanted me to stay around a while for all the people to see. Let every one honor me 'cause I fought to make the world safe for democracy!

* * *

One day an old couple came up to me. The man held his wife's arm tenderly and she clung to him tightly with her aging fingers. They stopped before me and the sweet faced old lady, smiling to her mate, said, "That's our boy, Jed. Don't you feel proud?" And she brushed away a tear that was stealing down her whitened cheek.

"No, Mother," consoled the old man, "don't cry. You should feel happy. That's the way we brought him up—to love his country and protect it in time of need."

I was puzzled. Why did they call me their son? I wasn't their boy! I tried to tell them that they were mistaken but they walked on and I didn't follow.

A short time later two old buddies of mine came along. Boy, it was good to see them again! They looked at me and one of them said, "Good old Ned. Here he is a national hero, and we're on relief. Boy, is he lucky. Not a care in the world."

"Ned? Ned? Why did they call me that? They knew me for years and no one ever called me Ned. What was the matter with them? Were they blind? Couldn't they see me right there in front of them? I called to them, but they seemed not to hear me. They saluted and walked on, and I didn't follow.

* * *

It was spring and all the world was alive. Washington

"Lest We Forget"

change to such an extent that my own parents wouldn't recognize me. They started to move away without speaking to me and I called to them to wait but they, seeming not to hear me, walked on and I didn't follow.

A few years later the world was once again echoing with the cries of "make the world safe for democracy." I thought I had done that job some twenty years ago. Was the world like a house that every so often needed cleaning? How many times did people have to fight for this thing called democracy? What was wrong with the world? I began to think of my buddies who were blown to bits by shells; others who were shot to pieces as they hung on the barbed wire; and still others who lost arms, legs, or eyes; those who were shell-shocked and crazed. What did they think of fighting to make the world safe for democracy? I thought and wondered. Was it all worth while? Did my pals die for the preservation of a glorious ideal or did they, like lambs led to a slaughter, die in vain for something which never existed nor ever will exist?

No, don't get me wrong. I'm all for this democracy, in a way. Yes sir! It is a great thing. Anything that our forefathers were willing to die for must be worth while. So why throw it over in a reckless challenge of our true American spirit? We don't need to *save* democracy! You don't have to save that which you already have. We in America already have democracy. And this same democracy will be preserved as long as we are willing to make sacrifices that it may survive all challengers. The democracy of these United States is as safe as it ever can be under human rule. There is no reason why we should save democracy for the world. No sir! Save it for America and let the world go hang!!

I had been brooding over these sentiments since the new war broke out over there. The more I thought about them the surer I got. I wanted to tell people about them. I wanted to

shout it to America. New and larger crowds were coming to see me now, but I didn't try to tell them. I knew from long experience that they wouldn't hear. They just stood before me for a time and seemed to read something at my feet. That was strange. But come to think of it I had often seen people do it. Funny. I had never had the curiosity to look before. But I'd look now just to see what it was. There was a great stone at my feet. I had difficulty reading the words but finally I made them out. The inscription on the stone was: HERE LIES IN HONORED GLORY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER KNOWN BUT TO GOD.



Home of the Brave

ANONYMOUS

IT was a sultry August afternoon. The vast throng at Suffolk Downs suffered from the heat very much but there were probably few in it who did not feel an exhilarating tingling of the spine as the stirring strains of "God Bless America" blared forth from the loud-speakers. The sixth race had just ended; the shouting and commotion were hushed; people talked in whispers or just sat and listened, wiping their brows and unconsciously being flattered by the song's praises; all were proud to be Americans—even with the thermometer at 90.

Bill was proud to be an American too, but he wasn't thinking of that now. He stretched his rugged body out on the long bench in the mutual department and took out a cigarette. He had about five minutes before the bell would again summon him to his ticket machine. Bill prepared to utilize the respite to the fullest.

Along the long line of machines came the supervisor changing the code numbers for the next race. As he came to Bill's machine, a pale, poorly dressed, old woman came up to the open window and mumbled something which was lost in the noise the supervisor was making. She repeated when he looked up impatiently.

"Can I get a ticket for the next race?" she asked timidly. "I've got to go home."

The supervisor turned to the men on the bench and winked broadly. "Why you certainly can, madame. Mr. Kelly, wait on this lady."

Tall, dapper Mr. Kelly, the wit of the department, "leaped to the rescue." With a covert "Watch this," out of the corner of his mouth, and an overt courtly bow, he inquired, "May I help you madame?"

"I'd like number seven, please. Two dollars to show."

Sprightly Mr. Kelly leaned over ingratiatingly. "Well now, it's too bad that you wanted number seven, madame. I'm afraid I can't accomodate you just yet. You see, we're waiting for the janitor to wind up the number seven key. However, I'll tell you what you can do. Go down here to the left about thirty windows. The last window in the cashier section. And you'll see a fellow there in a green eye-shade. That's Mr. Annie-Oakley. Ask him if he's got any seven tickets yet. He may be able to help you. And if he can't you come right back here and I'll get that ticket for you if it costs me my job."

Mr. Kelly turned to bask in the suppressed grins of his fellow workers. The old woman hobbled off.

"This is gonna be good," quoth Mr. Kelly as he hurried away to warn Mr. Annie-Oakley of his impending visit.

The bench rocked with laughter. "That Kelly is a hot Tamale," gurgled Tony into Bill's ear. "Did you see the look on her face? Like this..." Tony got up and demonstrated to the gallery and then hobbled away in mock imitation of the old woman. Tony was applauded with uncontrollable glee.

Kelly was returning now. He was smiling as a "big" man smiles when he is pleasantly distracted from the worries of business.

"What did he say, Kelly?" someone called.

"He gave her a ticket from the last race and told her to come back and pay me." Kelly smiled in the most approved fashion and sat down. "Mr. Annie-Oakley" he grinned to himself. He was well pleased with his pun.

Home of the Brave

Soon the old woman appeared at the window again. In a twinkling, Kelly was at her side. They conferred inaudibly for a moment and then Kelly turned so that the spectators could see him as he applied his expert scrutiny to the ticket which the old woman had given him.

"Hmmm, hmmm," he murmured in his most professional air. "There appears to be something wrong here. Now I'm not saying there is," he quickly assured her, "but, you know, it always pays to be careful."

Kelly turned with a flourish. "Mr. Munroe," he called. "Mr. Munroe."

Moon-faced Mr. Munroe, with an audible "squish," deposited his cud of chewing tobacco in the trash can and slouched into the limelight.

"Mr. Munroe," Kelly repeated, "will you kindly step over here for a moment." "This is Mr. Munroe, madame," Kelly smiled. "Mr. Munroe, this lady claims she got this ticket from Mr. Annie-Oakley but there appears to be a slight flaw in it. What do you think we had better do about it?"

Mr. Munroe "took over". Catching sight of the bill clutched in the old woman's hand, he exclaimed in apparent consternation, "Is that a five-dollar bill you've got there, lady?"

The old woman nodded and showed the money.

"Well you'll have to get that changed before we can talk business, lady. . . . where?"

Munroe shot a glance at the cash-man three windows to his left and then quickly pointed in the opposite direction. "Way down at the other end of the grandstand, lady. Hurry back now before we're all sold out."

The old woman sighed and hobbled away.

Munroe turned and slapped his leg and covered his mouth.

A loud guffaw burst in Bill's ear. Tony slapped him on the back and struggled through his mirth, "It's no wonder this place makes money with d—— fools like that around."

The bell rang and Bill returned to his window. The last strains of "God Bless America" blared from the loud-speakers and Bill hummed with the music, "God bless America, my home sweet home."



BY THE WAY

BEING excellent parlor chair theorists and planners of bigger and better jobs for other people, we suggested the other day that somebody write a column for *THE ALEMBIC* which would amount to rather learned chit-chat about the arts. The idea immediately backfired in our direction and over our protest. We happen to be slightly cynical about many things and are more than cynical about our own acquaintance with the arts.

Our artistic scoresheet amounts to a couple of symphonies and concerts, several museums (Egyptian pebbles and that sort of thing); one ballet, very charming; one example of the dance which we couldn't understand. (We suspect that it was love at first sight, but she was disgusted with him; then he chased her, seduced her and then she died in his arms—another notch on his carving knife.) We've seen some good theatre but not nearly enough, having been forced to get our theatre vicariously through compilations of the best this and that. We have a burning desire to be able to spin off phrases à la Nathan and always wished we could achieve that look of boredom and disdain with which we ourselves are viewed whenever we show our eager countenance into the intermission-lobby of anything at all.

But we did have a rather interesting introduction to current books. Deciding, in the first glow of adolescence, that we'd been missing everything, we plunged into a long list of realistic best sellers. We couldn't *know* until we'd read everything there was to read in the way of realism. We combined a dash of Hem-

ingway (we congratulated ourselves on our maturity) , with some of Faulkner, and a little of Dos Passos. We were charmed with ourselves. We thought we could see knowing circles under our eyes and we resolved that some day we'd go to Greenwich Village, get ourselves a garret, and write some awfully raw realism which would somehow be beautiful. We'd write things which would startle people, turn the world by its ears, change civilization and then people would make studies of how beauty could emanate from such minds as ours. We'd be tolerant toward the stick-in-the-mud classmates of ours who would cling to Babbity in their way of life and in their outdated concept of morals. Toleration of those people would be such fun! They'd try to convert us but all the time they'd be admiring our independence. We'd be living on champagne; they on Coca-Cola.

It was rather sobering a few years later to wake up to the fact that we were, after all, Babbits! Babbits of the most pronounced bath-towel, press-button type! But after all our wanderings amidst words, we had come to the everyday conclusion that the stick-in-the-mudders have something on the ball after all.

At present we prefer to think of realism as that writing which gives a picture of life as it is and not as the author would like it to be for the sake of his own shocker-style convenience.

Sigrid Undset, we think, is a realist. In *Kristin Lavransdatter*, considered one of the outstanding novels of the present age, she tells the complete story of the girl, Kristin, from infancy to death. Undset pulls no punches. There are passages in the book which are just as starkly naked and as hair-raising as anything of which Dos Passos wrote. But in Undset's writing there is such a beauty of style and mastery of detail that the reader cannot help but feel that the story is true, just as true and as real as the lives which we ourselves are living. Present-day faddists

By the Way

could find nothing so realistic as the scene in which Undset describes the birth of Kristin's first child. It is a starkly fascinating yet beautiful creative effort.

We are, on the other hand, more or less inclined to condemn the other branch of realism which attempts to put beauty into aspects of life which are definitely unpleasant. Faulkner, Dos Passos, Caldwell, and, at times, Hemingway, and Steinbeck. Let it be understood that we have no quarrel with these writers as to the reality of that which they portray. But we do feel that they put undue stress into glorifying slops. We think that it is not so much a question of subject matter, for, after all, everything under the sun was used by the Greeks. But we think that it is one thing to get an idea across and another to nauseate people with undue, graphic illustrations of that idea.

We think that some of our so-called writers of realism, Hemingway, Steinbeck, etc., are excellent writers. We remember a passage in *Grapes of Wrath* in which Steinbeck described an insect crawling across a cement highway. The passage was vivid; its prose was practically poetry. And we think that Steinbeck is smart enough to get across *any* idea without resorting to tabloid illustrations which sicken rather than win appreciation.

We don't think we're prudes. We heard all of Steinbeck's slang before we ever read any of his stuff. We weren't horrified at his writing but were simply disappointed to think that Steinbeck let his powers as a writer lapse in order to draw barn-door illustrations of man in the full flush of his animal powers. Using the same technique, we think that Steinbeck would probably have botched the childbirth scene in *Kristin Lavransdatter*. Such a scene would probably have passed from the really beautiful to a disgusting treatise on anatomy. Kristin would not have been a woman giving birth to her first child but a bitch giving forth with her first half-dozen. To repeat, we think that the dif-

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By the Way

ference lies not in the subject matter but in the manner of treatment. The same idea can be disgusting under one aspect and real under another.

We've got nothing but contempt for the pseudo-blasé, page-out-of-Esquire people who gobble up literary slop but who haven't the courage to carry their so-called convictions to their logical ending. They glory in the fashion in which Dos Passos describes a pullman car as reeking with the stench of armpits. They take pleasure in the theme of realism which we think could best be summed up as—humanity stinks. The readers of realism consider the style of Dos Passos as beautiful—but why don't they inject some of that same "beauty" into their conversations in polite society? Why don't they make periodic excursions to the city incinerator, sit on the edge and glow at the sight and stench of reality? They don't—simply because man's aesthetic appreciation starts at a point beyond nausea. But when some writer palms off nausea as beauty, thousands of inhibition-ridden cowards immediately make his work a best seller.

So, until the rage for so-called realism burns itself out, we'll be content to let Undset, Thomas Wolfe, Pearl Buck, and others carry the torch for the real thing.

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