

# ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE



VOLUME XXV

NUMBER 3

MARCH, 1943

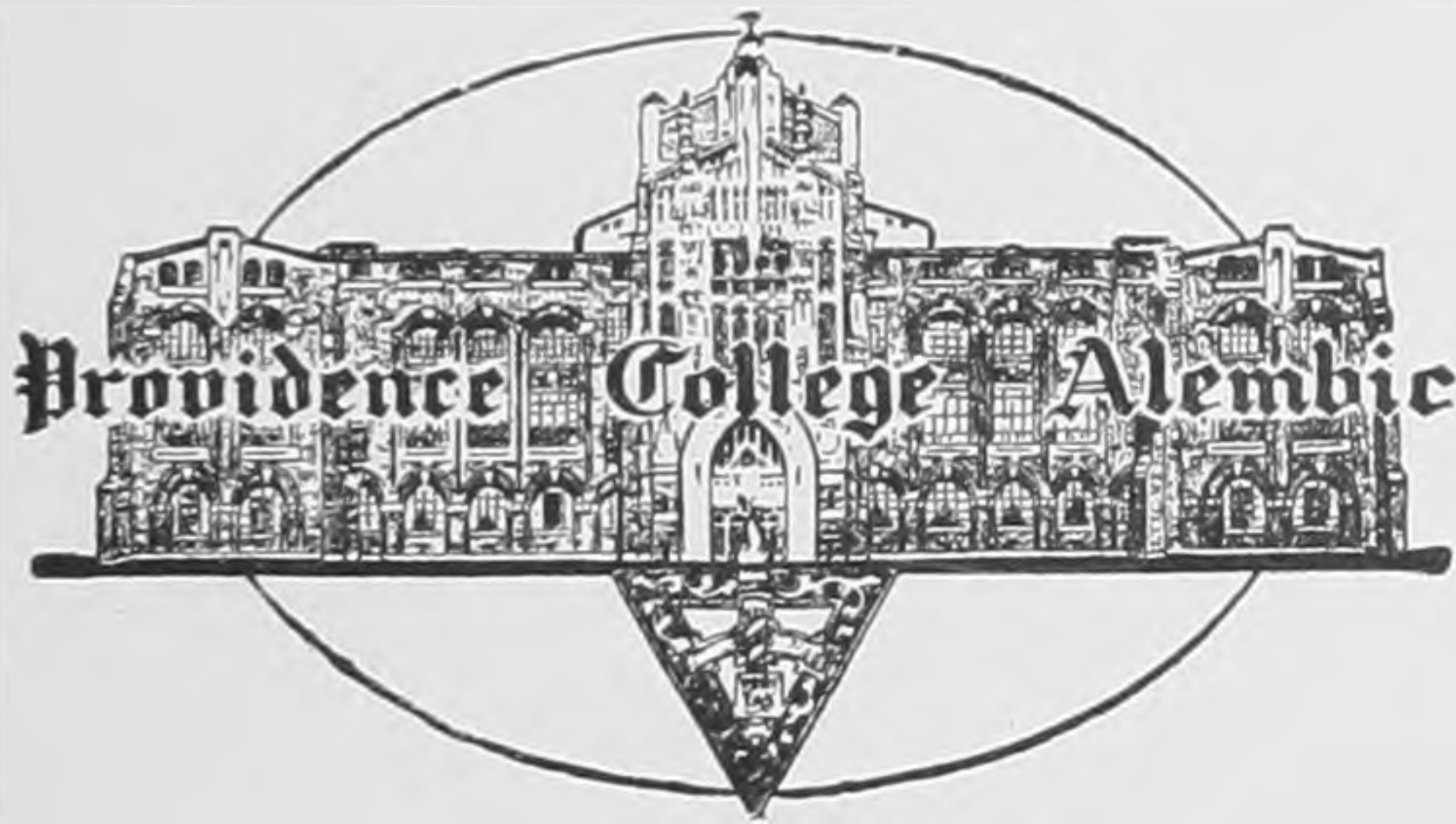
"AMONG THE MISSING"

JOHN STAFFORD

ISAAC HECKER AND BROOK FARM

JOHN F. BUCKLEY

# THE ALEMBIC



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# Frustration

By JOHN STAFFORD

THOSE things that often influence men most are not realities, but only inventions of their imaginations. They can deceive even stern realists; particularly if a girl is involved. That's what Joe's room mate was constantly explaining.

"Listen, Joe. This Evelyn, she isn't. There is no such a person. At least not as you think there is. To be blunt, she isn't what you think she is," was Ed's constant chant.

He had resorted to frankness after the failure of a subtle campaign based on arguments and quotations adapted from a primary course in philosophy and French literature. But all this had failed to impress Joe. To him Evelyn was the personification of his ideal. In fact he felt she was his only ideal that had actually materialized.

His room mate groaned at such statements.

"Here, Joe. One ideal of yours is to get an education. You work for that every day. That's real. But this girl. How can that be real? You hardly know her. Yet every thing you do lately is somehow concerned with her. Some day you'll have your starry eyes opened. The starry-eyed will soon be sorry-eyed."

"Don't be a cynic, Ed. Save it for tomorrow. Right now I've got to go to work." As he spoke, he pulled a sweater over his head. He turned, banteringly laughed, and walked out the door.

Joe went down the corridor, out the dormitory door, and started across the campus. As he passed under a particularly low tree, he pulled off a leaf. That tree ought to be nearly bare, he thought. Every day for the past two months he had pulled a leaf off it. Sometimes he had done this despondently when he

felt hopelessly tired from the routine of study and work. Today he did it with spirit. Monthly exams were over, and the next day was a holiday. To-night the usually dull usher's job would be a lot more pleasant.

"The mezzanine will be filled with students to-night. Girls from the sororities will be there. Perhaps even Evelyn," said Joe to himself. "That dull job will be almost recreation. Time ought to pass quickly."

As Joe hoped, about seven o'clock the students started to arrive. The boys came in groups of two or three, the girls in larger groups of seven or eight. Whether the girls felt safer from attention or indifference in such large groups was a question Joe often speculated on. The audience's friendliness and their animated reactions made time pass quickly. About eight Joe knew the night was to be exceptionally short. There six feet from his post sat Evelyn.

When she entered she had smiled pleasantly and spoken. Immediately Joe's imagination started to function. He began to create a thousand situations involving Evelyn and himself. He was the champion in all.

His reverie was broken by his room mate's salutation.

"Hye, Joe. You certainly look like an admiral in that uniform. Why that smile? Find out you've gotten another ninety in this morning's exams."

"No, Ed. Take a look there in the second row."

"O Hell! If it isn't the twentieth century Helen of Troy. The face that launched your thousand slips. Cut it out, you served her a frat invitation on a golden platter and she turned you down. Forget her.

"Music and soft lights to-night. Tomorrow you'll be further from knowing the real her than ever. I'm going to grab a seat."

Joe was disturbed by his friend's remarks. He thought

## *Frustration*

how she had turned down his invitations. On their only date she had been indifferent almost to the point of being rude. She had been cleverly satirical. But still this had been a successful week, and Joe felt optimistic.

He glanced at the stage clock. It was eight o'clock. "That means I'll be through with work about the time Evelyn leaves the show."

"Perhaps I can walk her back to the sorority house, and anything can happen in a fifteen minute walk," he mumbled.

He stood, with his back to the door, trying to figure the possibilities to the split second.

When he heard the door open, he swung around. There in the semi-darkness stood a short youth shaking water from his hat.

"Hello, Joe, it's raining like the old Harry. Just started. It looks as if it's going to continue."

"Yea," answered Joe, his voice dragging noticeably. He quickly led the short student down the aisle. He walked back slowly.

Rain means no walk home, he thought. The girls will ride home in a cab, and with them Evelyn. If I had a rain coat and an umbrella, I might walk her back. If I only had a raincoat and an umbrella.

Time started to drag. More people kept coming in muttering about the annoying weather. Finally ten o'clock came, but only a bit sooner than usual.

Joe went down to the ushers' room, and carelessly changed his clothes. He pulled his sweater over his head with listless carelessness.

"What's the trouble Joe?" asked the chief usher as he entered. "Something wrong?"

"Why the devil does it have to rain tonight?"

"Don't let that bother you," answered the chief usher, "take this umbrella. I found it in the lobby."

Joe looked at the umbrella. It was a smart feminine affair of bright plaids with the Scotty head for a handle.

"Return that tomorrow, Joe. Some father will be here in the morning for his absent minded daughter's umbrella."

"Thanks, I will," Joe said politely. As he started for the door he casually looked at his watch. It was ten past ten. "I think I can catch Evelyn. I'm getting up to that lobby," he said as he left.

He ran up the iron steps and quickly opened the large fire door. He walked across the thick carpeted lobby with a slow and steady pace. Outside the rain fell quietly. Under the marquee, he saw several groups of people trying to decide what to do. He pushed the theatre door open, and allowed it to slam behind him. He did not look about. But with studied poise he looked at the next week's billing placed at the edge of the marquee. Nonchalantly he opened the umbrella.

He heard footsteps behind him. And then he saw a classmate noted as a devotee to the Bernard McFadden ideas, run off into the rain. As he watched the fellow running up the street, he felt some one touch his arm. He looked over his shoulder and said quietly, "Hello Evelyn. You wouldn't happen to be going my way."

"Thank you, I am," she said. "I notice tonight we have something in common."

There was a slightly satirical tone in her voice, but she smiled as she spoke.

"Come let's start walking," he said as he held the umbrella over her head. As if afraid to talk of this common interest he continued, "How did you do in your exams."

"All right. But my English prof keeps telling me I get my 'I's' in the wrong places," she said.

Joe gloated over these remarks he thought so clever. Still they made him feel by comparison so dull and awkward.

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Awkwardly he tried to take the lead by saying, "Let's not talk shop now."

"All right, what's in the newspaper?" she abruptly replied.

Just like her he thought. As long as she was with him she was about as personal as a news analyst.

He feinted with a question about her sister.

"My sister's fine," she answered, and quickly added, "You know I'm going to have a brother."

Joe gave her a quizzical look, and uneasily changed the umbrella from one hand to the other.

"Hey, look out I'm getting wet. Don't be too surprised. It's not a real one. Just a senior who has adopted me. You know that nobody of sense seems interested in me."

"Well I'm interested and of some sense I presume." This Joe said pompously in self protection.

"Don't be presumptuous, Joe. But then tonight we have something in common." As she spoke she smiled. It was a smile mixed with sincerity and concession.

Joe was glad they were at the curb of a busy street. Conversation would be impossible as they dodged the cars gliding over the wet pavement. When they stepped off the curb, he took her arm. On the other side, she quickly withdrew it. He was pleased at this, attributing it to her sense of reserve.

Several students, standing under a drug store awning, began to whistle as the couple came closer. One voice raised above the others chanting, "Try, try, try again."

Joe knew it was Bob. He was annoyed at this, but Evelyn was secretly enjoying it. As composed as possible, he suggested stopping in for a bite to eat.

"No thanks Joe. Save your money. You'll need it," was her answer.

It was said with sincere concern. Still Joe was annoyed. Her concern seemed based on pity for his having to work. "Save my money. What will I need it for?" he inquired with derision.



"Ask me later," she answered lightly.

Ask her later. That meant in the next few minutes, he thought as he saw the sorority house standing a few blocks away at the top of a very steep hill.

They started to plod up the hill. Now talking was impossible. The hill was so steep that it was like trying to walk across a treadmill. After a few steps Evelyn smiled and took his arm. Joe, encouraged by her attitude, began piecing details together. The phrases "save your money—you'll need it," "ask me later," ran through his mind. They appeared to have significance. Her sorority was holding a dance next week, he recalled. And what was this common interest they had.

Joe noticed that she was staring at the back of his hand, the hand holding the umbrella. He smiled with satisfaction. No doubt she was examining the deep scar he had received in the machine shop. The whole campus knew the story, and Joe always told it to prove that he was a real worker.

The longer she gazed at the scarred hand holding the umbrella, the greater grew his confidence.

When they reached the sorority house, Joe was more confident that he ever had been in her presence.

In a quiet firm voice he asked "What's this interest we have in common? For what should I save my money?"

"Well this is what I want to know."

"Yes, what?"

"I've been trying to see this. What are the initials on that umbrella handle?"

Joe read, "E. A."

"They're mine. That umbrella, that's what we have in common." She laughed. "You had better use your money to buy a raincoat."

Grabbing the umbrella, she turned and ran up the stairs. Then Joe realized it was raining a cold driving rain.

# “Among the Missing”

By JOHN H. DAVITT

**C**RACK-K-K!

The advancing form spun dizzily for a moment, shuddered, then fell to embrace the hot desert sand.

The choking wind, seemingly conscious of its duty, quickly covered the silent body with a veil of sand, and as the white sun turned a reddish hue, gently sliding behind the desert mounds, the now intermittent sound of gunfire slowly died away.

“Another dirty Heine that won’t be missed,” sneered the Anzac sharpshooter, slowly lowering his smoking rifle. Turning to his companion,

“Let’s get back to camp.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Munich nestled in three days’ snowfall that had not yet abated. Only the shrill cry of a newsboy broke the silent fall of the flakes. The figure of a rather stooped old man became visible through the flurry. He stopped by the newsstand, clumsily drew two pfennigs from his pocket, picked up a snow-covered paper, and made his way down the white road.

“Anna, I’m home,” he called, shaking the snow from his boots, “call me when you’re ready with the meal. I’m going to have a look at the paper.”

Then wearily he dropped into the yawning over-stuffed chair by the window, lit his pipe and settled back.

It seemed only like yesterday that he had brought his bride home to 18 Rotenstrasse, clumsily tried to carry her across the threshold, and finding her a bit too heavy for his small frame,

had gently deposited her in this chair. How proud he was of those furnishings and that house, most of which he had fashioned himself. Those were days of peace. True, the Kaiser for the past decade had been parading Germany's armed might before the rest of Europe, but the Germans themselves were a peace-loving people. All that *really* mattered was that seemingly insignificant "glass", the hofbrau festivals, the excursions on the Rhine river boat. They remembered well the few crippled veterans that had returned home in the Spring of '71 after the War with France. "Deutschland uber Alles" had a 'foreign' sound now when it was played. "Deutschland" that was all that counted. "Ja," Deutschland, Anna, and he.

The days of peace were days of unbounded pleasure for Johann and Anna Moltke. When Anna had first presented him with a baby boy, he thought he was the happiest man in the world. And when Frieda was born the next year, he was sure he knew what heaven must be like. His happiness was short-lived, for Frieda died that cold winter that followed. But then Hans came, and he realized the true significance of the biblical excerpt—"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away."

From the moment of his birth, Hans had been his father's pride and joy. Resembling neither of his parents he had all the 'makings' of a strapping young man. Though his light blue eyes and wistful smile might seem to belie this impression, there was something about the boy that spoke strength. He liked to brag to the neighbors that he never had to sit up nights with that baby,—how he never cried, not even the time he fell from his crib, a good three foot drop.

But the tranquility of the early nineteen hundreds was not to last for long. It seemed it took less time than it does to think about it, that he was leaning over the crib, kissing Hans good-bye, embracing Anna and Erich, and bidding all "Auf wiedersehen." Then off to the front.

“Among the Missing”

It was a far different man that pushed through the hissing Socialist mobs and opened the door at 18 Rotenstrasse in the Fall of 1918. The dishevelled uniform of the Emperor hung upon his thin frame like an oversized sack. The once sparkling eyes had lost their lustre and set like two grey pebbles in a shrunken face. The former bushy black hair was now a thinning white. Gas had reduced his booming voice to a hoarse whisper. He was plainly not the Johann Moltke that had left Munich four years before.

If things were black now, the years that followed were even darker. When work was to be had, it was not given to this crippled old veteran. In the Spring of '24 Erich died of pneumonia and Anna came close to following. The newly formed National German Workers Party in Munich offered some hope of employment to him and he readily joined the ranks. He was there when the Hitler-led mob made its *putsch*. Yes, he knew the Fuhrer *when*. For his activity in the affair he was sentenced to three months in jail and denied any further benefits from the Dole.

“How we pulled through those years, I don't know,” he mused. “Perhaps it was our devotion to Hans, and our desire to see him grow up and take his place in a peaceful world, that made our task surmountable.”

Hans did grow up, but the world he grew into was not the world Johann had dreamed of. Then the shock that came the first time he saw Hans in his uniform . . .

“Take that thing off,” he had pleaded. “You see what a uniform did to me. Do you want to look like me? Take it off! . . . No, wait,—just a minute. Let me look at you. You wear a uniform well! Hm, the ‘new Germany’—And why shouldn't there be a new Germany. Because we failed, must we deny you a *chance to win*. Yes, Hans, you can win. If there were ten million more Hans' we would show them. All right,

my boy, wear your uniform, but wear it well. Never let that uniform get bigger than the state it represents, and never let the state get bigger than the family from whence it springs. You'll remember that, won't you lad?"

The youthful uniform was soon replaced by an older one and the baby face hardened into the face of a man. The years that followed brought out all those characteristics of strength that Hans had manifested in childhood. His childish blue eyes retained their former twinkle, which seemed to glow under the thick blond hair. The wistful smile was still there,—but had assumed a more determined expression. And the tall frame failed to show any sign of the lean twenties. His agile mind had earned for him promotion after promotion in the army. And now he was Herr oberlieutenant Moltke. His fellow officers were often heard to remark,

"That young Moltke gives orders like a Prussian guardsman. You would think he had been in the army all his life."

But if "being in the army" implies fighting, Hans had been in the army all his life. It had always been a fight, that long one against the pangs of hunger, and now against an unknown enemy. Though, underneath it all he had never changed from the doting little boy that stood by the oven Saturday nights, ready to grab the first hot cookie that Anna proudly turned out. Yes, even when he came home in his officer's uniform, his first move was into the kitchen, then came back munching one of the big brown cookies. And laughing he would embrace his mother.

"I often wonder whether you're embracing me or the cookie," she would protest.

Then it seemed like no time, and he was off to Luise's to brag about his past week's experiences. During the warm summer nights they would frequently stroll down to the gay,

*"Among the Missing"*

laughing Hofbrau. There, to the tunes of "Wiener Blut", or the "Blue Danube" they dispelled all the cares of the world. Onlookers often inquired as to the identity of the handsome young officer and his charming escort. Even after he was sent to the front he would invariably recall in his letters to Luise the pleasant evenings they had spent together in the old "Brauhaus", and the times that were in store for them after the war.

"Do you remember the nights we sang 'Schnitzelbaum' together," he had written, "and how the old bandmaster would stop the music if the boy wasn't singing and make him kiss the girl, or make the girl kiss the boy if she wasn't singing. Do you remember how I always seemed to get throat trouble those nights?"

"Yes, and do you remember the night you promised me that you would win the war yourself if necessary so that we could be together again," she had written back.

. . . Then that day at the station. He could not help noticing the little girl's face when Hans left for the last time. Her usually ruddy face was drained of all its color,—her lips feebly trying to form, "Auf wiedersehen." And how abashed Hans was before his fellow officers when his mother handed him a box of cookies—"to nibble on the train." "Ja," and how proud he was when he grasped his hand and looking up at his towering son, could only choke,

"Come back, Hans, come back my boy."

Almost a year had passed since then, seemed like a decade.

"Hm, this dreaming isn't getting the paper read," he caught himself, and began to scan the sheets.

Why he stopped on the third page he did not know. He usually didn't bother with anything but the headlines,—not before supper anyway.

“The death column was longer than usual,” he thought, “covers almost the whole page.”

He began to read almost instinctively. Somehow he had never thought of Hans not coming back. War had disrupted all their lives,—Germany might even lose,—but Hans would come back. . . . Then, probably the fifth or sixth line down,—his eyes stopped. Simply,

“Died in the service of His Fuhrer and Fatherland”

Hans Christian Moltke

March 3, 1943

Age 28 years

“No, No,—Anna, come here! Hans—!”

The muffled sobs could scarcely be heard above the blaring martial music, as outside a group of young ‘Hans’ paraded to the station on their way to the front.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Anything to report, Sergeant,” the officer inquired of the two Anzacs before him.

“Not a thing, sir, it was very quiet today. —Oh, I picked off a Heinie just before sundown, tried to get me with a grenade. Not worth mentioning, sir, he’ll never be missed.”



## War and Nutrition

THE people of the United Nations are in the midst of a struggle for survival unparalleled in world history. The task that must be foremost in our minds is that of winning the war. Weapons of mechanism and intellect are possessed abundantly by our side, but our most efficient asset is the American native scientific ability.

This is primarily a war of the common man. We are the combatants on the second and largest front—the battle-ground at home. We are the vertebrae of our military forces. If we succumb, they, as a consequence, must also succumb. But, if we are eternally steadfast, our men of arms will, assuredly reap the fruits of the victor. If we supply them constantly with their tools of war, we will enable them to return and construct a new lasting peace. Therefore, the home front must also benefit by our gifts of natural scientific talent. Thus, it is necessary for us to be cognizant of the method of increasing our national morale.

Morale is a variable state of mind that must be nurtured if it is to remain stabilized. It is known that a psychological vigor cannot be maintained if its physical counterpart is allowed to deteriorate. We cannot persevere in a good mood if we are ill. This is the crux of the morale situation. Consequently, if our scientists can keep us healthy, our morale will be high; as a result, our victory will be that much closer.

What is the nutritional problem confronting our scientists?

We are one of the richest nations in the world. We are by no means backward in recognizing and remedying social



ailments. And yet, a few months ago it was revealed that an estimated three out of four people in this country are undernourished and suffering from slow starvation. Yet we are the possessors of the most abundant crops in the world. Why is it then that seventy-five percent of this supposedly healthy country are being deprived of these vital foods. This brings forth a peculiar paradox. It can be supposed at such a time of national prosperity that we are being sufficiently fed. True, our quantities of food are being limited by national expediency. Such is not the case, however, with the quality. But, the fact exposed is that the majority of us are subsisting on the waste of this food and ignoring the intrinsically nutritional elements.

We were eating white bread when it was universally known that most of the value of whole wheat is removed in the process of milling the so-called pure white flour. This, of course, has been revised as the government now compels the bakers to replace the lost nutrients. Still, fatty meats are the piece de resistance on the American menu. Sweet stuffs, pastry, abhorrence of milk all form the pattern of "hidden hunger." The majority of the rules of a careful diet are consciously disregarded by three-quarters of our people.

But the most insidious facet of our food deficiency problem is the lack of nutritional values in the food we *do* eat. It is not the outright deficiency diseases such as Pellagra or Beri-Beri that are the real national menace. Rather, it is the constant tiredness, the destruction of courage and initiative, together with the lowering of resistance to diseases, which make up the health danger to our war effort. All these persistent irritants combined with the physical strain of war production and the nervous tension which is prevalent in every home, will seriously hamper our attempt for a high standard of morale. At this time of emergency, man-hours are for war, and not for sick beds.

It is agreed then, that the mental state of the nation will

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be vastly improved if our scientists can successfully combat the problem of "hidden hunger". But, along which lines must this development proceed?

The first direction is that toward further vitamin research. In the past few years, successful attempts have been made to synthesize these necessities. One of these has resulted in the dawn of thiamin chloride and riboflavin, nicotinic acid, outstanding chemical substitutes for vitamin B complex. The lack of these elements has been correlated with those supposedly minor ailments of the working man, sore and tired eyes, headaches, sluggishness and mental depression.

The exploration of this phase of nutrition has only recently begun, and the urgent necessity for further research is emphatically underscored by our present war effort. A new field for research that has been opened is discovering that the abnormality of vitamin intake has a direct bearing on emotions and mental tendencies.

The slow starvation of our people from the lack of vital hard-to-obtain foods can be counteracted by the recent discoveries of our scientific dietitians. The Yale Laboratories, realizing that Americans will soon have to subsist for the most part on vegetables and dairy products, rather than meats, because strength-giving concentrated foods will go to the fighting men, have compounded a synthetic diet. This diet contains all the essentials for a healthy life in chemical form. Along these same lines, Dr. Robert Harris, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has announced his discovery of a diet that may solve the majority of the nutritional undernourishment problems of our country. This cereal, concocted from easy-to-obtain grains and natural foods, would cost the average person about one-half cent a day, in mass production. If this discovery is used consistently, it will bring ninety-four percent of the American diets up to the highest nutritional level, and improve the six percent.

This research might be continued by experimenting with the process of de-hydration and de-fatting of natural foods possessing the highest nutritional values and compressing the resulting products. This procedure, however, would not be followed with the idea in mind of compressing the food itself, but rather that the resulting products, both solid residue and liquid by-products, would contain natural vitamins and minerals in the highest degree of concentration.

Finally, the idea of rationing is evidently confusing the public mind as to the threat of sickness and starvation.

It has been a primary contention of the nation's leading nutritionists that America is a country afflicted with an acute case of overheartiness in regards to meals. Furthermore, we are assured by these eminent scientists that the equal distribution of foodstuffs via rationing, however limited it might be, will be balanced by a type of nutrient super-charging of the foods available. These will be abundant with extra synthetic nutritive values.

And so, the combination of the improvement of our eating habits fostered by rationing, combined with our scientific resources, amply assure us that we will continue to be the most healthy nation on earth.

# A Study of Sir John Falstaff

By JEROME IRVING WEINTRAUB

PROBABLY no other character created by William Shakespeare has been the subject of as much debate, argument, discussion, and discourse, as has Sir John Falstaff. As Dr. Bradley says, “. . . they (Falstaff, Hamlet, and Cleopatra) are inexhaustible. You feel that, if they were alive and you spent your whole life with them . . . they would continue every day to surprise, perplex, and delight you . . . And they remain the subject of infinite discussion.” Many volumes have been written about Falstaff, and four main topics of study have become apparent.

The first topic is that of the prototype of Sir John Falstaff. Shakespeare first named the fat old knight who appears in *King Henry IV*, Sir John Oldcastle. Only the name was taken from *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, conteining the Honorable Battell of Agin-court*, an old play. That the name of the character was first Oldcastle is apparent in many places in Shakespeare's play. For example, Prince Henry, in a pun, calls him “my old lad of the castle”; in the earliest Quarto of the Second Part, the contraction “Old.” had been left before one of Falstaff's speeches; Shakespeare wrote in the Epilogue to the Second Part that “. . . Falstaff shall die of a sweat . . . for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.” After a storm of opposition on the part of the Puritans who supposed the character of Sir John Falstaff to have been conceived by Shakespeare in ridicule of the Protestant martyr, Oldcastle; and after the protestations of his descendants against the degradation to which the name of their ancestor was subjected in the play, Sir John Oldcastle was re-

christened. "Shakespeare changed the name because he did not wish wantonly to offend the Protestant party, nor gratify the Roman Catholics." However, Shakespeare did take the physical, mental, and moral characteristics from a Sir John Fastolfe, who had figured in the French wars of Henry VI's reign. He was introduced as playing a cowardly part in Shakespeare's *Henry VI*. By a slight modification of the name, this Fastolfe of history became the more illustrious Falstaff of the dramatist's invention.

That the originality of Falstaff's actions and speeches, and the manner in which Shakespeare unites the extremities of morality and sensuality have been unsurpassed is the second phase of study. Only an artist could make a Falstaff at once so delightful and so detestable; only a genius could make a character charm his audience with his humor, even while disgusting them with his sensuality; and Shakespeare was an artist and a genius. Falstaff is known to be a gross-bodied, self-indulgent old sinner, devoid of moral sense and of self-respect, and yet we cannot part with him. As Mr. Smith so aptly describes him, "Falstaff is, and was meant to be, a coward, a liar and boaster, a false, fat, tavern rogue, dissolute, scurrillous and worthless . . . ." Those are adjectives enough to degrade any man, yet, because no one can live in this mixed world without humor, no one can live without Falstaff, who is the personification of that humor. It is his speech, not his conduct, Professor Stoll writes, which appeals to the reader; "he talks prose but is supremely poetic, and his is in many ways the most marvellous prose ever penned. It glows with the warmth of his friendliness and good humour, it sparkles with his fancy and wit."

The third topic of study, which is so often discussed, is the manner in which the people of Shakespeare's day received Falstaff. The master pen of Shakespeare had produced a remarkable character which the general public received with a hearty laugh; the moralists, with a sigh of contempt; the critics, with

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amazement; and the contemporary writers, with a tinge of jealousy. The elements of low comedy in Falstaff's character made him obviously less distinguished in the eyes of the people. While Shakespeare keeps Falstaff a purely comic figure in *King Henry IV*, and erases in genial laughter whatever is base and unclean in his nature, the longer he works upon the character, the more he feels the necessity of contrasting the moral strength of the Prince's nature with the worthlessness of his early surroundings and it is then that he is tempted to let Falstaff's character deteriorate.

Naturally, the moralists were shocked. Any dramatist, even Shakespeare, who created a character whose immoralities are hidden behind a cloak of humor was to be censured. However, if they would have looked deeper into Shakespeare's development of Falstaff's temperament, they would have retracted their opinions. For, although Shakespeare let them into the truth, he did not draw them into the love of such a character. That is really the proof of the strength of Shakespeare's morality. For example, everyone can see that Falstaff's utter banishment from Henry is necessary when the Prince takes up the grave responsibility of kingship. Yet, there is a feeling of tenderness for Sir John in his exile from the London taverns. And when he is seen on his death-bed and Mistress Quickly tells how she ". . . saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends . . .", who can repress a tear in bidding him adieu?

Shakespeare's critics were aware of the similarities of Falstaff to the more noted Greek and Roman comic characters. They found in him something of the old Greek Silenus, exceedingly fat and infinitely jovial; something of the *Vidushakas* of the Indian drama, half court-fool, half friend and comrade to the hero; something of Artotrogus, the parasite, and of Pyrgopolinices,

the boastful soldier, both of whom are comic types of the old Roman comedy; something of the Roman *scurra*, who leaves his patron to pay the bill, and in return entertains him with his jests; something of the Roman *Miles Gloriosus*, who is a liar above all liars and a braggart above all braggarts. The critics knew that Falstaff was not superior to these characters merely because the similarities existed, he was superior because in his single person he is richer and more entertaining than all the ancient Silenuses and court-fools, parasites, liars, and braggarts put together.

Since the creation of that paragon of comic immorality by Shakespeare, Falstaff has reappeared in several roles in stories and plays by other authors. Between 1642 and 1694 Falstaff is more frequently alluded to by other writers than any other of Shakespeare's characters, an almost positive proof of the professional jealousy of the generation which followed him. Falstaff appears in Molière's *La Princesse d'Elide* as Moron. In the works of the Spaniard Calderon he appears several times, but not as the complete Falstaff, for in each instance a different side of his nature is exaggerated. There is hardly a doubt that in every allusion to Falstaff, each writer wished that he had been the fortunate one who created the character. But, as is so apparent today, no writer has ever approached Shakespeare's genius for excellent characterization.

The fourth phase in the study of Falstaff is the modern attitude toward him. It need not be proved that many Falstaffs exist today: that is taken for granted. Naturally modern society does not permit the use of such base humor as that used by Falstaff in *King Henry IV*, but if the people who laugh at our modern comedians would look a bit deeper at the basis for the humor they would be shocked to see that they themselves are ridiculing the virtues which are understood to be necessary for modern living. For example, consider Abbot and Costello as they act in

## *A Study of Sir John Falstaff*

character on the screen (not in personal life!). Does Abbot not steal from Costello? Do they not gamble? lie? boast? Do they not get drunk and cause the audience to laugh hilariously? Does Abbot not brag and is Costello not a "swag-bellied" coward? It is plain to see that these actions are much like Falstaff's, yet they are not condemned because of the ingenious way in which they are assimilated.

It has been shown that it is easier, as it was in Shakespeare's time, to laugh at a man who has no honor. Falstaff never was a slave to honor and, although he did without it altogether, he was not shunned by others. He demonstrates how a man can live without honor, and in this study it has been shown that it is not missed in him, so perfect is he in his way.





# Come, Follow Me

By CONRAD A. FOURNIER

**A**ND Jimmy closed the book. It was the first religious book he had read in a long time. The perusal had been profitable. It made him think.

Half conscious of the room he was in, the fireplace aside of his chair, the flickering shadows on the walls and ceiling—he thought of the dark night outside and the war going on in Europe and in the Orient.

He visioned in his mind the untold number of men falling on the field of battle. Many were mortally wounded and left behind by their fighting buddies. Yet, to suffer and die on the battle field. Yes, to suffocate in mud; to drown in human blood—their own blood.

Why did mankind persist in being intolerant, greedy and criminal when there was in this world such a book as he had just read? Man had but to read His word and to follow Him—then there would be no war—no destruction. Peace would reign supreme.

A voice in his mind seemed to whisper—“Fantasy!” “Not at all,” he answered. “God gave man a heart so that he may love. He told man to love Him and to love one another for His sake. War is the outgrowth of hate; Peace the fruit of love. Hate, and there is war. Love, and there is peace.”

Jimmy went on to think what a haven this world would be if all men decided to say to one another—“We have so little time to live together on earth.”

*Come, Follow Me*

"Yes, so short a time."

"Let us be friends and make the little time that we have—a happy time."

"Away with bloodshed."

"No more strife—"

"—and dispersed families—"

"—and mothers with broken hearts."

"We want our children to be happy—"

"—Not bundles of nerves.—"

"—Innocent little creatures frightened by air raids."

"We want our children to be healthy—"

"—Not thin, pale, unrecognizable, shapeless flesh—"

"—Souls in tiny bodies—half living and half dead—deformed by hunger."

"We want our children to be normal human beings—"

"Not freaks—"

"—Crippled for life by man made and man directed explosives."

"No! No! Not imbeciles—"

"—with their minds forever burned out from under their skulls by *those* hurtling, whistling, exploding bombs."

"Let us be forever through with that evil—war."

"No more production for destruction."

"We build—"

"—good things—"

"—in peace—"

"—for peace—"

"Peace for all times."

"Peace for all men."

Slowly nodding his head, Jimmy reflected on how beautiful this world would be if all the men in it—thought, acted and lived—Peace.

Some insistent voices in his mind—seemed to keep saying—repeating—forever bringing back to his attention:

“So little time—”

“So little time—”

A voice as if reading from an encyclopedia added—“The male of the human specie lives an average of fifty-two years—”

Another voice went on—

“—While the female of the same specie outlives him by four years.”

“Then the woman on an average lives longer than we do?”—interrogated a husky voice.

“Sure—Women don’t make wars. They should live longer.”

Jimmy heard in his mind a weary, tired, despairing woman tersely saying—

“You take away our sons and teach them to kill and be killed. You don’t deserve to live an average of fifty-two years.”

“I want peace. Women are not the only humans who hate war.”

“Everybody wants peace—but how?”

Jimmy imagined the feminine voice firmly answering—  
“By returning to Him on bended knees.”

Those were familiar words. He had read them somewhere. He had heard a priest speak those words.

Jimmy repeated aloud—

“On bended knees!”

He remembered. The Prodigal son. That’s where he had read the word. That was the topic the priest at a Sunday Mass had preached on.

“On bended knees,” the voice of the preacher came back to him—clear, steady—

“The Prodigal son—after having dissipated all his fortune—returned to his waiting Father—on bended knees.”

*Come, Follow Me*

He returned to his Father saying—"Father, I have sinned against Heaven and against You. I do not deserve to be called Your son."

The Father was glad to forgive His repentant son and amidst "tears of joy"—peace was restored to the little family.

Jimmy heard the woman's voice again—

"We must return to Him, and return in Humility. Only then will we have the Peace that we are seeking."

Indeed, "We must return in Humility," mused Jimmy. Hadn't he showed to His Apostles, the need for Humility when He washed their feet at the Last Supper? Hadn't he said when the world was His for the taking that He was not of this world? Yes, He could have had Fame, Gold, and the World. He refused all that and—in all Humility—He embraced Chastity, Poverty, Obedience.

"He has never asked us to do the impossible.

He has never commanded anyone to do anything that He—as man—has not accomplished—or fulfilled."

Jimmy had heard this thought expressed many times; sometimes more eloquently so than at other times. No matter how the words were placed, he firmly believed them. The thought to him was the important thing. Jimmy knew it was true.

The words from the book that he had finished reading came back to his mind—fresh, and with more meaning than ever before.

"He was humble."

Jimmy heard the woman's voice once more. It was a voice so much like his mother's voice would be under the circumstances. "Her son" that would be he—"taken away from her—"

"to kill and be killed."

"We must follow in His footsteps and be humble."

Another voice in his mind added—

“It is the only road to peace.”

The woman’s voice continued—

“He was courageous and tolerant in the face of slander and death, and amidst poverty.”

“We must be courageous and tolerant.”

“He was patient with all men. He did not hate the sinner; He hated the sin.”

“We must be patient with man and pray that he will know his sin, hate it, confess it and start life anew—in peace.”

“He was charitable.”

“Yes, that is His great Philosophy—Love of God and of one’s neighbor.”

The woman’s voice went on—

“Let us pray that man be charitable; that he turn toward God. Only in turning towards Him and following His Laws will he become—first a Christian—then a human being—a lover of good; a builder amidst mankind.”

As Jimmy sat there—with the closed book in his lap, the fireplace aside of his chair, the dancing light on walls and ceiling, the darkness outside, the war raging in Europe and in the Orient—he thought how wise it would be if man would become a rational creature, read the Word of God, take them to heart and follow Him.

There would be peace and love and kindness throughout the world.

Jimmy gazed up at the ceiling scarlet with the flickering light of the fireplace. He slowly closed his eyelids and said in a low but distinct voice:

“We have so little time to live together, why not make it a happy, peaceful time?”

And Jimmy was asleep.

# Auntie's Favorite

By WALTER F. CARROLL, JR.

By Direct Wire From  
WESTERN  
UNION

PTK 63 14 Prepaid San Fran. Cal. 16 3:45 P.M.  
Mrs. George Higley  
175 Kent St., Brookline, Mass.

The last Will and Testament of your deceased aunt Miss Brunelle will be read in my office on Saturday July 18 1942 at 10:00 A.M. stop Please notify if you can come—

—Leonard Atkinson—

102 P

“O DEAR, O dear, I'll just have to be there. What day is this? June 16, why hardly more than a month away. O why doesn't George come home? He's always late when I want him most. George, O George, is that you dear? Darling, I just received the most wonderful news.”

George, a tall, moderately attractive, yet unimpressive chap of thirty entered the parlor of their well-furnished apartment and looked at his wife, quizzically.

“Remember my telling you of Aunt Martha's death?”

“No, you did not tell me and I would consider that anything but wonderful news. Why you lived with your aunt on the Coast for over ten years. She practically brought you up and now, she dies and you call it good news. By the way why didn't you tell me about it?”

Janice, taken back by her husband's unusual outburst, retaliated, “O, I thought I had told you, and don't be silly, you

know that's not the wonderful news. Of course I felt bad about poor auntie, though she lived a long life, but here, look at this telegram."

Finally depositing his hat and briefcase, George took the telegram from his wife's outstretched hand, and read it.

Laying it aside, he looked up puzzled, "What about it? What makes that so wonderful? Naturally you won't go? Even so, the lawyer doesn't say specifically that you were mentioned."

"Of course I was, George; why else would he wire me and ask if I could come?"

"Maybe so, but there is no need of your going clear across the country just for that. Anyway, you wouldn't go alone and I'm busy right now."

"But George, it's not for another month and you could get your vacation early. Why auntie probably left \$100,000, and I was always her favorite."

"Janice, that was over ten years ago and you haven't seen her since then; I seriously doubt that you've written to her a dozen times in that period. Besides, there are other relatives and they live in California near her. She probably considered them first."

"O nonsense George, I was always her favorite."

"Never mind now, dear, I'm hungry, go and see if Sarah has dinner ready, we'll talk of it later."

"After dinner, George?"

"Alright Janice, after dinner."

As George watched the trim figure of his pretty young wife trip jauntily from the room and disappear behind the kitchen door, he began to think about their little discussion and wonder about the truthfulness of some of her words. It seemed to him that Janice had no right to expect too much. Was she her aunt's favorite? He couldn't agree. He remembered their courtship in California, where he met her while she was living

## *Auntie's Favorite*

with her aunt; how Janice and her aunt never seemed to chime on a single thing; and for that matter how Janice never seemed to agree with anyone but herself and sometimes him. O yes, he married her; she was his wife, and he didn't regret it one bit, but in spite of his love and devotion to her, he also knew the facts. Janice was stubborn and headstrong and not always amiable. They were happy naturally because George knew how to handle her and also because she loved him and cared not to anger or displease him with tantrums. Even so, George could still recall a few heated arguments. However, before he could debate the matter further Janice interrupted him with her call to dinner.

During the meal, Janice did not bring up the subject at all, much to the surprise of George; for he had expected to hear nothing else until some sort of an agreement had been reached. But if he were psychic, and could have read her mind, he probably would have preferred discussion. Janice was already planning the trip, for her mind was made up.

George too had been reconsidering. Janice seemed determined to win her point and he decided it best to offer no resistance.

Leaving the table, Janice led him into the parlor. He had made up his mind to give her her way. His vacation was not scheduled till August, but he knew that he could juggle his affairs and receive permission to take the second and third weeks of July.

Before Janice could utter a word, he told her that he had decided in favor of the trip. With a squeal of delight, she threw her arms around him and exclaimed, "O darling, how wonderful!"

During the next few weeks Janice was the picture of bliss, even though George had chided her severely for spending so much money on clothes and other preparations, reminding her



that the will had not yet been read. To each of these scoldings she only laughed and said, "But of course I will be mentioned, wasn't I Aunt Martha's favorite?"

Two days before they had planned to leave, George had cleaned up his affairs and devoted his time to helping Janice with her interminable list of preparations.

Monday morning, George and Janice took the train out of the South Station in Boston for New York. After seating themselves, they chatted aimlessly for awhile, having forgotten in their excitement to purchase any magazines or papers to read. However, the train stopped in Providence where George bought an assortment of magazines. The remainder of the trip to New York was passed almost silently, as each had become engrossed in their own books. At Grand Central, they checked their luggage, as their train was not scheduled to leave till midnight. After lunch, they went to a movie, and before returning to the station, they dined at the Commodore, and strolled through Central Park. Very tired after a wearisome day of travel, they went right to their prepared berths. They slept right through Pittsburg and when they awoke, were well on their way to Chicago. They arrived there early Tuesday evening, and spent the night at a hotel. At the hotel George received information circulars concerning San Francisco hotels and before retiring they had chosen their hotel in San Francisco.

Wednesday morning, again on the train, the discussion for the first time, turned to the purpose of the trip. Janice regarded her other relatives, all possible heirs along with herself, yet could not see any of them offering herself any competition in the dividing of her aunt's will; after all, wasn't she her aunt's favorite? The rest of the trip, from Chicago to San Francisco, was passed as uneventfully as the journey to the Windy City. At Denver, they stretched their limbs, and George reloaded on magazines. The train stopped at Salt Lake City, but George

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was asleep and Janice did not bother to get off. Sacramento was a two hour stop, and from there they sent a telegram to the Hotel Claremont in San Francisco, requesting reservations.

Finally, on Friday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock, the Twentieth Century Limited pulled into the San Francisco Railroad Station with George and Janice aboard. They went immediately to the Hotel Claremont where they registered. Afterwards, they showered and changed. Later on, they dined in the hotel's Blue Room, before going to a movie, which because of Janice's exuberance and excitement, George did not enjoy in the least.

Saturday morning dawned dull and dreary, but the poor weather had no effect at all on Janice. Clothing herself in one of her new dresses, she and George had breakfast, before proceeding to Mr. Atkinson's office.

Although they arrived there at 9:30, Janice's relatives were already present. After the introductions and greetings were accomplished, Attorney Atkinson, a pompous, slightly-bald individual of perhaps fifty, assumed command and drew their attention to the business at hand.

"You all know," said he, "the reason for your being gathered here, in my office. The deceased Miss Brunelle, to whom you were all related, has been dead two months to this very day. I knew her well, and before her death overtook her, it was her wish that you all be present at the reading of her will, in which you were all mentioned. Now if it is agreeable with you, we shall proceed."

Breaking the seal of the envelope on his desk, he withdrew a very legal-looking document, and began to read:

"I, Martha Brunelle, being of sound mind and body, do hereby declare this to be my Last Will and Testament, and in nature thereof, I bequeath, after my just debts have been paid:"

At this line, the occupants of the room sat rigidly and awaited noiselessly, as Mr. Atkinson cleared his throat.

“To my nephew, Ronald Peters, the sum of \$25,000.”

At this, the tense and bleary-eyed Mr. Peters could be heard beginning to breathe once more. Mr. Atkinson continued.

“To my cousin, Harold Beirman, the sum of \$25,000.”

By this time Janice was fidgety, and she looked at George beseechingly.

“To my brother-in-law, Jonathon Woolf, the sum of \$50,000.”

Now, Janice was startled and becoming increasingly alarmed. She had estimated her aunt's fortune at \$100,000, and already her heirs had received that amount. Silently she reprimanded herself for doubting, even for a second. Why wasn't she her aunt's favorite? So far \$100,000; my but Aunt Martha must have done well the past few years.

“To my niece, Janice Higley, the sum of \$1.00, plus the residue of my estate.”

Janice was crestfallen, and gazed wonderingly at George, who by now was at her side.

Mr. Atkinson broke the silence, “The final arrangements have not yet been made, but when the business has been completed I will notify each of you.”

Speechless but happy they filed from the lawyer's office; that is, all except Janice, and her husband George. Janice was still sitting, looking stricken, and when Mr. Atkinson re-entered the room, she queried, “About how much does the residue of my aunt's estate amount?”

“Offhand I'd say, no more than \$100.”

Janice slumped in her chair, and stared into nothing. Finally, she looked, despairingly, first at her husband and then at the lawyer, but uttered no sound.

“Mrs. Higley, when your aunt made out her will, she

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penned this letter herself, and asked me to give it to you when the others had left."

Producing the letter from his pocket, he handed it to Janice who with unsteady hands opened it and began to read it silently.

George, still at her side, watched her closely, but could detect no trace of emotion.

Three minutes later, she crumpled the letter in her hands, and drawing matches from her purse, she lit it and set it in the ashtray to burn. After it had been completely destroyed, she looked at George and smilingly said, "I was still Aunt Martha's favorite."

What was in the letter? How do I know? I wasn't there. Even if I had been, do you think that I would divulge a lady's secret? I'm no cad. Gee, but I wish I knew what was in the letter myself.



# Isaac Hecker and Brook Farm

By JOHN F. BUCKLEY

**I**N the spring of 1841, a small group of American intellectuals numbering among them George Ripley and his wife, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John S. Dwight, George Bradford, Sarah Sterns and Marianne Ripley, the sister of George, and some others, banded together to form a community. During the previous winter at Ripley's home in Boston a number of discussions had taken place, whose object was the necessity of social reform and the contempt for certain types of labor, then so prevalent; and in particular, the establishing at once of a co-operative experiment in family life. The ulterior aim of this group was the reorganization of society on a less selfish basis.

The majority of the founders were then or at one time ministers connected with the Unitarian Church, with the exception of Mr. Ballou, who was a Universalist minister of local renown. Contrary to the somewhat popular opinion there was no attempt made at any communism except that of intellectual and social gifts and privileges. There was a common table and Mrs. Kirby has given us some glimpses of the good feeling and gayety which came into play around it. The motto of the Farm was fraternity and not communism. Some of the people took up residence on different terms—a few paid a specific board while others contributed a small portion of the bill and worked out the balance. The price of full board according to a bill which George Ripley sent Hecker after his final departure was five dollars and fifty cents a week.

When Isaac Hecker entered he paid partial board and undertook the making of the bread, a trade which he had learned

## *Isaac Hecker and Brook Farm*

in his youth. From a letter he wrote to his mother we learn that he first applied himself to the study of French and music. He was taught the latter by John S. Dwight who was then an accomplished master of the subject. However no records are found concerning the other studies to which he might have applied himself, but we discover from the reminiscences of George William Curtis that he does not remember him, "as especially studious." Hecker's mind was introverted for the philosophical questions, as the latter intensely interested him but only so far as they led to practical results. As one of his biographer's puts it, "It might be truer to say that philosophy was at no time more than the handmaid of theology to him." This was undoubtedly due to the fact that at this time Isaac was under the burden of a search to attain certainty with regard to the nature and extent of Christian revelation.

For Hecker, Brook Farm was the preamble of that common life which he later enjoyed in the Roman Catholic Church. The theme of the Farm was a protest to the strong selfishness which existed in a large class of New Englanders at that time. Hecker had revolted against this in New York and in coming to Brook Farm he hoped to find its remedy.

Perhaps as some of his biographers believe, Father Hecker smiled good naturedly at the singularities of Brook Farm. But what Hecker was taught there and what he observed there had found a permanent place in his character. He gained a constant corrective of any tendency to man-hatred in all degrees. This was something that he constantly used in his dealings with others. At the Farm Hecker's mind failed to see even a little light on the more perplexing problems of life. But he got something better: the lesson of good people struggling for praiseworthy ends. All of these lessons and many more too numerous to enumerate moulded him into the type of person best fitted as a vessel for apostolic use.

Quoting some excerpts from a letter written by George William Curtis we find some of his personal recollections of Isaac Hecker while he was at Brook Farm. "He went into Boston, about ten miles distant, to talk with Brownson, and to Concord to see Emerson. He frequently went to hear Theodore Parker preach in the Unitarian Church in the neighboring village of West Roxbury. I think that he did not remain at Brook Farm more than a year and when later he went to Belgium to study Theology at the seminary at Mons he wrote me many letters. I remember that he labored with friendly zeal to draw me to his Church."

Hecker during the eighteen-month period preceding his entry into the Church kept a journal which is incomparable to any others he made in the fullness of his interior life. These notes reveal most of his deeper personal experiences during the period when he was being shaped for his work by the hand of God. Shortly after Isaac Hecker's arrival at the Farm, Mr. Curtis wrote of him, "There was nothing ascetic or severe in him; but I have often thought since that his feeling was probably what he might have afterward described as a consciousness that he must be about his Father's business."

Isaac began his journal in the spring of 1843, when he had just returned from visiting his mother. He opens it with a prayer for light and guidance, addressing himself to God the Father. However, there is an invocation to those, "that are in heaven to intercede for him", which brings to mind the article of Faith which finally brought him into the Church, the Communion of Saints. Throughout the diary we find mention of his personal feelings while attending Mass and other devotions in Catholic churches.

An excerpt from the writings for April twenty-fourth tells us, "The Catholic Church alone seems to satisfy my wants, my

## *Isaac Hecker and Brook Farm*

faith, life, soul. I may be laboring under a false delusion. Yet my soul is Catholic, and that faith responds to my soul in its religious aspirations and its longings. I have not wished to make myself a Catholic, but that answers on all sides to the wants of my soul. It is so rich, so full."

Most individuals believe that but for some special intervention of Divine Providence, Hecker would have led the ordinary life of men in the world, upholding his high ideals of a citizen's duties, but pursuing it along well worn paths. Due to this fact he also refrained from what his friends continuously urged, a congenial union in wedlock. Of celibacy, up to this period he had no other ideas than those which the ordinary run of the mill non-Catholic possesses. But at Brook Farm he met someone, whose identity he has most carefully hidden, who deeply attracted him and possibly might have attracted him as far as marriage. In his diary for Tuesday, May sixteenth, we see where, "Life appears to be a perpetual struggle between the heavenly and the worldly.

Early in June Isaac mentions that in the world one cannot lead a spiritual life and in order to remain at the Farm one must have means to sustain him. If he does not then it becomes necessary to use his strength to such a degree that he has no time for spiritual development.

What influenced Hecker to leave Brook Farm is not clearly written of in his journal. However, we have arrived at the conclusion that he wished to seek a more active and interior life than he could leave there. This step proved costly but late in July of 1843 he made his departure and his pursuit took him to Fruitlands, another community farm.



## Reveille

“THE past is my heritage, the present my despair, the future my hope,” writes Belloc, and the great men of every century have shared his sentiments. Dante was censorious of his Age and excoriated his contemporaries. Chaucer and Rabelais were no more vehement in the condemnation of contemporary affairs than were the modern writers Bloy and Péguy.

I have often had this feeling of despair when reflecting on our own times. I have wished that I had been born in some less mediocre Age. I have felt a nostalgia for the Thirteenth century, the apogee of the Middle Ages, that glorious century of Dominic and Francis, of cathedrals and Primitives. At another time I have imagined myself a contemporary of Shakespeare and Marlowe and Jonson, living through the turmoil of that stormy era. I looked across the centuries and the far-off hills seemed green. The hills of the Twentieth century were bare, and I despaired.

And then I made a tremendous discovery. I found myself to be living in the midst of one of the most vital movements that civilization has experienced.

From the Reformation until the 19th century Catholic intellectuals were few and far between. It would seem that intellectually the Church went back to the catacombs. The peasant only was not ashamed of the Faith that was in him. What Erasmus had started Voltaire finished. The intellectual cannot endure to be laughed at and those Catholic intellectuals who were strong enough to weather the jibes of these two Princes of Mock-

## *Reveille*

ery very few. It was believed even to the time of Browning that no thinking man could believe in Catholic doctrines. A Catholic and an intellectual had become contradictory ideas.

And then in the middle of the Nineteenth Century a really amazing phenomenon started. With Newman in England and Huysmans, Bloy and Péguy in France we have the beginning of a movement, the like of which we have not seen since the Thirteenth Century. Intellectuals have appeared on all sides who have enthusiastically and unashamedly championed the Faith. The movement has been called the Modern Catholic Literary Revival, but I think a better name would be the Catholic Intellectual Re-awakening; for this movement embraces every field of the intellect. Philosophy is represented by such writers as Maritain and Gilson; the philosophy of history, and sociology, by Dawson and Hoffman; Theology by Karl Adam and Lagrange; Apologetics by such men as Lunn, Chesterton, Belloc; the drama, the novel and poetry are the literary forms of Claudel, Sigrid Undset, Mauriac, Graham Greene, Noyes, Péguy. I have mentioned these men at random. There are numerous other writers of the same intellectual stature in the vanguard of this battle of the spirit; for it is a battle, the decision of which is more momentous than was even that of Lepanto, and if sanity returns to the world it will be attributable, to a great extent, to these soldiers of the pen.

As yet the effects of the Catholic intellectual re-awakening are not very apparent in the every-day-world. One must enter into the world of books to realize that such a vital movement is taking place. And then one feels like the scientist who first penetrated the tranquil atom and found it to be a world of swirling protons and neutrons. The reason why this dynamic movement has little influenced the every-day-world is due to the fact that the every-day-world and the every-day-man is at

least twenty years behind current thought. The every-day-man is a Rip Van Winkle who does not fall asleep. He enthusiastically discusses Darwin and thinks himself very enlightened because he is willing to believe that his ancestors dangled from trees. Zola, is the object of his fervent admiration, and he has just discovered that Huxley and Spencer have given the coup de grâce to religion.

It is probable that modern Catholic thought will reach and affect the people sooner than did the movements of the Nineteenth Century, for the world after the Second World War must find a constructive philosophy, a sane way of life, and this is to be found only in the Catholic *modus vivendi*. Barbey D'Aurevilly wrote that Huysmans must choose between a gun or the foot of the Cross. Modern civilization is faced with the same alternatives. Will it make the same choice as Huysmans? Time will tell.



# Divertissement

By THE EDITOR

All *litterati* like to play "Quiz Kids" now and then. Here are a few literary teasers which will help to satiate that wish. If you do not score 60% in this *quaestiones*, we will do our best to get you a copy of *Guffey's Reader*. And so to the books:

I. After wining and dining with Athos, Porthos, and Aramis; your after dinner recreation would certainly be:

- (1) checkers (2) reading Pindaric verses (3) dueling
- (4) tea and crumpets—4%.

**Amazingly simple, isn't it?**

II. If you knew the last answer, this is small fry. Add one more person and think of Conquest, War, Famine, and Death. What is the name of the novel?—6%.

**T'aint unfair.**

III. Korzeniowski was his family name. He spoke French fluently at an early age and wrote stories of:

- (1) tattered Poland (2) vain love (3) the sea (4)
- petty jealousy.—3%.

**We are giving you a break.**

IV. "Literature is an artistic interpretation of life which has the permanent power to appeal to the emotions." This is the definition of literature which appears in:

- (1) Maritain's *Art and Scholasticism* (2) Sears and
- Roebuck's *Catalogue* (3) Cicero's *De Senectute*
- (4) O'Neill's *A Book About Books*.—1%.

**Not so easy.**

V. Stepan Arkadyevitch Oblonsky, Darya Alevandrovna, and Konstantin Levin are mouthfuls in themselves to pronounce.

Now, can you remember which one of the following novels they figure in?:

- (1) Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* (2) Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment* (3) Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons* (4) Cervantes' *Don Quixote*.—10%.

**Sorry you did not study your Spanish, are you not?**

VI. Christ's answer to *Quo Vadis?* in the novel of the same name by Henry Sienkiewicz was:

- (1) Mt. Ararat (2) Jerusalem (3) Rome (4) *omnis mundus*.—7%.

**It is one of them.**

VII. Sir Mordred, Merlin, Morgan, Sir Launcelot, and Guinevere are their names. All these characters appear in a delightful story told by:

- (1) Geoffroi Chaucer (2) Sir Thomas Malory (3) Mark Twain (4) Lord Tennyson.—15%.

**You: I thought this was to be difficult.**

**Us: Check your answer again.**

VIII. John Bunyan wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*. His father was a tinker. If your father was a tinker, you would probably see more of 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5, than anything else. Take one of them.

- (1) shoe laces (2) your mother (3) kettles (4) drunkards (5) bell ringers.—3½%.

**No comment.**

IX. A monster of literature read "Paradise Lost", Plutarch's "Lives", and the "Sorrows of Werther". This monster is a creation of:

- (1) Frankenstein (2) Dr. Jekyll (3) Boswell (4) Victor Hugo.—8%.

**Of course, this is becoming easier.**

X. Lemuel Gulliver's crew mutinied. Lemuel found himself set down on a strange island ruled by horses who were called:

*Divertissement*

- (1) Struldbrugs (2) Sorcerers (3) gremlins (4) Houyhnhnms (5) Yahoos.—6%.

**Swift, N'est-ce pas?**

XI. James Fenimore Cooper carved a niche for himself in the vault of American literature with his novel *The Last of the Mohicans*. Take your pick for the "last of the Mohicans".

- (1) Cora (2) Magua (3) Chingachgook (4) Uncas (5) Eleanor Roosevelt.—10%.

XII. *Pequod*, *Jereboam*, *Rachel* and *Delight* were ships commanded by rugged captains. Their names appear again and again in the novel:

- (1) *Lord Jim* by Conrad (2) *Westward Ho* by Kingsley (3) *Gulliver's Travels* by Swift (4) *Moby Dick* by Melville (5) *Treasure Island* by Stevenson.—2½%.

XIII. The time is the 18th year of Queen Lizzie's reign. Late in the evening Michael Lambourne walks into the large public chamber in the inn of Giles Gosling at the village Cumnor, a few miles from Oxford. This is the initial setting for a novel by:

- (1) George Eliot (2) Lytton Strachey (3) Sir Walter Scott (4) Sir Jack Fortescue (5) Kenesaw Mountain Landis.—5%.

XIV. Eustacia, Clym, Diggory Venn, and Wildeve are all pretty names. You came across these characters when you read:

- (1) *Beside Esquire* (2) *The Return of the Native* (3) *De Nominis Queribus* (4) *The Marble Faun* (5) *Etiquette* (Post).—17%.

**I say, old boy.**

XV. Meg was one of:

- (1) *The Little Men* (2) *The Three Little Peppers* (3) *The Little Women* (4) *The Pembroke Girls in Chilton*.—2%.

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