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The ALEMBIC PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

Home Made Drama

A Philosopher Looks at Mae West

Boomerangs

On Saturday Afternoon

Monotony

Press Box

Rotunda Gallery

Residue

The Alembic

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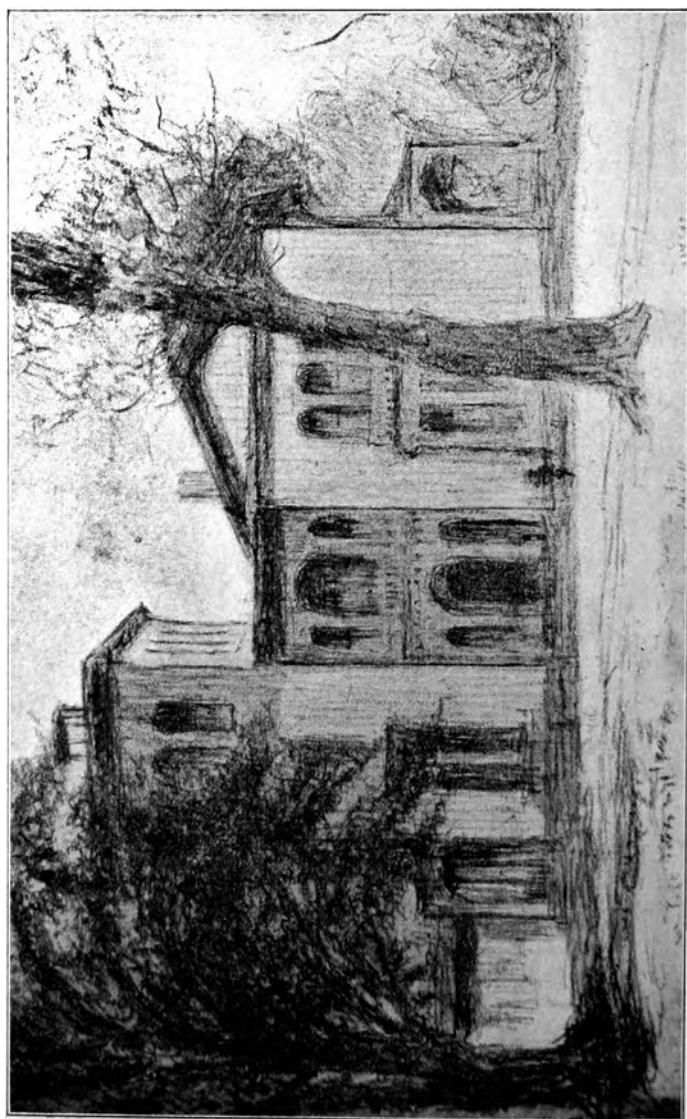
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The Alembic
Providence College



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GUZMAN HALL

Home-Made Drama

STANLEY LYNDE, a Senior at Grace University, had nettled many of his fellow classmen by his superlative egotism. Lew Smith and Harry Conrad, more nettled than the others by their confrere's contumelious attitude, longed for the natural outlet for pent-up emotion: physical action.

Thus, in the privacy of their room in Colby Hall they strove to excogitate a method of giving Lynde's pride a jolt. Smith, sprawled across the bed, gazed vacantly at the ceiling with its cracked plaster; Conrad, pipe in mouth, stood at the window and regarded the campus below, bathed in the last brilliant rays of a rapidly westering sun.

"You know, Harry," Smith obtruded on the silence at last, "I believe I have the germ of an idea."

His companion turned from the window and drew a chair up to the bed. "Patience rewarded," he remarked. "Let's have it."

Smith swung his legs off the bed, propped his elbows on his knees, and rested his chin on his fists. "Lynde goes around with the air of an affected Thespian," he began, "so I thought that if we were to stage a little drama similar to those used in the hazing of the Frosh, if we were to lead Lynde on to emotional heights and then leave him stranded with the realization that the whole thing was a 'gag' and that he has been made a fool of—well, I thought we might experience a disappearance of his ostentatious self-love."

Conrad remained silent, and his silence indicated that he awaited elaboration on this nucleus of a scheme. Smith paused

only long enough to order his thoughts, and then began his forensic sketch of the plot against the autolatrous Lynde.

* * * * *

"Tubby" Collins had but one complaint to make against collegiate life, and that was that he, a third-year man, was obliged to room in Holden Hall with an arrogant Senior, Stanley Lynde.

Disconsolately he watched Lynde as the latter crushed out a cigarette with all the care and precision of a scientist regulating a delicate instrument. The twisted mass in the ash-receiver smouldered, sending up final wavering ribbon of smoke. The young man regarded this vaprous valediction with apparent interest until a knock at the door caused him to look up.

"See who it is, Tubby," he directed, and the rotund Collins complied.

"Hello, Tubby, Lynde in?" Lew Smith passed across the threshold and beheld the object of his inquiry.

"What brings you here, Lew?" Lynde asked.

"Two good legs and an invitation. My room-mate and I have run against a snag in Trig and thought you might be willing to come over and help us out."

This expression of faith in his erudition was food for Lynde's hungry vanity. Five minutes later he was entering the Smith-Conrad sanctum sanctorum.

Fully intending to be faced with a trigonometric difficulty, Stanley Lynde was more than startled to find himself confronted by a belligerent classmate. Harry Conrad stood near the center of the room, clenched fists dangling at his side, shoulders drawn back, eyes half closed. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled off his forearm, and an open vest trembled with his heaving chest.

Lew Smith closed the door and turned the key in the

lock. Stepping to one side, he gave the effect of an unnecessary being fading from a picture. Lynde cleared his throat and licked his lips nervously. Through the corner of his eye he caught the glimpse of a revolver on the table away to his right, its blue steel glowing dully in the light of a lamp.

"I hear you have been spreading scandalous stories about me," Conrad spoke. "I had Smith bring you here to see if you intended to retract all that you said, or must I——." He left his sentence dangling, but his step forward presaged active combat so clearly that further words would have been superfluous.

Lynde stepped away from the menacing Conrad, and it was to the credit of his powers of observation that he stepped in the direction of the table.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he snapped. "I never said anything about you to anyone."

Conrad laughed mirthlessly. "Don't play the innocent," he advised, and took another step in the direction of the unhappy Lynde. The latter was at the table in a single bound. He snatched up the revolver and whirled about, leveling the wapon at Conrad.

"Get away from me," he ordered, "and open that door."

"You haven't the nerve to shoot," Conrad retorted, apparently taken aback by Lynde's quick action.

"Stay back, I say!" The youth from Holden Hall paled as Conrad moved nearer. The table at his back impeded retreat for Lynde. There was a queer, cold tingling around his ankles. Convulsively his finger closed on the trigger and there was a deafening report. Conrad clutched at his chest, folded up, and thudded to the floor.

Lynde dropped the pistol and grasped weakly at the table. Lew Smith flung himself across the room and dropped

beside Conrad. "Help me get him onto the bed," he addressed Lynde.

Mechanically the other stooped and followed Smith's laconic instructions. An ugly stain of red showed on Conrad's shirt. Lynde gaped at it and shuddered. The ragged hole in the center of the stain seemed to leer at him but he continued to stare as if fascinated.

Suddenly he flung his hand across his eyes to blot out the scene. "My God, what have I done?" he cried.

Smith grabbed him by the shoulders. "Listen," he spoke rapidly; "get out of here at once. I'll explain it off as an accident." He pushed Lynde across the floor and unlocked the door.

"B-but the shot must have been heard all over the building," the other put in.

"They'll think it's Harry and his blank cartridge pistol giving a Freshman a scare," Smith said. "Go on, now. Get back to your room and keep quiet about this." He opened the door and shoved Lynde out into the corridor. He watched him disappear down the stairs, and, grinning, he re-entered the room.

"O. K.," he spoke to the figure on the bed.

Conrad opened his eyes and raised himself on his elbow. "How did it look?" he queried.

"Perfect. He did everything as we planned. It couldn't have gone off better if rehearsed beforehand."

"Well, what do we do next?"

"Oh, we'll let him sit in his room for an hour or so with his thoughts and then we'll go over and give him the horse-laugh."

"Isn't that a rather tame ending?" Conrad suggested.

"Perhaps," Smith agreed, "but if we don't think of anything better in the meantime, it will have to do."

Conrad put on a clean shirt and sat down with his pipe to think out a more suitable denouement. A half hour passed before the next act commenced, and it began with the sound of hurrying feet in the corridor and a furious pounding on the door. Both Smith and Conrad were startled.

"Come in," called Lew, and he had an intimation of impending disaster as soon as Tubby Collins burst into their presence.

Tubby halted abruptly at the sight of Conrad. "Wh—why——" was all he could say.

"What's the matter?" Smith demanded, his face beginning to lose its color.

Tubby faced the speaker. "When Lynde came back from your room he was badly flustered," he said. "He sent me out to get him a package of cigarttes and when I returned to the room I found a most horrible spectacle. Lynde had hanged himself. I found this note on the table. He surrendered the piece of stationery he had been clutching in his fingers. Lew took it. Conrad jumped forward to look over Smith's shoulder. Together they read:

I killed Harry Conrad. The
shooting was accidental, but my
thoughts haunt me so I'm taking this
way out.

Stanley Lynde.

Lifeless fingers released the scrap of paper and it fluttered to the floor; Smith sank to a chair. Conrad gazed at Tubby but did not see him. A silly prank suddenly became a tragedy! Then he came to life.

"There may still be time to save him," he cried. "Let's go over." His words whipped his room-mate and Tubby into action. Out into the darkness they sped, along the paved walk between Colby and Holden Halls. Smith felt himself wallowing in a sea of despair; he had visions that normally he would encounter only in nightmares.

For his part, Conrad had no thoughts. His thinking apparatus was temporarily paralyzed. Twice he stumbled. It seemed eons before they reached the dormitory building and mounted to Tubby's room. The Junior pushed the door forward and stood aside while the others entered the darkened chamber. Tubby crowded in on their heels, closed the door, and snapped on the light.

To the left was an open closet door on which all eyes focused immediately. Suspended on the door panel was the inert body of Stanley Lynde, a length of rope passing from his neck up over the top of the door and down the other side to where it was fastened to the knob. A few inches beneath his dangling feet was an overturned stool.

Smith wobbled and leaned against the wall for support. "I can't bear to look at it," he said, feeling a sickening sensation swell up within him.

"I—I——," began Conrad, but seemed suddenly stricken with dyslogia. He tottered toward the closet door and its grim ornament—and then he pulled up with a jerk. *One of Lynde's eyes had opened!* Harry gaped. A moment later Smith's head snapped up as though wrenched to an upright position by a violent hand. Lynde, suspended two feet from the floor, was *speaking*.

"I guess it has gone far enough, Tubby," he was saying. "Help me down."

Collins, his face expressing keen delight, righted the stool

and Lynde stepped onto it. Turning around, he slipped the rope off the top of the door and jumped to the floor. Tubby helped him off with his coat, and the astounded watchers from Colby Hall perceived that the rope went down inside the coat and passed in a loop under Lynde's arms and encircled his chest.

"Did it look real, fellows?" he asked, sliding the loop over his head.

"And how!" exclaimed Conrad, taking his full measure of relief in a mighty sigh.

"What's the idea?" Smith's recovery was as rapid as Conrad's, and he was ready for enlightenment.

"I was just giving you a taste of your own medicine," Lynde said, "but my act seems to have been a bit more convincing than yours." Both Conrad and Smith winced at the egregiously boastful tone.

"You saw throughout—ah—subterfuge?" Smith wanted to know.

"Not until I got a look at that blood stain on Harry's shirt," he told them. "It seemed too dry to me, and the hole supposedly made by the bullet, instead of being circular, was more like a slit. As I stood by the bed looking down at my victim," Lynde smirked at Conrad, "I recalled that his vest, at the time I shot, had covered the spot where the stain showed, and yet the vest was unharmed.

"Although I didn't know what your object was in staging such a prank, I decided to play up to you. When Smitty shoved me out of the room, I came up here and planned my own little counter plot with Tubby. Evidently my room-mate acted realistically over in Colby Hall."

Conrad glared at Smith and Smith glared at Conrad and their thoughts are best left unprinted.

Four minutes later, walking back over the campus to their own room, Lew and Harry had little to say, but, for the sake of completeness, it is well to record their brief dialogue:

"As as dramatist," Harry observed, "you're the same as 'one-plus-one'."

"'One-plus-one?' What do you mean?" Smith asked.

"You'll never amount to much," was the rejoinder.

Frederick E. Poole, Jr., '34.






Autumn Thoughts

Fallen leaf
You make a picture
Sad to earth
And all its creatures.
The tree that shed thee
Is the tree of Life
And as thou fell
One day, we, too, must fall
When the autumn of our lives draws nigh.

You are the first to fall
While others still remain
Clothed in their silent beauty.
And so, many comrades of mine, too
Have gone,
Fallen as it were
From the tree of Life
While I remain,—
How long, God only knows.

Frank A. Delaney.

A Philosopher Looks at Mae West

AUSTIC critics may at once assail me for being too presumptuous; it is evident from the title that I consider myself a philosopher. Ah! but I have ample authority for this assumption. I point a proud finger at Pythagoras who defined a philosopher as a lover of wisdom; and does not our own scholasticism hold that all rational beings are philosophers, more or less? And it gives the following proof. Men form judgments, but these judgments are based on certain principles; these principles taken together are really a philosophy.

Since, therefore, I can claim to be a lover of wisdom and a rational being, who can deny me the right to the title of "philosopher"?

But, cry the critics, why should a philosopher look at Mae West? I could answer by saying that after all, philosophers are only human and what human does not want to drink in the aesthetic beauty of Westian curves? However, I prefer to say that Miss West's popularity affords an interesting psychological study.

Just what is it that makes Mae, if I may use the familiar name, so popular? Hollywood high-pressure agents would have us believe it is because she gives the public thrills galore. But this cannot be the true answer. Surely she has not the real physical appeal of La Harlow. With respects to her exaggerated allure, there are in Hollywood many actresses who are more truly sensuous than Mae West. No, it is not here

that the drawing power lies, but rather in her appeal to humor.

We may glean an inkling of this from the witty phrases always used in advertising her pictures. "What does it matter," the billboards scream, "if East is East, just so long as West is West." A life size picture will show Mae shouting, "When I'm good, I'm good; but when I'm bad I'm better." We could go on enumerating such sallies for hours, but space and the censor will not permit. These should be sufficient, however, to establish the fact that humor plays an important role in Mae West's Ballyhoo.

Now it is necessary for us to try to define humor; to get some idea of its essence. It is a very difficult task to try to give an offhand definition of what constitutes that mysterious quality known as a sense of humor. Once again I must fall back on Scholasticism and St. Thomas for the answer. Fortunately my text book is at hand.

A sense of humor, say the scholastics, is the capability to recognize incongruity in something. It is apparent that Webster, too, went to the scholastics, for he describes humor as a mental faculty for appreciating that which is ludicrous or incongruous. In other words, a person laughs when he sees something ludicrously out of place—the unusual.

There is no denying the fact that Mae West presents herself as painstakingly vulgar; more than this she is deliberately wicked, to the extent that if one calls her "risque" one flatters her. Physically she represents the overstuffed upholstery of the nineties and all that goes with it. Her conversation reeks of "double-entendre," her facial expressions are only mildly described when they are called "suggestive," "come hither" would be more like it. But it is right here in this over emphasized commonness, in this exaggerated lewdness that we discover the foundation of her appeal.

Her coarseness is such that it is obviously artificially produced by deliberate effort—hence in her case it does not offend. On the contrary, since it is ludicrously incongruous, it amuses. When Mae talks through clenched teeth and out of the corner of her mouth, in a voice not unlike a truck driver's in tonal quality, people do not throw up their hands and shout "Horrors"; rather very sensibly they lean back and have a good laugh.

So also is it with her so-called allure. When she wraps her arm tightly around the hero's neck and whispers "You get me, kid?" her own peculiar style brings laughs. But when Gable and Harlow slip into a wordless embrace, it brings only boredom or perspiration.

The most peculiar point in the psychology underlying Mae's appeal, is that this appeal is felt only by people who are at least fairly cultured. To a vulgar person she would have no appeal, for she would not seem incongruous. To certain types she might seem perfectly natural but they don't know any better. Consequently we have the paradox. The more cultured a person is the more he appreciates Mae West.

Yes, Mae makes an interesting study. My only regret is that I cannot speak with more authority. Her mother was a burlesque star in her youth. (Ed.'s note: the youthfulness of a burlesque queen is open to debate.) Mae herself was at one time in burlesque as a strong woman, following a girlhood spent in the wilds of Brooklyn. As to her early schooling and home life this writer has no information. As philosophers, however, we all have the certitude of visible evidence, that she has an interesting background.

A few years ago Mae was starring on Broadway both as an actress and as an authoress. Apparently, however, there were neither philosophers nor cultured men in the New York

Police Department, for they failed to recognize the humor in her play "Sex." The result was that Mae spent a few days as the "guest" of the State.

We have seen that "our Mae" is an interesting subject for psychological research and it is easily proven that she is equally as interesting to the other branches of philosophy. Logicians could say: "Cultured people enjoy Mae West." Cosmologists could point to her as a fine example of vital phenomena. The Ontologists might term her "the most common of all notions."

Well, it may be that we have not gotten anywhere with this article, but everyone must admit that Mae is a great character and an interesting topic for discussion. At least I have enjoyed my journey into the spaces of philosophical thought—led by a star.

My mind is up there now—up,—up—in the third degree of abstraction. Its great up here. "You must come up some time."

Paul Connolly.





Spirit of Autumn

Magic all around us
In the fields and on the hills,
Beauty ever present
In the spots where nature wills,
Wondrous secrets waiting
To be whispered in the ear—
Waiting for the moment
When some soul will pause to hear.
Beacons in the towers
Of the castles in the sky,
Twinkling down a message
For the understanding eye.
Magic in the heavens
And on earth below,
Giving us the reason
For liking autumn so.

Herbert F. Murray, Jr.

Boomerangs



TECHNICALLY speaking the boomerang is a treacherous weapon, returning as it does to the source of its impetus. Of course, like most things in life, there is more than one view to take of this interesting but murderous Australian apparatus. According to Funk & Wagnalls' collegiate world it is considered "a curved wooden missile used by the natives of Australia that will return to the thrower." Expanding upon this conception of an exceedingly versatile piece of wood—in that coming or going are all the same to its graceful flight—they venture further to state that a boomerang may also be considered as "any proceeding that recoils upon the originator," and it is in this new light that we are content—nay eager to consider the boomerang.

Doubtless we all have, at one time or another in our lives, encountered the boomerang, and perhaps not always under the most pleasant circumstances or agreeable conditions. The effects of even the simplest of boomerangs is always devastating to our hopes. It is obvious to say that they are embarrassing and even painful to our ego. But we may find solace in the thought that some of the most notable personages have been obliged upon occasion to deal with this perplexing puzzle of life. None, it seems are immune from the invasion of the poise shattering boomerang which is none the less effective in that it takes its victim unawares, and the more exasperating for having been the victim's own creation.

Discussing the boomerang with an old sage of another day I heard of an interesting example, and the story which

this patriarch related shows this instrument in such effective action that I pass it on.

Many miles away from the paths of civilization, snuggled comfortably among the South County hills, there lies the typically New England town of Kingston. Though small in size, Kingston boasts of her early days that stretch back hundreds of years to the middle of the seventeenth century. We hear the patriarchs relate with pride many hoary tales of other days in the small town's history.

Certain it is that among the older residents there was none more vociferous and boastful than the good soul, Peter Clinton. Many were the stories he told to thrill and amaze the few travellers who strayed into this out-of-the-way spot. Leaning back comfortably in his rickety chair, just inside the door of the local Post Office, he would smoke his pipe in the enjoyment of the comforts of civilization, and thrill his listeners with tales of horror and bloodshed in the Indian wars of Early New England.

Among the many legends upon which Peter loved to expand, was one connected with Chief Tomahasset, the leader of the Indians in the battle of the Big Swamp which resulted in a massacre of annihilation. It is thought, so the legend runs, that some day this great chief will return to Kingston and the South County to run wild over the hills reeking vengeance on his conquerors, the white settlers. This was one of Peter's oft repeated stories and awful were the horrors and the killings which he tranquilly predicted for the benefit of his fear-stricken listeners.

Each day as the darkening shadows settled over the peaceful scene, it was the custom of this hearty rotund fellow to make his way homeward along a circuitous route which led through a deeply wooded section at the edge of a great

swamp, the Big Swamp of other days, to his humble home on the fringe of the settlement. On this dark night we find Peter, grown fat with too much sitting, heavily trudging along this none too heartening path through trees and thickly wooded growth. A stronger soul than Peter would have been frightened by the ominous quiet, broken only by the hooting of an owl from some tree far in the swamp, or the mournful songs of the frogs. The brave soul of Peter never feared, for all this was not unusual to him, as he traveled through these woods daily with these very hoots and mournings. Not even the foreboding whistle of the wind as it swept through the timbers could stir the placid soul of Peter Clinton. This day, he had occasion to repeat his favorite legend of Chief Tomahasset many times, and he chuckled as he thought of how he had enlarged upon it to his surrounding audience of credulous souls with more than usual relish.

But hark! just as Peter had rounded a bend in the path, a piercing war-whoop rent the air. He stopped and looked intently along the path before him, every nerve tingling in his pudgy body. Another war-whoop, and then in quick succession a series of yells and cries, the like of which this staid old forest had never heard in many a moon. Peter was beginning to feel shaky by now; his soul quaked within him, and his moistened brow betrayed his fading self-control. Then, amid a noisy trampling of feet, a huge bronze figure, gloomily reflecting the soft light of the new moon from its fiercely painted and decorated skin, with the brightly-hued feathers of a huge war bonnet surmounting his brow, rounded the bend into full view of the shivering Peter. Following this fearsome spectre there swarmed a multitude of jumping and yelling brown figures, filling the forest with the wierdest noises. Chief Tomahasset was running the trails again! Back to take his vengeance on

the white man, and thought Peter, I am to be his first victim.

Toward Peter the tribe came charging, Chief Tomahasset in the fore swinging his tomahawk wildly, a most blood-curdling cry coming from his huge throat. His eyes gleamed fiercely as he saw the fat, rotund Peter in his path. Frozen in his tracks, Peter couldn't move. He could almost feel the clutch of the savage upon him. He saw the arc of a swinging tomahawk above his ill-fated head. Down, down, it came, and with an awful thud shaved off his scalp.

What a thud! Looking about him, Peter surveyed the ruins of his clay pipe scattered about the Post Office floor, his huge chair behind him overturned, and himself inelegantly sprawled across the floor; the noisy elfs replaced by a ring of laughing, derisive faces. Good Peter Clinton, hero of many a fictitious battle, had fallen asleep in his chair, and had suffered one more invasion of his pet heroes. Seemingly, Chief Tomahasset had had his revenge upon the white race in the person of one Peter Clinton. And alone he bears the brunt of battle.

I am not so sure that the brave and valiant Chief Tomahasset had ever heard of the boomerang, at least not as we know it. Doubtless, however, there was an Indian equivalent; one which perhaps more than justified their name for it. Nevertheless, if Chief Tomahasset had been told in his balmiest of running trails that he was to act some two hundred years later as a boomerang, and one similar to that which the old sage described, he would have in all probability snorted fiercely, given his shrillest war-whoop, and swinging his tomahawk high above his head, set out to procure the scalp of his enlightener that he might dangle it from his belt. Simply illustrating, no doubt, the unappreciative savage failing to recognize the distinction in boomeranging the good Peter Clinton.

But to get back to Peter, I am sure that we all see in the discomfort of this poor soul only the repetition of a like episode in which we ourselves played the leading role. It is remarkable how often we find the boomerang in everyday life. We are never safe from it. Just as we are counting ourselves fortunate in having escaped unpleasant events, we are startled from our wits by an escapade, story, or event, of yesteryear which has been lurking undercover all this time to suddenly leap upon us in an unguarded moment. Remarkable did I say? It is exasperating, embarrassing, and uncanny. Nevertheless, we will continue on in life with boomerangs forever dogging our footsteps; yet, we will never complain, but accept the inevitable. But I am sure that underneath our exterior complacency, we will each be cursing and lamenting the system of life which must admit into it—boomerang!

"The gods are just, and of pleasant vices make instruments to plague us."

Frank H. P. Conway.





On Swift Departures

When from our midst so suddenly
A great soul heeds the Master's call—
Our grief's so great we cannot grieve,
Our tears so deep they cannot fall—
We pause to wonder on our way,
Who will miss the dawn today?

Sudden goings in the night
Are fraught with awe and mystery;
And mortal hearts are slow to sense
Their message of eternity.

Herbert F. Murray, Jr.

On Saturday Afternoon

OH, FRED, isn't this a terrible crowd! And, Fred, that fellow with the cards said you can't tell a horse without a scorecard; I thought you said this was football. Do they use horses in football? Oh, he's joking. Look at that perfectly adorable hat; and that coat . . . it's genuine Hudson Seal! Are these our seats? Well, they don't look very comfortable. My! look at that nice green lawn, and they're running all over it. That's a shame. All those players have numbers, Fred, and there's a whistle. Do they have policemen here and are all those dangerous criminals? Oh, that's the referee? He must be introducing those two players. See, they're shaking hands. Oh, they're captains? Oh, yes. Look! They're running toward each other now, and one kicked the ball. Yes, and—Oh, goody! One caught it! Oh-h-h, did you see that? They knocked him right down! Tackled him, did you say? Well, at least, they might have been less rough.

"Now, he's counting or something—think he said ten, but I see eleven. You say he's calling signals? To whom is he signaling? There they go! Why did they all fall on that one player? Look, that player kicked the ball away up to the other end of the field! Punted it, did you say? Now, they're bringing it back again. That was no fair. They're going to try it over. Penalizing them, you say? Oh!

"What have they been doing, resting? Oh, that was half game? See, they're running out on the field again. Aren't they handsome! Well, they're playing again, anyway. Those people in front said there were two good centers in this game.

How can anything have two centers? Now, they're throwing the ball back and forth. I like the game when it's gentle like this. Why are they all shouting: 'Get that quarterback!?' Did that player they're chasing take someone's money? Fred, that man just said the aerial attack was weak. Do they use radio in this game? Oh, I see; he means a forward pass. Oh, of course!"

"Look at that player, Fred. He's running awfully fast. Isn't he marvelous? They threw the ball at him, but—Oh! he caught it before it hit him. Isn't that lovely? Now, look! Hes running away from them, and they're chasing him. Oh, I see, now! They're playing tag! He's 'it' and they're all trying to catch him. Oh, Fred, isn't this exciting!"

"Fred, those people turned around and snickered! Is —do I look too excited? Fred, you're laughing, too! I'm going right straight home!"

James A. McGrath, '34.





Grass

Grass grows
Because it wills to grow.

Would I were grass.
This thing I know

I am not great;
Have I not willed it so?

E. Riley Hughes.

Scowling



THE SCOWL is mightier than the Smile. My friend, do you raise a quizzical eyebrow and good-naturedly defy me to prove my point? Very well. Promise to be open-minded and I will endeavor to oblige.

In the first place, I must correct your misconception of what a scowl is: you think it a mere drawing down or wrinkling of the brows. Oh, no! Since the face is but a reflection of the interior, we must probe the latter and discover what is there to precipitate such muscular movement. There must be some inward sensation, some internal stimulus for each scowl that darkens the face of man. Having established, therefore, that there is something behind every form of physiognomical phenomena, we now proceed to the various grades of scowls and classify them as precisely as possible.

The ordinary scowl is spontaneous and short-lived, usually attributable to one of the ordinary mishaps of life, such as drawing an out-and-out moron for a bridge or dancing partner. It is but a fleeting expression of mild despair, characterized by drawing the forehead muscles into the required combination, squinting slightly, and vanishes in favor of a bland non-committal look. Next comes the Special Scowl: this is a by-product of some momentary physical irritation, as the contact with a hard object through the medium of one's crazy bone. The Special Scowl does not disappear quite so quickly but remains until the memory of its cause is dispelled.

From these elementary considerations we pass to the more complex types of scowl. Whereas the face bore an expression of slight annoyance in the former stage, it now takes on a

demeanor of outright belligerence. The mouth is brought into play, a few teeth are bared, and the observer imagines dull rumblings in the distance. Sharp creases originate in the forehead and run in a broken line down to the jowls. One of the most notable modern exemplars of this Extraordinary Type of scowl is Wallace Beery. This is my favorite scowl and I would tarry upon thoughts of it here for pages but lest you be impatient, let us move on.

Many years of faithful and persistent scowling are required to achieve the next (and highest) form of scowling. Someone should confer a degree upon successful scowl scholars who perfect (or perhaps I should say perpetrate) it. No name adequately describes this type. It is slow, deliberate, and gradual, culminating in an expression wonderful to behold—an expression which causes the bravest hearts to palpitate in terror and the works of Nature to dry up and wither. It commences at the eyes, which narrow into slits and venomously glitter. It involves the forehead which is dented by a million dark caves and contracts until the hair falls forward into the eyes, while the brows unite in a pact of hate. The ears flatten close to the head and the hair on the neck bristles erect. The jaw leaps far forward, even the molars are exhibited in a wolfish snarl, and the head is hunched far down between the shoulders. Meanwhile, the nose exhales breath in snorts. . . one expects fire and smoke to be emitted momentarily. Behold! The supreme angry face—the paragon of grimaces—the apex of all physiognomical achievement—the scowl at its best!

I have been privileged to witness this rare phenomenon only once in my years as a connoisseur of scowls. The subject had stood in line for three hours in a cold December night's snow and slush to buy tickets for himself and wife to the final performance of a musical comedy he had waited a year to see.

Finally making his purchase, he had gone to meet his wife in a nearby hotel. Upon arriving there it developed that Aunt Agatha had just arrived in town—would he give her his ticket and buy another for himself? Gallantry defeating his perturbation, he returned to the end of the block-long line thirty minutes before curtain time. One hour later, nearly exhausted, he lurched up to the ticket office with the air of one who merits a martyr's reward. The poor wretch placed his money down and stood mopping a glistening brow of impatient perspiration, only to have the window slammed down with a curt: "All sold out!" He argued, pleaded, and swore in vain. The cashier was adamant and insultingly superior in his dictum: "All sold out." May I never see such an expression again! All the pent-up rage of centuries went into that one scowl. The crowd fell back as if stunned by a bolt; the lights of the universe seemed dimmed as an awful pall of silence fell over everything, broken only, (perhaps I imagined it), by the crackling of blue flame that emanated from that horrible visage.


Yes, there are scowls and scowls. There are the scowls of diners when cold soup is served them; the scowl of the lover who finds he has been betrayed; scowls of bewilderment, and scowls of reproof—all these and countless others that you and I have seen and perhaps even indulged. But the scowl I described above makes them appear like simpering smirks by comparison.

In the beginning I assayed to prove that the Scowl is mightier than the Smile. Need I proceed with stodgy argumentation to convince you? Is it not evident after careful analysis that manly, decisive scowls have dug immortal canyons in the sands of Time, while smiles have been for the lovers, the benign, and the forgiving? You must agree; if you don't, I

extend to you the invitation made famous by Mae West—and perhaps you will find that the scowl is mightier even than the Pen.

J. F. McGowan, '35.

The “Palatine”

HE LEGEND of the emigrant ship “Palatine” stands alone on the pinnacle of all maritime catastrophies. It is second to no other—no, not even to the ill-fated “Flying Dutchman” and the disasters which follow in her enigmatical wake.

It was in the latter half of the 16th century that the good ship “Palatine,” after having made several trips up the rocky New England coast, weighed anchor in the port of Philadelphia and with sails set, plotted and steered a course which would have eventually brought her into the heart of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. A state of serenity possessed the ship; mothers nursed and fondled their offspring, the crew sat lazily about or utilized the time in having a siesta—the calm before the storm.

Off the lower end of Long Island the “Palatine” struck heavy seas. She was running into the advance of a hurricane. Women and children were quickly hurried below. On the deck the crew were busy lashing the companion-ways in an effort to keep out the sea. It was a gallant, yet futile, gesture in such a setting; all their work was to no avail. Mountainous waves carried the shrieking members of the crew in one fell sweep down, down to Davey Jones’ Locker.

A helpless victim of circumstance, the battered and unmanned vessel was a pitiful victim of the howling and mocking elements. It floundered aimlessly on the agitated sea until it ran aground. As Whittier expressed it in one of his poems, it landed, "on an island full of health and ease, called by the flowing name Manisses."

The natives of that island, which is known to us today as Block Island, approaching the ship and thinking no one was aboard, set fire to the derelict, and amid the cries of the women and children imprisoned in her hold, it drifted out to sea on the ebb tide.

Naturally enough, the ship has become something of a legend. Once a year the good ship "Palatine," meteor-like in appearance, arises off the mainland and sails, so the old timers will tell you, between Montauk and Block Island, a burning, flaming, roaring mass of flames. There comes from her hull the nauseating stench of burning human flesh and the agonized cries of those who suffered a hell on earth are heard faintly crying over the roar of the flames and the crackling of the vessel's mighty beams. The ship disappears on the easterly horizon, a raging inferno—gruesome, mystical, spectacular—the flaming wreck of the "Palatine."

Dave Powers.



Monotony



ANY of Life's tragedies, both major and minor, have been speeded to a rapid termination by the motivating force of a certain state of affairs lazily termed Monotony. In view of the apparent impotency suggested by this term, it seems ridiculous to attribute to it any such potentialities as those that would cause devastating results. Rather, the term suggests inertia to the last degree; but this inertia need not be taken in its fullest sense. It may be modified and broadened to cover such a condition as routine, and this routine can conversely be speeded up to mean a very active routine, but, at the same time, not escaping the classification of monotonous routine. In that word 'monotonous' lies the real germ of trouble.

Monotony is a common visitation. Sooner or later it attacks you and like every other form of disease it survives or perishes according to the manner in which it is treated.

Take the pertinent case, for instance, of the college man. When he enters college, his whole being, body and soul, is usually set on one objective. He has been attracted by the glamor attached to some state in life. He has seen a noted scientist receive the acclamations of the crowd, or he has had occasion to witness the respect accorded to or the dignity attained by some one who has become a professional success. Drawn by the outward appearances of things, he decides that he is going to join the ranks of those who achieve. And there you have Part One of the story of the boy who wanted to make good.

We next see our young College man ploughing his way up the proverbial steep road to achievement. Things don't

look as rosy now as they did before. Numerous little incidents have cropped up to disturb his course and it's anything but smooth sailing. And so it's not long before he realizes that it's going to be a long hard pull—and a disheartening one, too. Nothing but study, study, study, and then some more. It certainly gets monotonous. Day in and day out it's the same old grind. But heartsick and sore he plods on and on, sometimes almost unwillingly but, nevertheless, he keeps going and gradually developing a very warped appreciation of himself and his intellectual capacity that engineered him into such a predicament.

Just as every story usually has an anti-climax, this little narrative obligingly conforms to convention.

Now the weary and disillusioned student sees nothing but dark clouds and he stops keeping step for a while. Then he decides to make one final effort but he finds the going even rougher when it comes to making up the ground he lost in dropping back. And so things take on a terribly dismal hue.

Then one of those so-called psychological evenings arrive and melancholy youth decides to mingle with the merry ones at a nearby rendezvous. There he meets many individuals, who happen to be able to boast of nothing more than ordinary station in life. Yet, they all seem to be boisterously happy, to possess plenty of money, and to talk of nothing but good times and enjoyment of life in a free and easy way. Suddenly he becomes introspective and promptly relegates the possibility of his anticipated success to the realm of the absolutely impossible. He vehemently frees himself from the monotonous grind of study and thus fails to fulfill his original objective.

Here is a clear case where the monotony of a certain situation sponsored an act of alarming proportions. Other

cases, far too numerous to cite, all varying in result, some more serious, some less, had their origin in the same source—**Monotony.**

The cure used in treating this condition rests with the individual. Let him lend a firm arm to the rudder and steer his ship over the hectic course and when he has accomplished his objective, he can look back and realize that intrinsic joy that is born of succeeding where countless others have failed.

Frank A. Delaney.



Sealing an Envelope



HERE are countless ways of sealing an envelope; so many in fact that one cannot count them. But there is only ONE way of doing it correctly. And because it appears that the Great American Public is lamentably unaware of the whys and wherefores of envelope sealing, I offer this little bromide in the fond hope of clearing the situation or something.

One of the first (if not the first) things to do in this delicate process is to write something, a letter or note or something, to put in the envelope. Many people fail to do this. Can you wonder why they make such a botch of things? (You can? Well, shut up, and let me finish here first.) After you have written something, look for an envelope. You probably won't find one. If you do, it will be different in color from your writing paper. People who use blue writing paper invariably find white envelopes. Why, nobody knows. It just seems to happen that way.

Next, you will find that you cannot fit the paper into the envelope. Standing sideways won't improve it any either. You are, for the moment, nonplussed. You probably (I know I do) fold the paper into thirds and try again. This time it works. Or rather it seems to work, for now you find that it is too bulgy. Unless you rectify this somehow it will look frowsy. This (i.e., the looking frowsy) should be avoided. One way to avoid it is to jump on the envelope with both feet until it becomes perfectly flat or you find that you have jumped through the floor and are on the one below. It is correct to stay for tea if they should ask you.

Now that you have the paper in the envelope (supposing that you finally get this far) you find that you have addressed it to yourself. Unless you change this do not be surprised if the letter is mailed to you. You need another envelope. You rifle your writing desk once more and, of course, find that your last envelope is gone. The only one you have left is hopelessly scribbled with your own address. You throw it away. Then what do you do? Now here is where four out of every five go wrong. They try to make an envelope. That is bad. When you were in your fourth year in grade school you might have been able to make one but you couldn't now to save your neck. (Which probably isn't worth it.)

If you try, it simply means that you will waste a lot of valuable time and only succeed in pasting your necktie into a piece of paper that looks like a misused party hat. That is your envelope. It is useless, of course. You probably won't do better the next time either. There really isn't much hope for people like that anyway. You will then throw the envelope—necktie and all—into the waste basket. And if you are wise, you will do the same with the letter. But you probably aren't.

Of course you know by now that the only way anyone ever gets an envelope is by borrowing it. You will try this. Somebody will give you a nice big cream colored one. It will be too large of course. Cream colored ones always are. But don't attempt to cut it in half. I did this once but I left the letter inside and when I got through it also was in twain. Which was probably just as well.

Let us imagine (and this is imagining a lot) that you have the envelope properly addressed and that you have placed the letter in it. Then you seal it—or try to. You usually split your tongue in two and end up by violently chewing the flap. Also the flap is too wet (or too dry). But you do not give

up. No, not you. The trouble with you is you don't know when you're licked. You locate some glue which you administer liberally. When you get through the back of the envelope looks as though a troupe of determined elephants slid on it. You are discouraged for the moment and sorely tempted to throw the thing away but your baser nature triumphs, and you decide to send it after all.

After a great deal of stamping and pounding which wakes up the baby, you put the stamp on (upside down, of course) and look at the result. You can hardly be elated. But never, never yield to the impulse to open the darn thing to see if you have the date right. This alone has caused more near-suicides than anything going. I know.

The envelope is stamped, sealed, and addressed. What are you waiting for? You don't know, you blockhead, whether the right letter or any letter at all is in the envelope. You've forgotten what you said in the letter (if it was a letter, you can't tell) and now you wonder if you have the right address. Here again, four out of every five go wrong. Don't hesitate. Don't prevaricate. Above all, don't open the letter. March directly to the mail box and firmly and irrevocably drop your letter in. Then, if you care to, faint or swoon. Then it is too late to do further damage. You have done too much already.

Even if you do this, your troubles will not be entirely over. Anxious days will follow in which anything might happen. You might get your letter back for lack of sufficient postage. Your handwriting may have been so putrid that the P. O. boys thought the letter was intended for Ripley. (Sending all sort of curiously scrolled envelopes to Ripley, by the way, is now a steady practice insomuch as the P. O. Dept. is cutting down Dead Letter Office overhead expenses.) You will spend this period anxiously scanning the newspaper

headlines. You expect to read that a postoffice has been bombed (any one no matter where will do for your purpose which is to have something to worry about) or that a mail train has been robbed. If you should, you are positive that your letter was on it.

Meanwhile you hear nothing of your letter. The person you were crazy enough to send it to has probably moved or died or simply disappeared. Months afterward when you have forgotten it completely, the letter sadly worn and soiled, comes back to rest its weary bones in your mailbox. But you are spared the ordeal of knowing it. You, too, have moved or died or simply disappeared. And little wonder.

E. Riley Hughes.





Contrast

Here a row of houses—
A row of graves across the street.

The homes of men are broken-down
Where the corpses lie is neat.

What loss is there in dying—
If it's life that holds defeat?

E. Riley Hughes.

The Providence College Alembic

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While it is not our policy to preach reform in these editorials,

there has come to our attention a subject which we feel we must mention. We refer to the irreverence that seems to permeate our own little

IRREVERENCE

collegiate world. In this case we do not refer to irreverence in a purely religious sense, but to a general spirit which seems to pervade almost everywhere. Perhaps it is only very bad manners widely indulged in, but the movement has gained such momentum that we find students who are even irreverent to themselves—in their persons, dress, and deportment. Unfortunately they extend this attitude to defacing the walls of the college building, failing to show proper respect to professors and

others whose prestige is such as to merit this respect. These actions, along with many others, constitute the irreverence of which we speak.

This disregard for that which is universally recognized as superior, is not only an objectionable quality in anyone, but it is inimical to the very essence of culture. The primary requisite of both culture and education is self-respect, and it is self-respect that engenders the respect given to others.

We have seen occasions, however, when even the most flagrant offenders in our own community, have been almost amazingly reverent. We refer to the periodical visits of the late Bishop Hickey. If ever there was a man to inspire reverence, it was he.

In his very face one saw beneath his handsome physical features the foundation of a character both forceful and saintly. He always appeared to us as though he had just stepped from the pages of history. He had the dignity, the simplicity, the sanctity, and nobility of character that we have always imagined as typical of St. Francis de Sales. His passing deprived the world of a leader; it deprived us of a friend, but above all it deprives us of reverent inspiration as he himself was pre-eminently an object of reverence.

In accordance with the spirit of the times which calls loudly for radical changes in this, that, and the other things. The

A NEW DEAL Alembic comes forth with a new moderator, a new staff, a new cover, a new policy, and even a new schedule of appearances, for we are now to be a quarterly. This is not, however, as radical a change as one might think. We are, in fact, reverting to type. It has only

been during the past two or three years that *The Alembic* has perported to be a news-magazine. Before this evolution it was what we hope to make it now, a literary magazine. We do not mean by this that it will contain stuffy, classroom-like articles, drafted from textbooks; we propose to present within our covers the best literary efforts of those students whose work warrants publication. Thus we launch the good ship *Alembic* on the seas of the coming year; may she, blown forward by the winds of contribution, sail on to "happy landings."





Rotunda Gallery

"It is fun to be fooled; but it is more fun to know." And still we smoke Old Golds. Gentlemen, we present "Real College Life" under an assumed name. If you happen to peruse the contents of this article or even if you read but a line, please keep in mind that this is the "Checkerboard" written in a dignified manner. To many it will seem like a contradiction in terms but you shall soon see that our views on life have changed. We also want to emphatically impress upon you the fact that from now on, the writer of this column will be known as the "Rotunda Galleryer" and not what Eddie Koslowski called him one time when his ire was aroused.

After all, gentlemen, this is written for your own good and for no other reason, we have attempted to impress that on you in the past. Dignity and poise are to be the outstanding highlights of this column from now on. Just to cite one instance. There was a time when we would tell you that "Lambie" Burque let the legs fall from the bridge table; but no more. We would report the incident now, as follows: "One night, not so many weeks ago, L. Cusick Burque joined a jovial gathering for the purpose of indulging in the playful but yet serious pastime of playing bridge. At the termination of the battle, Mr. Burque (note the dignity) commenced to be extraordinarily polite and replace the table in its proper hiding place. It so happened that a comment escaped the lips of the party and needless to say Arthur Lambert's horselaugh was heard over four city blocks.

As E. Riley Hughes, probably the most prominent freshman to enter the portals of Harkins Hall this semester would say "Cigarette life if you don't weaken." Of course this cannot go on for ever and it is clearly evident that steps will have to be taken to prevent continuous repetition of such frivolity. The

following statement was received from Mr. Hughes after his completion of one month of college life, "I ain't got Nevada and I ain't got no mother so I came to college." My first and foremost desire in coming to Providence College was to renew acquaintances with my old pals Val and Al (Al has since departed) and also a girl by the name of Sylvia. It was my plan to "raise ructions" from the start but unfortunately a monkey wrench in the form of Robert Tebbetts was thrown into my plans. Fate has been unkind to me, as on my arrival I was told that my room-mate would be the aforementioned. We get along together as well as a bunion and a bad case of athlete's foot. Needless to say, I now remain in every single night just to keep company with my over "Froebeled pal." To secure the other side of the story we visited the politician and all we could get out of him was the fact that E. Riley was extremely "punny."

It seems for a minute we have strayed off the path of the dignified, so back we shall go to the formal activities. The mixer given by the Sophomore class to the Freshmen by far exceeded anything that has ever been put on before. It was even a programmed show and it was noticed that the cider and doughnuts were devoured with the utmost celerity. Pie Trainor did all right by himself, getting eight assists (doughnuts) and three put outs (ciders) while he failed to make an error. The dashing Pittsfieldonian, Irv Rossi, gave the boys a tune that was not very good but was at least very loud. The Californians showed their versatility with their witty and amusing songs. Although there were some in the crowd, (maybe only one) who were aching for them to break out in that number "I'm doing all right," they managed to refrain from that. We were proud of the way Steve Downey and Leo Daven manipulated themselves on their feet if you get what we mean. The decorations were splendid and the organizers of the affair should be highly complimented.

Another one of the most interesting occasions that took place this semester was a dance held at that Bungalow. We won't attempt to write this with any amount of dignity because

there was no such thing as dignity but plenty of sophistication shown on the hill that night. Tom Reilly entertained with a few handsprings and Johnny Sheilds did a few clog dances while George McGuire got our goat all night long. To tell you the truth he was absolutely unbearable. Everytime we turned around there he was with one girl or another, or both of them together and at one time there were at least six; he telling them that Newark was God's country. It was no wonder that some fair damsel slipped up from behind him on one occasion and gave him what is commonly known as the "Bird." We suppose it is called some high falluting name in New Jersey. We have got to give his room-mate credit for putting up with him. We would have him on his back in very short order.

It didn't take Joe Carew very long to get acquainted around these parts. Sam Lanagan said the boy was doing all right although he says that Joe must learn to be more emphatic in his attempt to persuade the hostess to serve coffee and doughnuts. Maybe the next time, Joe.

We visited at the homes of Mr. A. Lambert Burque and George Robert Tebbetts in our conquest of Nashooa since the last *Alembic* has been published and we were very pleased at the co-operation given us by their respective parents to guide their sons throughout the year. We were given full authority to check up on them both (we do think that someone else is checking up on them very well) however, in their social endeavors. The attitude shown by these two boys toward the *Alembic* in the past has been deplorable but we trust now that we have the upper hand that that will cease. It was a pity to note the jealousy that son Lambert showed for his dear father. We were at a loss to explain it until Mr. Burque, Sr., so kindly told us the story about the beach.

It has been rumored that Gordon Harrison had a party on the eve of all the fun-making. Everybody was there as far as we could find out, from Frank Conway down to Frank Murphy or vice versa and it is our guess that at least a few of the boys had one fine time.

We have been wondering since the opening of the year just why things have not been running as smoothly as they did for the past three years and it was not until just one minute ago that we figured it out. College Road seemed to be in an uproar all year long and no one could imagine what was missing. The boys would stop and stare at each other and everyone shook their heads, there was something radically wrong. But now, boys, everything is running smoothly once more and everyone is happy, for like the Prodigal Son, "Scootch" Lucey returned to his first love. John Murphy says it was heart rendering to see the two of them in a loving embrace on the night of "Scootch's" return. Now maybe George Cusack will be able to get down to some real serious studying.

Before this column could be anywhere near completed we had to pay a visit to the Bridgeport twins, Rile and Kos. Much to our embarrassment we discovered that the latter spent much of his time this Summer as a "stable boy." It was the first time that we had ever heard of those two boys working together on any project. It worked to perfection and for the first time we have ever had the tables turned on us by these two wits. It was really worth while though if you knew the whole story.

We would like to take this time to congratulate the boys who were elevated to the offices in their respective classes and also to the boys who remained elevated from the year before. With a combination of Connolly, Quirk, Franey and Fitz-Gerald, the senior class should have no trouble in having the best year it ever had. The junior class is no less fortunate in having Smiling Jack Reilly, Shea, Dempsey, and Madden to lead them throughout the season. Steve Downey took over the leadership of his sophomore cohorts and will be aided by Messers Clair, Conaty and Schriever. Some of the freshmen must have believed things that George McGuire has been telling them for they chose him to be their leader. We hope that they don't follow him in everything he does for it would sure be their undoing. It is a shame that Messrs Hines, Kelley and Walsh have no better a man to work with.

Authentic sources reveal the fact that a great many of our most prominent students did very well by themselves on that trip to "Dear old Rutgers." We were really proud to hear of the excellent manner in which some of the boys conducted themselves throughout the week-end. Bob Lucy seemed to be the guiding light for at least a few of the boys, telling them in no uncertain terms just what they should do and just what they should not do. And did Robert know just what should be done.

The Biltmore, no less, was the scene of action for a very friendly gathering on someone's birthday and no less a personage than Matthew "Wimpy" O'Neill was the shining light. "Wimpy" (because he is always looking for a goose dinner) was right there with the wise cracks and he had stories galore throughout the evening. He was ably assisted by "Bear" Roberge and Jim Bostick.

Since we have mentioned Roberge we must tell you how ridiculous he appeared when he attempted to engage in a wrestling encounter with one of the strongest little men in the school. A few tantalizing remarks by the big boy caused the fracas and then the fun began. The extremely experienced unknown opened up his bag of tricks and despite the fact that the huge Mr. Roberge tore his opponents shirt, he was soon tossed to the ground, not to arise for moments. It was a fine battle while it lasted but much to the humiliation and dismay of our big left end, it did not last long.

Because of the fact that dignified reading becomes tedious after a while, we will come to a close. In case anyone feels that they have been slighted or that their friends are deserving of such worthwhile publicity, we would appreciate it we were so informed.

Activities at Guzman Hall are centered in the Philomusian Club. Here, as is to be expected, its initiating force comes from its capable officers, leading men chosen by popular vote. They are, President, John Morgenthaler; Vice President, Joseph Heiser; Secretary, Joseph Malvey, and Treasurer, Philip McQuillan.

As is usual in a club of this nature, an initiation of new Guzmanites into its membership must necessarily begin the year's activities. Accordingly an initiation committee comprised of three members under Chairman Joseph Maloney was elected. Not long after, the first Friday night of the opening of classes, the deep and occasional tom-tom of a brass drum accompanied by the patter of freshman feet and sophomore paddlers marked the ritual of the initiation of thirty-three victims. Thus is infused the spirit of good-fellowship.

Soon the supervision of activities was begun by the selection of the various committees: the entertainment, athletic and debating committees. The chairman of the athletic committee, John Sullivan, then started the ball rolling with a handball tournament and also a keen competition among seven teams in a mush-ball league. Now the Guzmanites, grouped in five teams, are participating in a lively league of touch football. And the near future holds promise for a basketball league.

The return of the Reverend Prefect Pere F. G. Level, O. P., to Guzman Hall from France, after an absence of almost two and one-half years, found the entertainment committee headed by Ed Casey swinging into action. A welcoming program as a pleasant surprise was given on Hallowe'en night. This program consisted of a skit, a comedy feature, and several renditions of living French songs and the popular American numbers by the Glee Club, a new unit in the Hall. Following the welcome, the Guzmanites gathered in their recreation room for a Hallowe'en Ball.

The activities of the debating committee have not as yet got under way. However, Chairman Al Gately has in store a humorous debate to be held this coming Friday. "Resolved: That there is no Santa Claus," is the topic under discussion. Eugene Cuddy and Alan Smith will uphold the affirmative; John Kelly and Frank Redmond, the negative.

The spiritual aspect of the life at Guzman is not to be overlooked. Therefore, quite in accord with their sacred objective, this past month of October has witnessed particular de-

votions to our Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. Even this month of November dedicated to the Poor Souls witnesses the close of each day with the "De Profundis."

Considered in all phases the life of the Dominican student at Guzman Hall might well be called a threefold activity: in the spiritual, the intellectual, and the recreational.





Press Box

Another football season is rapidly fading into dim memory and will soon take its place along with those of other years in the scrap books retained by the Athletic Office. The season of 1933 has not been very successful inasmuch as we were defeated in the first four games of a six game schedule.

September was drawing into its final stages before the pleasant voiced and prominently jowled Archie Golembeski called his charges for the season of 1933 to prepare for their gridiron wars. Due to the fact that our first game was scheduled unusually late and because only six games had been slated for the approaching season, the practice sessions were late in starting and of a less rigorous nature than heretofore. Thirty-two candidates reported for the first drill and Golembeski noted with glee the presence on the field of a group of veteran linemen but he soon joined "Junie" Bride in the arduous task of searching midst the towering hulks of his huge forward wall for his diminutive backfield.

As usual Golembeski furnished us with a fairly strong line which has displayed flashes of outstanding superiority over some of the teams it has played against. However, we are sorry to admit that in some of the games the play of the line has been proven to be so ineffectual that it has bordered on the haphazard.

The backfield, hampered by injuries and lack of reserves, also did not fare so well. However, Captain Joe Wright has vindicated the faith placed in him by his team-mates by continuing the superb blocking tactics and all-around play which marked him as outstanding as in his former years. LeBlanc and Sloan were lost to the team because of injuries sustained early in the season. Henry Shanahan, considered by sport

writers as the best running back in the Friar outfit, suffered a broken collar bone during the course of the Springfield game.

Numerous experts, in analyzing the results of the contests of the games played by our team, claim that P. C. has suffered greatly from lack of capable field management. They also point out that the team has been hampered by the absence of deceptiveness in the plays they have been given to work with. This opinion is based on the fact that Dominicans have been in a scoring position many times and have failed to push across a score. Seeing that we are not of the intelligensia that claims membership in this select group of experts we can neither affirm or deny their contentions. We do believe, however, that the selection of the various ball carriers has not been without error. Nor is it easy to figure out why we have not seen more of several substitutes, who have proven their ability in other years, out there in the midst of the fray. But may we again remind you that we do not attempt to say that our opinions are without error. To the contrary, we ask your forgiveness if our interpretations that follow appear to be exactly the opposite of your own correct interpretation as you witnessed the contests.

Early in October the 'Varsity team travelled to New Brunswick to engage the scarlet toters of the pigskin. It was Rutgers' second game of the season and PC's first appearance at home or abroad. The game was an indifferent performance from the first. Rutgers' forwards repeatedly broke into the backfield, crossing up the running and passing offense of the bearers of the Black and White. But as every cloud, even in depressions, must have a silver lining we were not without our moments, for "Brute" McCarthy earned the praise of the Rutgers coach for his marvellous defensive tactics. Time and again our "Brute" surged through the Scarlet stalwart wall to get the ball-carrier. In the opening period, due to some snappy running and passing, the Scarlet neatly scored. Through the same tactics, Rutgers had amassed twenty-one points before the final whistle had blown. Both in offense and defense the PC backfield proved equally futile in all their motions. As if this were not enough, Rutgers flashed a brilliant aerial attack, to

their complete bewilderment. In the final minutes of play the Friars managed to push the homesters back to their one-yard line. But here a prophetic incident happened. The attack petered out taking with it the last chance to score. Of course there were alibis: the weather was not very conducive to good football—too hot; backfield jinxed by injuries.

A battered and damaged group of men arrived for the week-end at Holy Cross and proceeded to show the much vaunted Crusaders just how the manly game should be played. The large attendance of fans were not disappointed in their expectation of a real struggle. From the opening whistle the Friars played a game that was a constant threat to Holy Cross, and it was only through the breaks of the game that PC returned to Providence defeated. Shanahan and Landry, ably assisted by Capt. Joe Wright, brought the ball deep into the Crusaders' territory early in the first quarter. This was Shanahan's first appearance in the starting lineup and he certainly gave the bearers of the Purple something to worry about. However, the attempts to score were repulsed by the Cross only after their best defensive efforts. Holy Cross scored a safety when Landry tried to punt from behind his own goal line. For the duration of the half the play was stalemated around midfield.

Between halves the PC Band disported itself to the admiration of the fans. It was their first appearance away from home but their field manoeuvres, though a little uncertain, drew a big hand from the crowd.

The final half was a repetition of the first in regards to offensive playing. Soon after play had resumed, Holy Cross pushed its way down the field and after being held on the one-yard stripe for four downs, took advantage of an offside penalty and made the required half yard on the fifth try. Holy Cross was held to one more touchdown while Providence repeatedly looked as though they were about to score, only to have the chance slip away as the sun was casting its last rays on the gridiron.

We wish to commend the whole team for the splendid

showing they made and in particular Shanahan, Fiet, Kutniewski and Wright. When you consider the manner in which Holy Cross has defeated some of the leading teams in the East our stand against her is all the more credible.

A week after the Holy Cross game the team journeyed to Springfield to engage the Springfield College team. Brown had a hard fight to eke out a victory over this same team while we were engaged with the Crusaders on the previous week. In this contest the Friars went down to defeat after they had outplayed the gymnasts in every phase of the game. Time and again the Black and White were in a scoring position but failed to materialize its advantage. Springfield scored late in the game when one of their linemen intercepted a pass and ran to the one yard line before Bill Kutniewski tackled him from behind. Springfield pushed a touchdown across after two plays and kicked the extra point which scoring marked the sum total for the day.

In the first half the Friars had a couple of breaks which they failed to take advantage of. The line as usual played a fine game with Boyle, Burdge and Kutniewski playing exceptionally well. Roberge at right end was responsible for one scoring opportunity which the Friars let slip by.

In the second half the Dominicans started in where they had left off at the end of the first half, that is, they pushed their opponents back and forth until the spectators thought they were about to score and then their offensive attack would falter. Shanahan and LeBlanc were injured during this half and their withdrawal from the game was felt very much. In the final quarter the Friars displayed their best offensive power of the game by scoring five first downs in a row. This was accomplished in the final minutes of the game and it was the last Providence gesture for a touchdown.

Niagara was the opponent for the Friars in the Alumni Home Coming Game. This game was backed by the Alumni and we were proud of the manner in which they came back for the contest. Niagara came to Providence boasting of a well balanced team as they not only had a heavy line, but also a

heavy and fast backfield. The weather was ideal for good football and both teams entered the fray in fine condition.

Niagara started the game with a bang as it made a first down on two plays. They were held for downs and after an exchange of punts Niagara had possession of the ball on their own forty yard line. Here the boys from New York started a drive which ultimately resulted in a touchdown and they converted the extra point. This one point was the margin of defeat for the Friars. After this score both teams played a tight defensive game for the remainder of the half. However, Providence outplayed the visitors in this half making six first downs to Niagara's five.

The second half was exciting from a spectator's viewpoint but to the Providence coaches it must have been a heart-breaker for three times our team got within scoring distance but capitalized their opportunities only once. A pass from Rennick to Davis accounted for our lone tally. The try for extra point was blocked making the score 7-6 with Niagara on the long end. Despite the frantic efforts of Charlie Rennick and Omer Landry, defeat was inevitable.

Bill Kutniewski and Charlie Burdge gave sparkling demonstrations of defensive and offensive play. In the backfield Landry, Wright, Rennick and Barbarito played a fine game. Landry's manner of running back punts was a delight to the rooters of Providence.

Chagrined because they lost to Niagara by a single point the Friars satisfied their desire for revenge by running roughshod over the CCNY eleven. Landry, Barbarito, and Sokolowski combined their scoring powers to defeat the Lavender 39-6. Throughout the game it was obvious that the Dominicans outclassed their weaker opponents as they swept up and down the field with their offensive machine clicking for the first time during the season. A feature of the running plays was Tony Barbarito's 75 yard dash for a touchdown. However, Landry held the major portion of the spotlight as he scored four times and thrilled the fans with demonstrations of his dexterity in the art of broken field

running. One of the most lamentable injuries of the season occurred in this game when Charlie Burdge, one of the mainstays in the line, suffered a fractured ankle.

And so, with but one game remaining to be played, it appears that PC will conclude their season with two long-awaited victories.

And so we close the door of the Press Box on 'Varsity football and look forward to a very successful basketball season.

With the adoption of a three year ruling here at Providence College a football team was organized under the tutelage of the affable Joe McGee, a former Black and White gridiron performer and 'Varsity coach. A wealth of material answered his first call to practice and, aided by "Flash" Brady and the preponderously proportioned Charlie McCormack, he set about the task of rounding them into shape. Before many weeks had passed the club had developed into a surprisingly strong football aggregation and was proving to be an invaluable aid to the 'Varsity in its scrimmage sessions.

A junior 'Varsity squad, hastily organized by McGee, journeyed to New Haven and tripped up a much larger but less effectual Yale eleven by a score of 7-0.

Turning his attention once more to the Yearlings, "Happy Joe" took a well balanced team to Boston College where they handed the young eaglets a 7-0 drubbing. As a result of their excellent showing in this contest they were invited to play a post-season game with Bridgton Academy at Portland, Maine, by the V. F. W. group of that city. The game is to take place on November 11.

At a meeting of the entire squad after the game Leo Daven, regular left tackle and star booter for the team, was elected captain. Leo's home town is New Haven and he is a graduate of Hill House High where he starred in three sports.

Riding high on the crest of victory the squad headed for Danvers and St. Johns Prep. only to be defeated in the last minute of play by a long forward pass that shot through the gathering dusk into the arms of a waiting end and by a hastily

kicked drop-kick that barely cleared the cross-bar as the whistle signaled finis to the contest.

The Dean Academy football team played hosts to the Frosh up in Franklin the following week and they proceeded to take advantage of their visit by defeating the proteges of "Dan" Sullivan 6-0. A large group of students and members of the faculty made the trip and they returned with nothing but high praise for the ability of the young Friars. They scored early in the second period and from that point on were satisfied to play conservatively and fight to protect their lead which later proved to be victory.

The powerful Frosh eleven chalked up another victory when it defeated Bridgton Academy at Portland. The thermometer hovered around zero as the teams came out on the field to be greeted by a large Armistice Day crowd of Maine fans. In the second period Soar and Vittulo dazzled their opponents with long end sweeps and line plunges which finally resulted in a PC score. This touchdown completed the scoring for the day as the point after touchdown went wide of its mark and the play during the second half was centered around midfield.

Because of their splendid playing this year the freshman team and the respective coaches have earned and received the plaudits of a victory-loving student body. Future P. C. football hopes rest on their shoulders.

Under the direction of the loquacious "Gen" McClellan the 'Varsity hoopsters have been holding their annual pre-season practice workouts on the Harkins Hall court. But two members of last years squad were missing as a result of graduation.

The first string five, consisting of Captain Ed Koslowski at center, Dick Bracken and Sam Shapiro at forward positions and Ed Reilly and Bill Kutniewski as guards, remains intact. However, with men of the calibre of Roberge, Perrin, Madden, Bostick, Feit, Davis, Barbarito and Morrison the first string selections will have to continue to display outstanding ability to receive the nod from the "Gen" at game time. We might also

add that out there on the court are several candidates who were stars on last years freshman quintet.

— All in all, the prospects for the coming season are very bright and we unhesitatingly predict victory for them in nearly all of the contests scheduled to date. The teams listed promise to afford the Friar cage luminaries the severest opposition that they have encountered in the past three seasons. Unfortunately, the majority of the games are to be contested on foreign courts. However, we hope that enough interest will be displayed by the student body to warrant a greater number of contests to be held on the home court next year. Without a doubt, the attendance at the home games last year was miserable. This year we are in hopes this condition will be rectified.

— No other college in the East possesses a court quintet that has consistently appeared in the top ranks of the collegiate basketball world as have Providence College court teams. We offer the "Gen" and his proteges our congratulations and best wishes for continued success.

— In the anticipation of a successful season in spring tennis contests, and to promote interest in this sport of gentlemen, a tournament, open to all tennis playing students of the college, was held this Fall on the newly built courts in the vicinity of Harkins Hall. Thirty-two contestants, comprising representatives of the four classes, were entered in the play. Some excellent action was afforded the enthusiastic galleries, which swelled into greater proportions as the tournament progressed. In the semi-final round we find Fred Gorman, '34, Gene Hebert, '35, Irving Anger, '36, and Frank Fitzpatrick, '37. Anger proved to be the dark horse of the tournament in as much as he had defeated Rene Barrette who was seeded number two, in the quarter finals. Fitzpatrick, even though he was a new-comer to P. C. tennis ranks, had been expected to advance at least to the final round of play because of his past record. The same applies to Gorman and Hebert, members of last year's team.

In the semi-final round Anger defeated Gorman in two hard-fought sets by score of 7-5, 6-3. Fitzpatrick, aided by powerful service, and an excellent forehand drive, flashed a

surprise by overwhelming the agile Mr. Hebert by scores of 6-0, 6-1.

Facing the dark visaged Anger, Fitzpatrick was at his best. The lanky freshman could not be beaten and won the championship in three straight sets by scores of 6-0, 6-1, 6-1. Experts regard Fitzpatrick as the best of the younger tennis players in Rhode Island and we have high hopes for his success under the banners of P. C. As a reward for his victorious play, Fitzpatrick was presented with a silver loving cup by the Athletic Association on the occasion of the Soph-Frosh Mixer.





Residue

THE NON-CATHOLIC WORLD ACCLAIMING THE PONTIFF

If I were asked to summarize in a single phrase the dominant note of the recent Convention of the National Catholic Alumni Federation, I would say, "Catholic Action."

Regarding Catholic action, His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, says "But it is time that we Catholics should wake up to Catholic action in a lofty and inspiring manner. I wonder if you are aware of the fact that the Non-Catholic world is acclaiming the Pontiff more than we are. Why, within my own circle this past year, I have heard from various sources, from prominent men, not Catholics, extraordinary tribute to the Holy Father. I have heard of a statesman who, after seeing many of the great men in Europe, considered the Supreme Pontiff the greatest leader of them all.

"One of the outstanding educators personally said to me that when the Holy Father speaks, the voice of Christendom is heard, the voice of the Ages.

"A prominent man identified with publicity was asked, after he had heard the Holy Father speak on the radio about a year ago, what he thought. He said, 'Well, I'm not a Catholic, and I am sorry to say that I have neglected my own religion. I have turned my back a bit on God. But when I heard the Holy Father speak yesterday on the radio, I felt that if God himself had spoken, He would have spoken just as the Holy Father did.' Has any one of us said that much about the Pontiff?

"Within the past year, a professor of one of our leading universities became a Catholic. I confirmed him. This is what he told me and I am going to tell you. He said that he had become a radical. It seems the fashion, you know, just now. While he had not become a Communist, he was in spirit, desire, thought, and conviction a Communist. He said, 'By mere chance I happened to come across "Quadragesimo Anno" and then I read "Rerum Novarum." I was fascinated. I had to go back and read both again and again. I know every line of those two documents now. In the light of those encyclicals I began to think of the Catholic Church in a different way. They gave me new thought. I read them again and again and I came to the conclusion that the Popes are more advanced than the Communists, the difference being the Communists' plan was the way down the abyss to chaos; the Popes' documents were the way up the hill of justice and order. Immediately I felt I must turn toward the Catholic Church.'

"I say these things in order to make you realize how the world is stirring outside of the Catholic Church." (From his address to the National Catholic College Alumni Federation at the recent Convention.)

The theme of the convention was: A Program of Social Justice based on the Encyclicals "Rerum Novarum" of Leo XIII and "Quadragesimo Anno" of Pius XI.

The objective of the convention was the drafting of a series of recommendations making practical applications to the American economic scene of the principles of social justice expressed in those two encyclicals. To accomplish this, the Federation brought together for thought, discussion, and action, alumni of our Catholic Colleges, who, conscious of the dangers of the present economic unrest, seek, in the words of Pius XI, "... in all sincerity a remedy against lamentable disorder already existing in society and a firm barrier against worse dangers to come."—(Quadragesimo Anno.)

The extraordinary parallel between many of the economic proposals of the present national administration and the principles of social justice expressed in "Quadragesimo Anno"

shows that those who believe in those principles have a unique opportunity if only by thought, utterance, and action, they labor for the good of the Faith and the nation alike.

The dominant note of the two encyclicals "*Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*," which were the dominant notes of the convention, is a reaffirmation of the proper order between ethics and economics. The underlying fallacy of the doctrine of *laissez faire* is the thought that economics is something apart and distinct from ethics. Many people failed to remember or never were informed that that is a relatively new idea in our civilization. St. Thomas, following Aristotle, and indeed all the mature minds of antiquity, even pagan antiquity, placed economics in their philosophy of life as a subdivision of the science of ethics, the science of human acts.

The fundamental intellectual groundwork of the doctrine of *laissez faire* (which has its philosophical antecedents in the liberalism of the French encyclopedists, who were responsible for the formularies of the French Revolution), the fundamental fallacy upon which it all reposed, is that the methods and means of creating wealth are an end in themselves. Those laws of nature that they spoke of that must operate freely and untrammelled in the economic world, the law of supply and demand, the law of limitless free competition, the iron law of wages, the law that government shall not interfere except to keep order and enforce contracts in the economic order—all these laws presuppose an untrammelled exercise of the acquisition of wealth.

Now, if economics is, as they maintained, a separate science, as separate, let us say, as physics, chemistry, or mechanics, then since the purpose of political economy is the increase of wealth and material goods, whatever increases wealth is economically good even though it be achieved at the cost of injustice and exploitation of your fellowman.

That was the concept of the *homo economics* of Adam Smith. Whereas in the traditional philosophy of civilization, as economics is indeed a sub-department of ethics, then what-

ever increases wealth through exploitation and injustice is economically bad, as well as morally wrong.

That is the first note that those two documents sound. They might be called the affirmation of the supremacy of the moral law in the modern economic world. The limiting purpose of the convention was to emphasize that note, to defend indeed the right of private property as these two encyclicals defend it as a natural right not given by the state, which the state can not take away; to defend the right of private property against communism and socialism on one hand, but also against the excessive individualism on the other hand. The aim of the convention was moreover to restore what might be called the principle of controlled private property, because, if you try to summarize in a single phrase the whole of the economic teaching of "Quadragesimo Anno" it is in those words controlled private property; property indeed, and private property insisted upon and defended, but controlled, first by the enlightened conscience and intelligence of men who are taught to realize the social and public aspects of property! secondly, controlled by the voluntary co-operation of vocational groups that exercise pressure and control upon their own members, the reemergence of which Pius XI says should be the chief end of modern legislation, and thirdly, controlled when it is necessary for the public good by the state or public authority.

And we seek to do all these things within the secure framework of our own American Constitution. We do not believe that the doctrine of laissez faire is written into the American Constitution. We do not believe that an approach to recovery is to be found by going away from, but back to, the constitution.

In 1925 the National Catholic College Alumni Federation adopted a motto, "Sine Auctoritate Nulla Vita." At that time we did not fully realize the profound truth of the phrase. Without control, without reasoned and rational authority, there is indeed no true life for man. Millions of our fellow citizens on whom the partial wreckage of an economic system is pressing heavily, have come even uncon-

sciously to realize there must be a principle of orderly control in the economic sphere if ruin and disaster are not to be encountered. Our age has reached a point where it must return to a recognition and a reaffirmation of eternal spiritual verities or go onward toward despair. To affirm the principles of a well ordered economic state as distinct from the Communistic state on the one hand and excessive individualism on the other, and to do what in us lies toward its achievement was the sincere aim of the convention.

The outstanding resolutions adopted at the convention were first, that the National Catholic College Alumni Association commend the high intelligence, fearless courage, and consecration to the service of the whole people, of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the President of the United States, in his economic program to meet the unprecedented crisis that he and the whole country faced at the very beginning of his administration. He has given to the nation and to the world an example of leadership that places moral and spiritual ideas above merely material aims and has merited, in his efforts to restore lasting economic security, the wholehearted support of all Americans irrespective of creed or political affiliations; second, that the Association record its esteem of the Spanish people, condemn the anti-religious and the anti-clerical program and activities of the present Spanish government, pledge support to those loyal sons of the universal Catholic Church who are striving to preserve Catholicism in Spain the while they uphold the legitimate government, and express sympathy with the Catholic brethren in Spain who are enduring persecution because of their allegiance to the Church of Him Who suffered unto death for the salvation of all races and all nations.

Since the present Pontiff is strongly urging Catholic action, let the alumni of our Catholic Colleges hold the banner and march at the head of the new crusade for the supremacy of the moral law in the modern economic world. But Catholic Action like charity begins at home. I was impressed by the enthusiasm at the National Catholic College Alumni Federation by the alumni of other Catholic Colleges and I was imbued

with the hope that the members of our own group will take new hope and action in furthering the fortunes of the Alumni Association of Providence College.

William F. Dillon.

COMMUNITY CLUBS

Providence College men, graduates, students, and non-graduate alumni, are loyal to the institution which played such a major part in their development from boys into men. They attend college functions, they sing the praises of Alma Mater, and they conduct their lives in a manner reflecting only credit on the great college in which they prepared for their chosen fields.

Loyalty in a larger sense, however, means more than passive love and submission to duties; it means active devotion, unmeasured efforts, and personal sacrifices, at least immediately, to demonstrate in unusual rather than in common-place ways the realization of an obligation that can never be discharged.

It was in this spirit that a small group of Providence College men in northeastern Rhode Island met and decided to form a community called the Blackstone Valley Club. This club includes all the men from the cities of Pawtucket and Central Falls and the towns of Cumberland and Lincoln.

The group contacted other Providence College men and arranged a meeting to test sentiment regarding the formation of this community organization. About fifty alumni and students with a potential membership of two hundred responded and the club was launched.

At the next meeting by-laws were adopted, and it was voted to adjourn for the summer.

In September, officers were elected and committees appointed. The membership was nearing the one hundred

mark. An order was placed for five hundred tickets for the Providence-Niagara football game on Sunday, November 5. Preliminary arrangements were made for a dinner-dance to be held during the winter.

Representatives of the college faculty and athletic department spoke at the October meeting. Entertainment was provided by Blackstone Valley talent, including one member of the club. The Blackstone Valley Club has taken its place among the progressive, important, and desirable community organizations of the state.

Of course, the desire to further the ends of Providence College as a cultural institution is still a motivating force, but it would be hypocritical not to confess that the club in itself is an end worthy of the time and effort which its operation demands. Could any combination of ends be worthier of consideration of Providence College men in general?

This is no place to predict what the Blackstone Valley Club will do. With the co-operation of alumni and students in other centers of population, there is no limit to the good that can be accomplished.

Sponsors of our club envision the formation of similar units throughout the east. These clubs, like ours, would have their own programs, and their officers would serve as key-men for college and alumni authorities seeking to contact all Providence College men. We are prepared to give our time to assist in the formation of these clubs in all localities accessible to numbers of Providence College men.

There could be inter-club meetings, possibly inter-club competitions. At least there would be a chain of loyalty uniting all with Providence College.

Under rules of the Providence College Club, officers must represent all communities, and members of the board of governors are nominated by men in their respective localities. Committees are similarly representative. Students have limited membership. Men employed or residing in the community are eligible to membership; those in nearby communities may be admitted upon approval of a majority of members voting.

The Blackstone Valley Club has received requests for detailed information and assistance in the formation of other clubs. The latest request came from Attleboro. A committee has been named to perform this service and it will contribute its time gladly to furtherance of the plan. A letter to Alumni Secretary Daniel J. O'Neill at the college will be forwarded to officers of the club, and a reply will be sent immediately.

The Blackstone Valley Club will assist any active, enthusiastic group or individual to organize the men in his community. Who will take the initiative? Will you do your part?

Frank E. Greene, '29.

Pawtucket, R. I.,

October 29, 1933.

Reverend and Dear Father Cote:

Tom Bride asked me to prepare a brief article on the Providence College Club in the Blackstone Valley and the possibility of forming other clubs elsewhere. I am sending the article under separate cover. If it is not precisely what you want, I shall be glad to prepare another. Just call my home, Blackstone 2636, and leave the message. If you wish I will confer with you on the exact material. The main point is that we are going along very nicely out here and are willing to go to any other city to help men there organize their clubs. We believe these clubs hold the key to the problem of maintaining a strong alumni body.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Frank E. Greene.

Introductory

Our versatile Editor, Paul Connolly, writes herein some lucid comments on an interesting screen personality of our day.

Fiction is represented in this issue by Frederick Poole of the class of '34 whose short-stories have been featured in *Alembics* of the past.

The report of Professor William F. Dillon '29 on the recent convention of the National Catholic College Alumni Federation contains many noteworthy comments on the activities of that body and is well-worth serious perusal.

The poem on *Swift Departures* by Herbert F. Murray, Jr., suggests our recent loss in the death of Dishop Hickey.

Campus puppets cavort for us once again with William Haylon holding the strings, this year under the heading of *Rotunda Gallery*.

In *Boomerangs*, Frank H. P. Conway shows an interesting sidelight of life.

Alumni activities in the Blackstone Valley have been sketched for us by Francis E. Green '29. This should prove interesting to the P. C. graduates of that and other sections.

The Freshmen are represented in these pages by E. Riley Hughes who writes creditably on a provocative topic.

The Pressbox mirrors Providence College current athletic events and is compiled by editors Bart. Skipp and Joseph P. Dyer.

With David F. Powers '35 we embark on a legendary cruise in The "*Palatine*."

With James A. McGrath we review the happenings of *On Saturday Afternoon*.

J. Ford McGowan '35, whom you will remember as an essayist from last year, returns to give his views on *Scowling*.



Exchanges

A Word to the Freshmen

Begin to think and to act before your first year disappears. The second, third and fourth years are increasingly unyielding, if the first is not well-begun.—*The Setonian*, Greensburg, Pa.

The college student of today can pride himself on the fact that he is a member of a class which has come through the past few years of storm and strife with considerable credit, both to himself and to those responsible for his training and education.—*The Xaverian*, Antigonish, N. S.

Although Harvard continues to use Yale locks on the doors of her buildings, the name "Yale" must not appear on the locks. The University has contracted with the makers of Yale locks specifying that the name be omitted. . . . Yale probably retaliates by not having the "Harvard Classics" on their library shelves.—*The Torch*, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Where before it was nothing unusual to see the gentlemen from Catholic University taking their morning, or for that matter, evening constitutional along the "pike," now it is quite commonplace to see these very same gentlemen bowling along and in many cases over on a pair of roller skates. Of course, this new mode of "pike" transportation has made itself felt in the ranks of those who sought romance along this hallowed way. Now instead of the click of heels one hears the whirr of skate wheels or the bell of a bicycle.

—*The Tower*, Washington, D. C.

There are several reasons why we should study literature; first of all, because of its refining influence. With music, painting and sculpture, literature for ages has served to elevate the race. Devotion to literature is essential to the attainment of culture. The student of literature comes in close touch with the greatest minds of all time, and his association with these minds will have the same influence as association with intellectual companions.—*The Text*, Lowell, Mass.

During fifteen years of agitation in the interests of peace by war-weary nations, the trouble makers of the world have persisted in their corrosive policies, guarded their secrets with a bellicose jealousy which is in itself foreboding, preached the almost barbarous traditions of their forefathers to a generation which came along just late enough to escape the poignant realities of one of the greatest struggles on record in the history of mankind—and as a result the world is more militaristic today than it ever was. Within the last decade republics and dictatorships have sprung up on every side displaying all the knavish propensities of new-born Mercurys, and today a point has been reached where they await with eagerness the slightest excuse to hitch their chariots to the steeds of Mars and perpetrate another gigantic hoax on a Europe that is rife with false sentiment.—*St. John's Record*, Collegeville, Minn.

Not only did the Allies commit a sin of unpardonable folly and injustice in the matter of reparations, as is admitted by the intelligent of every Allied nation, but the victorious nations lived also in a fool's paradise when they thought to deprive Germany of all armament worthy of the name, and to build their own fighting machines to any proportion they desired. Germany has been deprived of any adequate means of self-defence, and no nation can be expected to endure such treatment for long, especially the German nation, constantly coveted as it is by its neighbors who have the freedom to arm as much as they so desire. The Nazi leaders and the people they represent do not necessarily demand the right to be

heavily armed; they merely wish to be as well protected as the other European powers. They fully realize that the peace of Europe and of the world is dependent upon equal armament or equal disarmament.—*The Stylus*, Boston, Mass.

A School Paper

The majority of students do not realize the value and importance of their school publication. Editorial staffs the country over seem to make this general complaint. That the paper, as a finished product means much to students, cannot be doubted. They await its appearance, read it thoroughly and criticize it abundantly. But this is mere passive interest. The chief value that a paper can have in a school, is its serviceableness as an outlet for journalistic endeavors. News are diffused in many and more efficient ways. Editorials only feebly reflect the thinking that instruction and school activities inspire. Very few scholastic press publications, so far, have enriched the field of literature with products that might have lasting value. But the school paper can be a strong social force. It is a medium for expression, and is to be appraised accordingly as it reflects the best endeavors of a student-body. When students fail to write for the paper they forfeit their critical authority. When they look to their publication for service, information, recreation, publicity and fail to anticipate its appearance as an achievement peculiarly their own, they fail completely to sense the purpose and value that it has for them.

—*The Aquin*, St. Paul, Minn.

From bread to beauty, from Egypt to the Catholic college campus, may seem an abrupt transition, but there is much parity. Man hungers for both bread and beauty, for both are nourishing to him as a composite being. If a man is denied bread, he dies; if he is denied beauty he lives, but with a gnawing hunger that makes death a consummation to be wished.—*The Holy Cross Purple*, Worcester, Mass.

Nitwit Notes and Caustic Comment

The "Alembic" lumbers to press for the first time this year in a different format and with many innovations and new contributors plus a brand new staff, making this issue, we readily admit, the cleverest and most brilliant yet published under that name.

IN re the acceptance of manuscripts we might point out that The "Alembic" is not out for big names. Excellence in material is what we especially crave. Indeed if Sinclair Lewis himself should submit one there's no telling whether it would be accepted.

WITHOUT the slightest doubt that epic of short stories, "Home-Spun Drammy" is the than which there is none whither of this stupendous issue. Tears came to our honest eyes as we perused this tender tale of the boys at race. One sentence needs must be repeated: "Conrad put on a clean shirt and sat down with his pipe to think." What a bother and expense that must have been if Conrad was a thoughtful boy and in the habit of pondering. As a fictionist, Author Poole, you are the same as two-plus-two.

HUMORIST Hughes comes in for favorable mention for his extremely practical notes on the gentle art of envelope sealing. Suggestion for a future article, E. Riley: How To Jump In A Lake And Stay Under.

AUTUMN comes in for its usual drubbing at the hands of our none too merciful poetasters. The poetry in this issue is remarkable in that we actually saw somebody reading it. And, miraculous fact, he remained perfectly sane afterwards. To all outward appearances, that is.

WE think it no reflection on the author of "Boomerang" to note that his article when correctly thrown makes an admirable weapon. Fortunately, too, it does not come back in the manner he so aptly describes.

PAUL Connelly's *magnus opus* on the pulchritudinous Mae West recalls the time ever so long ago when Mae had a sweet, sweet smile and said: "Please sir, I want my mamma."

THE "Pressbox" is, we think, a notable piece of work. It succeeds in telling us what we know so that we can be sure we know it. The Sportish boys do wield a wicked pen.

WE regret to say that a column we thought up out of our own head and which was to be entitled "Things I Never Knew Till Now and Don't Know Yet" will not appear in The "Alembic." For rather obvious reasons.

MUCH as we hate to quibble, we feel called upon to remark that the distinguished author of the "Rotunda" can scarcely be called rotund. Explain things, "Columnist Haylon."

SUGGESTIONS for the improvement of this momentous publication are cordially welcomed and will duly be filed in the waste basket.

CONTRIBUTIONS are always received with open arms (well sometimes with closed fists) and we need not remind you that to appear in these pages is the distinction of distinctions. Manuscripts written in a foreign language, or on onion paper, novels of over 75,000 words and translations will not be considered. Poetry, short fiction, and articles on topics of current interest we consider—with qualms.

NOW that you mention it, this momentous issue did have its bright moments. We hope you had a happy landing and we promise to continue to amaze. With which we leave you a panting for our next performance. ABX.

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