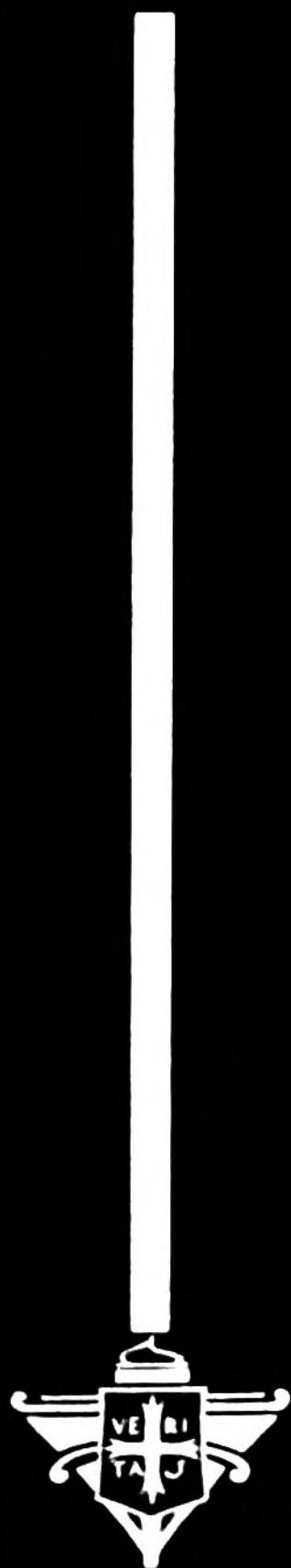
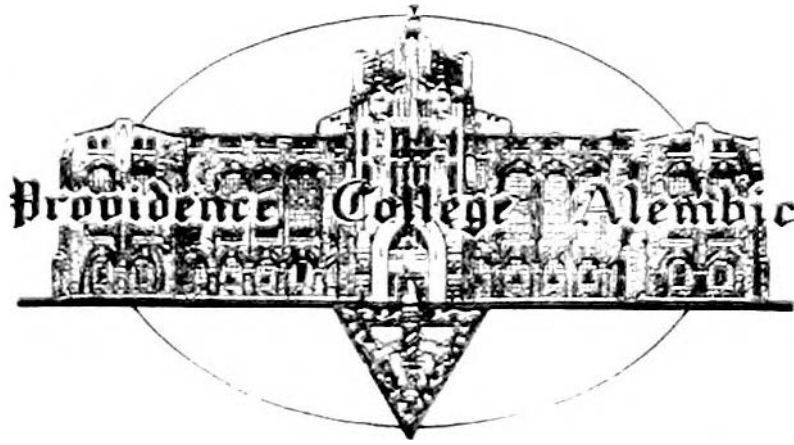


THE ALEMBIC



OCTOBER 1948

THE ALEMBIC



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
BY THE
STUDENTS OF PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
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LOOKING through the Alembiscope we realize that it has been almost two years now since the ALEMBIC has been revived. A fact incidental to this revival which is slightly discouraging is the apathy which several students *who can write* have maintained. The call for writers has not been answered as well as might be expected. Except for a handful of students whose consistent eagerness to cooperate has classified them as "stand-bys", this editor, as well as his predecessor, has been forced to take a dim view of that collective phenomenon, "student spirit".

However, as classes are resumed, one cannot help but to hope that new powers of expression and literary creation will be contributed this year. So once again a sincere invitation is extended to the entire student body. Again too, it is stated that all manuscripts that are rejected will be rejected with reason for we are more interested in showing the student *why* his contribution has been rejected than we are in telling him *that* it has been rejected.

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Not I, Lord

By DANIEL PAOLINO, '50

IT was the same as all the other wakes. Gianpopolo entered the small house as a last wheezing puff eased through his large nostrils. His large ruddy face had the appropriate, solemn look that is required at these particular functions.

Gianpopolo grasped the door knob with a chubby fist and pushed the door inward. The scene that confronted him was, as usual, up to par. In one corner sat the members of the recently deceased's family. Acute, sobbing grief had worked its effects on their work worn faces. They presented a pathetic sight. Gianpopolo took one look and his heart, in its own narrow way, went out to them.

The lumbering man approached the coffin and with a great, heaving sigh kneeled at its side. He crossed himself slowly and moved his lips in a steady outflow of prayer. Finally his lips were still and he stayed yet a moment. His face was set in a mask of sorrow. His flabby jowls now moved slowly as his lips formed words of grief and perhaps praise for the dead friend.

With a great deal of effort Gianpopolo lifted himself from the kneeling position and did a shuffling about face. He walked toward the far corner of the room and came face to face with the grieving widow of his dead friend. This was always the hardest part and Gianpopolo cleared his throat with a slow, rasping sound. "I'm sorry for you, Maria," he said.

Maria looked up at him through tear gourged eyelids and in a flow of words, half sob and half wheeze, thanked him

for his visit. He turned and walked slowly to one of the inner rooms where all the men usually gathered at these wakes.

Gianpopolo's mind floated back to years long past when he had passed through just such a routine. The others had not been any different. The announcements had been made in the usual crowded obituary column of the local newspaper. Each time he had felt the same dull sensation of having lost something. He had always done his duty. Why he had always been one of the first to attend the wake. Wasn't he always there to comfort the family? He'd tell them what good friends he and the dead man had been. How in the old country they had tilled the fields together. Why, they had even come over on the same boat. And then just to lift their spirits he'd tell a little joke, just to ease the sorrow a little. As he looked back and wondered he realized how, at times, he had been hard pressed for a witty saying. But then what did it matter, they really appreciated him for making the effort.

Gianpopolo shook himself out of the reverie and slowly plodded toward the inner room where all the old men would inevitably gather. As he closed the door behind him he was greeted by, "Well, Gianpopolo has finally arrived. Maybe he can brighten the evening for us with one of his stories."

"I really don't feel like telling any stories tonight. Giovanni was one of my best friends you know. How well I remember happier days he and I spent in the old country."

"Come over here Gianpopolo and we'll lubricate your mouth with some good wine. It's good for the spirit you know."

Gianpopolo scratched his bulbous nose and crossed to the end of the room. "I don't usually drink but maybe this time I'll make an exception."

Not I, Lord

Of course you will," said a small squat man. He handed Gianpopolo a tumbler full of wine.

Gianpopolo took the wine and swallowed a few test drops, then he emptied the glass with relish and set the glass down.

The room was sort of restful. Lazy, bluish smoke, from numerous stogies, floated toward the low ceiling and, as it hit, it scattered and floated into nothingness. He looked into and through the smoke and remembered similiar smoke of past years.

Gianpopolo never thought of death, except when he came to pay his last respects to a friend. After all he was strong and robust, not like Giaovanni who now lay in the coffin. No, Giovanni had always been sort of delicate. Why I remember the time he caught cold just because it was a little damp that day we were working in the fields in the old country. Then there was Michele. He was always having trouble with his stomach. No, I've always been in the best of health. Why I'll bet my old body will hold up for many years to come. After all, death usually strikes those who are weak. He had plenty of time yet.

"Gianpopolo, what are you thinking about?" asked a wiry man.

"Oh, I was just thinking of how most of our friends have died in the past few years."

"Yes death always does come so unexpectedly," said Giuseppe.

"I wouldn't say that," said Gianpopolo.

"Why not?"

"Well nothing is really unexpected. Take Giovanni. He was always ill. He went to this doctor, that doctor. What did it avail him? I tell you, once these doctors start mauling you there isn't much hope."

"Come now Gianpopolo. You speak as if the approach of death could be foreseen."

"Maybe it isn't always predictable. But why think about it? I have many years ahead of me and I have no intention of getting morbid about it."

Gianpopolo finished his little speech and picked up the refilled wine glass. This time he did no preliminary tasting but downed the wine in one gulp.

He carefully put down the empty glass and dreamily stared at its red stained sides. Funny how some people always worried about taxes, death and most anything he thought. Not me. These fellows remind me of Padre Sandrino. He's always warning us about being prepared for death. It's supposed to come so suddenly. That's always a lot of silly talk. Any fool can tell when his number is up. They talk as if death were just around the corner waiting to pounce upon its nearest victim. Why worry about it when it's so far away. There certainly will be enough time to take care of death at its proper time.

Gianpopolo started on his third glass of wine. He was just warming up and he chuckled to himself as he downed the red liquid. The room was stuffy and the sweat on his forehead stood out like large, glistening drops of dew. He clumsily swiped at his brow with a huge paw. After a while he dug into his coat pocket and retrieved a large red handkerchief. Thus armed he attacked his moist forehead with vigor and in no time at all it was as dry as a bone.

Giuseppe moved over to Gianpopolo and nudged him. "What is it you were saying about death?"

Gianpopolo turned slowly and said, "Well, Giuseppe, I was just saying how stupid it is to prepare for death. It has

Not I, Lord

always been the fit who have survived the longest. What good can preparation do?"

Giuseppe scratched his close cropped hair with a bony hand. "To tell you the truth I've not given it much thought myself. Just the same, at a time like tonight one wonders seriously if he is next on the roster of the spectre of death. It seems to me that a man should be prepared spiritually."

"Now you're talking like Padre Sandrino. What do priests know about life and death? It's all very well for them to talk about being ready. After all, Giuseppe, one must think about everyday living. The boss at the mill isn't going to be interested in the condition of your soul. All he wants is the work we are to do. I see no value in sitting in some dark church preparing your soul for who knows what."

"Ah Gianpopolo, now you talk like a peasant. Don't you believe in the teaching of the church on the matter of life beyond the grave?"

"Go ahead Giuseppe, go ahead and say I'm an atheist now."

"No, no I didn't mean to offend you. I only meant to say what I believe. One receives what he gives and we certainly give little enough while on this earth."

Gianpopolo rubbed his red rimmed eyes. "Listen Giuseppe. It's not that I'm not a good Catholic. Don't I go to church every Sunday? I certainly can't live there the rest of the week. I have my work to do."

"That's not what I mean Gianpopolo. It's true that we must all work. But one must remember that we have two lives to think about. One of them is here on earth and the other, if we deserve it, is in heaven."

"Ah Giuseppe, there you go again with your philosophy. I know nothing of those things. When I was old enough to walk my parents handed me a hoe and that's how I learned my philosophy. What does it matter if a man does nothing to be ready for death? Isn't our every working day enough for the eternal reward you speak of? If a man does his job well, minds his own business and hurts no one: I should think that would be enough."

"You are wrong Gianpopolo. I know no philosophy. We both attended the same school in the old country. What I speak of is knowledge that you are also aware of. Don't you remember the old priest in our paese who used to teach us our catechism? Have you forgotten those lessons?"

"Of course I haven't forgotten. My memory is as good as yours. I certainly have tried to live up to those teachings."

"No one says you haven't Gianpopolo. But you speak so lightly of death. Your words imply that death is of little consequence. I don't mean one should be afraid of dying. More important is the fact that we must be ready to answer to God."

"I have no fear, Giuseppe, I shall be ready in time."

Giuseppe scratched his head with long, thin fingers. "Who am I to say you are not ready Gianpopolo?" he said as he turned and walked away.

Gianpopolo stared after the thin, wiry figure. Some fellows think they know it all. Just because he is afraid of death he tries to scare me. It is little importance. I'll forget the matter.

Gianpopolo loosened the shirt collar from around his bull-like neck. It certainly is getting hot in here. I guess it's the wine. He looked around and saw the men talking in groups

Not I, Lord

of two's and three's. Through the buzzing of voices he was wafted back to a similiar event. That previous time Giuseppe had expounded a few of his silly words and theories. Most of the men had agreed with Giuseppe. Even at this moment he could see some men nodding their heads in silent approval as Giuseppe expounded his opinions.

Gianpopolo closed puffy eyelids over bloodshot eyes and silently laughed to himself. These old men irritated him. He knew better. Of course it was a lot of empty talk. He, Gianpopolo, was in the right and his soul was at rest.

Slowly, and by degrees Gianpopolo became aware of something. He couldn't put his finger on it but something was different. His eyes remained closed. Suddenly he knew what was wrong. It was too quiet in that room. The buzzing voices had stopped for an instant and then there ensued an excited babble of worried voices.

"Giuseppe, Giuseppe what's the matter?" intoned many voices.

Gianpopolo blinked his eyes open and rubbed them. In one corner of the room stood most of the men. They seemed to be bending over something. Gianpopolo sprang up from his chair with an agility that was surprising for his bulk. He quickly strode over to the group and elbowed his way to the front.

Stretched out on the floor was the limp form of Giuseppe. His thin, loose frame was sprawled out in a strange fashion.

"What's the matter," rasped Gianpopolo.

"Giuseppe, he's . . . he's so still."

"Let me look at him," barked Gianpopolo.

He kneeled quickly over the inert form and applied his ear in the region of the heart.

The Alembic

Slowly and deliberately he raised his head. He placed his ham-like hands on the floor and pushed up slowly.

When he had regained his feet he faced the men slowly and said in a measured tone, "Giuseppe is dead." The men stood immobile. After a moment, that seemed like hours, they broke into excited chatter.

Gianpopolo walked away from the group. He sank into his still warm chair and quickly poured himself a drink. This time he swallowed it without the least hesitation.

Slowly the men gathered around him. One of them said, "It came so suddenly. It was so quick."

Gianpopolo glanced at the silent men and softly said, "It isn't too surprising. Giuseppe was always ill. Why I remember in the old days when"

Windsonḡ

By GEORGE H. COCHRAN, '51

Wild is the wind
Where His Feet have trod.
Soft is the breeze—
'Tis the Breath of God!

Rain in Trinidad

By RAYMOND L. SCUNGIO, '50

FRANK LATOURN to Rupert Lake Baltimore
Rupert: Why haven't you written? What are you doing up there in Providence, anyway? Not a word have you written about your new novel, and even the publishers are wiring me about it. As you know they are planning to publish it on the first of the month.

I am down here in Baltimore and I must say that things are really bouncing in Baltimore. You should have come down here to write your novel. Of course, I realize that Providence is the ideal place for you to write. Where else can one find such a small, dull, impoverished town? And with all that a place so provincial?

You are undoubtedly correct in mingling with the natives to acquire the right atmosphere for your book. But since only the beginning of the book takes place there, I wonder why you haven't gone on to other places. After all, there is New York. And then you could have gone on to Paris again or London. But it's too late now.

I had Shanghai on the phone the other day and they were all asking about you. I suggest that after this book you go to China. Think of the book you could write!

Let me hear from you immediately. I fear for your mind up there in New England.

Rupert Lake to Frank Latourn

Providence

Frank: Your letter arrived and I was greatly amused. Provi-

dence isn't really so bad. The people here are very gentle and I think this is just the place for me to bring out my new novel. There will be no trouble here as there would be in Boston with the Watch and Witch Society. You know that gang!

And now I have great news for you. My book is completed at last. Sinclair, my valet, took the finished manuscript to New York on the plane, and the publisher is raving about it already. He seems to think it will sell 20,000 in the first month.

The book is to be called BRIEFLY BLOOMS BEGONIA. It is about a beautiful tempestuous girl named Begonia, the daughter of a ruthless racketeer. The scene shifts from a small town near Providence to New York, London, Paris, Vienna, Rome, and then goes to Shanghai for a smashing climax that few readers will anticipate.

Rather than send you a complimentary copy I am going to have Sinclair mail you my working manuscript which I shall autograph. The book is being rushed and will be out on the first of May. You should receive the manuscript about that time.

Now I must close as I have been invited to lecture at a literary tea being given at a nearby college. Really, Frank, you should come to Providence sometime; I'm sure you'd enjoy meeting the natives. Especially a little number called Rosalinda.

Frank Latourn to Rupert Lake

Baltimore

Telegram: NEVER MIND NATIVES. SEND MANUSCRIPT IMMEDIATELY. REPEAT IMMEDIATELY. BALTIMORE STILL BOUNCING. NEED SOMETHING TO READ. SEND IMMEDIATELY.

Rain in Trinidad

Sinclair to Frank Latourn

Pawtucket

Dear Mr. Latourn: I hope you will forgive my writing to you, but something has happened which makes it necessary. I am Mr. Lake's valet, Sinclair, and I'm sure you remember me, sir. Many times I helped you to your room, if you will pardon my mentioning it, after you and Mr. Lake had been discussing current literary trends over Scotch and sodas.

Well, sir, yesterday something terrible happened. Mr. Lake was sitting in the study relaxing, sipping a French '75, and reading the reviews of his book. It was early evening, and I was in the kitchen. Suddenly we heard a great noise outside the house. I could hear voices shouting: "Where is the author? Where is the author?" I went to Mr. Lake immediately to tell him how wonderful it was that people were coming to the house to congratulate him. He said to me:

"Sinclair, open the front door. I shall address them."

"But, sir," I said. "You are wearing your lounging robe and I don't know if it is quite proper here in Rhode Island."

However, he remained firm, and I went to open the door for him. He stepped out onto the front steps, and immediately a great cry went up from the people gathered there. I looked out the door and to my horror I saw that they were not a group that had come to congratulate the author. On the contrary, they were a wild-eyed mob.

They jeered and started throwing vegetables, and Mr. Lake was forced to flee indoors. Something had apparently gone wrong. My master bid me call the police which I did immediately. The local constabulary, who are usually so

courteous, gave me some startling information. I rushed back to Mr. Lake, who was barricading the front door.

"Oh, Mr. Lake," I cried. "The worst has happened. The Watch and Witch Society of Boston has initiated a Providence Chapter and they have come to run you out of town. The police are helpless. What shall we do?"

"Sinclair," my master said, remaining calm. "Take the original manuscript which you have prepared for mailing and rush to the post office. That copy must be preserved. Send it to Mr. Latourn at once. I shall phone the governor and try to hold off the mob."

No sooner had he spoken when there was a shriek in the back of the house and in through the kitchen door, which I had neglected to close, streamed the frenzied members of the Watch and Witch Society.

They circled about my master. I was knocked to the floor trying to shield him. After all, what could I, an old man, do? The last I saw of my master, he was being dragged through the front door by these ruffians, his beautiful Chinese lounging robe torn and his Calcutta sandals hanging from his feet. His screams were terrible to hear.

Then the mob entered the house with lighted torches. I ran to the kitchen to get the precious manuscript which I had placed that morning in the vegetable bin. As I was leaving the back door, one of the mob stopped me. I was frightened, sir, believe me.

He demanded to know what was in the parcel. I told him it was a parcel of old clothes that I was sending a needy family in Baltimore. He looked at the parcel, but could not read the address. I believe that he must have been a native of that place called Woonsocket.

I made my way through all the back alleys until I

Rain in Trinidad

reached the main post office. As you know, sir, it is on the Mall. And there I saw a terrifying sight. There was a huge conflagration in the middle of the square where a large crowd had gathered. A passerby informed me that all the book stores had been looted and the books were being burned. In particular, Mr. Lake's books.

Into the post office I went, sir. With trembling hands I gave the parcel to the clerk, a near-sighted fellow. He examined it closely, and then with a loud fiendish growl of glee tore off the wrapper. His eyes lighted up and he laughed hysterically.

Too late I realized that he, too, was a member of the Watch and Witch Society, Providence Chapter.

He rushed out of the building and I followed. Toward the center of the shouting mob he ran, and gave the man in charge the manuscript. This man walked calmly toward the fire and began chanting some gibberish which may have been Middle English. I understood that he was going to toss it into the fire.

I don't know what possessed me, sir. But when I realized that my master's work of the past year was going to be burned, I was seized with sudden strength. Just as the manuscript went into the flames, I fought my way through the crowd and rushed into the fire. The mob shouted, but I could think of nothing but my master's precious manuscript. I managed to grab a handful of pages that were not already burning, and ran through the flames out onto the other side of the Mall.

Making good my escape, I knew that I would be safe in only one place. There is a community near Providence called Pawtucket, and it is, I might add, a veritable Monte Carlo. No one would think of burning a book in Pawtucket, of course, and there I fled.

And so, sir, I am writing this letter to you now from that place, and enclosing all that is left of my master's manuscript. You will notice that all that remains is chapter one, and even these few pages are charred and scorched. On the title page you will see Mr. Lake's signature, written with his own hand.

Do not try to get in touch with me, sir. When I learn the fate of my master, I shall write to you again. At present, I am hiding out at a bookmaker's. Not the kind of bookmaker you are familiar with, sir. It is in the back of a cigar store and has something to do with horses, I believe.

Sinclair to Frank Latourn

Providence

Dear Mr. Latourn: At last I have news for you. I have found Mr. Lake. These past two days have been a nightmare, but I have not been idle.

I disguised myself as an old schoolteacher and returned to Providence. From one end of the city to the other I searched with no luck. Then, as I was returning yesterday across the bridge which spans the river (either Moshassuck or Woonasquatucket, I am not sure which) I heard a low groan. Curious, I leaned over the railing and looked down. The fumes from the river are really beyond description, sir, but I held a handkerchief over my nose.

Thinking it might be my master, I called down: "Mr. Lake, is that you?"

Another groan was the only reply. Still, there was something familiar about it. I knew it must be Mr. Lake.

It was broad daylight, and I could not risk attracting attention by climbing over the bridge. Instead, I told Mr. Lake to take courage and I would come in the night to rescue him.

Rain in Trinidad

By a stroke of luck I chanced to meet some men who were living on a barge along the waterfront. I confided in them and they promised to help me. So, after dark, we went down to the bridge and carried off the unconscious body of Mr. Lake.

After our return to the barge, I was horrified. Those people of the Watch and Witch Society had tarred and feathered my poor master. Oh, but he was a sight!

It is quite a job removing the tar and feathers from a victim, but my acquaintances of the afternoon strangely enough seemed to know just what must be done, and proved remarkably adept at the job.

When Mr. Lake had been revived, these men served us some hot broth which they laughingly called "Hobo Soup." It was quite tasty and it must have been nourishing too because Mr. Lake sat up and began to talk. He seemed a little irrational, however, because he kept mumbling something about you, sir, and something about your ideas. I couldn't quite make it all out, and then he was soon asleep.

Now it is early morning and another day is beginning for us, the persecuted. I am writing this before the others get up. Perhaps Mr. Lake will have me send you a telegram later.

Rupert Lake to Frank Latourn

Providence

Telegram: FIRST RIO NOW THIS. JUST WAIT
UNTIL I REACH BALTIMORE.

Sinclair to Frank Latourn

Newport

Dear Mr. Latourn: Oh, what tricks fate plays on us. You will never know what I feel at this hour. I don't know how this letter will sound to you, sir, as I am distraught and can hardly write.

The Alembic

You remember, Mr. Lake was always telling me to choose my associates more carefully? Well, I should have heeded his warning when I became acquainted with those men on the barge. I can only say in defense that I was beside myself with worry at the time, and ready to snatch at straws.

Yesterday I went shopping for some food for Mr. Lake. You see, I still have my bank account here at one of the local banks and am able to draw money, while Mr. Lake cannot venture forth.

Well, sir, when I returned to the barge laden down with heavy parcels, I found that Mr. Lake had disappeared. The barge men immediately grabbed the groceries, and started preparing a meal. I questioned them, and managed to find out about my master. They all had their mouths full of food, and it was quite a problem.

This is what happened. While I was gone, these persons had talked to Mr. Lake and learned that he was, to use their term for it, on the lamb. I can find no excuse for what they did. They went to the police and informed on him. What perfidy!

Apparently, the Watch and Witch Society has spies even in the police bureau because, I was told, shortly afterwards a group appeared at the barge. They took Mr. Lake, placed him in a huge barrel, and tossed it into Narragansett Bay. There to float leisurely out to sea with the tide.

I stayed just long enough at the barge to learn these details and tell my companions what I thought of their ethics. They went on eating, and as I was leaving one of them shouted: "Drop dead!"

Thinking that perhaps I could intercept the barrel at Newport I hitch-hiked down to that pleasant little city, travelling the last few miles by ox cart.

Rain in Trinidad

Once there I hired a small boat and spent the remainder of the day crossing back and forth across the bay hoping to catch sight of the barrel. Finally, after nightfall, I had to admit that it was useless and returned to the city.

Now I am in a small rooming house, and there is no one here to whom I can turn. I shall start tomorrow for Baltimore, sir, and we can arrange matters with Mr. Lake's relatives. The worst has happened.

Rupert Lake to Frank Latourn

Trinidad

Cablegram: SAFE IN TRINIDAD. STAYING QUEEN'S
PARK HOTEL. WILL WRITE SOON.

Frank Latourn to Rupert Lake

Baltimore

Cablegram: HOUDINI HAD NOTHING ON YOU. ALL
TENSE, BUT OVERJOYED. WRITE IM-
MEDIATELY.

Rupert Lake to Frank Latourn

Trinidad

Frank: I suspect that you have been giving my relatives a bad time over my estate, and am sorry to disappoint you this time. My escape was quite miraculous, and I shall now bore you with the details.

Sinclair has probably told you about the barrel episode so I won't go into that. Needless to say I floated out to sea. I lost consciousness in the barrel and knew nothing until I awoke in a ship's cabin with the sound of a strange guttural tongue in my ears. The barrel had been picked up by a Dutch freighter whose captain thought he had sighted a whale.

I languished in bed for a few days receiving the kindest of treatment. The captain offered me a job in the galley.

but when he learned that I was an author, and the author of RETURN TO RIO, QUERIDO, the ship was at my disposal. It was a wonderful trip and I lived in the highest luxury.

The ship was bound for Trinidad and I had no choice in the matter. There was some difficulty over my landing here, but the British authorities were understanding, and after autographing a few copies of my book, they admitted me.

I am still staying at the Queen's Park Hotel which is centrally located here in Port-of-Spain. You may not believe it, but this city is really something to see. It has an international flavor, in a tropical sort of way. I have already visited the Botanic Garden here, and have twice dined out at the Country Club with some new acquaintances.

Must close now as I have to meet Danielle at the Angostura Lounge over on George Street for cocktails. Oh, Danielle? She's a Parisian who is doing a series of Caribbean articles for a magazine.

Frank Latourn to Rupert Lake

Baltimore

Rupert: I am extremely happy that you are safe and sound in Trinidad. Your remark about your estate was not very humorous in view of the fact that I have been, until the arrival of your cable, prostrate with grief.

Word has reached me from your publishers that BRIEFLY BLOOMS BEGONIA, in spite of the trouble in New England, is going great guns in the rest of the nation. Preparations are now under way for its being translated into 29 foreign languages for publication abroad. Isn't that great?

But, my boy, you seem to be taking this Trinidad business entirely too lightly. You do not seem to realize the

Rain in Trinidad

potential possibilities at your disposal. That place is pregnant with possibilities!

Now here is what I want you to do. We put you in *Who's Who* with *RETURN TO RIO*, *QUERIDO*, and your latest, *BRIEFLY BLOOMS BEGONIA*, will soon make you an international figure. But you need to follow up with another book, and not just an ordinary book either. This one has got to be great.

Trinidad is the ideal spot for the novel. Think of the tropic heat. The history of the Caribbean; the conflicts. The different races all gathered there in that crowded city. There, Rupert, you could write a great novel with social implications. But, of course, to make it sell, you will have to follow my formula. Remember that.

Rupert, I suggest that you stop making acquaintances and settle down to work immediately. I don't like the sound of this Danielle, and I am sending Sinclair down on the next plane to see that you keep out of trouble.

Rupert Lake to Frank Latourn

Trinidad

Frank: Please forgive the delay in not writing sooner, but since Sinclair's arrival we have been very busy. I have taken your advice very seriously, and shall start on my new novel shortly.

Sinclair suggested that I leave Port-of-Spain and take a cottage in the country where I can write in peace and quiet. However, Danielle was here at the time, and she said she knew the very place for me. It is a mountain retreat that was once owned by an eccentric millionaire. She seems to think it is just the place for us, that is Sinclair and me. The arrangements for the lease are being made today, and Danielle is taking care of the whole thing.

The Alembic

Really, Frank, I have never met a more intelligent girl. She is charming as only the Parisians can be, and such a sincere person. Add this to her striking beauty, and well, this may be the real thing at last. By the way, are you very good at making arrangements for a wedding?

Rupert Lake to Frank Latourn

Trinidad

Frank: Rejoice! I am finally installed in my mountain retreat. It is much larger than I thought it was, and goes by the quaint name of Chalet Pacifique. It is a huge rambling estate, and since there are only two of us, we just use the main building. This building alone is the last word in luxury, and since Sinclair could not possibly handle all the work here, Danielle has hired us a whole flock of servants. I must say they are a strange lot, but so far I have no complaint on the service.

Something puzzles me. The other day I came upon two of the men servants heatedly discussing types of rum. When they saw me, they stopped embarrassed. Then they bowed several times and rushed out. Well, one can't say that these people aren't quaint. I'm beginning to feel like an old feudal lord with a group of peasants for subjects. They can't possibly be afraid of me, and yet whenever I approach them, they scatter like flies. Strange.

But the best news of all is that I have already finished the first chapter of my new book. It is tentatively titled THUNDER OVER TRINIDAD. Do you think that has sale value or should I change it?

This place is charming, Frank, and I wish you could see it. (However, don't think that's an invitation. Stay where you are.) Just outside my window stands one of those

Rain in Trinidad

beautiful trees called *immortelles* which have brilliant reddish orange flowers. And down the road I can see some *pouis* that are now in bloom, the flowers a vivid yellow.

And that yellow reminds me of Danielle's blonde hair, and that I have to meet her soon for cocktails. Oh, did I tell you that she has taken a cottage a few miles down the mountain? Well, I shall have to get going. We are dining out tonight at a club.

Frank Latourn to Rupert Lake

Baltimore

Rupert: You have nothing to fear. I could not possibly get down to Trinidad now if I wanted to. At present, I am arranging the details for a literary convention to be held here in Baltimore.

It is splendid news that you are making progress with your novel, but there is something about the set-up there that does not sound exactly right to me. You should keep your mind on your work, and forget about your little Parisian. At least, try.

I am holding a press conference today. Everyone will be here. Arrangements are also being made to have it televised. Too bad you can't see it. But keep on with your novel. I expect great things from your Trinidad sojourn.

Sinclair to Frank Latourn

Trinidad

Dear Mr. Latourn: I fear that the time has come for me to write you again, sir. Things are becoming much too involved for me to cope with and I feel quite helpless.

There is something going on here at the estate. I cannot put my finger on it exactly, but something is in the wind. The main thing is the servants which Miss Danielle

hired for us. They are a peculiar lot. Not like the usual run of Trinidad natives. There is something strange in their manner, and they all speak a peculiar French patois which I cannot understand.

Another thing is this estate. I suggested a small cottage outside of Port-of-Spain, but Miss Danielle had us come way up here into the mountains. Several times I have tried to tour the whole place, and find out more about it, but always something comes up with the servants and I am needed in the main building. It is almost as if they didn't want me to explore the place.

And then Miss Danielle, sir. Oh, sir, she has always been very gracious and thoughtful; don't misunderstand. But sometimes she seems so very efficient for such a beautiful young girl. And she takes entirely too much of Mr. Lake's time. I don't mean that he doesn't work. Every morning I hear his typewriter going before dawn. This morning I did not, however. Which brings up last night.

Each afternoon Mr. Lake has been accustomed to taking a stroll down the mountain to visit Miss Danielle. Sometimes they return here to dine, and at other times motor down to a fashionable club, I presume. They return at a good hour, sir.

But last night! As you know, sir, I sometimes suffer from insomnia, and last night I had an attack. I sat by my window breathing in the night air. Usually there is the perfume of many flowers, but last night it was different. There was a peculiar odor which I could not identify. It was not unpleasant. In fact, it was sort of aromatic and rather heady.

I was beginning to become drowsy when I heard the sound of a motor approaching. The car entered the drive and by the moonlight I could see that it was Miss Danielle's

Rain in Trinidad

long custom-built convertible. The car stopped almost below my window, and I could see this girl and Mr. Lake. He was sitting so close to her that they were both quite in the driver's seat. Their voices drifted up to me and I could not help hearing what they said.

"Rupert," she crooned in that intriguing accent, "you will not forget tonight?"

"How could I, ma petite?" he answered, and I could tell by his voice that he had been drinking.

"And you will help me with my plans, mon cher?"

"Mais, certainment. Cela va sans dire, cherie, cherie, cherie."

She murmured something in French and he answered: "Beaucoup, beaucoup, beaucoup. Oui." I knew then that he had been drinking French '75's as he always speaks French after he does. It has something to do with an association of ideas, I believe.

They embraced then and I left the window. I kept telling myself that this had gone too far. A few minutes later I heard the automobile drive off, and then Mr. Lake's heavy footsteps coming up the stairs. He was singing some French ballad which had the flavor of Monmartre.

Mr. Latourn, I don't know what to do. Who knows what today may bring? I hope I have the strength to face whatever fate decides for us.

Frank Latourn to Rupert Lake

Baltimore

Cablegram: SUGGEST YOU LEAVE TRINIDAD. FINISH STORY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Alembic

Rupert Lake to Frank Latourn Trinidad
Cablegram: SUGGEST YOU GO SAN FRANCISCO.
TRINIDAD BOOK YOUR IDEA.

Sinclair to Frank Latourn Trinidad
Dear Mr. Latourn: I have found out. I know what goes on here at the back of the estate, and you will indeed be surprised, sir, when I tell you.

All the buildings in the back of the estate are being used for distilling rum! That accounts for the secret comings and goings of all these servants. And now I know what the strange heady odor was that always lingered on the air at dawn.

But now that I know, what is there to be done about it? I cannot tell Mr. Lake what I have found out by spying. What would he think of me? He believes that the servants are just a simple peasant folk. Doubtless, that woman has told him they are making wine or some other such nonsense.

You know how Mr. Lake is, sir. He is so naive for one his age. He trusts everyone and is so easy going that he is always put upon.

Tomorrow night we are having a huge reception here at Chalet Pacifique. Miss Danielle has arranged it all and from the looks of things it is going to be the social event of the season. The British officials are to be guests of honor, and all Trinidad society is attending.

Oh, the cheek of that woman, sir. Such goings on in the back of the estate, and she entertains the government here. No good will come of this, I'm sure.

Frank Latourn to Rupert Lake Baltimore
Cablegram: LEAVE TRINIDAD. I WASH MY HANDS.

Rain in Trinidad

Rupert Lake to Frank Latourn

Trinidad

Cablegram: WHY JUST YOUR HANDS?

Sinclair to Frank Latourn

Port-of-Spain

Dear Mr. Latourn: Nothing more can happen to us. What I feared has finally come to pass. I shall tell you what happened, sir, and I hope that you will not hold me responsible. I did try to keep Mr. Lake out of trouble, believe me.

The reception was held last night. For days in advance preparations were being made at all hours. There was no work for me to do because the whole affair was being handled by Miss Danielle. She supervised the buffet supper, ordered all the wines, and engaged an orchestra. The guest list, which totalled 300, included the British authorities, the American and other consuls, and the choice of Trinidad society.

It was really a gala affair, I must admit. The chalet boasts a splendid hall which the former occupant used for parties, and here the guests were assembled. It was very colorful what with British, Americans, Indians, French and Spaniards. The music was played softly in the background. It was a perfect setting, but not for what happened.

When all the guests had arrived, Mr. Lake, with Miss Danielle clinging to his arm, proposed a toast to the British governor. As he raised his glass, it happened.

There was a tremendous explosion. The room rocked, plaster falling down on the heads of the guests, and windows shattering. This was followed by several smaller explosions. Women screamed. The central chandelier fell, barely missing the head of the American consul. Then the lights went out.

The Alembic

The terrified guests, forgetful of their decorum, rushed from the room, the slower ones being trampled underfoot. As we all emerged in front of the house there were cries of "earthquake, earthquake." But once outside we could see a giant dark cloud mushrooming up to the sky, blotting out the moon.

A man shouted, "It's a volcano erupting," and fled down the road. With that most of the guests went running in one direction or another. It was sheer panic.

Then it started to rain, and continued for nearly fifteen minutes. I might add, sir, that it rained all over Trinidad. But the strange thing about it all was that it rained *rum*. Yes, sir, pure rum fell on Trinidad.

I will not go into all the details of that night now. Upon our arrival in Baltimore you will learn all about it. Suffice to say that within a very short time we were in the hands of the British authorities under arrest.

The hundred or so "servants" whom Mr. Lake thought were simple peasant folk turned out to be members of a notorious gang of Caribbean bootleggers. Yes, sir, that they were. Also, they were in Trinidad illegally, having been smuggled in from Martinique.

The biggest surprise of all, sir, (to Mr. Lake for I had my suspicions all the time) was Miss Danielle. She was not a Parisian here to write for a magazine. No, indeed. She was from Martinique, too. What is worse, she turned out to be the head of this daring gang which has been operating in the Caribbean for years, engaged in smuggling and all sorts of traffic.

Well, we have been exonerated. When the authorities took Miss Danielle away, she and Mr. Lake talked in French. To all his questions she answered in a type of French which

Rain in Trinidad

I would not care to quote for you. The authorities told Mr. Lake that he had been duped (a word which upsets him since his Rio trip). But for our own safety and that of the island we are being deported by the next plane.

I am sorry to report that Mr. Lake's manuscript has been destroyed. It was in the wing of the chalet which burned just after the explosion. When I questioned him about re-writing it at your place in Baltimore, he laughed almost hysterically. We shall see you soon, sir.

Rupert Lake to Frank Latourn

Trinidad

Cablegram: RIO PROVIDENCE TRINIDAD. MEET
ARRIVAL BALTIMORE WITH BODY-
GUARDS. I SHALL BE WEARING BRASS
KNUCKLES.

Adventures of Blunderjohn

By ROBERT E. DOHERTY, '49

I

"This above all, to thine own self be true—."

—Shakespeare

FROM the day that I was informed by virtue of the bulletin board that the famous novelist, Peter B. Prolific, was to teach my class I became unconscious for a year. I, too, aspired to join the world's literate galaxy and perhaps, I reflected, this teacher would accelerate my ascension.

Years are never of equivalent duration to the mind, and this one had seemed very short indeed. At the end of it I took mental inventory of my doings and accomplishments: I had a veritable mine of information in the notes which I had diligently extracted from the professor's lectures; my creative and imaginative powers had improved astonishingly, (as was evident from my graded assignments), and I had further learned to utilize the Grecian heritage which would give a classical ring to my future writings.

How profitable it had been, I thought, to do as I had done;—to mingle with the class and to ferret-out our master in his favorite retreats; to converse with him of literature and of cabbages and kings; and to shake the tavern rafters with our appreciation of his wit.

But what dam-fools we can be, I reconsidered. My profit had come from the class-room alone, while elsewhere I

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had prostituted and destroyed my individuality! I shall never be a great novelist to him—I shall only and always be “student-face 14,509”!

II

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

—Gray

I invariably enjoyed listening to the incredible conviction with which Oberlieutenant Sauerkrauten toned his illogical discourses. An ex-teacher of English and Philosophy at the University of Munich, and now a Nazi officer, he proved at least a pastime to me while I waited for the collapse of Poland. I was to cover it for the American Press. For some strange reason the Oberlieutenant never attempted to avoid conversing with me, nor was he ever slighted or insulted by my countless queries. However, it never failed that at some point in a discussion he would blaze forth with a glorious burst of eloquence and, while rambling, he seemed to forget my presence and be concerned only with how compatible his words accorded with his inner-ego. Once he became entangled in this net of verbosity, each word of which was dedicated to the superiority of Nazism, there was no interrupting him either by question or correction.

Indeed, with his slight accent, (not at all guttural), combined with a unique vocal resonance, he had the faculty of portraying the “master-race” with a true Miltonese-majesty.

“You, Herr Blunderjohn, should join our noble crusade against international Jewery. Certainly Doktor Goebbels can use your talents. You can tell the rest of the world of our real purposes.” That is what he always said. But what

he said most of all to impress me was, "By telling the world the truth of the National Socialists you shall be giving up the insignificant role of recording history, as you now do, for the noble role of *making* history."

His offer sounded very good. Imagine it, me, Blunderjohn, making history! However, I told him that I must have time to consider.

Two weeks later, when it was time for me to return to Poland from Paris, I had made up my mind. I would accept. Some might call me "traitor" but I would not mind. Better, I thought, that I be committed to history and posterity than to remain obscure. After all, my German friend was right; I *did* have great journalistic talents.

However, before I left Paris I discovered the news which made me change my mind. Oberlieutenant Sauerkrauten was dead. A correspondent who had just returned from Gdynia told me the news and showed me a photograph of the Oberlieutenant. He was dead but the aspect of the photo which made me change my mind was the grotesque manner in which he sprawled and the filth which obliterated his usually immaculate uniform. Why, he was incredibly undignified for all his talk!

III

*"You play the Spaniel and think with wagging of your
tongue to win me."*

—Shakespeare

Being somewhat of a novice regarding political diplomacy I had felt the uncomfortable weight of anticipation and tension in my hotel room. But now the gathering was in real-

Adventures of Blunderjohn

ity: I was being whisked from one national personage to another for the sake of introduction.

I kept reminding myself, "You are not here without purpose, Blunderjohn. Yours is a mission of high import."

But in contrast to myself of a half-hour ago, I was now so confident that one might believe that I had written Emerson's essay *On Self-Reliance*. I had studied the names of those to whom I would be introduced (I would not bungle the affair on that account), and I had prepared my conversations in accord to the eccentricities and habits of most of the prominent guests.

"And this", my host was saying, "is Doctor Oilman." So this is the target of my mission, I thought. I am here to insure my employer of this man's cooperation.

There was no need for me to instigate a literary discussion (which I knew the Doctor always enjoyed) for even now the group about him was listening to one of his extemporaneous critiques. After hearing him for a half-hour as he bitterly analyzed Shelly, Keats and "that poetic pagan, Wordsworth", it seemed to me that the rest of the assembly were quite ineloquent about the subject matter and I firmly resolved to discourse myself. It was evident that the Doctor disliked the romanticists.

"Now Byron—" he continued.

"Byron!" I exclaimed. "Indeed he is another literary buffoon from the same pagan period of which you speak, sir. The gross immorality of his life is alone indicative of the romantic fantasies which streamed from his pen!"

"As I was about to say", the Doctor smiled, "Byron is one of my few favorites."

Day Coach

By GEORGE H. COCHRAN, '51

IT was one o'clock when the two men arrived at the station. Conscious of his manacled hands, Spencer managed an air of defiance.

The station was crowded, mostly with vacation-bound businessmen and their wives. Spencer sneered menacingly at a middle-aged woman who stared too long at his bound wrists.

The train, an all-coach local, was, according to the man at the Information Desk, on Track 6. The detective turned to Spencer. He unlocked the cuffs, attaching one to his own wrist and one to that of Spencer.

"No tricks." It was a command. Spencer did not answer. While they stood on the platform, he studied the train. The coaches were old and needed paint. He looked at the people inside. Like cattle, he thought.

The two men pushed their way through the coach to a seat, Spencer taking the place nearest the aisle. His companion gazed through the dirty window, a crooked smile lighting his face.

The train began to move, heralding its departure with a series of jolts. A big man in the opposite seat cursed profusely. He looked at the cuffs and grinned sardonically. Spencer's mouth formed a word which he did not speak. The big man understood and reddened. Spencer turned and spat on the floor, then stared at the top of the coach, boredom showing in his face.

Day Coach

The train was picking up speed, hurling the coach from side to side in rhythm with the clattering noise of the wheels as they raced over the track.

The big man lit a cigar and puffed contentedly. Smoke filled the coach. Across the aisle a woman with tired eyes hummed softly to the baby in her lap.

"Nice day." The big man spoke to Spencer.

"Yeh."

"Goin' far?"

"No." Spencer stared at him, noticing the huge diamond solitaire which graced the man's finger. He wished the fellow would shut up.

"My name's Barlow." He ventured the information casually.

"That's good." Spencer's voice came evenly.

Barlow looked confused. "I'm in the jewelry business."

Spencer grinned. "So am I. In a way."

The man did not catch on. He leaned forward eagerly.

"That so? Well, whatta y'know! Funny, isn't it?"

"Not so funny. A lot of people are in the jewelry business."

"I mean funny that we should meet here on the train. Two men in the same business. Especially a business as out of the ordinary as ours."

Spencer wondered when the man would get around to asking him what he had done to get sent to jail. It was bound to come. Barlow didn't seem interested. He began to talk faster, now, oblivious to Spencer's unconcerned glance. His voice droned on in what seemed to be a never ending account of business deals and dirty jokes. The baby across the aisle

had fallen asleep, and the woman with the tired eyes leaned heavily against the back of the seat.

At the far end of the coach, the door opened and a man lurched through. The odor of whiskey hung heavily in the air as he passed. Suddenly, the train whirled around a curve, whistle blowing madly. The drunk reeled, stabbing a hand out for Spencer's seat. He missed and fell to the floor of the coach, cursing violently. The woman with the tired eyes turned her head toward the window. The drunk, still cursing, saw her. Muttering an apology, he staggered to the rear of the coach. Barlow laughed, exposing a row of gold-filled teeth. He continued to talk, now telling about another drunk on another train in which he had ridden.

The baby across the aisle began to cry, its thin voice piercing the smoke-laden coach. Barlow looked annoyed.

"Damn' kids. Shouldn't let 'em ride the trains."

"Why not?" Spencer's eyes narrowed.

Barlow whined. "They annoy other people. Why, anyone with half a brain would have more consideration for others than to bring a kid on a train—"

"Shut up! I like kids."

Barlow's teeth clamped down on the cigar. He stared at Spencer, eyes red with hate.

Spencer fumbled in his pockets for cigarettes. His companion by the window leaned over, his own pack extended.

"Take the whole pack. You'll need 'em where you're going." The man grinned his crooked grin.

"Thanks." Spencer took the cigarettes, his expression blank.

He lit up, drawing the smoke deep into his lungs. Exhaling, he watched the smoke rise to be flattened out and dispersed as it struck the coach top above his head.

Day Coach

He contemplated the man across from him. The solitaire sparkled. It was genuine, no doubt about that. Spencer appraised it with the eye of an expert. Some rock, all right. Barlow had thrown away the cigar, crushing out the dying embers with the heel of his shoe. Expensive shoes, thought Spencer. He gazed at the man through half-closed eyes. His dislike for Barlow had grown to a positive hate. Why, he did not know. Something about the man disgusted him. His clothes were too flashy; he talked too much. The more Spencer thought about it, the greater became his dislike. He would enjoy hurting this man in some way.

He leaned back against the cushion, lolling his head from side to side. A child came down the aisle. He stopped at Spencer's seat, blue eyes intent.

"Where did you get that funny bracelet, mister?"

Spencer pressed his lips together. His companion laughed, and the big man curled his lips in a sneer.

The child's mother had come up to them. She seized the boy by one arm.

"Come along, Tommy. Musn't annoy the gentleman." Her eyes fell on Spencer's manacled wrist. Nervously, she gathered the little boy up into her arms and fled down the aisle.

Spencer's amused smile froze as his glance came in contact with Barlow's. The big man stared at him defiantly. The train rattled on.

Time dragged. Barlow slept, snoring noisily, with one hand draped over the arm-rest. The solitaire sparkled in the dim light.

Spencer stared at the ring, fascinated. If only he weren't going to jail!

He must have dozed. He was awakened by the screech of brakes. Outside, it was beginning to rain. Drops struck

the window and trickled down it in crazy zig-zag formations. His companion turned.

"This is it."

Spencer rose. He grinned at the still sleeping Barlow. With all his strength, he kicked the man. Barlow roared, clutching at his shin. Spencer apologized profusely. Ignoring him, the jewelry salesman continued to rub his smarting shin.

Spencer whistled softly as he and the detective stepped off the train.

The rain was coming down harder, now. Wind-blown, it whirled across the platform, spattering the two men.

From the shadows, a uniform approached them. The detective greeted it laconically.

"We made it."

Hands on hips, the officer spoke:

"Are you as good at pickin' locks as you are at pickin' pockets? You'll have plenty of locks where you're going." He laughed roughly.

"Come on." The detective motioned Spencer toward the exit.

As they passed an ash can, Spencer leaned over and spat out a wad of chewing gum. Satisfied, he continued the march with his captors.

In the car, he sighed. He wished he could see Barlow's face when the man found the ring missing. Spencer grinned. He'd had one hell of a time getting that ring into the chewing gum without being seen.

Short Essays

By CLIFFORD J. BROTT, '50

ON THE BIRTH OF A SON

THERE are few men who do not cherish the fond hope of someday becoming the father of a son. The joy of courtship and marriage, the vanity which accompanies ownership of things material, and the pleasure of a successful business, all pale in importance when contrasted with the joy of possessing a son. The very apex of life itself, the highest pinnacle of worldly happiness, and the overwhelming pride of achieving the ultimate, are occasioned to the father at this supreme moment. Past pleasures are forgotten as he envisions the joyous years that lie ahead.

Every father who has been entrusted by God with the upbringing of an infant son believes himself to be as Adam—entrusted with the future of the entire human race. To him, it matters little that there are countless, crowded nurseries. Their contents are, at best, only secondary in comparison with the little one who has added the crowning achievement to his life. Already, he sees this little fellow building castles with him in the sand; already, he smells the dew scented air as they hunt together in the early morn; already, he sees him crowned with glory for outstanding performance on the athletic field. In fancy, as he gazes upon his infant's face for the first time, he sees him attaining ascending positions of importance in life until, at last, the whole world stands in awe, paying homage to that graceful figure who is leader of them all.

But has God not been wise in instilling within man's

heart this overwhelming desire to be the father of a son? For must not a son be nurtured and taught the arts of manhood by an adoring father? Surely there is no closer relationship—lest it be that between God and man—than that which exists between father and son. God, by fostering this affection in the heart of man, has taken precaution for the welfare of his children; for what father, loving his son, could deny him the best that exists in everything. It is this constant seeking of the best for one's son that determines the very progress of civilization. God has indeed conceived a divine plan, when He, by placing this love within the heart of man, has given unto him the inspiration for the futherance of all mankind. It is more than mere pride that causes a father to smile upon the face of a newborn son, for his soul, within, is overjoyed at this participation in the fulfillment of God's eternal plan.

ON TWILIGHT AND OLD AGE

THERE is, in the late afternoon, an interval between daylight and darkness in which the sun has gone to rest and the moon has not yet risen, in which the birds have gone to nest, and man has betaken himself homeward. It is the autumn of the day and the winter of night is nigh at hand.

It is at this time of day, when the countryside is bathed in obscure light and the creatures of nature are hushed awaiting the moonrise, that the world is at peace and men are at rest in their soul. For another day of labor is completed; another day of pleasure is fulfilled; and man, as he reflects upon his work, rejoices and the restless spirit within him is stilled.

For it is at twilight that man enjoys the fruits of his labor. As he rests in the comfort of contentment, and revels

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in the sublimity of self-satisfaction, he is in possession of all worth possessing save the crown of celestial glory. And when the twilight is ended, and his reverie is o'er, he dedicates himself to the morrow and retires, happy in the thought that his day has been well expended.

Days are like lives. Both have their dawns, their noons, and their twilights. Both are but brief moments of time, but breaths in eternity. Both begin with the dawn and end with the night. And in both, twilight is the time of reflection. As in the twilight of the day when those are happy who have labored well, so, in the twilight of life, those are happy whose lives have been fruitful. As man reflects upon work well done, so he reflects upon a life well spent. As he regrets a day vainly wasted, so, too, he regrets a life consumed by trifles. For with night the day is ended and life is o'er. Man is consigned to a future day and a future life. That brief interval between day and night, between life and death, called twilight is ended; and man is at rest in the hands of God.

ON COLLEGE SPIRIT

THERE has arisen, in recent years, the false conception that college spirit is to be measured by the magnificence of demonstrations and performances at athletic contests. The color contained in these activities is so vivid that it overshadows the deeper, more serious, intellectual aspect of collegiate life in the minds of a public which holds ephemeral pleasures to be of primary importance in life. This incomparable interest by the public in college athletics has resulted in an exclusive concept concerning the unanimity of college spirit and college athletics.

That this concept is erroneous, that college spirit is greater than, and distinct from, college athletics is manifest

when one examines the origin and true characteristics of each.

College spirit was existent, was exemplified, and was put to the test in centuries when athletics was an activity separate and distinct not only from college spirit but from the college itself. In days of ancient Athens, many were the philosophers who led their little band of eager students about the countryside imparting to them truths of love and wisdom. In the middle ages, many were the great educators who led their loyal students from city to city to escape persecution and unfavorable conditions imposed upon them by various city administrations. The love of knowledge that sustained the worthy Athenian as he followed his teacher, the loyalty of the mediaeval scholar to learning as he foresook city after city, and the perseverance of the great masters as they led their students to truth was the perfection of college spirit.

It is true that athletics were not unknown in these centuries of the past. They were a vital factor to the Greek in his plan for the entire development of all his human powers; they were important to the mediaeval scholar in his attempt to develop both mind and body. But to both Greek youth and mediaeval scholar, athletics were inferior and subordinate to man's intellect and soul.

With the founding of universities at definite locations came the first indications of what was to follow. Not only was the public in future years to associate the word "college" with a cluster of buildings rather than a group of students associated for study, but it was to see the beginning of the rise of college sports. This athletic program, instituted for the purpose of physical development, and, as such, good, was to ascend to equal heights and finally to surpass intellectual education in the estimation of the public. Athletics were

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stressed so much upon the soccer fields of England and the polo grounds of Germany that the public came to recognize college spirit only through its connection with athletics. The terms had become synonymous.

The purpose of athletics in itself is fundamentally good; the development of man's physical powers is a necessity. But it is the over-emphasizing of athletics which creates conditions of evil. The powers of man are many and all must be developed; but it is to develop them abnormally to develop them other than in their essential hierarchy. In the development of his powers, man must develop his religious, his aesthetical, his intellectual, his social, and his physical powers in this descending order. To deviate from this order and to place the least important, his physical powers, ahead of the most important, his religious, aesthetical, and intellectual powers, is to rebel against both God and nature. To restore truth to the popular conception of both college life and college spirit, it will be necessary to restore truth and balance to the curriculum and activities of our contemporary universities. The higher studies must be restored to their place of honor which has been usurped and defamed by athletics. Physical education must continue, but as a tributary to the whole of education and not as the guiding principle.

College spirit can exist only in truth and fair dealing, in loyalty, and faith. The fundamentals of these can be taught by an able man in either lecture hall, on the hillside, or in the green fields. These fundamentals, once learned, are applicable on the athletic field, in the debating hall, and in life itself. College spirit is a magnificent thing, composed from, and permeating, every phase of college life. It is the center of the sphere that is college life itself; and it is the principle which guides the life of those who were once part of a great university.

On F. E. P. C.

By VALENTINE CRUZ, '49

FEW bills in recent years have aroused more interest and invited more criticism than the proposals included in the President's "Civil Rights Bill." That the opposition has been so strong, in this citadel of democracy and personal freedom, has been a cause for wonder to the clear headed Americans who realize the fact that America's future progress and economic security lies in the establishment of full and equal rights for all citizens.

Of great importance, in this omnibus bill, is the recommendation for the establishment of a Committee on Fair Employment practices. This portion of the President's recommendations, hereinafter referred to as FEPC, is of primary importance to America, economically, sociologically, and culturally, yet it has met with strong and misguided opposition.

Employers have objected to this legislation on the grounds that it would infringe on their rights to select their employees. On the other hand, employees have stated that such a bill would abridge their right to choose their associates. Legislators have declared that such an act would be damaging to our American way of life. Lastly, the small group of non-thinking Americans, unwilling to change the status quo, believes that the legislators should leave well enough alone and steer clear of such "communist" inspired legislation.

On the other hand, the son of immigrant parents, who has attained the necessary education and possesses the necessary skill, feels, and rightfully, that he is entitled to compete,

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on an equal basis, for a position in a chemical research laboratory. Jim, the janitor in the big factory, who holds a Bachelor's degree in business administration, doesn't feel that he was given a fair chance. He applied for an executive position but was turned down in favor of another, less qualified, but possessing the "proper" pigmentation of skin. Mary Brown, wears a gold cross suspended around her neck, works as a buyer for an exclusive dress shop; but would rather use her own name—Miriam Bronstein—and openly profess the religion of her fathers. Mike O'Malley, a prominent figure in ward politics, would like to run for a higher office, but his ability and integrity are nullified by the fact that he is a devout Catholic.

Both sides feel that their stand on the question is irreproachable—which side is right? During the recent conflict, it was rumored that a Jewess, a scientist of no mean ability, was forced to flee the tidal wave of anti-Semitism that engulfed Germany. Finding sanctuary elsewhere, this same scientist was able to contribute greatly to the development of atomic science. Presupposing this to be a true account, could not the loss of the qualified son of aliens, to our own chemical research industries, turn out to be as great a loss to our nation as the loss of this scientist was to Germany. Continuing in this same vein, has not a great loss been sustained by the industry which allows the talent of a man to be wasted on the lowly task of sweeping floors? This bit of prejudice is detrimental to the industry, the community, and, since the chain is only as strong as its weakest link, to the nation. Miriam's deception, seemingly a little thing, causes much of her valuable time and energy to be expended, speculating on the possibility of her ruse being discovered; for though she is highly capable, discovery would mean immediate discharge. Year after year,

corrupt and unprincipled politicians attain to high positions in our government even though an honest man; of high purpose, possessing integrity of character, legislative and administrative ability, is available. Thus, the stupid prejudices of the few are given precedence over the welfare of the many.

We have emerged from the recent conflict, a great nation, a beacon in the stormy darkness of starvation and insecurity, a ray of hope to millions, the world over. We have attempted to fulfill our duties to these, our brethren, in a faltering way; for though we fill the emaciated frames of starving men, we cannot instill in them the confidence and trust that is so necessary to world peace. In the words of the late Wendell Willkie, ". . . We, as Americans, cannot be on one side abroad and the other at home. We cannot expect small nations and men of other races and colors to credit the good faith of our professed purposes and to join us in international collaboration for future peace if we continue to practice an ugly discrimination at home against our own minorities." (Colliers Oct. 7, 1944.)

In recent weeks, a report from the office of a California District Attorney brought to light the fact that the foundation for a majority of crimes, committed by Negroes, could be traced to the sense of insecurity that arises from uncertainty of employment, thus the taxpayers are forced to pay for the luxury of bigotry. Criminals are tried in a court of law, upon conviction they are remanded to correctional institutions; both the legal and correctional institutions need money to function, thus the taxpayer, the common man, through increased taxes must pay the bill. To live within their incomes, the people who fall victim to discrimination in employment, are forced to seek aid to supplement their meagre salaries, social agencies—private and public—supply the needed aid.

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Unable to pay the cost of preventive medical care, they become easy targets for tuberculosis, cancer and other dread diseases; state supported doctors and medical institutions care for them, again increasing the burden of the private citizen.

I have touched, briefly, on the sociological and economic consequences of discriminatory employment practices; but, there is another side—a moral one. Too often, an argument from morals is shouted down with cries of emotionalism, however, a very real and sound argument can be based on the moral aspect. All mankind has a common beginning in God. The Fountainhead of all creation. In creating men, He created them in His own image and likeness, thus clothing man in dignity. Talents and skills are bestowed on man, not by man, but by God. How then can we presume to deprive a fellow creature of the gifts of The Creator? By denying a man suitable work, we are denying him that which is necessary to maintain his dignity as a creature of the Almighty. If a man is prevented from utilizing his God-given talents and skills to the glory of God, he is being prevented from fulfilling his duty to his God. The Divine Mandate can not be pushed aside in favor of petty prejudices.

Granted that there are abuses; can they be corrected? Yes, by education and legislation, we can irradicate some of the more flagrant abuses. True, tolerance cannot be legislated into the minds of the mass, but legislation can introduce tolerance into the blood stream of our nation and our industries. FEPC can prevent a person from indulging in his prejudices to the point of depriving another of the right to earn a living. A fair employment practices commission would not force an employer to hire unqualified workers. Its sole aim would be to guarantee, to the individual, the right to employment on the basis of his aptitudes and capabilities, without

regard for his racial, cultural or religious background. A fair employment practices bill, without punitive measures, would not serve the purpose. Further, such a bill, lacking punitive measures, would be an unnecessary addition to our statutes, for the principles of FEPC are incorporated in our Constitution, though completely ignored. A "milk and water" bill would be as useless as legislation against vices and misdemeanors, if they were not strengthened with the threat of punishment. In short, a bill without teeth would be as effective as an army without arms.

To arrive at the sum total of the arguments, herein presented, is to realize the desperate need for immediate and decisive action. The future of America depends upon it. Subversive elements, within our borders, have already seized upon this issue as bait for the disgruntled minorities. If we are to preserve our American way of life, we must take action and wipe our slate free from this blot that has too long besmirched and corrupted this nation. Our human frailties prevent us from finding a panacea for the ills that beset us, but we owe it to ourselves, to our nation, to the world, and to our God, to use every means in our power to eliminate the scourge of intolerance and prejudice from within our borders, thus to prove to the world that a heterogeneous people can live in perfect harmony, free from the pestilence of hatred and bigotry.

Saint Thomas Aquinas Master and Mystic

By ROBERT KIRTLAND, '51

I.

Torrent of serenity, swelling
from the snowy heights;
Of unsounded depth,
Rushing down
to the green Campagna;
Sparkling stream of cool lucidity,
Bearing to the thirsty land
Refreshment from the Higher Life;
The Valley is refreshed—
Its capacity is sate:
While Thou, in undiminished fullness,
Go flowing on
To meet the Endless Sea.

II.

Soaring Lark of song sublime,
Enraptured
in that glorious Dawn
Whose Day shall sing no Vesperhymn;
Surging high
on the wings
of thy melodious ecstasy;
Panting forth the praises
of the Living Love

In phrases fragile
 as the fulgence
 of the dew;
Thy voice, a holocaust of self,
 Ascends amid the Appenines
 (Surpassing them in majesty)
To blend
 With the Radiance of Heaven;
The ringing echoes stay.

Resurrection

By RICHARD L. FLECK, '50

To many, the past is but a bitter pool of tears
Into which they weep the trials and tribulations
Of the years;
But, when at length their eyes are dry,
They turn them, in upward gaze, unto the sky;
And see: hopes and promises of future years
Marching by in brilliant cavalcade,
Beckoning with moon-rimmed fingers
To join the ranks of those now saved.

Clouds

By WALES B. HENRY, '50

Two clouds of dreams went drifting by,
And one was you, and one was I.

The two clouds met, became as one;
Forever joined by the things we've done.

The clouds then drifted, hand in hand,
Over a fair, enchanted land.

All alone, in the skies above,
Two clouds played at the game of Love.

The two clouds parted when day was done
And they were mourned by the setting sun.

If never they meet again in time,
You have your dreams; I have mine.

Simplicity

By EDWARD PETER FITZ SIMMONS, '50

Today a little girl told me
That all the flowers
Everywhere
Would bloom today.

I believe it, because I want to believe it,
Just as she does.

I want to smile at the flowers and have them smile at me,
Just as she does.

I want to pluck daisy petals and solve my problems,
Just as she does.

I want to hold the flowers and compare them to someone,
Just as she does.

I want to gather a big bunch of "oh just flowers" and bring
them to someone,
Just as she does.

And I want a little girl to bring them to me,
Just as she does.

Soap

By WALES B. HENRY, '50

**"If, indeed, you're not delighted,
Overjoyed and quite excited
By the perfume found within our soap—
(Your cash will be refunded with a smile.)**

**If, dear friend, you're not elated,
Or if you think we've over-rated
The virtues of this little bar of soap—
(Your cash will be refunded with a smile.)**

**If you don't spend Monday gloating
O'er this bar that's always floating,
Floating like a ship, this bar of soap—
(Your cash will be refunded with a smile.)**

**If you don't put an end to scrubbing,
Washday blues and excess rubbing,
When you try our little bar of soap—
(Your cash will be refunded with a smile.)**

**If you don't find our product's pure;
That dishpan hands are always sure
To vanish when you use our bar of soap—
(Your cash will be refunded with a smile.)**

If it's not easy to be seen
That all your clothes are extra clean
When you decide to use our well-known soap—
 (Your cash will be refunded with a smile.)

What! You mean you don't want any
When I have so very many
Bars of sudsy, pure, delightful soap—
 (Hmmmmmm — I thought so all the while.) ”

On Gertrude Stein

By R. E. DOHERTY, '49

A pigeon on the grass, alas!
“Whither”, we ask, “he goes?”
But, in vain we query — the pigeon
Is arose, is arose, is arose.

