

Keep

THE ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND

Vol. XII. No. 8.

June, 1932

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Those who are aware of the motives which prompted Cardinal Newman to write his "Apologia" may well appreciate our present position. We, who are entirely lacking in that mastery of diction which is synonymous with the name of Newman, wish to make amends for this failing by just such an apologia. We hope that our poor attempt will prove as effectual as his.

When Newman abandoned the Anglican Church to embrace the Catholic faith, there were few who saw this action in its proper perspective. Turncoat and Papist were emblazoned on the front pages of every paper throughout the United Kingdom. The motivating principles of the eminent churchman were completely ignored. Newman had proved inconstant where only constancy was expected. These were the facts; and the facts were interpreted literally with utter disregard of the axiom that the letter of the law killeth. And so for years Newman suffered in silence as he laboriously drew up his "Apologia Pro Sua Vita." Herein he gave a thorough dissection of his own life which left his very soul open to the public gaze. And anyone who cared to look could not but say, "I find no fault with the man."

Our case, then, resembles that of Newman in that we have been tried and found wanting. But here the analogy must stop short. For unlike Newman we have not been the victims of circumstances. We deliberately assumed the leadership in the task of revamping the format of the "Alembic." Yet we did so with fear and trembling. Our trepidation was expressed in an introductory editorial entitled "A New Broom Sweeps—" And now that we have come to the parting of the ways we deem it necessary to offer this "Apologia" for our personal failings, with the hope that the future may profit by our errors.

And so:—
"Down the avenue of time we go,
Muffled in our cloaks.
Must I tear aside my mask to show
My hoax?"



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St. Albert—Scientist

By
Edward P. Ryan, '32

ON Saturday, January 9th, 1932, Blessed Albert the Great was enrolled among the saints of the Church and at the same time proclaimed a Doctor of the Universal Church. In this day, when science arouses enthusiasm everywhere, Pope Pius has given to the scientific world a saintly patron in the person of Albert the Great, the very founder of modern science.

The birth of what is called modern science usually dates from the time when the experimental method was first systematically employed in laying bare the secrets of nature. Albertus Magnus, in that early day, stood strongly for observation, experimentation, and induction. He had an inborn faculty for intimate communication with nature, and far from being led astray by the magic and alchemy of his contemporaries, Albert manifested a true knowledge of the principles of experimental science. It was by his careful and logical application of these principles that he merited the title of "The Great."

Today physical science has eclipsed almost every other field of endeavor. The great universities of the world are vieing with one another in the field of experimentation. Countless millions are spent annually in financing research work; expeditions are sent to the ends of the earth to observe the peculiarities of nature; the highest mountains are scaled in the hope of adding some item, however small, to the knowledge of the Cosmic ray; huge engines are constructed for the purpose of unlocking the secrets of the atom. All of this bears eloquent testimony to the importance of the movement inaugurated by Albertus when he enunciated as his principle "Experimentum solum certum talibus" . . . only experimentation can disclose the secrets of nature.

Microscopes, X-ray spectrographs, sensitive balances, and the array of apparatus which one finds in modern laboratories, were in the days of Albert still undreamt, for

even the humblest piece of laboratory equipment, the Bunsen Burner, was not to appear on the scientist's bench for some five centuries. It was, therefore, no easy task that confronted this pioneer of science 700 years ago. St. Albert, however, was equal to the undertaking and by dint of systematic experimental effort collected a body of scientific doctrine which has never been equalled either in quantity or in logical precision.

Many of those doctrines are of particular interest when compared with modern ideas on these subjects, for they show how far in advance of his time St. Albert really was and how close was his approach to modern views. It is indeed a literal fact that in some

turbance, so that sound waves spread out from their source like ripples on the surface of the water when a stone is dropped into it.

This illustration of sound waves is beautiful and the analogy is certainly modern. But this is not all. St. Albert must have performed experiments with waves in a ripple tank, or some such equivalent of the modern apparatus, for he noted that the waves are reflected or bent back upon themselves when they strike a solid object. From this fact he argued that the phenomenon of the echo is merely the reflection of the outgoing sound wave. This explanation is exactly that given by modern students of acoustics.

It was such observations as these that led to the recognition of light as a form of wave motion, and this discovery in turn furnished the stepping stones to the knowledge of X-rays, Gamma rays, Cosmic rays, and Radio waves.

In the realm of chemistry the work of St. Albert on lead and its compounds is worthy of praise. Lead was known to the ancient Egyptians and to the Romans who used it in the construction of water pipes. Cerussite or "white-lead" was also known and used as a pigment just as it is today. Most interesting of all perhaps is the method which St. Albert gives for the preparation of artificial cerussite or "white-lead." The "Old Dutch Process" which is still in use is essentially the same as the process elaborated by St. Albert. There is only one point of difference . . . i.e., the "Old Dutch Process" for the manufacture of "white-lead" is carried out on a much larger scale thereby contributing its share to overproduction, underconsumption, and business depression.

Some interesting comments were made by our saint on the heavenly bodies. In regard to the dark spots on the moon he showed that the theory of the ancients which attributed them to the earth's shadow is wrong. He gave

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EPILOGUE

*Not for the ears
That heard these songs,—
But did not understand;
Not for the eyes
That read these lines,—
And called them curious;
But for the hearts
That felt the sun and the dark,
The drought and the flood,
That one lone soul had known.*

JOHN McDONOUGH, '34

cases he actually anticipated by 500 years what are styled modern discoveries.

In the domain of acoustics, for example, St. Albert certainly antedated modern science. He said that sound is a vibration of the air produced by the percussion of two hard bodies. Today it is well known that sound consists of a wave motion which originates at a point where some disturbance causes an alternating increase and decrease in the density of the air, all of which is merely a more technical restatement of one and the same occurrence. Albert further stated that this sound wave spreads out in the manner of a circle, the center of which is the place of the dis-

St. Albert—Philosopher

By
Joseph C. Meister, '32

IT was inevitable that Albert the scientist should become Albert the philosopher, for his great mind was not content with the merely factual findings of science, nor was it satisfied with the phenomenal explanation which it offered. With his inspiring, healthy love of truth; with his indefatigable energy, he delved further into the realms of explanations, throwing the entire resources of his physical and mental powers into the ardent search for universal truth and a deeper understanding of the ultimate reason of things.

Perhaps the most significant achievement of Albert as a philosopher lies in his introduction of the true Aristotle to the Christian world. In the 13th century the writings of this Greek thinker were arousing wide-spread attention and were gradually replacing those of Plato. Christian, Jewish and Oriental students alike were accepting the Satgirite as the invincible doctor. However, much of the original Peripatetic doctrine had been obscured and distorted, especially by the Arabian scholars, in the translated texts, and dangerous errors had crept into the Aristotelian philosophical teaching. These errors found expression in three anti-Christian schools of thought: rationalism, which denied the validity of revealed truth; Averroism, which rejected the doctrines of the immortality of the soul and personal responsibility; and Pantheism, which sought to identify created things with God.

The devastating effect of these errors upon the thought and the life of Albert's time, as in our own, was a matter of the gravest concern. Society then, as now, needed to be taught by strong and direct reasoning that there was no conflict between human reason and revealed truth; it had to be guided by a sane rationalism which could harmonize reason and divine knowledge acquired through revelation. The world then, as now, had to be shown that all truth is from God. It had to be convinced that God is the author of all knowl-

edge, natural as well as revealed. It had to be shown that God teaches us, not only when by means of the revelation He has granted us we attain to the knowledge of truth of the supernatural order, but also when by the natural powers, which are also His gifts, we discover truth in the natural order. And from such considerations the world has to be taught that it is impossible that God should contradict Himself, and, therefore, impossible that there should exist a contradiction between truths known by reason and truths known by revelation. Thus did Albert and his pupil, St. Thomas, teach the people of their day; thus did Albert by detailed treatises in his *Summa P. I.*, Tract III, Q. 13, triumph over the rationalism of Abelard and his followers. Thus did Albert prove the validity of revealed truth, the value of human reason, and the harmony that can and must always exist between human reason and divine truth.

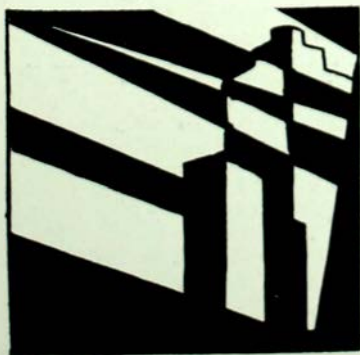
Besides this extraordinary contribution to the thought and life of his own day, Albert enunciated other philosophical principles that gave renewed vitality to the belief in individual immortality and individual responsibility. Without positive convictions on individual immortality and individual responsibility society was bound to suffer. The people of Albert's day were drifting on a deceptive intellectual credit system, as the people

of our own day are drifting on an equally deceptive one. But society found a leader in Albert, and by his co-ordinated system of reasoning, as found in his *Summa*, P. II, Tract I, Q. 3, he brought the people to understand and to accept his doctrine of individual immortality and brought them to cherish and to love a sense of personal responsibility as the best working basis for a happy life and a blessed immortality.

The third great fundamental error that confronted Albert and harassed the people of his day was that of pantheism. It was a belief that had gained ground slowly. It declared by implication, that God is identical with matter, necessity with freedom, truth with falsity, good with evil, justice with injustice. According to pantheism God and the world are one. It was leading, as it must logically lead, to a disguised atheism and its accompanying evils. But here again Albert came to the defense of truth, and by a strong, lucid, convincing argument confounded the pantheists of his time, as may be discovered by reading his splendid exposition in the fifth book of his *Metaphysics*.

Albert, however, was not content with purging Aristotelianism of these three errors. His acute mind perceived the opportunity for a constructive criticism of Aristotle's doctrine. His philosophy represents the synthesis and culmination of the pre-Socratic schools. His doctrine of causes is an epitome of all that Greek philosophy had accomplished up to his time. Aristotle laid the foundation of his philosophy deep on the rock bottom of experience, and although all the joints in the structure are not equally secure, the care and consistency with which the design is executed are apparent to every observer. It was left for scholastic philosophy to add the pinnacle to the structure which Aristotle had carried as far toward completion as human thought could build unaided. Recognizing these values

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St. Albert—Man of Public Affairs

By
John J. Cleary, '32

IT has already been made evident to us that Albert was a pre-eminent figure in the fields of positive science and philosophy. But his great interest and achievements in these spheres of human knowledge were not sufficient to exhaust the extraordinary powers of his magnificent intellect. In the field of public affairs his interest was as deep and his contribution fully as great as were those which marked his activity in the realms of science and philosophy.

In every branch of human knowledge to which he devoted himself, Albert was ever a diligent seeker after truth and its staunch champion. To the attainment of truth he directed all the energies and talents with which he had been bountifully endowed. He, as did St. Thomas, engaged in every great controversy of his day. He was a man of principle. He analyzed problems scientifically, solved them dispassionately and defended his solution of them enthusiastically.

One of the many controversies in which he engaged was the attack on the mendicant Orders of Dominicans and Franciscans by William of St. Amour. This writer, in a work entitled "Perils of the Last Times," had denounced the basic principles of the religious life and had gained a considerable following. Either the book was to be condemned or the principles to be discredited. The master general of the Dominicans sought the most capable men in the Order to defend the tenets of the religious life and the cause of truth at the papal court. His selections were St. Albert and St. Thomas. That they were successful in their efforts is best evidenced by the fact that you are assembled here today to participate in the Commencement of a collegiate group taught and trained by the members of one of those Orders.

Perhaps Albert's most magnificent struggle in the battle for truth was his defense of the writings of St. Thomas, shortly after the latter's death. The teachings of St. Thomas had been opposed

during his lifetime. Some two years after his demise the opposition had become organized and demanded an official condemnation of some of his doctrines. Albert, who was at that time well advanced in years, rallied to the defense of his former pupil and friend. Apparently unfatigued by his journeying on foot from Cologne to Paris, he defended the Thomastic

interest did not prevent him from participating in those matters which concerned the welfare of states. His judgment was respected no less in civil than in ecclesiastical and scholastic circles. The princes of Germany and Saxony not infrequently sought his counsel and entrusted to him many important and delicate missions.

There is today a crying need for leaders of that calibre. The present instability of social and economic institutions arises from the application of the principles of opportunism. This is a philosophy which is based on the convenience and advantage of the moment. It recognizes no lasting principles, and has no basic conception of social justice. As a result, the entire social structure is thrown into a state of confusion. Until such time as we do have leaders of Albert's type, diligent seekers after truth and staunch warriors in its defense, the present chaotic conditions in our financial, commercial and industrial life can never be permanently resolved.

Albert, however, was not one who sought conflict and controversy. On the contrary, he was essentially a peace loving man. His undoubted knowledge and his unquestioned integrity qualified him admirably for the position of arbiter; and his services in that role were much in demand. Popes and princes alike referred matters which threatened the peace and safety of their respective communities to the learned and patient Dominican friar for adjudication. He sought peace and he obtained it by the application of sound moral and religious principles. His decisions were invariably accepted as final. He was the universal arbiter.

Albert settled the dispute between the archbishop of Cologne and the citizens of that city regarding the prelate's right to coin money and to assess taxes. After innumerable conferences, he made a decision which was favorably received by the interested parties.

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IONICS FOR JUNE

*On a June night in the prim gardens or
wild fields and in dark woods,
You have seen myriad blooms drenched
by the night dew's and the
moonlight,*

As you walked drinking the warm air;

*You have heard owls in the black
oaks and the weird cries of
the nighthawks;*

*You have watched luminous fireflies
as they dart, bright as the
eve-star,*

In the dark pitch of the arched glade.

*But you know only a half-picture of
June nights if you look sharp.*

*You may see shimmering fay's wings,
you may hear whispering wise
elves*

*And the strange songs of the queer
fauns;*

*In the woods dryads are soon awakened
by moonbeams and the star-
light,*

*And their soft music begins Juno's un-
known reign till the sunglow*

And the quick end of the good folk.

JOHN McDONOUGH, '34

positions with such finesse and eloquence that no action was taken. This effort was a splendid expression of his loyalty to the memory of a friend and, at the same time, a glorious testimonial of his zeal for the vindication of truth.

It is to be expected that Albert, as a religious and a philosopher, would have been particularly interested in religious and philosophical disputes. Nevertheless, this great

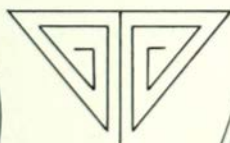
CAP and GOWN EXERCISES



Procession Leaving Harkins' Hall



Joseph Dziob
Cap and Gown Day Orator



President, Dean and Class Officers



Seniors Approaching for Class Tree Exercises

Some Die Upon the Field

By
Gordon F. Harrison, '35

THE forest pathway lay hot and sultry in the languorous warmth of the mid-afternoon sun, save where the newly budded trees, with freshly spumed branches, flung wide their cool damp shade. A cricket chirped valiantly somewhere in the underbrush. Wide-eyed with initiate wonder, a fledgling blue jay alighted upon the path, observed the violets and cast a questioning glance at the path of clear sky that showed through the branches overhead.

High above a scavenger band of crows sped by loudly complaining. More distant and higher still, far above the outskirts of the little town of Chelsea that nestled at the foot of this wooded hill, a chicken hawk wheeled silently—the lone sinister note.

No, not the only one for there in the pathway now stood a man. Saturnine of face was he and this apathy was accentuated by the rustic black of his thread-bare apparel. A small valise was clutched convulsively in one long firm white hand, whilst the other toyed nervously with a supple green branch of a nearby bush. Certainly this gaunt sad-faced stranger was an incongruous note with the fresh rustic beauty of the setting. The ardor of spring filled the air. Happiness, sunshine and youth pervaded the atmosphere. Framed against the green verdure about him the traveler's face was a study in sorrow. Waxen in hue, this face was deeply carved with adversity's handiwork. Beneath the lofty God-like forehead wreathed with disordered locks, prematurely gray, his melancholy eyes surveyed the brightness of the scene.

Like pools of sorrow these great luminous eyes stared ahead in a patient gaze. A close observer would probably say that the man's sensitive mouth now a ruin of former arrogance, belonged to one who at an early age had forgotten how to blush. By the same keen perception it could easily be seen that here also was a person who had not smiled in a long, long time

and probably would never smile again.

With noiseless tread he stalked across the clearing. Then, apparently making a mental note of his whereabouts, like one who is retracing his steps after a long absence, the melancholy stranger chose the broader of the forking lanes. He glanced furtively down the shady descending avenue.

Suddenly a long weary sigh broke from his lips. Then as if shocked at the sound of his own voice, he hurried on and soon was lost from view.

To be sure the stranger's presence had alarmed the blue jay fledgling and he had already sought safety. As for the other living things—they were undisturbed and quite urbane withal. Only the stillness of the lazy day had been broken with the muffled anguish of a sigh.

* * * * *

Chelsea was a thriving town before the war. Every year they held court to the neighboring but less prosperous townships during "Old Home Week." The climax of this gala time was a Firemen's Muster that featured the prowess of Chelsea's Fire Department. Each year had seen new changes and finally when the election year of 1916 was already half spent, the villagers too, made history. A bright shiny brassy fire truck was added to the town's possessions. The day it arrived, school was dismissed early and even the worldly wise teachers enthusiastically hurried to the fire

barn to view its newest glowing treasure.

That year also brought something else—a source of grave concern if not of civic pride. It came like a black cloud looming out of the West to blot out the ethereal beauty of an April day. No one knew how it started, where it began, nor did they realize the potential misfortunes that it brought.

Charles Meredith, special correspondent of a famous Boston paper, and the only one of his exalted profession of which Chelsea or her subject towns could boast, decided after careful consideration that this was the spring that fate had ordained that his thoughts should take decided measures with those thoughts of love. And the girl of his confident choice was Melissa Owen.

Now, Melissa, or "Lissa" as her familiars termed her was the impetuous toast of the country town. To be sure young Meredith was of no small consequence himself. He was termed "beau" and "dandy" par excellence by the "Ladies' Shakespearian Guild" and more than once the members of that body had been thrilled by the low tones and the dark liquid glances of Mr. Charles Meredith when he honored them with an afternoon devoted to his opinions.

Thus all would have been very well had it not been for the native Lothario, Richy Moore. Richy also was of Meredith's exalted breed. He was the solo teller in the single bank in the community. Being a product of Chelsea, by birth at least, he had established himself soon after his high school days behind the wicker of the smug little brick bank. There he sat and thither tripped the tittering feminum to bask in the light of his fair faced dangerous-eyed smiles.

Being of a similar mind as far as the affairs of the heart were concerned as his compatriot, egoist Meredith, young Moore made his choice. Like his rival he favored the coy 'Lissa.

Great was the speculation re-

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I Like Gibbs

By
James M. Hackett, '32

SIR Philip Hamilton Gibbs' novels betray the author. With no knowledge of the author and with only an inkling of his life and characteristics obtained from a short resume of his career, I seem to feel a little intimate with this man's personality. The greater part of this intuitive intelligence I have gathered from his works. They are at once revealing and passionate, yet aloof and calm in their message. He opens the heart of England and holds it before you: peers and workers, ladies and shop-clerks, soldiers and statesmen. But it is more than England that is revealed to the reader: Russia, with its bloody revolution and the painful consequences of fear and famine; Germany, ruined and devastated by a disastrous war, seeking to regain her self-esteem and the recognition of her sister-nations; France, the victor, in the throes of rehabilitation and economic recovery and in a worse plight, in many ways, than the vanquished. These generalities, humanly treated, are chronicled with an understanding of human nature that is found in few contemporary authors. The characters are not heroes, and their deeds, which may hardly be classed as Napoleonic, are thoroughly human. Gibbs is a lover of life and his fellowmen and above all he has a devotion for England that rises sometimes to passion.

Sir Philip Hamilton Gibbs, the son of Henry Gibbs, a departmental chief of the Board of Education in London, was born May 1, 1877. He was educated privately. In 1898 he married Miss Agnes Rowland and shortly afterward in the same year he obtained a position on the staff of an educational publishing house in London. Three years later he was editor of Tiltotson's Fiction Bureau at Bolton in Lancaster, but finding Lancaster too dull he returned to London and served successively as the literary editor of the "Daily Mail," "The Daily Chronicle," and "The Tribune," afterwards becoming special correspondent for these papers.

The name of Philip Gibbs became

known on both sides of the Atlantic when, along with other newspapermen, he was sent to Copenhagen to get Dr. Cook's story of the discovery of the North Pole. The young English reporter suspected a hoax, and in spite of warnings that he was ruining his future career by challenging the statement of a man of Cook's standing, he persevered in his accusations until an official investigation exposed the fraud.

When war broke out in the Balkans in 1912, Gibbs was sent as correspondent for "The Daily Graphic" with the Bulgarian army. Later he was war correspondent with the French and Belgian armies in 1914, and with the British armies in the field, 1915-1918. His journalistic services were so brilliant and distinctive that the British government conferred a title on him in 1920.

For two years, 1921 and 1922, Sir Philip was editor of "The Review of Reviews," and since that time he has been travelling widely, visiting America several times, has given a number of lectures and produced many books, articles and essays. Of his works I have read "The Age of Reason," "Hidden City," "The Middle of the Road," "The Unchanging Quest," and the volume "Out of the Ruins," a book of short stories. This confession may make my statement in the opening paragraph seem a bit far-fetched. How can one know the

personality of an author by reading five of his works? If in every one of these works we find a character, different in name and position perhaps, but identical in personal qualities, emotions, desires and attitudes, a man whom the author timidly fashions as the chain upon which he hangs the jewels of his other characters and action, the reader can broach the discreet conclusions that he is either the author or his ideal. But surely this character is too human, too real to be Gibbs' ideal. It is Gibbs, changed a trifle in the outward aspects of appearances and position, but Gibbs nevertheless. In a description of the author in "Living Authors," edited by 'Dilly Tante' and published by Wilson, N. Y., we find corroboration of this assertion.

The character always maintains "the middle of the road" and is found as Bertram Rollard in the book of the same name. Amid conflicting theories and social tendencies, distrusted by both sides, he struggles to maintain his tolerance and impartiality. Along with a chosen few, he sees clearly the situations, unbiased and unprejudiced. As usual, there is a woman in the story, also sympathetic and understanding; more noble than he, she stands for the ideal woman. Beautiful and patrician, possessed of a delicate, purely effeminate charm and tender understanding, she stands somewhere between the modern emancipated woman, athletic, free of speech and frighteningly radical in thought and action, and the Victorian woman, sweet, demure, totally loveable but growing a little tiresome with long acquaintance. The other characters are usually types: an English lord of the old school, his lady and the ensuing nobility, still young and unsettled; English country folk and London city dwellers, and especially the young working girls of the vigorous present.

Gibbs seems to be in sympathy with the aims of Soviet Russia, not so much for their method of gov-

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EDITORIAL

ALEMBIC STAFF

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	Austin Sullivan, '32

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE AND UNEMPLOYMENT

When the Olympian serenity of Cap and Gown Day was disturbed by the raucous shout of, "Go out and get a job," proclaimed by a passing tradesman, more than one baccalaureus was rudely jolted out of his self-complacent calm into the realization of what will confront him when the trumpets and trappings of commencement are laid aside and he is thrust into a world of chaos and confusion. The situation which faces the college graduate of 1932 is admittedly one of the most grave that has ever confronted men making a start in life. It gives rise to a pragmatic but nevertheless pertinent question: Is the bachelor's degree noth-

ing more than a safe-conduct into the ranks of the unemployed? A decade ago such a question might never have arisen, but today the problem is paramount.

The graduate of 1932 conceivably has three roads open to him: he may accept a position for which he is unprepared; he may loaf; or he may continue his studies as a candidate for an advanced degree. Faced with this dilemma, the last choice would appear to be the best practical solution of the problem. But this has probably no more to offer than any other possible course of action. Between the years 1900 and 1930 the population of the U. S. rose from approximately 75,000,000 to 123,000,000. During this same period the number of doctoral degrees in science increased from 102 to 1055. Similarly, considering the output of doctorates in single institutions, the University of Chicago in 1900 conferred 19 degrees, while in 1930 no less than 94 were granted. To quote an authority in the field: "Not only is this business of making Ph. D.'s one of the major industries; it begins to look as though we were taking on the airs of mass production." And this almost incredible condition obtains not only in one or two fields but also in medicine, law, architecture, and engineering.

And on whom must the responsibility for this condition of affairs be placed? Obviously upon the colleges and universities themselves. The overproduction of the learned has been the logical result of an era of ill-advised educational activity whose evil effects are now being acutely felt. Their ardor for producing research experts has overcome their discretion and the

excessive number of Ph. D.'s which our universities turn out every year has tended to overcrowd all fields of endeavor, professional and non-professional alike, with individuals unworthy of their titles.

Two remedies have been suggested for the situation. It has been the policy of many colleges to encourage their graduates to enter the business world in an effort to relieve the congestion in the professions. It must be granted that business conditions at present are uninviting to the college man; yet when there is a return to normalcy this should be a genuine remedy. Only recently Mr. R. W. Babson traced the cause of the prostration of business to "deficient character in business men." The college man with a sound training in social ethics should be able to overcome such a condition.

The second remedy lies in the restriction of higher education to those candidates who evidence a genuine seriousness of purpose and who are adequately equipped for the work, thus raising educational standards and reducing the trek from the college to the ranks of the unemployed.

THE NEW BROOM

When the new Alembic made its first appearance last November, we remarked on this page that a new broom sweeps clean. We protested that the old maxim was not quoted in disparagement of the old Alembic. We only hoped that our efforts this year would at least measure up to the standard set during the eleven years that the magazine has been in existence. Whether this end has been attained is not a matter for us to pass judgment upon. The staff, however, feels that on the whole this year's publication has not been unsuccessful and when with this month's issue it passes the torch to those who follow, it has no reason to feel ashamed of its achievement. A college monthly is after all a literary laboratory and if it has provided a training ground for those whose talents incline towards the written word, then it has been at least mildly successful.

Critique

By

Walter J. Shunney, '33

MANY sociologists and political observers of today maintain that the political and social upheavals that have occurred in the past two decades mark the birth of a new era in human affairs. Applying the same theory to matters literary, may we not say that the tabloid era with its machine-gun stylists, neo-realists and purveyors of Freudian theories to a morbid public appetite must first exist before the true prophets of the good and beautiful of our age may hold forth?

"We are born," says Scipio, "with an overweening curiosity." At any rate whether the average individual wishes to regulate his conduct through a knowledge of the reactions of his fellows, or through a perverse curiosity regarding their faults and foibles, the story teller in the role of the teacher or tale-bearer has always been accorded a high place in human society.

With the birth of the first artist was born the first critic. Creative human efforts and criticism are essentially conjunctive; they are the handmaidens of the latter-day god of Progress. A Cervantes to unmask a foolish tradition; a Tom Paine to clarify a political philosophy; a Dickens to correct an existent social disease—each drew an exaggerated picture and each can find justification in the reforms accomplished. It is not the writer's intention to deny absolutely that the great majority of the modern school of literature possess merit or are justified in the methods of presentation, but rather to deplore that fact that the quinine of morality has apparently become the sugar-coating of smut.

My favorite newspaper columnist hints that all youth is necessarily radical, and at heart anarchistic, in its attitude toward established institutions; wherefore must I give early evidence of senile decay, for I am attracted far more by the optimistic school with its lampooned happy ending, than by the disciples of the Philosophy of despair. In a course of reading, as

much directed by the fulminations of Mencken, as by the prohibitions of the Watch and Ward society, I encountered a wide variety of the works of the Moderns on the shelves of various and sundry circulating libraries, and if my humble opinion be worthy of notice; if it is true that this type of literature exists solely because we, as a nation provide a good market for it, then we are not what we purport to be but an aged and decaying nation. This conclusion is not the usual hasty and intolerant assumption of youth. There is historical background for it in the case of France. In suggesting a change or remedy, I would not advocate a system of censorship such as is practised in some states, and wrongfully, as the American Mercury contends. That condemnation, which can only proceed from a public made morally conscious by education, is the only solution in which can be placed any hope of success.

In making this assertion I am not championing the cause of Pollyanna. Realistic literature is far more acceptable to me than the fairy tale. My protest is directed against that particular group (the dominant group if the circulating library be considered) which portrays the erotic actions and even the diseased imaginings of the so-called representative types of American life. The greatest of all books were written for the pure joy the author derived from writing them. Today the public taste

dictates what shall be written and the conglomerate and insensate mass we know as the public can never set a standard that will heighten the value of American writing in a literary sense.

A smiling landscape may comprehend a treacherous quagmire or a healthy, apparently normal, body conceal a cancerous growth, but I for one do not believe in the glorification of the latter to the utter exclusion of the former. It may be that as one modernist and extreme realist contends that "an age of reality is out of focus with the truth because the truth is a dream"; it may be that a meagre understanding of philosophy such as I, at present, possess does not permit a complete understanding of the statement but I contend that unless the whole picture is presented in a story, the completed work cannot be termed realistic. Man is literally lifting himself by his bootstraps and the ideal of relative perfection to which, as a race, he is striving to attain, has been kept ever before him by the thinkers and writers of succeeding generations. How slow that process of cultural growth has been may be appreciated by a consideration of the term of recorded history. In this particular sense truth is a dream, in that it never merges into actuality; it is not static but dynamic.

It is exasperating to contemplate the bovine placidity of the American nation in its acceptance of the opinions of foreign commentators on our culture, native intelligence, and general all-around worth. It is the fashion these days to rant about the evils of the machine age, with its mass production; to bemoan the fact that we have passed from the pastoral age into the Industrial era; that we have lost the fine simplicity of character which the individual possessed in that now glamorous period of the past. George Bernard Shaw, whose strivings for scintillating wit so often becloud his sense of humor, condescends to call us "dear old

(Continued on Page 24)



CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34



Billy De Vita, the drummer boy, has been pretty good all year . . . and he breaks out all of a sudden right near the end . . . he steps out to Crescent Park to go to a dance . . . and how he picks 'em . . . about a foot and a half taller than he is . . . Never mind, Will, old pal, . . . you weren't dancing with tears in your eyes . . . and they call you "Googie."

We are full of apologies to a relative of Reilly's . . . for Rile tried to put us in the bag . . . He said . . . please make a crack about my aunt . . . We didn't know the reason so obligingly we did . . . we then become indebted to this relative by an odd turn of fate . . . then Rile pretends that it was all our work . . . We take this space, however, to thank our hostesses for their kindness . . . and to tell Reilly what a double crosser he is . . .

"Barney" Healy was perceived down in front of a local theatre on a Sunday morn . . . he was sporting a blinker the size of which had never been seen before . . . The humorous part of this story is that the show isn't going to open until August . . . maybe that is how John got the shiner . . .

"Dapper Joe" Maguire got another piggy-back ride . . . after he got disgusted and disgraced the house of Greene by yelling at all

Well, boys, this is the last month . . . It's been a hard year so we thought we would ease up on you for a while but you kept on doing those things . . . so you brought it upon yourself . . .

the girls that passed by on Smith Street . . . We were wondering if he was aware of the fact that he cast a few remarks at a relative of Rile's . . .

"Sally" Sallinger has great aspirations . . . he expects to be a professor . . . He was teaching class in Education and comes out with the question "Who is the author of creation and mankind?" . . . Norback, the wag, pulled him down a peg when he replies "Vicki Baum" . . . Well the whole thing was more like a show anyway, "Sally" . . .

So "Flash" Brady was squelched at last . . . We were tickled to death but we would rather have anybody get the best of him than "Mike" Welch . . . but you did it, Taunton, so we'll give you credit . . . This also happened in the teaching class . . . Jack was calmed when the irrepressible one said, "I'll explain that one to you after class" . . .

Johnny Gallagher didn't know that Jimmy Welch was working for us . . . so he felt quite confident when he stepped up in the Albee one morning to pull a Hercules . . . The game was that he couldn't lift a girl from the floor . . . Well, he tried once . . . and he did it . . . he tried again . . . but she was a little heavier . . . once more he attempted the feat . . . and he was chagrined to say the least when he was unable to accomplish it . . . he slumped back to his seat and said to Jimmy, "Gee, it's a good thing that nobody from the school is here to see me" . . . He didn't know that Jimmy was working for us . . .

It was a pitiful sight to see Joe Adamick and Bergin Leahy wince when Frank Cashell yelled "I'll take a half a buck to keep it out of the Alembic" . . . for the elongated pair were walking down the street with a little girl about four feet high in between them . . . You brutes . . .

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Joseph V. Tally, P. C. 1926

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It appears as though Cousin Ann is making a great hit with Kos... The sweet one who is described by all girls as looking like Clark Gable has been telling Bert Skipp what a pip she is... The great hitter always brags because he is told he looks like Clark but his roommate never brags because they tell him he looks like Harold Lloyd...

"Speedball" Keane is not behaving himself from all reports... He didn't tell us about the fair one that called him up the other day... but what did he mean by saying that he was Marsella... You're not dumb, kid, but you're not in Marsella's class... and you don't look like "Cheese" at the bat, either...

"Elsie" FitzGerald, Tilden's only rival, is going to journey to Europe for the summer... Watch yourself boy... Bad things come from going out of your own territory...

Since the last issue the sophs have had their banquet... and what a time it was... Joe Wright was sure surprising... he was wright there... Eddie Keegan had

to get up and leave every little while... Nervous, Eddie? ... Dex Davis had a great time although he didn't get enough to eat... he didn't expect that though... but that speech he gave... it sure was a pip... Then Marsella, the student, also spoke... They call you Chief, eh... well, they do well to call you Chief...

Eddie Hansen, Bill Kaylor and Joe Maguire did very well as female impersonators in the play... Eddie lived up to our expectations... we thought he would do well... but the other two they had their dainty ways about them... The muscle men came through...

Jack Keohane is a shrinking violet all right... he didn't see us as we saw him in Gibson's one night so long ago... If he wasn't the cutest little thing... holding a rose in his hand waiting on customers... it ought to have been a lilly Jack... It was nice of her to come in and present it to you though...

Jim McElroy said we would be putting him in the bag if we men-

tioned a certain thing... We like you so well, Jim, that we won't say anything about it... for the fellows would be liable to kid you if they heard that you were strutting down the street with a girl on each arm...

We have been trying to decide whether "Cherie" Burke is a good fellow or not... He does some things that are pretty decent and then when you start to get a good impression of him he turns around and does something you don't like... for instance, he borrowed a car and gave us a ride... We were financially embarrassed, to say the least... He brought us to a place and left us there at our own request... that was very nice of him... but he didn't come after us... Guess they do well to call you "Cherie" too...

"Bob" Carroll must go in for acting in a big way... he had a sweet part in "Macbeth"... Whatever all the "gimme, gimme, gimmes" are for we couldn't tell...

(Continued on Page 26)

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ATHLETICS

Austin Sullivan Batting for Tebbetts

The following accounts of the baseball games played to date by the Friars indicate that their chances of annexing the Eastern Collegiate Baseball Championship for a second successive year are very bright:

Providence 4, New Hampshire 0

Connors pitched the nine to a 4 to 0 shutout over the Wildcats of New Hampshire. It was our fifth straight victory and our team completely outclassed the opposing nine. Connors wasn't satisfied with merely fine mound work but provided a much needed offensive support when he drove a hard single in the sixth inning to score two of our total of four runs.

The game, for the most part, was a pitcher's duel between Connors and John McGraw, a fine pitcher, who held our men to six hits. Reilly proved to be our top-man in the batting, collecting two hits, while Smith upheld the Wildcats' end with a like number.

Providence 4, Mount St. Mary's 3

In a game well sprinkled with errors and sloppy fielding we finally came through to victory with the aid of pinch hitting by Marsella and Haggerty.

Lomax was the starting twirler for the nine and in spite of figures and poor support from his teammates pitched a "whale" of a game until relieved by Blanche in the seventh. Out of two trips at bat he secured two hits. Nevertheless it was seen fit to relieve him of his batting duties, as a pinch hitter was substituted for him before his subsequent release from the mound.

Blanche followed Lomax and

struck out six of the ten men who faced him.

Providence 9, College of the City of New York 3

With Quinton pitching excellent ball and the Dominican bats working savagely, we were once again winners to the score of 9 to 3 in the game with the New Yorkers.

Corbett and Oglio, C. C. N. Y. second baseman, played wonderful ball and deserve a word of commendation. The hitting honors were about evenly divided between "Chief" Marsella and Eddie Reilly. The former getting two triples and a double out of five trips to the plate and the latter two singles and a home run out of four tries.

Providence 3, Boston College 1

Eddie Reilly is a "good boy" and behaved well on his outing to Boston. He helped greatly by smashing out a home run in the ninth inning with two on base to give us a 3 to 1 win over Boston College and thereby putting the proverbial "Frank Merriwell" to shame.

Blanche pitched and as usual he made no half-measure job of it but held the Eagles to three hits, which, whether one is aware of it or not, was fine work because the Boston boys are really savage men with the bat and it was their first defeat after eight successive wins.

This was the second time in Boston and Providence College baseball history that victory has been taken from the Bostonians at the last minute. Last year in the ninth Griffin poled out a homer with the bases full to give us a 6 to 5 win over the Eagles—"history repeats itself."

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The game was thrilling and both teams played heads-up ball. Reilly's home run broke up a great pitching duel and Blanche and Roy put themselves high in the ranks of college twirlers.

Providence 2, Brown 0

What everyone expected happened at Aldrich field when Brown and Providence met in the first game of the two-game series, that is, the Bruin nine, not very strong according to their record, showed an amazing power and skill when faced by the Friars. That they were beaten was due as much to the breaks of the game as the Friars' skill, though all credit must be given Wally Corbett for lining out a hit over first base, after he had fouled several times and had been soaked by the sudden shower in the ninth.

Humphries and Quinton rolled along evenly, with the Brown pitcher looking especially clever and strong. Humphries' speed and pitching wisdom were sufficient to win most ball games and we believe

that when he appears on the mound next year and thereafter, he will be a tower of strength. Quinton, with his usual speed, and heady pitching kept down the Brown batters and registered his fifth successive win over the Hill-men.

The winning runs came in the ninth and were brought in when after two men had managed to get on base, Corbett slid one of Humphries' fast ones over first base into right field. That was the lone tallying in the game.

Yale 3, Providence 1

The first break in the P. C. string of victories was made by Yale and the close score indicates that it was no walkaway for Eli. The Friars were going through another of their hitless spells and although Wheeler, the Yale pitcher, had not a shadow of the ability of several pitchers Providence has faced, he was good enough to keep the game under control during almost every stage of the contest. On the other hand, Connors let

Yalemen hit when hits were most damaging and the result was a game that was in doubt until the ninth was over.

Providence 3, Manhattan 0

Bill Lomax was feeling right and it was too bad for the boys from Manhattan that they were elected to work against him when the second of the series between these two good ball clubs was played at Hendricken Field, May 19th. Manhattan, always a dangerous club at bat, was unusually tame under the treatment served out by Lomax and the results show that our own boys did not indulge in a batting spree. Their three runs looked very slim but because of the fine pitching the Friars squeezed through and added another victory to the long total.

Providence 9, Red Sox 8

When Big Leaguers beat college nines—that's in the day's work; when a college nine beats a Big League Club—THAT'S NEWS.

(Continued on Page 27)

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St. Albert—Scientist

(Continued)

as the true explanation the configuration of the moon itself and declared that the moon is of the same nature as the earth. We must keep in mind that these observations were made in the thirteenth century when such huge telescopes as those of the modern observatories were not available to the astronomer.

It is as a geographer that the superiority of Albert the Great to the writers of his own day chiefly appears. Bearing in mind the astonishing ignorance which prevailed on this subject it is truly remarkable to find him tracing correctly the chief mountain chains of Europe, with the rivers which take their source in each. It has been shown that St. Albert and St. Thomas exercised no little influence in determining Christopher Columbus to undertake that perilous voyage which resulted in the discovery of a new continent. Columbus was not the first to main-

tain that the earth was round. Centuries before his time Aristotle had given scientific proof of the sphericity of the earth by showing that the shadow cast upon the moon at the time of a lunar eclipse could be produced only by a spherical earth. St. Albert was an ardent student of Aristotle, and Albert it was who turned the thought of his age to the works of Aristotle. Besides popularizing these theories St. Albert gave an original proof of the sphericity of the earth and went on to describe the forms of life existing at the north and south poles. Finally he reached the conclusion that at the poles day is continuous during six months of the year and night during the remaining six months, once again quite in harmony with modern views.

In chemistry, physics, astronomy and geography, Albert was far in advance of his age. In all of these observations one is astounded at the extraordinary approach to the notions of the present day. There is almost a verbal agreement between the two sets of observations, the one belonging to the thirteenth century, the other to the twentieth.

But apart from the intrinsic value of his writings, which was inestimable, Albertus Magnus refuted that ever popular falsity that the Church and science are opposed. By his life, work, and teaching he indisputably demonstrated that not only could there be no conflict between faith and science but, on the contrary, they mutually assist in the pursuit of Truth. Accordingly Albert set out fearlessly in the quest of the secrets of nature with the certain knowledge that they could in no way be in opposition to the revealed truth since God, the Author of both, is Absolute Truth and cannot contradict Himself. Albert explored the entire field of knowledge, rising from the knowledge of the creature to the knowledge of the Creator. Truly then, has he been called the "Great" for he was "Great in natural science, greater in philosophy, greatest in theology."

St. Albert—Philosopher

(Continued)

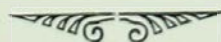
and opportunities in Aristotle's thought, but, at the same time, declaring Aristotle "a man subject to error," Albert collected the Graeco-Latin works of Aristotle, translated and corrected them, and, as Ueberwig declared, "became the first scholastic who reproduced the whole philosophy of Aristotle in systematic order, with constant reference to the Arabian commentators, and who remodeled it to meet the requirements of ecclesiastical dogma."

Had Albert's work ended there, had he but confounded and refuted these three fundamental errors of his day and presented his excellent translations and commentaries on Aristotle, he would have merited the admiration and the approbation of all succeeding generations. But he went further and out of his study and contemplation he developed to an admirable degree that system of thought which was begun in the ninth century, reached its perfection in the thirteenth, and is known since as the Scholastic system. Albert is rightly designated as the first eminent Scholastic as his pupil, St. Thomas, is properly termed the Prince of Schoolmen. Since Scholasticism is the system of thought which holds the highest place in all Catholic philosophical schools, it seems most fitting that we here pay a special tribute of praise to Albert for his great contribution to Scholasticism, which is a rationalistic movement in the sense that reason is to be used in the elucidation of spiritual truth and in defense of the dogmas of faith. It is dialectics applied to the study of nature, of human nature and of supernatural truth. For the construction of such a system did he exemplify the splendid harmony that can result when the human mind is functioning at its highest and the human heart is united in love with divine truth in prayer and contemplation.

Albert the philosopher, as reviewed so briefly this morning,

might be remembered as a Dominican of the Middle Ages, who, in the midst of his many duties as a religious, as provincial of his Order in Germany, as preacher of a crusade, as bishop and Papal legate, found time to study and as a consequence, composed a veritable encyclopaedia, purified and corrected the doctrines of Aristotle and made them do service in the cause of revealed truth, refuted three major anti-Christian schools of thought of his own day by showing the harmony and distinction between truths naturally knowable and revealed truths, by arousing adherence to the doctrines of individual immortality and responsibility, and by exposing the fallacies and concomitant evils of pantheism. Albert was truly a leader, a logical thinker, a man of faith, and there is no exaggeration in the words of Jourdain, that "whether we consider him as a theologian or as a philosopher, Albert is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary men of his age; I might say, one of the most wonderful." app

Class Photographer



St. Albert—Man of Public Affairs

(Continued)

On a latter occasion, he effected a reconciliation between the cities of Cologne and Utrecht which had for some time been vehemently disputing about their respective rights and privileges.

Such confidence did Popes Alexander IV, Clement IV and Gregory X repose in Albert's practical judgments that they consulted him on many questions concerning the government of the Church; and on several occasions granted him the power of appointing bishops without first seeking the approval of the Holy See.

Periodically we meet Albert accomplishing his missions of peacemaker. Disputes of members of religious communities with their superiors, conflicts of cathedral chapters with their bishops, controversies between prince and prince, discord between cities and states—all were referred to Albert

for decision, and all were adjudicated peaceably, satisfactorily and in accord with the principles of social justice.

These principles, for which Albert labored so arduously, require defense and promulgation today. Peace and active mutual co-operation between the various economic classes, and peace among nations based on the lasting principles of social justice and social charity, constituting part of the program of Catholic Action, are important objectives of the Church today under the leadership of Pope Pius XI. But these objectives can never be realized as long as men are actuated by the philosophy of materialism and opportunism which are so prevalent at present. Albert has indicated the method of solution; it remains for us to determine whether or not that method shall be applied.

It must be evident that Albert's great activity and accomplishments made him one of the outstanding leaders of his time. He raised his people to a higher plane of culture and instilled in them a greater desire for spirituality in living. His own life furnished the stimulus for such achievement. His untiring zeal for the development of human knowledge and education spurred the schoolmen of his time to greater efforts. His own pure and holy life, seventy long years spent in the service of God, preaching, studying and teaching men to live as Christ would have them live, inspired all who knew him to a deeper love and service of the True King.

As Friar Preacher, to his care was confided the new foundation in Germany as well as the training of St. Thomas, recognized by many as the greatest intellectual leader of modern times. During the tenure of his professorship at the University of Paris, the classes of Albert were so large that no hall could be found sufficient to contain them. As Provincial of the Dominican Order in Germany, he developed the province internally by the strict observance of monastic discipline, and externally by the rapid increase in foundations. Likewise as Bishop of Ratisbon, he edified the people, reformed the

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clergy and discharged the numerous debts which burdened his see upon his accession.

At present in all similar fields, we need men of Albert's character. We have need of more genuine education, of more spirituality in living. We need a more extensive and a more intensive practice of religion in order that civilization may be saved from the devastating forces of the new paganism, in order that human life may retain its inherent dignity and realize its glorious destiny.

This, in brief, is the record of the activity and achievement of a great Dominican friar, one whose life is deserving of our admiration and worthy of our emulation; one who was a great man among men, a loyal son of the Church, a devoted disciple of Christ—St. Albert the Great, Doctor of the Universal Church, the most recently canonized of the sons of St. Dominic.

Some Die Upon the Field

(Continued)

garding this rivalry and the long spring evenings were adequately disposed of by the well-fed housewives as they sat upon their porches in groups and announced to one another the details of this stormy envious courtship.

The storm broke when the biggest and most fashionable social event of the season arrived—the annual May Day Ball. Rumor rang upon the wind and flung the tale far and wide that now the gay, wise 'Lissa must choose between the two swains. A truce of two months had elapsed and the gossips were aroused. If this choosing however annoyed the laughter-loving hoyden, she did not show it. Her aunt said nothing but she significantly journeyed to Boston and purchased a new gown for her popular charge. In all probability, the idea of choosing between the two was as distasteful to Miss Owen as it was to her admirers. It meant that only half the number of good times would be hers that fell to her lot prior to her momentous choice.

To Charles Meredith the whole affair would have seemed indescribably stupid and laughable had it not involved himself. The sting of envy and incomplete success seared his usual likable if overconfident nature. It galled his Collegeman's complex to think that the capricious favor of a rustic coquette should thus upset his plans for destiny.

As the eve of May drew nearer the course of rivalry ran swifter and madder still. Joe's Poolroom at the square was not big enough for both the swains at once. The cronies of each took sides. Chelsea was too small to contain the twain. In short, the double courtship quickly degenerated into a barroom brawl—in which it more than once nearly materialized. The entire affair seemed to transpire within the shadow of Joe's Place.

One drizzly cold night in April, the satorial Charles was shooting a particularly bad game that was hardly augmented by numerous trips to the bar. His long white

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fingers viscerously handled the well worn cue and the glare of the arc light fell full upon his sulky face which was a startling contrast to the beefy rotund countenance of Joe Grogan who held forth with his cronies in the shadows.

Meredith glanced at his watch. It was almost 8:30. Vaguely, he remembered with a start, that he was due at Melissa's house at nine. This was not entirely a pleasant prospect however. Her aunt would insist upon discussing the current political issues with him until the evening was well worn and due to the inclement weather a spin in his roadster would be out of the question.

Suddenly the drone of voices about him grew more distinct. "Pop" Jameson had arrived. Old and deaf, the patriarchal rounder had a habit belonging to both—he talked both loudly and blatantly.

"Yep, met that Hell-raking young nephew of mine, Richy, as I dropped down the way. Handsome young devil now, ain't he? Just another woman killer though, jest

like old uncle 'Pop.' Heh! Heh! He was bound for the Owen's place with Amanda's best carriage and the mare she got from Saratogy. Amanda never could git used to these here automobiles anyhow."

Before the old fellow had half finished his long winded comments, Meredith's attention and rage were aroused. Visions of 'Lissa shrieking with laughter and derision at him; the cold reassurance of young Moore who though much his junior in both years and experience, now stepped nonchalantly past him squiring 'Lissa in his place. Suddenly something snapped within his skull. The glistening white cue ball seemed to flame as though splattered with blood.

The door of Joe's Place slammed with a maniacal violence; outside a tarnished roadster like something possessed plunged forth through the mist and rain. Faster and faster it bolted along the Chelsea Hill road. Mud and rain bespeckled the car and black ouze spurted about the hubs and splashed the windshield. The motor roared above the dull stillness of the night, and the scudding clouds, heralds of the approaching storm, moved across the sky like ghosts above the careening car.

Within, Meredith in the throes of black rage cursed 'Lissa and the boyish upstart she dared to prefer before him. A demonical frenzy emmeshed his inflamed mind and the speedometer ran the gamut of dizzy figures. He was almost to cross his bridge now. The Owens lived on the hill not far beyond. The roadster whirled around the curve on two precarious wheels and stormed up the grade towards the bridge. Its glaring headlights suddenly revealed a galloping horse and a swaying carriage just ahead. Meredith laughed inwardly with an ecstasy of venom as his car rushed by crowding the frail chase to the skimpy fence. Thunder rumbled ominously. The mare snorted in dismay. With terrific velocity the squatty roadster streaked by hurtling horse, carriage, and man through the fence with its terrific impact as it grazed by. The rain poured down in torrents.

An inarticulate shout of dismay broke from the terrified lips of the

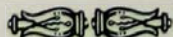


COMPLIMENTS OF

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UNITED STATES

SENATOR



victim and pierced like a needle the black cloud that wheeled within Meredith's drink-crazed mind. He jammed the brakes to the floor, leaped from the car, and made his way flounderingly through the mud on to the creaking boards of the bridge fence to the scene of the disaster. A great gap yawned in the fence. Horrified, Meredith rushed up. The place was littered with pieces of wreckage and spying an awry billfold at his feet, Meredith mechanically snatched it up and fearfully tip toed to the edge of the abyss.

Lightning flamed in a riotous streak. Far below flung grotesquely across a crooked sand bar, flanked by the trickling waters of the spring freshet, lay Richy Moore. Crumbled was the slight figure and one leg was twisted crazily in an awkward position. The chalky light threw his blanched handsome boyish face streaked with blood into a bright relief, stamped with that unforgettable look that sometimes falls the lot of the young that die.

A strange animal-like cry of remorse burst from Meredith's tight lips. The night blotted out the sight in the gully below. Headlong he whirled and staggered blindly to his car still madly clutching the bill fold. Hurling himself into the seat he began whimperingly to start the car when he noticed for the first time the black thing he carried.

The fascination that lures a murderer back to the scene of his crime overpowered Meredith. In the wan light of a match he opened the billfold. A cleanly folded white paper fell out. Meredith loosed it into crackling folds. In the dying light of the match he read, "Richard Larkin Moore and Melissa Janice Owen—married March 14th, 1916."

His jaw dropped but no sound came from his lips. Like a hot coal he flung the thing from the car window. The storm raged to its turbulent zenith. Like some fabled sinister bat the dark roadster started, gathered speed, and fled into the stygian darkness of the night.

* * * * *

Now Charles Meredith was com-

ing back—back to the only home he had ever really known; night-fall was fast overtaking him. Much had happened since the catastrophe of that direful night. Misfortune begot trouble; crime followed on crime; ending only in a long prison sentence. But the warden had been kind. Story after story he had sold written within the not unpleasant penitentiary walls. The pay checks had accumulated; securities amounting to \$3500.00 now rested within the valise he carried. At least he was coming home in potential style. But how quickly the years had sped!

Here was the rock where he had taken the early photographs for the illustrated "Old Home Week" programs the first year that he had come to Chelsea. Here too, had he sat with 'Lissa in the brightness of a Sunday afternoon sun. The purple shadows of twilight crept across the well worn path and night was fast coming on. Around the bend the gaunt penitent strode and there stood still. To the right

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on a hillock stretched the graves of Chelsea. Blue shadows hung upon the scattered white headstones and the evening dew glistened upon the unshorn grass. Meredith had buried his frail mother the spring following his graduation. The Spring of the momentous year in which he came to Chelsea. Blindly the pilgrim sought out his mother's unkempt grave and stood there. The sorrowful shining morning he had stood there for the first time arose accusingly in his memory. How quickly he had forgotten the soft voiced, patient, now mute woman that valiantly defended those flagrant years of youth. Choked with sorrow, he sank to the damp earth in prayer.

When he roused himself from his reverie, it was already night; the stars hung forth glimmering in the peaceful skies. A Katydid chirped in the soft stillness of the dark. It was late. Meredith shivered slightly in the cool wind that rippled the grassy plain. Suddenly he was conscious of the presence

of another. Slowly he lifted his head. A slender shadow had fallen across the headstone. Meredith turned in awe to its owner. His heart "his most dangerous enemy" so said the prison Doctor, pounded violently in the tension of the moment. A young boy stood there beside him. Fair-faced and naive of eye, clad in his well patched Sunday best, he eyed the gaunt Meredith curiously.

The pilgrim raped his youthful companion with his searching glance. The breeze ruffled the boy's tousled hair. A sea of faces, names, expressions poured from memory's portals, then Meredith remembered—it was Richy Moore who stood there.

"I guess you knew Mrs. Meredith," commented the boy curiously.

"Yes," was the puzzled reply.

"I was going to Glenville and seeing that today's Memorial Day, I dropped by. Ma always comes here, so I kinda got the habit, see."

"Yes, yes to be sure," answered the stranger.

"Ma must of liked her," continued the lad awkwardly, indicating the grave at their feet. "You see she knew Mrs. Meredith and her son years ago and she told me to mention them to God when I dropped by."

The youngster waxed more eloquently, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he continued, "My father's grave is in the valley there and, gee, you oughta see that."

"Are you Richard Moore's boy?" queried Meredith in a strange voice.

"Yea" was the laconic reply.

Meredith's brain whirled in fantastic ecstasy. The town would never receive him. A fortune for an unfortunate family was stored in the small valise he carried. Then with a pretense of casual surprise Meredith said, "Well, that is a coincidence. Here's a package I was told to bring to you folks. I'll give you a quarter if you take it along home now and tell your mother that—well, tell 'Lissa I was askin' for her."

Puzzled by this combination of simple words and sad tones, young Moore grasped the valise and hurried down the road towards the

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town, well rid of the melancholy stranger.

How kind Heaven had been to provide such a graceful exit! His earnings were well disposed of; and yet this small fortune was poor retribution to the family of the man that he believed he had murdered once in life—a thousand times in thought.

Slowly Charles Meredith started down the hill. The moon shone full and bright upon a great block of marble below. The boy was right—this was well worth seeing. What irony! The bold inscription visible at this distance read, "In Memory of Richard Larkin Moore who perished in the Service of his Country, August 10, 1918. Erected by the Town of Chelsea."

A tremor of gladness shook the weary pilgrim. Richy Moore—war—killed! Then he had not killed him at all. A mighty surge like an onrushing sea swept Charles Meredith's tired frame. What a horrible nightmare it had been. Now peace like an enveloping mist overwhelmed him. He started forward, staggered an fell headlong down the grassy slope.

When the moon went down at twelve, it shone fleetingly upon the serene countenance of the penitent who had paid indeed his last full measure. In a white relief against the dewy grass it revealed a long white supple hand that strove mutely as though to clasp in friendship something ahead of him. Perhaps it was the tattered, weather-beaten flag that fluttered there—

I Like Gibbs

(Continued)

ernment and radical policies as for the nobility of their experiment. He feels that though the revolution was accomplished by outlawed method, the people of Russia are entitled to no little respect for the work they are doing in setting up a new form of government. In

spite of this feeling for the new Russia, Gibbs has a whole hearted compassion for the Old Russians.

Throughout his novels he displays a deep-rooted passion and love for England and the English. The traditions of his country he reverences, her old manors and titles he loves and respects. He admires the new England, her hopes and her visions. Gibbs decries the lack of religion among modern champions and voices through his characters the sentiment that only in the realization of God and a more Christian attitude toward each other will nations prevent a recurrence of War, which in its last and most horrible form, he depicts in his novels.

In conclusion, Gibbs may be read and enjoyed by everybody. His works do capture the attention and stimulate the imagination by their earnestness and beauty. He reaches great emotional heights and enlists the sympathy of his clientele. His plots are well-formed and complete, with a reality that pleases. The characters are drawn with skill, but oftentimes they seem types,

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alive and walking, but nonetheless types. There is a certain common ground and strain of similarity running through the novels with which I am familiar. The war and its reactions can be traced through them, its horror being especially vivid. I like Gibbs; he is good.

But I do not believe he is great or that his novels are masterpieces. He seems to know the condition of Europe after the World War, he treats it in a fresh and individual way, and for this aspect of his work alone, he is worthy of attention.

Critique

(Continued)

boobs," and with no sense of rancor we respond by turning out en masse to see his plays, and by using the good American dollar to buy his books. Evidently we are not very sensitive. It is obvious that, as a nation, we have an inferiority complex in matters of refinement and culture. Although the propagator of mechanisms which have brought lasting comforts and benefits to the world and the propounder of a distinct and worthwhile culture America is still, in the eyes of the world, the upstart nation. A famous modern novelist insists that "humility and patience are excellent attributes in the slave, but are hardly excellent qualities in a dominant race." American writers must bear the responsibility for the foreign attitude toward our culture. It is truthfully said that the literature of a nation is a criterion of its culture, and when American writers portray American people as egotistical fools, with little or no culture, with a wishy-washy outlook on things pertinent and fundamental for rational existence, it is little wonder that foreigners view with alarm the influence of so-called American degeneracy. It is not difficult to appreciate the attitude of the circus clown who, behind his garish make-up, studies the stupid horde who can never believe that he is rational and subject to the functions of all mankind.

The wail of the theatrical producer is that the truly artistic production is not supported by the public, and the hopeless struggle of the Little Theatre movement indicates that the same thing holds true in the moving picture realm. It is tragic that this same commercial spirit should prove such a powerful force in the field of literature, but such apparently is the case. Publishers are business-men and those men who can please the public are the writers who collect the cream from the literary crop. It is an indictment of the American people that the greater is not always the more popular writer.

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Elaborate study of modern literature is not necessary to prove that he who sneers most viciously is most successful. I wish to insist once more that this is not a tirade against all of our writers. On the contrary, it is my belief that we have men writing today who rank with the great of all time. There is little doubt that technical knowledge of the control of plot, style and character is greater today than ever before. No one presumes to challenge the sincere and conscientious man who calls them, in the venacular, as he sees them. But there is another element and they do more damage to civilization than all our wars, pestilences and depressions. It would be interesting to study a statistician's compilation of the corruption caused by degenerate and obscene literature. There is irony in the fact that many of the writers of this style of literature have virile minds and vivid styles which they use to sneer at tradition, to scoff at virtue and convention and to elaborate on smut and scandal with an abandon that knows no bounds. With venom-dipped pens they smear lust and sex and the rawest passion for the delectation of a rabid clientele. Well might one of our better commentators exclaim, "Ah realism, what infamies are published in thy name." Mankind has always demanded truth and reality in literature, but we want it in its entirety so that we may study the complete picture before we determine the correctness of its perspective. In no other way can we realize the coalescence between reality and fiction. Life is essentially good and beautiful. Such a statement is not the muse of the mystic but rather that of the poet whose analysis is even more comprehensive than that of the philosopher. In the light of these facts it is hardly fitting to accept the demi-mundaine heroine and the gangster hero as proper types for literary criterions. There are many unmentionable phases of life but while we have the glow of the sunset and the glory of pure love, we should find no excuse for delving into the depravity of existence.

There is a problem which has puzzled too many men to be new.

Is a knowledge of truth necessary to all men? The question, though moral, is a matter of opinion. Modern writers assume obviously that there are no unmentionable things. It is my contention that too much knowledge has done more damage to society than too little knowledge. If knowledge will benefit an individual by all means give it to him, but if it is going to raise doubts and misgivings which he

has no opportunity to clarify; injecting into the mind something which the intellect cannot comprehensively appreciate then keep it from him.

It has been said that, "History is Philosophy, teaching by examples." If that be true the past has afforded us ample proof that the literature of each succeeding cycle of History has had a profound influence on the populace. I need not

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attempt to predict what would be the result if the present trend runs its full course but of this I am certain: that the social structure will certainly not be strengthened if the type of literature here discussed is allowed to undermine the morals and the mentality of the Church and State may endure, a youth of the nation. In order that great amount of faith is necessary and a force which destroys that faith must inevitably destroy both of the essential institutions

get home on time that night... Where in the world did you stay, Buck?... It must have been rather cold along near the seashore on a night like that, wasn't it?... When a boy your age can't find his way home at night he ought not to go out at all... Why didn't you bring Irv with you... he probably would be able to see his way clear somehow or other...

Paul Curran tells us that Frankie Keane, whom we have already mentioned as "Speedball"

cord girl was in love with you... but how you had greater affection for the one you met while you went to Georgetown... We'll check up on you more closely next year...

Bill Murphy has kept in hiding pretty well throughout the year... but he broke out and got real generous the other day... he gave a pretty young maiden a treat... He took her for a nice long walk... You and Tebbetts ought to get together and write a book on how you do it...

Frank Reavey and "Hawkshaw" Trainor are leading two of our girl-haters astray... They hailed a car full the other night... stopped and got in with them... and whom do you think they had with them when they got in... Edward Koslowski and "Calvin" Madden... Boys, you had better stick to your roommates rather than go out with such men as Trainor and Reavey... the latter two will never do you any good...

Joe Adamick, that frail little fellow from College Rd., was seen in an apron the other night... he was cooking supper for the boys over at his house... Healy said it was great 'cause he was the first one there... and every thing is great as long as he gets first shot at it and all he wants... Glennon didn't care so much for it, but anyway one can never satisfy a wise guy so it makes no difference...

What Bridgeport has done to our dear little Tebby... He was so good and now he goes visiting the minute he arrives in town... Two hard working students attempt to gain knowledge... but not Tebby... he wants to have them listen to stories of his operation...

Some fellows have the impression that we are double-crossers... They should get that out of their head immediately... Joe Maguire for instance, came up to us and told us to put in that Howie Norback stole some records from a fellow by the name of Charlie... We are clever enough to know that you, Joseph, are the lover of Cab Calloway and you go visiting Charlie... It would be a good joke and all that, Joe, but we must maintain our honor and our motto "The truth is what hurts"...

Bobby Dion has at last come out

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with some real wit...we knew that you had it in you, Bob...What was that one you pulled about pepper and salt?...that was a clever one...That was the right thing at the right time in the right place alright...

Joie Wright pulled a good one at the banquet...We didn't get the gist of it ourselves...it had something to do with lamb chops...and everybody laughed...that is almost everybody...You had remarkable taste in your selection of jokes we must admit

"Hawkshaw" Trainor also performed at the banquet in his usual manner...he talked a lot...and said nothing...He did have the cigarettes, however, and some of the boys took advantage of this unusual opportunity...

Al, "Sharkey" for short, Ferris is by this time residing in good old Morningside, Mass...We presume that he is taking care of the store during the day...and attending the Tyler at night...and taking a walk down near Memorial Park once in a while...nice park, eh, Shark?...

There are a lot of things we would like to see over again...we could enumerate but for lack of space...there have been a lot of funny things that happened...But we still think the funniest thing that we came across was when Barney O'Connor arrived in Harkins Hall with that full dress suit on...that sure took the cake...Chicoppee's bid for world fame with a Fall River lass on his arm...hiding so she wouldn't be recognized...If your a senior next year, Barney, you ought to know enough about those social affairs...at least enough not to have anything to do with Jack Smith...he will disgrace you, sure...

Then there is John Shea...who spent his first year at the Friar stronghold as a sophomore...who then invited Jerry Flynn down to take him over the hurdles...and brought him places that he should never have gone...ruined him completely...made him so his mother never would know him...

We hate to leave a lot of the boys...tears come to our eyes...but we broke down completely...and that is unusual for us...when

we bid a fond adieu to our pal and buddy...who took care of us all year...who afforded copy for us for one month...who literally made us a success...We appreciate it, Skenyon, and good-bye, old pal, old pal...

Then there was that time when Ted LeBlanc and Oc Perrin went out one night...and had a milk drinking contest...They both admit taking thirty-two glasses...Pretty good for little fellows like them...you ought to show Joe Maguire how to do it...

This next statement will be the first time that we never mention any names...Bobby Dion told us it and we thought it was pretty good...He said that a certain fellow would look like a clothespin if he had his arms cut off...Aren't you glad that we didn't put your name down, Joe?...for you would be razzed unmercifully...maybe working on the parks would help fill you out...but you can't get work on the parks...

Well, we'll say good-bye to all...we wish you the best of luck...Remember our motto, though...
"We print all the news that's fit to print and some that isn't"...and
"The truth is what hurts"...

Athletics

(Continued)

Happily that was the case in our battle with the Boston Red Sox this year.

The game was not an interesting one except in the sixth and ninth innings. Quinton pitched just the sort of ball that the Red Sox batters eat up and it was not until Blanche appeared in the last half of the game that things began to look bright for us.

One of the happy moments of the game was when Sellig connected with one of Kline's balls in the fourth inning for a home run. The hit brought in two runs. The final inning, however, furnished the spectacular. It was in this inning that Flynn's hand strayed into his hat and drew forth the rabbit that spelled defeat for the Sox.

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