

# ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE



VOLUME XXIV

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SUMMER, 1942

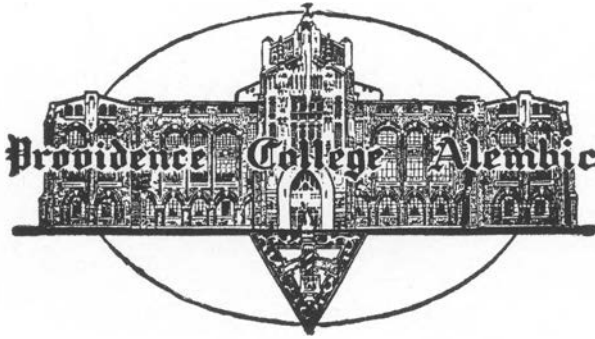
A WOMAN OF LETTERS

JOSEPH KENNY, '44

ON LATE-COMERS

JEFFREY GORMAN, '44

# THE ALEMBIC



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF PROVIDENCE COLLEGE  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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## A Woman of Letters

By JOSEPH V. KENNY, '44

“GOOD morning Mrs. Kelly. You *are* a stranger. I don't be seeing you much in town.”

Mrs. Kelly stopped on the doorstep of Burns' Hardware Store. “No,” she replied, “I have my wee sister fetch my messages. And how are the children, Mrs. Sweeney?”

“As well as ever thanks. They do be spoiled by Pat. But he won't take a telling. I might as leave talk to old Tom, the black horse.”

Just then a postman approached and touched his cap to Mrs. Sweeney. Mrs. Kelly looked at him closely as he passed. “I didn't know we had a new postman,” she said.

Mrs. Sweeney looked at her with surprise. “Why Terry McBride has been delivering the mail for the last three weeks. He comes from over Ballyminnow way. He's a fine dacent man. He'll be looking around for a wife now that he has a good job. But you must have seen him before this.”

“Well as I told you I don't be in town much and the letters I get are few and far between. I don't have much need of writing as all my friends and relatives are around here.”

“I heard Father Brady announce Michael's first anniversary Mass on Sunday. My but the time does fly. He was such a fine strappin' fellow. I can't believe that he's gone.”

At these words of the sympathetic but none too delicate Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. Kelly looked away before replying. “Yes he will be a year dead on Tuesday, God rest his soul.”

“You will be lonely living all alone by yourself,” said Mrs. Sweeney.

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"No, you see I have Dora my youngest sister living with me," Mrs. Kelly replied. "Well good day Mrs. Sweeney, I'll have to be getting back home."

At the end of the town Mrs. Kelly met the new postman. He recognized her and touched his cap.

The cottage of the widow Kelly was about a half mile down the road leading from Ballydoran to Ballyminnow. Alice Kerrigan was twenty-eight when she married Michael Kelly. They had bought the little cottage for a hundred pounds. A year after the marriage Michael was killed while working in the railway yard.

Alice had gone home to her mother after the funeral, but she soon returned to the cottage, the place where she had spent the happiest year of her life.

From her doorstep she would look on the misty-blue hills of Donegal. They lay about ten miles across the fields. Little thatched cottages nestled around their base like chicks around the feet of their mother. When she saw the swallows flying low she would look across to the hills. On seeing a few dark clouds over the summits of the hills she could tell an hour ahead of time when it was going to rain. It would be very hard to give up the cottage but the few pounds left after the expenses of the funeral would not last forever.

She was greeted at the cottage-gate by Dora. "Did you buy some sweets Alice," she asked.

"No Dora I didn't. Go out to the field with the white thorn and gather some strawberries. There are some big ones growing there. When you come back we will have strawberries and cream. Daddy brought over a pitcher of cream yesterday. That will be better than sweets." Dora, taking a little basket, ran down the path leading to the field with the white thornbush.

After she had taken off her coat and placed the provisions which she had bought in the cupboard, Alice went into

the garden. The cottage was built between two small gardens, one lying in front, the other lying behind. The back garden was intended as a vegetable garden, the front one as a flower garden. Both gardens of Alice's cottage were planted with vegetables. Not that she disliked flowers. In fact roses were climbing over the walls of the cottage and two white rhododendron bushes guarded the doorway like two Old-English sheepdogs. But Alice was a practical woman, and she knew that while flowers were nice to smell, vegetables made good soup. Hearing Dora return, she went back into the cottage.

That evening sitting by the fire and watching the crickets scurrying through the peat she suddenly addressed the Genii of the fireplace, "It is worth trying," she said. Rising quickly she opened a drawer and taking an envelope, a sheet of writing paper, pen and ink she sat down and commenced to write.

It was a few days later. A tiny soaring speck in the sky was pouring out its whole being in melody. That self-same song which had enthralled Shelley and Keats drifted down to the fields below but Alice did not listen to the skylark, for a song was singing in her own heart.

She heard a noise at the garden-gate and looking through the small window panes of the cottage she saw Terry McBride come up the path, a letter in his hand.

"Good morning ma'am," he said as she opened the door.

"It is a lovely morning," she agreed. Taking the letter she glanced casually at it and put it into the pocket of her apron. "And how do you like Ballydoran?" she questioned him.

"Fine," he replied, turning and going back down the path. Alice had noticed that he had seemed uncomfortable under her eyes, and his ruddy complexion had been ruddier than its wont.

For the last two months Terry McBride had been delivering regularly twice a week a letter addressed, Mrs. Alice Kelly,

## *A Woman of Letters*

Tullan Cottage, Ballydoran, Co. Donegal. The characters were always written in the same slanting handwriting. The peculiar "A" in the word Alice was now familiar to him. This morning he hurried for it was beginning to rain. There was no shelter along this part of the road until he reached Tullan cottage. The few drops of rain quickly turned into a downpour and by the time he had reached the garden gate he was drenched.

Running up the path he knocked on the door. It was immediately opened by Alice who looked at him and said, "Why you're drenched. Come in and wait until it blows over. It is just a passing shower."

Terry stood on the doorstep hesitatingly. He was one of those men with the appearance of a lion and the sensibility of a fawn. This fawnishness was very much in evidence when he was in the presence of a woman. His nerves would then beat a tattoo upon his brain bidding him run. This was how he felt now. Meanwhile the rain was streaming in through the open door. Timidly he stepped inside and Alice closed the door.

"Take your jacket off and hang it over a chair before the fire," she said. "I'll have a cup of tea ready in a jiffy." She went into the kitchen before he could object.

Terry McBride knew that to most Irish women tea was a synonym for hospitality. He also knew that they feel it to be a reflection on their ability to make "a good strong cup of tay" if the guest or visitor refuses to drink their product. He had found himself on wintry days drinking as many as ten cups of tea.

Alice soon returned from the kitchen with two cups of tea and some cookies of her own baking. There are two things you will always find in an Irish country cottage: a fire burning and a kettle boiling. A cup of tea can then be made in a few seconds at any time of the day.

"And how do you find Ballydoran now?" she queried.

"Tis a fine countryside you have here," replied Terry.

Alice handed him over a cup and went over to the fireplace. Taking a pair of tongs she picked up a piece of peat and placed it in the flames.

"And how does Mrs. McBride like Ballydoran," she asked without looking up.

Terry gave a start. "You mean my mother," he said.

"No. I mean your wife."

Terry gulped his tea. "I'm a bachelor," he gasped out.

Alice came over to the tray and picked up her own cup. "Sure and I didn't know that," she lied. "I was thinking a man like you with such a fine steady job would be married."

Terry had finished his tea and looking out the window he saw that the rain had stopped. "I must be going now," he said, "before it starts up again." Hastily putting on his jacket he went towards the door. "Thank you ma'am for the tea. It was the best cup of tea I tasted since I left my mother to come to Ballydoran." And with that he was gone.

Alice watched him almost run down the garden path and she smiled. "He's a fine strappin' fellow" she mused, "almost as fine as was Michael."

It was now six months since the widow Kelly had received the first letter. They still continued to arrive twice a week. Terry McBride had now dropped the impersonal "ma'am" and addressed the widow by the more familiar title of Mrs. Kelly. The widow without any trace of familiarity called him simply, Terry.

One morning, it was Ash Wednesday, Alice on opening the door found Terry McBride with two letters addressed to her. She was so surprised at receiving two that she did not notice that Terry after handing them to her had turned and left without saying a word. She closed the door and looked at the letters.

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One bore the familiar handwriting. This she dropped into a drawer, unopened. The other letter had the heavy, straight handwriting of a man. She quickly tore the envelope open and taking out the letter read:

Dear Alice,

Being a man of letters and no man of words I am writing you this note to ask you to be my wife. I hope you won't be angry at me for rushing you off your feet like this. We could be married as soon as Lent is over. Please don't be too angry with me.

Love Terry.

Alice sat down and wept softly but not from anger.

The Saturday following Easter, the widow Kelly and Terry McBride stood at the foot of the altar before Father Brady. (If God were to start a new race of men it would be such a couple as this that He would choose for His new Adam and Eve. They were natural, simple, healthy. Their bodies and minds were untouched by the decadent hand of a moribund civilization. They loved life, they loved their fellow men, they loved each other. They could love all things because they still could love their God.)

After the wedding ceremony they followed Father Brady into the vestry.

"Would you please sign this register," Father Brady said smiling good naturedly at the new Mrs. McBride. She signed and handed the pen to her husband.

He wrote his name and then glanced at the handwriting immediately above. It was the same slanting handwriting that he had come to know so well.

"Shades of Devalera," he cried, "I've been hooked. And by a widow and a red headed one at that." Turning round he caught Alice and smiling gave her a fierce kiss.

## The Gazette Goes to Press

By LOUIS ROSEN, '42

EDITOR JED HARLEY, of the Winston, Wisconsin *Gazette*, the most widely-read weekly in this section of the farming country, drew the familiar dark-grained pipe from his lips and placed it carefully between several piles of copy paper. Then he leaned back from the huge mahogany desk and cleared his throat.

"Hoppy?" he demanded, lifting his voice expertly above the continuous boom of the presses which were running full blast in the composing room.

A gaunt but agile figure who had been standing watchfully over the presses, obediently turned down the motors to a dull whizz and wiped his soiled hands on an oil-spotted cloth. His wizened head was bent expectantly and his features seemed to brighten as he half-jumped toward the direction of the voice, a characteristic which had earned him his appellation since the days when he was a press boy.

A learned scholar of the art of typesetting, the best years of "Hoppy's" career had been a chronicle of devotion to the *Gazette* and to its distinguished if small-town editor. He was bald except for two banks of grey which rose up around his ears, and his horn-rimmed glasses invariably hung low on his nose. He seemed to have no other interests except the paper and a worshipful regard for his old friend and colleague, Jed Harley.

"Have you got that page proof ready yet?" editor Harley asked with that matter-of-fact tone common to men who have worked together for many years.

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"Here y'are, Jed," the printer replied, carefully handing over a large damp sheet of paper which carried the imprint of newly-set type, "the proofs for page one."

Jed reached out eagerly for the paper and stretched far back in his swivel chair in order to get an idea how the paper would look after the forms had finally been locked and the oiled presses would thunder out their message. He muttered some satisfied grunts as he felt with one hand for his pipe, and with the other for the huge black pencil he always kept nearby. Then he held out a long, partly scribbled sheet to the printer. "Here's that editorial at last."

"And just about made the deadline, too," his printer admonished jocularly, slouching forward in his peculiar manner and fingering his horn-rimmed glasses.

Jed placed the damp proofs carefully on his desk, pushing back the piles of paper which cluttered the space in front of him. But his eyes were tired, and for a time he could hardly make the sheet out. He smiled at the big black line of words across the top, "Bumper Crop Expected," and then his eyes began to wander up and down, back and forth across the page, noting some features with satisfaction, and every now and then making heavy marks with his big black pencil.

"Hoppy" lingered by, his old eyes twinkling infinite satisfaction as he strained to catch Jed's reactions, although otherwise he seemed to be slouching forward indifferently.

Finally Jed's eye rested momentarily on a prominent item near the top of the page. It said rather laconically,

"TOM HARLEY RETURNS  
Son of Editor Comes Home  
After Graduation"

Jed read the story two or three times, even though he knew that "Hoppy" was watching him.

"One of the best issues we've ever . . ." Jed began, feeling intensely self-conscious.

"Sure thing," the printer drawled. "Alwa's said he'd make good, Jed." The lanky figure smiled broadly, causing his glasses to squeeze tightly to his thin face.

For an instant Jed turned toward his friend and surveyed him minutely, remembering how "Hoppy" had worked along with him all those long years; how much Tom's success meant to "Hoppy," as well as to himself, his father. Every now and then Jed reminded himself that he ought to make a few appropriate remarks to "Hoppy," to thank him for all his services. But the words were not there, though the eyes of the two men met in knowing silence.

"Tom's telegram says that he'll be here some time late tonight. I hope we'll be able to have a copy of the paper to show him when he gets here. I want to show him that his old man still knows a few more tricks of the newspaper game than he."

"You know he looks up to you, Jed."

"Maybe, but I've been having a hard time keeping to the old grind these last few years. Soon I'll be able to see him here—at my desk—before I retire for good."

"I don't see why not, Jed."

The old clock in the hall struck ten as Jed studied the remaining papers on his desk. It was Friday night, the most enjoyable part of Jed's life, because it was press time. Unless perhaps you could name Saturday, when he liked to stroll down the main street of Winston and watch the men gather around Smith's drug store to buy a copy of the *Gazette* as soon as it made its appearance.

There was a large daily situated about a hundred miles away. But that august newspaper didn't have the time nor space to devote to Winston and the neighboring hamlets. Be-

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sides it was too much interested in politics and big business to take much notice. These were the sentiments which had moved Jed to inaugurate the *Gazette* about forty years ago when he saw the need of a paper which could concern itself with the livelihood and social life of his own people.

Perhaps the *Gazette* too would one day become a daily, and be vitally concerned with politics and the price of real estate. Jed hoped not; but then, the town was growing rapidly. He smiled inwardly as he thought how the cycles of life progressed outward and outward, while always within some man, who had the common touch, resolved to work with and develop the little men. . . .

He was glad Tom would have his start here and not in the brutal environment of the city, where he himself had to begin his career.

Yes, tomorrow was Saturday, and tomorrow he and his son would walk arm in arm down Main Street, and join in the discussion over his provoking editorial, and Tom would show what he learned at college. Sure, it took a few sacrifices to send Tom through college, but now he had graduated and been president of his class.

Editor Harley was proud of his boy. They all said that Tom looked and talked like his old man. Said that he was starting out to have the same crazy ideas too. All the same they admired him and were proud of him.

But it was only a short time back when he too was worried to death about Tom, wondering if he'd been getting the right background, with no mother, and with an easy-going editor for a father.

But now Tom was coming back. He'd have a lot of new ideas, find ways of building up the paper where Jed had to leave off. He'd infuse a new spirit into the *Gazette*. Jed would find a great deal of pleasure in teaching his own son how it was

to run a real newspaper—in letting him take over the paper himself and editing it.

He leaned back in his swivel-chair, completely relaxed, and re-lit his favorite pipe, resting his eyes dreamily on the pile of corrected copy paper in front of him. Well, his work was finished. It had been useful and purposeful, and now he could retire and take a trip south to one of those quiet resorts and mingle with the rich folks who hadn't come up the hard way.

Tom would take over the *Gazette* and carry on where he left off, building the paper, finding his place in the community, and maybe finding a wife there too. There was that girl he was still writing to. Elizabeth her name was, wasn't it? Well, why not? She was old George Morely's niece, good family and everything. Money didn't count a hell of a lot. It was work and ambition that mattered. Jed knew. And he hadn't tried to influence Tom unduly toward newspaper work. It was in his blood.

Jed glanced at the clock. Quarter to eleven. Tom's train was due soon. Would have liked him to come tomorrow, he thought. Have a committee and a little celebration after. But Tom didn't like that sort of thing. Just a few terse words. Enough to say, "I'm coming."

The roar of the presses as they began to turn out the first copies of the paper had risen in a rising crescendo until the old building throbbed through and through with the powerful rhythm. Then suddenly the motors died down to a dull hum. But Jed was lost in his thoughts, and the sounds outside did not break into his conscious mind immediately. Then he thought he recognized voices. It sounded like him. Quiet, re-assuring.

Jed half rose from the chair as he recognized the slim youthful figure standing in the doorway. "Tom!" he cried joyously.

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"How are you Dad?" the youth responded as he stepped forward quickly and grasped his father's hand, kissing him lightly on the cheek. "Hoppy" followed him in, wiping his hands vigorously on the same oil-spotted cloth.

Jed swept off a pile of dusty papers from a nearby chair and led the youth over to it. "Gosh, it's good to see you, Tom. Been away for so long, almost forgot I had a son at all. Tell me what you've been doing. How are you feeling?"

"Feeling first rate, Dad. Had to work pretty hard before graduation. But I guess I didn't do too badly. Got my degree and something else too. Guess what?"

Editor Harley smiled boyishly. "What Tom?" Jed was hardly listening. He was watching his son hungrily, catching his hidden power, his overflowing good humor, and his proud carriage.

"Something I've worked harder than anything else to earn, Dad. A letter from the *Herald*, in New York! Offering me a job with them . . ."

The words seemed to sink slowly into Jed's mind. For a moment a wide gulf separated the two men. Jed's hand shook slightly, and he sat down in his chair, avoiding Tom's eyes. "But Tom, I thought—I was hoping you might . . ."

"I know Dad," Tom smiled sympathetically. "You thought I'd stay on here and help you with the paper. But you don't know what this means. It's a future. The chance of a lifetime. It's—everything to me." He came over to the old mahogany desk and put his hand warmly on his father's shoulder. "You want me to go, don't you Dad?"

Jed was pushing the scattered papers on his desk into a neater pile, and he began nervously to finger through them, his face furrowed with wrinkles. Tom hadn't quite realized that his father had aged so rapidly in the past few years. He would

stay. He must stay. There was an embarrassed searching for words, and then Jed faced him, speaking quietly.

"Yes, I want you to go, son. And I want you to be famous. I—I want you to do all the things I didn't do. And if some day you feel . . ."

Editor Harley fumbled in his pocket for his black pencil. "Hoppy," he cried, "lock up the presses and start 'em rolling. Tom and I are stepping out—together!"



# When the War Is Over

By JOHN GERHARD, '44

THE ideas advanced herein are essentially those of men who are qualified to speak on the subject of Post-War Reconstruction, or who think themselves qualified to so speak. My part, then, being merely that of a literary master of ceremonies, forbids any acceptance of credit on my part for the value of the ideas propounded, but it also excuses me from shouldering the ignominy concomitant with the worthlessness of the same ideas.

The succeeding pages are the result of a rather intensive investigation into the views of prominent men concerning the program to be followed upon the ultimate completion of the present war. This essay will, then, treat of the condition of the world at that time, the obstacles to lasting peace and reconstruction, the status of America in the post-war world, and perhaps a rather optimistic blueprint for enduring world peace, all as seen through the eyes of these men.

Bertrand Russell, he of the C. C. N. Y. debacle, has expressed himself with a good deal of vigor. Whether the mathematician Russell is competent to speak here may be challenged, but his opinions are presented in a spirit of fairness; they at least make good reading.

According to Mr. Russell, then, the interests of America and Britain are precisely the same interests as those of humanity; namely, the prevention of the recurrence of large-scale wars. Altruism and egoism, consequently, conveniently go hand in hand.

The broad aim of the Allied powers is to secure world peace without sacrificing democracy. We must form a close alliance to preserve peace, and admit nations who are of the same mentality. We must see to it, particularly in the economic order, that membership in this alliance is a desirable privilege. This alliance must maintain military preponderance, and can make no concessions such as those made at ill-fated Versailles.

The mistake of the last peace, says Russell, was the withdrawal of the United States from participation in world affairs. America is the strongest power in the world and no international system is possible without it.

In our approach to an international organization, there are three stages in evolution:

1. The Peace Treaty
2. The Formation of an Alliance
3. A long term policy designed to make the Alliance world-wide.

The first necessity is to secure peace during the years of reconstruction. This can be done only by complete disarmament of the defeated enemy powers. The countries conquered by Germany must be restored to independence with certain limitations; foremost among these limitations is the concession to the Allied nations of the right to send troops into these smaller nations to guard against possible seizure of the government by minority groups. But Germany must be allowed to retain whatever regions decide, by plebescite, that they wish to be German, including Austria and the Sudetenland. It is important that there be no territorial grievances.

The victorious powers should unite air forces under one command; all aircraft production in the defeated nations must cease.

This much comes in the treaty. The treaty, however, should be regarded only as ending the war. It should be followed

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by a Congress of peace-loving nations. The first principle of this Congress should be military solidarity; aggression against one member should be aggression against all. There should be a permanent body of jurists who would decide when aggression has been made. Thus legally determined, the Allied Powers would be empowered to send their forces anywhere in the world to restore peace.

Our Alliance should, however, differ in five ways from the disastrous League of Nations:

- 1) It should be composed only of those nations invited by the United States and England on the basis of their sincere desire to preserve peace.

- 2) It should have strong military solidarity.

- 3) It would override national sovereignty to the extent that all aviation should be under its centralized control.

- 4) It would offer economic advantages to members and converse disadvantages to non-members.

- 5) It will not be designated to preserve territorial injustices inflicted by victors, but should reach agreement on territorial questions before admitting any nation to the alliance.

Lewis L. Lorwin is of the opinion the League of Nations failed because it was influenced too much by past thinking, and did not go far enough to meet the new needs of the times. It laid too much stress on national sovereignty in its political dealings and in its economics. Its panacea was free trade. Today we realize that more important for world peace are political stability, good will among nations, settled national frontiers and assurance of lasting peaceful relations. Most important of all, we realize that any nation, large or small, that refused to cooperate because of narrow-minded, nationalistic tendencies, should be subject to the decisions of the other nations acting in democratic consultation. Merely free trade was not enough. What was needed was better organization of world resources

and capital, common efforts to direct industrial production and marketing, and a greater willingness of the richer nations to help the smaller, poorer nations toward economic progress.

Says Mr. Lorwin, "In the light of experience, it would be futile to seek peace merely by reconstructing the League of Nations. What is needed is an international organization that is positive and constructive. The conditions for its success are voluntary acceptance by all nations of some limitations on their national sovereignty, the delegation of some legislative and executive powers to an international authority, tolerance for racial and religious differences, and a long-range program for world economic development."

But there is this to consider: If we are to have world-wide organization, precisely what form shall it take? Well, the choice lies between only three opposing systems.

The first is represented by Hitler and his Nazis. It is based on the idea that one group of people, the Germans, who presume to be superior, will organize the world in one great political and economic system which they will control and direct. This is the German basis of peace—that the whole world recognize German supremacy. All other peoples of the world must give up their freedoms of choice and action.

Secondly, we have the Anglo-Saxon countries opposing, with their traditions of freedom and democracy, fair play, and the desire for reasonable world order. Thus, the United States and Great Britain are the logical foes of Hitler. This idea is embodied in the plan for an American-English union, or an American-English police force. This, however, would mean that the English-speaking countries would establish themselves as the permanent and exclusive arbiters of world order and world development. No matter how generous these countries may be, sooner or later some groups in these countries are bound to take advantage of their special position. An Anglo-American Union would try to dominate

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the rest of the world, and would eventually wind up fighting a coalition of the other nations. No imposed rule has ever been popular.

The third plan is the establishment of a universal democratic world organization by all countries. Undoubtedly, the United States will be called upon to take the leadership in the formation of this organization. But we must lead, not dictate. On the basis of recent experience, the United States is equal to the task.

Such an organization must be created by the free consent of its members. England and the United States will want it because their supreme interest is peace, and peace can be secured only by making aggression unfavorable. The smaller nations will want it because their supreme interest is self-preservation. But an important factor will be the benefits accruing from membership in the league. These benefits will take the form of lower tariff for inter-Alliance trade and reconstruction loans which will be granted solely to Alliance members. The best tariff method will be a tariff levied by the Alliance on goods imported from territories outside the Alliance—a tariff in addition to that imposed by the particular member of the Alliance doing the actual importing. A constitution would be framed by Britain and America and membership would be offered to every state which, in their opinion, genuinely accepts its principles and wishes to preserve peace. The Alliance would be expected to spread over the Americas, rehabilitated France, England, and many smaller countries.

There would remain the ex-enemies and Soviet Russia. As Bertrand Russell points out, in the three enemy countries things depend on internal developments. Italy is not formidable. If defeated, Italy will be vehemently hostile to Hitler and Mussolini, and it would take only a short time to convert the Italians into peaceable, law-abiding democrats. If this change

were genuine, the Italians would become eligible for membership in the Alliance.

In Japan, defeat will bring civil war, starvation and chaos. It is unlikely that an orderly regime would result for some time; it is unlikely that Japan will again be a serious menace to world peace. If this appears a cursory treatment of Japan, it must be remembered that Japan is, in itself, a poor country. If Japan is defeated, she will be soundly defeated, for the American nation is even more eager to whip the "Japs" than they are determined to whip Hitler.

Germany is a more difficult problem. The energy and efficiency of the Germans are so great that the world cannot be stable while they are discontented; their ambition has, since Bismarck, made them difficult to fit into any system of international justice. For a time they can be kept disarmed, but a more permanent and satisfactory way must be found. Perhaps a second defeat plus the creation of a solid international set-up will suffice. Democracy will have new prestige and the Germans may come around. If so, they too will be eligible for membership. First, however, they must give evidence of willingness to accept the constitution of the Alliance, including a share in the international air force, instead of a national one, and reform in education involving elimination of militant nationalism.

As for Russia, Mr. Russell makes the surprising assertion that it would be better for us if Russia were an enemy instead of an ally. Indeed, it is hard to see how the U. S. S. R., as it now stands, could possibly be admitted to the Alliance. But it is to be presumed that the Alliance will be the dominant force, at least from a military point of view, when the war is over. Our problem is to find a policy which, while preserving this preponderance of strength, will gradually transform the basis of the Alliance from one of military power to one of democratic consent. Furthermore, the Alliance must prohibit the release of raw materials to non-

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Alliance powers. Thus Russia would have no rubber, among other things, and would be bucking fearsome odds in the markets of the world.

And now, having considered the Axis nations, let us look at the Allied nations, notably Great Britain and America.

That the British government would agree with this statement is to be doubted; yet, it is surprising how prevalent is the notion that, after the war, the British Empire should be dissolved into the Alliance. According to Mr. Russell, this would have several advantages. India, for example, is clamoring for independence, yet she is dissatisfied with dominion status. Still, complete independence would leave India to be grabbed by predatory powers. Membership in the Alliance would not be objectionable to Indian national sentiment, as is membership in the British Empire, if India had the same status as the dominions; i. e., that of a self-governing nation voluntarily cooperating.

The same is true of Eire, says Mr. Russell.

Another problem which the Alliance would allegedly solve is that of the Colonies. These would be administered collectively by the Alliance, not with individual countries given mandates over them. Thus, individual imperialism of the private nations would be neatly avoided, and the problem of what to do with the French and Italian colonies would be eliminated.

It must not be thought that with the formation of our Alliance all world difficulties are immediately to cease. Such an Alliance would be only the germ of international government. There must be no pretentious beginning. Let the thing grow by itself, with time gaining strength and maturity. The advantages of membership should be great and obvious, and the desire for membership should be used as a means of promoting democracy. There need be no haste to admit members; too quick growth too often presages quick demise. Loyalty to the cause and certain common sentiments will be essential to the growth of sound tra-

ditions and vigorous traits of action. Given these, prestige will do the rest.

We in the United States have a grave responsibility. When we agreed to help Britain, we agreed to help Britain's allies: we agreed to help down Germany. We must remember, though, that Germany has a New Order. Germany has a plan all worked out that details how they are going to run Europe. The Germans have told Europe, "If Germany is defeated by the British and Americans and Russians, all of us Europeans will sink down together in one common morass of chaos." They have agreed to accept responsibility for the running of Europe.

And we are pledged to defeat Germany. With what, then, are we going to replace this German plan? We must accept the responsibility that the Germans were willing to accept: we must devise some sort of "New European Order" of our own. For, if we shirk the responsibility, another type of totalitarian Europe may arise, a type deriving its inspiration from Soviet Russia. The Soviets have, and have had, a plan ready. They specifically acknowledge responsibility and guarantee support for any regime which is created in the Russian image, not only in Europe but anywhere in the world. It is up to us because the European countries will not know what to do.

Nevertheless, there is nothing more disheartening than these Utopias that are planned for Europe. Gabor de Ronay, a European who understands and can appreciate European thought, points out that these idyllic dreams show good will and honest purpose but they necessarily lack clarity of thought and understanding of the European character. We Americans think fondly of Americanizing Europe. We dream of a Europe impregnated with the spirit of Jackson and Jefferson. We're wrong.

If the Axis loses this war, the idea of popular rule will be tremendously discredited. The people of Europe will have lost confidence in government conducted by masons, paperhangers,

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and cobblers. A wave of despair will sweep the continent, leaving in its wake cynicism and pessimism. The people will become nihilists, with no confidence in any form of government. We're not going to be able to shove democracy down the throats of the European people. It cannot be imposed from the outside. Democracy rests on free consent. Democracy presupposes self-respect, but self-respect cannot be in a people after years of degradation, humiliation, compromise, submission, and abject prostration. These people are not going to turn gaily about and shout, "Hurrah for democracy!" Drowned in lies, they will have lost trust. Confidence will long be an ideal rather than a reality. So speaks de Ronay.

This word of warning must be heard and acknowledged. Europe is not Canada or Australia. Europe is old and settled in its ways; its character is molded. It might be well to remember the aphorism: "You can't teach an old dog new tricks". At least not overnight.

I am aware of the fact that some people object to a discussion of peace aims. They say, "We'd better win the war first" But what sense is there in fighting a war unless you have some definite plan for the future? What sense is there in fighting, if you don't have a goal, an end in view? Of course we'll have to win the war! If we don't, there'll be no need for our bothering with any post-war plans: we'll have nothing to say.

In their Atlantic Charter, President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have enumerated splendid statements of principle. But they are only statements of principle. We have to do something concrete with them. Let's see what our Vice-President, Henry A. Wallace, has to offer in the line of helpful suggestions. In the late 20's and early 30's, Mr. Wallace was instrumental in forming an Ever-Normal Granary Program. He was responsible for a program which had as its aim the storing up of huge stocks of grain to be used in lean years. Hence the name given to the project. As

things have turned out, these stocks have been going to Britain. Now, however, says Mr. Wallace, we want to form a world-wide Ever-Normal Granary Plan. The fourth point of the Atlantic Charter stated that all countries, large and small, victor and vanquished, should have access on equal terms to the raw materials of the world. Consequently, the people of Europe must be made to feel that here in the Americas there are tremendous supplies of raw materials which can be used in the years following the war. Already we have made a start. We have, on tap, an international wheat agreement between America, Canada, Britain, Argentina, and Australia concerning export quotas, with prices stabilized at a point fair to both producer and consumer. We have in America enough surplus wheat to feed continental Europe for three years. It is only regrettable that we cannot get these supplies to the overrun countries of Europe now, without aiding Hitler.

Mr. Wallace has expressed himself adequately on another vital topic—that of production. He observes that, by the time this war is over, the small Allied nations will be sending almost 50% of their manufactured products to the United States and Britain. If two such customers were to drop out of the market abruptly, it would break everyone.

So we've got to realize that, if we can afford tremendous sums to win the war, we can afford to invest whatever amount it requires to win the peace. This necessity must be recognized in England and the United States. We could then start making contracts with producers throughout the world for delivery of their goods during the war and for several years after the war as well. Such a program would give concrete assurance that business is not going to be allowed to collapse after the war. Than this there is no better use for our gold. Our next move would be to extend credit to the devastated countries, which they might use to buy these produced goods. (Stated another

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way, we would buy the produced goods from the small Allied nations, and *give* them to the European countries!)

The gold acquired by the countries from whom we bought would be used to increase the purchasing power of these countries—purchasing power that could be used to buy the finished goods of America and Britain. Again, this gold would give strength to their currencies and to their banking systems, and would make it easier for them to relax the strangling import tariffs and quotas which stifle world trade.

We've got to begin now to prove that we're willing to win this peace. This long-range, business-like purchase of raw materials would be worth a thousand blue-prints at the peace conference. It is one of the ways to build morale, to build an economic future worth fighting for, declares Mr. Wallace.

And he should know.

America is conceded to be the most cosmopolitan country in the world. Whatever precisely this means, it does not give America the prerogative to isolate itself from the rest of the world, as it tried to do after the last war. In illustration of this point, Clifton M. Utley has compared the United States to Joe Louis. If the Brown Bomber should step between two belligerents and stop the fight, at the same time threatening to smash their heads together if they should resume the fracas, is to be assumed that there would be no more fighting. If, however, he should stop the fight and then disinterestedly retire, in all probability, the battle would resume shortly in all its pristine ferocity. This latter course was the exact one followed by the United States after the last war. The result is only too apparent.

In our cursory treatment of the post-war world, there remains only to speak of possibilities in internal America. After all, charity begins at home.

On the whole, we in America need have no fear. After the war we shall have the opportunity to create the most bril-

liant epoch in American history, an epoch founded on economic justice with no sacrifice of our liberties.

At the end of the war, the reason for most of the present intense activity will suddenly die. Factories and shipyards will close down—about 2-5 of the nation's population will have to find a new job. It is up to the government to help them to do it; if the existing government cannot, the people will demand that it be replaced by a government that can and will.

In essence, defense economics differs from peace-time economics in two basic ways. First, in wartime, all production is of a military nature. Secondly, there is a ready market for production, making it unnecessary to search for customers.

When the war ends, however, these military products are useless. Furthermore, the great customer, the armed forces, is no longer in the market. Consequently, since there is no further need for munitions and the other war-nourished manufactures, the producer must go in search of his customers. This he does by sending out hordes of salesmen to drum up trade. But his well-meant efforts go for naught, for the simple reason that there is no market: everyone is out of work.

It must be remembered that we shall come out of this war with a tremendous increase of plant expansion. Our problem is to shift these plants from production of destructive products to production of peaceful products. We can do it. Our engineers were able to turn our peace-time plants to war use; they can shift us back again, too. Research staffs can be established to see what uses these plants may be converted to. Then conferences will be held, notes exchanged and an inventory of prospective peace-time production made.

This leaves the problem of finding customers for our produce. Certain businessmen will advocate the limiting of production, but this will not be tolerated. This is not the American way. These men will say that there is no sense producing

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more than the market can consume. They will say that production is limited by the number of people who can use the product turned out.

Plainly, a market can be built only for a product that is needed. Hence, we must compile a bundle of wants and needs, and certainly, there will be all sorts of needs: the workman who wants a respectable home; the city that wants to clean up its slums; the rural districts that are eager for a hospital and sewerage systems.

Just take a walk. You will see spots where parks are needed, a gasoline station that doesn't belong, dilapidated houses, children playing in the gutters. You will conclude that there are plenty of needs—needs that form a gigantic market.

Why was not this all done before? For the simple reason that we did not *want* to do it before, not as much as we want to build planes and tanks when we see trouble coming. But trouble is coming. Trouble in the form of millions of unemployed men, men who will not lack demagogues to tell them what to do. These demagogues will have their own ideas for doing things, and in the worst possible way.

The main channel of thought so far for this program of internal rehabilitation is Public Works. In Washington the National Resources Planning Board has been accumulating a building full of these needed public works, enough of them in fact to require spending ten billions annually for five years: a new high school for Burlap, Oklahoma; paved streets for Olneyville, Missouri; a new bridge for Bangor, Maine.

But this is only a beginning.

Urban reconstruction is a vastly important item. Just as the businessman resets his plant, figures a new layout, tears out obsolete parts, salvages materials and rebuilds a completely new, up-to-date plant, so can the civic authorities of counties, towns, and cities rebuild and beautify portions of their districts.

A more personal consideration is Health. Markets will have to be constructed for agricultural products as well. The United States Public Health Service will list you needs any time you want them. The Health Service will tell you how much milk and eggs and meat the children of America *should* be getting—and how little they *are* getting. The Service will show you where the tuberculosis rate is rising, and why.

A fourth proposal is slum clearance. Nobody can object to the complete razing of the filthy vice hot-houses that are visible in every city.

So we have four suggestions as to how to clean up America after the war. Others can be reeled off like the beads on a rosary. But these few serve to show that there is no paucity of improvements awaiting us.

How shall it be done? There are two possible methods. One is the dictatorship method where the state does the whole job; runs plants, does the managing, hires and fires, supplies all necessary material and, in short, tells everyone how to live. The second way the state arranges to finance the new markets, and has private enterprise do the actual job. The advantage of the second course lies in the competitive set-up, and tentatively speaking, it is the second that we will use.

Now for the financing of the whole job. This is the easiest and yet the most imposing of our difficulties. The difficulty is not real: it is in the people's minds. People will say, "We cannot afford such a program! 50 billion dollars!" This is absurd. Granted we have a useful job to be done, granted we have plenty of labor and capital, and therefore production, there is no such word as "afford". When people want more things than labor, capital, materials and intelligence, can cope with, then and then only can we "not afford it". Our finance experts do not think of the word "afford" in terms of payment out of a dwindling stock of dollars; they think of it in terms of so many billions of man

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hours, so many engineers, so many billion bricks—so many contented citizens.

There are only two stop-lights: a physical limit of production and employment, and lack of reasonable use for the manufactured goods. Did you ever hear of a war being stopped because of lack of finances? No. Saying "we cannot afford it" is dangerous. This time, men will not go hungry or remain idle in a country that has endless food and endless need of work.

The popular will is all that is needed. We've got to forget the old ideas of saving pennies: these are new times. We need new ideas.

It is silly to hope for too much. Idealism must be tempered by a recognition of Reality. It seems that after every war, men determine to create an absolute Utopia, a world of peace, bliss, romance. Then they become disillusioned when their dreams collapse. This time, let's aim at the stars, but let's take practical methods of getting there. Let our formula for world peace and prosperity be: "Hope plus good Yankee horse-sense."



## Need Money?

By PETER YOUNG, '44

FORTY dollars for rent, almost as much for clothing, at least fifty dollars for food, a large coal bill, and a host of smaller bills such as gas, electric, telephone, doctor bills—Mrs. Blakely's head whirled with figures. Before her lay a group of bills which must be met and in her hands was what seemed to her to be a comparatively small amount of money which must cover all her needs. Every time that she compared the two amounts the gap between them seemed to widen. Finally she threw down her pencil, ripped the paper on which she had been figuring into little pieces, and reluctantly turned toward her household duties.

It was not that the problem was complex. On the contrary, the very fact that the solution was so obvious was what annoyed her. The money which Frank had given her would adequately cover all the family expenses but no matter how she stretched it, she could not make it include the cost of that new fur coat. Her own coat was already three years old and she could not bear to be seen in it for another whole winter. For a moment she had considered buying it on the installment plan but she immediately dismissed that idea as impossible. Frank had seen too many people lose through that sort of thing. She could ask Frank for the money point blank but she always found it difficult to approach him with financial matters. He was a man who had carried over into his domestic life many of the exacting methods which had keynoted his success in business.

However, Mrs. Blakely was not the type of person to give up easily. As she moved mechanically about the kitchen

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she strove for a solution to her predicament. Only once did she allow her mind to wander from the gigantic problem that confronted her, and that was to turn on the radio for her favorite daytime serial. When the episode finally came to an end, she once more became lost in her thoughts. There must be some way to get that fur coat and still meet the other bills.

"Do you need some extra money to buy that new car you've been looking at or to meet those household expenses you've been worrying about?" The radio caught her attention. "Then come to the office of the Family Finance Company and consult one of our financial experts. He will"—Mrs. Blakely listened no further. She snapped off the radio and continued with her work in the kitchen.

"Those advertisements get worse every day," she murmured to herself as she put the finishing touches on the breakfast dishes. Suddenly she paused to consider something for a moment and then she continued her work, but presently she stopped again. It was apparent that she was toying with an idea. The words of the announcer came back to her. "Household expenses," she mused. Then allowing herself no time to reconsider, she freed herself of her apron and began to make preparations to go out.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was almost an hour later, when Mrs. Blakely stepped off the bus and hurried down the street. Apparently she was completely in accord with this new idea. Outside a large building situated on the outer edge of the industrial center of the city, she stopped for a minute to straighten her hat and take stock of the situation. An old-fashioned elevator brought her to the fifth floor. Unhesitatingly she made her way along the corridor, turned left and then walked straight ahead until she came to the office of the Family Finance Corporation Company.

Inside, a twenty-five-dollar-a-week clerk greeted her with a well-memorized "What can I do for you, Madam?"

"I would like to see the manager." And then she added, "About a loan."

The clerk disappeared into a back office and returned a few seconds later to inform her that the manager would see her right away in conference room number four.

Mrs. Blakely was forced to absorb the ominous atmosphere for a couple of minutes, for the conference room was at least dull and drab, if not horrible.

When the manager finally did come in, he burst in with much zeal and enthusiasm. "What can I do for you?" he asked curiously.

"The same thing you do for all the other people who come here, lend me some money," said Mrs. Blakely as she drew from her purse a sheet of paper which resembled an account of some kind with debts and credits.

"See this?" she inquired. "This is my budget, or I should say, my husband's."

The manager looked for a short time at the figures and then glanced at her quizzically. "But it balances," he said. "Why you even have twenty dollars left over."

"Can you buy a new fur coat with twenty dollars?" she countered sarcastically.

"But this budget makes no reference to a fur coat," said the manager who was now becoming slightly irritated.

"Neither does my husband, that's why I am here."

"Just how much money would you need to buy that fur coat?" The manager became a little more friendly.

"I believe that a hundred dollars would be sufficient," said Mrs. Blakely who was rapidly becoming more hopeful.

"Can you give me someone as a reference?" asked the manager, a trifle formally.

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"If you agree to give me the money, my husband will back me up."

A smile crept over the face of the manager as he nodded assent and informed Mrs. Blakely that she could have the money right away if she wished.

After she had taken the money and secured it in her pocketbook, she rose to leave. "Thank you very much," she said. "You've been wonderful about everything," she repeated. With these words and with many other phrases of gratitude, Mrs. Blakely, now triumphantly happy, glided out of the office. Even in her great haste, however, she did not fail to close the door very softly lest she break the glass and shatter the words which were printed on it:

THE FAMILY FINANCE COMPANY

Frank W. Blakely, Mgr.



## Alembichords

By JAMES F. SHIEL, '44

MUSIC happens to be one of those things like essence and existence—no one agrees as to what it is. Impossible to talk about it then? Well, no. Like the philosophical problem, every one is allowed to have his own opinion.

The classical protagonist (these are commonly called "music lovers") will bet you dollars to doughnuts that swing and its variations is not music. "Why, there is no sense to it, there is no beauty to it," says he. "It is just a cacophony. Now look at Beethoven, he . . .", is the next line.

Before the Benny Goodman enthusiast can say "Zut," the enjoyer of the classics will go into an ecstatic St. Vitus Dance over the beauty of the classic masterpieces. Protest? What good could the swing fan accomplish? The classicist remains adamant. Nothing can dissuade him from believing that *The Eight O'Clock Snore* does not rank with Schubert's *Serenade*.

To add chaos to confusion, we have those who are content to rattle off a descriptive definition and thereby set the standard. "Music is love in search of a word," says one. Walt Whitman, the poet, getting into the high music of metaphysics, goes into the fourth degree of abstraction by defining music as "what awakes from you and when you are reminded by the instruments." And so on endlessly goes the search for the sesame to the word "music."

As a result of this disagreement, there arises immediate prejudices against this and that kind of music. Making no pretensions as to possessing any formal musical education, yet I venture to give what appears to me as a satisfying definition. Music is sound which we enjoy. The beat of the tom-toms, the

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excellent cadenza of a piano—both are music. Both have a direct emotional appeal, the only difference being one of degree. All of which leads us to American music.

American music like American literature has been neglected. Why? We don't know. Perhaps, it has to do with our definition of music. Music has to be classical to be music may be the reason for the apathy and antipathy toward American music. People won't get off their Beautyrest mattresses and look at the hard floor. Everything musical must be traditionally great. The traditionally great must be classical.

Wars do strange things to a people. Those who have been asleep are roused from their lethargy. People become conscious of their nationalism. A streamlined Gallup poll of record shops plus a little tuning of the dials has led us to the conclusion that American music is coming to the fore. It is approaching the place where it always should have been—in the knowledge of Americans. By American music I am not referring to *I Am An American* nor *Remember Pearl Harbor*. These are nothing more than the ephemeral flag waving concomitant songs of war. When I say American music, I mean the neglected folk music and the overlooked traditional classic forms of American composers.

Granted, we have yet no musical Titans—no Beethoven, No Mozart, no Tschaikowsky. But we have a heritage of American music. Folk music, impressionistic compositions, jazz and symphonies go to make up this musical Americana.

A great part of American music concerns folk life. There has been a resurrection of this music lately. Stephen Foster tunes like *Swanee River*, and *Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground* have been recognized as more than mediocre. We could never understand why *Old Black Joe* was given the cold shoulder by those same people who rave about Russian folk music.

The songs of the prairie have come into the American

musical panorama. In commune with nature and *a fortiori* more appreciative of it, the lonely cowboy expresses the voice of humanity, when he is mourning the loss of his "gal" or praising the omnipotence of his Creator.

*So long, it's been good to know ya*, which was recorded last year along with a group of other tunes called "dust bowl" songs, expresses the warmth and friendliness of a human. You are moved, your mind says there is mankind; your heart says you love him; you say "I like that song."

But this business of American music is not all one sided. Folk tunes are only a part of our musical thesarus. We have, in addition, a very large number of gifted, zealous composers who have produced a plethora of musical masterpieces.

Randall Thompson, born in New York at the turn of the century, has virtually run the gamut of musical composition. He has composed two symphonies, not to mention a piano sonata, a string quartet, several orchestral works and myriad choral compositions. His *Symphony No. 2* has the distinct brand of being American. Variations of modern jazz and melodies with negro spiritual vestiges make the work something we can completely call our own.

We lost one of our greatest composers in 1937 when George Gershwin died in the prime of his musical genius. Gershwin is remembered today chiefly for *Rhapsody in Blue* which was composed for a concert by Paul Whiteman's orchestra. Here Gershwin synchronized the serious musical of the Sunday afternoon concert in the park with the popular jazz music of 52nd St. This first concert selection in jazz style made serious musicians stand on their heads and say "uncle". Quickly it won their respect and today stands out as an epic of American genius.

Gershwin also delved into the field of folk music. In fact, his last serious work, *Porgy and Bess*, is a folk opera based on the story of life in "Catfish Row" in the negro quarter of

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North Carolina. This work has been playing for a year and a half at the Majestic Theatre in New York City. *Summer Time, I Got Plenty o' Nuttin,'* and *It Ain't Necessarily So*, are classics of American folk songs.

These are but a few of the composers who are expressing themselves in various ways. Harl McDonald, John Alden Charpenter could be added to the roster of potential American musical giants.

So you see, we have American music. It is becoming more prominent. Give us a chance, we are still young. We will give you a Bach some day.



# The Truck

By JOHN GERHARD, '44

I WAS standing outside church last Saturday night, discussing the sad hegira of the Braves with several fellows, when, out of the mist that was rolling in off the bay, there rumbled past us a giant moving van, one of those twelve wheel affairs. It was roaring irresistibly down toward the lower end of the street, and we saw projecting from the rear that ominous red flag that meant explosives. We all paused in our discussion to remark at the tremendous power and speed of the thing, and to speculate about its destination, and the danger of driving a truck filled with explosives.

But suddenly, when the truck was about two blocks past, we heard a loud hissing noise and saw the truck come to an abrupt stop. Then, with a groaning of gears, it began to back up toward us. The driver did a masterful job of maneuvering his wagon into a space that left him about six inches in front and rear. Clambering down from his cabin, he approached us.

"This *is* a Catholic Church, ain't it?" he demanded.

"That's right", we chorused helpfully.

"That's what I thought", he countered tartly, and popped in energetically through the swinging doors.

Almost immediately the gang of us proceeded to examine the huge vehicle, much like little boys admiring a new set of trains. But while the others were expressing their admiration, and wondering idly "how fast it could go", I found myself wondering just why that driver had passed the church, only to stop suddenly and back up. I refused to believe that he had purposely sought out a Catholic church; I was convinced that his desire to go to confession had been a spur-of-the-moment thing, prompted

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by pure intuition. It was all hunch, I decided. True, nothing in particular could justify this line of reasoning, but it appealed to me and I refused to abandon it.

Well, in about ten minutes, the driver bounded out again. Without a word he hopped lithely into his truck and pulled out.

I stared tenaciously after him, wondering just what fatal lure there was about this simple incident: a truck loaded with explosives stops in front of a church; the driver runs into the church, goes to confession, and then rolls away into the night.

Finally, I shook my head in baffled anger and headed for home. But there was something about that truck, that driver, that taunted my mind. I can honestly say that I was positive something disastrous was going to happen: these feelings come to men sometimes. They defy analysis, but they're there, right in the back of your mind.

I went to bed, knowing somewhat how poor Cassandra felt: futile and impotent.

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Sunday morning I got up in time to go to the ten o'clock Mass. Without bothering to change from my pajamas I hurried to the kitchen to look at the *Sunday Journal*. The front page was what I wanted to see. I knew it would be on the front page.

But it wasn't. I was amazed that the wreck of a truck that size, and loaded with dynamite at that, had not made the front page. I flipped through the pages, determinedly, almost hopefully.

Not a word. Not one damn word.

Nothing had happened after all. No crash. No explosion. No fire. No driver found, rosary in hand and with a prayer on his lips, lying mangled and dying in the wreckage. No nothing. Disillusioned and disgusted, I went out to church.

And do you know who was sitting in the pew in front of me?

# Conquistador

## I. THE DREAM

We are leaving in the morrow  
For the City, El Dorado  
Where these coppered colored children say,  
The bulk of treasure lies.  
All the riches of the Indies  
Soon to be in our possession!  
We shall live like caballeros  
Under warm Castilian skies.

## II. THE DOUBT

We shall find it on the morrow  
This elusive El Dorado,  
Many leagues we've laid behind us, still  
The end is worth the try.  
Oft I wonder if this city  
Is an image or a fancy.  
Could those natives have but sent us  
In the hope that all would die?

## III. THE DISAPPOINTMENT

We're returning on the morrow  
'Tis a fabled El Dorado.  
Curse those pagans to have led us far  
In quest of but a lie!  
In this bleak and barren waste land  
Only water is a treasure,  
And our path is marked with Crosses  
Where the screaming vultures fly.

JAMES SHERMAN, '43

## On Late-Comers

By JEFFREY J. GORMAN, '44

I HAVE unmodified admiration for people who come late. They are the last of that hardy group of American pioneers who had the strength to go into the unknown fastnesses of an unknown country; up over the Appalachians and down across the Ohio, across the Mississippi, over those same western plains that would one day be known as "The Breadbasket of the World", over the scalding desert, and up again over the Rockies, to descend miraculously on the golden shores of the Pacific. Like Chingatchgook, they are the last of their race. But there are still a few of these intrepid men left; still a few who have survived the mollifying fragilities of our modern society; still a few who have resisted the effeminizing influence of Emily Post and her counterparts, both male and female. They have remained obdurate in their observance of the rugged principle of old: "Come and go when you damn please!"

In the modern society it is considered the quintessence of polish and correctness to be rigidly and inexorably prompt. No matter what else you are not, be prompt. The prevailing maxim is: If you are due somewhere at a certain time, *be there* at that time. Apparently then, man has degenerated to the point where he is perfectly willing to have his life regulated by the clock. Gone are his concepts of independence and individualism. He is a slave to his own ingenuity.

In the face of this universal and overwhelming obedience to social laws, there is only the late-comer to stand adamant. Perhaps however, we may include the candid camera enthusiast—he who goes about snapping pictures of respectable people in

absurd positions—among those who stand in defiance of the presumptuous dictates of society. These two, the late-comer and the candid photographer, stand alone. Society has failed to subdue them.

But of course, there are some, blinded by prejudice, who fail to recognize the valor of this heroic last-stand. These social bigots cannot appreciate the determination and strength of moral character which are inherent in a persistent late-comer. This is only because they themselves have never been late. Let them come late to the theatre just *once* and they would respect the late-comer far more. For the man who comes late is bucking tremendous odds. Everyone else abhors him; he is a social outcast. Yet think of his dogged determination and deliberation. Yes, he might have come on time, but he refuses to surrender to the demoralizing rules of etiquette. Think of the courage that is required to come late consistently: everyone else will have arrived promptly, they will be seated comfortably, enjoying the already-begun play, or opera, or operetta. Think of the courage that is required to saunter insolently down the naked aisle, to seek out your seat in the darkened theatre, and then to climb roughshod over the seated patrons.

But the prompt man never thinks of the late man's position. The prompt man thinks only of the fact that he paid for this seat, now why can't he enjoy the play in peace without being trampled upon by that boor who hasn't got the common decency to come on time?

Only the other night, I attended a performance of G. B. Shaw's "Candida". The play began at 8:15, but along about 8:30 a tall, lanky gentleman breezed in, and in stentorian tones demanded that the usher locate his seat. The usher looked disgustedly at the ticket stub and then led the fellow down the aisle to a point about four rows in front of me. Invariably, it seems, the late-comer's seat is situated in the centre of the house,

## *St. Georgie and the Dragon*

so that everyone must arise and permit him to reach his seat. Such was the case this night. The men and women in the row, who had all arrived on time, were compelled to stand up and risk the mangling of their toes as well as the unwelcome interruption to the play's continuity. Naturally, there was much grumbling and ill will, not only from those who had to stand up, but also from those directly in back of those standing, who were also having their view completely obstructed.

Everyone damned the late-comer; few were prompted to give him credit for his independent individualism, but that is because few looked at it from any, other than their own, point of view. The general opinion was that all late-comers should be tarred and feathered, shot, hanged, and then burned in oil. This is the sentiment of those people who work hard for their money, who have spent their money for an evening's entertainment, and who, furthermore, have arrived on time.

## St. Georgie and the Dragon

By JOHN SHARKEY, '43

EVERYONE knows that St. Georgie was a noble knight but very few know of his fracas with the dragon. You say, "St. Georgie and the dragon, oh sure!" or "who cares", just as though it were any old vaudeville act. However, in all lives there comes a time when a noble act causes much *post facto* trouble. The meeting with the dragon was Georgie's time.

St. Georgie was a ladies' man; the proof will be soon apparent. He came from God-knows-where and when he finally reached Sylene he borrowed a girdle; but now we are getting ahead of ourselves.

In Lybia in Sylene in a marshy swamp lived a very nasty dragon, which, as the story goes, "envenomed all the land." The townsfolk would often gather to criticise the local administration and mutter, "Something must be done!"

Something was done. A "Get-that-dragon" Club was formed and early one bright Lybian morning the yokels marched away to have it out with the beast. There were huzzahs from the women; cries of encouragement from the local officials, and the king actually looked up from his newspaper as they passed. On arriving at the swamp, they debated over the method of attack. The dragon settled this question by leaping out and breathing violently. His halitosis won the day; the boys about-faced and marched back again. From then on the dragon terrorized the kingdom, forcing the people to give him two sheep a day to keep his distance. Anyone knowing the laws of production can realize that this could last only so long. The supply of sheep gone, humans were then provided. This choice was made by lot and only young girls were eligible. Eventually the king's daughter was chosen and on that fatal day, arrayed as a bride, she took the long road to the swamp from whence there was no returning. (Victorian) Her father followed, carrying a small *pari mutuel* machine to take bets on the number of bites needed to finish her. Reaching the dragon's lair, she prepared herself for death.

In all our best dramas, the hero makes his entrance in some spectacular manner. Georgie galloped. His lance was down; his head was up; his halo followed at some distance. Quickly sizing the situation—Georgie was nothing if not quick—he lowered his head, raised his lance, nonchalantly borrowed the young lady's girdle, and pranced off into the marsh. There were sounds of a brawl, quickly diminishing, and St. Georgie emerged leading a very docile dragon with the borrowed girdle. This is quite a trick. If you don't think so, try to lead a dragon

### *St. Georgie and the Dragon*

in a borrowed girdle. In fact, try to borrow a girdle; that should convince you.

The Saint was none the worse from his encounter; the dragon was anything but nasty; the halo, which had entered late, was poised gracefully over the noggin of the beast—not Georgie. When the king had returned the bets, there was great rejoicing in the land. The dragon was brought into the city; messengers were instructed and given horses; several criminals were tried; then all were despatched. Legend has it that four ox carts were needed to haul away the dragon's carcass.

Georgie was the idol of the land. All the females, who had not been donated to the dragon, fawned around him and finally he was called to Rome to put on a command performance in the Circus Maximus. Nor was this summons too soon, for the Lybian king, having lost his chance to get rid of his daughter, tried to palm her off on St. Georgie. Georgie galloped.

After arriving in Rome, he found that there had been a change of plan. He was there to *be* the entertainment not to give it. The old legend puts it this way. First, he was crushed between two spiked wheels; this had no effect. Next, he was placed in some moulted lead, also no effect. At last he was delivered to a man with an axe who struck Georgie out. The news, on reaching Lybia, caused many females much sorrow and many dragons much joy; Georgie's named lived on.

Edward the Third, who was always the wit, named St. Georgie as patron of the Garter with that famous bon mot, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" Literally translated this means, "Stand back, boys, I saw her first."

As in all Knightly tales, herein lurks a moral—Don't sneer at St. Georgie; you, too, might get mixed up in garters and girdles.

## By the Way

THE ALEMBIC has, in the past, and shall in the future hold the mirror before the student body. At various times we have called them "the decent sort of fellow", "a shining collective tabula rasa" and "mental foul balls". All these descriptions were not *too* kindly and with good reason; in extra-curricular activities, physical education excepted, very little interest has ever been shown.

There has always existed a group inclined to sneer at any production of fellow students. If a ball team fails, they say, "*They've* got a lousy team this year." If the choir *miscues*, they snicker. If a publication, striving to carry on through the summer months, misspells a word, they howl with glee. Yet this is as it should be. A dissatisfied minority is the back-bone of democracy. When this minority reaches a point where it becomes the majority, fear should be felt. Providence College has reached and passed such a point; instead of fear or shame or chagrin only apathy is noticeable and, as the last is the most dangerous, we must try to discover the reason.

In the past the blame has been placed upon the student body. It seems that this is where it belongs. The activities are *student* activities; anyone interested enough to join an organization should spend some time in supporting and, if possible, perfecting it. At the College there are enough activities to interest all, but indifference is so apparent that the underlying causes must be other than those suspected. We have decided that the responsibility does not rest with the students alone but also with the curriculum and—without slightest doubt—the faculty.

Before the mill of the gods starts grinding we intend

### *By the Way*

clarifying our position and giving the reasons for our statement. They are as follows:

As to the curriculum—

Granting that at least seventy-five percent of the student body finds it necessary to work in order to continue in college and granting that included in this number are the majority of those who could and would do their part in College activities, it is still imperative that those who are available be placed in a position in which their availability becomes a necessity if they are to remain in school. At present, many who are able to join various activities find it *more convenient* to rush out at 12:00 o'clock. Many who have ability take the easiest way. We finish at noon, why bother with that stuff?

It might be argued that if this is the attitude, the school cannot be blamed. Here we differ. In, perhaps, all of the courses, at least two groups are taught. If one group were held in the afternoon and one in the morning—the latter for those who *must* work and the former spaced to require an all day attendance—students would be forced to remain and help in all group work. If John Doe can spend three hours a week leaping hurdles, he can spend three hours making “mental muscles” in any other group activity. The school can readily ascertain who, of the student body, are forced to work to continue here. Group work should be a requirement for graduation.

Our philosophy is the philosophy of our Great Religion; it is the underlying thought of Christianity. The Philosophy Club boasted three seniors and two juniors at its last meeting. This cannot be blamed upon the students nor upon the moderator of the group. It is our contention that if philosophy were moved from its unenviable “dawn patrol” position to a period much later in the day, and other subjects less important were delegated to the eight o'clock class, e. g. oratory and physical education, more interest would be shown and more knowledge

gained. Who gives a damn about the Transcendentalists when remembering the half cup of coffee tossed down the sink?

And now to sedition—

Any statement to the effect that the responsibility of students toward activities is dependent upon the faculty may be both questioned and derided. We but state our opinion; further, we shall distinguish the statement. If the dependency rests upon the teacher's *forcing* the student then the responsibility is not traceable to the teacher. If the dependency rests upon the teacher's encouraging the student, teaching the student by example, and engendering both a liking and desire to do more than mere class work then the teacher is responsible.

We go on to paraphrase from a now forgotten document . . . *we hold these truths to be self evident* . . .

That many of the faculty stay a page ahead of the students and silence questions with, "We'll get to that later." Or refute philosophies of the moderns with, "He's out in left field with the sun in his eyes." The discouraging effect is soon felt.

That if the priests and laymen of the scientific and business courses are able to hold afternoon classes, then those priests and laymen in other groups can do likewise. This will take care of the second schedule mentioned . . .

That the teaching duty holds greater responsibility in *this* school where many make a sacrifice to attend . . .

That if extra-curricular activities are to be continued, the moderators of each group must take an active interest in the group proctored. If not the activities should be dropped.

That moderators be appointed to groups which they are capable of handling and about which they have some knowledge . . .

And that if such requirements become burdensome the administration allow a student council to be established, fostering activities and selecting from the faculty such men as they

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think will better the groups and will further the fame which this college had and should have.

We return to John Doe. He's the hard-to-pin-down individual on legal documents and, to us, is the student who can help but chooses not to.

Greetings, John! A hundred years from now when the Daughters of world war II hold a meeting, your grand-daughter will proudly say, "My father's father went to *that* school when they had only three buildings!!"

Don't worry, John. They will never know that you took two periods of cafeteria or philosophy while still asleep. Your name will be in the year book but the records keep, John. Think of your biography.

THE EDITOR.

*The editorial "we" does not refer to any of the staff other than the Editor.*



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