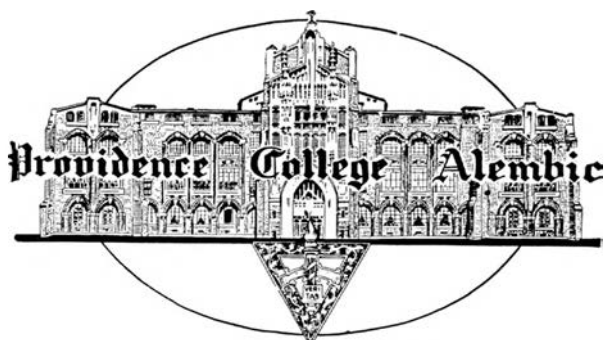


# ALEMBIC

May 1961

# THE ALEMBIC



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

---

The ALEMBIC is published bi-monthly by the students of Providence College, Providence, Rhode Island. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Providence, Rhode Island, December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription \$2.00 the year. "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized April 9, 1932." Printed at the Oxford Press, Providence, Rhode Island.

# THE STAFF

## EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

G. BRIAN SULLIVAN..... Letters '61

## EDITORIAL STAFF

### *Essay Editor*

CHARLES CALEY ..... Letters '61

### *Fiction Editor*

BRIAN MULLANEY ..... Letters '61

### *Poetry Editor*

RICHARD LEIDIG ..... Letters '62

## ART EDITOR

DAVID CALEY ..... Letters '61

## BUSINESS MANAGER

STEPHEN OEHMSEN ..... Letters '62

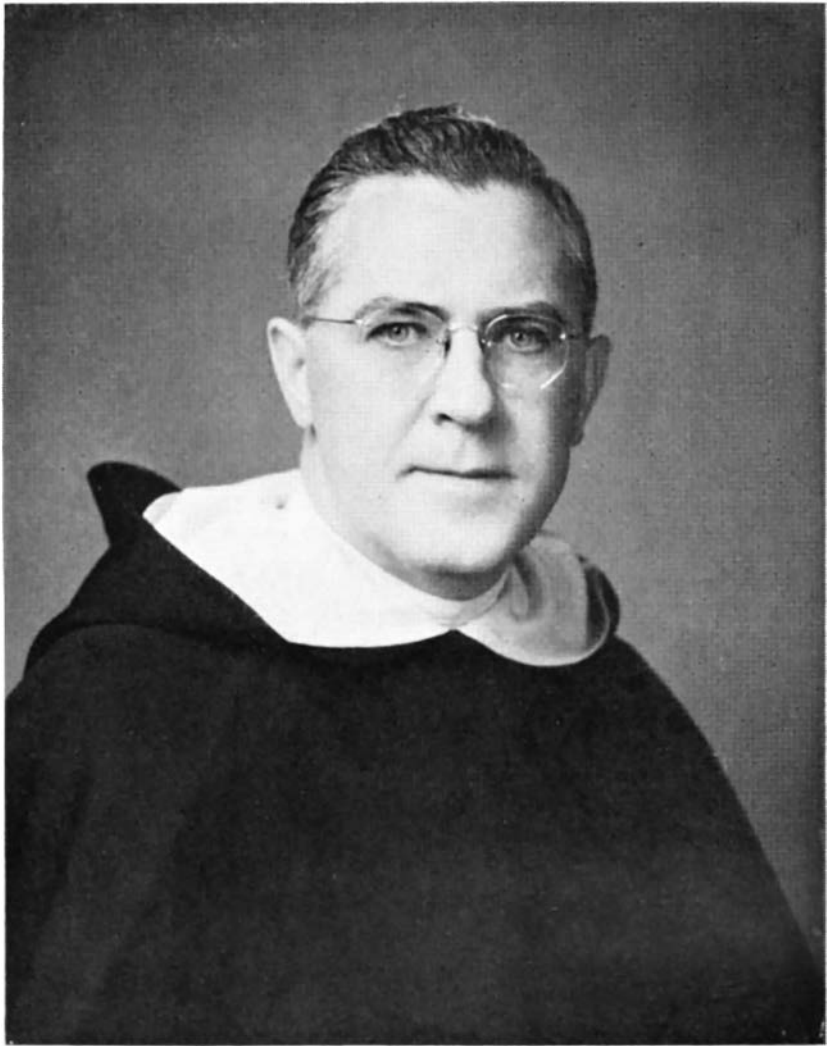
### *Assistant*

MICHAEL SULLIVAN ..... Letters '64

## FACULTY MODERATOR

REVEREND ROBERT LINUS WALKER, O.P.





VERY REVEREND  
ROBERT JOSEPH SLAVIN, O.P., Ph.D., S.T.M.

R J P



VERY REVEREND  
ROBERT JOSEPH SLAVIN, O.P., Ph.D., S.T.M.  
*President of Providence College*

Tragedy becomes more awesome when it strikes swiftly. When sudden and unforeseen death claimed Father Robert Joseph Slavin of the Order of Preachers on April twenty-third, the campus was plunged into deep and earnest mourning which spread throughout the country to all the areas which had felt the influence of our late President.

In citing all that was good and admirable in his life one thinks first of Father Slavin as the embodiment of the whole man. Conforming perfectly to the ideal of liberal education, he was a priest, philosopher, educator, and author. His deeply vital interest in a wide range of fields included those which formed the basis, in his own words, of the "pillars on which a good liberal arts course rests—philosophy, theology, history, and literature."

---

Away from the campus, Father Slavin held a respected position as an educator and lecturer. His wide recognition by leaders in these fields was responsible for his great activity as a speaker on both the local and national level. In addition, he served with distinction on numerous commissions. When the first Sputnik flamed into unsettling prominence in 1958, Father Slavin played a significant role in the hasty re-examination of American educational values. A list of some of the committees gives an indication of the prominence he enjoyed: he was a member of the General Executive Board, College and University Department, of the National Catholic Educational Association; a member of the Advisory Committee for New Educational Media of the United States Office of Education; an executive committee member, American Council on Education; and an advisory committee member to the Surgeon General on Medical Education.

Father Slavin was a competent, gifted author whose production in the field of philosophy received the acceptance of his colleagues. His books include *The Philosophical Basis for Individual Differences*. Together with George Johnson, he was co-author of *Better Men for Better Times*. Father Slavin is also remembered as one of the founders of the *Thomist*, a theological and philosophical journal published by the Dominican Fathers of Saint Joseph's Province.

Admittedly one of Father Slavin's most significant qualities was his ability as an administrator. Since he assumed the duties of president on May 30, 1947, succeeding the Very Reverend Frederick C. Foley, Father Slavin's cumulative experience paralleled an amazing growth in the Providence College plant. Soon after his appointment,

---

---

Albertus Magnus Hall, the science building, was completed. An important acquisition then followed; interpreting the post-war boom in terms of a constantly increasing student body, Father Slavin secured the land and buildings of the Good Shepherd Home. These buildings were converted to the present Stephen and Joseph Halls. Alumni Hall and Raymond Hall quickly rounded out the campus, contributing a pleasingly modern aspect.

One of the most noteworthy milestones of Father Slavin's tenure was the founding of the Honors Biology Program, sponsored by the National Institute of Health. This program, which has as its object the training of undergraduate students for research careers through the stimulation of original research, was formulated because of a critical shortage in the research field. The ponderous machinery was set in motion when Dr. James A. Shannon, director of the National Institute of Health, and Representative John A. Fogarty visited the campus with a view toward establishing such a program. Providence College had been singled out as a small school providing flexibility and exhibiting a record of previous undergraduate research. A joint meeting of the Science Department staff and that of the National Institute of Health in Washington followed to discuss plans. After eighteen months during which the program was framed, approval for the project came in December, 1959. Father Hickey was appointed chairman, with Dr. Fish of the Biology Department as his assistant.

Although much of the intermediate discussion was expedited without Father Slavin's active assistance, the first meeting with the N. I. H. representatives can be largely

---



---

attributed to his instrumentality; the program had his full support at all times.

The great scope of Father Slavin's major work is by now well known. Within the College however, much of Father Slavin's warm memory stems from the consideration he always gave to small matters. The image of the man of affairs devoting his time to secondary matters only serves to confirm his high place in the hearts of those who knew him. In his concern to form well rounded men Father Slavin encouraged athletics. Hockey was promoted as a major sport, and the entire campus rallied around the basketball team and its new coach, Joe Mullaney; this enthusiastic support had legendary results. Aside from his interest in athletics, Father Slavin encouraged the progress of this magazine, sponsoring, for example, our Fortieth Anniversary Issue. Any club was assured of a firm friend and able advisor in Father Slavin.

By adding these impressions together one emerges with a clear picture of the complete man that was Very Reverend Father Slavin. His memory serves to fill the deep void that a sudden cessation in an eminently fruitful life has created.

RICHARD LEIDIG for the Staff

---

## Pan-Americanism: Out of the Pan and into the Fire

CHARLES J. GOETZ, '61

Here, where the world is quiet;  
Here, where all trouble seems  
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot  
In doubtful dreams of dreams.

—SWINBURNE

THERE is an ominous symphony being scored to the south of us. It is orchestrated with Cuban gunshots, the clang of pickaxes in Bolivian tin mines, the whimper of hungry urchins in Peru, and the contrapuntal murmur of restless *campesinos* in northeastern Brazil.

Here, though, the world is quiet here in our relatively tranquil countryside where the raucous blare of horns in a downtown traffic jam can be numbered conspicuously among life's problems. Overhead, the stars spin serenely in an orderly procession like that of their counterparts in the banners which later flap at flagpoles in the radiance of the nation's morning sky. "Ah, *this* is America!"

Nevertheless, this is *not* America, except in a qualified sense. Even the far-flung borders of our sprawling land encompass no more than what we, with the cocky confidence of the world's most prosperous nation, commonly fail to recognize as only a subjectively important corner of the two-continent generality named after a fabled Italian cartographer. Indeed the title of "American" is likewise the valid possession of about 200 million Latin Americans,

many of whom have few more tangible possessions which they may cherish. These people have every justification in indignantly resenting those of our countrymen who, with baseless exclusivity, thoughtlessly restrict the application of *americano* to natives of these United States. The discourtesy in question is indicative of a frame of mind which may bear bitter fruits for our generation.

On the U. S. domestic scene, public reactions to the rampant *fidelismo* of Red-dominated Cuba have been tinged with an undercurrent of outraged respectability. The proverbial "man-in-the-street" still finds it difficult to assimilate the fact that large masses of the Cuban people should enthusiastically embrace the leadership of a Communist-orientated demagogue. Only the restrictions of a police state could have swept our traditional "sugar bowl" behind the newly woven Cane Curtain, it is widely thought. After all, are these not Americans too?

As is so often true, the words of John Q. Public are redolent with the scent of inconsistency and devious logic. These may be the same men who single themselves out as "Americans" among Mexicans and Chileans. Yet, under the stress of crisis, there is this instinctive recourse to a terminological bond with people to whom the kinship of Americanism is not customarily accorded. These niceties of polite usage in regard to the term "American" are, of course, only a circuitous method of approaching some understanding of the variance between the word's symbolic content and its *de facto* importance.

The traditional policy of the U. S. government has been aligned in accord with the narrow concept of "American," a conviction that our responsibilities are restricted

*Pan-Americanism: Out of the Pan and into the Fire*

to that portion of the Americas which flies the emblem of the Stars and Stripes. Indeed, until the so-called "Good Neighbor Policy" was initiated in the thirties, this country's attitude towards Latin America would be accurately reflected in an analogy drawn between the Caribbean and Imperial Rome's possessive notion of the Mediterranean as *Mare Nostrum*—Our Sea.

With the onset of the thirties, U. S. foreign policy for the first time began to give serious recognition to the national sovereignty of our southern neighbors. The truculence of dictator Juan Perón even induced our government for a time to pay court to a totalitarian regime in Argentina. The criterion of U. S. concern for any Latin American republic has typically continued to be essentially one of pragmatism and expediency. In the words of many of our hemispheric neighbors, "The United States has interests, not friends."

The postwar period saw our government continue to pursue its traditional policy of protecting U. S. national interests, in this case via the extension of economic aid designed to stem the flow of an advancing Red tide in Europe and Asia. Latin American nations were embittered by the volume of Marshall Plan developmental aid granted to other areas while sorely needed projects in the Western Hemisphere expired on the drawing boards for lack of adequate capital and technological assistance. Latin America, it seemed, was taken for granted.

It ought to be obvious, then, that in dispensing its favors the United States has not been actuated by any bond of hemispheric solidarity or sense of common inter-American interests. If anything, the sharing of the "American"

label may have actually militated *against* rather than *for* the twenty-one Latin American nations. A series of U. S. administrations has apparently considered the South American species of Americanism too indirect and "second class" to elicit any great degree of quasi-familial concern, while, at the very same time, this Americanism has been blindly relied upon as a bond efficacious enough to motivate loyalty without largess. Simply stated, we have—perhaps unconsciously—visualized ourselves as the recipients of a degree of concern and self-identification which we were too thoughtless or unwilling to reciprocate. Our Latin neighbors have been "Americans" when we needed them, seldom when they needed us.

United States official circles and informed segments of the general public are now only too well aware that the vaunted structure of Pan-American unity has been nothing more than a house of cards. He who sees Pan-Americanism as a bulwark against another Cuban debacle is conjuring with the hollow phantom of a force that never really was. The blunt truth is that Uncle Sam casts a long shadow of suspicion in Latin America. It is a suspicion born of the real and undeniable record of economic imperialism and political intervention which stains the history of our hemispheric relations. While C. Wright Mills' vitriolic *Listen, Yankee* is assuredly an immoderate, axe-grinding book, the thesis it propounds is nonetheless not as atypical of Latin American attitudes as the general public might tend to believe. In South America, we are still being blamed for the sins of our past, perhaps because we have done too little of a positive nature to set our record straight during the contemporary period.

*Pan-Americanism: Out of the Pan and into the Fire*

Judging from the standpoints of both Latin Americans and our own countrymen, therefore, the term "American" may be seen to run no deeper than the level of a geographical label. Although the term bears connotations of a political bond in this country, only this domestic meaning, and not the wider international sense, has any substance from a diplomatic or strategic standpoint, and even the domestic connotation is meaningless because it is unilateral. Accordingly, the diplomatic advantage upon which we have long tended to rely in inter-American relations, is melting away in the cold light of any truly realistic appraisal.

Instead, we are faced with a situation pregnant with danger to the whole strategic position of our country. Latin America is unmistakably in the throes of a massive social and political revolution which is the most favorable type of spawning-ground for Communist agitation. With the gravity of their problems aggravated by the world's most explosive rate of population increase, the underprivileged masses of Latin America are eager, if not even desperate, to grasp at any promising means of ameliorating their unfavorable socio-economic environment. In an atmosphere fraught with such urgency and passion, the relatively conservative doctrines of the U. S. brand of free enterprise are at a distinct emotional disadvantage to the radical, utopian promises of the Marxian system of state socialism. As far as ideological appeal to hungry people is concerned, the lure of the Communist gospel is far more seductive than the tenets of the West's traditional capitalistic organization of society.

Fortunately, the inroads of Communism among the peoples of Latin America are, with the obvious exception

of Cuba, not yet regarded as any imminent danger. The psychological and socio-economic atmosphere of the area is so highly charged, however, that many competent observers concede the distinct possibility of a Red tide rising to flood proportions with lightning-like rapidity. In view of the critical situation presently existent, it is all the more tragic that the psychological bond of Pan-Americanism should be a mere myth.

That Pan-Americanism is and has been a shadow-creature, however, is no argument that it must continue to be so. While it would be naive to contemplate erasing the cumulative resentment of decades in a few years, there is more immediate hope that well-conceived foreign policy can produce a strong community of interest, even if not an idealistic community of affection. The present trend of U. S. foreign policy seems at last directed towards this goal, although one may well wonder whether our concern for Latin America's welfare will not once again evaporate simultaneously with the passing of immediate concern for our own narrow national interests and security. One thing, however, looms on the horizon with considerable certainty—that if we do not extend the concept of "American" sufficiently to create a real, rather than merely nominal, mutuality of interests with Latin America, we may yet see ourselves the protagonists in a three-act tragedy of which Cuba is only the dress rehearsal.

## Mary-Joe

PHILIP DOHERTY, '63

THE dance was over. Inside the hall the members of Jack Mooney's band tucked away their instruments for the night. Outside in the corridor a group of impatient women formed a line in front of the cloak-room window. In the midst of them stood Mary-Joe. This was the fourth time she had attended the parish dance since coming to England, and as she stood in the centre of the garrulous throng, she vowed to herself that she would never come again. She just couldn't stand it anymore. As on all three previous occasions, she had sat there all evening long without even one invitation to dance. "The callousness of people" she thought.

Mary-Joe was twenty-two. She was attractive, well groomed, and soft-spoken. She had completed two years of college, but had quit in order to become a nurse. Back in the male ward at the hospital where she now worked, she was very popular with the patients. Her vivaciousness seemed to act as a soothing salve. They affectionately called her "Joey." And this Mary-Joe could not understand.

"Why," she asked herself, "should men in a hospital treat me like an ordinary human being while men in a dance hall treat me like a leper?" Tonight even John Peters, her helper on the ward, had ignored her. She couldn't understand. She just couldn't. She had done everything possible to make herself look attractive, but to no avail. There was a barrier. She felt lonely, unwanted, dejected. Life was empty.



Having received her coat from the attendant, Mary-Joe buttoned it snugly around her neck, and moved outside into the night. Ominous black clouds covered the November sky. The air was chilly and added considerably to her misery. How she hated this English climate! As she walked dejectedly along the now almost deserted street towards the subway, all was quiet save the hoarse cry of a newsboy's "Last edition! Last edition! Final! Final!" The words seemed to hang in the air. As Mary-Joe passed by, he held out a paper. But Mary-Joe was not interested.

She quickened her step, now intent upon not missing the last train. Without even a glance at the collector, she paid her fare and passed through the turnstile to the sparsely populated platform. The train was on time. As it came speeding into the station, the collector was startled by a commotion among the crowd. A woman had jumped onto the line. It was Mary-Joe.

The morning papers reported her death and carried her picture. The patients on her ward read it in disbelief. Other readers, who didn't know her, wondered upon seeing her picture why such an attractive girl had wished to die. But the picture told only half a story. Unlike Mary-Joe, it was not colored.

## Man and the Bomb

RAYMOND LAJEUNESSE, '64

Man! Man the powerful, the wonderful, the magnificent!  
He controls the Bomb.  
He knows the secret of the Atom.

The push of a button unleashes the forces of Nature.  
Death will run rampant:  
Heat, blast, shock, fall-out, radiation!

Man! Man the frail, the scared, the ignorant, the bewildered!  
He controls the Bomb.  
He knows the secret of the Atom.

Man—pushing, running, stumbling over his own fears.  
He protests, threatens, brags, apologizes.  
But Death can wait; it always has.

---

EDITOR'S NOTE: The staff of the *Alembic* has awarded the prize for the best essay submitted this year to Thomas Crowley, whose "Christus and the Hero Image" appeared in the spring issue.

The staff has awarded the prize for the best poem to James P. Farrelly for "merger" appearing in this issue.

No prize is being awarded this year in fiction or drama.

## PRIZE-WINNING POEM

### merger

james p. farrelly, '63

sore,  
swelling with contempt,  
a hatred for mankind.  
bitter,  
speaking not a word  
of foolish charity.  
sick,  
grieving for myself a personal pity.

why sore, why bitter,  
why sick—why unwilling to live?  
why not, if life is just  
a road that has a worthless end?

painless,  
swelling with jollity,  
a love of all mankind.  
sweet,  
speaking only words  
of tender charity.  
strong,  
grieving for my brothers a universal pity.

why painless, why sweet,  
why strong—why eager to live?  
because life is but a road to happiness:  
which does not end but—  
merges.

“Oh . . . that’s nice, dear.”

MARIO L. CALUORI, '63

HE was cold and shivering.

Winter’s dawn had finally arrived; white specks in the air were being fiercely swirled about, and Mark Donohue seemed to be almost wrapped up in the turbulence. But he still shoveled, hoping to alleviate himself of a more difficult shoveling job later on.

He thought to himself, “Why in heck doesn’t it stop? Well, one thing’s for sure; I won’t have to go to that rotten old post office today and sort out everybody and anybody’s gossip columns!”

His very strokes into the already drifting heaps of cotton-like snow were deliberate and much too hard. It was as if he were trying to remove the very pavement itself.

“Aw hell. Now there probably won’t be any bowling league tonight. I’d better call Jack and find out. This lousy stuff will kill a man. Whew!”

It wasn’t long after that Mark had finally finished shoveling a somewhat neat but already snow-dusted corridor between the two front lawns of his Cape Codder home.

“But what about bowling tonight?” he thought to himself as he unbuckled his boots in the hallway. “I’ll call Jack now and find out. Hope they bowl. Well, even if they don’t, maybe Jack will go to the alleys with me and

we can have a few beers besides. Yeah, that's not a bad idea at all."

He went to the phone.

"Mark?" A feminine voice emanated cheerfully from within the living room. "I'm almost done with the sweater I said I'd knit for you. Mark?"

She became silent for a moment and then heard him dialing.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a hardly audible tone, "who could he be calling?"

Liz was tangled in multiple vines of wool fibre. She was putting the final loops into the red, winter sweater she had been knitting for Mark.

"Ever since we've been married," she thought, "I've wanted to knit Mark a red sweater. All I've ever made for him in the three years we've been married were socks. But he needs something warm for days like today, especially when he has to walk back and forth to work. I hope he didn't get too cold out there. It sure looks frosty. This will keep him warm though." She smiled and admired the neatly-woven, crimson pull-over. "This will keep him warm," and she buried her smiling, full cheeks into it.

"Okay, Jack, then I'll come over in fifteen minutes —It'll take a little longer for me to get there with all this damn snow. We'll even get a bite to eat there—some hamburgers maybe, and a couple of beers ought to hit the spot too, hey? When do we start the league? Next week? Okay, take it easy."

With that, Mark placed the receiver down and started buckling his boots back on.

“Oh . . . that’s nice, dear.”

“Mark? Who was that?”

“Oh, just Jack.”

“Where are you going in such a hurry? You must be awfully cold. I’ve put some hot cocoa on the stove and we’re having supper soon too. Guess what? We’re having two nice thick pieces of tenderloin steak with mashed potatoes and gravy. There’s even some cold beer in the cooler, and for desert I’ve made some chocolate fudge with nuts—your favorite.”

“I’m going bowling with Jack, Liz. I won’t be home for supper.”

“Oh . . .”

“Damn, these boots are always giving me trouble!”

Liz got up and helped him buckle his boots.

“There,” she said, “I wish you would at least eat before going. Oh, and look, I’ve finished knitting you the sweater.”

“Oh . . . that’s nice dear,” he mumbled as he half glanced at it and fumbled for his hat on the shelf of the hall closet.

*Slam!* Mark was gone.

Liz got her things together and placed them on the little table in the corner of the living room.

She stared out at the falling snow for some time, thinking that surely it would stop before long; she then walked into the kitchen. She saw no need for thawing out two steaks, since Mark wouldn’t be home for supper. And so, with almost the attention one would give to an infant, Liz re-wrapped Mark’s piece of steak and carefully placed

it back into the freezing unit. Before closing the refrigerator, she took out some cold slices of ham, a head of lettuce and some mayonaise and immediately began making Mark's lunch, for he would be working again the next day.

## the unloved

t. f. maguire, '61

defying mid-winter gusts  
filling his open trenchcoat  
like a fullsail schooner  
he sailed over snow-smeared sidewalks  
he thought about someone . . . anyone  
trying to recapture something  
as he pushed on . . .  
never knowing where

billowing smoke from his briar  
hovered and stung his searching eyes  
an unseen ice patch  
nearly upended his empty thoughts  
pausing only for an occasional  
mouthful of pale brandy  
as he sauntered on . . .  
never knowing where

*The Unloved*

overflow customers from  
some crowded basement cafe  
spilled onto icy snowpacked  
sidewalks, mumbling angrily  
darkness reached out and finally  
clutched this unfriendly metropolis  
as he rambled on . . .  
never knowing where

and then a voice cried out  
disrupting his thoughtless thoughts  
grasping, fumbling, he  
recaptured his precious something  
darkness brings me light, he thought  
then they murmured low, at last alone  
as they wandered on . . .  
never knowing where



## Chaos a la Roma

JOHN EAGLESON, '64

AS the visitor drives into town from Rome's outlying Ciampino Airport, he at first notices nothing strikingly different about Roman traffic, perhaps only the "foreign" cars and many motorscooters. But the tranquility of the rural New Appian Way is deceptive. As the airport taxi comes closer to the city, one notices with increasing alarm the aggressiveness of the little cars: they pass with little regard for oncoming traffic, forging with their horn three lanes where there apparently were only two. As the newcomer passes through the gate of the old city wall into the city proper, he meets an overwhelming swarm of vehicles. With order comes peace, but both are certainly nonexistent on the *strade* of Rome. The Roman seems to thrive on the nightmare; the foreigner is terrified. Nowhere is this chaos more complete. The pandemonium is unique.

The causes of this discordant situation are three: the vehicles, the streets, and the Romans. First, we shall consider the vehicles. In Italy, and everywhere, the recent increase in the number of automobiles has been more than any accelerated road building program could equal. The result is that the streets of Rome are choked. But it is not the multitude of vehicles that makes Roman traffic distinctive. It is the variety. The largest constituent of the congestion is the ubiquitous, Italian-made Fiat. Everywhere there are big, Buick-sized Fiats and little, sub-Volkswagen-sized Fiats; darting, swerving, starting, honking, parking, stopping, U-

## *Chaos a la Roma*

turning Fiats; baby-blue, crimson, yellow, and green-striped taxicab Fiats; limousine, delivery wagon, family car, and ambulance Fiats; angry, swarming, determined, buzzing, persistent Fiats: Fiats, Fiats, Fiats!

These automobiles would be enough to drive any traffic control department to distraction, but in Rome they form only the core of the mess. The second most popular plague is the motorscooter. This forms the filler. Where there is no room for a Fiat between Fiats, the scooter moves in to make the mass compact. They are more popular than in the States: a young Roman white-collar worker often will commute daily on his Vespa, his brief case hung on the handle bar; you may see a sandled Franciscan friar, his brown robes and three-knotted cord flapping, making a sick call on the friary's scooter; or a young Italian *signore* will weave his way to the opera, his teen-age date for the evening perched primly behind him.

City busses and trolleys bearing the SPQR of ancient Rome, plow along the crowded streets, providing dangerous competition for the Fiats and motorscooters. There is nothing more pathetic than to see a tiny Fiat squeezed between two monstrous, unsympathetic buses. Bicycles are also seen occasionally, but only the bravest dare to take these fragile vehicles into the ferocious traffic. With the coming of the tourists, a new element has been added to the confusion. Guided horse and carriage tours provide a little animal life to the jungle of fenders and engines and nerves. The carriages are particularly hazardous while their drivers, oblivious of screeching brakes, blaring horns, and violent curses, are obligingly pointing out the sights to enchanted tourists.

The second cause of the Roman traffic problem is the streets. They are arranged in no apparent order; a city street map looks like a handful of dropped toothpicks. This arrangement makes it very difficult to know exactly which way to go, and a change of mind in Roman traffic can be suicidal. The most amusing thoroughfares, if you are watching them, but frightening if you are crossing, are the traffic circles and piazzas. The effect is like a Fourth of July pinwheel. In the center of these plazas there is usually a statue of some ancient god, tranquilly spouting water into a conch shell as the traffic whirls madly around him. If Triton had any sense he would have fled in terror long ago. A pedestrian daring to cross a piazza may be nearly hit three times by the same car on different revolutions. The dexterity, the courage, and the insanity of Roman drivers are best manifested on these merry-go-rounds.

Rome has many medieval alleyways, with the buildings nearly in the street and little more than one lane for traffic. Pedestrians must walk single file for a car to get by, and only by inhaling can two cars pass. The blind turns plus the antics of the speed demons who barrel through these passages result in some crinkled fenders.

The third and basic cause of the traffic trouble is the Romans themselves: impulsive, happy-go-lucky, emotional, courageous, volatile Italians. For them their automobile—or at least the accelerator and the horn—is a means of expression. Weaving, dodging, and missing are arts. To use the brake is a disgrace. And woe to him who frustrates a Roman's driving technique: Once a small Fiat stopped suddenly on the busy Via Sistina; immediately it was smashed from behind by—of course—another Fiat. There

## *Chaos a la Roma*

was little damage, but in one bound the two drivers were at each other's throat. For ten minutes they screamed, swore, tore their hair, threatened, pounded, and stamped, neither listening to the other. Finally, one of the parties concerned asked for the other's license and other cards. They were produced with a sneer, very officially scrutinized, and returned. The procedure was reversed. After these formalities were completed, each shrugged in Italian, "Eh, that's life", got into his car, and drove off.

The most colorful characters in this chaos are the policemen. They stand in their immaculate white uniforms, high on their pedestals in the busiest intersections. They seem unconcerned with a spectacle that would beat any hell-driver thrill show in the United States. They go through their graceful, minuet-like motions, their white gloves surprisingly enough respected by the usually contempting Italians. And these lawmen will pose most prettily for a tourist's camera.

In 1959 the Italian Parliament passed a corrective traffic code. Legal speed limits were established for the first time in the history of Rome. The 147 provisions of the code have succeeded in keeping some of the more timid drivers in the correct lane and have mildly decelerated some of the more cooperative cowboys, but for the most part Fiats and scooters are still swerving, swearing, and usually missing. The staid Colosseum, which has seen the chariot of Hadrian, the charger of Charlemagne, and the carriage of Garibaldi, is probably shaking her head with motherly surprise and saying, "My goodness, I've never seen anything like it."

*We Recognize a Familiar Face . .*



Sophomores at the College in 1946



Juniors at the College in 1946

## Marriage Can Be Simply Super

CHARLES J. GOETZ, '61

A HIGHLY unusual thing happened the other day as I stood watching the aspiring athletes over at the tennis courts.

"Say, there!," he burred, "Are you a senior?"

He looked about 28, a well-built, clean-cut, All-American type, so I saw no harm in 'fessing up.

"Sure, I'm a senior. Although I must admit that they accuse me of acting a bit sophomoric at times."

I would have laughed at my own pun, but he seemed so glad to get an affirmative reply.

"Well listen, m' friend. Maybe you'd be good enough to help me with a little problem. I'm a journalist and thought I'd like to get the opinion of a senior on a little theological problem that's popped up. Game for a try?"

"When it comes to interviews, I'm never at a loss for words," I truthfully replied.

"Well, here's the problem. Judging from your four years of Thomistic training, do you find any theological impediments to a hypothetical marriage between Clark Kent and Lois Lane?"

Now I *did* chuckle. There was nothing like meeting the advance man for a company of comic-strip writers. A "journalist," he said!

"Well, it sounds pretty good—on paper" I countered.

## *Marriage Can Be Simply Super*

“No, no. Seriously, now, we’d like to have your opinion on this problem as if it were a real-life situation. Just like an ethics problem,” he replied, with some agitation.

“Pretty good. I see your game,” I chuckled. “You have a little plot problem and want to know what happens if you have Lois Lane fall in love with Superman under his Clark Kent guise. That would make it possible for Superman to marry, if I remember my comic-book lore correctly.”

“Yes, but *would* it? Theologically speaking, I mean. Would it offend Catholics?”

“Well now, I begin to see what you mean. I wonder whether Superman has the right number of chromosomes? We Catholics believe that reproduction is the primary purpose of marriage, you know. There’s some doubt in my mind whether Superman could produce human offspring—or even whether he’s a human being himself!”

“I see,” he said, as he fiddled in his notebook. “And if there *were* children . . . What then, would they have to be educated as Catholics?”

“Now you’ve got me,” I admitted. “I suppose that depends on what religion they practiced on Krypton. Some theologians have speculated that, if there be intelligent beings on other planets, they may never have fallen from the state of original justice. That raises a pretty good question as to what religion the Superkids might be subject to.”

I unblushingly confess to having been swept up in the whole silly spirit of the thing by now. As I warmed to the subject, the urge to add a few more gems of facetious wisdom grew irresistible.



"Another thing," I continued, "you might have an out by arguing that there's plenty of proof presumptive to the effect that the people of Superman's naive Krypton never underwent a Fall. After all, Superman always seems to have his lower passions well under control, what with his altruistic crime-busting and all that. I can think of a great many moral dangers to a man with super-strength, X-ray vision, etc. He'd almost *have* to be in the state of original justice to resist them all."

"You're dead right," my interviewer laughed. "I guess he *is* in the state of justice. I hate to think of the opposite being true, especially with regard to the love affair under discussion. Can you imagine Lois Lane being in his arms when he became a little carried away with passion and tried to give her an affectionate squeeze?!"

"Ughhh! The world of crime would be jubilant," I agreed. "That would make Superman guilty of manslaughter, perhaps even a fugitive from justice. At the very least, his usefulness as an ideal for the comic book reading youth of our country would be completely destroyed."

"One more question," my interviewer exclaimed. "How about this Catholic law on closeness of relationship. I mean, Superman will probably have a life-span of a thousand or so earth-years. Assuming that he marries Lois and has children, the course of nature might eventually result in a condition wherein the greater part of the world's nubile females were his own indirect descendants. Once Lois died, he might find it increasingly difficult to avoid the necessity of remaining a widower during his declining years."

With a sweep of my hand, I settled that point in a hurry.

*Marriage Can Be Simply Super*

“Don't worry about it one bit. That's a matter of Church law, and the Church is usually pretty reasonable about straightening out things like that. I don't doubt he'd be able to get a dispensation.”

“Well, I'm much obliged to you, Mr. . . . er, what did you say your name was?”

“I didn't. But it's Goetz, Charlie Goetz.”

“Ah, yes. You do a little newspaper work around here yourself, don't you?”

“Yes, but I'm retired now. My pencil point wore down.”

At that point, an excited expression crossed his face and he yanked out his wrist watch before I got a chance to ask his name.

“Omigosh! I'm late for a date with my fiancée. Lucky thing I have good news for her.”

With that, he was off—faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a steaming locomotive. And he didn't even wait to hide behind the building to change his clothes.

*15 Years Ago . . .*



President of his Class  
1946 August Graduates

## America, Remember

JOHN F. SMOLLINS, JR., '62

America, my strength, my vigor is absorbed by your paths  
of democracy.

Let no radical or usurper annihilate you because of leth-  
argy or hypocrisy.

All my capacity, all my vitality is at your command.

Majestic land of my ancestors, you have but to demand.

●  
America, world harbor of refuge,

Stand adamant against the Communist deluge.

The lugubrious pleas of enslaved nations implore your as-  
sistance

To continue their indefatigable, untiring resistance.

●  
America, champion of new ideals, free world bastion, lib-  
erty bulwark,

Never permit us to fall prey to the bloody butcher's poi-  
gnant mark.

The blatant, boisterous aggressor, reveling in patriots'  
blood,

Will some day be engulfed in freedom's torrential flood.

●  
America, beware of the lurking, sneering, plotting oppres-  
sor.

Let your indomitable durability shackle him like his pre-  
decessor.

Rally energetically behind men of righteous, positive ac-  
tions.

No longer shall we wallow in the mire of sundry factions.

●  
America, epitome of variety and opulence, constantly recall

To offer, homage, tribute and thanks for all

To a universal, personal, omnipotent Divinity,

Our Creator, Our God, Himself Infinity.

## Mexico's Junior Businessmen

JOHN EAGLESON, '64

ONE of the distinctive features of Mexico is the number of people who make their living by street-peddling merchandise from silver earrings to lottery tickets; or by offering their services as tour guides, boot-blacks, porters or any other occupation the least bit profitable. A sizable percentage of these entrepreneurs are children from the age of twelve down to anyone who can walk and talk. I was impressed by the business tactics of these urchins. They are aggressive, clever, and determined; sometimes they are sneaky, and they are always lovable.

My first encounter with these rascals occurred twenty feet inside the Mexican border. Not the man of means who enjoys the luxury of a taxicab, I was carrying my two small suitcases across the international bridge that connects Laredo, Texas, with Nuevo Laredo, Mexico. Three little Mexican boys, wearing dirty knees, bare feet, and ragged shorts, accosted me and volunteered to carry my luggage. Because I was having no trouble, I refused their offer. Not to be deterred, they resorted to pleading with broken English, Spanish dialect, sign language, and the most pathetic looks. When they saw that I was a stubborn and uncooperative *Yanqui* customer, they employed more drastic persuasion by wrenching the bags from my hands. Rather than cause an international affair, I refrained from any violence. They trotted happily ahead of me, the two older ones each carrying one bag and the junior member of the triumvirate enthusiastically trying to help both of them at once and very effectively getting in their way. When I arrived at the Mexican customs station at the end of the bridge, they were waiting for me. Each stuck out a grubby little hand, and the little one said, "Ten cents, please." He could speak perfect English when money was concerned.

## *Mexico's Junior Businessmen*

My next encounter occurred at Sabinas Hidalgo, a small town about ninety miles from Nuevo Laredo. My bus, a comfortable Mexican Trailways destined for Mexico City, pulled into the antiquated depot late in the afternoon. As soon as the door opened to let the passengers out, in jumped two brown-faced youngsters. The first was waving a newspaper and yelling, "*El Norte, El Norte,*" so loudly I thought his jugular vein would burst. *El Norte*, I deduced, was the name of the paper. In spite of his ample forecasting of his product, he was not satisfied until he had asked every passenger individually, "*El Norte, señor?*" The second member of the team, using a less vociferous approach, simply showed us his merchandise accompanied by a broad grin, the only sales talk he needed. He was selling Chiclets in the 1¢ packages, and his whole store of goods could not have been worth more than fifteen cents. Suddenly the two boys scampered out the door as quickly as they had come in. Another bus had arrived, and they were eager to continue their business.

Some of the children are shysters, as many a *gringo* can testify. But they are delightful, artless little shysters. In the lobby of my hotel a shoeshine boy, equipped with a homemade box and assorted stray rags, did an excellent job on my shoes. After he finished what he called his "special gloss shine," he announced that his price was twenty-five pesos. I wasn't very proficient at figuring exchange rates, but I knew that twenty-five pesos was too much for a shoeshine—special gloss or not. Some hurried mental calculation disclosed that his price was the equivalent of two American dollars. Realizing that I was dealing with a Mexican Jesse James, I told him, "Three pesos, nothing more." There followed considerable protesting and varied degrees of anger and tears, but he finally con-

ceded. I was quite proud of my transaction until I found out later that the usual price for a shoeshine is fifty centavos—half a peso.

To the north of Mexico City are the prodigious Pyramid of the Sun and Pyramid of the Moon. Here a whole tribe of brown-skinned ragamuffins sell to tourists “genuine” Aztec archeological finds. These knives and figurines, made of bosidian, a black, tar-like rock, are usually carved the day before by these self-made archeologists. The very young ones, who are not able to manufacture their own handicraft, sell little plastic trinkets similar to those procured for one cent in bubble gum machines except that they depict some grotesque Indian god. The children carry these in paper cups and, I suppose, do about ten cents worth of business a day.

While I was standing on the plaza admiring the cathedral at the shrine of Guadalupe, a little girl about six years old approached me. She wore a dirty white scarf, a tattered blue dress that couldn't quite reach her knees, and a pair of oversized sandals that she probably had gotten from an older sister. Holding up a meagre little pack of holy cards for my inspection, she said, “Cinco centavos, señor”—less than a half cent in United States currency. I bought one card, and as she walked away I noticed that it was a picture of the Madonna of the Streets. It must be a great consolation for these little ones when their mothers tell them that Mary, the mother of God, was as poor as they are.

Whether the poverty of these Mexican children drives them to roaming the streets for a few pennies, or whether they are just natural businessmen, I don't know; but if any salesman in the States had the aggressiveness and the charm of these youngsters, he would be a success.

## Changes in the American Musical Theatre Since 1940

DONALD B. GIBBS, '64

WHEN *The Black Crook*, a play with songs and dances added for the interest of its patrons, opened in 1866 to become the first American musical production to achieve success, there commenced in the theatre what is today its dominating feature, the musical comedy. Although this facet of the musical theatre is one which covers the vaguely defined area between opera and vaudeville, it includes the operetta, comic opera, musical play, revue, and the musical comedy of the strictest sense, one presented solely for the entertainment of its audiences. Through the ensuing years since 1866, the musical theatre has matured considerably, its growth most evident in the libretto and in the unity and integration of songs, dances, and plots.

In the years previous to 1940, the musical theatre met its greatest success in the lavish extravaganza revues of the nineteen twenties, the most famous of these being Earl Carroll's *Vanities*, George White's *Scandals*, the Garrick *Gaieties*, the Zigfeld *Follies*, and the daring *Passion Shows* and *Artist and Models Revues*. The typical 1920 revue contained a number of comedy and blackout sketches, unrelated song and dance numbers, and a chorus of dazzling showgirls, with noted comedians headlining the program, except for the Garrick *Gaieties* which depended on fresh new talent for its productions.

Developments in the field of musical comedy in the twenties were seen in the comic operettas, among them



Rudolf Friml's *Rose Marie*, a pioneering effort in the combining of song and story, and *The Vagabond King*; and Sigmund Romberg's *The Student Prince*, known for its "Drinking Song," and *The Desert Song*, a blending of pageantry, romance, and humor. The one truly distinctive musical of this era, however, was *Showboat*, the first production to break tradition by combining a dramatic story with many of the most impressive songs ever written for the stage. "Ol' Man River," "Can't Help Lovin' That Man," and "Bill" are as popular today as they were thirty-three years ago.

It was not until the nineteen thirties, however, that the musical stage achieved major strides towards becoming a distinguished part of one of our principal sources of entertainment. When *Of Thee I Sing*, a collaboration of George S. Kaufmann, Morrie Ryskind, and George and Ira Gershwin, opened in 1931, stage history was made, for this was the first musical comedy to win a Pulitzer Prize for Drama. Through its music, lyrics, and dialogue, which strayed from the common "boy-meets-girl" theme, this musical introduced sharp satire into musicals and encouraged in succeeding shows unusual subjects treated in an unorthodox manner. The entire production proved to be what was the most closely integrated, skillfully created musical up to its time.

Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart were the first composers to contribute truly novel ideas for the betterment of the overall structure of the musical show, for in 1936, *On Your Toes*, a strikingly unified production with an unusually coherent libretto drawing its background from the world of ballet, utilized the ballet as an integral part of the play's action. "The Slaughter on Tenth Ave-

## *Changes in the American Musical Theatre Since 1940*

nue," the best known part of the production, combined the excitement of Rodgers' music with the dancing of Ray Bolger and Tamara Geva and was the jazz ballet which admitted this type of dance sequence to a new partnership with the musical productions of the later nineteen thirties, forties, and fifties. The collaboration of Rodgers and Hart was unique in its sharp, sophisticated lyrics set to warm music and in its spirit of youthfulness, freshness, charm, and daring. With *On Your Toes*, one of the supreme theatrical achievements of the 1930's, these two men contributed greatly to the structure of today's musical productions.

When Richard Rodgers entered into partnership with the late Oscar Hammerstein II in the early nineteen forties, there began in the theatre a collaboration whose works have never been, and may never be, equaled in the history of the musical theatre. These two more than any other composer-librettists have contributed to the major revisions which have given us the outstanding productions of the present. The decade of the nineteen forties and the changes achieved during these ten years can best be seen in their many works, notably *Oklahoma!* and *South Pacific*.

Although gradual changes were taking place before the arrival of this musical at New York's St. James Theatre in 1943, *Oklahoma* showed that no matter how unconventional a show may be, there will always be an audience waiting for it. In this case the audience was one which filled the St. James 2,248 times, a record number of performances for a musical show, although this record will probably be shattered by the long running hit *My Fair Lady*. Based on Lynn Riggs' *Green Grow the Lilacs*, *Oklahoma!* was a beautiful folk play, a bittersweet drama con-

cerning the conflict between the farmer and the cattleman, which strove for a synchronization of all the elements of the musical theatre into a single entity. Rodgers and Hammerstein realized that a play with folk character demanded fresh, original points of view. They decided to abandon the tired method of opening with a line of chorus girls and male singers crowding the stage, instead having a woman churning butter the sole character in the first scene, while the hero sang offstage. In place of the dances common to the productions of its time, Agnes de Mille created American ballets fully in character with the setting of the show; seldom has there been a musical since *Oklahoma!* which has not contained a dream ballet, a tradition established in the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit. "Through selection, change of emphasis, and the injection of unflagging verve and gaiety, Rodgers and Hammerstein made *Oklahoma!* a kind of hymn of optimism, high spirits, and inexhaustible energy." Although not the first musical in which the plot was important, this production's great success encouraged in succeeding musicals the necessity for integration of story, song and dance.

Rodgers and Hammerstein proved themselves more unconventional than they were in *Oklahoma!* when they wrote *South Pacific*, based on James A. Michener's short stories concerning life on the pacific islands during World War II. Programmed as a musical play, *South Pacific* boasted no ballets, no energetic dances, and no chorus in the conventional sense. Then too, this Pulitzer Prize winning production was the first of a number of musicals with middle aged heroes, indicative perhaps of a change in the type of audience which attends the theatre. Between *Okla-*

---

<sup>1</sup>Bernard Hewitt, *Theatre U. S. A.*, (New York, 1959), p. 433.

*Changes in the American Musical Theatre Since 1940*

*homa!* and *South Pacific*, Rodgers and Hammerstein dominated the musical scene of the nineteen forties, with their productions setting many noteworthy trends, including the adaptation of dramatic works and those changes previously mentioned.

Excluding the many fine works of Rodgers and Hammerstein which opened during the nineteen fifties, two composers, Frank Loesser and Leonard Bernstein, have contributed most to the changes in the musical theatre's pattern during this decade. The nineteen fifties were years in which the theatre depended on themes of dramatic substance, borrowing plots from such noteworthy authors as Sidney Howard, George Bernard Shaw, John Steinbeck, Voltaire, and Eugene O'Neill. It was also a period of some of the greatest of all musical comedies, those shows which do not present a problem but are produced for the express purpose of entertainment. *Guys and Dolls*, written by Frank Loesser and based on a story by Damon Runyon, was one such musical comedy, and a model of the ideal musical comedy, a rocket-paced song and dancer, with a genuinely hilarious plot.

To show that Frank Loesser is the kind of writer who does not limit himself to the confines of one type of musical, a study of his later work, *The Most Happy Fella*, is necessary. *The Most Happy Fella*, the most ambitiously operatic work ever created for the Broadway stage, was a musical play which contained more than thirty separate songs, including recitatives, arias, duets, trios, quartets, choral passages, and specialty numbers, combined with the dramatic story of Sidney Howard's Pulitzer Prize winning play, *They Knew What They Wanted*. The theme told of the May-December romance between a San Francisco wait-

ress and a vineyard owner in California's Napa Valley. This musical has been called "a gem of its kind, probably never before equaled on Broadway for subtlety or loveliness of sound."<sup>2</sup> Loesser tried to create a form of theatre in which music could say what might be too emotional for dialogue. He succeeded admirably, for in the four years devoted to the creation of this "expanded musical comedy," Loesser had the sense to realize that, though a tragedy, Howard's play contained a great deal of humor, and that such humor could lend itself splendidly to musical treatment. In stressing the theme of lonely people searching for companionship and happiness, he achieved a rare theatre piece, one of the most inventive and ingenious productions ever to run on Broadway.

In September, 1957, the Broadway stage was treated to a work that was truly more unusual and more unconventional than *The Most Happy Fella* and all its predecessors. Leonard Bernstein, noted composer and orchestra conductor, working with librettist Arthur Laurents and lyricist Stephen Sondheim, created for the stage a musical drama. *West Side Story*, a contemporary account of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* theme in which Verona became Manhattan and the Caplets and Montagues appeared as two rival teenage gangs, the "Jets" and the "Sharks", the former the native youths, the latter a group of newly arrived Puerto Ricans. Through the use of ballets and many frenzied dance numbers, the clashes between these two gangs were vividly expressed, as well as the bitterness, savagery and turbulence which befall young people in the city streets of New York. This musical play was enhanced by flashes of

---

<sup>2</sup>David Ewen, *Complete Book of the American Musical Theatre*, (New York, 1959), p. 207.

## *Changes in the American Musical Theatre Since 1940*

beauty, love, and hope, but the production's ending labeled it the first successful musical tragedy in stage history. Bernstein's musical score, creating the atmosphere of the drive, bounce, restlessness, and sweetness of New York, in combination with the play's settings, costumes, dialogue, and dance sequences, gave *West Side Story* an expressiveness that transcended naturalism, establishing a lyrical mood. It took up the American musical idiom where George Gershwin left off, for "*West Side Story* is a fascinatingly tricky and melodically beguiling production marking the progression of a most highly esteemed composer."<sup>3</sup>

The 1950's were the most experimental in the history of the American Musical Theatre and the most productive, for this decade saw the advent of the musical's domination in the field of theatre. It was now the musical rather than the play which transcended the thousand performance mark, with six musicals—*Guys and Dolls*, *The King and I*, *The Pajama Game*, *Damn Yankees*, *My Fair Lady*, and *The Music Man*—achieving this distinction, as compared with two plays *The Seven Year Itch* and *The Teahouse of the August Moon*.

The musical theatre was continually changing during this time with greater emphasis on theme and story, the strengthening of the libretto, and the close integration of song and plot, the latter being achieved in three ways: by the creation of the proper atmosphere, the development of character, and the advancement of the plot through the lyrics of the songs. The originality of these works has, at times, been severely criticized, for many feel that the musical theatre should be an outlet for the sheer enjoyment of

---

<sup>3</sup>John Chapman, *Broadway's Best—1958*, (Garden City, 1958), p. 127.

its audience not a means for presenting a problem or communicating a message. In view of such denouncement the late Oscar Hammerstein II replied:

It is nonsense to say what a musical should or should not be. It should be anything it wants to be, and if you don't like it, you don't have to go to it. There is only one absolutely indispensable element that a musical play must have. It must have music. And there is only one thing it has to be—it has to be good.<sup>4</sup>

With the words of Hammerstein in mind, it can truly be stated that the ten years from 1950 to 1960 brought a maturity to the stage, an inventiveness which seldom will be equaled.

What of the musical productions of today, the nineteen sixties; what types of shows are currently being presented, and what are their chances for survival? *My Fair Lady*, the venerable Lerner and Loewe adaptation of George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, continues its record breaking run at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, its home since March 15, 1956. In comparison with *Oklahoma!*, the only Broadway musical which exceeds *My Fair Lady* in number of performances played, the Lerner and Loewe musical has surpassed the Rodgers and Hammerstein production in all other fields. Whereas *Oklahoma!* had a combined gross of thirty million dollars from all of its companies, including the Broadway, London and road productions, *My Fair Lady* has amassed a total of forty-eight million dollars, a total which will continue to mount in the ensuing years. Although the recorded *Oklahoma!* score was the first record album to sell over one million copies, the *My Fair Lady* recording is presently the largest selling

---

<sup>4</sup>Stanley Green, *The World of Musical Comedy*, (New York, 1960), p. 7.

## *Changes in the American Musical Theatre Since 1940*

album in the history of the record industry, some 3,200,000 copies having been sold. *My Fair Lady* will no doubt go down in history as the most successful musical of the twentieth century.

A trend toward the biographical musical was set in the nineteen sixties by the success of *Gypsy*, with Ethel Merman's triumphant performance as the mother of former burlesque star, Gypsy Rose Lee; by *The Sound of Music*, Rodgers and Hammerstein's deeply moving account of the Trapp Family Singers' rise to fame and their escape from Europe during World War II; and by *Fiorello!*, based on the life of New York's most celebrated mayor, Fiorello La Guardia, "The Little Flower."

The musical theatre of today is one which can reap sizable fortunes for its producers but likewise one which can bring disastrous losses. The average musical is now capitalized at \$350,000 to \$450,000, as compared to the \$83,000 which *Oklahoma!* cost in 1943, and depends upon close to a year of sellout performances to pay off its production expenses. Three mediocre reviews from the critics of New York's seven dailies will often spell doom to a musical, unless, as in the case of Lucille Ball's current hit *Wildcat*, it has the drawing power of a famous celebrity to guarantee its being a hit.

But in my opinion the slight chances for survival are the reason for the American Musical Theatre's success in the past twenty years. Rising costs have pressured producers into financing only those musicals which they are certain will win fame on Broadway. Tryout tours are the most common way for bringing a show onto Broadway as a "solid smash," for during these tours, constant revisions



delete any flaws which may hamper the enjoyment of those persons who pay the high prices asked for tickets to a Broadway musical.

The past twenty years have seen numerous marked changes in the American Musical Theatre, revisions which have lifted this medium to a high level of maturity. If in the following twenty years, contributions such as those of the past two decades are furnished for the betterment of the musical productions, the musical theatre could easily develop into the most communicative instrument for the entertainment and enjoyment of the citizens of our country, through both the Broadway stage and the road and stock companies which in past years have shown such promise in bringing the music of Broadway to all parts of America.

The American musical has journeyed a long distance since *The Black Crook*, and the road has been tortuous. Today, as always, its goal is entertainment, but presently, with the entrance of realism and even tragedy into a world previously designed for escapism, it is sometimes a deeply moving, unforgettable art.

