

THE ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND

Vol. XII. No. 5.

March, 1932

"MICKEY" FOSTER, '32
 "ED" QUINTON, '33 "PETE" GOBIS, '35

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WHO'S WHO IN THE ALEMBIC

We have sufficiently recommended the writing of **Walter J. Shunney, '33**, to you. We need only note here that this time he completes the cycle of the various kinds of literature that appear in the *Alembic*. Having contributed a short-story and an article before he offers a poem and a playlet in this issue.

The story by **Joseph L. Meister, '32**, which we print this month is something of a vindication of the author. He is regarded as a youth whose mind is filled with banking laws, sociological problems, Geneva peace proposals and the other impedimenta of a 'Varsity debater. To prove his versatility and balance, Joseph sat down and very deliberately wrote *Complex*.

Almost in direct contrast to Meister is his colleague, **John J. Cleary, '32**, who offers a serious article touching on the subject which has ousted the weather from popular conversation—the depression. Mark Twain used to say that everyone spoke of the weather but no one did anything about it. The same might be said of the present financial dislocation and Cleary points out why. His reason is no wild vapping but sound sense.

The theme article of the month is, of course, *Friend of New Ireland* by **John F. Cox**, a Senior who ought to be at home in the files of the *Journal*, since he was born in Providence and has lived here consistently. What he has unearthed in the back records of our local and distinguished morning paper provides some interesting reading, and since, as T. A. Daly says, "The whole wurld is Irish on the Seventeenth of March," everyone ought to find it to their taste.

It is seldom that the name and the deeds of **Thomas F. Tierney, '32**, are sung here, yet he has been a constant contributor to the *Alembic*, sometimes as poet, but principally as editorial writer. Now he speaks in character and we are glad to mention him as the author of *Music and Metaphysics*, an erudite but not at all heavy study. The connection between those two elements of the old scholastic quadrivium is not as theoretical as you may suppose. Read this paper and see for yourself.

Who is Sylvia? We are not echoing Shakespeare, we are proposing a difficulty that has annoyed many an *Alembicite*, which is the scientific name for an *Alembic* reader. Well, if the truth be known, Sylvia is a New Yorker, her last name is Covino, and she has a pretty gift at pencilling and the like. She has been most generous toward us and we take this means of thanking her, hoping, if it be not amiss, that like the Sylvia of Shakespeare's song, all the swains may commend her.

And we must acknowledge a further indebtedness in the matter of drawings. Mr. Douglas Flynn, at the request of Mr. Keay, one of our advertisers, has been very liberal in the donation of pen and ink pictures of his own making.



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Friend of New Ireland

By
John F. Cox, '33

*"The great waves of the Atlantic sweep
storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hid-
den herring shoal,
But the little Waves of Breffny have
drenched my heart in spray,
And the little Waves of Breffny go
stumbling through my soul."*

THESE beautiful and rhythmic lines of Eva-Gore-Booth are the product of that phase of English Letters known as the Irish Literary Revival. This period has been one of the most distinctive in the development of our language: it has provided a soil and shelter for a new poetry; it has originated a mode of English Literature unequalled in its emotion and deep spirituality; and it has uncovered a folklore both as unique and it is beautiful.

This famous movement might seem far removed from us here in Providence, yet it was in our own city that many of its literary creations were first brought to light. That this is so is due mainly to the good offices of Alfred Williams, sometime editor of the Providence Journal.

William's life was one teeming with adventure and romance, mixed with more than an ordinary share of sufferings and hardships, and dominated by a noble and unselfish motive. He was born on a farm near Taunton, Mass., in 1840, spent two years at Brown University, and with the outbreak of the Civil War enlisted as a private. Little did he think upon enlistment that it would be his lot to serve in one of the hardest campaigns of the War.

Yet it was the war which served to launch him on his literary career, for while he was lying in the malaria-infested trenches surrounding Port Hudson he had the grit to write, between the chills of this dread disease, graphic descriptions of the scenes around him for the New York Tribune. So successful was he that upon the close of the war, Horace Greeley sent him to Ireland to report the Fenian troubles then brewing there. As

luck would have it, he had hardly landed at Queenstown when he was thrown into jail by British authorities who thought he was coming to lead the insurrectionists. After being released, he spent three tumultuous, but fascinating months on the Green Isle, during which there arose in his heart a life-long love and interest in her people, her history, and especially her literature. Upon his return he was elected a member of the Massachusetts Legislature but after being married, he heeded the advice of Horace Greeley to "go west, young man" and bought out a newspaper in a small Missouri town. Here he

ALCAICS FOR MARCH

*This moon of rain, sleet, snow that
is come and gone
Now blows its breath strong over
the hills and skies
To feign the might and strength
of winter,
Driving the clouds and the
crows from northlands.*

*This moon of warmth, sun, spring
that is come and gone
Now blows its breath bland over
the hills and skies
To feign the grace and bloom of
summer,
Driving the clouds and the
crows from the southlands.*

JOHN McDONOUGH, '34

lead a life resembling that of Yancy Cravat in Edna Ferber's "Cimmarron"—his activities ranging from championing the cause of the ill-treated Indian to leading posses against the notorious James' gang.

Unfortunately, however, he was forced, by the recurrence of the malaria contracted during the war, to sell his newspaper, leaving behind a fine reputation as editor, and return East. Starting in again at the bottom of the journalistic ladder as a reporter in Providence, he worked himself up to the editorship of the Providence Journal in 1884. A few years later he revisited Ireland where he found

rest from his arduous labors as an editor, and also the opportunity to pursue his life's work—the study of folk-lore. As a result of this visit to Ireland he published, upon his return, an anthology of Irish Poetry and other books connected with Irish legends. Soon afterwards the rigor of the New England winter proved too much for him and he traveled to the Isle of St. Kitts in the hope of recovering his health and collecting some of the folk songs of its natives. But this proved his last journey for on this lonely isle in the Caribbean, he died in March, 1896. Of him it was truly said:

*"From words of bard and sage he fain
would borrow
Balm for the wounds of unforgetting
pain—
The pen his shield from all-intrusive
sorrow
So should his loss become another's
gain.
What matters it that far across the ocean
The hands of strangers laid him down
to rest?
The sea waves chant his dirge with cease-
less motion,
And wild birds sing above his quiet
breast."*

While in the Isle of Erin, Williams had made the acquaintance of those young unknown writers who in a few decades were to become renowned as leaders in the Irish Literary Revival, and when he became Editor of the Providence Journal, Williams brought into its columns the contributions of such writers as Katherine Tynan, John Todhunter, George Sigerson, Douglas Hyde, Charles Johnston, Rose Kavanagh, Alfred P. Groves, William Butler Yeats and other Anglo-Irish authors.

If you were to turn back the pages of the Journal to those between the years of 1885 to 1892, your eye would probably strike the name of Katherine Tynan, one of the few Catholic writers of this period, who has the most contributions of these writers to the Journal, with sixty pieces, some prose, some poetry. Her prose selections

(Continued on Page 14)

Complex—

A Story

By
Joseph L. Meister, '32

ELLERY Short sat behind his littered desk in the large office of the Universal Electric Corporation, but his mind was not on the pile of financial memos that should have claimed his attention. Except for the shaft-like gleam of light from Ellery's desk lamp the spacious room was in darkness and a strange silence reigned, a silence that, contrasted with the usual daylight racket of two score typewriters, seemed to smother the room and its lone occupant. The gloom and quiet created a perfect environment for retrospection, and Ellery was in a ruminating frame of mind. Ellery, you see, was a suitor, and sadder still, a rejected one. It had all happened just four hours ago and the injury to his hurt pride was gradually and painfully being transformed into a gnawing pain of loss. He had re-lived the scene, like a tragic drama, a thousand times. Even now phantasms of a familiar East Side Street, drab and monotonous with its rows of red-brick tenements, played across his mind.

They had sat in his roadster and Ellery, reddening to the ears, blurted out: "Marge, let's you and I get married!"

"Why, Ellery!" gasped Marge, almost swallowing her chewing gum, "You're not serious?"

"Serious!" retorted the prosaic proposer, annoyed by the levity with which she received his words, "I'll say I'm serious. Look!"

He fished through a half dozen pockets quickly and produced a diamond, the sparkle of which quite assured the incredulous girl of his sincerity.

"I'm sorry, Ellery," she whispered thoughtfully, "but I can't marry you."

"Why not?" demanded Ellery unbelievably.

"Because you have a complex."

"A complex?"

"Exactly. Your ego is weak. You don't assert yourself and make your presence felt. Timidity overcomes you and you cower before the aggressiveness of other men. That's why I can't marry

you. Women admire a man who is two-fisted and unafraid—like—like Mr. Spink, for instance."

Ellery was unprepared for this onslaught of psychoanalysis. He could not answer. His shoulders drooped in dejection.

Then he espied the figure of Charlie Spink coming up the street. He walked in long swinging strides, one brawny arm holding a coat which was thrown over his shoulder. His broad face radiated strength and fearlessness. He was whistling "Margie."

Perhaps she saw him, too. Anyway, she threw her woebegone lover a hasty "Good night, Ellery. Thanks for the ride," and she left him in his despondency.

Such were the visions that tormented Ellery Short. And then he became aware of a distracting noise in the manager's office and muttering "Mice," sought out a heavy telephone book and tip-toed to the door. He took a firm grasp on the door knob, steadied his weapon for action and threw open the door with sudden violence. The swinging portal struck something solid. A deep groan followed. He felt the pressure of a heavy weight against the door. He switched on the lights and stood aghast.

The door of the safe was wide open. The safecracker lay face downward at Ellery's feet, a lump as large as a lemon swelling on his head where the door had struck him. With nervous fingers Ellery

turned the unconscious figure over. It was Charlie Spink!

Ellery seized the opportunity that had thrust itself upon him. Slipping off his necktie he tied the wrists of his victim. Removing his belt he strapped the burly figure's legs. Then, in a moment of inspiration he dishevelled his own hair and savagely tore his pocket from his coat. He paused to consider the perfection of his ruse. Clenching his teeth, he smashed his white fist against the safe. Not heeding the pain of his bruised and bleeding knuckles he picked up the telephone and dialled "Police—Emergency."

* * *

It was a triumphant Ellery who made his entrance into the office the next morning. Words of praise were showered upon him. Mr. Hugo Sterne emerged from the gathering and with the pomposity befitting his presidential dignity and his usual flow of florid oratory promised Ellery an advance in position, an increase in salary and a substantial check for "his heroic and dutiful defence of the properties of the Universal Electric Corporation."

Ellery, riding the wave of the favorite, requested the morning off. He promptly made his way to the restaurant where Marge was employed as cashier. Surely, he thought, she would not reject him now. He entered the restaurant with the important assurance of a diplomat.

"Good morning, Miss Smith," he greeted the head waitress. "Marge here?"

"No, sir," replied Miss Smith prettily. "Ain't you heard?"

"Heard what?"

"Why Marge don't work here any more. She got married last night."

"Married! . . . To whom?"

"Why to Eddie Spink, the boxer, Charlie Spink's brother."

The End.



Music and Metaphysics

By
Thomas F. Tierney, '32

I THINK it will be generally admitted that there is no art that stands in closer proximity to the metaphysical world than that of music. Painting has a very direct appeal to our sense of beauty. But the painter works with oils, brushes, and canvas. The only aspect of his work which rises above the physical order is the appeal or spirit which is behind his work and which emanates from the finished canvas. In sculpture and architecture the case is similar. The plastic artist works in clay or stone, wood or metal — physical media certainly — and with physical tools. Here again it is only the idea which inspires the work or the emotion infused into it that translates it above the physical order.

With music, however, there is a difference. Music is carried on ethereal waves of sound, than which there is nothing more intangible. It will be objected that sound is no less a reality than the oils of the painter, the granite of the sculptor, the oak of the wood-carver. All of which must be granted—but can the almost metaphysical properties of sound be convincingly denied? We think that they cannot, and we may prove it by way of example.

If I go to an art exhibition, I see a number of canvases and works in marble and bronze. They are actual physical realities, having each a certain weight, color, and extension; and if I return to a

concert the next day I say, "Well, last evening I heard a symphony by Beethoven and a concerto by Mozart." But where are those two beings now? Certainly these compositions were no less real than the objects I saw at the exhibition and yet they are not in the concert hall now, and when they were there they occupied no space, had no color, and were without weight.

Thus on the strength of this il-

This, I think, is a false analogy. It would imply that music is a static art, and if there is anything that music is not, it is not static. This leads to the fallacy that music ut sic exists in the printed page covered with black dots representing notes. But the piece of music which is open before the musician is merely a chart of directions, so to speak, which enables the player to reproduce or to re-create the

composition conceived in the mind of the composer and committed to paper by means of arbitrary signs for preservation.

Of this problem M. Paul Valery has the following to say: "A poem, like a piece of music, offers in itself nothing but a text, which is, strictly, only a sort of recipe; the cook who executes it has an essential role. To speak of a poem in itself, has no real, precise meaning, is simply to speak of a possibility." And the same applies to music. Thus, the musical composition as it stands on the printed page enjoys only a poten-

tial existence which is translated into actuality by the recreation of the artist who interprets it.

The question now arises as to how close the interpretative artist can approach to actual re-creation. Is actual re-creation possible? Can it be said that the varying interpretations of works repeated by various virtuosi in our concert halls are all true and correct re-creations?

(Continued on Page 14)

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

"ANGELICUS"

*Are we unseemly when we name him thus,
Too proud, importunate, presumptuous?
Is it a certain rash conceit in us
To dare to call a man "Angelicus"—
To plume a child of Adam with a name
That flaming Seraphs, Thrones and Powers claim;
To dignify the dust from which we spring
With such supreme unwonted blazoning?
.....
.....
..... if it be too rash to name him thus,
Unseemly, arrogant, presumptuous—
Denoting something of conceit in us
To title such a one "Angelicus"—
With none the less of triumph in our boast
We'll count all titles worthless at the most,
And bowing low to God's creative plan
We'll call the Angel of the Schools—a man.*

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

lustration, I think we are justified in attributing to music, more than to any other art, a proportionately closer relation to metaphysics. And we may proceed on the premise that music is the most metaphysical of all the arts because the means and manner of its appeal are so nearly divorced from the physical.

Walter Pater has said that "music is frozen architecture."

"Babelon"**A Playlet**

By

Walter J. Shunney, '32

Dramatis Personae

Sam Babbitt
 Lady Victoria
 Madam LaFarge
 Signora Italia
 Senor Granada
 Charlotte Russe
 Mo Ri Bund
 Getmo Nippon

Scene: Livingroom of Sam Babbitt's house. Two bridge tables with all the accessories for bridge. Sam sitting in big chair over beyond the tables as act opens.

Lady Victoria (entering)—Why hello Sam, I guess I must be early.

Sam Babbitt—You would be early; you're always on the ground floor for everything.

L. V. (going over to sit on his chair)—Now, Sam, don't be like that. Why so grumpy?

S. B.—This depression would make anybody grumpy. My boy Herbert was telling me just this morning that he is having a hard time hanging on, and that if things don't break he'll be out of a job.

L. V.—Oh you're not so badly off. I haven't enough to get along on and I have to feed a whole neighborhood. I don't know why I ever started the Dole.

S. B.—Dole? I was walking out of my office this afternoon when one of my clerks stepped up to me and said, "Mr. Babbitt, how about a Dole?"

You know some of these youngsters are damned impudent?

L. V.—As if the depression wasn't enough. India is acting up again.

S. B.—That daughter of yours inherits some of your obstreperous qualities. What is she doing now?

L. V.—Doing? why it is a disgrace. She is running around with that Mahatma Gandhi again. He is quite impossible.

S. B.—Oh I don't know. He seems like a pretty clever fellow to me.

L. V.—Yes, he's too clever, but he has no money or position. Why he doesn't even know how to dress.

S. B.—If this depression keeps up he way be a model for what the well dressed man should wear.

L. V.—I'm afraid, Sam, that your wit is of the Ballyhoo variety. By the way, I hear that you've used the Monroe Doctrine again in South America. You're an old skinflint.

S. B.—Yeah, Sam gets away with everything and never pays for anything! Bunkum.

L. V.—You get away with enough. By the way, I'm thinking of selling my yacht.

S. B.—Don't be foolish. Do you want to lose all the power and prestige that your family has taken years to establish?

L. V.—It's all right for you. Your political and social position must be upheld and, besides, you can afford it.

S. B.—I've got to economize.

L. V.—If you were a little less generous you'd be better off: I see where you spent a couple of million getting out pamphlets explaining how Bullfrogs make love.

S. B.—Trivial things amuse some people. Too many draw big conclusions from small facts.

L. V.—You just can't stand being criticized. You haven't any sense of humor.

S. B.—You should be the last to

talk about humor. You know I often wonder why Bernard Shaw stays in England. Celts usually like their wit appreciated.

L. V.—There is nothing quite so ridiculous as a pedantic American.

S. B.—Nor anything quite so asinine as hearing an Oxford tone criticising virile American manhood.

L. V.—Back Bay Boston has all the characteristics of that Oxford atmosphere you love to satirize. Those people don't quite associate with the foreign element either.

S. B.—Boston is not a criterion for America. It is just another of my vile British heritages.

L. V.—Some day, Sam, you'll appreciate background, family and tradition. You know that old bon mot about aged wine?

S. B.—The Hapsburgs have tradition, but they also have the Hapsburg lip.

L. V.—You have the old rapier-like wit out tonight, Sam, and it slices too finely for my liking. By the way, where are the rest of them? And incidently, who is coming?

S. B.—The Chink, The Jap—that is going to be difficult—Charlotte, your pal the Madam, and I don't suppose Italia will have sense enough to stay away for once. It would be all right if she didn't talk incessantly about that kid, Mussolini. I nearly forgot Granada. She is due shortly, also. I had my doubts about Charlotte but my boy, Borah, says that she is a wonderful girl.

L. V.—She will be respectable now. I hear she is going to marry Stalin. Rather unusual after five years of companionate marriage.

S. B.—I guess that Stalin gets about what he wants.

L. V.—Yes, he's like you; he has a lot of potential strength.

S. B.—Sometimes I could annihilate you. That confounded superior attitude of yours



makes me mad. I'm a regular Santa Claus around here and even those Balkan kids give me the Bronx cheer. I'm getting fed up. (Bell rings.)

S. B.—Well here is somebody.
(Madam and Mo enter.)

Madam Lafarge—Hello, Sam. Oh hello, darling. How are you? (effected effusion.)

S. B.—How are you, Mo?

Mo.—The gods leave me poorly, but the day is fair.

S. B.—Sounds like a quotation, Mo. Don't you ever run out of them? Have an easy chair . . . cigar . . . the rest will be here shortly.

L. V.—I hear Mr. Lafarge is doing very well. This depression doesn't seem to affect him.

Madam—He knows his business.

L. V.—Oh I dare say. I see you are wearing Laval blue.

Madam—Beautiful color, isn't it?

L. V.—Yes, lovely . . . for some people.

Mo.—The green goddess gives evidence of claws. Perhaps you should announce a moratorium, Sam.

S. B.—I'm off declaring moratoriums and I ordered my banker to call in my money. I've been too generous to my creditors.

Mo.—An easy business man is imposed upon.

S. B.—I believe you. I hear you've had some trouble with Nippon.

Mo.—He is what you so inelegantly call a chiseler.

Madam—Why, Mo, you've gone modern, too.

Mo.—Nippon wishes to steal my property. I bought some land many years ago. I developed it. It is good now and Nippon sees the value and wants it, but justice will be done. Such conflict and affliction is not new to China.

L. V.—I don't think it is right and I shall speak to Nippon, that is, if you will back me up, Sam.

S. B.—The League of Nations has jurisdiction and it is too delicate a problem for me to interfere.

L. V.—You know that the league of nations is only a shibboleth. It is the biggest joke ever perpetrated upon unfortunate his-

torians who endeavor to unravel its shams and hypocrisies.

S. B.—Leave it to Victoria to start a harrangue. The rest are due and I must see what I can find in the way of food. I don't suppose ginger ale will do.

Madam—Well, hardly.

S. B.—I'll call the speakeasy across the street. The Chief of police runs the place, and he is a friend of mine, so I might as well give him the business.
(exit)

EXCERPTS FROM A POEM
ON "GOOD FRIDAY"

*Dying is Life, and Earth is cold:
(The cup of gall is brimming yet)
The Shepherd calls to a faithless fold;
Love comes to death from Olivet.*

*A King is dying: a scudding cloud
Halts in its flight across the sky.
A King is dying: a mocking crowd
Laughs as it sees the Saviour die.*

*As Spring returns, a King is dead,
And Arimathea's tomb is blest:
The sheep will follow the Shepherd,
led
To meadows over the mountain crest.*

JOHN LACROIX, '33

Radio (Blares)—Tomorrow evening at this time Samuel Babbitt will deliver an address from this station on the "Evils of Drink."

L. V.—Speaking of hypocrites, our Sam is a dear fellow.

Madam—He's looking bad. My husband is cutting in on his territory, but you know business is business, and if the gold flows our way we are fortunate.

L. V.—I've been rather short lately, and I'm thinking of selling my yacht.

Madam—Well, why don't you?

L. V.—Will you sell yours?

Madam—Indeed no. I would jeopardize my social position and Germania would take immediate advantage of me.

L. V.—Well, I guess I won't sell mine either.
(Charlotte and Italia enter.)

Italia—Oh, I am so sorry, but my boy Mussolini was over in Pope's endeavoring to negotiate the spiritual and temporal benefits.

Madam—Hello, Charlotte. How have you been?

Charlotte—Not so well. Stalin insisted that I come to Sam's party. You know he is awful interested in Sam.

L. V.—Umph.

Madam—You have many of Sam's mannerisms.

L. V.—I have Sam's ideas on propriety and bunk.

Charlotte—Well, I never!

L. V.—Many of your previous male friends were superior to your present comrade.

Madam—Let's not quarrel, girls; here comes Getmo and Granada.

Getmo—How do you all do? It is sad and my heart grieves for you, Mo, but Hachiman must be served.

Mo.—The ways of such a god is wanton.

S. B. (entering)—This Oriental method of quarreling is subtle. Suppose we play some bridge; everybody is here.

Granada—I hear you've inaugurated a new credit plan, Sam. What is it about?

S. B.—Oh, a system of numbers. Only bankers understand.

L. V.—The only time Sam isn't ambiguous is when he is concerned with a system of numbers. He handles so much and knows so much about money that it is remarkable that he loses so much of it.

Madam—I want to play for a cent a point.

Granada—That's rather high. I've been playing for less since my husband, Alfonso, died.

Madam—I want to play with Sam.

L. V.—No, Sam's my partner.

S. B.—I do not want to play with Italia. She talks all the time about Mussolini and never takes me out in suit when I bid no trump.

Charlotte—Oh, I forgot my pocket-book.

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EDITORIAL

ALEMBIC STAFF

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	Francis P. Buckley,	'32
	Walter E. Burke,	'32
	Austin Sullivan,	'32

RADIO AND EDUCATION

It was almost inevitable from the inception of broadcasting a decade ago that the time would come when the question of control and censorship would arise and demand attention. The pioneers of radio foresaw the enormous educational possibilities the new device afforded, but it is improbable that the impasse which obtains at present was originally anticipated. It must be granted, of course, that the radio has in the past and is continuing in the present to offer some very fine programs both in the way of entertainment and education. It is unfortunate, however, that the seal of unqualified approval cannot be placed on all the offerings of the air. Some programs masquerading under the pretense of being educational re-

duce themselves to mere orgies of bunk, while the majority of presentations allegedly entertaining are devoted to the praises of hair-brushes, vegetable butter, and what the Archbishop of Boston has called "the base art of crooning."

Now the question arises as to whether any method to control the situation can be effectively formulated. It has been suggested that the British system of government control and censorship be adopted. But it is doubtful whether such a system of strict federal domination would be acceptable to our citizens. Moreover, it is unlikely that the majority of our foremost educators who are opposed to federal control of education would be so inconsistent as to lend their support to any movement whereby radio broadcasting would become subject to the domination of the central government, for it is clear that the radio cannot be regarded exclusively as a commercial or entertainment project.

Here, then, is a subject for debate. Either the radio becomes subject to federal control or it does not. Much can be said on both sides of the question. But it is evident that the present situation cannot be permitted to continue without serious results accruing from a failure to meet and solve this important problem.

ST. ALBERTUS MAGNUS

The Solemn Disputation held annually on the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas will this year take the form of a tribute to the recently canonized Doctor Eccle-

siae, Albertus Magnus. It is fitting that this double festival should be held at this time, for while the place of Aquinas in the world of thought is incontestable, the influence which Albert exerted upon his pupil during the latter's student days at Paris and Cologne is well-nigh incalculable. He recognized the brilliance of Thomas and prophesied his future greatness.

Albert was the first of the Scholastics to revise Aristotle scientifically and to purge his works of the aberrations of Averroes. As a follower of the great Greek he appreciated the value of induction as well as deduction especially in the field of natural science, a department in which he was noted among his contemporaries for his wide knowledge. His voluminous writings include a proof of the sphericity of the earth and Mandonnet goes so far as to credit Albert with an indirect influence upon the discovery of the new world. In addition to his work in the natural sciences he prepared the way in philosophy and theology for the penetratingly scientific mind of Aquinas.



A PLAYWRIGHT ALUMNUS

The Pyramid Players will place us in their debt this month when they present for the first time on any stage Father Urban Nagle's new play, "Catherine the Valiant." Father Nagle, a member of the class of '28, received wide acclaim for "Barter," a Biblical drama which won the Drama League award for 1928.

In "Catherine the Valiant" he gives us a romance of the Renaissance built around the efforts of Catherine of Sienna to restore the Papacy to Rome after the seventy years captivity at Avignon. Its plot, while complicated, is never vague and the whole work is marked by a broadness of conception and keen sense of the demands of the stage which raise it above the ordinary sugar-and-water type of religious drama and make it a genuine reflection of life.



Individualism and the Depression

By
John J. Cleary, '32

SINCE the very beginning of the Factory system, our economic structure has experienced, at more or less regular intervals, alternate periods of depression and prosperity. Heretofore, this condition has been regarded as a necessary evil which defied solution. However, the increasing severity of these recurring periods of business recession has forced our financial and business leaders to seek a remedy. In particular, the present depression, of greater magnitude than any of its predecessors, and affecting many more individuals and businesses, has accelerated the search for a permanent solution.

It may be safely said that in most instances, this search has not been directed along proper channels. Thus far, nearly all investigators have assumed that the causes of depression may be attributed to such material factors as tariff laws, overproduction, technological improvements, faulty financial structures, etc. But they fail to realize that these causes, if such they may be called, are themselves merely effects of other causes. In other words, tariff laws, overproduction, and the like, do not constitute the ultimate causes of depression.

Such elements do not come into existence of themselves; they are the results of certain operations begun by man, and man, in initiating these movements, was prompted by a particular line of reasoning. Therefore, the ultimate causes of depression are to be found in the basic thought which called these material factors into being, and not the material elements themselves.

It seems very probable that the individualistic philosophy predominant in modern industrial and commercial life is the really fundamental reason of depression. Because of this individualism, which seeks personal advancement at the expense of the community, tariff laws have been enacted which have apparently exerted an injurious influence on our export trade. Moreover, the theory of mass produc-

tion which forces labor to operate under terrific pressure, and its ally, technological improvement, which results in the displacement of employees without consideration of their personal needs, have been powerful contributors to the forces of depression. The manifestation of individualism in modern life has been succinctly ascribed by Ignace Paderewski, former Premier of Poland, "to the vanity of the rich, the envy of the poor, and the greed of merchants who have induced the

ers are justified in adopting those measures which will assure them a reasonable return on their investments. But we cannot admit that the adoption of methods resulting in annual corporation earnings disproportionate to their dividend and operating requirements, is justified, particularly in view of the present position of the working classes. The right to possess and acquire property is an elemental human right. But the right to life and a decent livelihood is far more elemental, and it is this more fundamental right which is violated by the application of the individualistic doctrine to commerce.

This destructive element inherent in individualism is exemplified by the present chaotic condition of the coal industry. Here the operators have carried the principle to its greatest extreme; they have employed gunmen to shoot down American citizens for a crime no greater than that of enrolling themselves in a conservative branch of the American Federation of Labor. Families have been evicted from their company-owned houses; their homes have been raided by deputy-sheriffs without warrants and their property destroyed; miners have been arrested on charges of "banding and confederating" and released only on their promise to cease union activity and leave the county. Relief food depots have been dynamited; the freedom of the press and the right of public assembly have been denied; and finally, two newspaper reporters, delegated to investigate conditions in Harlan County, Kentucky, the seat of the trouble, were shot and painfully wounded. The evil effects of such a policy are illustrated in the present plight of the coal industry, which is so grave as to have resulted in official investigation.

Hence, it seems reasonable to believe, if this theory be abandoned and replaced by a principle which considers not only the employer but also the employee, we shall have gone far on the road to a permanent solution. If industry in

(Continued on Page 16)

TAX GATHERING

*A lone tree etched on the evening sky;
The twilight settling over the low-lands;*

*A wood thrush voicing its plaintive cry—
These are the tithes of my kingdom.*

*The night wind singing its solemn song,
Its damp breath bearing the scent of the meadow;*

*The valley cradling a chapel gong—
These are the tithes of my kingdom.*

*A faint call falls from the moonlit sky
Of wild geese winging their way from the Southland—*

*I know the beacon by which they fly—
'Tis one of the tithes of my kingdom.*

*A kingdom rich as the treasures of Ind,
Its reaches filled to the brim, overflowing*

*With sweetness and colored water and wind—
These are the tithes of my kingdom.*

WALTER J. SHUNNEY, '33

poor to live beyond their means through the medium of installment buying." An apt summary of the principle of individualism, and one which must inevitably result in the material factors of depression such as high tariffs, mass production, weak financial systems, and the adoption of improved technical devices to supplant human labor.

It cannot be denied that employ-

Olla Podrida—

The Isolation of the College Man

OVER in China, a state of war exists; India remains a seething hotbed of unrest; at Geneva, the world's armaments and their curtailment are being discussed by the most widely representative group of nations ever known to confer on any subject; Russia is making history; extremely progressive legislation is being enacted at Washington; international finance, reparations, and war debts have reached a critical point; the world remains, or perhaps sinks further down, in a terrible slough of economic depression; everywhere events are occurring with lightning rapidity—momentous events that are far-reaching in their consequences. Thus would read a sketch of the world situation as it exists, in part, in the year nineteen hundred and thirty-two.

Above this picture of world turmoil, high in the clouds of self-satisfaction, the average American college man resides, oblivious of the sordid conditions existing below. He studies, sleeps, dines, dances, and dates, to the exclusion of all else, when, as both a citizen and a college man, it is his duty and obligation to take a keen interest in the things going on about him. He should, at least, be interested to the extent of knowing what these things are and how they affect him and his neighbors, whether they be fellow countrymen or natives of other lands.

Aside from the question of duty (the word has no appeal for the student at any time), the intense human interest of national and international events should hold a real attraction for him. Why does he effect that aloof attitude? These situations have all the excitement and zest of athletic tournaments, on a large scale. The Sino-Japanese trouble is like the prize-fight, with a light, fast, well-trained Japan out-pointing a slow, hulking, untrained but undaunted China. National elections correspond to elections for team captains. The international conferences are setting

new rules for the international games. Russia is experimenting with a revolutionary style of play. It is all a great game, played on a large field, before an enormous audience, with human life and civilization itself as the stakes.

From the educational standpoint, from the standpoint of his national duty and his very existence as a human being in this chaotic world, the college man, as a possible future leader in these great movements, should read the newspapers, listen attentively, and study these questions. It is not necessary that he accumulate a mass of facts and statistics; a fair view of the whole situation, generally correct, with a knowledge of the causes, the possible effects, and perhaps the chief actors, will suffice. Thus will come a clearer un-

SKYSCRAPERS

*Straight, thin spires of beauty:
Countless blocks of granite,
Hewn from gaping quarries;
Hills of living bed rock,
Pinnacles, now, of glory.*

HERBERT MURRAY, '35

derstanding of the world in which he lives, an understanding which may ripen into an expert knowledge. Perhaps, in the not too distant future, that knowledge will do its share towards restoring world peace and prosperity, and raising all nations to a height of civilization and culture hitherto unknown.

Ray Henderson, '35.

Life and I

LIFE—scurrying shadows in London fog; black bodies swaying to the boomlay-boom of the Congo, where Mumbo-Jumbo will hoodoo you; frolicking dancers in Paris night clubs; the

A Collection of Essays

vast ocean of the Sahara acting as the billowing base to a tent of stars, with perhaps a camel caravan silhouetted against the moon; Japanese gardens, fragrant with cherry blossoms, and vivid with a myriad of colors at sunset; trotting Chinese coolies, waddling Chinese merchants, and lolling half-breeds in Singapore; Mohammedans kneeling in the dust, facing the east where the bell in a Moslem tower tolls, while the high-noon sun blazes away with blistering heat. I want to see life, to travel its highways and byways like a nomad.

Some day, I'll make the Seven Seas my beaten path. Some day, I'll make the whole world my highway. And then some later day, I'll come home.

The restraining bonds of an office, or a store, or any little circle are like ogres in a nightmare, striving to clutch me, to capture me, to hold me. But the world will be my circle, travel my occupation, and home both my starting point and my destination.

A student is a traveller in the embryo; he is learning from books about lands and peoples he should some day visit and know by actual contact. To be born on to this earth, to live on it, and to die on it, without seeing it, is stupidly narrow and sluggishly indolent. There is so much to see! Scenery, peoples, customs, countries—the whole world is ours! I'm going to see it while I'm here! I'm going to live!

To some minds, this last phrase conjures up a picture of a vagabond knocking around the world, sinning every chance he gets and excusing himself by saying he's "living." That's not living. After all, life is but a means to an end. Any one who doesn't employ this means of saving his soul is a fool! And if anyone, dying, says that if he were to live life over again he would repeat his sins, then death

(Continued on Page 16)

CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34



It's a tough life but here are some of the things that make it cheerful...

We have discovered Tom Griffin's weakness... and it's not girls... They tell us that he has chronic

ankles... Poor Tom... and to think that Sellig has to sleep with him...

Joe Maguire does more purchasing... buys a pair of "cords"... Someone (who must be nameless here) declared that they go well with the thing he wears on his head... And, boys, what is he trying to hide by wearing the new bonnet...

It is said that his chums are calling Bill Doyle "Bingo"... one might think that he does things spontaneously... if we only knew the whole of it... eh Bill?

ADV. DOYLE AND O'HAYRE CAR WASHERS... We tried but we can't keep it out... Bob O'Hayre, and we're picking on Doyle again, are in the car washing racket... certainly a very dignified profession for college men... grow up...

A visit at the Chief's house seems to inculcate a spirit of combat... Bob Schiffman and "My Man" Skipp are to take on Vin Carr and—(we're scared)—in another furious battle soon... in the bandstand... down in Davis Park... it is evident that "Brute" McCarthy didn't know all about that celebrated place when he sang at the Soph Mixer... Bartholomew should be able to overcome the fourth member of the party... and it is expected that the Carr-Schiffman contest will be waged with words... The former is the

heavy favorite... he has had more practice...

Seriously... we wish Paul Powers would doff those lily white shoes... 'cause he isn't a sissy... he's a dancer and a tennis player... Oh yes... and a student...

Jack Sheehy says love is an expensive thing... he states that George Cusack visits the St. Regis every evening... Forget the waitresses, prexy, get up in the four hundred... with Lucy... and Leahy.

Professor Dillon says that Al Blanche is a wise guy... urges class to answer only questions that they know all about... and Al says the essay he enjoyed most was the one on marriage and free state... and how does a ball player know that the author would have covered it more completely if he had more experience... We agree with you Mr. Dillon... he is a wise guy.

Jimmy Cannon is a great agent for the R. K. O... The Healy's night clerk had all the P. C. boys down there at a certain time... don't you know by now boys that James is always indulging in frivolity...

We could not restrain laughter... when Eddie Hanson put on another impersonation at Froebel Hall the other night... when "Mocha" Doyle asked some one where the Dean's Office was when we knew all the time that he was no stranger... when we found out that Tebbetts had the girl let Perrin out first and George kept on with the date for an hour after...

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to "Yacha" Keegan... the beauty parlor hostess has decided NO... It is our guess that Keeg can't keep up with the rest of the Pittsfield lads...

Graduate Manager Farrell has requested that Leahy send no more wires to the Gen to tell the result of the game... Our guess would be

(Continued on Page 18)

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PROVIDENCE ATHLETICS

By George Tebbetts, '34

Providence 34, Springfield 31



By overcoming a ten point lead that the Springfield College hoopsters had gained in the first few minutes of play, Coach Al McClellan's Friar quintet, led by the accurate shoot-

ing of Dick Brachen, Sam "Murphy" Shapiro, and "Red" McCormac, annexed its seventh victory in nine starts at Harkins Hall by the score of 34 to 31.

The western Massachusetts boys, exhibiting a flashy offence drive in the first half, left the floor leading by the score of 19 to 12. Shortly after intermission, the Dominicans uncorked a furious barrage of shots, the majority of which dropped through the nets, and as the final whistle blew the Friars were the recipients of a well earned victory.

Dick Brachen, who was responsible for seven of the twelve points scored by his team in the first half, was the leading performer of the evening. His total of nine points was topped only by Seewagen, the elongated center of the Indian five. Shapiro and McCormac by virtue of their sterling play shared the spotlight with their high scoring team-mate by totaling sixteen equally divided points.

St. John's 30, Providence 26

Before the largest gathering that has attended a basketball game in New England in many years and the largest crowd ever to

witness a college game in this state, the St. John's College team of Brooklyn, Eastern Champions of last season, defeated Providence College, New England title claimants, at the R. I. Auditorium to the tune of 30 to 26. This game was the initial contest to be played in the Arena and was the first time in the history of the school that a court game was broadcast.

Once again our basketekers were forced to come from behind in the second half after having been outscored 18 to 12 in the first period but despite the fact that the Friars forged ahead of the Redmen at various intervals after half time, they were unable to cope with the brilliant offence of the boys from the Metropolitan district in the final moments of play.

Each club tallied the same number of baskets from the floor but Providence's failure to convert nine of their eleven foul shots swung the decision in favor of the New Yorkers who capitalized on six of their eleven tries.

Although Nat Lazar, sophomore ace, dominated the floor play and scored eight points, it was the excellent dribbling and shooting of Slott which turned the tide to the side of the Gotham lads. Their inimitable floor work and ball handling as well as their fine basket heaving capabilities were the outstanding features of the evening

For Providence, the work of Eddie Koslowski who not only prevented Tom Neery, St. John's captain and center, from scoring a single floor basket, but also came through himself with eight points, shared the glory with Sammy Shapiro, high scorer of the Providence team.

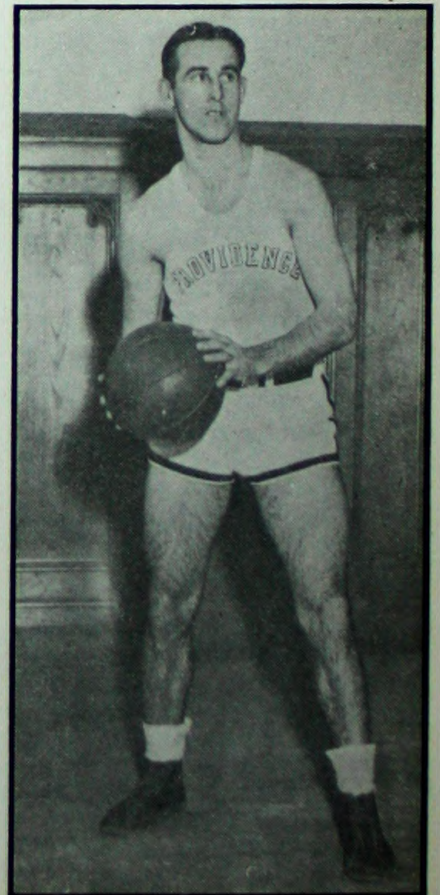
Columbus Club 31, Providence 20

Providence College bowed to the strong Columbus Club for its second successive defeat in the first of its scheduled three game New York trip, by the score of 31 to 20.

The failure of the Providence offence to click in the first half was the main reason for so decisive a defeat. The Columbus Club jumped into an early lead which was never seriously threatened throughout the game.

Keating, right guard of the K. of C. team was the individual star of the conflict, scoring five field goals and two foul shots for a total of twelve points but was aided materially by Clough and McNenney.

Once again Dick Brachen was the high point getter for the Dominicans, securing eight of the Providence total. This game marked the first game of the year that Eddie Koslowski has been held scoreless from the floor, his scor-



DROMGOOLE

ing activities being limited to three successful foul shots. Franny Dromgoole, inserted into a forward berth for the first time, showed his versatility by his fine work at this new position.

Providence 37, Pratt 19

Coach Al McClellan's formidable five had little difficulty in overcoming the heretofore undefeated quintet from Pratt Institute of Brooklyn by the score of 37 to 19. The score might have been much higher had McClellan permitted his regular five to remain in the game but the threat of the following day's contest with Manhattan prompted him to relieve the majority of his regulars.

Probably the most outstanding feature of the evening's play was the work of Captain "Chick" Gainor in holding Neilson, flashly forward of the Pratt club, scoreless. Eddie Koslowski with five field goals and two free tries amassed a grand total of 12 points one more than Dick Brachen who scored five foul shots and three baskets from the field of play.

Otis, clever center, led the Pratt boys in scoring by dint of three field goals and three fouls. Ollie Roberge and George Cody, substitutes for the Providence aggregation played a fine game.

Providence 23, Manhattan 22

Two converted foul shots by big Ed Koslowski in the final moment

of play enabled Providence College to eke out a one point victory over Manhattan College, conquerors of St. John's of Brooklyn, in New York by the score of 23 to 22. The game, played at the Manhattan gymnasium, drew one of the largest crowds of the current New York basketball season and was one of the finest exhibitions of smart basketball to be shown in that district.

A terrific offence unleashed in the first half by the Manhattan outfit led by B. Hassett, husky guard, carried our opponents to an eight point lead at the conclusion of the initial period. The score at that time was 13 to 5 and Providence, because of its lackadaisical

(Continued on Page 20)

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(Continued)

—mostly book reviews and essays—show why she was later termed "the Boswell of the Irish Literary Revival." Through her comments on the life and manners of her co-littérateurs, she makes them seem real and human characters. Her poetic contributions possess the same unobtrusive devotion and quiet eloquence that is such a delight in her later work.

In direct contrast to the deep, fervent Catholicism of Miss Tynan, we might discover a selection, showing a flash of the future greatness, from the pen of the pagan, Yeats. Among the contributions of this "dabbler in the occult sciences," as he has been called, there is a poem called "The Phantom Ship" in which we catch faint echoes of the music that later was to make him a great lyric poet; there are also five reviews, in one of which he describes his opin-

ion of the ideal theater. It is interesting to recall that this theater of his dreams has become a reality—The Abbey, at Dublin.

Then, too, as your eye runs down the columns of these old yellowed sheets, you might run across a folk song of Connacht, brought to light by Douglas Hyde. This is the man who did yeoman service for Irish Culture and race consciousness. He toured Ireland, sitting by hearths and smoking pipes without number, in order to gather together its legends and folk-lore. It was he, too, who revived the language of his ancestors, long since forgotten because of its suppression by the English: and it was he who gave to the Revival its unique type of English, an English whose strong Gaelic idioms put sap into a language worn weak with time. The people of Providence had the privilege of being among the first to read these century old songs of Ireland which Hyde had unearthed up from Ireland's glorious but neglected past.

We might see in these old papers scores of other contributions from the pens of such authors as Mary Banim, John Todhunter, and many others. And after scanning them all we could not but conclude that Providence might well be proud in having had as a resident a man who opened the columns of his newspaper to the struggling efforts of these young writers, when scarcely anyone would listen to their musings.

It was men like Alfred Williams who helped to promote the welfare and the culture of that beloved island of scholars and saints: it was such as he who brought true the prophecy contained in John Todhunter's strangely fascinating and entrancing lines, which first were read in our own city—

*"Green in the wizard arms
Of the foam-bearded Atlantic
An isle of old enchantment
A melancholy isle,
Enchanted adreaming lies,
And there by Shannon's flowing
In the moonlight spectre-thin
The spectre Erin sits.*

*Wail, no more lonely one, Mother
of exiles,
Wail no more,
Banshee of the world—no more!
no more!
Thy sorrows are the worlds,
thou art no more alone:
Thy wrongs, the world's."*

Music and Metaphysics

(Continued)

The solution of this difficulty rests upon whether or not one admits that the composition is a complete entity once the composer has set down his work on paper in the form of musical notation. When a piece of music has been conceived and placed upon paper, we may say that the composer's idea is then objectified. The idea which he has in his mind has been given an external expression or realization by means of arbitrary signs. But does the work of art exist complete when the author's idea has been thus externalized?

The answer to this question would, from the point of view of

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every art, save music, probably be in the affirmative. But the musician answers: No. A musical composition is only objectively complete (i. e. materially complete, or complete from the point of view of content) when it has been externalized on paper. To realize the fulness of its existence as a piece of musical art, it must be revived or re-created not only objectively but subjectively, and the latter function is accomplished, imperfectly, through the medium of the interpretative artist. And inasmuch as the piece of music can become a complete entity, i. e. objectively and subjectively, only at the hands of the composer whose idea it is, it follows that succeeding renditions are only approximations which approach more or less closely to the original.

The almost total isolation of music from the physical world and its claim to pre-eminence in the field of the arts cannot be more successfully clarified than by applying to it the doctrine of matter and form. Pater said that music was the typical art because in it, more than in any other art, matter and form are so closely fused as to become almost identical and it is to such a condition that all the other arts aspire. In painting and architecture this distinction between matter and form is clear since both deal with the particular. Thus painting, architecture, and the plastic arts may be said to approach more closely to the imitative ideal of art advanced by Aristotle. But it is of the nature of music to speak in terms of the universal and hence it is less truly imitative.

Now obviously the matter, insofar as the term may be applied to an aural art, of music is tone. As to the form, can it be said that it consists properly of the structural pattern imposed upon the matter (sic) or is it the idea or emotion the composer is seeking to express? In that music bears a more universal relation to life and is less particular in its appeal than the other arts, it would seem that the form of music consists in a combination of these two elements, mutually distinct but actually inseparable. As to the kind of union

which the matter and form enjoy, it may be explained by analogy to the union of soul and body. For as it is the soul (form) which specifies the body (matter), so in music it is the tone pattern (form) which specifies the sound (matter) and which results in a piece of musical art whose constitutive elements cannot really exist apart from each other.



"Babelon"

(Continued)

L. V.—Sam will let you take what you lose. Won't you, Sam?

S. B.—Well...I suppose so, but a cent a point is rather high.

Madam—Why Sam!

S. B.—Oh I can stand it. How about the others?

(Telephone bell.)

Charlotte—Oh, I must go, Stalin wants me to figure out a wheat deal with him.

Italia—I'll run along, too. I'm so worried about my Mussolini, he might be killed. So many people throw bombs.

Madam—I might as well go. Au revoir, Sam.

Getmo—We will leave too, Mo. You will help me purchase a revolver.

L. V.—Well, the exit seems to be popular. Come on, Granada. I must go see Ramsay McDonald at the hospital. He had an operation on his eyes. Strained them watching Mahatma Gandhi.

S. B.—But what shall I do with all this stuff? I can't get a return on it.

L. V.—You should be used to holding the bag, Sam, but then you can afford it. Come on, Granada.

S. B.—(Looks around room.) "Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose."

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Individualism and the Depression

(Continued)

general, should reserve only a reasonable portion of annual earnings for its stockholders and return the surplus to the workers who produced it, the result should be a more stable economic structure

The almost ideal relation between capital and labor is found in the plan of the Proctor and Gamble Company, soap manufacturers, located near Cincinnati, Ohio. This plan is in direct opposition to individualistic thought. The corporation is the largest of its kind in the world with a gross business exceeding two hundreds of millions of dollars annually and a capital investment of forty million dollars, all of which, is owned by the partners. Naturally these men who have so tremendous a financial interest in this company are not likely to adopt any plan which will jeopardize their holdings. Nevertheless, Proctor and Gamble has given its employees a flat guarantee of forty-eight weeks of full time work every year; they have designed a pension plan, whereby an employee attaining the age of sixty-five years is eligible for a monthly pension ranging from ten to sixty dollars a month, according to length of service. Moreover, the company offers financial assistance to employees to purchase company stock, so that there are instances of workmen who have purchased stock yielding an income of twelve thousand dollars annually and having a value of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, although their weekly wages never exceeded thirty-two dollars. Such aid is available only to those who earn less than two thousand dollars a year. An analysis of industrial conditions reveals that workers in these classes are those who suffer most from the principle of individualism.

Colonel Proctor describes his company as "a business with a conscience—toward its workers as well as toward its capital, and throughout its history it has striven honestly to keep that conscience

clean." Such, then, is the anti-thesis of individualism—the objective toward which industry must direct its energies.

It is absurd to state that those who have placed merely a portion of their material goods in industry are more entitled to the proceeds than are those who have given their brains and skill to wealth production. Most certainly the stockholder is entitled to his just share of the profits, but it is equally certain that the worker is entitled to his. Few economists admit that labor shares in the rewards of industry in proportion to its efforts. That men do not enjoy the full fruits of their labor may be attributed to the workings of the theory of individualism.

It is evident that this principle cannot safely constitute the basis for human actions; that a philosophy more in keeping with the Divine Will "to love thy neighbor as thyself" must be applied to industry and commerce before an efficacious remedy for present economic ills can be achieved. The adoption of such a policy will necessarily abrogate the materialistic foundation from which present governmental and industrial activities proceed.

Olla Podrida

(Continued)

sits on the bed and with a mocking laugh says "You lie!"

Let this be the end of my essay. If you, dear reader, are one of those slaves of custom, bound by conservatism, I hope at least your mind has been free to travel with mine.

Paul Connolly, '34.



On a Wastebasket

A WASTEBASKET is at the same time useful and useless. It serves to keep discarded papers from running riot in orderly rooms, but it is useless because its work could be done by any number of other agencies. When I sat down to write, I was devoid of all ideas for an essay, but a chance brushing of my feet against a wastebasket supplied me with a stimulus. The results are the following pages. I dread the thought of adding to the collection which already occupies part of the basket before me, and yet I know that before I produce what can be termed an essay, many of my essays will come to rest in the dark recesses of its capacity. If anyone says of me that I am not considerate, I will refer him to the last statement. At least, I am not going to subject my readers to any more punishment than is necessary.

I feel that if all the papers which have found their end in discard could be rounded up and classified we would have a doubling of the wealth in art, science and literature that we already possess. Perhaps from the writings in some unknown basket we would discover a playwright with a deeper understanding of life than Shakespeare. The discarded musings of Michael Angelo in the form of rough etchings might surpass his few finished masterpieces in naive beauty. In the unfinished score of an opera theme by Gounod or Bizet we might discover more inspiration than we already do in their finished endeavors, "Faust" and "Carmen." But, of course, this reasoning will not hold in every case. I do not contend that those which occupy secluded spots in the classrooms are overflowing with priceless gems, I know from experience that the material in these are worthy of their fate, and, of worse fate, if such a thing could be devised.

But I also find life represented in a wastebasket. The hustle and bustle of everyday life is represented in the confusion and incon-

gruity which reigns in a full basket. As in life, where characters of distinctly opposite types are thrown together and must mix, we find all types intermingled. Success is side by side with failure and tragedy. Success is indicated by cast-aside telegrams of congratulation; while failure is mutely signified by an unsolved problem. How much tragedy can be constructed from the silence of an unfinished letter of reconciliation!

But a wastebasket should not be looked upon as something entirely tragic because it is also a godsend to humanity. Because of them we are saved from reading one-half of the worthless novels of the day. The other half are printed in our monthly magazines. We are spared from having our homes adorned with futuristic pictures because this type, after trying in vain to receive recognition in every art show for the last few years, has finally sought the seclusion of the wastebasket. Unfortunately, we have to tolerate Rudy Vallee and Sophie Tucker because some music publishers don't realize what a wastebasket is for.

In conclusion let me say that if this endeavor finds itself in a wastebasket I will not feel that my effort has been in vain: I have shown someone what a basket is for.

Thomas F. Doran, '34.

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Peter Schuyler

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Checkerboard

(Continued)

that Mr. Farrell was forced to bear the brunt of the financial attack...

Mike Kuzman proved himself to be a real pal...invites (we hate to mention him again but it is all his own fault) Bingo on a date...the latter dons the iron hat, spats, etc. ...it was the choicest of all dates ...a parlor date...only one difficulty...there was but one girl... "I knew," cried Bill, "it was too good to be true!"

Voice from 21 Pine Street, Pawtucket (to tune of popular song) ..."Tebbetts, keep way from my door"... Our catcher certainly is a glutton for punishment...

Irv Rossi has been smitten by a fair one by the name of E—r... Irv sure has a great eye for beauty.

Dr. O'Neill has informed our editorial staff that guest profs will take his place in the last months of the year... "Brute" McCarthy is to be the first of the chosen few...his brilliance in the language of the Latins has given him

the third month for his performance...

Speaking of "Brute"...he admits being the "hit of the evening" at the St. Michael's minstrels... "I'm a second Cantor" boasts the little lad... That's right, Brute, but Eddie could never handle those Latin phrases like you...

Ray Henderson, Matt O'Neill, Sully, and Harry Lynch, spent many of their enjoyable vacation hours in the O. H. at Boston... what could be the attraction there since poor Stan Stasiak has passed away...

Vacation times certainly bring pleasure to all... Dan Kenny put in many a moment in a little Spanish patio in New York... that is why, friends, Daniel is now among the Spanish students... "Hable Vd. espanol?" the fair one inquired... "No, no," replied the bashful one, "but actions speak louder than words"...

The students are waiting patiently for that inevitable "battle of wits" that will take place when Sammy Shapiro reports to that

Elementary Class in Latin conducted by Fr. Kearns... "I'll show 'em," says our clever courtier... "Bring him on," says his opponent...

It is rumored that Joe Swift is soon to publish a book... it is to be entitled "Why Babies Cry for Castoria"...

A little story that must be told ...the night before an exam... Staniewski and Adamick sleeping peacefully... enter in a room, a dark figure... awakens Adamick ... "What Ho!" replied the big one in a loud tone... and "Brud" was pretty near scared out of his tackle berth...

Has night life a strong appeal for Paul Healy?... Just why does he like to stroll during the late p. m. and early a. m. ...and he shouldn't be so rough with O'Malley... he hasn't his full strength ... By the way, Mat, did you get that half a buck that fellow owed you... we figure him to be a piker ... it wasn't your fault that you won it but you won it, nevertheless...

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We can't remember who but someone told us about Frank Reavey...we can't believe it...a good fellow like Frank would never turn feminine...we were told that Reav is in the chorus of the St. Pius Minstrels...If it be true it assures the audience of a good time...but confidentially...he is the world's worst singer...

We advise you to keep one eye on Sammy and the other on Bergie...we have much confidence in the latter but the former we know is in bad straits...we saw him borrow a clean shirt from one of the boys so he could make the trip...we also heard that he ruined a borrowed pair of knickers...Sam, for goodness sake, be more careful...watch what you are doing...

Johnny Clark afforded a humorous spectacle the other morning at four o'clock...the little fellow was trying to climb in the window on his return from the Tech dance...and was trying not to let anyone see him...those things are things you can't keep secret, John...

After listening to a stirring sermon on why not to drop pennies in the poor box for they might get lonesome...we noticed Paul Power accepting a couple from the girl along side of him and relinquish them to the collector...Charlie Jorn, we must admit, handed in a nickle but we wish our noisy end would sit in another pew...he is very disturbing.

Bill Davy pulls a pip...pays another half dollar as he walks out of Loew's...he says the show was worth twice what he paid...No, Dervy, Clark Gable wasn't performing that night...We would like to get something on the other boys from that house but Callahan of the "House of Devine" (and we don't mean the one on River Ave.) keeps in seclusion pretty well...but Buck showed his wares on the basketball court not so long ago...take it from us, Frank, and stick to the great American pastime...

Who bit Dick Brachen?...while reposing comfortably in the frat house at New Hampshire State he awakened with a start...someone had bitten him...he investigated only to find that some straw had found its way through a hole in

the mattress...Did he think he was home sleeping with Hyte?

She may be a fireman's daughter but she doesn't mean much to Schott...as a matter of fact she must burn him up...can you imagine a Sophomore being proposed to?...George, it is alleged, was pretty sore...

John Shea, assistant librarian, we hear, was greatly affected after seeing a recent movie...where formerly he had great admiration for Jean, her last performance removed all of that from his mind...Well, never mind, John, you still have Vera...

One of the well known instructors claims that his bald head is a sign of early piety...at the rate he's going now his hair ought to be growing fast...

We congratulate Dave Powers, Bob Carroll and "Fats" Madden on their election to the Friars...the young Friars should help the organization greatly...

"Shappie" is so modest...We asked him how he went in the B. U. game..."Oh, I only scored eleven points but I played a swell floor game."

We advise Joe Adamick to stay away from other people's houses at night...he is too big and the last time he caught himself on a clothes line...

Al "Schnozzle" Ferris, president of the Nasal Society, has been suffering with a cold in his nose and the boys at Greene's are worrying for fear he may sneeze..."Schozz" may be better remembered as Mesmo, the mind reader, during his Freshman days...

Some of the strongest advocates of the back-to-the-parlor movement...Skipp at Pawtucket...Kuzman at the Pleasant Valley Parkway... "Mocha" Doyle at Elmwood...Power at Featherstone's...Doyle at Sharon St... Johnny Clark at Caremenian's... O'Hayre at Pawtucket also... Reavey at East Providence...

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Matt O'Neill at M. M's...Fletcher at Olneyville...Frank Reilly at Carolina Ave. with J...Page and Lanagan at Fruit Hill...Sellig anywhere...

Hattie has kept the mailman busy at Stratton's...Abe Feit is the recipient of a daily missive from Paterson...Hattie and Abe should get along together...

Is Theodore Budovski, sometimes known as Ted Bud, planning to enter the House of David soon? ...If he lets it grow for a year or two he may be able to part it... By the way, Ted hails from South Norwalk and not New York...

Young Tom Coffey was perceived strolling home at ten o'clock one night...rather late, my boy... that derby doesn't make you look any older either...

Irv Rossi says Bob Dion's feet are too big...Irv expectorated recently and with an acre of barren land around, Bob's shoe was in the way...

We noticed in the trip to New Hampshire that things were tame but made a few notes...Drommy drinks too much milk...Cody brought along his tooth brush and Reilly was the first one to ask for a loan of it...Sammy didn't say his prayers before going to bed...Kos was the only one to bring along his pajamas...Dick has poor table manners...Mgr. Glennon arranged for our representative to ride to Pawtucket... "Chick" was kind enough to push over...the New Hampshire boys made a Welch rarebit out of little Jimmy once too often...that Robie and the Gen refused to sleep in the same cot...that some fan urged the Gen to go in himself after he sent in Tebbetts...and not to stage any kind of a party when he whispered instructions in Perrin's ear...McCormac went in with orders not to score...and he didn't...and neither did Reilly who played forward...but they're all good fellows...Esmond might want a ride home from the next game...

We still have plenty in our sack...come around again next month...Doyle may break loose again...

Charlie Burdge retains his position as our right hand man...he took care of all complainants...

Athletics

(Continued)

play, appeared to have but little chance for a win. As has been the case in many of the previous games, the Friars have proven themselves to be slow starters but amazingly fast finishers. Bearing this fact in mind we find the Dominican hoopsters cutting down this advantage by a prolonged attack at their opponents' goal.

Kosowski held scoreless in the first half, as he held his opponent all during the game, proved to be the hero, not only in tallying the final markers that denoted victory but also by bearing the brunt of his team's belated spurt throughout the second half.

Just as Hassett had dominated play for Manhattan during the initial stanza, so J. McCormick maintained his fine play in the latter half by scoring seven points and keeping his team in the thick of the battle.

This victory proved to be the outstanding victory to date for the Friars and Coach Al McClellan is to be congratulated as much for his fine generalship as the players for their inspired work in overcoming such a big lead from such a strong club.

Providence 40, Lowell Textile 24

The Providence five, never in danger, completely overwhelmed the Lowell Textile team at Harkins Hall by the score of 40 to 24 before the smallest crowd of the year. The game was slow, the only outstanding feature being the ability of the Dominican five to score at will.

Providence led at half time by the score of 21 to 12 due to their ability, in the most part, to advance the ball to underneath the basket before shooting. Brachen, who has been claimed by many experts to be one of the best offensive men under the basket, was again the high scorer with eleven points most of which were scored in the first half.

For Lowell, Kokoska, Sevard, and Baronowski were the stars.

Providence 52, Boston U. 40

Before a capacity crowd at the Boston University gymnasium, the Dominican five easily upset their Boston rivals to the tune of 52 to 40. This game, marked the best offensive drive sustained by the Providence club during the current season and led by Dick Brachen, who gathered 21 points for the season's highest individual contribution and Sam Shapiro, whose eleven points showed his return to high scoring form, the outcome of the game was merely a matter of how high the points would run.

During the first half, the drive of the Friars reached its peak, and shots flew into the nets from all directions guided for the most part by the capable hands of Brachen, Koslowski, and Shapiro (Murphy) who tallied sensationally.

In the second half, due to the withdrawal of the Providence first team, the Terriors took on a new lease of life and although they never overcame their great handicap, the work of Semino, former P. C. student, Lowder, high scorer and captain, and Maczarella, who teamed with his captain in the forecourt, was of high order.

The work of Cody, Reilly and Hyte for the substitutes showed Coach McClellan that he need never worry about his reserves.

Providence 23, New Hampshire 7

By defeating the Wildcat quintet 23 to 7 at the New Hampshire University gymnasium, our crack college contingent performed two notable feats. The first was the decisive win over a strong New Hampshire team which, previous to this game, had been undefeated in eight contests. The second and more remarkable feature of the game was the fine defensive work of the entire Providence squad in holding the boys from Durham to but seven foul shots and nary a floor goal. This spectacular display of superiority has been unparalleled in collegiate circles this season and will go down in Providence annals as a record impossible to beat, the repetition of which seems improbable.

The game started off slowly and as time rapidly passed the outcome

of the game was evident although the points were being slowly garnered by both clubs. At half time, after twenty minutes of wary playing, Providence left the floor leading by the score of six to two.

In the second half, the Friars suddenly changed their slow attack into a rapidly moving machine and under a constant barrage of shots the defense of the undefeated New Hampshireites seemed to waver and finally to break. With Brachen, Koslowski, and Shapiro heading the scoring the Dominican lead was quickly widened and was firmly protected by obstinate substitutes.

The New Hampshire offence was hampered greatly by the loss of Captain Conroy who withdrew from the game late in the first half for excess committal of personal fouls. From then on it was Gormley, diminutive right forward of the University team who dominated play. His four points gathered from the foul line was more than half his team's total.

The defensive work of Captain Gainor and Jimmy Welch was fully as sensational as the scoring proclivities of Brachen, Koslowski and Shapiro. Every member of the

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squad who made the trip participated in the game and proved his worth by continuing the good work of the Varsity.

C. C. N. Y. 37, Providence 20

The City College of New York basketball team, coached by Nat Holman, famed basketeer, and reputed to be the best college unit ever assembled, easily won over the Friars at the R. I. Auditorium before the largest crowd of the season by the score of 37 to 20.

The New Yorkers proved their superiority in the first few moments of play, by displaying a passing attack the like of which had never been witnessed before on a local court. This was no doubt due to the experience gained in their pre-scheduled games played with many of the best professional aggregations in preparation for their college contests. The visitors who have defeated all of their New York rivals as well as many of the strongest Eastern teams, and whose only defeat was handed to them by Temple University under

adverse conditions, displayed great ability and the coolness obtained only through diligent practice.

The choosing of an individual star would be a difficult feat since all five men were moulded into a perfect system. The honors for high scoring, however, went to Davidoff, veteran right forward, who tallied fifteen points for his evening's total. Captain Spahn ran a close second by virtue of his four floor goals and three gift shots for eleven markers.

Providence, outscored 23 to 7 in the first half, came back strong in the latter half and played on even terms with the great C. C. N. Y. team. The failure of their customary good foul shooting was responsible for the extremely low total in the first period. Dick Brachen, right guard, led the scoring with six points, the rest being divided equally among his teammates. Eddie Reilly, inserted in the lineup in the latter part of the game did a fine job and should be used more frequently in coming contests.

Our Undefeated Freshmen

A brief summary of the games played by our freshman contingent shows an unblemished record gained through contests against St. John's Prep of Danvers, Mass., Assumption College of Worcester; and Boston University Freshmen. The team, a smooth working machine, developed under the tutelage of Coach Al McClellan, Varsity mentor, has shown marked improvement in each successive game, and the promise of an untarnished season is imminent. To date they have averaged 37 points per game to an average of 19 for their opponents.

In a summary of the activities of the players we find Captain Jack Madden, Ed Stanisiewski, Paul Power, Abe Feit, and Bergin Leahy used as the regular five with Bill Kutniewski, Fairbrother, Skipp, and Adamick, as very able assistants.

This aggregation, all having the ability of Varsity players, but lacking the finish and experience of fast competition should be represented by at least one Varsity regular next year.

Leahy, 6 foot 5 inch center, has progressed rapidly, reaching his peak during the B. U. game which was won 55 to 21. His improvement from a rather awkward prospect to a smooth, finished performer, under Gen's clever instructions, gives one the impression that he is the man to make the Varsity men struggle to retain their positions.

Feit and Madden, clever defence men, are probably the most important cogs in the floor game of our '35 team. Each has been outstanding in the games to date, and once again we have possibilities of their filling the shoes of Captain Gainor on the Varsity during the next campaign.

In the forward line we are represented by two high scoring aces of the first rank. Ed Stanisiewski and Paul Power are two youngsters from whom great things are expected by our Gen. Both are experienced performers, possessors of great eyes and fine defensive men.

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The '35 substitutes exemplified mainly by Skipp, Adamick, and Kutniewski are boys tall of build, and overflowing with ability. Their adaptness in absorbing the system of our Friars teams make them probable successors of our big men on the court.

These men carrying the colors of the Black and White so ably on the court are finely spirited boys and are carrying on in splendid fashion with a fine chance of bettering the record set by last year's freshmen team, five of whose men are members now of the varsity squad. The game scheduled between these two teams, scheduled for later in the year, should bring out many interesting contests.

Junior Varsity

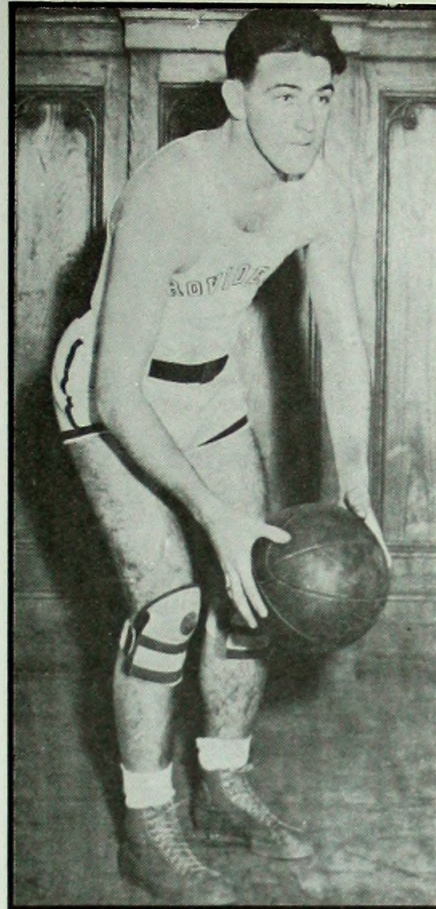
Scoring an average of 33 points for four games and emerging victorious in all but one of their contests to date, the Jayvees have fulfilled all expectations of the athletic authorities.

The season's opener against Bridgewater Normal school was won 28 to 27 in a very hard fought contest. Lack of concentrated team play was notable, yet the victory seemed all the more sweet because of this fact. In their return game with Bridgewater the Jayvees suffered their only defeat 33 to 36 in a contest fully as exciting and erratic as their first conflict.

Against the Providence Boys' Club the Junior Varsity came into their own, and displayed a well coached, high scoring machine to annex an easy 35 to 24 victory. Coach Ed Koslowski stated that his team would not be defeated during the remainder of its games.

Carrying out the predictions of the coach, the Junior Varsity boys, led by Dex Davis, and Frank Reavey swamped Becker College of Worcester 37 to 24. Once again we notice the results of big Ed's fine generalship and much commendation is due him for his labors.

The shining lights during the games have been Eddie Derivan, clever dribbler and passer, Dex Davis, high scoring center, and Frank Reavey, clever floor man. We hope they bear out the promise of their jovial coach.



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vs.

Friar Freshmen

Brown Varsity

vs.

Friar Varsity

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