

THE—

ALEMBIC

**PROVIDENCE
COLLEGE**

Vol. XIII. No. 1

October, 1932

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

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WHO'S WHO HEREIN

We introduce two new story-weavers in this issue, Rene Barrett and Frederick Poole. Both have been known some time for other talents, Rene being one of the tennis men and Poole being a sharp student of pre-medical lore. Their stories speak for themselves, but since even the best speaker suffers an introduction, we do not hesitate to call your attention to the fact that since Ring Lardner made stories in the backwoods vernacular good copy, readers have been mistreated to many poor samples of the Lardner type. Barrett's story is too good to be included in that category, though he owes his inspiration to the creator of "You know me, Al," if he would only confess. Frederick Poole has furnished a humorous crime story which rolls along smoothly for the reader to the very end, just as it did for the amateur detective.

In calling attention to the features within this month's magazine, we wish to cite especially the dramatic criticism which will appear regularly under the caption, "Merely Players." At present, the able shoulders and pen of Mr. Dan Higgins, Senior, are bearing the burden of that department but in the near future an understudy and assistant will be provided for him. All who feel qualified are invited to be interviewed—by Mr. Higgins.

Other features, which we need not mention here, will be added in the ensuing months. Some are in process of production and others are merely planned, but all will convene to make the *Alembic* a worthy publication of the only Catholic College in Southern New England. We are not above receiving suggestions, and we welcome articles, stories, etc. We have no staff of writers but gladly offer these columns to any of the student body who care to see their work in print.

And last, but by no means least, our advertisers. They are placing their ads with us not because they feel charity demands it but because they see in the seven hundred odd students of Providence a buying power which means something. Some have looked in vain for the returns which they hoped their ads would bring, and are with us again only because they wish to give us a fair trial. In these days of financial distress, you can do us and them and yourselves a good turn by visiting them—and mentioning us, the *Alembic*.

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Rendezvous-Keeper

By

Edward P. Conaty, '33

*"I have a rendezvous with death
At midnight in some flaming town."*

WITH the proximity of Armistice Day one cannot but recall the record of the men who, like a glory and a dream, passed away that their warring might put an end to war. Particularly we call to mind those three young geniuses who were struck down in the burgeoning of their youth, Kilmer, Brooke and Seegar. Men of exceptional promise as verse-makers, they have left a widowed world questioning the heights they would have reached had they been permitted more years in which to sing their songs and read the stars of poetry. Kilmer is perhaps the most widely known of the trio in America, principally because the succinct and appealing lyric "Trees" has been spread abroad as has no other poem of recent years. In England, Rupert Brooke is revered more than any other young poet of the century. His famous verse "Some corner of a foreign field that is forever England," so descriptive of his own last resting place, kindles the spark of patriotism in every true born Englishman. But here we have set ourselves to deal with an American who fought under a foreign flag, a poet whose verses were wrung from him in battle as in peace, a seer who envisioned romance even in death—Alan Seegar.

Fate seems to be particularly unkind in her treatment of young poets. We see Keats coughing out his soul by the Spanish steps; Shelley's spirit of flame snuffed out by a mere capful of wind, and Byron stung by a fever-bearing insect as he stood on the threshold of the greatest adventure of his adventurous life. While we may not justly compare Alan Seegar with Byron, Shelley and Keats, it has been said that none of them would have disdained his spirit of song. He lived with and for romance; he seized upon the opportunity to enter the service as a new avenue to the same destination. He knew he was courting death, but he

drove on, safe in the assurance that if death really came to him in the field, his life would have been yielded up in the most romantic of passings. The withering hand of time is not poetic.

Alan Seegar was born in New York, June 22, 1888. Both his parents were members of old New England families. When he was a year old they moved to Staten Island, where he remained until his tenth year. This locality, with its passing ocean liners, was one very apt to kindle the spark of romance in any child's heart. In 1898, the family returned to New York and Alan continued his education at the Horace Mann School. Two years later an event took place which did much in shaping his development. The family moved to Mexico and there Alan

spent a great part of his most impressionable years. The romantic atmosphere and the journey to Mexico left deep marks on his poetry; "The Deserted Garden," his longest poem, is entirely Mexican in color.

The Seegars returned to New York and settled in Tarrytown when Alan was fourteen, and in 1906 he entered Harvard and opened a new door in his literary life. He became one of the editors of the Harvard Monthly to which he frequently contributed verse. In 1912 he left for Paris where he plunged into the life of the Latin quarter and soon turned out many beautiful poems. His "Juvenilia" was mostly written there. When the war came, Alan Seegar, with forty or fifty of his fellow countrymen enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France. Why he did this cannot be definitely explained. However, he had a general penchant for adventure and a desire to "live dangerously." Further than this, he felt a loyalty to France and Paris, the city of his heart.

We glean the story of his life as a soldier from the constant letters he wrote to his mother. His battalion was frequently being shifted over France. While this proved irksome to some, in one of his letters he writes, "I go into the action with the slightest of light hearts. I am happy and full of excitement of the wondrous days that are ahead." However, the action did not materialize and the Legion spent the winter in monotonous trench warfare. He declares "trench warfare is anything but romantic" but never regrets his enlistment. Another year of war sufficed to keep him alert, as the soldier life suited him to perfection.

He hoped to be in Paris on Decoration Day to read his "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France," at the dedication of the Statue to Washington and Lafayette but his permission did not arrive in time.

(Continued on Page 14)

"I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH"

*I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When spring comes back with rustling
shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When spring brings back blue days
and fair.*

*It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my
breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill
When spring comes back again this
year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.*

*God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful
sleep
Pulse nigh to pulse and breath to
breath—
Where hushed awakenings are so
dear. . .*

*But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When spring comes back again this
year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.*

Some Yearn for Fame

By

Frederick E. Poole, Jr., '34

WALLACE Pratt lolled back in the red plush chair of the smoking car and blew smoke rings, tracing their delicate perimeters with a pudgy forefinger. The monotonous "clock-clock" of metal wheels on metal rails produced in him a feeling of languor. After all, he thought, railroad travel was much more conducive to relaxation than was air travel. His flight from San Francisco to Chicago had been uneventful, but there had been present always that strange sense of foreboding. Consequently, he was continuing on to New York by train.

Pratt was a young man of twenty-six; he was short and stocky, and his slightly blonde hair was eternally redolent with some fragrant lotion. Semi-visible eyebrows, small brown eyes, and when his generous mouth opened in a smile, one could distinguish two rows of even teeth.

Pratt was wealthy and alone in the world. His mother had died when he was twelve, and he was a sophomore in medical school when his father passed on. Upon this latter death young Pratt inherited an enviable career. Wise and extensive investments had doubled his resources, and he lived an easy-going life. He had everything he could desire—that is, everything but fame. Outside his own social circle he was unknown, and therein lay his discontent.

He crushed out his cigarette and picked up the newspaper that had been touselled on the seat by his side. For the fourth time in twenty minutes his eyes sought the first page where was blazoned the account of William Peltrew's latest success. Peltrew was the modern prototype of the legendary Sherlock Holmes. He had solved many and difficult cases, and yet no one seemed to know what this man looked like. The only people who knew him at sight were the "higher-ups" in the New York Police Department. He worked on each case with the elusiveness of a shadow, and his picture had never appeared in any paper, for the very

good reason that no photographer knew which man in the case was Peltrew.

"It must be wonderful to know you are so popular," mused young Pratt. "I wonder what he looks like. For all one knows, he might resemble me. Why—" and here a sudden thought struck him, "why, our initials are identical." He gazed at his black signet ring with its gold "W. P."

With the gazing at the ring a wild plan began to take root in his mind. Why could he not live Peltrew's life for a few days? No one

philosophized, "isn't life just one big sham?"

A mad idea, verily, but when one is rich and desirous of a certain thing, one is apt to step beyond the bounds of convention.

* * * *

The magnificent facade of the Commodore Hotel loomed up before William Peltrew, ne Wallace Pratt. With a porter carrying two traveling cases, and with a trunk coming on by express, Pratt entered the spacious lobby. He must be subtle, he had decided; he would not announce openly that he was Peltrew, but by several innuendoes intended to force his new individuality upon the occupants of the Commodore. The gilt initials "W. P." on his traveling bags had been carefully scratched away, leaving just enough gilt behind to allow an observer to distinguish the letters if he was so minded. This gave the appearance of an endeavor to cover up an identity. Pratt unblushingly admitted to himself that this was a clever ruse.

The clerk at the desk was sharp-eyed and intelligent looking. With a smile and an apology for a bow he offered a pen to Pratt, twirling the register around at the same time. Pratt placed his left arm over the top of the book, and his hand lay in such a position that the clerk could not help but notice the gold "W. P." on the signet ring. Pratt was assigned to room 572, which faced out upon a wide stretch of parkway. As he was being borne upwards in the elevator, back at the desk the clerk was nonchalantly gazing at the signature Pratt had just written: "Albert K. Farmer, Denver, Colorado." He raised his brows in mild surprise as the gold "W. P." flashed before his mind. It was not unusual for a guest to register incognito at the hotel, but it was the custom for the person first to see the manager who would accompany the person to the desk and inform the clerk: "This gentleman (or lady) wishes to be known as so-and-so while at this hotel."

Doubt pushed the clerk into ac-

OCTOBER

*Here was October, here
Was ruddy October, the old harvester,
Wrapped like a beggared sachem in
a coat
Of tattered tanager and partridge
feathers,
Scattering jack-o-lanterns eevrywhere
To give the field-mice pumpkin-colored
moons.
His red clay pipe had trailed across
the land
Staining the trees the colors of the
sumach:
East, West, South, North, the cere-
monial fume
Blue and enchanted as the soul of air
Drifted its incense.*

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

outside certain police officials knew what Peltrew looked like, and naturally, no one knew what he did not look like. Again he glanced at the newspaper where it announced that the police had given reporters to understand that Peltrew would soon be en route to Denver, Colorado, for a rest.

"I could go to some hotel in New York," he thought, "and lead the people there to believe that I am William Peltrew. In that way I could experience a mild sort of fame. They would conclude that this Denver, Colorado, idea was just a red herring. Of course, it would be all a fraud, but then," he

tion. He left an assistant at the desk and took his story to the manager. The elderly Stanley Trenton listened attentively.

"Are you certain of the initials?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. I saw them plainly. There had also been an attempt to scratch the same initials off his traveling bags."

"Well, I shall run up to his room and seek an explanation. In all probability he is some one who wants to hide away from publicity. That's nothing new here." And the manager's chest expanded considerably.

Young Pratt could have cheered when the manager appeared, urbanely invoking an explanation. Outwardly, Pratt appeared coyly confused. Inwardly, he was laughing.

"Can I rely upon your discretion?" he inquired slowly.

"Absolutely, sir. Anything you say to me here will be held in strictest confidence."

"Then to be frank," lied Pratt, "I am William Peltrew."

Trenton jumped. Peltrew, the detective!

"Good Lord, sir," he exclaimed. "Are you here—er—on business?"

"Oh, no." Pratt laughed easily.

"I'm just hiding away, so to speak. I'm supposed to be headed for Denver, but I can't part with New York. If the other people here are as observant as your clerk I must prenez garde. I like keen observance in a person; it makes me—" and here he launched into a lengthy, but extemporaneous, speech on the power of observation.

Once downstairs the manager could scarcely contain himself. He recalled his promise to his guest, yet he thought he must tell somebody, and he believed the clerk was the one he should tell. It was not customary, but then Peltrew was no ordinary guest. To Trenton, he was the greatest of the great.

The clerk tingled with excitement! He had spoken to the great Peltrew! Peltrew had praised him! That was something to be repeated.

Up in his room Pratt chuckled.

"That old fossil will undoubtedly announce my alleged identity to

others before he is many hours older. I hope he passes on my compliments to the clerk. I fancy that young man would be a most efficient broadcaster. I must keep my eyes peeled for the expressions on people's faces from now on."

During the days that followed, Wallace Pratt caught the covert glances cast at him, and the whispered ejaculations that greeted his every appearance. He reveled in his new life; he was tasting fame. How long he intended to carry on this deception he did not know—in fact, he had not considered this angle as yet.

MY SONG

*Sobbing faintly, the winds are calling
Up from the marsh where the
birches bend;*

*Slowly the hush of eve is falling
Down in the dew where the grasses
blend.*

*Now with the peace of eve around us.
Let us forget the toils and cares
That in the morning and noon con-
found us.*

*Pinion us down in a world of
Sing to me and as the notes that
rise on*

*The gentle wave of the vesper
breath,
You smooth the way to that gray
horizon.*

*We meet alone in the hills of
Death.*

It was tacitly understood among the guests that "Mr. Peltrew is not to know that his identity has been discovered," so, one by one, on one pretext or another, the guests sought the acquaintance of "Mr. Farmer," who had given his occupation as engineering. Pratt was becoming an excellent prevaricator, and he was quite proud of his apparent shallow deceptions.

Three people sought his companionship more than the others. They were, bald-headed Louis Tecutt, a wealthy manufacturer, who had more nerve than brains; Philip Allerton, who, it was rumored, was a dealer in precious stones; and Mrs. Van Lynden, a doting lady of fifty, who had been

widowed two years previously, and who appeared to be enjoying her widowhood immensely. Intimate associates hinted that her husband was most likely enjoying himself more now than he did when on earth.

Tecutt visited Pratt every afternoon and always talked about criminals. Allerton appeared at room 572 almost every other evening, and had the vexing habit of scratching his flat head with such fervor that his ebony-hued hair tossed itself hither and yon and scattered dandruff all over his person. Mrs. Van Lynden only cornered "Mr. Farmer" in prominent places where her senseless conversation could be heard by many people. She was all for show. Yet Pratt enjoyed it, every moment of it.

Then Trenton appeared at Pratt's door one afternoon. The young man perceived that the manager was considerably flustered.

"I beg your pardon, sir," blurted the elderly man, "but I have come to enlist your aid, if possible, in your — ah — official capacity."

"I'm afraid I do not understand," countered young Pratt.

The manager spent ten minutes in telling a story that could be reduced to this: Mrs. Van Lynden had that morning reported the theft of a valuable necklace—a string of diamonds and emeralds—that had only been flaunted on rare and auspicious occasions. The necklace had been in its place last evening but had disappeared by morning. The house detective was at a loss for clues. He was like a legless man trying to wade through a swamp. Therefore, Mr. Trenton was imploring "Mr. Peltrew" to look into the case, and he promised the young man that his identity would not be revealed. They were trying to hush the matter up; the proprietor had not been informed. It was known only to Mrs. Van Lynden, Trenton, the house detective, and to "Peltrew."

Pratt began to regret his wild plan of impersonating the great detective. All he knew about detecting was confined to impossible

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The American Literary Heritage

By Howard G. Norback, '33.

AMERICA has been regarded as a new land with a new message; with new problems and a new hope for mankind. For the most part she has met this expectancy whilst meriting for herself the respect of the old world. In the realm of government our much boasted contribution is democracy. In the world of liberal science and of invention we hold no mean position. But in the field of literature we have been considered by some as uncreative. England occasionally has taunted us in this respect for lack of originality and native productiveness. The opinion of France seems to be that there are not two distinctively American authors whose fame has passed beyond their native land; the exception being Edgar Allan Poe, who, the French claim, was unappreciated by his fellow countrymen.

At first sight this European sentiment as to our literary merit appears plausible. For during the days of the Revolution, of our national strife of the nineteenth century, and, of the following period of reconstruction, few men could be spared for the pursuit of higher literature. And the art of letters thrives where there is a leisured class and where people rest confident in their social systems. England saw our position and from time to time drew attention to our native literary sterility. The Edinburgh Review (Vol. XXX P. 144) argues that, "Literature, the Americans have none; no native literature we mean. . . But why should the Americans write books when six weeks' passage brings them in their tongue, our sense, science and genius in bales and hogsheads?" And the unpleasant feature is that we occasionally hear this opinion noised about today.

Such attacks of course lack perspective; not only are they ungenerous but unjustifiable as well. Despite handicap and unfavorable conditions our writers of the nineteenth century have made some noble stories in the field of letters. They have bequeathed to us a type

of literature distinctly American, decidedly original and native. However, the majority of us are not aware that we possess this heritage entirely our own. Through ignorance, then, and the failure of the few who grasp the situation, to push and disseminate this contribution, especially among our youth in academic spheres, our native literature is slowly passing into the dark of the past. And Europe when discussing our early and original literary merit may still repeat that hackneyed question of Sydney Smith, "Who reads an American book?"

MIDSUMMER LULLABY

*Lull me to rest where the winds are
sighing
The songs of the summer that long
has flown;
Sing me to sleep, for my heart is
flying
Back to the happy days I've known.
Lift your voice that the hills may
answer;
Give me its beauty o'er and o'er,
With the light, gay note of a fairy
dancer
Whose footsteps chime on a marble
floor.
Let me forget the endless present;
Tell me a part of the past that lies
Far beyond where the gleaming
crescent
Trails in the blue grass of the skies.*

One of our greatest contributions to the world of letters rests in the short story. It is true there have been pithy tales since Time began. From time immemorial, when the so-called "cave-men" filled long evenings around a smouldering fire with the narrations of their mysterious deeds even unto our own twentieth century, there have been story-tellers. But the written short story is more than incidents and description. It is a definite thing with a single purpose. The powerful short story sketches a back-ground, reveals character and compels interest.

Our American short story writers have excelled in portraying these characteristics and thus have bequeathed to us something definite in literature.

We habitually look up to such men as Hawthorne, Longfellow, Irving, Emerson, Poe, Webster and Lowell as leaders and representatives in the field of American letters. Many, indeed, may be surprised at not finding them classified representing a typical American literature. But the fact that each of these is so distinctive in his own particular field, and that all were so far apart in their respective fields, precludes the possibility of classing them as a unit representative of an American type of literature. Emerson, for example, was a transcendentalist; Webster, a statesman; Hawthorne was at his best when he dealt with a story of some sin; Longfellow and Poe were idealists and might be read without even knowing they were Americans; Lowell was a critic; Irving, while he had the seeing eye and understanding heart of an American, depended to a great extent upon his English readers.

So as we pass over these celebrated American authors, it is farthest from our intention even to infer that they were not superior to the men we shall presently cite. Indeed, each of these American geniuses stands out as a solitary star in our American galaxy. But the authors of our present consideration may be grouped in a class commonly referred to as our pioneer type. Beneath their short stories and other works of creative fiction we see the strong and robust spirit of America. These writers came from out our rugged and primeval land with fresh and original ideas, full of faith and energy, with an aggressive Americanism. We may find them over-virile and at times bordering on the uncouth; a result of their hardy and rough lives. But if one reads between the lines, a rich and large nature is readily found. In fine, they conceived their art as broad

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Impromptu

By

Rene A. Barrett, '34

THE barquet was really a ritzy affair, 'cause we all had to wear our soup and fish suits, an' there wuz some pretty big shots there to help we an' our femme pals to settle the feeds which wuz so good that I've never tasted anything, that is taking everything together, any better in all my life. That's saying something, cuz my marms got a rep down in our burg for being a great cook. An' as I wuz saying, it was a snoozy time. They had the ritziest hotel to eat in, an' the music left my gal sentimental for the rest of the night. I don't like that cuz she's always pressing my arm, an' laying her head on my shoulder, her fluffy hair tickling my face.

The room where we wuz eatin' wuz pretty too. It wuz all dressed up like they say they fix them up in Venice. I've never been to Venice myself, but if they fix up that town like this room, I must go there some day, maybe with my sentimental Jenny.

Well, as I wuz saying the feed went over big. The mayor spoke, then lots of other guys. But they spoke so short that everybody said that we ought to have some ext—, extemper—, exteramperan — well — some more speeches afore we danced, so's our heavy meal could digest,—or something like that. 'Course we never do that at home, cuz right after supper I has to go out an' do the chores. You see, my Dad's a farmer, an' tho I don't like to boast, the town constibule. He's says that if I want to go ter college, tho he don't think that I'm extra brilliant, an' that all that I want to go for is to play that infernal football, where everybody gets hurt, I kin go if I do my regular jobs when I get back.

But that isn't what I want to tell you about 'cept for the fact that my paw being constibule an' he not being there, everybody thinks that I ought ter say something. Me being kinda leery about speaking when everybody's around an' listening, I doesn't want to do it at first. Of course, I remembers

then that my paw's the town constibule an' I'm a college man who's supposed to know something about that sort of thing, so I has to except.

Afore I got up, my Jenny presses me on the arm an' says, "Atta boy, Bill,—knock 'em dead."

I don't remember much about what I said, but I do remember that after I got thru there wasn't a sound in the whole room for what seemed like a whole hour; 'course I wuz so nervous that it seemed that long when maybe it wuz only for a minute or so. Then before I begun I remember that there wuz something wrong with my cuff an' I kept trying to fix it till my Jenny pulls my hand down to my side, then I guess that I began.

I'll try to tell you just what I said, cuz you know, as I just told you, the rest of the people jest sat mum for hours—even my Jenny who's always ready to help me out when I'm in a tight fix. But then such a noise broke out that you'd think that it wuz the Red's day at Washington an' every Red in the country wuz throwin' dirty cracks at the President, the only difference being that the people in the hall where I spoke wuz laffin' instead. Well, you kin imagine that they laffed some, an' I tell you that they did, cuz Jenny wuz tryin' to say something to me an' I couldn't hear her, then when I looks down, I could see that she wuz crying an' laffin', both. So I'll tell you my story.



When I first got up I didn't know what to say. I did tell them how sorry I wuz that my paw wuzn't there, an' they all laffs. Well that sort of gets me sore, for I betcha to this day that they laffed cuz they thought that I wuz wishing that my paw wuz there, so that I wouldn't have to speak, an' didn't know what to say nohow, "So," I said to myself, "if ya want to laf, I'm going to laf with you." So I tells them the story that a guide once told me.

I know that my introduction wuzn't so hot. Maybe I wuz mixed up, but I ignored the toastmaster, an' the guests, an' everybody, an' begins right into my story. 'Course everything that I tells them ain't strictly true, but I paints it up some, here an' there to give what they calls in my college, in my short story course, "local color."

"Last fall afore I went back to school, frens," I tells them, "I went up to Maine fer a little hunting an' fishing. My paw said that I could, an' that I worked so hard at my chores, and got grades in my studies way beyond what he expects, that I should have a few days' recreation."

"The camp wuz a lovely spot. Setting at the head of a sparkling, clear little lake, the cabin wuz swung in between two or three steep little mountains. They wuz steep but I could climb them easy like cuz tho the stones were flat an' smooth they wuz separated by lots of vegetation an' shrubby little mountain trees. I had two pals from my college with me, but they liked to fish all the time, while I liked better to climb the mountains an' hunt animals, aside from the fact that it strengthened my muscles a lot for football, which my paw didn't like so good.

"It wuz on top of the second swell that I bagged my bear. He was not so big, but my maw says that it wuz just the right size fer in front of the fireplace. I didn't have any luck the first few days. I only saw two deers an' they wuz so far that my pop shots might

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EDITORIALS

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<i>Circulation Mgr.</i> ,	Charles E. Mulhearn, '33

EX CATHEDRA

Poets are wont to write in a melancholy mood of autumn time, depicting it as a period of dying life and lengthening shadows, but for youth it is a time for renewed activity: the beginning of a scholastic year. Realizing that change is the essence of progress, we are reconciled to the fact that our predecessors will not return, and it is our hope that we may be able to maintain the high standard which they struggled so hard to establish. The torch of Truth is the symbol of the institution which makes this magazine possible, and we appreciate our responsibility in bearing the light for the period allotted to us.

A contemporary Catholic review-

er of national repute in the current issue of the *Columbia* remarks, "a college is just a collection of books and some men to explain them." It is not the function of a college, however, to pour concentrated thought into the yawning void of student minds, but to provide them an outlet for latent creative possibilities. In short, to lead out of the darkness of silence into the light of creative expression. Through this organ of our college that collective creative mind of the student body may find a medium for self-expression.

Every student should co-operate to the extent of writing for the *Alembic*. Was it Emerson who mentioned the vast legion who are condemned to die with all their music in them? Writing for the college periodical is one of the rarest privileges of a college career. Let us take advantage of the opportunity.

HERESY

We are awaiting with interest the average oldtimer's reaction to the announcement of the new football rules. Along with the tremendous growth of public interest in college football, magazines and newspapers have featured articles by national football heroes and famous coaches. We have yet to read one of these articles in which the author, particularly if he were of the old school, did not deplore the gradual softening of the game in its physical aspect.

It is true that they comment favorably on the increasing tendency of the game to reward quick thinking rather than brute force, but every such admission is tinged with regrets that the physical

dangers of the game are slowly but surely being eradicated. There are the inevitable arguments about the relative value of the old and new football heroes. Instances will be cited and players of the past lauded to prove them superior to the stars of our years.

Personally, we think that too many rules will spoil the game. We know of no more satisfying sight in football than that furnished by one of our fleet halfbacks bringing to earth, with a headlong diving tackle, an enemy ball-carrier headed for our goal. Heresy? Certainly!

BY WAY OF COUNCIL

In extending greetings to the whole student body of Providence College, the *Alembic* wishes to give particular expression to the welcome of the freshman class. There is too often the idea among freshmen that when they enter college they are in a new and unfriendly world. This belief springs from the attitude of the sophomores of a college toward the incoming class. The first year collegeman is entering a new world and just as a group of raw army recruits are subject to the domination and discipline of petty officers, so too are freshmen subject to the contact and control of the sophomore class. The freshman being, as it were, whipped into shape, learns to discipline himself, to express respect where it is due, and to live up to the policies and practices of the institution of which he is an important part.

There is an old army adage to the effect that: you may salute a general, but you must salute a lieutenant. Freshmen will learn that the upper half of the student body has a real and reasonable interest in them. That group appreciates the psychological affect of sophomore discipline just as the present freshmen will appreciate in the future, but it also is ever ready to aid the first year man in any of the intriguing but sometimes intricate phases of college life.



MERELY PLAYERS

*"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players"*

By Daniel J. Higgins, '33.

We Lay a Wreath

The May presentation of one of Shakespeare's tragedies demonstrated two distinct facts to Providence theatregoers—the efficiency and artistry of the Pyramid Players as an amateur dramatic group, and, the ability of Edward Hanson, both as a female impersonator and an interpreter of Shakespeare.

It is not wise to criticize the subject matter of any Shakespearean production in such an article as this. Too many textbooks and learned monographs do that with more skill and authority than we possess. But it is permissible to mention the fact that plays, in any language and of any type are dependant upon the interpretation of the actors for their success. When a player merely stands upon a stage and declaims, the audience loses all notion of whatever emotions should be surging through the heart of the character. But if the actor uses all the faculties of expression at his command, tone, inflection, gesture and attitude, he will succeed; his performance will not be one of declamation and idle motion, but of interesting and satisfying interpretation. The Pyramid Players, it is gratifying to declare, presented a splendid interpretation of Macbeth and not a mere performance.

Mr. Hanson's work as Lady Macbeth was by far the outstanding feature of the production. Cast in a role difficult for even a professional actress, this young man recorded a performance that was a brilliant personal achievement. Overcoming the obstacle of a feminine role, he found himself facing a more trying and disconcerting one... an audience that roared with rude, boorish and uncultured laughter at almost every speech and gesture he made during his first appearance on the stage. Even a professional actor with years' experience is apt to falter in such a situation, and Mr. Hanson is to be

congratulated for his skillful handling of a very unpleasant situation.

Macbeth was played by Mr. Gabriele in a fashion that was in most respects highly commendable. His precise, deliberate diction gave every evidence of a keen insight into the character he played, and if we here call attention to what we believe was a defect in the presentation of one who is a veteran amongst us, it is not that we disliked his performance or thought it anything but creditable. But his actions and gestures, while not awkward, were surely unusual. Whether it was intended to increase the dramatic effect of his performance, I do not know, but his lower limbs were never stationary. He seemed to be continually rocking and lurching on his feet. These extra and extraordinary motions might have been credited to something like stage-fright, did we not know Mr. Gabriele for a capable and assured performer. We are inclined to think that these squandered energies were used by Mr. Gabriele to intensify his acting, an aim which they do not achieve, and we respectfully suggest that they be restrained.

The witches' part is small in the number of lines, but is vital to the success of the play. These beings create a highly dramatic suspense through their prophecies and an unearthly atmosphere through their weird incantations and ac-



tions. Messrs. Geohegan, Conaty and Reilly gave a performance replete with that unearthliness which is so pertinent to the Weird Sisters. Their work had that inexplicable touch of artistry necessary to the success of any drama.

For the remainder of the cast there is much praise due their splendid efforts and cooperation. As a whole, they constituted an excellent group and contributed the amount of dramatic talent needed for a well-balanced and adequately artistic production.

(Continued on Page 18)

YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Camille: Lillian Gish, the latest lady of the Camelias, in Dumas' great tragedy. At the Carlton, Oct. 12-13.

Counsellor-at-Law: Elmer Rise's makes a Pandora Box of a lawyer's office and brings therefrom exciting melodrama, with Paul Muni. At the Carlton.

Cornelia Otis Skinner: America's, and perhaps the world's greatest monologist, presenting artistic character studies. At the Carlton, Nov. 7-8.

Mourning Becomes Electra: Eugene O'Neill's five-hour course in psycho-pathology. Recommended for students of abnormal psychology. At the Carlton.

The Green Pastures: by Marc Connelly. A panorama of biblical events as they flourish in the child-like mind of the negro. This was the Pulitzer prize-play for 1930. At the Carlton, week of Nov. 14.

Cynara: by H. M. Harwood and R. F. Gore Brown. Philip Merivale, with a distinguished cast, in a barrister-forlorn shop-girl romance. The tragic plot is very triangular in shape. Carlton-Nov. 28, 29, 30.

CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34



Despite all predictions to the contrary we are still alive and back again on the job...we had arrived but a moment when news began to crop up... For instance, but a day had elapsed when we ran into our esteemed friend Mr. O'Connor...you all remember, he of the dress suit, who now takes care of "Cherie" Burque all by his lonesome...He let us in on the fact that his "roomie" grunts something terribly when he gets in bed of a night...it is our opinion, however, that this does not bother his partner...

It was a funny experience we had the other day...we went to see a ball game for entertainment and we sure got it...for no sooner had we arrived on the scene than we perceived Sammy Shapiro, the bookworm, attired in a St. Pius uniform preparing to twirl for the Immaculate Conception nine...and what a job he did...he must have been inspired for he pitched a game such as we had never before seen...why he even tried to pick men off first base when they were on second...he sure was tricky...

Our man Van reports that this should be a good year despite the depression...He states that the freshmen are eager to spend their money and are following in the footsteps of their predecessors... Van reports a record enrollment... he insists that some of the boys are a little absent-minded, however, for they have checked in

more than once...Food gets 'em, Van...

The redoubtable Mr. Tebbetts was seen strolling around in a new light-colored suit of clothes...We were disgusted when we saw that the most brilliant of the Pawtucket flashes stole a leaf from Tebby's sartorial book...both uniforms shed profusely...

Little Bobby Fletcher, that "muscular molecule," took off in his Chevvy runabout for New Brunswick accompanied by several of our most prominent barons... and although they claim to have been spectators at the Rutgers fray we fear that they strayed from the beaten path...Would we be far wrong in saying that you were...?

It was a sad and heart-rendering sight the other matin when we happened upon Captain-elect Thomas Griffin perched upon the stoop of 64 Sharon street at an early hour in the morning...it soon came to be a humorous sight, however, after watching him a while...At first he seemed resigned to his fate but of a sudden a ray of hope shone upon his countenance...he would jump up and go around to the side of the house and whistle, but he was doomed... and it was not until he got the clever idea of ringing the doorbell that he was able to get in the house to bed...the poor fellow had the wrong key...He had better learn to retire at an earlier hour nights if he expects to catch the commuters' train for that H. O. P. class which holds away at eight-ten...

We got a laugh the other night when we were in the diabetic drug store...some girls happened to be in there and some of the boys were standing on the corner...one of the girls looked out of the door

and perceived young Charlie Gaffney climbing the telephone pole with a laundry bag in his hand... "Oh," she said to her companions "their making some freshman climb the pole"...

We never thought it would come to this...Charlie Jorm and Walt Burke enrolled at Guzman Hall... and the former teaching already... Walt tells us that the Guzman boys sure have the right dope though when it comes to making themselves acquainted with the newcomers...each one goes over and introduces himself...Well, if Walt and Charlie ever get going around with "Angel Cake" Haggerty we might even get some hot news from the dorm...

The boys had a visit from our Sylvia, our artist, this summer... and they sure were glad to see her...and would be even more glad to see her come back...the only thing that they didn't like was that she asked for Tebbetts and Reilly again...

Eddie Reilly by the way is at it again...although he hasn't blossomed out with that beautiful shirt as yet this year, you may expect him to be seen with an orange-colored cravat on any time soon... he sure has great taste...

And Clark "Gable" Koslowski is still at it, also...tossing around the well-known animal...calling everybody nicknames just so they will call him Clark...He has little Danny Galasso worried because of that surplus avoirdupois that he is toting around with him...maybe Dan doesn't think his idol will be able to trot around the court as in the past...

We got a peep at one of the boarding houses the other night when all the boys reported for supper...it was a humorous sight... can you imagine trying to devour food with "Grandpa" Holden sitting on one side of you, and "Scotch" Lucy on the other... Ted LeBlanc staring at you with an unshaven face, in his shirt sleeves... "Moon" Perrin, delving into philosophy, arguing with Johnny Murphy who insists that Perrin is incorrect...and Ed. Howeveryou-spellit trying to prove to Joe Lee that Amherst has it all over

Nashua...It's a wonder that old man Bleiler doesn't go out of his mind...

Johnny Glennon, the New Bedford gob, was here but a day when he sent his first dispatch to the girl friend...when we looked at his hair cut we at first thought that he was despondent...but he must have patched things up...he must have had a tough summer riding around in that Austin advertising something or other...

Someone should give the boys a few lessons in etiquette when they go on parties where girls are present...first of all someone should tell John Murphy that he should always keep wide awake and not be forced to have one pat him on one cheek, someone else patting him on the other cheek and Burke patting him on both cheeks to keep him awake...And at Joe Lee we were amazed..."Silent" Joe becomes so enamoured with a fair one that he attempts to help her out and explains to her what is the matter with her...he got a grand reception...and no one knows yet what Griffin did, but of course he

behaved in his usual fine manner 'cause he has someone to tell him what to do...

Our representative went to a dance not long ago and reported back that...Murph, the irresponsible, would get a drink of water and would close the door behind him...that Barney O'Connor had a sick stomach but managed to hop around plenty...that Oc Perrin had a lot of explaining to do as to who Abigail was...that Charlie Rennick took care of Irv Rossi but also found no difficulty in taking care of himself...and that Johnny Healy has a new step that we would all like to learn...

Joe Adamick, our six eleven-and-a-half-foot tackle claims we robbed him of some money in a book sale...No, Joseph, we would have picked on smaller men than you to steal anything from...and you know, Joe, you no have gotta take any bunk from nobody...but when we're walking and you're riding and you pass us and laugh instead of picking us up then we ought to do something about you...and fear not, for we will before

the year is over...Remember, Josie, the pen is mightier than the fist...despite Griff's belief that it doesn't hurt so much...

We understand that the Pittsfield quartet consisting of the Archey brothers, Cal Madden and Johnny Reed are the bridge sharks of the district...is it contract, boys?...

Our friend "Robie" came back again and he began right where he left off last year...he sure is a bear when it comes to society...he still resides ten miles out of civilization with good old Tim Payne, the Troy Clover's star moundsman...

"Scotch" Lucy hasn't quieted a bit...he is still clowning around...but we did get a kick out of him when he wanted to put Bill Lawlor on the Esmond bus to get to the boat for New York...that would be like going to Pascoag by way of Alaska...

"Shanks" Maguire is still the same old boy...he has for his theme song on his sax this year "Goofy People"

(Continued on Page 18)

Providence Visitor Press

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ATHLETICS

PROVIDENCE

George R. Tebbetts, '34

Francis B. Skenyon, '33



As we go to press for the opening issue of the Alembic we find that our Providence College grid-iron representatives give every indication of continuing where they left off last year when

they compiled a record which was indeed worthy of more than passing mention. Already they have invaded foreign territory on three different occasions and the results obtained are a warning that our foes in the future are in for a real battle.

Providence 6, Rutgers 6

Opening the season in a rather auspicious manner, Coach Golembeski and his Providence College eleven invaded New Brunswick on the afternoon of September 23 to hold a fighting Rutgers eleven to a 6 to 6 tie in one of the biggest upsets of the year as far as an opening game was concerned.

Conceded little chance by the experts in the sporting world of giving the New Jersey boys anything of a real battle, the Dominican squad completely tipped over the proverbial apple-cart by fighting and smashing their way to a well-deserved tie and almost to a victory.

After a first period defensive stand in which the Rutgers' backfield played havoc with the Providence line and the secondary defense, the forces of Providence settled down to some serious business of football and unleashed a savage attack upon the Rutgers defense which broke the ice for the afternoon.

With the opening of the second period the

Providence team was considerably aided by substitutions particularly that of Lefty Croteau who proved to be dynamite to Rutgers for the afternoon. Shortly after his entrance into the game the Providence team seemed to gain the confidence which they lacked during the early part of the game and they started an attack led by Wright, O'Keefe, and Croteau, culminating in the latter's touchdown for the opening score. An attempted placement by Croteau on the next play barely missed the uprights and Providence took the lead 6 to 0.

The Rutgers score came shortly afterwards when an aerial attack, combined with some flashy broken field running by Chizmadia and Hermeda, found a hole in the Providence defense to tie the score at 6 all. As in the case of the Providence try the attempted placement failed and the scoring for the afternoon was over as far as both teams were concerned.

The Friar pony backfield threw a real scare into Rutgers' ranks in the closing period of the game when Barbarito wriggled free from the Rutgers secondary to cross the goal line only to be called back on an offside play and to end the last scoring chance which Providence had for the afternoon.

Holy Cross 26, Providence 6

Inspired to a fighting pitch by a 6 to 6 tie with Rutgers on the



previous weekend, the Friar football squad betook themselves to Worcester to do battle with our rivals, Holy Cross; but it was of no avail, and when the day's work was over the score stood 26 to 6 in favor of the Crusader.

Faced with the problem of stopping a machine which rates as a potential Eastern champion the Providence squad gave everything which was in it but they were clearly outclassed by a heavier and a more perfect Holy Cross team.

After the first period and the majority of the second had displayed nothing more than mediocre football on the part of both teams the Crusader unleashed a savage attack upon the Providence defense during the closing minutes of the second period to score three touchdowns and put the game on ice for the afternoon.

The first score came after the Holy Cross charges had marched the length of the field, combining a smashing line attack and a well perfected aerial attack, but the second and third touchdowns of the afternoon were purely a gift of Lady Luck. However, the manner in which the Crusader took advantage of every scoring opportunity shows that it played heads-up football every minute of the game.

The Providence forces showed their best offensive during the third period when they ran wild against a substitute Holy Cross team to score the only touchdown



Capt. Callahan

of the afternoon but with the re-entry of the starting Holy Cross lineup the Providence scoring for the day came to an end.

Providence 13, Vermont 0

Having proved their ability to meet the acid test in holding highly touted Rutgers eleven to a tie and giving our foes from Worcester all the opposition that could be expected, the forces of Providence finally came into their own on Saturday, October 8, when they journeyed to Burlington, Vt. When the smoke of the afternoon battle had been lost in the shadows of the somber New England hills, the colors of the Black and White floated triumphantly above those of Vermont University. The score was 13 to 0.

A well balanced attack, functioning to perfection in almost every play, tells the story of the Providence victory. The boys played brilliant football capitalizing every scoring chance and made it a bad afternoon from a Vermont point of view.

Wasting no time in serving notice on Vermont that they meant business, Providence injected two sticks of dynamite into the game at the outset in the persons of Charlie O'Keefe and Omer Landry and when the Greene Mountain State boys had groped their way out of the maze which enveloped

them during the first period, O'Keefe, aided by some brilliant work by his teammate and a well balanced Providence line, had proved poison enough to Vermont to make the day a success for Providence.

He scored both touchdowns and kicked the extra point to bring his days total to 13, and then made himself generally undesirable by bringing Vermont players to earth time and again to break up potential scoring threats. When not engaged in blowing the Vermont defence to pieces, O'Keefe took things easy on the sidelines.



Davis

While Charlie stole the spotlight for the afternoon, his brilliant work was made possible by the co-ordination of the entire Providence squad. They opened up holes in the opposition time and again to pave the way for Providence tallies and when placed on the defense they proved their worth by keeping the Providence goal line uncrossed during the entire afternoon.

Yale J. V. 6, Providence J. V. 0

The first Junior Varsity squad ever to invade New Haven dropped a close decision to Yale Junior Varsity on Saturday, October 8. The score was 6 to 0.

While we cannot say anything definite on the future showing of the Junior Varsity squad, we can be assured that if the game at Yale is to be taken as a criterion they will make a record which will indeed do them credit.



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DEXTER 2025

The Rendezvous-Keeper

(Continued from Page 3)

This Ode incidently is regarded as the crowning achievement of his career. On July 1, 1916, the great advance began. At six o'clock on the evening of July 4th the legion was ordered to clear the enemy out of the village of Belloy-en-Sauterre. Alan Seegar's squad was swept by machine gun fire and most of them went down wounded. Alan, stricken mortally, encouraged the others on. The village was taken and the invaders were driven back, but for some reason, which only the high command can explain, the field was unvisited. Next morning Seegar lay dead. He had kept his rendezvous.

There is little to add. He wrote his own epitaph in the Ode:

*"Now heaven be thanked we gave a few
brave drops,
Now heaven be thanked a few brave
drops were ours."*

His death did not attract much attention at the time, but the recognition has been growing steadily since. His poems speak for him and for themselves, deriving their greatest value not from the fact that they speak of war but because they were actually written in the stress and under the savage threat of danger. Alan Seegar, poet, soldier and romanticist, was part of the heavy toll the war took from American letters.

*"And I to my pledged word am true
I shall not fail that rendezvous."*

Some Yearn for Fame

(Continued from Page 5)

crimes by non-existent criminals. He sought to escape from the task, but cornered, he decided to carry on the bluff.

They were on their way to the lady's room when Tecutt came up to them with the news that his room had been broken into during the night.

"I was awakened about midnight last night," he explained, "by some noise. I listened attentively but could hear nothing, and eventually fell asleep again. I was awakened again at twelve forty-five—I ascertained the time by the clock by my bed—and this time I knew I was not mistaken. I saw a tall, dark shadow slip across the room and out the door. I leaped out of bed and followed, but the corridor was empty. On taking inventory this morning I found nothing missing. I have been debating all morning as to whether or not I should report it, and when I saw you just now I decided."

Pratt was genuinely interested. He asked:

"How long have you been staying at this hotel?"

"I shall be here a week tomorrow."

Pratt and Trenton soon sent Tecutt to his room, and continued upstairs to Mrs. Van Lynden's room. She burst into a torrent of explanations and complaints. Pratt was beginning to feel important.

"Where did you keep this necklace, Mrs. Van Lynden?" he asked.

"I kept it in a case in the third

drawer of that dresser," she indicated a white bureau, "and I always kept the drawer locked. It was still locked this morning, but the necklace was gone, and I am positive it was there last evening. I can't imagine how any one got at it."

A child could see that the lock on the drawer had not been tampered with in any way.

"Do you keep the other drawers locked?" asked Pratt.

"Why, no. There is nothing so valuable in the other drawers that I should lock them."

Pratt was puzzled. Then his face lit up. "This woman must be an imbecile," he said to himself. He picked up a book from a side table and handed it to her.

"Place this in the drawer just as you place the necklace and its case," he directed, "and then lock the drawer."

The woman received the book and buried it beneath a layer of clothes, and then shut and locked the drawer.

"That is just how I left it last evening when I retired," she announced.

Pratt smiled and took hold of the drawer just above the locked drawer. This he removed entirely from the dresser and placed it on the floor. Reaching down into the locked drawer he lifted the clothes and retrieved the book, replaced the drawer, and turned to the other two.

They were dumbfounded with the simplicity of it all.

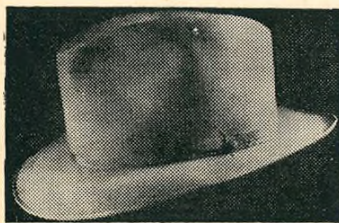
Mrs. Pratt was a sound sleeper and had heard nothing during the night. Pratt noticed something on the floor. It was a small piece of gray tweed cloth. He picked it up.

"That dropped on the floor when you removed the drawer," remarked the manager.

"It's a part of a man's coat," said Pratt. "Evidently, from the coat worn by the thief."

"Mr. Tecutt has a suit made of material just like that," volunteered Trenton. "I doubt if there is another one like it in the building."

Something seemed to click in Pratt's mind. He was finding that being a detective was more facile than he had expected.



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Charlie O'Donnell, 60 Washington St.

"That explains the raid on Mr. Tecutt's room last night," he pointed out. "The thief wanted to cast suspicion on Tecutt so he wore one of that gentleman's coats. The first time Tecutt woke up was probably when the thief was leaving with the coat, and when Tecutt woke up the second time it was just after the coat had been returned. This piece of cloth was in all probability placed there deliberately to strengthen suspicion against Tecutt. Here," he turned to the manager, "take this down to Tecutt's room and see if there is a corresponding rip in his coat. If there is bring the coat up here." Trenton took the scrap of cloth and departed.

While Trenton was absent Pratt learned from Mrs. Van Lynden that she had been at the Commodore for three months. The stolen necklace was one of the most valuable in the country, and much had been said about it in the newspapers. She looked at it every morning and evening to see that it was safe. Pratt concluded that the theft had been planned some time in advance.

Trenton returned with a gray coat on a hanger, and the owner in tow. He had explained matters to Tecutt on the way up the stairs. The manager showed that the piece fitted into a hole at the bottom of the coat.

"No piece could have been torn from there except deliberately," said Pratt. "Most likely with the aid of a knife."

Then he noticed something else about the coat. He stared fixedly at the lapels and shoulders. With a broad grin that was almost a laugh he glanced at Tecutt's bald head, and returned the coat to its owner. As he did so he was tingling with excitement.

He forced himself to assume a calm exterior, while within his blood ran with abnormal rapidity. It was with a dramatic show of sang froid that he announced:

"Well, I believe I know who the culprit is."

Three voices echoed in unison: "Who?"

"Philip Allerton," was the calm reply.

* * * *

Two hours after this declaration Philip Allerton returned from a walk that had taken up the greater part of the early afternoon. He was but mildly curious when the clerk informed him that his presence was requested in the manager's office.

In this room Allerton found Tecutt, Mrs. Van Lynden, Trenton, Pratt, and Cummings, the house detective. He paled perceptibly as he gazed upon this aggregation, but soon recovered control of himself. Trenton briefly and hurriedly presented the facts of the case, and Cummings officially arrested him. Allerton was indignant in his protests, but Pratt interrupted with:

"Don't be a complete idiot, Allerton. Whoever stole Mrs. Van Lynden's necklace wore Mr. Tecutt's coat, and whoever wore Mr. Tecutt's coat shed dandruff all over the shoulders and lapels. I very much doubt if Mr. Tecutt himself could have dropped that dandruff." Again he regarded the shiny pate. "I suppose you were unaware of your decorating my room with the ugly stuff every time you visited me. Then, again, your room is directly opposite Mrs. Van Lynden's, and as a final point against you we found in your closet a long stick with an oblong mirror attached to one end. By experiment we ascertained that by holding the mirror up to your transom, one could see reflected in it anything that Mrs. Van Lynden did, especially if she were working around her dresser. That is how you discovered the resting place of the necklace. But

tell us, where have you hidden the necklace?"

"Well, I know when I'm licked," smiled Allerton, "so I may as well admit you are right. The necklace is hidden within one of the pillows on my bed. But, say," and he gazed curiously at Pratt, "who are you, anyway?"

"Why he's the famous William Peltrew," Trenton burst out proudly.

"He is not," retorted Allerton.

Pratt did not seem to care whether or not people found out who he really was, now. He was too pleased with himself. The real Peltrew had nothing on him.

"What makes you so sure?" he inquired of Allerton interestedly.

The tall, dark man smiled upon him indulgently, and laughingly said:

"Why, I am William Peltrew myself."

FOOTBALL

AT HOME

Nov. 5th

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The American Literary Heritage

(Continued from Page 6)

enough to include love of country and belief in their fellow man. . . . The American Ideal.

Among these representative and native contributors we present Joaquin Miller, the artist of single burning episodes, the singer of the Sierras and the great American deserts; Mark Twain, the romancer of American youth and the interpreter of Angel's camp; James Fenimore Cooper, whom novelists proclaim the American Scott of our pioneer days; Bret Harte, the poet and story-teller of early western life; Hamlin Garland, whose ballads ring true to the heart of the Yukon and Klondike; Whitman, originator of the idea "Americanism" in current literary criticism. Others may be included in this citation to support our claim. In all we shall find a vigorous, virile style, distinctly original and a product of our American mind. . . . our American literary heritage.

In comparison with our European bent the prose and verse of these men may be looked upon as ephemeral and not worthy of our representation. It could not be called exactly present day parlor poetry and in this way differs from what is fastidious and over-refined among the English. Our early American blood was not given to soft and sentimental writing. To-day Europe colors our whole epoch. We speak of London and there seems to be a passion for Paris, but only a few seem particularly interested in the literature of their own country.

What America demands is a literature that is bold, modern and independent, as she is herself. It must in no way ignore the past but must inspire it with the "up-to-date." Like political America of the early days, so today literary America must more and more extricate itself from the influence of European models and while being courteous to them must have entire confidence in itself and the products of its own democratic spirit. We are in possession of a typical American literary style, which we must study and develop, if the spirit of this America is to assume its proper place in the world of letters.

Impromptu

(Continued from Page 7)

just as well have been fired at the moon. But the third day, I packs a lunch, an' wuz determined that I wouldn't come back empty-handed. Forthwith I climbs the mountain on the east side, circuiting it till I would come back to camp from the west.

"It wuz about noontime when I reached the highest swell on the north side an' there perched on the ledge wuz my bear. It wuz a proud little bear, standin' out there surveying his domain as nonchantly like a king. He had strutted out there, his little chest out, wagging his beautiful little head from side to side—this little monarch of the forest. But no cocky little bear could strut around with a chip on

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his shoulders with me around an' with a slug in my gun that could take his mother's head off. So I carefully takes aim an' drops the little critter dead in his tracks."

I kin remember some of the ladies looking in mute horror at each other who considered a hot time playing croquet. But they wuz looking for it, an' undaunted I kept going.

Now I told them how we caught all the fish in such a way that would make a fisherman gag in consternation. An' how I bagged a big red buck.

I giggle to this day when I recall the rest of the yarn that I told them.

"It wuz on the last day," I continued, "that I decided on a long trip fer a last stab at another deer. I started early going around the enfolding mountains again. Such rotten luck I have never seen the whole week that I wuz there. I ate my lunch at noon, not having even seen a consarn thing, only takin' crack pots at rocks an trees to wile away the time. Towards late afternoon, I had gone way around the mountains, an' for the first time noticed a broad lea. It wuz probably made by one of our revolutionary fathers, since the log cabin way across the other end wuz all shot, an' being sick of the underbrush I started across the lea. Boy, it did feel good after the long trek thru the gnarly shrubs and over the rocks. Being light-minded now, an' only thinking of the soft cot back at the cabin, then home the day after, I lifts my gun an' pots a shot from the double-barrelled gun square at the chimney of the cabin. To my huge delight, it flies all squashed up into the air. Satisfied with the shot, I parks the gun under my arm, an' starts strolling across the rest of the meadow.

"With the force of a bellow from Hades, a gargantuan snort and grunt rents my eardrum. I looks up fast, an' seeing what's charging at me from the other side of the field. I sends a little prayer to the Almighty that I wish that I wuz at home or back at my classrooms at my college. Quickly I turns around cuz even at my paw's farm I know that mad bulls is nothing to

play with. An' when I'm scared there ain't no runner at college that's got anything in the line of speed on me. I just dug me toes in—an' scrambled. Then when I thinks that the hundred yard tape is under my nose, I looks up. Lo, an' behold,—and great Josifer,—an' all the saints! Coming at me from the other side of the field is a big moose. Lord—what to do? There's one shot left in my gun, an' I'm in between the devil and the deep blue sea. If I kill the bull, the moose tramples me like a wild stallion, an' if I shoot the moose, I'm to the bull like a bale of hay. 'Course I wouldn't run into the moose so I scampers off at right angles. But, no use, the mighty demons are running me to the earth. I had to act an' act fast.

"Suddenly I turns around, up comes my gun, an' pops the moose clean in between the eyes. I dropped him dead."

Now this is the place where I told you that nobody said nothing. I abruptly sat down an' started to

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fix my cuff that I said had become unfixed, an' my Jenny had pulled my hand down to my sides thinking that I wuz shaky from the speaking. Then what I expects happens. Leaning forward with a funny look in his eyes which is probably from being so interested in what I had been saying, the Mayor ups and asks me just why I shot the moose first an' how I escaped.

"Yer honor," I answers, polite like, "I shot the moose first cuz I figured that I could shoot the bull anytime!"

Well, there wuz so much laughter an' guffaws that I didn't have a chance to explain my escape—even if I could of.

Merely Players

(Continued from Page 9)

Evidence of effective direction was present. The directorial ability of the Rev. Fr. McLaughlin was apparent in every part of the performance, in the lighting, in the staging of each scene—especially the banquet scene—and finally in the distinctive quality of the diction of his players. It was hard to believe they were amateurs when one heard these players speak their lines, but it is extremely easy to congratulate the one who accomplished this miracle of enunciation which bore in so large a measure on the happy eventuation of the Pyramid Players' 1932 venture.

By Way of Warning

It is the purpose of this department to provide the readers of this magazine with information and unprejudiced criticism of things theatrical. The aim of this publication is an artistic and cultural one and to disclaim the theatre as one of the factors of intellectual expression would be tantamount to illiteracy. Hence our advent into the Alembic.

We intend to keep abreast of the dramatic events of a professional nature that come to these Plantations, to inform our readers of the plays to be presented and to acquaint them with their merits. In this way we hope to serve a useful

purpose and to crystallize interest in the drama among Alembic readers.

Professional productions will not be the piece de resistance of this column. Activities of a Thespian nature which occur within the college will have all the cooperation and publicity we can give.

Let it be understood now that the critics will write their honest opinion of every play reviewed and no criticism will be colored with any personal prejudice. Honest criticism is a necessity in any field, and if it is true that there will not always be harmony of opinion between the critics and readers of this column, it is also true that such divergence exists universally and will probably continue till time is no more. We shall go our unbiased way, therefore, hewing to the line, and trusting that we afford much more pleasure than offense.

Checkerboard

(Continued from Page 11)

Jackie Reilly stayed in Staten Island and couldn't make the hair grow on his head any faster. . . we predict, however, that he will soon be the cute little boy that he always was when it gets back to its normal growth. . .

We can do nothing but gasp at the most atrocious thing that a P. C. boy has ever pulled. . . we want every one to know about it. . . the guilty one should be ridiculed. . . he should be crossed off the social list. . . the story goes like this. . . one of our best known, and up to this time best liked, students drove to a dance in his big car. . . he entered the dance hall and had the time of his life. . . in some way or other he persuaded this girl, a very nice girl, to ride home with him. . . after leaving the dance he drives immediately to a hot dog place, stops and politely asks the girl if she would care for a hot dog. . . the girl was thrilled to think that she was out with such a generous fellow and then "Rockafellow" Reavey comes through with a fast one and says "but you will have to pay for it yourself and if I am to have one you'll have to pay

for mine too"...we never thought that Frank was such a spendthrift...we have learned from authentic sources that the gentleman who was also in the party was shocked and promised himself that never again would he go out with such a rude fellow...

Some one told us that our friend Skenyon would feel a little put out if we failed to give him a write-up in our first issue...O. K. kid, suppose that we tell the boys who don't already know about that fine speech that you made at the senior class meeting...Francis, old boy, you looked like the true orator when you were given the floor...everyone knew that he was in for one grand speech the minute you were on your feet...we suppose that was the reason everybody yelled at the same time for you to sit down...

We were more than pleased to see our friend Joie Wright getting back into the social life the other night—the boys tell us that he was dancing the other night...and the way he was acting was something terrible...Someone put a little trick over on him after a while though...Joe did a hop, skip and jump right across the floor...don't try and come back, Joe, for you can't get the better of that boy...

It was our opinion that we were doing big things for Jose Adamick, Big Paul Healy's little room-mate, by giving him these write-ups...the way he has been acting leads us to believe that he doesn't appreciate them...Can you imagine anyone not appreciating a write-up in the Checkerboard?...Most of the boys just love it...Jose says he was trying to get back at us and started to call us some name or other to which we paid no attention...We can't help it, boy, if they call you "Peg Leg" when you trot around with one good leg...

Wally Corbett has gone in for story telling in a big way...he has all the boys gather around him in the cafe during his free periods and he proceeds to tell them some swell tales...and what tales they are...It takes all the period to tell one but they are so instructive and educational that really no one can

afford to miss them...Andy Haggerty was seen with his mouth wide open and his eyes popping out of his head the other morning listening to little Walter recite...

It was a heart rending sight to see Joe Maguire, Matt O'Malley and Tommy Griffin getting up to go to six o'clock Mass the other Sunday morning...When these boys whom we thought were the night-lifers arise at that time of the morning just to win a bet from each other we believe that there is some good left in the world at that...It isn't necessary though, boys, for you to do that all of the time because you all need that extra hour in the morning...especially, you, Tom, you are getting terribly frail-looking...

Matthew O'Neill, Doctor's little brother, is sure getting to be quite a cavorter...Why he is going every place imaginable...we even saw him at a dance the other night...Why, Matthew, what a little cut-up you are getting to be...and the things he said about us were something terrible...our pal...

Jimmy Bostick isn't the boy he used to be either...we can remember last year when we never had to worry about Jim at all...but this year he hasn't been so good...Maybe Tebbly isn't watching him as closely as he should...but you must have developed something Jim when they come after you in a car and drive you around town all night...or let you drive which is even worse...When you can do that, kid, you sure have got the stuff...maybe Cannon showed you some new tricks last year when you used to be his little roomie...



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