

**THE
ALEMBIC**

**PROVIDENCE
COLLEGE**

Vol. XIII No. 3

December, 1932

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CALENDAR for DECEMBER

- Dec. 1. Sophomore Class Meeting, 12 M.
- Dec. 2. Soph-frosh Handball Contest, Guzman Hall Courts.
- Dec. 6. Junior Class Meeting, 12 M. Soph-frosh Chess Tournament. WHIST, sponsored by Fall River Club, 8 P. M., Club Rooms.
- Dec. 7. BOXING EXHIBITION, Harkins Hall Auditorium, 8 P. M. Sponsored by Junior Class. Admission by invitation only.
- Dec. 8. Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Free Day. Holyday of Obligation.
- Dec. 9. Cavaliers Meeting, 12:20 P. M. Freshman Executive Meeting, 1 P. M.
- Dec. 10. Friars-Dartmouth Varsity Basketball, at Hanover.
- Dec. 12. Meeting of Senior Executive Committee, 12:20 P. M. Freshman Class Meeting, 1 P. M.
- Dec. 13. Friars-Yale Varsity Basketball, at New Haven. Meeting of the Metropolitan Club, Room 33, 8 P. M.
- Dec. 16. Friars-Columbus Club Varsity Basketball, at Brooklyn.
- Dec. 17. Friars-St. John Varsity Basketball, at Brooklyn.
- Dec. 19. Soph-frosh Debate. Subject: Resolved that freshmen should not exist.
- Dec. 20. Providence-R. I. State Varsity Debate, Harkins Hall, 8 P. M.
- Dec. 21. Christmas Recess begins, 12 M.

THE ALEMBIC
WISHES

ALL ITS READERS
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WHO'S WHO HEREIN

A Senior, Nunzio F. Basso, celebrates his entrance into the ranks of *Alembic* writers with as serious an indictment of modern civilization as one would care to read. It is not sophomoric or jejune, although the writer is no recognized captain of industry and has as yet made no thundering impression upon the world. It is possible for a college man to estimate the shortcomings of what we call our system of living if he is able to gauge intelligently the purpose of life and the failure of the present generation to achieve that purpose. Mr. Basso has done that in a scholarly and scientific way. His remarks are worthy of your consideration.

No one can tell exactly what sort of piece *Walter Shunney*, the Editor of the *Alembic*, will submit. Now it is a poem, now an article full of reflection and profound thought, or perhaps a playlet. This time he has put into story form an idea as old as the hills—the failure of the man of theory to understand the world of practice. *Shunney's* professor-hero acquits himself in the reader's mind because he has the honesty to accept the truth when it is brought to his attention, but he travelled along some dangerous paths and was near folly before he recovered his balance and made an about-face.

The feast of Christmas this year will be less observed than usual, in its material aspect, at least, because of the desperate conditions in which millions of our ordinary citizens find themselves. Both Christmas cheer and the somber face of depression enter into the timely story which *Charles E. Mulhearn*, a Senior, has provided, but neither of these two elements forms the main complication in *Mistletoe and Murder*. It is murder, well-contrived and almost successfully carried out, that gives this story its thrill. Murder out of place at Christmas, you say? Murder is always out of place.

From the busy pens of our younger students come the essays we print in this issue. There are dozens worthy of publication but we have not the space for them all and must make some selection. Many of those we reject are almost as pleasantly charming as those we select but we cannot bring them all out unless we devote an entire issue to these friendly glimpses of life, and we are not ready to do that right now.

Despite the popularity of the *Checkerboard*, it has not done what the orthodox and less interesting chronicle does—give an accurate list of everything that has happened and is going to happen at the College. So we have added a *Calendar* of future events which will contain a notice of the more important affairs planned in advance. Those celebrations of which we are not informed, or which are indefinite at the time we go to press, will be brought to the attention of the students and their friends in some other way.

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MEN'S STORE

I Accuse

By

Nunzio F. Basso, '33

THE economic chaos, with its minatory spectre of hunger and death, is but one manifestation of the loose and disjointed structure of the world. It has been of such world-wide proportions that many nations, America in particular, have become painfully aware of the real status of modern civilization. They have witnessed, on the one hand, the rise of the masses, revolutions in almost every country, the downfall of governments, the resurgence of youth; and on the other, the breakdown of religious organizations, and a host of moral plagues, especially the increase of crime. The effect of the enslaving creations of technical science has been incredibly great. Hence, social institutions have become unstable, nations and individuals distrustful of one another. And, to cap the mad array, more and more peoples find themselves adopting the pernicious philosophy of Modernism. Potent and destructive forces are rocking the fabric of society of the Twentieth Century.

Is society today civilized? No, it is too unstable and destructive to be considered in a state of civilization. The change and uncertainty prevalent are too fundamental to permit the formation of an enduring structure. I suggest that we call the period through which we are passing the Age of Change and Uncertainty, and by that I would signify that uncertainty is at the root of its every change. Indeed, the uncertainty is so great that few people really know why they do a particular thing, or why they do anything at all for that matter. Yet looms of a past day still spin strong fibres and characters, indicative of a once strongly molded civilization. They can still weave threads sufficiently wide and strong to fashion the future super-pattern. Such, for example, are the Catholic Church which still determines the morality and culture of millions of people, the old generation which abandons its prin-

ciples only reluctantly or not at all, and those men whose deeds and thoughts serve as a lesson to posterity. One finds it difficult to analyze present society because it is in a transitional stage, with its whole future in process of formation. And what is often considered a mark of its civilization is only the violence of the transition. The new age is entering with a flourish, but it advances so fast that it is entering through the wrong door.

The new era is entering through a side portal, because it was led astray early on its journey by some very dubious principles, hardly less untried than itself. It comes tumbling in with much crashing and noise, lost and arrogant, rejecting

DEEP SNOW

*Let the cooling snow be deep;
The weary world has need of sleep;
Let the wintry blanket lie
Long, till Earth again grows strong.*

*With success at any cost
Time has flown and life been lost,
Misery has followed pain,
And "success" has been no gain.*

*But deep snow will very soon
Prove itself a soothing boon;
And, when it has been withdrawn,
A world refreshed will greet Spring's dawn.*

HERBERT MURRAY, JR., '35

outright the present occupant. All the noise clothes the weakness and disguises the instability of the transitional period. Important changes are not always violent. Today's violence can be ascribed to its juvenility; but if it must be violent, let it be constructive. A progressive era must have definite declarations on which to base itself; it must be built prudently on some remains of the older culture. The order entering today, however, has manifested only negative qualities: unstable forces, destructive philosophies, collapsing or near-collapsing institutions. It is stultifying but not revivifying; it is destroying not rebuilding. Can it re-

build? Can it regenerate? The test has not yet been passed successfully.

It will be interesting to observe whether the complexity of the future will be accentuated by the newer era. The bewildering complexity of life today results not so much from mechanical contrivances as from the belief that the force which drives these on is only an automaton. Now this is fundamental evidence of the crooked thinking that is rampant and which finds expression in any number of popular philosophies. Their advance is concomitant with the wide confusion between the spiritual and the material, the prevalence of universal distrust, the rejection of cause and effect and the unwarranted recognition of a venerated culture which, in the scientific and moral order, is sheer hypocrisy. In less civilized days there was a moral code applicable to all; somehow, today there are as many codes as there are so-called Christianities. If we wish to coordinate and simplify the filaments and threads of modern society, we must rearrange not scissors them. But it is essential that we first untangle the knots in our own very modern brains. Those qualified to aid us are in our midst, yet they are of little use for the simple reason that their powers are constrained by those who hold selfishly to their high positions. It must be confessed that, under God, the task of reorganizing modern society is not beyond human achievement, but until our feet are set again upon the right paths we will move ever further from the truth.

Everywhere in the world a new youth arises today. It has been born into a maladjusted world and it justly rebels against the follies of its forbears. It can understand no necessity for dying of want in the midst of plenty, and a score of equally tantalizing paradoxes. It is prepared to battle for the right to follow the beacon of truth and enlightenment, a right ignored by or

(Continued on Page 18)

Mistletoe and Murder

By

Charles E. Mulhearn, '33

THE antiquated but well preserved Long Island residence of Mr. James Latner, New York financier, offered welcome to friends only once a year, and that was during the Yule-tide season. He felt that he came in contact with humanity to such an extent during his daily life, that when at home he should be left alone. This practice was considered by many a form of insanity, but to those who really knew and understood him, and especially the chosen few who were invited to his luxurious mansion for Christmas day, this peculiarity was only a petty eccentricity. Latner was one of the shrewdest of the Wall Street money men, and although the same chosen few were to be prominent once more at his home for Christmas dinner, this year the group included another chosen few... a certain number of men who owed him sums which mounted into the hundreds of thousands. He realized that many of them were unable to pay their debts, but among that group about six were now financially sound, and could well afford to return their loans. He thought that by asking them to dinner, they might, on this great festival, awaken to their obligation. Mr. Latner saw to it that all plans were carried out to the last detail, and made certain that everyone could be assured a most pleasant visit.

It was Christmas day. Mr. Latner arose hoping to see a bright December sun shining in his room, but to his dismay the sky was overcast and the promise of snow before the day was over seemed certain of fulfillment. He was about ready to go down to breakfast when someone knocked on the door. It was Barnes, the butler, a trusted servant and the best liked of Mr. Latner's domestic employees. Barnes' manner was exact, in truth so exact that people who had met him often wished they could give him a good kick to see if his body moved any other way but up and down.

He addressed Mr. Latner: "I beg

your pardon sir, but the boy just came with a telegram; here it is sir." Mr. Latner took the message, glanced at the envelope hurriedly, and then opened it.

"I suppose it is one of my very good friends, Barnes, who wants to express his regrets, but he will be unable to come." He read the telegram. "No Barnes, I am altogether wrong. We are to be honored with my nephew's presence today."

"Indeed sir, that's very fine."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Latner, "we're to have my brother's boy with us. I haven't seen him in ten years. Tod writes books you know. He's been travelling all over the world—at least that's what one of his friends told me. I think he was in Africa this past year. It will do me good to see him." He glanced at the telegram again and then continued. "Tod is the only nephew I have. If anything ever happened to me he would be the recipient of all my wealth."

Barnes again answered that it was very fine, and after being told there wasn't anything else he proceeded to close the door... but Mr. Latner noticed of something else... he called Barnes. "See to it that an extra place is set at the table." Again Barnes answered accommodatingly, and again he proceeded on his way, and again another thought came into Mr. Latner's mind. "I meant to tell you," he remarked, as he closed the door

himself and started downstairs, "that I wanted you to get a few pieces of mistletoe and hang it about the house. It will make the place look more Christmas-like."

About four, Mr. Latner went into the dining-room to see if everything looked satisfactory. The guests would soon be arriving and there would be little time then to bother with minute yet important details. The table was set for forty people, and the attractiveness of the arrangements was invitation enough for anyone. Barnes was on hand to agree with what Mr. Latner had to say; besides he had to show him where the mistletoe had been hung. They went from one room to another until they came to the large reception hall through which everybody at some time or another would be sure to pass. The master seemed disappointed that Barnes had forgotten to hang some here above all places.

Barnes was ready with an excuse: "I'm sorry sir, but I didn't think you would want any here. Besides there isn't anything but that big chandelier to hang it on."

Mr. Latner looked about him for a moment: "I think you might hang a piece on that chandelier. In fact, you might join several pieces and form an arch, having it stretch from one side of the hallway to the other and then dropping to the floor on each side."

Barnes grasped the idea immediately and after breaking the twigs, tying them together, and then hanging them from one side of the hallway to the other, he looked about for his master's approval.

"That looks fine, Barnes," said Mr. Latner.

He left Barnes continuing with his work and walked to the huge living-room where his guests would gather before and after the banquet. A big log-fire kept the fireplace aglow... everything from the silk draperies on the French windows to the miniature pieces of art about the room bespoke wealth and comfort. Mr. Latner walked to a



window and looked on the day without. The sky was greyer than it had been all morning, the grounds were dun and lifeless, and the trees held up skeleton-like branches...everything was cold, barren, dead. Nothing green was in sight, except the sturdy pine-trees on the farthest end of the lawn. Mr. Latner reflected that he was something like that tree... strong, flourishing, and keeping his place in the storm of life when all those about him had failed. As he ruminated he realized it was possible for the tree to be wrecked in less than half an hour...as for himself, he realized how easy it would be for anyone to do him harm...especially in this lonely, rambling dwelling. Suppose someone did wish him dead? Suddenly it flashed through his mind that there were many people coming to the house in the next hour or so, and certainly some of them, at one time or another had wished him dead, and most certainly some of them would wish today as they sat in his comfortable home and realized they must sooner or later pay the fifty thousand they owed, or the one hundred thousand, or the one hundred and seventy-five thousand. If one or more of them should conspire to kill him...who could point a finger at any particular individual and say: "You did it?"

His mind was in a turmoil...he thought of how he could call the affair off...he would have Barnes call all the guests, every last one of them, with the exception of Tod, on the phone, and tell them that his master was slightly ill and was very sorry, but would be unable to entertain today. He was about to leave the window to find Barnes when his attention was attracted to a big, black sedan rolling up the driveway...it was his first arrivals!

In a moment the bell rang. Mr. Latner hastened to the door, as he wanted to welcome his guests personally, and before he reached the door he had dismissed the foolish fears from his mind. He opened the door to greet Mr. and Mrs. Frank Modger. Mr. Modger was a broker, a successful one in his day,

but of late unfortunately circumstanced. The Modgers lived a superficial life, and it might be stated that he owed Latner no less than ninety-thousand dollars. It was the Modgers' first visit to Latner's home and after greetings had been extended Mrs. Modger cooed forth graciously, "Indeed, Mr. Latner, you have a very beautiful home. I've heard so much about it, and now to think that I have the opportunity to be here." Mr. Latner was studying the woman, and he concluded, before she finished the sentence, that she was that type who said one thing and thought another.

He brought them to the spacious living-room and while he and Modger chatted, Modger's wife walked about the room, presumably admiring the large paintings hung on the walls. She occasionally gasped in admiration and a very audible "How beautiful!" reached Latner's ears when she came upon a portrait of him painted over thirty years before. He surprised her somewhat by agreeing, and after a few moments she joined her husband and Latner.

"Well, as I was saying, James," continued Mr. Modger, "business is getting worse and worse. Louise can vouch for that."

"Oh yes," glowed Mrs. Modger, "when one's domestic staff has to be reduced from ten to four, then

business conditions are simply desperate."

Latner knew what they were driving at. He expected one or the other to say something else shortly, so he shook his head understandingly and remained silent. The Modgers looked at each other, and Mr. Modger was about to speak when Barnes entered the room. He looked at the trio and said: "Beg pardon, sir. There are more guests arriving and I wanted to inquire if I should answer the door from now on, or do you want to greet your guests personally?" Mr. Latner wanted to greet his guests personally, but he also wanted to hear what the Modgers had to say, and so he instructed Barnes to answer the door. After Barnes had gone he revived the conversation by asking: "What were you going to say, Frank?"

"Well—er," Modger hesitated for a moment and then continued, "I just wanted to say that I can't pay any of the money I owe right now. I appreciate your inviting my wife and myself here today, but just now I haven't a cent to my name."

"Whenever you are able," replied Latner. But he knew that Modger was lying, because two weeks ago he had made an unusually successful transaction, believed a secret one by Modger, and his profits were mounting into the hundreds of thousands. Modger, if he desired, could pay the money immediately. "Here is a man to be watched," thought Mr. Latner to himself.

The guests were arriving in numbers and excusing himself to the Modgers, he went to greet the newcomers. The room was soon filled with people, chatting, laughing, joking...a merry group. But Latner could not keep the Modgers out of his mind...somehow he wished he hadn't invited them, he felt a growing fear within...when ever he looked at the couple he imagined them staring schemingly at him.

The minutes passed and eventually Barnes announced that dinner would be served immediately, and Latner made known that the guest



Melange

SPIDERS

I fear and loathe spiders. Why anyone should choose a subject so distasteful to himself, for an essay, is more than I can understand. It does not seem to be in accord with reason. I, therefore, start my essay without the aid of enlightened reason.

All reason and self respect immediately depart from my vicinity, when I encounter one of those those satanic insects with its fuzzy little midsection and its extending tentacles threatening to touch me. Once one actually walked over my arm, and I ran shrieking like a girl pursued by a mouse, not knowing where I was running, only too scared to stay in one place.

There are all sorts of spiders, large and small, black, orange, and gray, poisonous and harmless. Some people actually seem to like them, others at least tolerate them. Well, perhaps we should not censure, but pity such moronic individuals. Anyone who does not kill spiders on sight should be boiled in oil, but love of neighbor stays my hand when I plot such action. Anyway, all spiders should be boiled in oil—that is, if such treatment would eradicate the little beasts; they probably like to be boiled in oil, the contrary monsters.

I suppose that everybody has his own pet obsession. Some hate cats, snakes, or mice. Let them have them as subjects for their negative emotions, I'll concentrate all the meanness in my nature on spiders. I hate them on the ground, in attic rafters, cellar corners, on walls, and in trees. If they have found any other places to haunt with their obnoxious presence, I hate them there, too.

Now, a confession: The reason for my attitude toward spiders may be traced back to childhood, when one crawled up my left leg. It was a big black one off a banana stalk, and a youthful chum knocked it off my agonized flesh with an axe handle. That lad forthwith became my bosom pal. If ever I form a society for the annihilation of

Two Essays

spiders, I shall make him keeper of the official Flit can. But, it can be plainly seen why I have such an aversion (to put it mildly), to them. As psychologists would say, they comprise a phobia in my existence.

Spiders exist in greater abundance in tropical climes. They abound in dusty, secluded, or fly-infested places. One rarely finds them in cold or sanitary localities. How they reproduce, their living habits, or their peculiar biological characteristics—all this is mystery to me. Why should I spend time studying them? Let the mad scientists and naturalist lecturers be concerned with them; their existence is the remotest subject for study from my mind.

Newspapers have carried articles recently, treating of battles between spiders and snakes. The outcome of most of these encounters has been, to my chagrin, favorable to the long-legged vermin. It was through this fact that the present sceptical idea that the just do not triumph has become prevalent. Oh, the futility of it all!

Mr. Webster says of spiders, "kinds of eight-legged animal, many of which live by spinning webs to ensnare insects." He always was too cold and unemotional in his definitions. A correct statement would be, "vicious, filthy, abhorrent little creatures, than which nothing is more repugnant."

People are always proposing plans for disarmament, political economy, and other trivialities. Why not a worldwide movement for the abolition of spiders from this otherwise fair earth? In conclusion, I will confide my own private bit of heresy: I am practically convinced that the monkey wrench in that Garden of Eden affair was a spider which threatened the life of the poor serpent. It probably raised the serpent to such a course—at least, spiders raise the devil with me.

James F. McGowan, '35

ON THE ART OF WORRY

Worry has been a hobby with me since I was a little boy. In my senior year in high school, I worried so successfully that I had a nervous breakdown—in fact, nearly went crazy. As I have achieved high honors in the field of worry on numerous other occasions I think I may speak with some measure of authority on the subject.

One thing I have observed particularly; if you are not doing your own worrying, somebody else is. Most of the people who believe so strongly in serenity are simply letting somebody else take their irritations. If you see a lady riding along blissfully in a limousine without a worry in the world, it is pretty certain that somewhere there is a "guy" with two worries in the world. Just as most generous people are generous with somebody else's money, so are most serene people serene with somebody else's serenity. There is a fixed quantity of worrying to be done in the world and if you are not doing your fraction of it somebody else is doubling up for you. There is no particular virtue in being philanthropic with money which you have "gypped" off somebody else, and there is no credit coming to you for being calm with a peace which you have plundered from some relative.

History has been made by worries. Our civilization—such as it is, and it isn't much—has been built by people with a great capacity for the "blues." We would still be in the Stone Age if certain of our sourer ancestors had not been able to say: "I've got those Stone Age blues." They worried us out of our natural lethargy and put us where we are today, in the Monoxide Age.

Years hence, when we are all using flying machines, we will not have to thank those tranquil souls who now regard a flivver as the ultimate in locomotion but those restless spirits among us cannot tolerate terra firma. History is made by the nervous.

Be a success, do your own fretting.

Thomas J. Reily, '35

Unemployed

By

William D. Haylon, '34

"PLENTY cold, ain't it, pal?"
 "Yeah."
 "Did you make out okay today?"

"Bout two bits."

"Well, selling apples at this time of year isn't exactly to be compared with a seat in the Exchange, but I'm getting a cup of coffee every day and that is more than I could say a month ago."

"You sound as if you liked it, kid."

"You've got to like it or starve; rather poor philosophy tho'."

"Kid, what college did you go to, or if you didn't, did you spend all your dough taking a correspondence course?"

"Graduate of Columbia."

"How didja ever happen into this racket?"

"Thrown for a loss."

"That's the fifth or sixth time this morning you've pulled football lingo. Didja usta play the game?"

"A bit."

"How old are you kid?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Aw, you ain't got nothing to worry about. Say d'ya mind tellin' me yer name?"

"No, not at all, it's Howe."

"Howe? Football player? Columbia? Why—yer Harry Howe, All-State Center! Holy mackerel kid; you musta got some tough breaks. Why you've been mugged by every paper in the country. I remember when—"

"Forget it, pal, I'm trying to."

"Sorry kid, I know how you feel. I suppose you're trying to raise the price for the game this afternoon. It's being run for "bums," no offence, kid, but that's what they call us, like us tho' we'll never see a dime of it. It's funny but you've got to have a drag even in this racket."

"Yes, Slim, I'd like to see that game," and for the first time in many days the eyes of this young man, with the unkempt clothing, and days' old beard, seemed to shine with anticipation—"You know, Slim, I'd like to—" The lustre faded from his eyes, his face looked careworn again, and he muttered—

"But what's the use, I'm done."

"Now, kid—"

"Don't say it, Slim, I've heard everybody from the President to—"

"To me," finished Slim. "Say it, kid, I'm all over gettin' insulted by a little thing like that, I'm forty-five kid, and pretty near all shot, but if I was twenty-eight I'd show this rotten world a few things."

"I'll bet you said that seventeen years ago, Slim. Well, take it easy, old timer. I'm going to the hotel and spruce up."

The hotel was the railroad station where having completed "sprucing up," Howe with a thoughtful and wistful countenance made his way to the waiting room, picked up a discarded newspaper. He turned to the sporting section and scrutinized the plans and description of the charity game to be played that afternoon.

His mind was made up. Walking uptown to the great stadium, where the game was to be played, he glanced at the wrinkled newspaper in his hand. A certain Mr. Cross was in charge of the great classic.

Howe approached an attendant and asked where Mr. Cross could be found.

"Come back after the game, when the money's in and he'll give you the price of a cup of coffee."

Howe's face grew white, his hands clenched, but restraining the answer that was on the tip of his tongue, he smiled and said, "That's okay, pal, but I've got to see Mr. Cross on important business."

"Perhaps you want to buy a few shares in the stadium. Beat it, Mr. Cross is busy."

"Now, listen—"

"Beat it, bum!"

Something snapped in Howe's brain. He saw red, but restraining himself because he realized that he would lose all unless he used discretion, he again smiled and said, "Do you know who I am?"

"Who? Carideo?"

"No, my name is Howe—Harry Howe, played with Columbia. Used to play in this stadium five years

ago."

"Now listen, I was on this gate five years ago and I know Harry Howe."

"Well take a good look at me. Don't you recognize me?" His heart was in his mouth while he waited for the answer.

"No, I—well, good night! Why, yes I do, but say what's the idea of the masquerade?"

"Just having a little fun that's all," Howe smiled, "and now where can I reach Mr. Cross?"

"In this door here—the third office on the right."

"Thanks."

Reaching the office door that bore the name of J. H. Cross, he faltered, but casting aside his nervousness, he knocked, and at the answering "Come in," he entered.

"Mr. Cross?"

"Yes, what can I do for you, sir?" The tone was lifeless, matter of fact, without interest.

"Mr. Cross, my name is Harry Howe, I played with Columbia—"

"Why, yes, Harry Howe." His tone was different now.

"I came here today sir to—" and Howe outlined his career since graduation, which was of continuous ill-fortune. As he concluded his voice trembled, "and I thought, sir, that maybe you'd let me play this afternoon. You see the game is being played for men like me, and if I should get anything from it, I'd feel as tho' I had earned it. You know I could probably play for a minute or two."

"Young man I'll see that you play. Go down to the locker room and get a suit, and good-luck."

"Thank you, sir."

At 2:15 p. m. on that clear crisp mid December day 90,000 people gathered to see present, past and some future greats of the gridiron provide thrills, and they saw what they came to see.

The teams bore the names of the Red and the Blue, and on each team were men who had in past seasons electrified crowds with their derring on the field of battle. Howe

(Continued on Page 21)

The Philosopher's Plumber

By

Walter J. Shunney, '33

JOHN Kennedy was tired and discouraged. Life had lost much of its charm, because he had decided that it was pretty much of a nuisance trying to teach those youngsters on the Hill anything. John, we should explain, was the head of the philosophy department at Mellbourne University; one of those finer institutions, to which the so-called better class send the pride and scion of the family with the hope that he will, at least, pass the entrance examination. Now Professor Kennedy had pronounced ideas on entrance examinations, as he did on practically everything, as his books, much published and more read, proved.

Sometimes the Directors of Mellbourne had grave misgivings. Too many of the youths who attended Kennedy's classes had developed strange ideas, hardly in keeping with the staid and somewhat prosaic standards of the University. This was indeed perplexing because Professor Kennedy had been known as a reliable man, as a faculty member of the most conservative colleges. He had, in fact, been cited as a model pedagogue, but he had changed and none could determine the cause of the change.

The President of the University had summoned Kennedy to his office the day before and had inquired as to the state of his health. This was unusual because as an All-American he had always been an entry to contend with on the sporting field; and although fifty years of age, the square shoulders and the sturdy stride, which had run many a student into the ground, indicated that whatever was wrong, it certainly could not be attributed to poor health. But something was wrong and the President was a stickler for duty.

"John," he had said, "how long is it since you've been to Europe?"

Kennedy, somewhat startled, replied, "About five years, but who likes Europe these days? We've enough troubles over here without trying to carry Europe too."

"I think you should take a year off, John."

"A year, what would I do with a year off, and besides who will take over my classes? What would I do anyway?"

"Travel and enjoy yourself. You've been working too hard of late."

"I don't want to leave now," peevishly. "I am a bit tired, but if I went away I'd be even more tired when I got back."

"Well," said President MacDougall, "I guess I must be frank. John, you are away off your feed. I don't know what is the matter with you, but the Trustees have asked me to find out. They claim that you are not teaching your classes in the manner prescribed

misunderstood, that he was a martyr to the cause of equality, and all such nonsense and twaddle is like throwing a hand grenade at the President of the United States. Do you realize what you are doing to those kids, propagating those anti-social principles! John, that's a great responsibility, and one we do not care to assume. Think it over. I'd hate to see you go, but I must ask for your resignation if you continue your attitude. Remember the Trustees asked me to speak of the matter to you."

"I'll bet you stayed up all night memorizing that speech. You don't have to use the Commencement manner with me. I've known you too long. Do I understand you correctly? I'm supposed to sacrifice my theories and ideas because a collection of mossbacks, who think thought stopped with Aristotle, ask me to." The satiric tone did not register well from Kennedy, and the President knew that he was grievously hurt.

"That isn't natural coming from you, John. If you were younger I would say that some girl had done you dirt." The attempt at humor was de trop as MacDougall well knew, as he studied the distorted features of the suffering man across the desk from him. "Don't take it so seriously, old fellow. Think it over and for my sake, if not for your own, get your feet on the ground again."

Kennedy rose slowly from his chair; in the President's eyes he had grown years older since he had entered the office a few minutes before. Kennedy walked to the door and turning muttered, "See you tomorrow."

It was not a pleasant night for Kennedy as he paced to and fro in his beautiful little apartment filled with bric-a-brac found on his many journeys throughout the world, and furnished with a taste you could not expect in a man who devoted so much of his time to abstractions. But he was not concerned with abstractions this evening. His mind was full of searing

HAIL TO OUR KING!

Hail to Him, our Lord and King!

Let the choral voices ring

Round the boundless universe;

Sing His praises, verse on verse!

In our thoughts He is reborn

On that most momentous morn;

All the world, His diadem,

Hail, the Babe of Bethlehem!

HERBERT MURRAY, JR., '35

by our charter. They tell me that you have changed your whole point of view on fundamental concepts and that you are jeopardizing the excellent standing of this University by stating and teaching your new ideas." MacDougall hesitated, somewhat abashed, and then continued, "John, you know I don't like to tell you this, but you are misleading students and—I don't understand. When you first came here you were sensible."

"I was young then," interrupted the perturbed Kennedy. "Can't a man change his point of view?"

"Don't be absurd. Who ever heard of a philosopher, teaching youngsters, changing his opinions when he reached the age of fifty? Its madness quoting the doctrines and expounding the virtues of Karl Marx. Why, man, you'll ruin us! Telling those kids that Lenin was

thoughts which would have annoyed the precise guardians of the character and morals of those very contented students of the fine old institution known and respected throughout the land, as Mellbourne.

And so John Kennedy was not in a very pleasant mood as he walked down town from the University. As he walked briskly along he attracted considerable attention. He affected the black dress made memorable by David Belasco, and his large black hat seemed to set off the quiet dignity which was accentuated by his scholarly stoop. An impressive figure to catch the respectful eyes of young and old alike.

It was a beautiful afternoon in Autumn and the mellow air and deeply shaded tones of Nature in all its majesty had a great effect on the professor. His mind was still filled with his problem, and a spirit of sadness came over him as he contemplated leaving Mellbourne, which he had come to think of as home, and going to some other place, leaving his many friends.

Kennedy noticed that there were many people about, and it came to him that there really was something to this unemployment situation. The sleepless night had left him tired during classes, and a sudden weariness came over him, causing him to sit on one of the benches which surrounded a park, an island of green with shaded trees, in the heart of the swirl of moving life and traffic. A retreat in the midst of turmoil.

He was not there very long before he was joined by one of the vast multitude that infest all such areas. But inspection proved that there was nothing obnoxious about this individual. In fact John immediately perceived him to be a very fine type of young man; beneath a heavy beard he noted strong, likeable features. Kennedy's eyes travelled the six feet of the proportionately built man as he thought, "Another young man deprived of the pleasures of life by an intolerable economic scheme."

John never remembered how the conversation started, but he had

some hazy notion later that it was begun with a comment over something connected with a nationally publicized kidnapping. "It is pretty bad when we have to turn to gangsters and grafters for protection," said the younger man as he raised his paper.

"It sure is," replied John. "This country is going to certain ruin."

"I wouldn't say that," interjected the youth; "we are having hard times to be sure. My business has gone to the dogs and there is very little doing in any business. I think my plumbing business will pick up with all the rest, and it isn't going to be long before this depression is over."

"I think there must be more unemployment and suffering in other countries than we have here in America. Take Russia, for example. They were bleating about equality and what they were going to do for the working man, and just see what they've done. It's a joke talking about people being equal. It's all right to sit back and theorize, but when you try to put

those theories into practise it is another thing.

"Right here in America we have the best form of government; every man has a greater chance for advancement than in any other nation, and yet you will find plenty of cranks who want to do away with our system. Supposing we did try to divide the money in the world evenly, don't you suppose men like Morgan and Rockefeller and Mellon would get a great deal of it back again? Do you think that if I had their brains that I would be a down-and-out plumber? Of course not."

"You think," interrupted Kennedy who had been silently studying the younger man during his lengthy harangue, "that one man should have plenty while another man starves?"

"Certainly not. Many times I'm hungry and discouraged and I'd like to use the anarchist's methods of blowing the heads off of industrialists, but then I think it over. There's no use in arguing against fact, and if you do away with one, another will take his place. The question is this: do we profit more under our system than under any other? We've got to say 'yes,' so what's the use of arguing. It is imperfect, but that's the way it has to be."

"Did it ever occur to you young man, that you are very unusual?" Kennedy thoughtfully inquired. "Here you are out of work and pleading for bankers and industrialists. Quite a paradox I should say."

"I wouldn't say that," replied the younger man, "I think most people agree with me. During the war there were plenty of young men who got a taste of high finance and what it means to have to protect someone else's money. For that job you need plenty of ability and brains."

"In my opinion, the poets are right. The happy man is the one who has a small and interesting job, who can go home to the wife and enjoy leisure with a couple of kids who really have pleasure from the few things they get."

"Why, you know, I'll bet you

(Continued on Page 23)



DOUGLASS FLYNN

1931



EDITORIAL

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INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCES

The problems discussed at the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems held in Providence serve to indicate the complexities of the modern economic scheme. World conditions prove that such conferences to determine the Catholic view are necessary. The speakers, endeavoring to cover the Church's views, employed the doctrines promulgated by Leo XIII and Pius XI. Such a source is both authoritative and comprehensive, and in the interpretations of the speakers many in attendance found the answers to confusing questions. The students of the college attended the Confer-

ence, availing themselves of the opportunity of hearing able men delineate the difficulties and endeavor to point out remedies for the problems.

Everyone has his own opinion as to the cause of the present economic condition, but the most common belief is that it was the result of the war, unwise speculation, unfortunate handling of war debts and reparations, party disputes, and Prohibition. There is little doubt that all had some influence on the present condition. During boom times discretion was thought a sign of weakness. We can blame no one group for our travail; the farmer, the industrialist, the banker, and the speculator were equally at fault. In the midst of plenty all lacked the wisdom which distinguished Joseph of the Biblical story, and forgot the immutability of economic law. Experience pointed out the folly, but the great fault of man is that he insists on learning his lesson in this most severe school.

Vague promises and party quibbling must be outlawed in these stressed times. Something must be done, and soon. In the midst of plenty, we have depression—with millions of tons of wheat unused, there are millions of people without bread, and with hundreds of idle mills, there are thousands of citizens without proper clothing. With too much production at the hands of too many people, there are too few to consume the product—hence our immigration and unemployment difficulty. While we maintain tariffs to protect home products, we are faced with antagonistic tariffs which spoil our markets

abroad. With progressive discoveries increasing efficiency, thousands of people are being thrown out of work. With the wealth in the hands of a comparative few, we are attempting to maintain property rights, while those who helped to make that wealth possible are without the necessities of life. While we try to remember the counsel of Washington to isolate ourselves from foreign entanglements, we are involved in debt dealings and moratoria. While we increase social relations, by virtue of our progress, we decrease economic interchange which makes world prosperity possible.

In the face of all complexities, the ideals of the founders of this country must be perpetuated. The new administrators will meet many problems, and the manner in which they handle them will have a great bearing upon the future of this nation. They can take the easy way, indorsing the change in the gold standard, establishing a dole system, introducing fiat money and pork-barrel measures, and supporting repudiation. Such might lift the nation from the sloughs of the present despond, but American tradition would be repudiated. For any action to succeed, the rank and file of the American people must understand the validity of the policies empowered. Concerted action, with humane considerations, is of paramount importance.

America, remembering the injunction of Alexander Hamilton, has always paid its debts, and for that reason it should insist that all other nations pay their honorable debts. Property rights must be protected, but those who have the wealth should pay the bills. Monies going to unlawful sources should be used to lift the burden from the shoulders of taxpayers. Methods must be utilized to give every man the opportunity of earning a living wage to maintain a family in keeping with our standing of living. We must realize our destiny outlined in the United States Constitution, but there is sufficient latitude in that great text to support any sound humanitarian policy that an honest government would sponsor.

MERELY PLAYERS

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

By Daniel J. Higgins, '33.



The tone of criticism for November's dramatic offerings is decidedly destructive. Of the productions to be reviewed in these pages but one can be considered commendable.

Two of Eugene O'Neill's recent works came to town, one a miscast and misdirected photoplay of "Strange Interlude"; the other was the tremendously long trilogy of "Mourning Becomes Electra," presented upon the legitimate stage. The opening performances of both of these works brought out the choicest superlatives of the majority of critics but such will not be their reception in this column. Both of these plays seemed the products of an unhealthy mind, and while from a technical point of view they deserve praise, from the more important standpoint of subject matter they are obnoxious. With morbidity their keynote and sex perversions for their underlying theme, they certainly constitute distasteful drama.

"Strange Interlude" was a poorly conceived photoplay. Its weakness was primarily miscasting. Imagine, if you can, that masterful moron, Clark Gable, masquerading as a doctor, or Alexander Kirkland, a competent actor of youthful roles, trying to portray a middle-aged business man. Norma Shearer failed in this picture because she is not essentially a great emotional actress. Her voice has not the husky quality proper to a tragedienne. The way in which the characters aged in this story was particularly amusing. At the outset none of them seemed over thirty years of age. The play with

its nine acts embraces a period of not more than twenty-five years; yet when it ends none of the characters looks to be under seventy.

From a technical viewpoint "Strange Interlude" added something to the theatre. In this play the characters not only spoke what they intended to say aloud, but also

CHRISTMAS BELLS

*Ring out from the steeples your mystical
madness*

*O note of the yuletide, O silver tongued
chimes;*

*O make the heart merry and banish the
sadness*

*And bid us drink gladness for this
Christmastime.*

*If never, forever in what follows after
We find the emotion of hope seem to
shine;*

*Then let us breathe deep of the love and
the laughter*

*That swells to the rafter and lingers
divine.*

*Let no solemn moment, tho' yet no
irreverence,*

*Creep into our midst like a ghost in its
pall.*

*Let nothing that hints of a moment of
severance*

Loss or deliverance enter the hall.

*Let rainbow flames roar as they pass in
the ember*

*Wedding the snow, as it melts from the
height*

*Of skies that are gray with the age of
December:*

A year to remember; made Holy tonight!
JOHN LACROIX, '33

what they thought. The cinema effectively rendered the persons' thoughts by an off stage voice. This innovation in my mind is of value and is probably the only thing that "Strange Interlude" contributed to the drama.

"Mourning Becomes Electra" furnished the same sort of plot as

"Strange Interlude." It merely took the adulterous theme for granted, and did not try to justify it, but rather brought out the idea of retribution. This is the story of a stern New England family, of a wife's infidelity which led to her husband's and her lover's murder and the suicide of herself and her son. Considering the fact that this was a trilogy, three consecutive plays lasting five hours, the proportion of deaths was not too great. The play was no innovation, the plot having been borrowed directly from the ancient Greek play Electra, and the characters corresponding to their Greek prototypes. The play is powerful but its morbidity at times makes it unbearable. It contributed nothing new to the drama and only a terrific backache to the critic.

The company which presented this play in Providence was excellent, surpassing all expectations for a road company. The work of Elizabeth Risdon as Christine Mannon was almost perfection. Graceful, and with a voice adapted to highly emotional acting, she created a character not soon forgotten. Leona Hogarth as Lavinia put all of the austerity and cold-bloodedness of a puritanical New England maiden into her performance as the Electra of this modern version.

To deny O'Neill's claim to fame, from every aspect, would be futile. His subject matter is to be condemned but his theatrical art is always apparent. There is no one who can equal him in the building of climaxes, and his extraordinary beauty of phrase is perhaps unexcelled.

The Pyramid Players

On November 9th, the Pyramid Players presented a melange of playlets, two of them light, and the remainder scenes from Shakespearean dramas.

PROVIDENCE ATHLETICS

George R. Tebbetts, '34

Francis J. Skenyon, '33



With the hope of making collegiate boxing a regular feature of the winter activities of the college, the Junior Class is sponsoring an athletic program of boxing on Wednesday evening, De-

ember 7, in the College Auditorium in Harkins Hall.

The affair gives every indication of being a success. The bouts will be conducted under strict intercollegiate rules and will include bouts in all weights from flyweight to heavyweight. Officials for the evening are Mr. Leo Hunt, who will act as referee, and Mr. William Donovan of Providence, and Mr. Henry Murphy of Fall River, Mass., who will be judges.

Two teams will be represented during the evening. The "Blues" will be under the leadership of "Joe" McCann while their opponents, the "Reds," will be captained by Ted LeBlanc. The boys have been training diligently for the past month, and have just about reached the stage where they should put on a series of bouts which will be a treat to the audience invited.

The affair will begin promptly at eight o'clock, and this department feels sure that the auditorium will be packed to overflowing when the boys step into the ring for the first bout of the evening.

Hail to Basketball

Under the tutelage of "General" McClellan who is serving his sixth season as coach of the Friar quin-

tet, the basketball squad has been practicing diligently in the hope of starting the season with a victory. Faced with the task of defending their mythical championship of the past two seasons, the team gives every indication of continuing the splendid work which earned them national fame in the Eastern Intercollegiate world.

With practically the entire squad of the 1931 season left as a nucleus for the present campaign, Coach McClellan is confident that he can field a team which will provide very formidable opposition for the best that the colleges in the East can offer. With Captain Dick Brachen and Sam Shapiro holding down the forward positions; and Ed Koslowski at center, and Eddie Reilly and Fran Dromgoole aspiring to back court positions, Providence supporters will have practically the same team which acquitted itself creditably during the season of 1931. With the above named men as a possible starting line-up and with such capable relief men as Roberge, Perrin, Feit, and others ready to lend a helping hand to a worthy cause, the Dominican outlook for the present season is cheerful.

The schedule is as follows:

Dec. 10.....Dartmouth at Hanover
Dec. 13.....Yale at New Haven
Dec. 16.....Columbus Club at Brooklyn
Dec. 17.....St. John's at Brooklyn

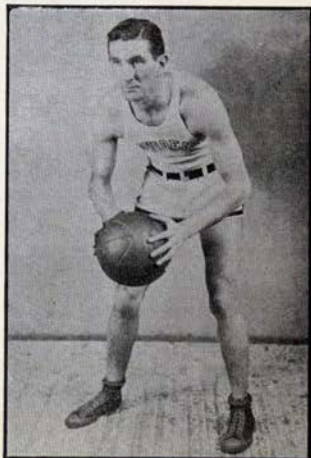


Jan. 7.....Coast Guard Academy
Jan. 13.....Middlebury
Jan. 20.....Manhattan at New York
Jan. 21.....Army at West Point
Jan. 28.....Lowell Textile
Feb. 4.....Springfield
Feb. 8.....Mass. State at Amherst
Feb. 11.....New Hampshire at Durham
Feb. 18.....St. John's
Feb. 22.....Springfield at Springfield
Feb. 25.....Seton Hall
Mar. 1.....Boston Univ. at Boston
Mar. 4.....Worcester Poly at Worcester
Mar. 11.....Brown at Brown Gym
(Games at home unless otherwise stated)

Farewell to Football

Another season has been added to the brief football history of our college, and it is with a feeling of pride that we review briefly the conquests of our stars who have given their time and their energy that we might boast of the best record ever compiled by a Friar eleven.

After starting the season with a spectacular 6 to 6 tie with the strong Rutgers eleven, the Friars bowed to Holy Cross at Worcester, absorbing a 26 to 6 defeat when our shock troops faltered in the second period long enough to allow the Crusaders to jump into a long lead.



CAPT. BRACHEN

Swinging into play with teams of its own caliber our eleven started a winning march which was not halted until the final game of the season when **Catholic University** won a 6 to 0 verdict. The first win was scored when the team invaded the Green Mountains and scored a 13 to 0 win over the **University of Vermont**, with Omer Landry, clever quarterback, paving the way for both scores with fine runs from scrimmage.

A capacity crowd watched the undefeated **Boston University** eleven fall before the dazzling running attack of the Friars, with Landry, Barbarito and Owren turning in scores to give us a one-sided 25 to 6 triumph. The following week we visited New York state and downed an aggressive **St. Lawrence University** eleven by a 14 to 0 count.

The victory march was temporarily halted when a scoreless game was played with **Springfield**, although our eleven may rightly claim a moral triumph since it twice carried the ball within the five yard line, fumbling once, and

failing by inches in the second attempt when the ball was lost on downs.

City College of New York, returning to our football list after a ten years' absence, offered little opposition as the Friars returned to their winning ways to chalk up a 46 to 0 score, the highest mark made by a Providence eleven. Although playing a superior brand of ball the team was forced to accept a 6 to 0 setback at the hands of **Catholic University's** great aggregation.

Too much credit cannot be given to every member of the Providence

squad for the part he played during the present season. It is true that each game had its individual stars, but the exploits of these men were made possible by the co-operation of the entire team.

Thus, as we bid adieu to King Football for another year, we present for the approval of our readers an all-opponent team selected from those players who participated in the games against Providence. The selections are based upon athletic ability as well as the manifestation of the spirit of good sportsmanship which, in the last analysis, is the most essential requisite of every athlete. The team is as follows:

Left End.....Britt of Holy Cross
Left Tackle.....Gross of Catholic University
Left Guard.....Cooper of Springfield
Center.....White of Catholic University
Right Guard.....Zyntell of Holy Cross
Right Tackle.....Harvey of Holy Cross
Right End.....Ball of Catholic University
Quarterback.....Rovinski of Holy Cross
Right Halfback.....Chizmadia of Rutgers
Left Halfback.....Brown of Springfield
Fullback.....Becker of St. Lawrence



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AMERICA'S LARGEST and BEST

CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER

CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34



Even after considerably more rebuke than we are accustomed to receive since last month's column, we come back with more... Maybe after this we won't be as fortunate, but we shall wait and see... We are gradually learning that the little fellows are the ones we should pick on, but now that Charlie Burdge, who handled our affairs so capably last year, has been re-engaged as our protector we feel even more confident of our safety... not that we were afraid without him, but all busy people need some one to look after their affairs, and people in a business like this need some one with a lot of muscle...

Our classy little quarter backs, Red Gould and Omer Landry, we find are of the partying kind... only freshmen but we feel already that they can take care of themselves in the social world already... what will happen when they are seniors, we cannot guess... the latter attends places where they play games... and sometimes he cheats by answering someone else's number... Joie Wright made sure, however, that it wasn't his number that he answered for Joe was right there to protect himself... this is all according to Joie for he is the one who told us all about it... he also told us that someone didn't go so big for him because he hadn't shaved and was bruised up in a football game... well, kid, a poor excuse is better than none... Now,

as for our auburn topped flash, we have no space to enumerate his doings... but if he doesn't look like the typical "love bird" when he is cavorting around a dance hall then we never want to see one...

Terrible Tom Trainor took Eddie Koslowski out one night and where do you think that he brought him? ... to no less a place than down town... Tom was rather hesitant, knowing his pal's bashfulness, but he reports that Kos just loved it... There are a lot of fellows who think that Kos hasn't been around, but Kos isn't the timid soul that one thinks... living with Reilly for three years would smarten anyone up...

It was also humorous to see "Hawkshaw" (we mean Trainor again) prancing past the Albee one night with that big cigar in his mouth... He burst into merriment when he saw our own "Lambie" Burque telling everyone where there were good seats... Tom made some crack about the little tin soldier but RKO's usherette put him in his place when he only referred to the way Tom recited "The Raven" to the boys in oratory...

We forget who it was who told us about Bill Lawlor, that bashful little Springfield lad, who went to a party one night, somewhat like the kind that Landry goes to, and made quite a hit with those of the fairer sex... someone suggested playing that rough and tumble game that you all know but the girls in unison screamed "No, no, not with him" pointing to Lawlor standing six foot three in his stocking feet and carrying his 200 pounds... it must be great to have them afraid of you...

John Murphy and Ossie Perrin went out one night... concerning the details we will say nothing... It suffices to say that they called

on one of the newly elected politicians, and gave him a rousing cheer for which they were treated royally... It was a noble deed, boys, and your influence with that certain party may stand anyone of us in good stead sometime...

Here is where Robert Lucey, hitherto known as "Scootch" (and frequently worse than that) and the compilers of this column part friends... that is, according to the victim... We detest nothing worse than losing friends, especially such a prominent one as Mr. Lucey... but we feel that it is our duty to come right out with a story that all should know and we always do our duty... One fine evening one of your correspondents was walking calmly along the street on his way home... he encountered Robert and a friend also out for a walk... after a few questions as to how he was feeling and the like we found out that Mr. Lucey was out looking for Sam Lanagan... Your correspondent thinking he would be of a little help told him that Sam had gone home and didn't live on this street anyway, but still Lucey walked on... then he knew trouble was up so he stopped to find the outcome... The redoubtable Mr. Lucey entered a house after knocking and was no sooner in the house than all the shades in the house were pulled down... A thing like this could not be passed by, so in true Checkerboard fashion your correspondent took a squint through a window where the shade was not tightly drawn and what he saw was a disgrace to any Providence College man... For there was Lucey doing jig saw puzzles with a girl... Whataman, whataman... Ted LeBlanc is at it again... he is back to his childhood days... for in the middle of the night he was out playing pirate with Perrin... We are forced to admit that it was the best way to play pirate that we ever heard of but won't he ever grow up... and then it is rather an expensive game too...

We just knew that Eddie Reilly would come out with something soon... we came out of church one Sunday and there was Bridgeport, himself, wearing a bright yellow tie that his roommate must have

Jack Keohane George Tebbetts
Tom Coffey



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DEXTER 2025

received as a gift and refused to wear...it was the sweetest little thing that we ever saw...(It would be just our luck if it was his aunt that gave it to him)...

Authentic information tells us that Tom Franey's father is an interested reader in this column... he is quite proud to think that his boy Tom doesn't do anything bad enough to be included in this section of the Alembic...if we had known the circumstances we would have had our scouts out after Tom checking up on his activities...So watch out, kid, we do remember that last year at the Prom you cavorted around in pretty fair style and we should have watched you more closely...

Ollie Roberge must love to see his namé in print—for if he didn't he wouldn't be always doing something different and forcing us to put in the public's view...He came to school with the most unique looking shirt on that we ever saw on any human being...it was one of those striped affairs with those funny looking collars where the stripes don't all run in the same

direction...It looked to us like a combination of shirt, pajamas and underwear...And then he was afraid to wear it out that night... he can't take it like he used to...

We were going to say something about Joe Lee...as a matter of fact, we had it all marked down ready to write about it...but added information given by no less a personage than Joe himself tells us that we should say nothing... You tell 'em, Joe...you should be proud for you outdid the other boys...

Jimmy Bostick surely must be a true lover of music as he professes...for it is our idea of nothing at all to go to a dance and sit down for the whole night...maybe he just goes to take care of Tebbetts...or pay the bill when they get something to eat...and he even has Feit going, so some good has come of it, we suppose...

Tom Phelan, who knocks 'em dead in Fall River, and who has got Jack Smith worried for fear he will lose his place as head of the social set in his home town, is really more than a social climber...He has some grand ideas on different things that we would rather let him tell you...Mr. Sullivan, who carts him back and forth, cannot help but wonder why Tom always wants to stop at a certain place on the way home every day...no matter how late it is, Tom implores the driver to stop for just a short while...Mr. Sullivan must be too smart for him for he keeps right on going...and then Phelan has the nerve to tell everybody that it is the other boys who stop...

Vinny Whalen also broke into prominence the other evening by reporting at Froebel Hall for a night's entertainment...that trio of Whalen, Gorman and Slattery must be breaking out for we were told that the night of the plays they did some fast stepping before they left for home...

Frankie Reilly, owner of the Taunton Express, came to school and continues to come with a suit that would look good with Robie's shirt and Reilly's tie...it is the wierdest thing that we ever saw on anyone and then he has the nerve

(Continued on Page 23)

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I Accuse

(Continued from Page 5)

denied its ancestors. Wide-eyed before the tremendous possibilities that confront it, it is alert, thinking, waiting, and it cannot understand the trifle and the libertine who glut themselves with artificialities and shabby comforts while illimitable opportunities are unfolding to those who will use their time and talents.

The era and its youth will be mutually formative. The miseries and bondages of a rachitic age have already brought to the fore signal reformations. As young people grow to the actual assumption of control they cannot but recall the political, economic and social enslavements that have fettered them and they will introduce reforms designed to free their children from the burdens that op-

pressed the fathers. The new era will be essentially that of modern youth, bearing its unmistakable imprint. It is unnecessary to say that one must first know how to stamp before stamping; it is quite



as superfluous to record that impression-making has too long and too frequently been in the hands of many who were unseeing and incapable. It is a sad footnote on the page of our history that the

"leaders" follow the lead of anyone.

Unfortunately, there are too few leaders worthy the title in the world today, and an especial dearth of them in our own land. The blame for this deficiency can be laid, for all practical purposes, at the door of some previous generation. Exculpations, however, do not lead us out of the politico-social-economical labyrinth in which we are mazed. Many middle-aged persons have become devotees of the laissez-faire policy, and doing nothing to save themselves, they are wilfully negligent of their children. Witness how the universities have bungled the task of training for leadership. Granted an unexampled opportunity and the means to achieve a great goal, they frittered away their gold and their hours in setting up pasteboard ambitions and extolling blind guides.

A few men, most of them Catholic Bishops and priests, have sensed the need of the Church and the possibilities for her in the construction that lies ahead. The opportunities for our Church today seem second only to those of the time when the Roman Empire was crumbling. The post-war history of Catholic Action in Europe is a glorious page in Catholic annals. Youth needs greater help from such an organization as the Catholic Church which can aid wisely and abundantly.

Religion would instill a sense of idealism in a materialistic country. A leader and a motivating principle are synonymous. Mussolini, De Valera, Stalin measure their success not so much in material achievements as in arousing people to the potency of their beliefs. And this is quite an accomplishment in itself. We believe that leaders are necessary and we must give them the qualities necessary for leadership, the most important of which is idealism. Idealism itself is the product of a religious culture, and religious culture comes from God, Who alone can lead us out of the existing chaos back into the ways of truth and civilized society.

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Mistletoe and Murder

(Continued from Page 7)

of honor would be his nephew, Tod Latner. He told them of the telegram received a few hours previous, and that he expected the boy any minute. The guests were pleased to see Mr. Latner so happy, and the group now began slowly to wend its way toward the dining room. Latner was accompanying a Mr. White, an old friend of his, but whose present financial condition was hopeless. He didn't owe Latner any money but as they were entering the dining-room he remarked to him, "It seems odd, James, but at times I need money so badly that I could kill anyone for anything that is very valuable." Mr. Latner was startled for a moment and he thought simultaneously, "Another one to watch," but to White he said, "If things don't improve, come to the office next week, and I'll give you a loan." White wasn't contented then. "I must have it tonight or not at all," but Mr. Latner had left him to welcome some late guests...he didn't hear White's remark.

The dinner was progressing most successfully, everyone seemed happy, and Mr. Latner thought that the look in the eyes of the Modgers was not quite so dangerous. The dinner was half through when Barnes stepped up to Mr. Latner's chair: "I beg your pardon sir, but there is a messenger boy at the door. He told me he had something to deliver personally to you."

Mr. Latner excused himself and went out to the hallway where the messenger was waiting. "I was instructed by a gentleman in the city to deliver this package. He didn't tell me his name. He said it was his Christmas gift to you."

Mr. Latner took the neatly wrapped package from the boy, wished him a Merry Christmas and sent him on his way with a tip that staggered him. He looked at the package and smiled as he thought whom it might be from. "This must be the reason why Tod hasn't arrived," he thought to himself. "He must have looked all over the

city for some remembrance." Latner unwrapped the gift...

* * * * *

In the dining room the guests were having a most enjoyable time. The old mansion re-echoed with laughter, and the place sounded gayer than it had been for a whole year. Barnes grew uneasy that his master had been out of the dining-room for nearly a half hour. With multiplied inquiries from the guests as to where he might be, Barnes thought it was best to go and look for him. He stepped into the hallway and was frozen in amazement. Mr. Latner was lying face down on the hallway floor; a gift-box lay a few feet away from him. Barnes walked up to his master...he realized he was dead. The box was empty...he had been robbed. Barnes hurried back to the dining-room and called aside a Dr. Lowden.

"I am sorry to disturb you sir,

but Mr. Latner seems to be dead." The doctor rushed to the hallway. After a few hurried observations, and especially after noticing that the gift in the box was missing, he said, "Mr. Latner isn't bleeding... I think he died from shock. He appears to have been robbed."

The hallway was soon filled with people...tense, serious, and everyone tried to look as innocent as possible. The doctor was about to explain how he thought Mr. Latner died when the door swung open... Tod Latner rushed in. He realized in a moment what had happened. "Why," he exclaimed, "the gift, the gold cigarette case I just sent him is gone...he's been robbed." "Was it very valuable?" asked Dr. Lowden.

"Very," answered young Latner. "The big attraction was the four-leaf clover on the cover, consisting of genuine emeralds and diamonds." He looked at the group of guests, and addressing no one



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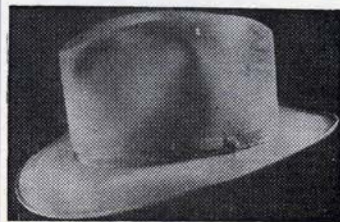
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in particular, he continued. "Someone hereabouts has been the cause of my Uncle's death. He has been robbed, and the crime was committed by someone in or about the house. If there is a guilty person in this group I advise that he confess. Although he or she most likely saw my Uncle unwrap the package and although the individual intended to obtain only the object in the box, that individual is indirectly responsible for this man's death. We must find the missing case."

Everyone agreed with Tod apparently, and the hunt for the stolen gift began. Dr. Lowden said there was no need for a coroner as death came from natural causes. Mr. Latner's body was removed to another room. The physician had overlooked a tiny, bluish puncture on the wrist of Mr. Latner. They searched in vain for the missing gift, circulating from one room to another. Instead of looking on the chairs or tables Tod looked about the floor...when alone. Young Latner encouraged all the guests to hunt for the case on the second or third floors on the assumption that the thief would leave it as far away as possible from the hallway. Unperceived by Latner, Barnes noticed how nervous he

acted, and made up his mind to watch him. When alone Latner would go out to the hallway and look for the gift in open space. On closer observation Barnes noticed that Tod touched or lifted things with his right hand only, and this hand was sheathed with a flesh-colored glove. He now stood directly under the mistletoe...thinking apparently...thinking very hard. A look of fear swept across his face as his eyes darted from one corner of the hallway to the other. Suddenly Barnes noticed something moving in the mistletoe above young Latner's head. He was about to call Latner's attention to it when the slender object, about the size of an ordinary pencil began to hang extended from a piece of the mistletoe...it began to swing slowly back and forth like the pendulum of a clock, and then dropped on Latner's shoulder. Barnes shouted a warning, but it was too late. The small, black viper crept swiftly to its victim's neck, and before Latner had a chance to brush it off it had emptied its venom sac into his neck. Barnes stamped the life out of the viper, and then went to assist Latner. The poison was taking effect...he was dying quickly. Once more Barnes ran to find Dr. Lowden, but Latner called to him:

"Wait—never mind getting anybody. I'll be dead in a few minutes...it's just as well."

"Why sir!" exclaimed Barnes, "something must be done...where did it come from?"

"I brought the viper with me from Africa," answered Latner, speaking more slowly all the time. "I sent the messenger with the package to my uncle—he opened it—and the viper bit him. I didn't think to look in the mistletoe for it." His speech was now nothing more than a whisper. "I planned his death...hoping...to inherit," but Latner could say no more. He was dead.

The horrible truth was soon learned by everyone and the old mansion was quietly emptied by the friends of Mr. James Latner, not just for another year but forever. Some said how sorry they were...most of them were too shocked to say anything. Perhaps the Modgers enjoyed a feeling of relief, knowing that their debt was cancelled, but Mr. White said he wished the old man was living...he didn't say why. Barnes made the necessary lugubrious arrangements. Outside, dusk, the falling curtain of another day, provided nature's mourning aspect. The grey skies sent soft falling snow flakes to the earth. All was dead outside...death had come within.

Melange

(Continued from Page 8)

We hear it said again and again: "Most worry is unnecessary; do only the worrying that you have to do." This is a false and pernicious pedagogy. I say worry on the slightest provocation. Worry with the most slender justification. Worry when it is unnecessary so that you will be all the better prepared to worry when it is necessary. Practice makes perfect. It strengthens the worry muscles. Do not wait for the genuine crises. Do not suffer a lot of imaginery crises. In short, do a lot of "shadow worrying" so that when you must step at last into the squared circle with a real worry, you will be nimble and quick.

Thomas J. Reilly, '35

COMPLIMENTS OF

PETER G. GERRY



Unemployed

(Continued from Page 9)

sat on the bench clad in a blue jersey.

The third quarter had started and the Blues were fighting desperately to hold their 7 to 0 advantage. The Reds were the stronger defensive team while the Blues possessed a stronger offence. The Blues had scored on a "break" just before the end of the first half, but the power of the Red team was beginning to become apparent.

With the ball on the Red's thirty yard line in their own possession, time was called for the Blues. The Blue's center was done. This was the third substitution at center for the Blues. The coach was puzzled.

"Any more centers here?"

Three hands went up.

"You. Get in there."

Howe, wearing the number he wore during his college days, number 55, raced in and reported to the official.

The whistle blew. The first play came straight at him. His eyes brightened, his muscles tensed, the thud of body against body was music to his ears. He got his man—hard.

The scoreboard showed:

BALL CARRIED BY—R. H. B.

TACKLED BY—55.

GAIN 0—LOST 3.

Twice more they hurled the play at him, and twice more they were halted and finally had to kick.

The weakened offence of the Blues, however, forced them to kick back almost immediately, and again the Red onslaught started. Failing to gain through the line, they tried the tackles and ends, but everywhere they went they met that tackling demon 55 and were halted. To the left, or to the right, it made no difference, Howe seemed to possess an uncanny ability to diagnose plays, and always he was waiting—and always he got his man.

"Who is number 55?" was the question hurled back and forth through the stands. Score-cards were scrutinized without success. His name wasn't there.

"I wonder who that man is," muttered a well-dressed man in his

early fifties, who had already torn his score-card to shreds and lost his voice in his admiration for number 55.

"I think I know, dad."

"You, how would you know," as he said this, he turned to his left and eyed his daughter with parental superiority. But when their eyes met, his glance softened because no one could look Miss Elaine Roberts in the eye and remain unmoved. Brunette, with flashing brown eyes and a pretty face, now half obscured by the collar of her fur coat, she was a girl who had her own way in everything with her dad, and with almost everybody else, almost because there was just one thing that she wanted and could not get, and that thing was now playing the most wonderful game of defensive football ever witnessed by experts. Miss Elaine Roberts grew reminiscent, and a wistful expression came over her face as she said, "You know him too, dad."

"I?"

"Yes, he has been at the house many times. You liked him very much and—and so did I."

"Harry Howe!"

"Yes, dad, I wonder what he's doing."

"A great boy, a fine boy—

wouldn't come in with me because he thought that he would be imposing by accepting the job offered him. He loved you, Elaine, said he was going to make good by himself, then come back to you. But he didn't want to have it seem that he couldn't make good unless some "big shot," that's what he called me, helped him. Just like him too, to give up his day's business to help the poor unfortunate men who are out of work. Yes sir, he's a great lad. Wow, look at that tackle! Atta boy, Howe!"

The name spread like wildfire. It was on every spectator's lips. The telegraph keys ticked it incessantly:

"Harry Howe, sensational center of five years ago makes tackle"—repeat—repeat—etc."

"Dad—did he tell you that?"

"Yep, told me not to tell you, but that was five years ago. Don't make any difference now. You see—why, honey, you're crying. What's the matter?"

"I'm awfully happy, dad."

"Well, I'll be—. We'll have him up to the house after the game."

"You're a darling."

"I know it."

Down on the field Howe was living again. This was life. For five years he had been nobody, now

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he had found himself. He was the equal of any man on the field and if anyone disputed it, well it would be his own fault. Life wasn't so bad after all. It was funny—the whole situation. It took a football game for him to find out that he still had plenty of fight left. Well, he'd start anew, he'd show the world. There were no office doors, office boys or stenographers to ask his name as he charged in and got his man. Well, after this that's what his life would be. He'd charge in and hit them low. A sense of elation, of pride, and of victory came over him. Harry Howe lived over again.

The Blue captain signalled the referee.

"How much time?"

"One minute."

One minute to go! and the first victory he had attained in five years would be his.

"Okay boys," the Blue captain called, "hold 'em now. Great work 55. One more minute!" This praise

from an All-American Quarterback of the current season.

The Reds, desperate, decided on a forward pass. With an All-American half-back, to throw and an All-American End, to receive, the play began. From the Red 30 yard line to the Blue 40 yard mark the ball sailed, to nestle in the arms of the fleeting All-American End, who dodging the Blue safety man, crossed the last white line, standing up. The crowd went wild. One, a man in his early fifties, the other a girl, brunette, with flashing brown eyes and a pretty face.

On the field number 55 walked with faltering footsteps to his position in the line. Here it was, all over again. The cards always ran against him. Victory for a minute. Oh, well it happened before. One minute ago he was the happiest man in the world. Now he was the man of the morning—a bum. As these bitter thoughts raced through his mind, his disappointment changed to anger. Well, he

wasn't licked yet. The teams lined up for the point after touchdown.

"Don't let it get you 55, we've still got a chance," encouraged the quarterback.

He crouched low, his cleats pounding into the frozen turf for a grip. The ball was snapped.

A Blue Demon hurled through the center of the line ripping it wide open. A half-back dove at him—missed! The Blue Demon, eye on the kicker as he dropped the ball to kick—dove! The impact of the ball against his body was almost a roar. The ball spun over the kicker's head, bounced crazily a few times, and then lazily rolled to a stop.

A roar went up from the multitude. Two people in the stands were crying from joy. One a man in his early fifties, the other a girl brunette, with flashing brown eyes and a pretty face.

"What are you crying for daddy?"

"Who's—well, because I'm so blame happy!"

"Well, I'll be—" and then she hugged him and laughed.

The crowd suddenly hushed. As they started to pour on the field they stopped, as they saw the prone figure lying face downward, the number 55 looking to the blue, as though symbolic of victory, and conveying to the wearer the message, "Well done."

A football player lying unconscious on the field is no uncommon sight to the football enthusiast, but for some unknown reason the crowd stood gazing mutely at the prostrate figure, as if in silent tribute. For ten minutes they waited thus, for their idol to recover, so that they might voice their approval. There was a sudden commotion at the North Side of the stadium, and an ambulance sped in. The body on the cold December sod was tenderly lifted, and placed in the ambulance.

It was six o'clock that evening and in the corridor of one of the city's largest hospitals two people stood waiting. One was a man in his early fifties, the other a girl, brunette with flashing but now tear dimmed eyes.

The door that they had been so

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anxiously watching suddenly opened, and a well known surgeon came forward to meet them. The girl watched with anxious eyes the expression on his face, trying to fathom his thoughts. The man's face grew tense. "Well, doctor?"

"Oh, he's alright, Mr. Roberts. Just needs a good square meal and some rest. The way these football players train sometimes puzzles me. Evidently this young man was trying to whip himself into shape by dieting. He'll be himself shortly."

The front door opened, and a man entered and gazing about as if to get his bearings, walked up to them and asked, "Doctor, I want to see Harry Howe right away. Cross is the name."

"You'll have to wait Mr. Cross. You see Mr. Howe's fiancée and future father-in-law have been waiting quite a while."

"Yes, you see Mr. Cross, Harry left five years ago to make good and now that he has, and without dad's help, well, everything is fine now," as Miss Elaine Roberts explained, she flashed Mr. Cross one of her exquisite smiles.

"Oh—er I see, but I must see Harry first, it's important business."

"Well, if it's business we'll wait," said Mr. Roberts.

"Harry," Mr. Cross offered his hand.

"Oh, hello Mr. Cross," he took the hand offered and shook it warmly.

"Harry, Elaine has just explained it to me."

The old time look that seemed to have left Howe's face now returned. "I won again—but still I've lost again," he muttered dejectedly, "I won but I've not moved up. Where is Elaine? But, no—I can't see her."

"In the hall. You haven't lost Harry. You've swept the table, broke the bank of hard luck. Read this."

Harry took the proffered paper. It was a telegram:

"Position as Head Coach open. Get Howe at his own price."

"You see, Harry, you've won."

Howe smiled. "And by myself, no big shots helped," he mused.

Cross arose, "And now—er—" he coughed.

"Yes—show her in—"

Checker-Board

(Continued on Page 17)

to tell us it was his brother's... we know your brother too well for him to buy a thing like that...

Lou (spell it with a capital G) Fitz Gerald was ticket-taker at the plays on that glorious evening... He brought his girl early enough to attend the last afternoon class... She must have thought she was going to be in the play... How you do it, kid.

Johnny Clark was standing on the corner in front of a drug store one afternoon and saw an exceptionally pretty girl toot the horn at him... He threw out his chest in front of his companions and said something like "There's nothing to it"... He dashed over and found out the girl wanted him to get her a package of cigarettes... She thought he was "curb service"... Boy oh boy, is my face red...

The Philosopher's Plumber

(Continued from Page 11)

still believe in honor and love and patriotism," murmured Kennedy. "I thought that your generation had forgotten all those things."

"I don't think so. You still see the youngsters walking in the parks, just as balmy as ever." John Kennedy found himself admiring his companion more and more. "You still see all the kids, when they aren't playing golf, enjoying their game of Cowboys and Indians with the pleasure that we used to enjoy, which indicates that the instinct for patriotism is not lost. You seem to be enjoying yourself listening to my harangue. When I get going I don't know when to stop."

"No, indeed, I have enjoyed all that you have said. Lately I've somehow lost my grasp of things, and you have set me back on the old course again. My name is John Kennedy. I try to teach the youngsters on the Hill a few of my cracked notions. I'd like to have

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you drop around to see me, and I can assure you that you will be most welcome." John Kennedy was never more serious in his life.

"Gosh, you must think I have an awful nerve trying to tell you anything, but I never realized who you were. You invite me to visit you and you don't even know my name, which incidentally, is Ted Richards. But, sir, I will accept your invitation and I do appreciate your kindness."

"Come by all means. I have a few books which perhaps you have never read. You know," in a pleasant tone which would have delighted his despairing friends, "I think you are a natural philosopher."

"No sir, just a pretty good plumber. But I must be going now and if it is all right with you I'll be up to see you next Thursday. I've always wanted to look over Melbourne; one time I had hopes of going there, but some things just aren't to be."

"Maybe it is just as well," said Kennedy, as he shook the younger man's hand. "You've managed to keep some of your native common-sense, something which many of us manage to lose at times. Till Thursday then and come about seven. The campus is wonderful in the early evening."

As Kennedy walked back toward the University, he thought about the young man who had given him such a pleasant half hour. He had made a new friend, and one who had important ideas which needed developing. As he approached the top of the Hill he started to hurry, as if fired with an inspiration. He entered a drug store at the summit and going to a telephone booth called the office of President MacDougall.

In answer to the "Hello" he said, "Say, I'm going to stay. Sure, I'm going back to the old policy. What happened? Oh, I was just talking to a damn good plumber," and he hung up the receiver.

President MacDougall didn't even understand when Kennedy later insisted upon handling the plumbing contract of that fine old institution everyone knows as Melbourne.

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