

## - BOOK REVIEW -

### FAREWELL TO SPORT

By Paul Gallico (Alfred A. Knopf Co.)

(Reviewed by George Gillespie, M.A.)

Using the crisp, hard-hitting prose that helped make him one of America's most eagerly followed sportswriters, Paul Gallico has set down in this book much of what he has learned and thought about the world of sport. He calls it a "Farewell" because after fourteen years of sports-writing, he is passing on to other fields, and feels that the time has come to get a lot of things, pleasant and unpleasant, off his chest.

The book covers the period 1920-1935, the time when American sport was definitely in the big, post-war money. And Paul Gallico can give personal experience and his own independent way of seeing things on every sport from world championship fighting to the six-day bicycle race. He views the great figures as persons as well as surpassing performers, and he has a cynical, hard-headed interest in the financial end of things.

Indeed, if apart from being a frank and knowledgeable account of what the world of sport really looks like to the insider, the book has a theme or a point, it might be expressed in the words of the title of Chapter IX—"Amateurs? There ain't none." His attitude, however, is more than cynical. He makes an impressive plea for a common-sense revision of our ideas of what marks the amateur off from the professional.

"As soon as boys and girls devote their entire time to a sport, they are no longer amateurs. It is much less a case of venality than proficiency. The entire subversive scandal of amateur athletics would be ended if certain standards of proficiency and the amount of time devoted to the game were made the basis of amateur or professional status. It would also be a considerable help if the various amateur protective and regulating bodies would get out of the racket of promoting amateur sports for gate receipts," declares Mr. Gallico. And, later, "The old money standard for amateurs won't do any more, because with very few exceptions everyone takes money for sport, in one form or another, and chiefly in the engraved or minted form."



But the writer reserves his fiercest contempt for the money angle of American college football, "the last stronghold," he calls it, "of hypocrisy." He insists that training and playing great football teams and charging the public money to see the games is a business pure and simple. Since the players do much of the work in this business, they are entitled to some of the cash rewards. "Economically, the principles under which colleges work are sound. Ethically and morally, they smell to high heaven. There is only one conclusion that can be drawn from their stubborn adherence to outmoded principles, and that is that as long as they stick to them they can continue to get football players for next to nothing—cheap labor.

"At best, an amateur football-player under present conditions rarely earns more than fifty dollars a week besides tuition and board. If the universities were to turn square and actually pay their players what they were worth in box office draw and services rendered, the profits from the football racket would be cut down tremendously. The boys are being just a little dumb about it all. But then, after all, they are just boys." Such is Mr. Gallico's picture of American college football.

But if long and intimate experience has left him with a cynical view of how things happen in the sports world and far from respectful of most sports celebrities as persons, it has certainly not lessened his enthusiasm for the game or competition or conflict. He is still deeply convinced that sport is important and fascinating. And he conveys that conviction in his writing. He has always been called what is known as a "real" sportswriter, and among the best pages in this book are those devoted to the vivid reporting of the actual fight or game or race.

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#### POEMS

By Eileen Duggan (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.)

(Reviewed by Charles McQuaid, '39)

From the land of the Southern Cross, New Zealand, a new star has appeared on the literary horizon in the person of Miss Eileen Duggan, by virtue of her volume "Poems." Published at the close of 1937, this little book contains but thirty-seven short poems, some of which have appeared recently in periodicals, while others appear here for the first time.



Behind a simple blue cover, inscribed with the words: "Poems: Eileen Duggan," lies an adventure in literature; a picture of an author first facing the public. At times sure of herself, words seem to flow from her pen with ease. Again, with a faltering hesitancy, "the verse falls almost blankly into prose, the impulse evaporates, the fibre loosens," as Mr. De La Mare puts it in his excellent preface. Recovering herself, and once more sure of her footing, she excels the first in the quality of her work.

The scope of her subjects is broad. It may be an impression uppermost in her mind, a striking image from nature; she may be singing the praises of New Zealand or touching upon some religious subject. While all have been, no doubt, written about many times before, there is something in Miss Duggan's treatment of a theme, which is different. A short piece entitled "The Name" exhibits this quality remarkably well.

*Why do we never think of her  
As standing at a gate  
A dim blue patience in the dusk?  
"Jesus, come home: its late."*

Since poetry has only words with which to express itself, they are, therefore, all-important. Miss Duggan realized this, and her work is punctuated with unusual words and phrases; not necessarily new ones, but rather familiar ones under a slightly different aspect,—the bare-foot boy who "knuckled one toe against the next," tussocks bristling from dew into frost, St. Peter's old dogged feet that padded from shore to city, the gust that "clouted the nose" of the chimney, and the many others that may be picked at random. It is such as these that make the book thrust up its head and demand attention.

Some few of the poems concern her home, New Zealand. Her love and understanding of her country find scope here, particularly under the rural aspect.

Thus as we read each successive poem—the book is about an hour's reading in all, our interest is subtly aroused. A picturesque word or thought in one, makes us look forward to the next. Will it be as fascinating as the last? Usually our anticipation is justified. The book does, however, provide many moments of very pleasant reading. When the last poem has been read and the covers shut, we feel our time has been well spent. Miss Duggan's purpose



was to convey to her readers a few simple pictures. The fact that she has succeeded is recommendation enough.

#### POPE PIUS THE ELEVENTH

By Philip Hughes. (Sheed and Ward, London)

(Reviewed by Ronald McNeil, '39)

In this well-written book, including as it does material from many official sources, Mr. Hughes gives us a splendid picture of our present Pontiff. The portion of the book devoted to his early life is short but very interesting. As would be expected, the greater part of the book deals with the events of his pontificate. Mr. Hughes' book gives us a new insight into the life of our Pope and helps us to realize the numerous complexities that make up his daily life.

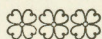
Don Achilles Ratti was born the 31st of May, 1857, at Desio, near Milan. At an early age he gave evidence of a vocation to the holy Priesthood, and in 1867 he entered the preparatory Seminary of St. Peter Martyr. He was ordained at the age of 22. Continuing his studies, he received his Doctorate and taught for six years. His ability was recognized and he was appointed head of the Ambrosian and later of the Vatican Library.

Following on these successes came his appointment by Benedict XV, in 1918, as Visitor Apostolic to Poland. So great was his success in regulating for the Catholics of that country, that on the death of Cardinal Ferrari in 1921, the then Mgr. Ratti was chosen to fill his place as Archbishop of Milan. In February of the next year he was elected to succeed Benedict XV as head of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

In the encyclical letter of December, 1922, is given the aim of our present Pope. It is to make people "realize that the peace needed by the world is the real appeasement of spirits and not a mere general restoration of mutual international politeness and tact." Since 1922, however, many things have retarded the full realization of our Holy Father's aim. Many "isms" have arisen, nations have disregarded the disarmament treaties, and the Church has been persecuted in various countries. On the other hand, many things have helped to promote this peace. Numerous agreements have been signed with different Countries by the Holy See, the most famous being the Lateran Concordat of 1929.



Such titles as "The Father of the Missions," and "The Teacher of his own time," enable us to understand the great zeal that Pope Pius has put into his work. His encyclicals on Christian Marriage, on Education and on the Reconstruction of the Social Order, are in keeping with his motto "To know in order to live." Pope Pius's reign "will mark a definite turning point in the development of Catholicism, and the main reason for the change will be his throwing open to the laity all that field of activity to which their vocation as Catholics entitles, and indeed obliges, them."



Loneliness is the base of every virtue,  
And he who goes the lowest builds the safest.

—Bailey.

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All human joys are swift of wing,  
For heaven doth so allot it;  
That when you get an easy thing,  
You find you haven't got it.

—Eugene Field.

