

⇒ War Clouds in South Europe ⇐

FRANCE and Italy had been at odds for so long that their agreement over the size and strength of their respective fleets came as a more hopeful piece of news than was perhaps warranted by facts. A large-size loan for Italy, and probably concessions by England on their common African boundary are not out of the field of possibility. Likewise, France is expected to grant favors to her Mediterranean poor cousin—I mean real favors. A naval holiday in tonnage or guns, parity—proportional scales are futile. In ten years' time navies as we know them today will be museum relics.

Nevertheless, there is a breathing spell. A notable change has come in the chancelleries of Europe, and the men who predicted war a few weeks ago now incline to the belief that the troubles between the two nations will be settled peaceably. Some fairly reasonable observers even predict a liberalizing of Italy within the next six months. But these two Latin countries are still increasing their armaments, building strategic lines, piling up reserves of ammunition, training hundreds of airmen, carrying on propaganda in neutral lands and strengthening their alliances. A frontier incident in Europe, a careless act in Tunis, may yet precipitate the conflict. Naval accords are not peace treaties. The policy advocated by some writers to ignore the danger to the peace of the world is one that is fraught with serious danger. To prevent war, it is best to be forewarned and well informed concerning the causes of the long-standing rivalry.

A recent report from Paris gave the French a gold reserve of almost two billion dollars. With the accumulation of metal in other French banks, in the colonies and in the vaults of the satellites of the Quai d'Orsay—Poles, Czechs and Serbs—the full amount is likely to approach three billions. That is a formidable weapon, one that usually indicates deep-plotted, aggressive views or a reasonable fear of attack by some dangerous enemy. Who is that enemy? Germany? Italy? Both? Somehow the only one ever mentioned by the average Frenchman is Italy. France is at present rejoicing because Italy gave way on the naval problem but still blames the Mussolini régime for the feeling of unrest due in reality to a hurried peace treaty which left too many problems unsolved. Mussolini is a brake, not a firebrand, all his speeches to Italians notwithstanding.

I ended a stay of five years in Italy

By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

with a visit to every important city, including the principal towns of Sicily and Sardinia. A Frenchman by birth and a devoted lover of Italian civilization, an American by choice, it was my intention to find out the facts. Everywhere I heard similar expressions of a desire for revenge against France, for a bad peace dictated by selfish allies. A prominent friend of Mussolini told me that his people wanted only one more war, a war with the hated "*Francesse*." Mussolini alone, aided perhaps by Signor Contarini, has kept effervescent Italians from creating warlike incidents on several occasions. I have heard many stupid statements about Mussolini, but none more stupid than that he wants war. He is perhaps the only leader in Italy who clearly knows what a war would bring to Italy. He is an animator, an executive, but he has long ago ceased to be a gambler.

Now, Italians and French, especially southern French, are so much alike in language, appearance, culture, religion, and general philosophy, that most of the Americans who know France and Italy, or think they do, refuse to consider the possibility of war between them. The new treaty strengthens their position. They are afraid that the United States may be drawn into the fray. There is little cause to fear that. The danger is deeper. It involves the possibility of losing the benefit of the French Revolution, the example of the last country left in the world where the intellect of man has complete freedom. It involves the possibility of a general utilitarian communism which would make of the western world an ant heap and a very material one.

AMERICANS are wrong in considering a war in southern Europe unthinkable. Far from unthinkable! It remains even now so close at hand that only a miracle of patience and forbearance on the part of the Latin leaders on both sides can avert it in the next twelve months.

The main sore points in the present relations between Italy and France are Tunis, Ethiopia, Nice, the right of asylum to political refugees jealously guarded by France, the freedom of press and stage in Paris, and the alliance between France and Yugoslavia which more than balances the raising of Albania to kingdom status and its subordination to Rome. There are also the fiery speeches of Mussolini and the queer doings of his rather obvious

Foreign Minister, Dino Grandi, who has probably done Fascism more harm than good since he took it to his heart. The public and international services of both countries are honeycombed by secret agents. Italy especially has hundreds of them in Paris. Finally, we have the no less clearly expressed attitude of both French and Italian writers. These writers pine for a scrap in which they will, as usual, take no active share. They express the national longing for a "showdown."

In Tunis, the French have a privileged position. They hold the upper hand absolutely. The Bey is as much their tool as the King of Albania is Mussolini's puppet. But Tunis is a rich country, while Albania is at present little more than a road or series of parallel roads to Yugoslavia. Labor in Tunis, however, is largely Italian. In Algeria, Tunis and Morocco the French give all civic rights to those Italians who accept French citizenship. The Fascist government objects to any Italian seeking a foreign citizenship, especially French citizenship in northern Africa. The Italian press says Italians do all the work there; therefore they should own Tunis and Algeria. Frenchmen claim that the Italian laborers are only good to be laborers, that any one of them who has intelligence naturally wants to become French, that Tunis belongs to the Tunisians anyhow—and there you are.

In Ethiopia, after a stunning defeat at the hands of the only black kingdom ever to make a white one pay an indemnity, the Italians have come to a "sitting pretty" attitude. They have really worked wonders with the sandy stretches of Tripoli, Erithrea and Cirenaica. But the French hold the only railway into Abyssinia and the port that feeds it. They hold here again most of the trumps. Abyssinia is an extremely rich and sparsely populated land, with a unique record of freedom since before history began to be recorded. It has lately joined the League of Nations not because it was interested in it, but out of sheer necessity.

Italy had made a secret treaty with England preparatory to defining "spheres of economic influence." England pledged herself to help Italy secure a railroad concession to connect her Erithrea in the north with her Somaliland in the south. That railway would have cut off the whole agricultural eastern part of Ethiopia, thus making it ready for penetration. Like the Russian railroad in Manchuria, it would



International

AN ITALIAN ARMY IN THE MAKING

Youthful Fascists, with their small rifles, marching to a rally of the National Militia

require military guards throughout Ethiopian territory. The Emperor of Ethiopia appealed to the League. If another railroad is to be built in his country, which is being hugged to breathlessness by its three neighbors, let it be a corridor to the sea like that of Dantzic—an Ethiopian corridor. The French agree with him, while seeing to it that the corridor to the sea is thoroughly studied under all its possible aspects, in other words pigeonholed at Geneva. Do they not hold the only one actually in existence? Possibly Italy can remedy her position in Ethiopia by means of a competent air service for freight. Here again the odds are against her.

Nice and much of the Riviera were ceded by Italy to France, or rather extorted for the price of French services. The sacrifice which seemed worth making at a time when Italy wanted to achieve her independent unity has begun to appear heavy in history books and in the newspaper articles of the nationalist press. But there is no ethnographic difference between the people in Nice and the people in Ventimiglia or San Remo, on the other side of the fence, and Italians claim that there will soon be no difference in government. Meanwhile the French hold Cannes and Nice, and they collect the revenue from the English and American tourist trade. Nor do they offer to share with Signori Grandi and Arnaldo Mussolini, the two evil influences of the great Duce, according to some observers.

Coming to economic advantages, the disproportion is such that no discussion

is necessary. Italy can act only as intermediary for other markets. The Balkans and Palestine are no great compensation for American and European markets. France has everything, raw material, factories with thousands of orders waiting to be filled, a high standard of specialization in quality production, an enormous and varied colonial empire, numerous satellites looking to her for supplies, a huge gold reserve, and a monopoly in finery *de luxe*. She neither has, nor wants, quantity production. She caters to the elect. Italy has nothing but her marble, lemons, olives, tourist trade, and her manual laborers who remit their savings from all parts of the world to help the folks at home pay their taxes. No equality here either.

The ease of social life in France has always attracted individual Italians just as the care-free life of Italy used to charm artists from all over the world. But there is a fairly good-sized exodus now from Italy to France. Almost every week some Italian soldiers cross the French frontier as deserters. One day, not long ago, sixty men from an Alpine regiment came over in a group. With them were two Fascist frontier guards. Now, a soldier who deserts that way is interned for a short time, then liberated. Of course, he cannot return home, at least for many years. In view of the steady increase of Italian military desertions, the French papers ask if they are in the presence of a mass movement that has its origin in the general uneasiness of Italy, or if they are merely cases of individual malcontents. Official figures are not given out on either side

of the frontier, but the villagers in the vicinity of the frontier posts know more about true conditions than politicians on either side. They declare that the gendarmes are kept busy apprehending deserters and conducting them to local police posts for questioning.

American readers are also familiar with the stories of the daring escapes of anti-Fascisti, like Nitti's nephew, or of Lussu, and the earlier one of Cesarino Rossi, Carlo Bazzi's tool, who, however, was foolish enough to let himself be recaptured. The Fascisti claim that all these Italians should be put out of France if not turned over to the tender mercy of the Fascist militia. The French cannot do that. Both members of the *intelligenza* and rebellious soldiers may come in handy. As long as they pay their way, they are left unmolested. Not on this score will the Italian fireeaters obtain satisfaction.

It is clear to any one familiar with the French stage and the choice epithets and comments of the Gallic press, especially the weekly press, that neither Poincaré, Briand, Tardieu, nor any other leader of the very independent French, will muzzle them. Old Clemenceau tried it and succeeded for a time, but he died surrounded by a wall of resentment. How then can the remaining bigwigs prevent the French *revue* makers, song writers and journalists from poking fun at the serious aspirations of Young Italy, from caricaturing Mussolini, and from sneering at the Fascist paradise? Mussolini himself is gifted with a rich sense of humor, but his followers have none, barring a few demigods like Signor Giunta or the Duce's own son-

in-law. In any case, jokes, sneers, and caricatures go on unrepressed. The French do not see any reason why their press should be curbed to please Italians. The Italians do not see why they should always be dealt with by the French press and song writers with a patronizing smile. Both are right. Self-restraint is the only solution.

We now come to a more important focus of trouble. Turn to the map and see the formidable array of possible enemies. Paris is really the center of Europe, if we exclude Russia that has really excluded itself. Look at the map. Almost on the same circumference are to be found London, Brussels and Geneva. On the next rim are Edinburgh, Copenhagen, Berlin, Prague, Rome and Madrid. On the third, close to the second, are the Allies of France, Poles, Czechoslovaks, Yugoslavs, and all her North African dependencies. A formidable array! The famous perpendicular line, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Italy, did not prove workable in the World War. Other things being equal, Italians have not the ghost of a chance between the fiery Serbs and the exasperated French. The first hundred thousand African shock troops would strike terror in their hearts. I say this without any feeling of disparagement for the Italian dash and endurance. The game is really not equal by half.

In the early days of last September, four Yugoslavs were shot at Trieste in the presence of a large crowd of Italian soldiers. They were tied to chairs and shot in the back. The four men were members of a group of eighteen tried on charges of thirteen murders, thirty-one attempted murders, bombings, burning of schools and asylums, spreading of subversive literature, and supplying military secrets to Yugoslavia. Thousands of Slav subjects of the Italian king will consider them martyrs. National hatred will be fanned to higher flames. And so the game goes on.

Not that way will Fascism acquire Dalmatia or conciliate Serbs, Slovenes or Croats. The demonstrations that followed almost immediately in Zagreb gave an indication of their feelings. They dragged an Italian flag through the mud and burned it in the Hospital Square while the mob applauded. The manifestants attempted a demonstration in front of the Italian Consulate. The police frustrated them, but with no great heart in their imposed task. As a sign of mourning, all cafes and theatres and the concert halls were closed.

What in all this is Mussolini's attitude? With all my admiration for his personality, I have to confess that his attitude is pathetic. Nothing but an

extraordinary miracle can save his countrymen from disaster. He, being an intelligent man, knows this. His chief supporters, being fools, do not know it, or expect him to perform the miracle. What the mass of Italians think will never be known. Mussolini has had to make apologies to the French for unseemly disorder outside French consulates in Italy. He also has had to make apologies to his followers for the delay in striking at those who would keep the fruit of victory from the Italians.



This Week's Contributors

Robert Cruise McManus is a former New York newspaper man who has become an expert political observer for the magazines.

Emily Newell Blair is a Missouri woman who has been writing for several years on women's place in the world. She is an associate editor of *Good Housekeeping Magazine*.

Jack Callahan says he has been a "prowler," or house burglar. Anyway, he knows his yeggmen. He has held high executive posts in industry.

George Raffalovich is a professor in Emory University. He has lived in both France and Italy and is a close student of their affairs.



He has exacted apologies from Greeks and Serbs and even General Butler, but he will not obtain them at every call.

Surrounded by many rogues and some honest but misguided men, he is in the pitiful position of holding back an avalanche that will roll down anyhow and swallow him first. His eye is clear, his mind alert, his opinion of his lieutenants no secret. What can he do? Hold his men back? They'll create an incident and force a war. Ask for a revision of the peace treaties? He has done that.



The French, who benefited most by those treaties, laughed. Find enough members of the League of Nations to press for a revision? He may be trying that. Meanwhile, armaments and munitions are being accumulated by both sides and their allies. We may repeat that a war between these two great Latin nations would be a crime. Suppose Italy won. Wealth, all the French colonies opened to her now on terms of national equality, Dalmatia, Corsica, Nice, and that blessed self-respect regained—isn't that worth while? Italy is sick of Latin friendships that bring her no results. Economically she has all to gain and little to lose if she forces an issue.

Of course, there have been periods of Latin fervor. Between 1896 and 1911, there was even a period of friendship. A *mariage de raison* was expected between the Italians who are so eager and young, and the French who know how to live without great desires. Affairs from 1916 to the arrival of President Wilson in Europe were such that observers claimed that the two countries vibrated with one pulse. If true, the unity is long past. The French soldiers who came to help Italy after Caporetto sneered at their Italian fellow warriors. When the average Parisian reads that Mussolini has made another apocalyptic oration, he merely comments: "A squad and a corporal of Senegalians, and we'll settle him!"

Obviously, the oldtimers who alternate in the French government know better. Italy has changed since 1870. The French soldiers would not find the task easy. Nevertheless, the tension has become such that more than a naval holiday will be needed to prevent the war of 1931 or, according to Lüdendorf, of 1932. It may be precipitated by a trifling event, and the only beneficiary—no matter who wins on the battlefield—will be Russia. But I venture the prediction—based on many decades of intimate associations with the plain people of both countries and with their rulers—that the war, if it starts, will not end until a more equitable distribution of colonies is achieved, or Italy will be beaten to her knees for two generations. Even a political union of France, Italy, all of Northern Africa, and French-speaking Belgium, may be the outcome.

In any case, Italy has now a birth rate of 26 per thousand and a death rate of 13.7 per thousand. Her population is nearly 42,000,000 in Italy alone. Surely she could afford to wait. That is the view of Mussolini. Would that it were also that of the enthusiastic youth of Italy whose imagination his wild and ambitious lieutenants have so completely fired!

The Great Conciliator

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noose with the reminder that he is not a candidate, that he has no experience in public office, that he hopes never to undertake a job for which his experience does not fit him. Last winter they almost caught him as a member of the state board of regents, but the brilliantly strategical Republican legislators turned him down for one of their own workers.

Mr. Young has gone out of his way so often to assail politics and politicians that we might almost be justified in accusing him of anti-democratic tendencies, along with many another lord of industry to whom efficiency is so dear.

"I shall be happy," he said in launching the endowment drive for the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins, "if we can substitute the calm findings of the investigator for the blatant explosions of politicians. I beg the politicians to stop their harmful talk until the facts are found."

"Politics, and particularly democracies," he reminds us, "are not well adapted to deal with economic situations. The tragedy which delights us on the stage of politics means real death and real tears when acted in the theatre of economics Our kitchen maid, economics, was compelled to cut the menu of her leading lady, politics (on the amount of reparations), by more than 70 per cent to make it fit the prospects of the world's larder Politics and economics are in conflict everywhere in the world today. It has even been suggested that if a holiday of armaments is good, a holiday of parliaments is better."

Anybody can throw vegetables at politicians. Everybody, of course, does, especially those who know least about their difficulties. But when Owen D. Young rises in the audience with a tomato poised and begs us not to send him up to those dirty fellows behind the footlights, we are a little disturbed. Has our democratic experiment come to this, that our leading private citizen wants nothing to do with it? If, as he tells us, politics makes such dreadful economic blunders, would it not be the gracious thing for an economist to set her right, instead of remaining aloof to deride our already over-derided statesmen? Can it be that Mr. Young, surrounded as he is by the "yes-men" who always flower the path of corporate chieftains, fears the pitched battles of democratic government, the irreverent, blistering jeers of the Newcomb Carl-

tons of Congress? He is not strong physically—there is a story that he collapsed seven times in one day at the Dawes Conference—has he a premonition that the mauling suffered by every President would wear him down? Or is he playing the game played by candidates who manoeuvre to be "drafted"?

In his case, of course, there is no other method by which he might capture the nomination; if he went after it openly he would be assailed all over the country as a member of the unspeakable Wall Street crowd seeking to corral the nation's wealth for J. P. Morgan. So he must wait in the wings, hoping to be dragged out, protesting to the last.

There are two general issues, prohibition and prosperity, by which all Democratic candidates are likely to be measured. At the moment, the ball of anti-prohibition sentiment, which whizzed so fast for almost a year, has stopped rolling. This is to Mr. Young's advantage, for though he refuses to be classed as a wet he nevertheless opposes the theory of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, while favoring "a sane law, wisely administered and one capable of being honestly administered." Wets and drys alike could swallow this if we were still down on our luck in 1932 and the cry were raised for a leader of foresight, initiative and the courage to experiment in seeking a way out of the economic wilderness. Logically, Owen Young, the critic of the Smoot-Hawley tariff, the founder of the International Bank, the super-active exponent of world conference and coöperation, would be that man. But the politicians, mindful of the leather-lunged orators of the West, fear his Wall Street shadow.

As a campaigner, he might fool them, disarming the opposition with the same persuasive skill by which he disarmed the stubborn Teutons at Paris. His pic-

turesque aptness of phrase, his rural background (somehow the reporters always seem to learn when he is going up home for Christmas) might warm the hearts of his countrymen and cause them to forget that he ever went near a board of directors.

And in the White House he might, conceivably, be a great President, though it would do him no harm to remember Dwight Morrow's Rule Number Six, which advises:

"Don't take yourself too seriously."

The Prowler in Your Home

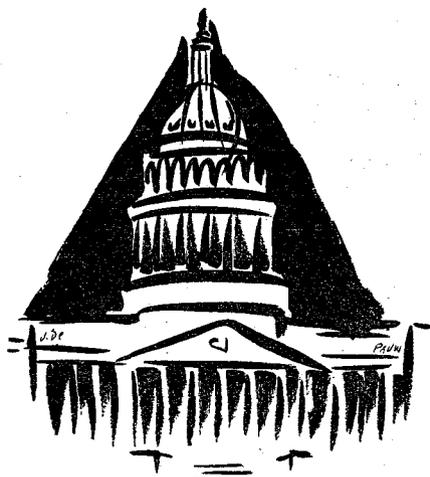
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he hears you warble thusly. Nothing, nothing I say, strikes terror to the heart of a prowler like the high-pitched, hysterical scream of a lady! I know what I'm talking about. I would rather hear bullets whizzing by my ears than hear that bloodcurdling scream.

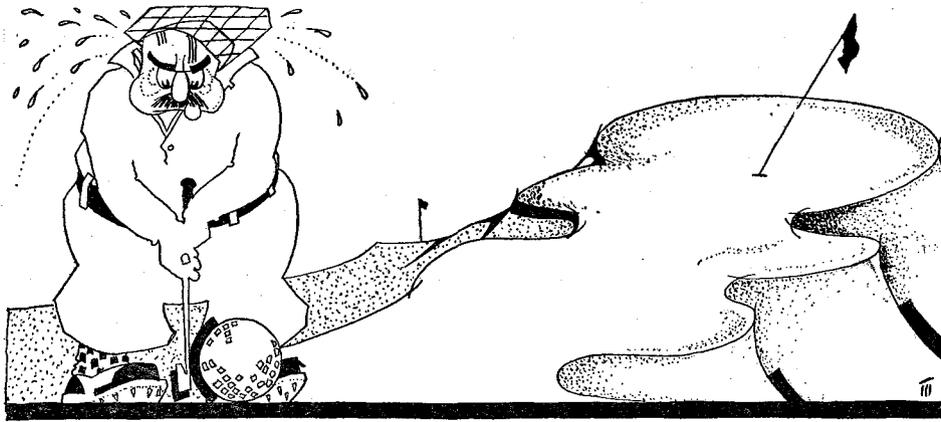
I am reminded of an experience that I had some years ago in the home of a prominent banker. I had entered the home while the family was dining—entered, incidentally, through the rear, second-story window. Why do folks always leave those rear, second-story windows open? I was preparing to exit gracefully with the swag when, lo and behold, in comes a big, wild-looking negro prowler. I ducked behind a portiere and watched him search the room. Presently he stumbled across a chair and that aroused the family below. A second later I heard somebody coming up the stairs. The negro made for a closet, but before he could get under cover, click—on went the lights and there on the threshold stood a woman. The negro grabbed her throat and wrestled her to the floor. The gallant in me was aroused at the spectacle of a "boogie" attacking a white woman so I drew my gun, took a careful aim and clipped the negro in the back, whereupon he nose-dived to the floor, screaming with pain. I beat a hasty retreat down the rain-spout to liberty.

A telltale fingerprint that I had left on the window effected my capture a year later. The detectives convinced the court and jury that the negro and I were buddies. They said my fingerprints on the window proved it. They said I shot to kill the woman; consequently I was convicted of assault with intent to kill, and breaking and entering as the "boogie" had been so convicted. I got fifteen years for acting the gallant. The court and jury laughed at my explanation of the affair. Imagine!

I warn you again, Mister, never go looking for the prowler! He will kill you if you corner him!



►► The Spotlight on Sports ◀◀



►► Revolt on the Links

POLLS conducted by various newspapers throughout the country indicate an overwhelming antipathy to the new golf ball which the U. S. G. A. has foisted upon American golfers. The vote is running twenty to one in favor of the old jackrabbit. Revolts and rumors of revolt threaten the Implement and Ball Committee's peace of mind. John Q. Duffer is convinced that he has been "jobbed"—that he is the victim of a diabolical plot to ruin his scores and spoil his fun. Petitions are being circulated at many golf clubs asking the Greens Committee to nullify the ban on the old ball. Governing boards, in turn, are begging the U. S. G. A. to abandon its noble experiment and legalize the 1.62 by 1.62 sphere of happy memory.

All this is very embarrassing to the high-principled, well-meaning sportsmen who sponsored the unpopular "balloon" ball. Herbert Ramsay, President of the U. S. G. A., is sincerely convinced that the new ball is the most scientific yet devised, that it strikes a nice balance between course design and golfing skill, but he admits that his organization cannot buck public opinion indefinitely. If the revolt now smouldering flames into a conflagration it is probable that the U. S. G. A. will make concessions. The new ball may be retained for national championship play while clubs are given the option of using the old sphere in their local tournaments.

►► The Duffers' Complaint

THE U. S. G. A. does not arbitrarily compel Bill Smith and Tom Brown to use the new ball in friendly foursomes, but in effect the average player is forced to play the light ball for the reason that the manufacturers have agreed not to make the old ball and sporting goods dealers have stopped carrying it. British ball makers likewise pledged them-

selves not to export the jackrabbit.

While crack amateurs and professionals have adjusted their swings to the lighter ball and accepted the change philosophically, if not with enthusiasm, the average golfer remains unreconciled. Rancor gnaws in his heart; invectives tumble from his tongue. He is mad clear through and doesn't care who knows it.

Apostles of the balloon ball contend that an abnormally rainy spring has produced course conditions which would have affected the old ball adversely. What with heavy, mushy fairways, soggy, rough and swampy greens, the light ball has not had a fair test. Furthermore, they argue, the duffer finds the new ball a convenient alibi. He forgets that he hooked, sliced and topped the old ball with irritating frequency and blames the new one for all his mechanical shortcomings. It has ended originality in alibis.

Nevertheless golf's rank and file has turned thumbs down on the big ball. "We support the game," they protest, "and should not be discriminated against just because a few experts made courses look ridiculously easy with the jackrabbit sphere. We don't want to be coddled, but we do want to get pleasure as well as exercise out of golf.

"With this erratic light ball we cannot make the necessary carries from the tee. No longer can we get home in two strokes at a medium-length par four hole. Our crooked shots are exaggerated. Against any sort of a breeze we are handcuffed. What's more, we can't hole putts of reasonable length. The light ball is deflected by tiny bumps or depressions on the green and has a perverse habit of rimming the cup. Instead of striving to break 90 we now struggle hopelessly to crack 100. This pill may be just what the doctor ordered for the expert, but it's a pain in the neck to us!"

Already the Siwanoy Country Club at Bronxville, N. Y., has blacklisted the

U. S. G. A.'s pet pill. The old ball is mandatory in all Siwanoy tournaments. Green Meadow's governors have compromised by giving members the option of using either ball. Even exclusive Wykagyl, conservative stronghold that it is, has voted to join the rebellion.

►► Harvard Wins at New London

AN ELI cycle of rowing triumphs was broken on the Thames when Harvard's unbeaten 1931 crew jumped Yale at the start, beneath the railroad bridge, stole a length lead, and fought off every Blue challenge along the gruelling trail to Bartlett's Cove.

Yale wasn't caught napping—it just couldn't match Jerry Cassedy's sizzling start. That vibrant son of a Cambridge plumber took a chance on cracking his crew by flailing away at forty strokes per minute for the first quarter mile. His gamble clinched the race right then and there. Perhaps it wasn't much of a gamble at that for Cassedy knew what his blue-blooded shipmates had it in them to do.

The importance of a natural-born stroke oar was never better illustrated than at New London. Cassedy, a scrapper from the shock of his black hair to the soles of his crimson-banded, white woolen racing socks, has the verve and dash one associates with his breed. Coach Glendon of Navy calls him "the greatest stroke Harvard has had since Lund—a pace-setter worthy to sit beside Eddy of Annapolis fame and Lindley of Yale memory."

Cassedy lifted his giant crew by its stretcher straps—jammed it into the lead he meant to grab at any cost. "I want to keep my eye on Yale," he told the writer before the race. "No crew can spot our gang a length and whip us. We're going to row a front race all the way."

Cassedy's strategy clicked. Bob Goodale, Yale's Eifel Tower stroke, is not a natural beat-setter. Game as a pit bull, he lacks the spark which marks the born stroke oar. Dogged but sluggish, Goodale couldn't drive his crew above thirty-eight in that frenzied getaway. No blame rests on Goodale or his gritty men. They rowed themselves to a state of collapse in their futile stern chase. You can't ask more than that.

►► Sentimental Sportswriters

THE romantic cult in sportswriting enjoyed a sentimental debauch over Cassedy's Irish lineage. "A dash of green did it," was the favorite theme—a conclusion less than just to the stalwart Beacon Hill boys who took the beat