

I daresay, chiefly of those who take the simplest way out to hide their inability to match their wits against the problem. Shakespeare, confronted by it, though perhaps abstruse in minor detail, had no difficulty in being over-all lucid and intelligible. Nor have other of the greats, debatable though some of their findings may possibly be. Even in their zigzag searchings, their pattern has remained clear. They may now and again have apologized for the weaknesses of their philosophies, but they have never, like the contemporary amateurs, apologized for the weaknesses of the media through which they have sought to express them, nor for an obscurity that was in their work rather than in themselves.

This is no place to enter into a philosophic consideration of life it-

self, since what we are treating of is primarily the dramatic efforts dealing with life and its alleged inscrutable mysteries. But one may venture that those playwrights who drape their intellectual and dramaturgical shortcomings in the protective mantle of that so-called inscrutability are much like such as might argue that love and cancer, being similarly mysterious and puzzling, are best and with sufficient satisfaction to be dismissed as too perplexing for research, analysis, definition, and diagnosis.

It is thus that the cult of the obscure takes its place with the cult of the literal. Both are offspring of the unimaginative and the literary and dramatic impotent. Both, sometimes achieving eminence in a thoughtless theatre, stand proudly on pedestals of putty.

PHRASE ORIGINS—57

CAD: Members of the honorable golfclub-carrying fraternity will doubtless be pained to learn that this term of lofty disparagement is nothing but a degenerate form of caddie. The latter is a Scottish variation of the French cadet, a word originally used in English to refer to the youngest son of a noble family and then, by extension (since the youngest son usually entered the army), to military students. Caddie's downward course in the linguistic scale was marked by a transition to the meaning of "any young boy," and, then, to that of an errand-boy or messenger. The latter sense persists to this day on the golf links. However, the clipped form, cad, lost caste by its application on the campuses of Oxford and Eton to any ill-bred fellow, rather than simply a menial.

LOUIS JAY HERMAN

OUR CATHOLIC-PROTESTANT MARRIAGE

as told to ALBERTA WILLIAMS

LARRY and Margaret hadn't joined the other young people on the steak fry. Instead, they'd gone off as a twosome and spent the evening in endless and fruitless circle-talk. Like any deeply in love and seriously religious Catholic-Protestant young couple, they were struggling to get past the barriers to marriage. They had separated early and it was only just past ten when Larry came to our home. He wanted Paul and me to tell him that our Catholic-Protestant marriage had been idyllic, that love easily took all hurdles erected by meaningful and divergent religious convictions. Desperately he wanted to be told that he and Margaret should go right ahead and get married in her Church — the Roman Catholic — despite remonstrances of both sets of relatives, and that it's a simple matter to settle harmoniously all the tangled situations that develop in a family of mixed faiths.

Paul and I have known Larry for ten years. He's been often in our home

and we're very fond of him. It's understandable that he came to us for a green light. Ostensibly ours is a marriage into which mixed religions have brought no unhappiness. Paul is the manager of a factory in an Illinois town of 10,000. We have three fine, sturdy sons — Bob, 17, Jerry, 13, and Joe, 8 — who love both of us. Ours is a nice, comfortable middle-class home. We drive a good car and have plenty of family fun. I belong to the local woman's club, the parent-teacher association, have the standard home-and-community interests.

On Sunday mornings, Paul and the three boys go to mass and I go alone to my Church — the Baptist. To the casual observer, even to our friends, that Sunday morning worship is the only point where we cannot have a completely shared family experience. There appears to be just one hour weekly when we are amiably conscious of, and admit in our actions, our religious differences.

"You two are happy, I know,"

ALBERTA WILLIAMS *has contributed fiction and articles to the Saturday Evening Post, the Ladies' Home Journal, and many other national magazines. The woman who told her this story is remaining anonymous, but all the details are completely accurate.*