

Solemn Mass Is Celebrated For P. C. Benefactors

Fr. Zvirblis Urges Students To Imitate St. Thomas Aquinas

"All sane observers admit that the earmark of civilization is appreciation of favors received." Rev. B. Casimir Zvirblis, O.P., told the students this morning as they honored the living benefactors of the College by attendance at Solemn Mass and joined Catholic college students throughout the country in observance of National Prayer Day.

"You have come to pay a debt to all your living benefactors, to God and your parents, to your teachers and generous supporters, to your fellow students who have put on their country's uniform to guarantee to you with their lives, if need be, the blessings of student life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness," Father Zvirblis said.

Citing St. Thomas Aquinas, patron of Catholic education and noted 13th century Dominican whose feast will be observed tomorrow, as their model of gratefulness; Father Zvirblis urged the students "to pray, study, work, and live as he did."

The Mass for the benefactors of the College was celebrated by the Very Rev. John J. Dillon, O.P., president of the College. Rev. Robert E. Brennan, O.P., was deacon, and Rev. Charles B. Quirk, O.P., was sub-deacon. After the Mass there was a recitation of the rosary and prayers, petitioning God to "gird President Roosevelt with courage and grace him with wisdom in leading our glorious country to a speedy victory."

Alembic Editor Names New Staff

Editor John Sharkey, '43, announced today the new staff of the Providence College Alembic. The new members of the staff are: Joseph O'Shea, '43, associate editor; Thomas Mulligan, '42; Francis Maguire, '42; Charles Cottam, '43, and John Gerhard, '44, as assistant editors.

The other members of the Alembic staff will retain their positions. They are: Joseph O'Shea, '43, business manager; Paul Cummings, '43, and James Shiel, '44, advertising managers; Joseph McLaughlin, '42, circulation manager.

All new members of the staff are active participants in College activities and have contributed to the Alembic. The March issue of the magazine will feature a timely article, "The New Fleet," by Joseph O'Shea, '43. Other articles which will be published are: "In the Land of the Shamrocks" by James J. Murphy, '42; "Certitude" by William McCormick, '42, and "Writing for the Alembic" by Thomas Mulligan, '42.

The Alembic will present to the students a variety of types of articles for the enjoyment of the students. Alembic editors are willing to assist students who wish to submit material. The March issue will be distributed on the 27th of the month.

The Alembic editors are considering the reestablishing of the Alembic Clinic which would criticize for the contributors' benefit, material handed in so that the student may know why their compositions were rejected.

Pyramid Players
There will be a rehearsal for the entire cast, chorus, and dancing specialties of the musical comedy Sunday afternoon at 1:30 in Harkins Hall auditorium.

Tour Made By Debaters

With five victories and one non-decision to its credit the Providence College Debating Team continued the second week of its seventh annual road tour. The Middle States were covered during the week of February 23 to March 1. The teams met were Drew University, Villanova, Rutgers, Saint Vincent, John Marshall, and Connecticut University. All decisions were in favor of P.C. except at John Marshall where it was previously decided to have no decision. The affirmative side of the question, "Resolved: That the Federal Government should regulate by law all labor unions in the United States," was upheld by P.C. at all colleges except Villanova. There the negative was defended.

During the past week the team has been touring New England. The negative side of the labor question was upheld against Bates on March 4th and against Tufts on March 6th. On the 5th Maine and Providence will debate the proposition, "Resolved: That the Churchill-Roosevelt eight point peace policy be used as a peace program."

This extensive road tour which has reached from Pennsylvania to Northern Maine will come to an end on March 7th. On that date the team is scheduled to debate with Harvard the question, "Resolved: That there should be a labor party in the United States."

The students on tour are Charles Francis Cottam, '43; Mathew Kelly, '43, and John Davitt, '44.

VERITAS

The Veritas, College annual, went to press yesterday, Joseph McLaughlin, '42, the editor, announced yesterday afternoon. He said it probably would be placed in the hands of the students a week after Easter.

THOMISTIC ESSAYS TO BE PUBLISHED

Maritain, Schwartz, Adler Among the Contributors To Collection

"Essays in Thomism", a collection of philosophic dissertations, was accepted by Sheed & Ward this week for printing. The book contains contributions from eminent philosophers and educators from all over the globe. The Rev. Hilary Carpenter, O.P., of Oxford; Herbert Schwartz of Laval University, Montreal; and Jacques Maritain of Princeton are among the contributors.

The collection is the fruit of three years work carried forward under the editorship of the Rev. Robert E. Brennan, O.P., of Providence College. The scope of the book includes sampling essays out of all the fields of philosophy. Sheed & Ward have put it on their Catholic Tutorial Book List, which contains representative books that all Catholics should read.

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. John A. Ryan of the National Catholic Welfare Council, has an essay on "The Economic Philosophy of St. Thomas" in the collection. Dr. Mortimer J. Adler contributes "A Question About Law".

Among the other contributors are Yves Simon of Notre Dame, Anton Pegis of Fordham, John Riedel of Marquette, and the Rev. Walter Farrell, O.P., of the Dominican Studium, Washington, D. C.

There is an essay on St. Thomas and the meaning of Thomism by the editor. The publishing date of "Essays in Thomism" has not definitely been announced.

JUSTICE METED OUT TO VANDALS

Dorm Student Is Victim Of Prankster

By JERRY COLLINS, '44

He stood alone, the gallant defender, his huge muscles were tensed, awaiting the next onslaught from his foes. How did he feel, this blonde giant, as he looked about the narrow room and saw that even his trusted roommate had turned against him in his hour of need? Suddenly, with a cry of victory, they descended upon him and bore him to the ground by dint of superior numbers. The mighty Muenzen writhed and turned with great, powerful surges to ward off his adversaries, but this time they had him.

To his horror it was evident that they intended to paint him. He perceived this to be the case when the smallest one, a chap called George, was seen by the embattled Mr. Muenzen to drag from its hiding place a bucket of red liquid and a brush. Quicker than it takes a free period to go by the deed had been accomplished. There on the floor of his own room lay the defeated warrior, all red except for his blonde mane which

gave to him the effect of a radish with loose ends.

The intruders departed as they had come. "Well," thought Mr. M. to himself, "it has come; the legend of my invincibility has been shattered. No more will John Stonkus and Paul Roshka tremble when I hove in sight. No longer will all of the Freshmen look up to me as they did. Ah, those were the days," he thought to himself; "it was such fun to be called the great protector of the Neophytes. P. O. N. Muenzen I was called in them days," said he to himself. "Protector of Neophytes. Gosh," he went on, "now Walter won't look up to me, or call me daddy anymore. Gee, I guess it's a good thing Benoit left when he did, rather than see me shamed and humiliated." But, being of a very philosophical nature he bathed himself and retired to ponder his dilemma in the quiet sanctity of his cell.

But the worst was yet to come. Displaying infinite cunning, with a profound delicacy of movement the marauders returned. Before the astonished man of bronze, (as he is called by the Eastern Branch of his fan club), could move he had been smothered in the voluminous folds of

Six Hundred Fans Witness All-Star Bouts At College

MARINE OFFICER PLANS VISIT HERE

2nd Lieut. Sands Seeks Possible Enlistments For Service

Second Lieutenant James H. Sands, U.S.M.C.R., liaison officer for Providence College, will visit the College on the 19th, 20th and 21st of March with a medical officer for the purpose of giving physical examinations and possible enlistments in the candidates' class which leads to a commission in the U. S. Marine Corps Reserves.

The quota for the Sophomore class has been increased to make it equal to the quota for Juniors. Members of the Freshman class will also be enlisted. The Freshmen will have to meet the same qualifications that have been stated for the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, with the exception of the age limit which is any Freshman who is over 18 and under 22 years of age. It has also been stated that Sophomores and Freshmen will not have to secure letters of recommendation and a birth certificate until after their enlistment.

The candidates' class plan allows students to graduate before being called to train for three months at Quantico, Virginia.

ATHLETIC COURTS

Providence College students will have increased facilities for physical education classes as a result of the Donation Day which the Alumni will hold this spring, the Very Rev. John J. Dillon, O.P., president of the College, announced the other evening.

"Outside courts of all descriptions, tennis, handball, softball, volleyball, and basketball have been planned for the students," Father Dillon said.

Eight Three-Round Bouts Make Up Evening's Program

Six hundred enthusiastic fistic fans attended the first All-Star Boxing bouts of the Monogram Club held in Harkins Hall last evening. The show, well planned, exhibited 16 talented performers slugging and slamming in an attempt to carry off the honors.

Those who displayed their pugilistic abilities to greater advantage during the evening were awarded the decisions. Three victorious gladiators hail from the New Haven area where they evidently make them very ferocious as exemplified by the welterweight champ George Barbarito.

Each encounter was a three-round bout which gave the contestants plenty of time to display their wares for the enjoyment of the roaring fans. The excellent condition of the athletes speaks well for the training and coaching tasks performed by Coach Ed Crotty, Pete Louthis and Paul Roshka.

The three-round battle between Barbarito and Epstein provided the greatest opportunity for the fans to yowl and screech the loudest. Bringing the house to its feet time and time again the aggressiveness of the victor befuddled Epstein who was not too experienced in pugilistic circles. The bout perhaps provided the best entertainment for those who thrill at the thought of a knockout.

The sixth set-to featuring the widely known European champions, Hans (Continued on Page 4)

Impressionism and Debussy Discussed

The La Pleiade Society meeting yesterday heard an address by John Gerhard, '44, on the subject "Debussy and Impressionism." After the talk recordings of several Debussy compositions were played.

The speaker divided his address into three sections: the life of Debussy, the origin and meaning of the term 'impressionism,' and a consideration of the works of Debussy in illustration of his impressionistic tendencies.

Mr. Gerhard said, "Debussy was a musical painter. He took certain incidents or scenes and attempted through the medium of music to show how they affected him. Thus in 'Le Mer,' Debussy portrayed his impressions of the sea in its various evolutions: from calm to choppy and tempestuous.

"The 'Afternoon of a Faun,' on the other hand, is based on an eclogue by Stephen Mallarme. The music sketches in vague and nebulous forms the efforts of a sensuous faun to recall a dream he had the night before."

Following the introductory remarks, four pieces of Debussy art were heard: "Clair de Lune," "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," "Les Fetes," and "Nuages."

JUNIOR PROM

Up to the time the Cowl went to press, which was about 6 o'clock this morning, there was no definite announcement concerning the Junior Prom orchestra. The Cowl was informed earlier this morning that Vaughn Munroe was a possibility and that there would be a definite answer from Munroe within 24 to 48 hours.

What Goes Up Must Come Down and Does

many blankets, whisked from his place of repose and carried bodily into the drafty corridor of the great castle wherein he resides. Now the plan was clear to the Golden Prince, as he is called by his fan club, (Western Branch), they were going to do away with him so that they could come into possession of the fabulous treasure which he kept hidden away in the mirrored vault adorning one side of his chamber. On the shelves of that compartment could be had the epitomies of the patient alchemist's art. There could be seen the balms and soothing lotions from forgotten isles, and cures for the common cold from such mystical places as East Orange, New Jersey. Bottle upon bottle of luxurious creams for the face sat gleaming on the ledges of this wonder-box, and all sorts of delightful oils, ranging from hair oil to castor oil! It was all too plain to the dejected man. Here he had hoarded this Herculean assortment in the same way that men do gold. He had started way (Continued on Page 4)

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief JAMES F. SHIEL, '44
 Assistant Editors { MAX R. KNICKERBOCKER, JR., '44
 JOHN J. GERHARD, '44
 Sports Editor JOHN R. KENNEY, '44
 Dorm Editor JEROME A. COLLINS, JR., '44
 Business Manager JOHN J. AFFLECK, '43
 Circulation Manager JOSEPH C. O'SHEA, '43
 Advertising Manager JOHN W. GEOGHEGAN, '44

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National Prayer Day

The loyalty and cooperation of all Catholic College students could in no better way be expressed than by the National Prayer Day, which is today, set aside by the National Federation of Catholic College Students. For on this day every Catholic College student in the country will send up to heaven a prayer for the preservation of our beloved country and its leaders. Conscious of the burdens which have fallen upon the shoulders of our President and the others who assist him in his great task, we Catholic students humbly ask God to give these men the strength they will so direly need.

As we do this we are humbly conscious that America is not perfect and we recognize how many times it has strayed from the paths which it should have followed. But we are also aware of the deep responsibility we have to our country to keep it our country and to make it worthy of God's favor. We pray that it may be the course of our country in the future to conduct itself so as to encourage a return to Christian principles by all nations. While at war we pray not only for victory for us but for a victory in the peace that follows. We storm heaven with our pleas to God that by the intercession of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception under whose patronage our country has been placed the heart of America shall be made strong and noble. And with this strength and nobility we pray that she may win through and give peace to the world.

We urge the students of this Catholic college to join in wholehearted cooperation with the thousands of other Catholic students throughout the nation in this National Day of Prayer for Our Nation and its President. The recitation of the Rosary, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, or any other manner of asking God for his mercy should be performed by every student for this intention. Only by constant and earnest prayer shall we ever obtain the mercy of God for the land we love. Only by sacrifice and much of it may we come to merit that mercy for which we beg.

Let's Get Going

Americans at last come face to face with the realization that immediate action by the Allies must be undertaken if they are to win the war. The continuance of their present de-

fensive attitude must go. Americans want action.

Previous to the entry of America into the conflict Americans joked and made merry over the hilarious expeditions undertaken by the Allies and which consistently terminated in their failure. These tragic experiences have aroused the nation.

No more such tragic expeditions such as the Norway incident the famous retreat at Dunkirk, the African fiasco, and recently the dishonorable defeats in the Far East can be tolerated by the nation. The leaders of the old war machine have woefully failed to halt the surge of the Axis forces. To date more American territory is in the hands of the enemy than at any time in our history.

Americans are willing to defend their rights and they have the right to defend these rights. All and any who hinder this right should be disposed of in a suitable manner. No doubt sooner or later the leaders will realize this, but then it might be too late.

American officers must take command of the situation. Now is the time for the American Army and Navy to show its strength. Now is the time for the American people under the direction of their leaders to lead the world back to a civilized state. Today, the nation, its people, its resources, its every energy, are producing material to win the war. Such conduct exemplified by the veteran campaigners does not rate the sacrifices now being made.

The Allies must produce a new order quickly. A new, a youthful group must take command of the situation. This group should be uniformly American. Americans are producing the goods. Americans are doing the fighting (alone). Americans are transporting the goods and the men to utilize the weapons. This material, this self sacrificed material, cannot go the way the rest of the Allied stores have in Dunkirk, Malaya, Singapore, Sumatra, Rangoon and unfortunately now in Java.

American weapons and men will win the victory. But, let's not foolishly waste it and then when it is needed not have it.

Europe has yielded to the United States the task of winning the war. They realize that Americans have a unique method of handling trouble. From the Yank in New England to the Texas Ranger in the southwest each has a special way of approaching a situation and attacking it.

But, Europe has not yielded to the United States the control of the high command and political control of the world. No, the Europeans have jealously maintained their offices in those vital functions where they have no right to be. They haven't earned that right and until they do they should be tossed out. If Americans are to win the war, fight the war, sacrifice for the war they certainly have the right to conduct the affairs of the war and those with that lazy indifferent attitude who do not want to fight, to sacrifice should be given the gate.

Saint Thomas Aquinas

Catholic educators and the universal church celebrate tomorrow the anniversary of St. Thomas Aquinas, patron saint of Catholic schools. Never before in the centuries old have the profound thoughts which the Divine Doctor expressed come to influence our democratic ideals as now.

The Catholic school represents a nineteen hundred year old institution the only one which has for any real length of time effectively employed democratic ideas in its government. Since the thirteenth century the teachings of Aquinas have been completely adopted as its official doctrines and perhaps not since the thirteenth century has civilization begun to progress and man begun to learn.

It is a tribute to the Church that they understood the wisdom of Aquinas' teachings and to his intellectual character that those words of wisdom have through the centuries withstood the snipings of adversaries so less proficient in the art of thought. To grasp the Philosophy of Thomas is to have grasped the essence of true democracy.

COLLEGE CAPERS



MYOPIA

By MAX KNICKERBOCKER

Like so many major prophets or oracles, a neat little clique of columnists, writers, and politicians have begun to create their own list of eligibles who may speak or write with their approval. The clique is composed of those few who in some way or another warned the United States of what was coming and did come. They seem to think that, because they pointed out the danger that was approaching for America, they are given the right or privilege to indicate who the public should read and who should be allowed to give their views to the public on the war or kindred subjects. The facts of the case seem to bear out that those who did the most accurate forecasting have continued to criticize constructively or to make suggestions for a better conduct of the war. Those who, on the other hand, were merely fortunate or biased in their forecasts, comprise this new set of dictators of the column and the book.

The most hypocritical part of all their activities is that they use the necessity for national unity as a personal weapon to settle old scores. The standard titles of "fascist-sympathizer", "appeaser", "so-called American", etc., are their principle weapons for smearing anyone who proposes a different view than theirs. One of them recently proposed the argument that because axis agents are criticizing the part of the British in Malaya in an attempt to create dissension in America, no American should say anything about whatever mistakes might be made by our allies. This columnist has been one of the foremost among those who criticized our government, but she argues that no one should say anything to the detriment of the Empire forces. They say unity is necessary but are determined that all the giving that it takes to make unity is going to come from the other side. The opportunity offered by the times and by their position to force their ideas on everyone is not going to be passed up by them.

Ever since war was declared they have been the most persistent in calumniating just about everyone for whom they had a dislike, often for purely personal reasons. Indeed, it would seem that they seek to question the sincerity or loyalty of all those who believed that America should not have entered the war. In spite of the fact that so many of the peace organizations of this country immediately proclaimed their loyalty and proved it by their actions, these

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DORM DIARY

By JERRY COLLINS, '44

Is the "Golden Bell" a remnant of the days of the glorious West when the men drew from the hip and the women helped them drink it? Is it a bawdy hanky tonk dance hall that supplies local color to the citizens of Aquinas Hall? Is it some quaint, out of the way pub where the boys may spend a quiet eve singing those old college songs? Is it some mystical place of mirth where roisterous fun-making reigns supreme? To these and other queries as to the nature of this mysterious palace which has captured the interest of many of the Dorm's members, the men who know, this week, refused to supply the answer. But as many of our gay blades wandered in time after time with stories of good times had by all, the riddle, it is hoped, will soon be solved. After all, when the foremost wolves of the campus are heard to exclaim with positive delight on the merits of this place, of the hilarity, of the amber beverage, and most important, the delovely maidens, it is natural that the rest of us are anxious to be made a partner of such gala mirth-making. And so we watch and wait.

But this week we can supply the answer as to who took the left-overs of the Veridames Tea. Ah, yes, no sooner had the last of the ladies made their exit from the salon of Aquinas than, like hungry Armenians, as it was described by one bystander, the multitude of boarders, who had just finished Sunday supper, descended on the place like the proverbial plague of the locusts and, equipped with boxes, paper bags, laundry sacks etc., proceeded to fine comb the entire room for dainty tidbits left behind by the recently evacuated group. Many were the pleased expressions that night, as from under the beds, out of the bureau drawers, from the closets, from all of the hiding places came the spoils of the day. The brownies and tea sandwiches were eaten with great relish and gusto as each of the gentlemen had his fill. So great was the booty that many choice morsels were left over in anticipation of the next hunger period. Unfortunately, however, the celebrants, never having taken Home Economics, found the reserve supply about as soft as rock candy, when devouring time came, and so the epicurian banquet came to an untimely end.

That rumbling noise that you might have heard the other night was not gun fire off the coast. It was only the manifestation of the theory held

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Ramblings of the Griped Cowl Scribe

Report Vents Fury on Army, Navy, and Marines

By NICHOLAS

O Day of wrath! O most unhappy day! Yea verily I am disconsolate. No I'm not putting on the dog and I'm still in possession of whatever it is that is supposed to make me a "homo sapiens." But it's got me down. Now this guy talking is just an ordinary guy plugging his way through a lot of books and teachers' looks so that he can flash a fancy piece of paper in the face of some future boss. The run-of-the-mill things we have to do in school get me all twisted up many and oft a time. And I guess I've got as much patience as anyone. But there's a limit.

O.K., so I'll get to the point. Now, it seems to me that as things go in dull times (by that I'm referring to days without a scrap going on somewhere) the boy going to college getting an education has a struggle to get the learning which weary profs try to beat through his thick skull. (I mean that learning comes hard to most guys except for a few eccentrics.) Now to add to a fellow's everyday burdens, a war comes to his country. As a repercussion of the set-to he is told that he has to attend school in the summer. Imagine! In the hot, sweltering, arid, dry, sunny summer! Now it's the whole twelve months a year instead of the already staggering total of nine months that I have to get up at the unearthly hour of half-past five or six and trudge off to Bradley Hill to frustrate every professor's attempt to give me culture.

But, I takes this in stride. After all, I figures, as long as these draftees and fellows like that are giving up something why I ought to be willing to give up a few months of swimming, and sleeping, and swimming, and sleeping, and swimming. (I like both swimming and sleeping.) And after all it'll mean that the army might get me with a sheepskin under my arm. Then I can show Uncle Sam my fancy piece of paper. So all in all I gets set for a nice hot summer of hitting the books. But then comes the gripe, the catch, the complicating incident in this short, short story.

Now as I said since these draftees and all them other are giving so much of their time and energy to us guys why I guess we can give a few months of school in summer to the cause. But that was before this here town became flooded with regiments of every description of fighting men. Every-

where I go I see the army and the navy and the marines. The town that used to be crowded with scholars bearing books homeward or schoolward has been swallowed up by all sorts of uniforms.

Now don't get me wrong, lots of my best friends are soldiers, and sailors, and marines, and aviators, etc., ad infinitum. And I am fully aware of the splendid contribution which these splendid young men are giving towards the safeguarding of our land and liberties. But they got me down. I mean their uniforms. Everywhere I go all I see is uniforms, uniforms, uniforms, ad infinitum. I get on a bus. There's a soldier on one side and a marine on the other and a gob in back. I'm surrounded. The bus gets crowded and I like the gent I am gets up to give a sweet young thing my seat, pushing some harmless octogenarian out of the way as her packages got in the way of our lady friend. Now as I stand, my eyes stuck on this dame, I reach up for a strap and my elbow rams someone next to me in the eye. It's a general or something. One with a nice gold bar pin on his shoulder. He slays me with a glance that would petrify a couple of regiments of Japs. So I starts moving over to the other side to get out of his way and I step on the toe of the guy on the left of me. It's the sailor. (I thought my foot was on a battleship.) He sinks me with a broadside explosion of "Where d'ya think ya goin', anyhow?" Well that's enough for me. I'm nobody to argue with the whole army and navy.

I starts to get off the bus. On the way out with my books tucked under my arm, I accidentally shove the books into the stomach of some dumb guy taking up the whole aisle. With an angry look I turns around to remonstrate with the dope when my eyes spot a drab-green uniform clinging to a masculine figure of Atlas proportions. Like ice cream the anger melts from my face and a slightly green tinge blushes all over me. I felt drawn to the face of my recent victim and at the sight of it with its Corregidor-like features I utter a small gurgle and the vacuum which I created by my hasty exit explodes as the sole reminder that I ever crossed that marine's path.

So now you see how my life as a student is made miserable by the ever-present uniform. Everytime I see one my horrible experience is recalled. Gosh all hemlock, a student's life is a very hard life and a very hard life indeed. But oh, these uniforms make it unbearable. But this sort of thing could go on ad infinitum.

JUSTICE METED OUT TO VANDALS

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back in prep school, and brother that was WAY back.

Into the elevator he was thrown, which as any loyal Dormite knows is strictly taboo. But, as it must to all men, reckoning came to these Saracens of the Patent Medicine Shrine. For they made the mistake of staying on the elevator with the kidnapped victim, perhaps to gloat, perhaps because they didn't know how to get off, and so they were caught. For as they ascended, a certain well known white robed figure, found them out, gave them all a dose of his equally famous patent medicine. Father John's Medicine they call it; need we say more?

MSGR. SHEEN

It was announced this week that "Religion in the Modern World" will be the subject of the lecture of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen of Catholic University of America when he visits Providence College on Saturday evening, April 11.

There are but one hundred students' tickets which will be sold at reduced rates until April 1.

NOTES TO YOU

By TINY QUINN

Do you know that—

Jimmy Dorsey received the highest salary of any band (\$8,500) for a one-night engagement in Texas. A rich playboy would have no other orchestra for his birthday so papa promptly hired J. D. . . . Stan Kenton and his young band from California currently at the Roseland Ballroom in New York promises to be the new band sensation of '42.

Les Brown is to play at the Yale Prom and Bob Chester at the Brown Prom . . . Benny Goodman in a recent poll by Down Beat, popular music magazine, was again voted the outstanding swing band of the year.

Charlie Spivak one of the "likelies" for our Prom possesses one of the best personalities among leaders. Instead of immediately getting off the stand for a smoke after a set of numbers, Charlie remains and talks with the dancers, asking what they would like to hear, etc. . . . He's got the right idea, because the kids who are paying the dough really deserve consideration . . . A leader with a good personality makes his band popular . . . Any dance should be a great big party with an air of friendliness . . . April 20th will be a fine example of what I am writing about . . . Bobby Hackett, a local boy, is playing trumpet and guitar with Glenn Miller . . . Harry James is at the Meadowbrook, popular New Jersey nitery . . . A recent applicant for the Army Band signed up to play the tuba. He was refused. When Toscanini recently conducted the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra in recording some fine operatic selections . . . The reason why the big name band leaders haven't been drafted is this—anyone employing eighteen or more people is considered an employee and rather than throw the people out of work, they defer the employee. However, the rule has been changed and those leaders due to go are Orrin Tucker, Artie Shaw, and Eddie Duchin.

DORM DIARY

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by many in these parts, to wit; that the boys of Providence College are part were-wolf. For the noise was a result of the general exodus which took place when it became known that a full moon was making its way over the horizon. As the cry went up from the lookout, that Luna would soon shine in all her glory in the Heavens, the gay blades dashed into their closets, came out armed to the teeth with combed hair, shined shoes, best ties, and smiles, let out the call of the wolf and galloped madly down the stairs and into the night bound for Eton street, Smith street, Haskins and other places where, perchance, one might meet "The Blessed Damsel".

We have refrained from mentioning names in this week's column; but we could. Those who desire such information may receive the same by sending a self addressed stamped envelope, to Sumatra, Dutch East Indies, because if any names are mentioned in connection with these desertations it will be much safer for a certain newsman there than it would be here.

Yours, Jake.

SIX HUNDRED AT BOXING MATCHES

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Hamburger, Johnny Yockers, of Germany, and the suave Monsieur Marcelle de Blubber, Wilfred Michaud, of France, clouted one another in hilarious fashion to the amusement of the spectators. The clownish antics of their supporting cast, Quinn, Roth, Roy and Franco, added color to the match. This resulted in a decision which Marcelle de Blubber was awarded. Quinn, a second for de Blubber, was unable to slip the variety of nuts and bolts in the gloves of his competitor.

The featured bout of the evening, the battle royal slugged out between Golden Gloves Champion and the New England Heavyweight titleholder, Pete Louthis, and Nick Budnowski, Albany C.Y.O. champ, was a corker. The first round slammings dished out by the competitors served notice to the spectators that a lively aggressive combat was to ensue. The second phase of the fight proved as thrilling as the first only to be topped by the final round when each in a desperate attempt to score a knockdown or more preferably a K.O. really demonstrated to the fans the extreme punishment which each gave and was equally capable of absorbing.

In the preliminary bouts with the exception of the Lightweight class all victors were from out of town. The Lightweight claimants for the championship of the College were Lou Grossi and Tony Del Guidice, the two most closely matched contestants in the exhibition.

Andy Ardolino, 165-pound welterweight, defeated Joe Bagalia, 163 pounds, in a rip-roaring clash which featured plenty of action. Both boys were in top physical condition and their demonstration proved it.

Paul Regis, from Washington, D. C., tossed leather with Jim Kindelan, Providence, in a three-rounder packed with unexpected thrills and spills.

Elmer Smith and Norm Riccio clashed in a fast running battle which Smith won by a decision. The battle was a fast and furious affray punctuated by frequent miscalculated swings.

There were few knockdowns and only one knockout, a lovely blond in the fourth row right. The referee, Tim Ferrick, is a well known figure in boxing circles in the Providence area. The judges were Joseph Mansfield and Joseph Sullivan. The timer was Ed Roth.

P. C. ENSEMBLE

The recently formed Providence College Ensemble made its first public appearance at the reception and tendered to the Very Rev. John J. Dillon, president of the College, by the Veridames in the lounge of Aquinas Hall Sunday afternoon.

MYOPIA

(Continued from Page 2)

writers still hound them and continually drag skeletons out of the closet. In the past men in America have been able to hold their opinions without having their loyalty questioned. The constitution would seem to give them that right. In the past men in America have been able to hold opinions in disagreement even with majorities without being accused of treason. But today these writers hold that, even if a man is merely wrong in his judgment of coming events, he is disloyal. And if that man comes to see by the actual events that he was wrong, he will not be admitted as sincere but some sort of ulterior motive will be attached to his mistake and his every action thereafter will be questioned.

That there is in the United States a subversive element is true. But because there are some who have no love for this country does not mean that everyone who holds some of their views is a traitor. Sure the Nazis wanted us to stay at peace, but does that mean that because Hitler wanted the United States at peace that anyone who wanted peace liked Hitler? All we need to notice is that these same members of this clique accepted freely the Red-sympathizers whose frequent flips to follow the Soviet orders, which at one time had them become Nazi-sympathizers, attracted a good deal of indignation from this same clique.

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