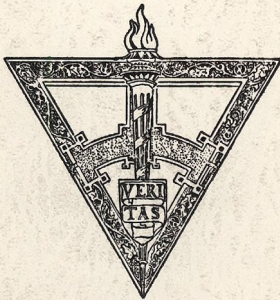


PROVIDENCE
COLLEGE
ALEMBIC



VOLUME X.

MARCH, 1930.

Number 6.





The
Alembic

Providence College
Providence, R. I.



MONTH OF MARCH, 1930



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No. 6



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Published monthly from October to June, by the students of Providence College, Providence, R. I. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Providence, R. I., December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879.

"Acceptances for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized January 13, 1921."

On the Prairie

Edward C. Lillie, '32

“IF YOU don’t like my cookin’, I guess you know what you kin do. B’sides you can’t make a hog house out of my kitchen.” These words were spoken by none other than Ned Price, a young man about twenty-five, who had been living with his older brother, Mat, for five years on a little ranch in Western Nebraska. “And ef you don’t take this squealin’ fool outa here soon, he won’t be able to squeal,” Ned continued as he went about stirring the fire in the little cook stove which also served for heating in the one-room shack.

“Where’s your heart?” asked Mat. “Can’t you see that that little pig would die if left out in the cold with his broken leg?”

“Well, I didn’t break his leg an’ ef he ain’t got no better sense than to run under the horses, he orter die. Here’s the rest o’ your flapjacks,” he went on, “an’ I don’t care to hear ef you like ’em or not. Anybody would think I was your slave the way you act,” continued Ned as he gave Mat his cakes and started to fold up the blankets on the cot which had the distinction of being the only piece of boughten furniture in the shack with perhaps the exception of the stove.

“Somebody’s got to do the work,” replied Mat.

“Yeah, but why am I always the somebody?”

Mat finished his breakfast in silence; then putting on his coat went out to a shed which was banked up on three sides with four feet of dirt. This shed and the one-room shack were all the buildings—if such they may be called—there were on the ranch. The shed, however, was well inhabited; in spite of its condition it was the only protection available for three horses, five hogs, a few pigs, and about twenty chickens.

Mat had just started to trim the mane of his favorite pony when he heard Ned call: “Come get this squealin’ fool outa here ef you want him to live!”

"All right, I'll be right in," Mat answered lazily and went on about his work.

About an hour later, Mat opened the door. "Where's the pig?" he inquired.

"Out there in the yard somewhere. He wouldn't shut up so out he went."

Mat turned around and there before him lay his pet. He walked over and touched it. It was cold. Filled with anger, he rushed back into the shack. "So you killed him, did you?" he shouted.

Ned looked up from where he was sitting behind the stove. "Didn't I tell you that I wouldn't put up with his squealin'?"

"Well, I've put up with yourn fur five years, but now I'm through!" Mat snapped. "But to show you that I'm square, I'll give you White-Sox. I hate to part with him, but you can't walk thirty miles and I don't want you hangin' around here."

"Ef that's the way you feel about it I'm through, too," Ned answered unconcernedly.

It was about noon when Ned had his few belongings gathered. There were no words wasted in saying good-bye, for Mat was getting his dinner when he heard Ned yell as he jabbed his spurs into White-Sox and started out.

The sky had been overcast all day, which was nothing for a December day, but, when it started to snow about four o'clock, Mat began to feel uneasy and to worry about his brother. "The trail is hard enough to follow when there isn't any storm," thought he. "And Ned can't possibly make town before six. However, I guess he's stubborn enough to make it."

The wind rose and the storm grew worse until it became one of those blinding blizzards which are common on the plains. Mat was right. Ned did meet the storm and in spite of the attempts of White-Sox to turn back, Ned forced him to face the storm. On and on he urged his horse. At last, being nearly overcome with cold, Ned got off and started to lead his horse against the wind, little knowing that it had shifted and that he had lost his way. Soon he became fatigued and feeling somewhat warmer he crawled on his horse. Once more he forced his obedient animal against the storm, but not for long. The warmth he had felt was not heat, but that warm, numb feeling one senses after being extremely cold. Feeling warmer he gave way to

that sleepy feeling which precedes death from cold and exhaustion, and dropping the reins, he fell asleep.

White-Sox wandered on, little knowing the condition of his master. Feeling himself free, White-Sox, aided by that instinct which only an animal possesses, turned and started for home.

Mat was awakened somewhat earlier than usual the next morning by the whining of a horse which he knew to be White-Sox. Thinking that Ned had probably reached town and still being angry had sent the horse home, Mat, shivering, pulled on his pants and went to the door. When he opened it, he was filled with awe. There was White-Sox to be sure, but not alone. Across the horn of the saddle lay Ned, frozen stiff. "Oh, God!" exclaimed Mat, "look what I've done trying to save a shote!"



Little Galahada

I marched my years before me in review,
And found I led a motley regiment:
Some were but soldier-children innocent,
Who gazed at me with wondering eyes and blue.
"A crime it is," I cried, "for such as you
To fight my battles! Faith, I never meant
To arm mere infants! I will have you sent
Back to your mothers!" But I never knew
How great my loss till they had gone away:
No skill of mine, no subtle strategy
Could keep my troops from fleeing in dismay—
They ran before the weakest enemy.
At last my dull brain saw the light of day:
I ordered back my blue-eyed infantry!

Carroll Hickey, '30

Zeb, the Aesthete

Edward E. Carlson, '32

SWINGING down from the day-coach on Christmas morning, Zeb hurried to the checking-room and disposed of his bag. For an infrequent and not over-observant visitor who is likely to be late for an appointment, finding the exit of the Chicago Union Station that will open on a desired street is not easy; but Zeb had the fortune to succeed. Striding along Adams Street toward Saint Patrick's, he looked forward with joy to the Mass he was about to hear; for he had always found the peaceful atmosphere of a church and the inspiring chants and hymns of a High Mass a calming command to the winds and sea of nervousness, and a strengthener for a fatigued body.

Just across Clinton Street, a young lady approached him from the opposite direction. Attired in a tan street-coat, and one of those long, bright green, irregularly hemmed barbarisms that had recently become the vogue, she attracted only his bitter censure. With an evening wrap her gown would have been appropriate, a sight to rest his spirit. But a knee-length day-coat! Had she no taste? Didn't she know that the purpose of beautiful clothes is to please? What right had she, dressed like that, to come so near the depot, where travellers, new to the West, might form prejudiced opinions of his section of the country because of such specimens of occidental civilization as she? Zeb was very angry now. His breathing was jerky, his pace again as rapid as it had been in the station.

But as he looked up before passing over Jefferson Street, the sight of another young woman coming towards him slackened his pace almost to nothing. Her eyes were directed upon some object across the way, so that she was ignorant of the terrified stare he fastened on her. All the horror that the three female vampires in Bram Stoker's "Dracula" had recently engendered in his imagination, all the morbid fascination that Life-in-Death bred in his soul whenever he shuddered through "The Ancient Mariner" were reborn in his mind and augmented by actual vision.

“Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man’s blood with cold.”

She had come up to him, had passed him, and was gone. Sick and weak, he stumbled to the inside of the walk and leaned up against the building there. O that God would deliver him from this strength-broaching, mind-shivering slavery to emotion!

Somewhat restored by a few seconds’ rest, he trembled on to the church, climbed the steps, fumbled in his pocket for a dime to pay the door-usher, and sank into the last pew in the row of seats farthest to the left of the church. Nine o’clock Mass brought such a great crowd that his movements were as much unhampered as if he were on the corner of Fifth and Hennepin, some afternoon just after the stores had closed.

What he had anticipated a few moments before soon occurred, and with the peace and rest came thoughts of his half-brother—a priest whom he had never seen save in a photograph, but with whom he had now and then corresponded, and of whom his imagination had painted a picture subjectively perfect, as is the way with ideals. Father Madian was stationed temporarily somewhere in Chicago, Zeb knew. Perhaps, before continuing his long trip back to school, he might be able to find him.

The priest went up to the altar then, and the young man turned his attention there. How good everything seemed! What sweet voices that choir of children had! A girl soloist singing “Silent Night” charmed him so that the circuiting of the congregation by an usher to collect the pew-fee, an event that would ordinarily have aroused his temper insanely, moved him only a little. “Pay to hear Mass, and pay to kneel down when you hear it”, he grumbled disgustedly. “What is the Church coming to?” Then, thinking how the upkeep of such a place must entail great expenditures of money, he grew ashamed of himself and once more directed his thoughts to what was going on.

While the priest read the gospel and spoke, he listened attentively. But when the Mass was resumed, and the celebrant intoned the Credo, an irritating sound from the right transept of the building distracted him—a sound as if of coins clinking loudly against one another, or into a

box. Impossible that it was another collection, for there had already been two of them. But even as Zeb asserted this to himself, a figure whose features were indiscernible came, with a coin-box, round the corner of the transept into the nave.

"Clank", sang the nickels, "Clink" chimed the dimes, as they banged their brothers. The young man tried to help himself by meditating on the Credo. "The Apostles' Creed," he said, "is a general expression of the belief of the Catholic Church." And some demon added, "—the Catholic Church, who through her ministers would teach her children to despise the things that are Casear's." "Clank," sang the nickels; "Clink," chimed the dimes.

"God," breathed the sufferer, "forgive me and aid me!" He opened his missal, and read the offertory prayers.

*"In spiritu humilitatis et in animo contrito suscipiamur
a te Domine: et sic fiat sacrificium nostrum in conspectu tuo
hodie, ut placeat tibi, Domine Deus."*

Clink, clank, clank, clink!

While the celebrant incensed the altar, the children of the choir began the offertory chant. But instead of lessening the jingle, their beautiful voices only increased it. When the sounds reached his ears, they had distorted themselves to:

*"Adeste, fideles,
clink,clink triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem!
tinkle-tink videte
Regem clink-tink-clinkety!
Venite, adoremus!
Venite, adoremus!
tink-clankety-clink-tink-clinkety Dominum!"*

His countenance was feverish now, and his brow covered with drops of anguish. Man is by nature bent to remove, if possible, the cause of his misery, and terrible thoughts were insinuating themselves into Zeb's mind. But by a straining effort he turned to his reading.

"Lavabo inter innocentes . . . Domine, dilexi decorem domus tuae—clink, clank, clinkety clank—et locum habitationis glorie—clink—tuae."

His soul sent itself into the words as he tensely whispered the next verse:

*"Ne perdas cum impiis, Deus, animam meam,
et cum viris sanguinum vitam meam."*

The preface passed somehow, and again the choir sang a hymn:

*"Vagit infans inter arcta clink
Conditus praesepia;
Membra pannis involuta clank
Virgo Mater alligat,
Et manus pedesque et crura clink
Stricta cingit fascia.*

Oh, what a desecration! What a mockery! Not that money was being collected; perhaps that was necessary. But that while the most sacred parts of Christ's passion were being actually enacted on the altar, one in the nave should be gathering the means of temporal sustenance for men who must probably had never known what it is to be hungry, what it is to be cold! Would a true sister continue mixing her cake as her brother told how his sweetheart died?

To the discomfort of his neighbors, Zeb was shaking violently. But to their minds the cold draft from the door was sufficient explanation for his state; they paid him little heed. The veins in his temples stood out, his lips twitched, his heart pumped violently.

The warning-bell rang; consecration was at hand. But the collector kept on his slow way, performing his slow duty. His hearing was not acute, his thoughts were at another place. Ten pews more and he would be finished with the left half of the central aisle. Obedience alone had moved him to perform this incongruous act, to take up this collection so late during the Mass. A sense of duty fulfilled breathed peace into his soul, and heaven shone through his eyes.

Never once had the suffering lad looked at the cause of this, his bitter misery. At first, distance had made the priest indistinguishable; later, passion, conceived of sound alone, had been sufficiently vehement to control, without infuriating the angry man to a higher pitch by the spur of vision. But now, he looked up, and turned his agonized eyes on—on—

His brother, Father Madian, was taking up the collection.

His Brother's Inspiration

Francis P. Schneider, '32

MARY'S reign had seemingly reached the pinnacle of its glory. Julius III had absolved her repentant people from their heresy. Among her many loyal informers was one Father Ward, a true Benedictine, whom of late she had recalled from the exile imposed by her impious father.

Father Ward had been one of Rome's loyalists in England under the reformer, Henry VIII. Yes, it was he who held high the ensigns of Rome and the spotless reputation of Henry's daughter by his Spanish princess. He openly opposed the obstinate monarch until the loss of his capital was imminent. Realizing his powers and the world's need of them, he escaped the executioner by a flight to Rome. His sole companion was a youthful aristocrat of the days of Papal supremacy.

Thomas Stratton had always held great faith in the good priest who had exhorted and influenced his noble father to defy the illogical and radical views of Henry even unto death itself. The boy had been very happy at a chance of leaving the land of so many sorrows. Soon after their arrival in Rome, the boy received orders and now, a Benedictine, was come back with his friend to help reorganize the faith of England.

His brother, however, did not fare so well. The butchering of his father had turned his mind against religion. Could any merciful God allow such turmoil among His own, those who had striven against temporal power for Him? Would any Omnipotent Power allow a disrespectful and insignificant ruler to insult Him so often? Would a man's God see him treated thus? He would not be convinced nor would he accept the aid of the minister of the greatest fraud that man had ever known. No, he would not flee with the ignominious Benedictine.

Now that England was again united with Rome, would Austin come to his senses? No; the inquisitional system of restoration carried out by Mary and her Parliament was too much. If Rome were in the

right, could she allow this and still teach Christian charity? It was inconsistent. It was long since Austin had vowed to slay the man, who by his intriguing principles had led his simple-minded father to death. And Thomas—had he hoped his pious ways would mean a thing to the clear-thinking and broad-minded Austin? However, he did not blame Thomas. Thomas was younger than he and quite naturally accepted all that seemed sublime. Austin had once been of that type, but now he laughed at it.

Ward was back; so report had it. Austin was ready. His sword had long hung in his room, ready. Now it could do its work. He sat in his room in gleeful premeditation at the monk's actions and vociferations when he was to meet with death, to which he had urged so many. So long had he brooded over the whole affair that there remained not one sign of pity in him. He would await the monk in the garden of St. Edward's. The times were not few that Austin had accompanied the abbot on the mission before his exile. He knew his regularity. Each evening he latched the gate.

That evening things were going amiss at St. Edward's. Reginald Pole had not come, as pages from Mary had forewarned, nor had any word been received as to what move should be made with regard to the heretical persons left there by her Grace's attendants. One of the younger brethren had gone astray—an event of much distress to the abbot. He was in very low spirits. Yet as was his custom, he would latch the gate. Father Scholasticus would accompany him. The young monk was still Thomas to the abbot.

It was a chilly night and black. The air was heavy. Loud tolled the bell of St. Edward's as Austin skulked by the gate. He knew the monks were going to compline. Looking about him, he sought out a fitting hide place from which he might pounce upon the victim. Here he would go—no, there. Finally he decided on an arbor. The arbor was a very short distance from the gate to the right. Here he sat catching the strains of the holy chant, "*Te lucis ante terminum.*" In spite of himself, he was pondering. Realizing that he was weakening, he made a struggle and overcame his doubts. Now prayers were over.

The venerable old monk, braced by the strong arms of his regal, black-haired companion came forth to latch the gate. Austin was trying to suppress the pity that at times almost choked his plans. He heard them drawing near.

"Father, it is nine years past that I first began to ask Our Lady for news of my brother, Austin. Yea, and for his conversion. Do you think I pray in vain?"

"No, Thomas, lad. You will be heard. Perchance your brother is standing without these gates to get a glimpse of you. Perhaps afraid and ashamed to approach you."

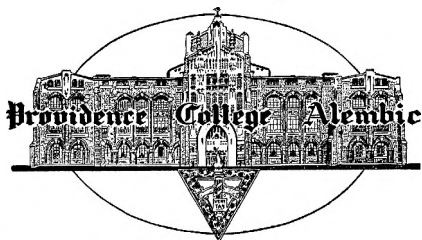
It was his brother. Yes—Ward had said, "Thomas." Oh, how hard the task which he perceived so easily done while in his room. He would wait their return at least. Alas! already they were returning. Oh, he must! He rushed forth, raised his sword but, weakening, reeled, thrusting it into his brother! Great was the alarm of the abbot! Soon the community came hurrying! Two monks bore the limp body of the swooned murderer within the monastery, while others intoned the *Salve Regina* and other antiphons for the heroic dead.

Austin had not regained consciousness before his brother's interment. When his mind was clear, he called for Father Ward. The old abbot told him all that had happened. The abbot spent half the afternoon with him, during which he had sent for his stole.

Prelude Aernal

Wild flowering peach and strawberry blossom fair
Will bless the fields with beauty's holiness,
Breathing out incense-breaths of painted air—
The scented colour of the spring's caress;
Delicate ferns by silver dewdrops wet
And rich imperial purple lilacs blow
Nigh their twin sisters, daughters of the snow.
Hush! in the woods a timid violet
Now hides its beauty under withered leaves
From ice and snow and sundry frosty thieves!

John LaCroix, '32



VOL. X.

MARCH, 1930

No. 6.

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THE FRIARS CLUB

It is not our purpose to show undue partiality to any society or club within Providence College. We feel justified however, in devoting some editorial space to the Friars Club. This "different" club commands attention because of its unusual character, its exceptional accomplishments, and its high standing already attained in collegiate circles.

The Friars Club is something rather unique in collegiate activities, pretending nothing more than sociability and good-fellowship as its underlying principle; and it was with more than a little surprise that it was introduced here at Providence. In April, 1928, the chronicler of the *Alembic* announced "the birth of a new society at Providence College," which, "realizing the importance of courtesy in maintaining good repute among our collegiate visitors, has organised with the express purpose of offering gentlemanly guidance to visiting athletic teams." This announcement caused considerable speculation at the time, as to whether the eighteen charter members of the club would do anything constructive under their adopted slogan, "to welcome the coming, and speed the parting guest." There was even the opinion in some quarters that such an organisation would most likely reduce athletic contests from their manly status to the level of social gatherings.

Before long, however, the good work of the Friars began to bear fruit. It soon became noticeable that our rivals in sport were being afforded utmost consideration during their stay in Providence. They were greeted upon their arrival by two or three of the "Jolly Friars"; there was a Friar at their call from that time until their games were over; and if they remained after the game, they were the guests of the Friars at dinner or the theatre. The Friars neglected no opportunity to make the athletic relations with Providence as pleasant as possible for her visitors.

This token of good will was by no means overlooked or underestimated by its beneficiaries. In fact there has not been one visiting

team in the last two years that has not remarked the exceptional courtesy with which it was received at Providence. The Friars now have extensive correspondence bearing testimony to the outspoken gratitude of coaches, managers, and players—this correspondence comes mostly from the East, some from the South, and some from far-away Japan.

With the Friars gaining such wide recognition abroad, it is unthinkable that the ALEMBIC should longer postpone its comment. So we heartily endorse the Friars Club as truly representative of the spirit of Providence. It is an organisation whose sole interest is the good of the institution; one that is doing much, and will do more, in making Providence known for what she is; one that is promoting the respect and esteem of other institutions for our own. Is it untimely, then, to enlist for the Friars the cooperation and support of every loyal son?

CATHOLICITY VIA THE RADIO

The Catholic Church is often attacked, unjustly, on the ground that she is opposed to everything that is modern. The truth of the matter is that she is opposed to the irreligion and immorality of the present day that is so deceptive under the guise of "modernism." But, she fosters and encourages whatever is modern in the sense that is represents true progress, whatever is not inimical to the unchanging truths of religion and morality.

The radio is a product of modern times; and, true to her custom, the Church has seen fit to voice her approval of the progress which it marks, by employing it as a medium for disseminating and popularizing her religion. Throughout the country generally, and in Rhode Island particularly, the ministers of the Church conduct regular programs for the discussion of important religious issues in the light of "the Catholic viewpoint." The campaign in Rhode Island owes its inception to the solocitude of the Knights of Columbus, those princely sons of the Church who are ever steadfast in their defense of Catholicism.

We mentioned above that this modern presentation of religion is testimony to the Church's attitude towards progress. But this is not its only advantage. By means of radio preaching, Catholic doctrines are clearly delivered to the public from the mouths of those who know them best. Thus, the public can now learn the principles of Catholicism as they are taught by the priests of the Church. No longer is there reason for non-Catholics to be misled by the distorted

interpretations of Catholic teachings with which the Church is credited by her enemies. Nor is there longer any excuse for Catholics themselves to be uninformed on the leading questions of religion, for now they can gain a fuller and more accurate understanding of their faith and its reasons with no more effort than the turning of a dial.

This innovation in Catholic method should be received with the greatest pleasure and pride by all who are concerned with the propagation of the True Faith. Incidentally, we at Providence should be doubly proud, on account of the active part our own Dominican Preachers are taking in religious broadcasting.



IN MEMORIAM

It is with sincere sorrow that we record the death of Thomas V. Powers of the class of 1929 on February 22 in Fall River, Massachusetts. Mr. Powers was forced by illness to retire from class work in the middle of his Senior year, and it was with deep regret that his classmates noted his departure. To his family and relatives we offer our heartfelt sympathy.

We also offer our condolences to William C. Gainor, '32; Ambrose Brennan, '33; and to Brother Thomas Chrysostom Donnelly, O.P., James Aloysius Donnelly, '33, and Edward Donnelly, '32, all of whom lost their fathers during the past month. *Requiescant in pace!*

Chronicle

Charles C. Quirk, '30

DEBATING NEWS Emulating the eloquence of Lacordaire and the Logic of St. Thomas, the representatives of the Providence College Debating Society received a unanimous decision over their traditional rivals, Holy Cross College of Worcester, on the evening of February 7.

The college auditorium, crowded with students and friends of the society, provided a fine setting for the discussion; and the efforts of the debaters were received with unfeigned enthusiasm. While we in no way wish to detract from the ability of the Crusaders, we are nevertheless forced to admit, with justifiable pride, that the applause which greeted the individual Friar speakers was the most spontaneous and wholehearted that we have ever heard. To sum it up briefly, the work of the Holy Cross team was fine, but the Dominican presentation was superb.

The subject was: *Resolved, That the Principle of the Chain Stores is economically sound.* Providence College, represented by Thomas J. Dodd, '30; Ralph S. Daniels, '30, and Ambrose V. Aylward, '30, upheld the Negative; while the Holy Cross team, composed of Owen P. McGivern, '31, George W. Wessel, '30, and Daniel J. O'Neil, '31, argued the Affirmative.

The debate was conducted in accordance with the Oxford Plan with each speaker being allowed twenty minutes. The first speaker of the Affirmative opened the debate with a fourteen-minute speech and closed the discussion with a six-minute rebuttal.

The Honorable George F. O'Shaunessey presided as chairman. Walter F. Fitzpatrick, Esq., City Treasurer, Daniel E. Geary, Esq., Ex-Senator from Providence, and Judge James T. Egan were the judges.

On the occasion of the Lincoln Day program of the PRESIDENT General Assembly held Wednesday, February 12, SPEAKS at the State Capitol, the Reverend Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., Ph.D., President of Providence College, delivered the principal address.

The speech in whole or in part was included in the local newspapers and was also broadcast over Radio Station WJAR of the Outlet Company in Providence.

The speech was an inspiration to all those who had the opportunity of hearing or reading it. We, at Providence College, deeply appreciate the distinct honor bestowed by the committee in charge of the program upon our beloved President and the institution of which we are students.

The Aquino Club, which we consider one of the most active organizations functioning here at Providence, AQUINO CLUB fittingly observed the birthday of the Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, on the evening of Wednesday, February 12, in the college auditorium.

An appropriate program of patriotic speeches and incidental music had been arranged by the committee and the evening proved highly entertaining.

The following took part: Louis O'Brien, '31, piano solo; Joseph Sharkey, '31, vocal solos; Joseph Lionelli, '31, declamation; Jerry Bragnola, '31, violin solo; Godfrey Gabriele (7 years old) recitation on Lincoln; Michael Arciero, '33, recitation; Nunzio Basso, '33, recitation; Hugo Famiglietti, '33, recitation; Joseph Breen, '29, principal speaker.

The rendition of Lincoln's Gettysburgh Address by the diminutive Godfrey Gabriele was easily the feature of the evening. The youngster, who is the brother of Victor Gabriele, famed for his Shylock in the Pyramid Players presentation, "The Merchant of Venice," spoke with the ease and fire worthy of a 'Varsity debater.

The Society has completed plans for its annual banquet which will be held March 3. At our next writing, we hope to include an account of the festivities.

PROVIDENCE
CLUB
SOCIAL

patron of lovers.

The chaperons were Mr. and Mrs. John J. Wall, and the committee consisted of Frank Shea, '32, Leo Hafey, '30, James Dunne, '30, Richard Kraemer, '31, Frank Callahan, '31, John LaCroix, '32, Edward Durkin, '31, and John McWilliams, '33.

JUNIOR
PROMENADE

date is May 8th.

At last we have some interesting news regarding the Junior Prom, the outstanding social event of the scholastic year. This most ambitious event will be held in the college auditorium and the tentative date is May 8th.

The committee intrusted with the success of the affair consists of Bill McCue, chairman; Raymond Jordan, Harry Main, Stafford Carroll, John Treadup, Peter Pimentel, Warren Fletcher, Vincent Kalishes, Frank Callahan, and Joseph Sharkey. They are fortunate in having the mature advice and assistance of the Rev. R. E. Kavanah, O.P., the Moderator of the Junior Class.

We feel that we are not too optimistic in predicting that this Junior Prom will surpass all others in brilliance and magnitude. We understand that unusual decorations will be used and that the best available orchestra procured. The committee has our best wishes and hearty co-operation.

Exchange

Carroll Hickey, '30

THE ABBEY STUDENT

In reading various exchange departments in collegiate publications we invariably see a review of *The Abbey Student*. We have often wondered why this publication should receive such universal attention from our contemporaries. Deciding to solve this problem to our satisfaction, we sought the answer in *The Abbey Student* itself. This periodical naturally demands attention. Neat-appearing, its format promises an interesting perusal. While our expectations were not fully realized, we nevertheless found a few bits of literature which are above the ordinary. Chief among these comes an essay by Mr. Mundwell on the value of philosophy. An old topic, indeed, but one in which every student in a Catholic college is vitally interested. We congratulate the author on his splendid treatment of this theme. The substance of his thesis is contained in the following lines: "The little child breaks his rattle to find out the cause of the noise therein. Excavations show that the most primitive man had a belief in a higher being because remnants of articles of devotion are found near the excavated skeleton. Since human nature by its very essence tends toward truth and ultimate causes, there is no reason why this ideal should not be more cultivated and cherished by every sincere student. Each student should study at least some philosophy then, because its express purpose is to discover these causes, causes largely directing the welfare of humanity." Our suggestion to the editors of *The Abbey Student* is to continue each story from page to page, rather than compel us to seek the remainder in the midst of backpage advertisements.

TRINITY COLLEGE RECORD

There is a decided touch of frankness in *The Trinity College Record*. By frankness we do not mean license, but rather a certain originality of subjects, so diversified as to furnish interesting reading. Perhaps the most alarming contribution to this edition is the "Box of

Valentines" submitted by various students. Here no less distinguished persons than Eugene O'Neill, Sigmund Freud, Carl Sandburg, and Dorothy Dix are honored by original valentines. Naturally, we are entertained by these humorous messages, but feel them to be out of place.

Miss Walsh, in an article entitled "Browsing," suggests certain books which might well be read. We endorse her choice whole-heartedly, and believe that the reading of these books should constitute a part of every student's education. One feature of *The Record* which we feel deserves commendation is the amplitude and quality of description. With many magazines this has become a lost art, and it is indeed refreshing to see it blooming forth so riotously in *The Record*. In conclusion, we would compliment the editors upon their originality. As long as *The Record* remains original, it will remain entertaining, but inasmuch as it is a representative magazine, we advise certain norms which must be conformed to in order to preserve the purely literary character.

THE ROSARY COLLEGE EAGLE

This issue is most welcome for its well-balanced and cleverly written articles. We are tempted to quote *in extenso* from its freshening contributions, but we must restrict ourselves to the most appealing of prose and verse.

We experience the fanciful pleasure of sitting in the Elizabethan "Globe" and the modern Chicago Civic theaters, and hearing, each in his turn, Richard Burbage and Fritz Leiber. "Fritz Leiber makes Hamlet real; Burbage makes him the product of high artistry. Each is great in his own way, and typical of his own time: Burbage, the tragedian of Elizabethan fame, and Mr. Leiber, interpreter of Shakespearean roles in the light, or, if you prefer, the shadow of twentieth century realism." Miss Donnesberger has, in writing "Richard Burbage and Fritz Leiber," given us an entertaining and delightful comparison.

My Prayer Seems to Us a True Prayer

"From out my heart, I called a prayer,
A frightened thing that would dare
Depart from my heart's guardian care.

Faith fastened wings on its shoulders bare;
Hope scattered star-dust into its hair;
Yet it held to my poor heart's care.

Love touched its wings. I was aware
Of power as it rose through the regions of air
And homed itself, safe in All-Holy care."

THE ETHOS

Emmanuel College's exponent of student thought and activities reveals a versatile excellence of poetic and prosaic endeavors. "Scrip and Scrippage" is indeed refreshing. A universal tone of sentimentality is manifested in the poetry, a fault not uncommon in our college periodicals to-day. Thought and moral lessons are subordinated to a beautiful blending of words which results in what we might term "an adjective salad." Miss Delaney writes with a fresh and charming style as a master of English diction. While we do not call *The Ethos* an unworthy representative of Emmanuel College, we expect and await with interest all forthcoming issues.



John E. Krieger, '31

PROVIDENCE VS. HOLY CROSS

at Providence, Feb. 1, 1930

Warding Off the Purple

Rallying in the closing stages in such a manner as to drive fifteen hundred followers frantic with excitement, Providence eked out a 27-25 triumph in a thrilling battle with Holy Cross at Infantry Hall. The game was easily the most exciting affair of the year and the large crowd present lustily voiced approval at the end of the game by thunderous rolls of applause.

Holy Cross assumed an early lead of nine points before the Friars made their first basket. Led by the fighting Stuart Clancy, the purple clansmen had a nine point advantage at the end of the first half. In the second half, however, McClellan's rifles, aided and abetted by the sensational play of Larry Wheeler, gradually cut down on the lead. With five minutes to go the invading Worcestersterns were leading by a margin of five points. Wheeler, with a sudden spurt, cut the lead to two points by tallying a basket and a foul. Another basket, this time by McCue, and a second basket by Wheeler put the Friars in the lead with but a minute left for actual play. The Black and White then "froze" the ball for the remaining sixty seconds.

The struggle was absolutely the most fiercely contested affair ever played in this city. The Cross quintet, made up of five football lettermen, bruised the lighter and speedier Providence contingent, but could not detract from their hawk-like accuracy for the corded net. To enumerate interesting phrases would be to review every minute of the battle.

The game uphill effort of our 'Varsity was instrumental in the large crowd roaring itself hoarse with delight. Captain Stanley Szydla, Bill McCue, Larry Wheeler, Jimmy Welch, and Chick Gainor all came in for their share of the applause.

PROVIDENCE—27			HOLY CROSS—25		
	G.	F. Pts.		G.	F. Pts.
McCue, rf.	1	2 4	Clancy, rf.	2	0 4
Krieger, lf.	3	2 4	Shanahan, lf.	3	0 6
Wheeler, c.	5	3 13	Desautels, lf.	0	0 0
Welch, lf.	0	0 0	Driscoll, c.	2	0 4
Szydla, rg.	1	0 2	Fitzgerald, c.	4	0 8
Gainor, lg.	0	0 0	Farrell, rg.	0	1 3
	—	—	Leary, lg.	0	0 0
Totals	10	7 27	Totals	12	1 25

PROVIDENCE VS. UPSALA COLLEGE

at South Orange, Feb. 7, 1930

Upsetting the Upsalians

Scoring almost at will, the Friars waved aside Upsala and their gesture for recognition by smothering the New Jerseyites, 61-21, in a dull, uninteresting game. Coach McClellan's band of speedsters started off in high gear and once the regulars had piled up a substantial lead the subs were shunted into the game.

Those who flip the spheroid around for Providence astonished the Jersey rooters time and again with shots above the average. Larry Wheeler started the Friars on the scoring spree by caging two goals in rapid succession. His bombardment was the signal for a barrage and it was not long before the remaining members of the caste contributed to the general discomfort of the Upsala quintet. Bill McCue left-handed his way into fourteen points as his share of the night's endeavor.

Eddie Derivan, Franny Dromgoole, and George Cody, showed up well for the time that they were in the game. Derivan chipped in with two long hawkers immediately upon his entrance into the game.

PROVIDENCE—61			UPSALA COLLEGE		
	G.	F. Pts.		G.	F. Pts.
Krieger, lf.	8	0 16	W. Johnson, lf. ..	1	0 2
McCue, rf.	7	0 14	Cherney, lf.	0	1 1
Wheeler, c.	4	2 10	Rappaport, rf. ...	4	1 9
Dromgoole, c. ...	2	0 4	Parsons, c.	1	2 4
Cody, lg.	1	0 2	B. Johnson, c. ...	1	0 2
Welch, lg.	1	0 2	Burstein, lg.	0	0 0
Szydla, rg.	3	1 7	Hedberg, lg.	0	1 1
Derivan, rg.	2	0 4	Sandstrom, rg. ..	0	0 0

Rice, rg.	1	0	2	R. Johnson, rg. ..	1	0	2
Total	29	3	61	Total	8	5	21
Referee—Federici.				Time—20-minute periods.			

PROVIDENCE VS. C. C. N. Y.

at New York, Feb. 8, 1930

Too Much Metropolitanism

A winning streak of eight games, carefully nourished, pridefully exhibited, and exhorted commendably at best, was jolted loose from its foundation in the second game of the New York invasion, 40-22. For those who do not know: the place was New York; the principals were the basketball teams of Providence College and C. C. N. Y., and the result was disastrous. This should be enough information, but bear with us a minute and get other details of interest.

The New Yorkers, with probably one of the best clubs in the East, played sensational ball throughout. Providence was handicapped early in the game by an infliction of three personal fouls on Larry Wheeler and Stan Szydla. As a result of the penalties they were forced to exercise care in their play, and as a result their game was not up to standard.

The battle was even for the first ten minutes with our game but tired yeomen leading by one point. The New Yorkers promptly asserted themselves at this point and the game was nevermore in doubt.

De Phillips and Spindell were the best scorers for the visitors with averages in the double column. McCue, Gainor, and Szydla were strong factors in our play.

C. C. N. Y.—40				PROVIDENCE—22			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Trupin, lf.	2	1	5	McCue, lf.	2	0	4
Zausner, lf.	0	0	0	Krieger, rf.	4	4	12
Liben lf.	0	0	0	Wheeler, c.	0	0	0
Weismann, rf. ...	1	0	2	Sydla, lg.	0	2	2
Gold, rf.	0	0	0	Welsh, lg.	0	1	1
De Phillips, c. ...	6	1	13	Gainor, rg.	1	1	3
Novack, c.	0	0	0	Totals	7	8	22
Puleo, c.	0	0	0				
Spindell, lg.	4	3	11				
Pask, lg.	0	0	0				
Musicant, rg.	4	1	9				
Halpern, rg.	0	0	0				
Hockman, rg.	0	0	0				
Goldman, rg.	0	0	0				
Totals	17	6	40				
Referee—Murray.				Umpire—Degnan.			
				Time—20-minute halves.			

PROVIDENCE VS. NEW BEDFORD TEXTILE

at Providence, Feb. 15, 1930

Scalping Victim No. 10

A meagre crowd of Providence rooters tolerated forty minutes of slow, uninteresting basketball as the Friars spiked New Bedford at the La Salle gym by the lopsided score of 56-22. The Textile students were hardly a match for the accurate shooting corps that McClellan drills daily in his efforts to produce an Eastern contender.

There was little of interest throughout the entire contest. Jimmy Welch, diminutive guard, revived memories of the fleet Chick Gainer by piercing the enemy's defense for a total of ten points. Bill McCue shot a total of fifteen points for the evening. His Scores were the result of some spectacular one-hand shots from the side of the court.

PROVIDENCE VS. COAST GUARDS

at New London, 1930

Wanted: A Life Preserver

Forced to extend themselves to the utmost until the final whistle, Coach McClellan's aspiring band scuttled the Coast Guards, 34-20, in a game crammed with sensational but rough play. It marked the eleventh conquest of the season for the Friars.

Play was close throughout the first half with Providence always a few points to the fore. In the second half, however, the Coast Guards made a determined bid by drawing up with four points of our 'Varsity. Their efforts spent in this drive showed a telltale effect, however, for immediately after Providence scored enough baskets in rapid succession to give them a fourteen-point lead and victory.

Captain Szydla suffered an injury to his right arm in a scrimmage that may keep him out of succeeding games. Blood streamed from the wound throughout the first and second halves, but Szydla refused to leave the floor.

Larry Wheeler, playing with an injured ankle, played a brilliant game, as did the plugging Bill McCue, and Jimmy Welch. Captain Szydla, of course, was the bulwark of the defensive play. His out-guessing of enemy formations gave the ball to Providence continually.

PROVIDENCE—34

COAST GUARD—20

	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Krieger, lf.	6	2	14	Rea, lf.	1	1	3
McCue, rf.	2	3	7	Sinton, lf.	1	0	2
Wheeler, c.	1	1	3	Maloney, rf.	2	1	5
Welch, lg.	1	3	5	Montgomery, c. . .	0	0	0
Cody, lg.	0	0	0	J. Harding, c. . .	2	0	4

Szydla, rg.	2	1	3	Fahey, lg.	1	0	2
	—	—	—	Fabik, lg.	0	0	0
Total	12	10	34	C. Harding, rg. ...	0	4	4
				Hernance, rg. ...	0	0	0
				Total	7	6	20

PROVIDENCE VS. SETON HALL

at Providence, Feb. 22, 1930

Racing Along the Home Stretch

Showing some smart basketball after a somewhat lethargic start, Providence rallied sufficiently in the closing stages of the game with Seton Hall to nose under the wire with their twelfth victory in fifteen starts. The Friars collected a total of 36 points ere they called it an evening's work, while the best the Setonians could do was to gather 25.

It was principally due to the efforts of Stan Szydla in the closing stages of the game that our 'Varsity was instrumental in clicking off their twelfth victim. Out of the starting lineup because of a badly injured right arm, Captain Szydla was rushed in the fray when the invading Jerseyites threatened a four-point Friar lead. His general guidance, steadying qualities, and retrieving of the ball soon boosted the four-point lead to ten points.

Bill McCue featured with several flips that netted him a total of thirteen points. Jimmy Welch was also high, with four baskets. Larry Wheeler, playing under the handicap of a sprained ankle, and George Cody, substitute guard, were others who turned in fine performances.

Seton Hall brought with them two sharpshooters in the persons of Madjeski and Basile. Their ability to toss in double-deckers brought groans from Providence backers. Their efforts in the early part of the game kept the invading courtmen in the running.

PROVIDENCE—36				SETON HALL—25			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Krieger, lf.	2	5	9	Outwater, lf.	0	0	0
McCue, rf.	6	1	13	Zdanawiecz, lf. ...	0	0	0
Wheeler, c.	2	2	6	Basile, rf.	3	0	6
Welch, lg.	4	0	8	Liddy, c.	0	0	0
Cody, rg.	0	0	0	Byrne, c.	1	0	2
Szydla, rg.	0	0	0	Singleton, lg. ...	2	1	5
	—	—	—	Madjeski, rg., c. ...	5	0	10
Total	14	8	36	Mulquinn, rg. ...	1	0	2
				Total	12	1	25

Referee—McGuiness. Time—20-minute periods.

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