

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 6

OCTOBER, 1925

NO. 1

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Providence College Alembic

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1925.

No. 1.

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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.

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

Indian Summer

Gay with the gladness of Summer,
Sad with the sighing of Fall,
Witch, wayward Witch of the seasons,
Heartless, yet tender to all.

Skies that are smiling, then weeping,
Leaves that are green and then gold,
Air heavy-laden with fragrance,
Princess both bashful and bold.

Time that is tragic with laughter,
Days filled with hope and regret,
Heed not the dull drums of Winter
And linger awhile with us yet.

Gerald J. Prior, '27.

Modern Knighthood



FROM the land of myth and legend in the deep dim past—from the drowsy era of old lace and lavender, dream days gone by, a tiny seedling seeks a resting place. Fertile soil embraces it—a minute plant, and finally grown stalwart and strong it braves the tempests of the Dark Ages. Then did chivalry in all its splendor bloom forth—a lily—spotless in purity, a thistle in strength, a rose in radiant beauty. These days have gone, leaving only smiles and sighs of retrospect. Brave deeds of yore are but yellow leaves of bescribbled relics. The pompous courts and ermine robes fade from view and no longer does the clash of steel herald the encounter. Our flower withers, slowly dying, and the day of chivalry is slowly on the wane. But lo! suddenly with renewed vigor, again the blossom seeks its lost youth. A hero's voice, reechoing from the depths of his tropical resting-place, reaches across the sunny seas to God's own country and calls to His banners a legion of Knights—His Knights—the Knights of Columbus.

Columbus—indeed it is a name to conjure with! For could anyone do more than this immortal one who braved seas and storms to discover this fair land of ours.

With his glorious vision ever before them, to stir their blood and mould their desires—these present day Knights go forth, as did the Knights of old—the flashing brilliancy of their souls gleaming forth as a spotless lotus from its stagnant swamp—sparkling gems of love, unity, brotherhood and patriotism.

We see a foaming, frothing river, straining in unharnessed fury against its banks, and finally crumbling its barriers, it bursts forth and then smoothly crawls out over the vast plain, immersing everything in its watery grasp—so also this love of fellow man for the love of God sweeps away every barrier of creed, color and nationality, engulfs all hearts in its tender reach, and then, unsatisfied creeps out, striving to embrace in its warm clasp those distant souls. That is the First Commandment—Charity. Misfortune brings aid, illness a comforter and death leaves loved ones provided for by the beloved Knights of Columbus.

If we build a house upon the shifting sands it topples down; when the mighty cliffs are raised on porous rocks then heaven defying heights are humbled; and truth erected without a foundation of unity cannot live. Unity is that cardinal motive that binds the Knights to observe the two greatest Commandments—the Love of God and the love of our neighbor. The unity of the Knights of Columbus relates a story of rendering to Caesar what is Caesar's and to God what is God's—and America is Caesar. This is the confirming virtue of charity and the forerunner of fraternity and patriotism.

Picture a dying sunset, when the heavens, pierced with rugged gashes of red on their azure background, with filmy clouds drifting to and fro, all seem to form a rippling banner rising and falling on the evening breeze—strike a blazing cross of gold in the center and there is the golden banner of the Knights of Columbus, subordinated to God alone.

No, chivalry is not dead—our flower lives! Strengthened and nourished by the bonds of unity, charity, fraternity and patriotism, it blooms forth afresh—a shading tree. Its strong limbs protect those who seek its shelter; its glowing fragrance carried on the winds, fill this earth and rise like incense to the throne of the Creator; its towering branches stretch forth their arms in never ending appeal to God. Gone are the jewelled courts, gone the flashing armour—the iron-clad knight is but a myth and in its place we see another Knight—soul strong—the Knight of Columbus.

Joseph A. Slavin.

Dust of Dreams

Gone! like the mists of morning
Sipped by a thirsty sun,
And some, before, gave warning
But others died with none.

Some just lived an instant,
And some have lived a day,
While others crumbled slowly
Like cliffs where mad waves play.

Youth with dreams of splendor;
Age with dreams of pain;
Each in weak surrender
To hopes that flare in vain.

Youth swam toward a star,
Age turned back again,
Because it saw afar
The star begin to wane.

And yet while age was turning
I saw it look once more,
As if from out the dust of dreams
A last hope dared to soar.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

Her Reverie

FROM eyes that were full of tenderness and sympathy—the understanding sympathy of one who has suffered much—she looked down at me and smiled. She brushed my rumpled hair and soothed away my childish fears. I have loved her ever since—that old grandaunt of mine.

Hair that once was golden now has turned to the white of snow. Gone are the roses from her cheeks, the youthful sparkle from her eye. To you she would be merely a primly stern, a sternly dignified little woman—an old maid forgotten and disillusioned, one might say, living in the glory of yesteryear—but to me she will always be the beautiful lady of my youth—tender and loving, gracious and kind. I shall never forget the day when she drew me aside and took me, as it were, into the castle of her dreams.

She was standing by the window in the sitting room of her old colonial house. Flecks of mellow sunshine played about her golden hair—and truant-like stole softly away, ashamed of their audacity. Far out of the room she seemed to gaze, far over the fields, far away—into eternity, almost, as I remember it now. Little shivers of awe ran through my body and I could see her alone, detached, a glorious creature of another world—a world of yesterdays and dreams. And then disengaging herself from her reverie with an effort as if the flight from Fancy's realm to earthdom was difficult, she took from the wall an old sword tarnished with the rust of years of uselessness. She fondled it tenderly for a moment, kissed the hand-worn hilt and then began reminiscently:

“Those were wonderful, wonderful days—days perfumed with the sweetly fragrant moisture of a spring long delayed—days when the very earth seemed to move and tremble with the sudden return of Nature's children to the air and sunshine. Skies of blue and fields of Ireland, green dotted with the yellow heads and pure white turbans of the daisy, cloaked the earth in the glory that is Spring's; peace and contentment were your's for the asking—and happiness.

“Dick was young and in love with life; and so was I. What had been acquaintanceship ripened into friendship; and 'neath the sorcery of a smiling moon we found each other—and ourselves. Oh

we were so ideally happy! Morning's dawn and evening's close found us planning—planning for our future life, gay little plans for petty luxuries, for petty savings.

“Richard set the day. And busied with the hundred and one little details of the wedding soon-to-be I saw the hours go dancing merrily by on winged feet—halcyon hours of sweet contentment and love.

“And then bursting through the sacred stillness of that early April dawn crashed the howling shells of the South in their attack on Fort Sumter. Our little village, loath to awaken from its lethargic slumber of years, was shaken rudely from its tranquillity. The crisis was at hand and youth, once again, heard the stirring call to arms. Then Richard went. Oh he was so brave! Forsaking his mother, disrupting his career, and abandoning me in the mad rush of impetuosity which stormed his brain—he marched away—seeking neither death nor life, but rather the glory of the South.

“War was on every tongue and exultation in every eye. But a fear insistently relentless gnawed at my heart; I cursed the war, the North, the South, even the poor, brave men. Where was the justice, the righteousness of an all merciful God while the pillars of my happiness were being shaken to the ground? But I know now that He was there, watching, watching over Dick and me—and all that happened had its necessary place in the eternal order of things.

“My Richard returned to me—and they bore him away to rest beneath the cedars.

“Life has been hard—almost too hard—but I am reconciled to the perversity of fate. Dreams, like little flowers of happiness scattering their fragrant perfume, have scented my life with the romance and love which should have been mine.”

Tearfully she kissed the old sword and returned it to its place. Closing the pages of those sweet yesterdays with a sigh — she turned, walked slowly from the room and was gone.

E. George Cloutier, '27

Professionalism in Athletics



HERE has been a great deal of talk on athletic politics going on lately. But most of us never talk on this species of politics ourselves. Somehow, we cannot seem to get excited over the charges of professionalism in the ranks of college football at this time. It would amaze one after hearing so much about this, to see how little is going on and the strides clean athletics have made in recent years.

It seems no worse to offer a scholarship to a promising athlete than it is to a brilliant orator or essayist or linguist. Men of action are just as necessary to this world's progress and welfare, as men of intellect. There are illustrious precedents aplenty for a "prep" school or college of learning to offer inducements to boys of unusual physical attainments to matriculate at their particular school.

Every fall the college or "prep" school musters all of its resources of influence, morale, brain, brawn, equipment, power, and strategy in order to excell in the football campaign. For three months mimic warfare prevails in college lands. The glory and glamour of a contested field predominates over other things.

And while this struggle is on, the men and women of the land, the pick and flower of our professional and business life through the stands and look down upon these fields. We all forget our toil for a day and turn to mimic warfare, and are glad. Why not? This is a fundamental craving and it cannot be ignored. Do we not turn back to it from our business and our household, and do better work for the stirring diversion? Do not the warriors themselves turn back to their school work the stronger in body, the keener in mind, and the sterner in character, for the embattled campaign? To my mind, the school that helps an athlete to get a passable education is doing just as fine a work in the world as the school

that helps a brilliant mind to still higher intellectual levels. The world needs a strong man with a fair education just as much as it does a frail man with an extraordinary education.

The boy of unusual strength or shining gifts, in the matter of speed and aggressiveness, must have some character and laudable ambition, or else he would not seek to enter the college portals. Many times he must study for a year before he is eligible to play. He must make the scholastic grade as well as the football grade. We cannot help but feel that such a boy is not going to tarnish a school's athletic standing to any marked degree. By every form and token he ought to be a credit to his school.

If a star athlete does not gain much good from his school work and associations, it is his own fault. The school is to give all those seeking higher education a chance.

Most of the great athletes against whom charges of professionalism are made can get to college only by virtue of their physical gifts. They help their school and their school helps them. It is a fair exchange, and both are benefited. Just because there are a few abuses of this plan, there is no reason why hundreds and hundreds of earnest and ambitious boys should not be aided to get through college, or why some schools should be a victim for a half dozen other schools to trample over from September to Thanksgiving.

Why should not an alumnus send an athlete to his old school, as well as he sends a poor student, who seeks his aid? The athlete must make his school grades to play on the eleven. Many great athletes work their way through college. And another thing, and best of all: athletes have fine scholastic records as well as field records to show these days. A dull stupid boy, with only brawn to show as a school asset cannot make the football team. The open play and dazzlement and intricacies of modern football bar automatically the slow wit and sluggish mind of the young giant from the 'Varsity eleven. He must be able to use his head or else a boy many pounds lighter will send him back to the second team. He must be able to think, and study and learn, or else the faculty will bar him from the team.

No one should get excited over the terrible state of college or "prep" school athletics. They seem to be in splendid condition and going right ahead to still better things. Any small school that has an unusually strong team is sure to be charged with professionalism. Many schools make these charges against their rivals, and it is a matter of record that this same school is being charged with the same thing also. Probably the rival school has a couple of wonderful backfield men and they do not like to feel the pressure of the mighty lunge and flying feet of these halfbacks. Honorable and successful and high-class business firms have the same rivalries and contentions.

Every so often one hears of the charge of "commercialism" concerning college athletics. Nothing could be more absurd than this charge. The colleges of this region almost without exception are fighting to pay their bills. The players get nothing, and the coaches get very little and earn all they get. The price of equipment has doubled and tripled and the price of admission has either stayed where it was or lowered a bit. The schools are engaged in a fight to "get even," that is, to make income meet expenses, and pay up old bills. Then somebody charges "commercialism." It would be a fine thing if somebody who understands the situation in most schools and colleges would define professionalism and commercialism.

Frank A. Silva, Jr., '29.

The Fruit of Ridicule

Laugh! Laugh! Oh vain deluded creatures
Because you have never known
The weaknesses of your own hearts,
Which will so quickly wince
At the pain of your fellow-man's injustice.

Laugh on! but when the poison-tipped tongue
Of humanity pierces thy thin shield of worldliness
To prod the throbbing nerve
Of your own emotions
Remember then! that you too did laugh
In your illusion and then repent
Too late! Much too late!

When the sabre-edged ridicule
Of your own comrade
Does strip the tissue of conceit
From the surface of your own ideals
And wrest its drop of blood
From the heart of your ambitions
Will you not also cringe
At misunderstanding's brutal blows and repent,
Too late! again too late!

Joseph Dean, '26.

Glimpses of the Sea

JUST as twilight spreads a rosy afterglow over the tired close of day, the traveler pauses a moment upon the brink of a jagged cliff to rest his eyes upon the beauties of the sea. Far, far out beyond the vision of man, the blue-green waves sweep majestically onward, swell upon swell, as if some Titan king slowly shook the folds from his gigantic cloak and spread it over the hollowed bowl of the earth. The deep blue folds of the cloak roll slowly out and out, breaking at last in a billowly, lacy fringe upon the shore.

There is a distant boom as the surf rings like a muffled drum beat against the sounding board of cliffs and echoes dully back across the waves.

The ruby monarch of the heavens dyes the sea in a last great splash of blood as he slips slowly into the pit of night. Intermingled with the splash of scarlet, a thread of gold tints the vestments of the even-colored sea.

In the distance a haze begins to sift slowly over the vista and through it one sees the night sweeping its dark shroud over the bluer garments of our twilight sea. In the last dim light of the fleeting day, a lone white gull can be seen winging its belated way over the waves while far out a homing ship seeks a distant port before the rush of darkness shall rob it of its eyes.

But 'tis too late, for darkness drops over the ocean leaving both ship and traveler to ponder over the mysterious sounds of a sea at night. It is a sad sea, a sea that stretches forth empty, aching arms to gather a child ship close to its bosom, to give its aged spars a well-earned rest in the cradle of the surf with the winds and the waves lulling it far below even a storm-tossed surface.

Again we see it a hurt sea sobbing out its woes against the hard, relentless heart of the cold grey cliffs. The winds carry its spray of tears far inland to shed them copiously over a parched landscape.

Soon the picture changes and there passes before the windows of the traveler's soul, a new sea, a sea that beats in baffled rage against a rocky coastline, an awful ghostly monster that scorns to rest but lashes fitfully against a battered coastline, that sweeps into its death stained clutch, a weak hulk to wash ruthlessly from its spars the fear-stricken wretches who called themselves masters of the sea. From the water there almost comes the echo of a laugh as it sweeps to doom the deluded, terror-stricken children of life who had thought to conquer the titanic rush of an angry sea.

And again a little while and peace again reigns over the darkened surface and a pale moon steals from behind a screen of clouds to cast a silver sheen upon the domain of Neptune. The lord of night lights the waters in a myriad of glistening ripples that rise and fall like a star-dust sprinkled cloak of some forgotten princess.

Joseph Dean, '26.

Morning Storm

Oh, Mount, awake. Sweet rest
Has been your fill, still yet
Reclining are caressed
By Dawn.

Dark clouds, storm-filled, on row,
Dispel your coverlet,
Empurpled deep as though
To mourn.

Stephen M. Murray, '27.

and blinded by the Fiery Cross. We pity these unfortunates and their deplorable plight, yet never for a moment should we desist from doing battle with the destructive spirit that motivates their unpatriotic organization. We must not think that this society will die of itself should we refuse to recognize its existence; nor must we believe that by using its own knife—selfish intolerance—that finally we will remove this ulcer from the bleeding heart of America. Turn the searchlight of Truth upon this festering wound and ask those who claim to love their country whether they wish to cure the malicious sore. Let the sunshine of unstinted thought and right reasoning be the remedy to be applied.

It seems that the panacea for the present day ills of the world is education. At least, each political, economic and social ailment has one or more authorities who prescribe this as its cure. And it is not difficult to understand why this should be the case. Man finally has placed the intellectual upon its lofty pedestal; the mind, in the end, has triumphed and has come to rule the world with intelligence. Through the aid of knowledge wars will be averted, diseases diminished, poverty destroyed, hatreds dispelled. In America, should this movement be successful, hypercritical prohibitions, burning bigotries, incendiary intolerances will all be tossed to the winds. This, of course, is the ideal—never to be attained, but always to be sought! Should ever this state be realized another torch would, in truth, light this benighted universe and its flames would spell "Veritas!"

Stephen M. Murray, '27

RESIDIUM

ALL AMERICAN MATERIAL

A Play in Several Acts.

Act 1. Opening day of practice. Promising young halfback reports to Coach Root Knocknee of Atta Dame.

Act 2. Second day of practice; halfback asks excusal from practice to keep heavy date.

Act 3. Opening game—last period.

Halfback: "Say Coach, ain't I going to get a chance?"

Knocknee: "Sure, but I've got to save you."

Halfback: "Oh, I see."

Acts 4 to 9—Same conversation; different games.

Act 10—Atta Dame vs. Alaska—first half.

Halfback: "Say Root when do I go in?"

Coach: "Oh, I'm saving you for something big."

Halfback: "Oh, I see."

Act 11. Atta Dame-Alaska game; five minutes of play left with score 0-0.

Halfback: "Say Coach, don't I go in yet?"

Knocknee: "No, not yet. I'm saving you for something big."

Act 12 Same game with one minute to go.

Halfback: "I say old man the game is almost over; what is this big thing you're saving me for?"

Knocknee: "Oh, I was saving you for the Junior Prom."

Finis

"Well! Here goes one more pickle into the brine," remarked the inebriated gentleman as he hopped off the dock.

A B C D Fishes

L M N O Fishes

O S A R

A fellow all lit up inspires no shining example.

Last night I was told that I was a thing to Adore.

Now I think he meant a Knocker, but no, he says a belle.

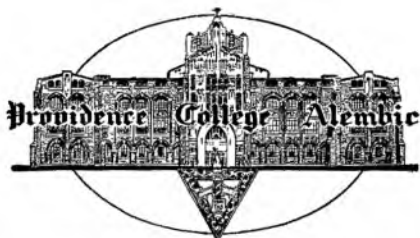
ROMANCE

He met her in the meadow
As the sun was sinking low,
They walked along together
In the twilight's afterglow.
She waited until patiently
He had lowered all the bars,
Her soft eyes bent upon him
As radiant as the stars.
She didn't smile nor thank him,
In fact she knew not how,
For he was but a farmer lad,
And she—a Jersey cow.

LOVE

He met her in her parlor
As the moon was rising high,
She acted sly and bashful,
He dared not to come nigh.
He waited until eagerly
His proffered sweets she took,
And then he hung his battered hat
Upon the well-known hook.
He came up to her closer now,
For all was fine as silk,
She started in to chew her cud,
And he—started in to milk.

Henry J. Kaveney, '27.



VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1925

NO. 1

W. Harold O'Connor, '26, *Editor-in-Chief*

Stephen M. Murray, '27, *Assistant*

Arthur Earnshaw, '26

Allen O'Donnell, '26

Joseph Slavin, '28

E. George Cloutier, '27

Gerald Prior, '27

Francis V. Reynolds, '26

Advertising

Circulation

John C. Beirne, '27

John E. Farrell, '26

Stephen M. Murray, '26

Eugene Sullivan, '27

Carry On

Together with the majority of editors of school periodicals, we feel it our duty this month to make the customary plea for co-operation from the student body. It seems a pity that such an entreaty should be deemed necessary but past experiences have shown us that such a course is really needed since there are always a few laggards who sap the efficiency of the whole body.

To the credit of our own student body we can honestly say that the men who refuse to enter into the spirit of the college are conspicuous by their scarcity. However to those men of Providence and all other institutions who have yet to learn the meaning of true college spirit, we address this in the hope that they may turn their efforts less toward the cynical and more toward the appreciative view of collegiate life.

It has been aptly said that no man gets more out of life than he puts into it. This applied to your own studies, college activities and the like might serve to bring home the truth that to know the worth of college life you must live it. Carelessness, indifference and sloth sown in these four years can hardly be expected to bear any fruit other than a greater issue of the same seed.

The tendency to criticise anything and everything distasteful to you about your college does not generally lessen your dislike but rather adds fresh coals to the flame of discontent. Why criticise so freely? It is more probable that the fault lies in your attitude toward your college. It seems that the institution that you considered good enough to become a student of, is at least worthy of your moral support. Remember that the greatest achievement of genius can be ruined in a moment by the act of an ignorant man and so guard your tongue that you can be accepted as one who does things rather than one who destroys them.

The Journey South

Despite our attempts to laugh away this bugaboo it is becoming more and more evident that our mills are moving South. Only a few weeks ago this fact was brought home forcibly when one of the largest concerns in Rhode Island located in the Southern part of the state closed its large factory for an indefinite period to re-establish its industry in a southern state. The industrial migration is affecting not only our own state but all of the other New England states as well. The reasons given for this re-centralization of manufacturing are several: The mill owners offer as their main reason the argument that Southern labor can be procured at much cheaper wages than are demanded by the Northern workman; Southern millhands will work longer hours and finally the demands of labor unions are at a minimum since Southern labor is not strongly united. With these arguments in their favor, the capitalists are continuing their journey south. And to what end? The removal of the industry base to the South leaves the mill owner reaping a profit for a time, perhaps, but it is inevitable that if the industrial center is changed to the Southern states the Northern millhands will soon follow. They have no choice but to do so. Being dependent upon the factory for sustenance they must move south with them and do so within a few months.

Upon starting manufacturing in the South the capitalists are left with but one alternative, either they must employ the ignorant, illiterate classes of the South or they must employ incoming Northern millhands. If they attempt to produce their goods by the employment of illiterate hands they do so at the menace to their business since such action is almost certain to lead to the production of a poorer grade of manufactures. Then, too, these uneducated classes need but the leadership of one or two to make them dangerous. They will be made aware of their position and then will follow unionization, demands for wages and better working conditions. Such results can hardly be avoided. Then with the institution of labor unions, modern working conditions and demands for higher wages the manufacturer is left with the services of inferior workmen for which he is forced to pay practically the same amounts which were scheduled in his Northern factories. Thus his early advantage is overbalanced by this after menace.

Or if the millowner employs the workers who follow the mills South only a short time will be required before the unionization begins and he is forced to pay popular wage schedules, and he has gained nothing by the change of his industrial base but actually stands to lose the money invested in the useless recentralization process. With these facts before us we doubt the profit of the industrial transfer. It can mean nothing but financial loss to both capitalist and laborer.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Opening Day Monday, Sept. 21st, marked the dawn of another year in the history of Providence College. This year, the mass of the Holy Ghost which annually inaugurates the college activities, was celebrated by the Very Reverend President, Dr. William D. Noon, O. P., S. T. M. At the conclusion of the mass Dr. Daniel M. Galliher, O. P., dean of the college welcomed the student body and urged upon them the importance of cultivating a true spirit of study and obedience from the first moment of their college entrance. The total registration was announced as 520 in all classes. This is the largest enrollment the College has enjoyed since its foundation six years ago.

Faculty Changes All of the professors of last year were at their posts of duty on opening day with the exception of Father Vincent F. Kienberger, O. P., M. A., who for the past five years has filled the chairs of History and German at the College. He has been assigned by his superiors to the Eastern Band of the Dominican Missionaries. During Father Kienberger's stay at the college no professor endeared himself more to the whole student body, than did he. Patient and kindly of disposition; thorough and painstaking as a professor; priestly and apostolic in his wide relationship with the priests and people of Rhode Island, it is safe to say that he will be long remembered at Harkins' Hall. The student body sincerely wishes him unbounded success in the new and larger field of activity that lies before him.

Father H. J. Shroeder, O. P., is the new professor of History and German. He brings with him many years of experience as a professor in his special branches. Father F. J. Baezler, O. P., S. T. Lr., becomes the head of the newly established department of education. To the new professors the student body extends a hearty welcome.

Changes of Class Room The many improvements in the college building were greeted with expressions of approval by the upper class men on their return. In order to provide for additional seating capacity due to the larger registration of this year, the drawing room was moved to the large room over the Fathers' Chapel. A spiral stairway was installed that this room may be reached directly from the auditorium. Ample light is provided by the large domed skylight which has been placed in this room. The museum has been moved to a small room on the first floor, and so two new class rooms are now available. Additional chairs have been placed in all the larger rooms.

Holy Name Parade A large proportion of the student body marched with the professors in the tri-ennial parade of the Holy Name Society of the Diocese of Providence, which was held on Sunday afternoon, September 29, 1925.

Condolences The sympathy of the student body is extended to Father J. U. Cahill, O. P., professor of sociology, whose father died during the summer. Sincere condolences are also extended to Frederick J. Fratus, Ph. B., at the death of his mother.

Walter F. Reilly, '26.

EXCHANGE



THE present academic year promises to be most fruitful of success in all phases of college activities and in these activities we hope to obtain a prominent position for the college magazine.

This issue of the *ALEMBIC* inaugurates a new staff of men whose ambition it is to merit the confidence of their fellow students by continuing the success of the college publication. The success of the magazine in the past can be attributed not only to the support, financial and otherwise given by the student body, but also to the co-operation and industry of the staff. May this spirit of co-operation be in evidence throughout the coming year.

This department assumes the duties bequeathed by its former occupant with certain fears and misgivings. It is true that an inventory of our possessions would disclose the fact that we are well provided for our comfort. For indeed this office is the proud possessor of certain articles considered indispensable for literary travail, namely a chair and a typewriter. But doubtlessly the contemplation of the success merited by former editors will overcome the mental hazard that results from an inventory of one's ability and limitations.

It is the Exchange Editor's duty, we assume, to review magazines as he finds them. For an editor possessing heart and imagination there is a certain fascination in this revision. Most college publications and writers enjoy some dominant and unique note of personality and it is refreshing to discover some one who possesses the eagerness and romance of youth and who expresses what he really feels and thinks. Most criticisms then should tend towards construction rather than destruction of any literary attempts.

We wish to take advantage of this opportunity to wish fellow exchange editors a happy and prosperous year. During the past year it has been our pleasure to receive exchanges listed in all parts of the country and we hope that the comradeship fostered through the medium of these exchanges will be continued during the coming year.

Allan E. O'Donnell, '26

ALUMNI

William Hoban, '25, was the first of the Alumni to subscribe to the Alembic. Bill is studying law at Boston University. He has taken a position as salesman with the Olneyville branch of the Hudson-Essex Company.

James Lynch, '25, ex-editor of the Alembic, has entered the Yale Dramatic School. Jim, during the past summer, has revised the musical comedy "Nancy" and has also finished another comedy.

Robert Curran, '25, has matriculated at Fordham Law.

Thomas H. Barry, '25, ex-observer of the Alembic, has entered the seminary at Rochester, where he will pursue his philosophical and theological studies in preparation for the priesthood.

Thomas P. Carroll, '25, left in August to enter the Dominican Order and is now at St. Rose's Priory, Springfield, Kentucky.

Martin Spellman, '25, has taken a position with Narragansett Electric Lighting Company office at Westerly.

We noticed that Vernon Norton, '25, ex-football manager, on September 24th was carefully scrutinizing the football players on the field.

We had a visit from Red Alford, '25, on September 28th.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Frederick Fratus, '25, on the death of his mother who was killed in an automobile accident the past summer.

John McKenna, '24, has returned to Harvard Medical School for the second year.

Joseph Fogarty, the College Caterer, has now joined the ranks of the Benedicts.

Addis O'Reilley has returned to Yale Law School.

Howard Farrell, '24, is working for the Standard Oil Company in their South Attleboro office.

Walter Taft, '24, has entered Harvard Business School after spending one year in newspaper work.

Francis Dwyer is still working on the Providence Tribune.

John Fitzgerald, '25, has entered the Business School of Administration at Harvard.

James C. Conlon, '25, is now preparing for the priesthood at Baltimore, Md.

John Fitzpatrick, '25, has entered the seminary at Rochester.

Arthur Earnshaw, '26.



PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. SETON HALL

On Memorial Day, the Providence College baseball team took the measure of the heavy hitting Seton Hall nine, 8 to 7, in one of the greatest slugging fests that has ever been witnessed on Hendriken Field. A total of 24 hits was recorded for both clubs, 13 going to the home team and the remainder to the visitors. Providence sewed up the game in the third inning when Coach Flynn's stellar hitters hammered out six hits for a total of six runs.

In the eighth Seton Hall threatened when the Jersey lads pushed four runs across the platter and thereby cut Providence's lead to one run. The hitting of Doyle, McLaughlin and O'Brien featured the game for the home club.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						SETON HALL					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
Allen, 3b	4	1	1	3	1	M. Harnak, lf	4	3	4	0	0
Wholey, m	5	1	2	0	0	Jones, fb	5	3	7	0	0
Considine, rf	5	1	1	0	0	W. Harnak, ss	4	0	1	3	1
Doyle, 2b	4	2	3	2	0	Corlick, 2b	4	2	3	2	0
Halloran, c	3	0	6	0	0	Feller, m	5	1	2	0	0
McLaughlin, ss	4	3	2	3	0	Kaiser, 3b	4	0	0	3	0
Sullivan, 1b	4	1	12	1	0	Davis, rf	3	1	0	0	1
O'Brien, lf	4	0	3	0	0	F. Reynolds, c	3	0	7	0	0
Reynolds, p	4	1	0	3	0	Outwater, p	4	1	0	2	0
Total	37	13	27	12	1	Total	36	11	24	10	2
Innings	1					2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9					
Providence College	0					1 6 0 1 0 0 0 x—8					
Seton Hall	2					0 0 0 0 1 4 0—7					

Runs—Allen, Wholey, Considine, Doyle, McLaughlin 2, Sullivan, O'Brien, 8; M. Harnak, Jones, Corlick, Davis, F. Reynolds 2, Outwater, 7. Sacrifice hit—Corlick. Two base hits—Doyle, McLaughlin, Jones, Outwater. Three base hits—Doyle, Sullivan. First base on balls—Off Reynolds 3; off Outwater 2. First base on errors—Wholey. Left on bases—Providence 7; Seton Hall 5. Struck out—By Reynolds 4; by Outwater 5. Batter hit—Davis. Double plays—Allen to Sullivan to Halloran; Corlick to Jones. Passed ball—F. Reynolds. Umpire—Meehan.

Providence College Alembic

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. HOLY CROSS

On June 3rd, the Holy Cross College baseball team clinched the Eastern college championship of 1925 when they took the measure of the strong Providence College nine at Fitton Field. Ownie Carroll, the greatest college hurler of all times, had little trouble in holding the Providence batters in check while his teammates were collecting 15 hits, for a total of 10 runs, off Joe Whalen and Pete Malloy. In spite of the one-sided score the game was well played. For Providence, McLaughlin and Halloran were the shining lights, while "Doc" Gautreau proved to be the main cog in the Holy Cross machine.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						HOLY CROSS					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
Allen, 3b	4	0	2	3	1	Gautreau, 2b	5	3	1	3	0
Wholey, cf	4	0	2	0	0	Walsh, 3b	2	0	0	5	0
McGee, rf	2	0	0	0	1	Cote, ss	5	3	2	0	0
Graham, rf	1	0	1	0	0	Savage, cf	5	1	1	0	0
Doyle, 2b	3	0	3	1	0	Morrissey, rf	4	1	0	0	0
Halloran, c	3	0	1	2	0	Freeman, lf	4	2	5	1	0
McLaughlin, ss	3	0	3	4	0	McEntee, 1b	3	2	12	1	0
Sullivan, 1b	2	1	1	1	0	Doherty, c	4	2	5	0	0
O'Brien, lf	3	1	2	0	0	Carroll, p	4	1	0	3	0
Whalen, p	2	1	0	1	0						
Malloy, p	0	0	0	1	0						
*Triggs	1	0	0	0	0						

Totals 28 3 24 13 2 Totals 36 15 27 13 0

Runs—Gautreau 2, Freeman 2, McEntee 3, Doherty 2, Walsh, 10. Hits—Off Whalen 9 in 7 innings; off Malloy 6 in 1 inning. Stolen bases—McEntee, Carroll. Two base hits—Freeman. Sacrifice hits—Walsh, Savage. Double plays—McLaughlin to Doyle to Sullivan; McEntee to Cote, Freeman to Cote. Struck out—By Whalen 1, by Carroll 3. First base on balls—Off Whalen 2, off Carroll 3. Hit by pitched ball—By Malloy, McEntee. Umpires—Mulchey and Leahy.

*Batted for Whalen in 8th.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. BROWN

On June 6th the largest crowd ever to attend a local college game was packed into the spacious stands of Aldrich Field, Brown's new ball park, to witness a pitching duel between Charlie Reynolds and Hal Neubauer. It was Neubauer's day and he pitched brilliant ball in holding the Providence batters to six scattered hits. But Neubauer was not alone responsible for the Brunonian victory, for the Brown infield, working like a well oiled machine, turned in no less than three double plays that contributed a lot towards winning the game for the Bears.

Charlie Reynolds, Providence ace, deserves no end of praise for his valiant efforts to turn back the Brunonian sluggers, and with a team that could do a little hitting at opportune moments the result might have been otherwise, for Charlie held Brown to eight hits and turned in a first-class performance.

BROWN						PROVIDENCE COLLEGE									
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	ln	po	a	e				
Ruckstull, 2b	3	1	4	5	1	Allen, 3b	3	0	0	3	1				
Cutler, ss	3	0	0	5	2	Wholey, cf	3	1	1	0	0				
Keefer, rf	4	0	0	0	0	Brickley, rf	3	1	1	0	0				
Dixon, 3b	4	0	2	1	0	Doyle, 2b	3	0	2	2	0				
Williams, lf	4	0	1	0	0	Halloran, c	4	0	5	0	0				
Trumbower, cf	2	1	4	0	0	McLaughlin, ss	3	0	2	1	0				
Hoffman, 1b	4	3	10	0	0	Graham, ss	1	0	0	3	0				
Holden, c	4	2	5	2	0	Sullivan, 1b	4	1	11	1	1				
Neubauer, p	3	1	1	1	0	O'Brien, lf	3	1	1	0	0				
						Reynolds, p	3	2	1	3	0				
						*Maroney	0	0	0	0	0				
						**Triggs	1	0	0	0	0				
Totals	31	8	27	14	3	Totals	31	6	24	13	2				
Innings						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brown						0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

Runs—Trumbower, Hoffman. Two base hits—Hoffman, Neubauer, Trumbower. Three base hits—Ruckstull. First base on balls—Off Reynolds 3; off Neubauer 3. First base on errors—Brown 2, Providence 2. Left on bases—Brown 8; Providence 8. Struck out—By Neubauer 5; by Reynolds 2. Hit by pitched ball—By Reynolds, Trumbower. Double plays—Cutler to Ruckstull to Hoffman (2); Dixon to Ruckstull to Hoffman. Passed ball—Holden. Umpires—Finnell (plate), Devron (bases). Time—2 hours, 17 minutes.

HOLY CROSS VS. PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

On Commencement Day, the brilliant Holy Cross team, the Eastern college baseball champions, gave the Providence team the worst defeat that the latter has suffered in recent years when they lambasted Joe Whalen and Jack Triggs for a total of 20 hits which netted them 17 runs. A crowd of about 5000 witnessed the game. Perhaps the greatest disappointment for the spectators was the fact that Onnie Carroll did not toe the rubber, but instead Davidson was picked to hold the Providence batters in check. The Purple stickers started their onslaught in the first inning when they drove Whalen from the mound before two men had been retired, and after Triggs had held the Worcester Collegians in check for the six innings the attack began again and when the dust had settled the Cross team had amassed nine runs which brought their total up to 17 runs.

Providence College Alembic

The Purple batters gave an impressive display of straightaway hitting and speedy baserunning, turning what looked to be singles into extra-base knocks. Cote led the attack with two doubles and three singles, Gautreau had a triple, a double, a pair of singles, and two walks. Joe Morrissey, former Providence College player, chipped in with a triple, double and a single. Providence was simply outclassed in all departments of play by what is conceded to be the best all-around college team ever assembled.

HOLY CROSS						PROVIDENCE COLLEGE							
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e		
Gautreau, 2b	4	4	6	1	0	Allen, 3b	4	0	1	2	0		
Walsh, 3b	6	2	4	0	0	Wholey, cf	4	0	3	1	1		
Cote, ss	6	5	2	6	1	Brickley, rf	4	0	2	0	1		
Savage, cf	5	2	0	0	0	Doyle, 2b	3	1	1	0	1		
Morrissey, lf	5	3	2	0	0	Halloran, c	4	1	10	2	1		
Freeman, rf	6	2	1	1	6	McLaughlin, ss	2	0	2	0	0		
McEntee, lb	4	1	9	0	0	Graham, ss	2	0	0	1	0		
Doherty, c	5	1	3	0	0	Sullivan, lb	4	2	8	1	0		
Davidson, p	5	0	0	3	0	O'Brien, lf	4	2	0	0	2		
						Whalen, p	0	0	0	0	0		
						Triggs, p	2	1	0	1	0		
Totals	46	20	27	11	1	Totals	33	7	27	7	7		
Innings					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Holy Cross	5	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	3	—	17	
Providence College	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	—	2	

Runs—Gautreau 3, Walsh 3, Cote 4, Savage 2, Morrissey 3, Freeman 2, 17; Doyle, Halloran. Hits—Off Whalen 6 in 1-3 of an inning; off Triggs 14 in 8 2-3 innings. First base on balls—Off Triggs 4; off Davidson 2. Struck out—By Triggs 9, by Davidson 3. Wild pitch—Triggs. Hit by pitched ball—By Triggs, Savage. Passed ball—Doherty. Stolen base—Cote. Double play—Gautreau to Cote to McEntee. Home run—Walsh. Three base hits—Gautreau, Morrissey. Two base hits—Gautreau, Cote 2, Savage 2, Morrissey, Freeman, O'Brien. Sacrifice—McEntee. Umpires—Meehan and Ferrick.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. BROWN

Rising from an oblivion that in two weeks had changed them from a fighting, hard-hitting contender for diamond honors to an aggregation of weaklings whose strongest attack was even too feeble to cause any worryment on the part of their opponents, the Providence College baseball team came back into its own at Aldrich Field on Saturday, June 13, by trouncing the Brown nine by an 8-3 score.

The victory was as sweet as any ever hung up by a White and Black nine in the three years that Providence College has been represented in collegiate baseball. Beaten twice by Holy Cross,

Eastern college champions, and blanked in their first game with the Bears, they showed an unconquerable spirit by coming back and taking the measure of the Brunonians after everyone but their faithful supporters had given up all hope. Approximately 8500 persons witnessed the contest which was Brown's first defeat in seven starts and the initial setback on Aldrich Field, but the second in two years at the hands of the brilliant Providence ace—Charlie Reynolds.

Reynolds pitched superbly, allowing but seven hits and striking out five men, while the team gave him brilliant support. Wholey, with a sparkling running catch of a drive off Ruckstull's bat in the sixth; Halloran, with a pretty pickup of Williams's bunt in the fourth, and O'Brien, with a nice catch of Quill's drive in the seventh, after he had fallen while running for the ball, were the outstanding performers for the Dominicans. Wholey, Doyle and Halloran each collected three safe blows for Providence, while Sullivan, the only Senior on the team, contributed two.

Providence put the game on the ice in the fifth. Considine, first man up, whipped a hard drive down the third base line, and while Dixon made a pretty stop there was no play for the runner. Doyle pumped a slow roller to the same territory and both were safe. Halloran fanned, but Cutler, with a double play in sight, bobbled McLaughlin's infield tap, and the sacks were crowded. Sullivan scored Considine and Doyle with a hard single to right, and Triggs, running for McLaughlin, followed them over when Trumbower, who relieved Neubauer at this point, uncorked a wild pitch that hit the backstop. O'Brien singled scoring Sullivan while Reynolds drove one to right sending O'Brien to third. Allen dropped a squeeze bunt scoring O'Brien. Wholey also attempted to bunt but popped into a double play.

For Brown, Dixon, Williams and Quill turned in the best work. Dixon's catch of Considine's foul twister that forced the Brown third-sacker into the Providence dugout to make the putout, featured the Hilltoppers defence.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					BROWN						
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
Allen, 3b	4	1	1	2	0	Ruckstull, 2b	4	0	2	1	0
Wholey, cf	5	3	2	0	0	Cutler, ss	4	1	3	4	3
Considine, rf	6	1	0	0	0	Keefer, rf	2	0	0	0	0
Doyle, 2b	5	3	3	4	1	Quill, p	2	0	0	0	0
Halloran, c	5	3	5	1	0	Dixon, 3b	4	1	4	2	0
McLaughlin, ss	4	0	0	1	1	Williams, lf	4	2	1	1	0

Providence College Alembic

Sullivan, lb	5	2	8	0	0	Trumbower, cf, p	4	1	2	0	1
O'Brien, lf	5	1	7	0	0	Hoffman, lb	4	1	6	0	0
Reynolds, p	4	2	1	0	0	Holden, c	4	1	7	0	1
*Triggs	0	0	0	0	0	Neubauer, p	1	0	0	1	0
						McDonald, cf, rf	2	0	2	0	0

Totals	43	16	27	8	2	Totals	35	7	27	9	5
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
Providence College	1	1	0	0	5	0	0	1	0	—8	
Brown	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—3	

Runs—Doyle 2, Wholey, Considine, Halloran, Triggs, Sullivan, Reynolds, 8; Dixon, Williams, Trumbower, 3. Hits—Off Neubauer 8 in 4 1-3 innings; off Trumbower, 3 in 2-3; off Quill 5 in 4. Stolen bases—Williams 2, Wholey 2, Triggs. Three base hits—Cutler, Trumbower. Sacrifice hit—McLaughlin. Double plays—Dixon to Cutler; Allen to Doyle to Sullivan. Struck out—By Neubauer 6; by Reynolds 5. First base on balls—Off Neubauer 2; off Quill 1. Wild pitch—Neubauer. Hit by pitched ball—By Neubauer, Allen; by Quill, Allen. Losing pitcher Neubauer. First base on errors—Providence 3; Brown 2. Left on bases—Providence 14; Brown 5. Umpires—Finnell and Devron. Time—2 hours, 35 minutes. Attendance—8500.

*Ran for McLaughlin in the 3rd and 5th. Ran for Allen in the 9th.

REYNOLDS ELECTED TO CAPTAIN THE 1926 NINE

At an election immediately after the second Brown game Charles Reynolds, class of '26, was elected to be captain of the 1926 baseball team. The fact that Reynolds' election was unanimous is a criterion of his popularity with his teammates. Charlie succeeds Johnny Halloran, his sterling battery-mate and classmate, who held the berth during the past season. Reynolds in the two years that he has been pitching for Providence has lost but three games out of 16 starts. Included in his victims this season were the Boston College, Villa Nova and Brown nines, all rated among the best in collegiate baseball. Charlie is one of the game's outstanding examples of gradual advancement. When he turned out for practice the first time at Providence he was unheralded and unsung. He had the will and the courage. The same qualifications should carry the 1926 team to the heights.

Before ringing down the curtain on baseball let us not forget Jack Flynn, the finest coach in the country, to whom no little share of Providence's success on the diamond is due. Let us also not forget the sterling work of Captain Johnny Halloran, one of the finest athletes ever seen in Rhode Island, nor let us overlook the fine work turned in by Manager Tim Sullivan.

FOOTBALL

Facing the heaviest football schedule of its short gridiron career, and without doubt one of the strongest gridiron programs ever attempted by any small Eastern college, the squad representing Providence College started training on September 9th under the able tutelage of our new coach, Archie Golembeskie. Notwithstanding the tremendous task before them, Captain Henry Reall and his sturdy cohorts entered upon their work with a zest and enthusiasm unequalled in the annals of Providence College athletic history.

The team is exceedingly fortunate in having such a capable mentor as Golembeskie. Holy Cross rates him as one of the finest athletes ever to wear her colors, while his ability as a coach has been amply demonstrated by his fine work at the "Cross" and as coach of the Steam Roller team last year.

With the adoption of an "away from home" schedule a greater responsibility rests upon the student body. Everyone should take an interest in the team and encourage the players in their attempt to subdue some of the leading elevens of the East. Don't concede a single game to our opponents regardless of their size, but rather "talk it up" for Providence College and help the team to victory.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. NAVAL TRAINING STATION

The Providence College football team won their opening game of the 1925 season when they defeated the heavy Naval Training Station eleven by a score of 7 to 0.

For the first half the sailors outplayed Golembeskie's charges, but they were unable to produce a scoring punch and every touch-down attempt they made when near the goal was frustrated. Superior weight was a valuable asset to the gobs in the first half, the husky sailor linemen boring large holes through the Providence forward wall, allowing the backs to break through for substantial gains.

Finding new pep and spirit between the halves, the Providence eleven came on the field looking like a rejuvenated team. At the start of the final period they really got going. In this chapter charging backs and fighting linemen co-ordinated perfectly in a smooth-working performance which netted them considerable ground and was a fine boom to their offensive power.

Providence College Alembic

A 40-yard punt by Allen was recovered by Joe Smith when the ball bounded off the ground and hit Chisholm, the sailor's signal barker. Then with Bride, Allen and Spring making substantial gains through the navy men's line, the ball was brought to the 10-yard line when Bride, on a crashing off-tackle play, carried the pigskin over the line for the first touchdown of the season. Allen scored the extra point on a dropkick from scrimmage.

Providence College	Naval Training Station
Wise, le.le., Taylor	
Nawrocki, lt.lt., Tripp	
Sullivan, lg.lg., Laney	
Connors, c.c., Breck	
Reall, rg. (Capt.)rg., Gustason	
Murphy, rt.rt., McDonald	
Smith, re.re., Johnson	
Dalton, qb.qb., Chisholm	
Bride, lhb.rhb., Shanki	
Allen, rhb.lhb., Kneer	
Spring, fb.fb., Mullens	

Score by periods:

Providence College	0	0	0	7—7
Training Station	0	0	0	0—0

Touchdowns—Bride. Point after touchdown—Allen. Substitutions: Providence—Murphy for Wise, Joyce for Murphy, O'Leary for Joyce, Russo for Murphy. Training Station—Kaiser for Kneer, Michaels for Chisholm. Time of periods—11 minutes. Referee—Jamail. Umpire—Ebbs. Head Linesman—Novetni.

The complete football schedule for this season is as follows:

- Sept. 26. Naval Training Station at Newport, R. I.
- Oct. 3. Fordham University at New York City.
- Oct. 10. Holy Cross at Worcester, Mass.
- Oct. 17. St. John's College at Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Oct. 24. Syracuse at Syracuse, N. Y.
- Oct. 31. Boston College at Boston, Mass.
- Nov. 7. Colgate University at Hamilton, N. Y.
- Nov. 14. Boston University at Boston, Mass.
- Nov. 21. Springfield College at Springfield, Mass.

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