

# PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOLUME XI. DECEMBER, 1930. Number 3.



A  
Holy and Peaceful  
Christmas  
To All



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# Providence College Alembic

VOL. XI.

DECEMBER, 1930

No. 3



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## Christmas Inklings

Tinkle of bells and laughter;  
Twinkle of lights on the trees;  
Sprinkle of snow on the landscape;  
Yule—and its memories!

Candles agleam in the windows;  
Pathways bathed in the light;  
Welcome from wreaths of holly;  
Carols of Christmas night.

Music that echoes the tidings  
Flung from the skies again:  
Peace from the Child to children,  
Peace from God to men!

*John LaCroix, '32*

## Carmelita

---

John J. McDonough, '34

**E**VERYWHERE the air seemed charged with expressions of excitement—the excitement of anticipation. Streams of bundle-laden humanity poured forth from stores and shops to become mingled with throngs which filled the streets to overflowing. Eager faces reflected absorbing thoughts as memories were tried to recollect lists of gifts; for this was the season of giving and receiving, and shopping had become a phase of the modern thrill of Christmas.

Through the crowd a happy youth hurried homeward. He had explored every corner of interest and now, that his curiosity was satisfied and his gifts had been prepared, he had but to await the Holiday itself.

From between the curtains he peered out into the cold, leaden afternoon. His boyish features were set in doubtful concern. Would his holiday really be spoiled? Suddenly, his countenance beamed with joy as his gaze followed a minute snowflake softly descending to earth. It was snowing! The naked branches of trees would be clothed in immaculate garments. Mantles of pure white would transform ugly objects to works of art, the blood would tingle again, and the holiday of Christmas would be complete.

\* \* \* \*

Another Christmas is drawing nigh, but signs of winter are nowhere to be seen. Fields of crimson poinsettias, appearing like red patches on blankets of green, are yielding a harvest of beauty to brighten homes. Orange groves, nestling at the base of lofty snow-capped peaks, are giving up their fruit to enrich the larden. Roses from the gardens are filling rooms with intoxicating odors. For this is *the fiesta, la Natividad!*

But the spirit and beauty of it all is lost on the youth now grown to manhood. His heavy step betrays his thoughts and his empty arms, his lack of gold. Lonely amidst the crowd, poor amidst riches, dejected amidst rejoicing, he goes homeward, if a solitary room in a ruined quarter may be called a home.

Once again he is framed in the window. Once again he stands in perplexity. Will this Christmas have any meaning for him? A faint sob startles him into alertness. Repeated sobs come from the next room. A delicate voice answers his knock and a little, tear-stained face appears at the door way. But Carmelita was not to be comforted by words. It was necessary to visit the *patio* below and salvage the remains of her gaudy Mexican doll. And then when she beheld its condition—its cracked head and its loose wig flapping over the broken skull, her lament became a continuous wail. "It's only a doll, *chiquita!*" Children are too emotional, too realistic, too. "You shouldn't have let it fall out of the window!" Strange words of comfort—at any rate, Carmelita cried louder than before. Maybe she didn't understand English. There was only one solution: get her a new doll. Yes, she understood . . . she would soon have a new doll, one without a fractured skull. Yes, she would wait for the new creature of delight. And the sacrifice was well rewarded for Carmelita's smile lit up for the benefactor, for the exiguous Santa, the penurious Dr. Tinker.

"Manyana por la manyana," she smiled, "we go to Chihuahua." And she held out the neat China doll for him to take. "Oh, no! It's yours for keeps!" But no, he must take it; it was his. What would she do? What would she do for a doll? Why, *seguramente*, she still had her own doll, the one with the broken head. She would take it with her, it was still hers, hers to be loved and never to be supplanted for long in her affection. "Well, *adios*, *senorita!* I will keep her for your sake, Carmelita."

He thought it out that night. It was not so clear at first, but the mists cleared away and he wondered that he could have been so blind.



## Poets and Christmas

*Francis Skalko, '31*

**W**E ARE all children, but the poets are the wiser children who point out for our wonderment the glories and marvels that escape us. It is good that it is so for, though the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, yet have we been warned that we must become as little children to enter therein. Particularly at Christmastide do we try to enter into the spirit of true childhood with its sure vision and sincerity. It is a season of childhood, then; a season of peace and happiness, such as only children can feel; and we gaze in awe at the scene of Bethlehem—God, too, become a little Child! But the brighter, keener children, the poets, can tell us the story of the Christ Child, can catch the angelic voices of that first Christmas, and make us understand why all the children of earth have come to the Crib in Juda.

I asked a little boy, named Hilary, why the little God was born in a cold stable and he sang me a song that he called "Noel":

On a winter's night long time ago  
(The bells ring loud and the bells ring low),  
When high howled wind, and down fell snow  
(Carillon, Carilla),  
Saint Joseph he and Notre Dame,  
Riding on an ass, full weary came  
From Nazareth into Bethlehem,  
And the small child Jesus smile on you.

And Bethlehem inn they stood before  
(The bells ring less and the bells ring more),  
The landlord bade them begone from his door  
(Carillon, Carilla).  
"Poor folk (says he), must lie where they may,  
For the Duke of Jewry comes this way,  
With all his train on a Christmas Day."  
And the small child Jesus smile on you.

Poor folk that may my carol hear  
(The bells ring single and the bells ring clear),  
See! God's one child has hardest cheer!  
(Carillon, Carilla).  
Men grown hard on a Christmas morn;  
The dumb beast by and a babe forlorn.  
It was very, very cold when our Lord was born.  
And the small child Jesus smile on you.

Little Teresa had a song, too, and it was like a prayer:

O Lord, as You lay so soft and white,  
 A Babe in a manger stall,  
 With the big star flashing across the night,  
 Did You know and pity us all?  
 Did the wee hands, close as a rosebud curled,  
 With the call of their mission ache,  
 To be out and saving a weary world  
 For Your merciful Father's sake?

O Child of Promise! Lord of Love!  
 O Master of all the earth!  
 While the angels are singing their songs above,  
 We bring our gifts to Your birth.  
 Just the blind man's cry, and the lame man's pace,  
 And the leper's pitiful call;  
 On these, over infinite fields of space,  
 Look down, for You know them all.

That was a funny song, but she sang it as if she meant it. I wonder what those gifts were—we're to bring gifts, then? Yes, surely, —I ought to know that! Nancy had a little rhyme, too, and it showed she understood children.

Little Christ was good, and lay  
 Sleeping, smiling in the hay;  
 Never made the cows' round eyes  
 Open wider at His cries;  
 Never when the night was dim,  
 Startled guardian Seraphim,  
 Who above Him in the beams  
 Kept their watch round His white dreams;  
 Let the rustling brown mice creep  
 Undisturbed about His sleep.  
 Yet if it had not been so—  
 Had He been like one I know,  
 Fought with little fumbling hands,  
 Kicked inside His swaddling bands,  
 Puckered wilful crimsoning face,—  
 Mary Mother, full of grace,  
 At that little naughty Thing  
 Still has been a-worshipping.

Alice has a little piece of her own making and she recites it every Christmas. I think you'll like it.

In a stable bare,  
 Lo, the great Ones are.  
 Strew the ivy and the myrtle  
 Round about the Virgin's kirtle!

Ass and oxen mild  
 Breathe soft upon the Child!  
 Blow the scent of bygone summer  
 On your breath to the New-comer!

Joseph, Mary's spouse,  
 Prince of David's House,  
 Bendeth low in adorations  
 To the Ruler of the Nations.

Who doth sweetly rest  
 On His Mother's breast,  
 Lord of the lightnings and the thunders!  
 Mary's heart keeps all these wonders.

Louise, who used to live in Boston, but who sailed far away across the ocean, made up this little ditty. It looks funny—I guess Louise didn't spell very well.

The Ox he openeth wide the doore,  
 And from the Snowe he calls her inne,  
 And he hath seen her smile therefore,  
 Our Lady without Sinne.  
 Now soone from Sleep  
 A Starre shall leap,  
 And soone arrive both King and Hinde:  
 Amen, Amen:  
 But O the place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath hushed his voyce and bent  
 Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,  
 And on his Lovelie Neck, forspent,  
 The Blessed layes her Browe.  
 Around her feet,  
 Full Warme and Sweete,  
 His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell:  
 Amen, Amen:  
 But sore am I with Vaine Travel!

Did you ever meet Lionel? He has a long, queer poem. It mixes up Christmas and Ireland. But, then, he was an Irish boy. Perhaps you can figure it out.

The golden stars give warmthless fire,  
 As weary Mary goes through night:  
 Her feet are torn by stone and briar;  
 She hath no rest, no strength, no light:  
 O Mary, weary in the snow,  
 Remember Ireland's woe!



Harsh were the folk, and bitter stern,  
 At Bethlehem, that night of nights.  
 For you no cheering hearth shall burn:  
 We have no room here, you no rights.  
 O Mary and Joseph, hath not she,  
 Ireland, been even as ye?

Here is Condè's Christmas carol and it makes me sad. But I like it—sometimes I must feel sorry.

O cruel manger, how bleak, how bleak!  
 For the limbs of the Babe, my God;  
 Soft little limbs on the cold, cold straw;  
 Weep, O eyes, for thy God!

Bitter ye winds in the frosty night  
 Upon the Babe, my God,  
 Piercing the thorn and broken thatch;  
 Lament, O heart, for thy God!

Bare is the floor, how bare, how bare  
 For the Babe's sweet mother, my God;  
 Only a stable for mother and Babe;  
 How cruel thy world, my God!

Cast out, cast out, by His brother men  
 Unknown the Babe, my God;  
 The ox and the ass alone are there;  
 Soften, O heart, for thy God!

That's all for to-night! Yes, "look for me in the nurseries of Heaven!"



## Christmas and Business

---

*Daniel M. Lilly, '31*

EVERYONE knew that young George Barrows was not a business man, that is, everyone except old George. Old George himself, of course, was a business man. In fact, he was *the* business man in Arrowdale. Old George had come from Lancashire to America with little more than experience in cotton mills to his name. A few years in American factories, plus the revenue of his invention of an improved spinning frame, gave him a few thousand dollars which he invested in three thousand acres of New England rocks, hills, forests and turbulent water. With this as a beginning he established by degrees the pond and factory, the little white mill-houses, all cut to the same pattern, the cooperative store—virtually the whole village. Old George had married late in life and young George was his only child. Young Georgie Barrows grew up with the children of the villagers and, contrary to the rule, won his way into the affections of the factory foremen and common help alike. The time came when Georgie finished his schooling at home, and in the high school of the nearby town. The next step was college, of course, and then he began to be puzzled about a career. Old George settled that question easily by remarking that *he* would not always be able to take care of the business and that there was no use in getting into something new. Thus it was that young George soon found himself on the board of directors and, or course, it was agreed by all that he would be the next owner. Old George, however, had many advisers and not all of these were blind to the limitations of young George's business ability. Accordingly, when the company's attorney was called to assist old George in making his will, part of the fortune was invested in good, "safe" stocks and bonds just to "protect" young George.

In the course of time old George passed away, leaving the village, which represented his life work, to his son, as had been expected. Never was there a more popular mill-owner than young George Barrows. The men in the factory, from card-room to weaveshed, called

him by his first name. Many of them had been his classmates at the village grammar school, the others just fell into the habit naturally after he had talked to them a few times. He thought nothing of stopping his big car outside any of the little white cottages and dropping in to see old Mrs. Barton, or Joe McAndrews' little girl who had been sick for three years. It was young George who had established the pensions for old employees and the workman's insurance. A strike would have been an utter impossibility in Arrowdale.

The fact remained, however, that young George was not a business man. No one realized it any more than George Barrows himself; hence he had promoted his most capable foreman, John Campbell, to the position of general manager. For quite a while, under the able management of Mr. Campbell, the Arrowdale Mills enjoyed a normal growth. During the War, the plant ran day and night, and money poured into the company's coffers. But suddenly it was all over. The outside help went back to the city whence they came. The old-time schedule was restored and it seemed that all was back to pre-war status. The reign of King Cotton, however, had come to an end. New usurpers rose to claim his throne, as the upstart Rayon and the aristocrat Silk fought over his prostrate form. New England industries became stagnated, but the Arrowdale Mills ran on. At last, even John Campbell could manage no longer and he went to George Barrows to ask what he knew would not be granted, a general cut in wages. He was prepared, nevertheless, . . . to argue it out on economic grounds. The factory could never show a profit until the payroll was reduced. It would cost George money to postpone the step any longer.

"I couldn't think of it," George replied. "Many of the men have all they can do to get along on the wages they are getting now. Perhaps business will pick up soon, anyway. Just let things ride awhile until we see how it turns out." So the general manager went back to his office and the bookkeeper became accustomed to the predominance of entries in red ink.

Then came the crash. As the stock market tumbled, so too did all of George Barrows' war-time profits. Even the "safe" stocks he had inherited were far below par. Still, the Arrowdale Mills kept up their steady drone and the people wondered how long it would last. Meanwhile, the city's idle thousands swarmed through the streets of Arrowdale and the employment office was crowded daily to the doors,

for how should these people know that the bookkeeper was using red ink? George Barrows knew it. John Campbell knew it. George's relatives knew it. The creditors of the Arrowdale Mills were beginning to suspect it. At last, John Campbell gathered all the relatives and advisors of the Barrows family and brought them in a body to George's office. Then, one by one, each man and woman gave his or her opinion. They repeated that it was nothing short of a crime to let the business that his father had built go to ruin. He had an efficient manager. Let him save the business before it was too late. That was their purpose in coming. George should sign the paper which would save the firm. After an hour's debate, George signed the paper and all left satisfied that they had honored the memory of old George Barrows.

The same day the following notice appeared pasted beneath the dial of the time-clock in every department:

*Beginning the first of December, all departments will  
discontinue operations until further notice.*

*George Barrows, Pres.*

At last, it had come. Everyone had expected it long ago, but now—so near Christmas! Why didn't they wait until after Christmas? All the villagers lived from hand to mouth, and now cold weather was due and Christmas was coming on. But, there was the notice.

On the first of December, George Barrows drove past the strangely silent factory. It seemed like Sunday; it was so quiet. George knew it wasn't, however, and besides there were the men loitering at the street corners; George waved to them; they waved back. He was ashamed. There they were, not knowing where their next week's bread was coming from, yet they were not angry at him. They knew he wouldn't have done it, if he could have prevented it. Nevertheless, he was disgusted with himself for ever having listened to anyone. He was disgusted with everything. Why was he trying to be a business man? He jammed the accelerator to the floor and the speedy car roared over the road to the mansion on the hill. The next minute he was at the telephone.

"Hello, John? This is George. I've reconsidered that notice. Send for the men this afternoon. We'll try to keep going until after Christmas."

Anticipating an argument, he slammed the receiver on its hook. He jumped once more into his car and lost himself in the landscape that sped past him.

\* \* \* \*

Two months later the Arrowdale Mills went under the auctioneer's hammer. John Campbell was the highest bidder for the factory and machinery. The rest was sold in small lots. As the crowd turned away at the finish a large high-powered car came down the street..

"Hello, George!" the men shouted in unison. Then as the car disappeared over the winding road, "He's a good scout! Too bad he wasn't a business man."

### The World Cathedral

To Heaven flinging slender steeples, Earth,  
 Sublime cathedral, stands; from dusty nave  
 Flees the soft glow of stained casements gold  
 And rose; swift Twilight now unlocks the grave  
 And peoples shadows with its purple ghosts;  
 The verger, Night, with aged footsteps creeps  
 Adown the aisles, snuffing light (and secure  
 Behind him barred the ancient doors). Now leaps  
 The wave of silence, surges on and fills  
 (Heavy with a sense of majesty and death)  
 The whole. Stark darkness quenches all save where  
 Star-spirits burn, stirring with grace's breath.

*Thomas McMahon, '33*

## Alumni Notes

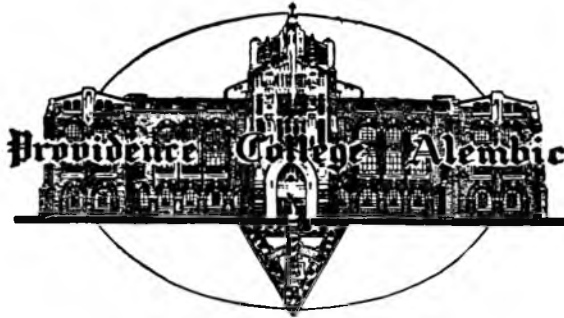
Plans are already under way for the annual ALUMNI BALL AND MEETING Alumni Ball to be held during the Christmas holidays in the spacious new auditorium. As in the past, this gala occasion will witness the return to Alma Mater of loyal sons, still fired with an enthusiasm for Providence. A business meeting, we have been informed, will be held prior to the festivities.

PROVIDENCE  
ALUMNUS WINS  
BEAUX ARTS HONOR

James E. McDonald, '28, now a student in architecture at the Catholic University of America recently received the first prize for the cover design of the Beaux Arts ball program, awarded by the Beaux Arts Institute of New York. It will be recalled that Mr. McDonald was one of the art editors on the 1928 *Veritas*, and that in the spring of that year he won a four-year scholarship sponsored by the Knights of Columbus for graduate work at the Catholic University. Last year he received the degree of M. A. in architecture there and he hopes to continue his architectural studies for the degree of Ph.D. Mr. McDonald's home is in East Providence.

BOYOLOGY LECTURES

Cyril A. Costello, '27, has been giving a course of lectures on the psychology of youth under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus and has been creating a great deal of interest in Boyology. After graduating from Providence, Mr. Costello won a scholarship at Notre Dame where he specialized in juvenile psychology. He has travelled through the Northwest and the Southwest and through the greater part of Canada supervising the work to which he has dedicated his talents.



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*Editor-in-Chief*

Daniel M. Lilly, '31

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# Editorial

*Daniel M. Lilly, '31*

---

## UNIVERSAL CHRISTMAS

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!  
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,  
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where cornfields stand sunny and bright,  
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,  
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

—PHILLIPS BROOKS

What myriad associations Christmas brings to mind! The very world seems potent enough to stir the imagination, but what can we say of the season itself? Truly it is the proper sphere of the artist to catch in color, music and poetry the spirit of the joyous feast. Cold logic and weighty thought seem buried under a flurry of emotion, much as November's solemn colors are quickly forgotten beneath the light December snow. Indeed, emotion seems to underlie all of the countless modes of Christmas cheer. Some may even say that Christmas spirit is merely the sum of these emotions.

However that may be, it is interesting to note how universal this Christmas emotion is. It may be seen in the city amid colored lights and busy shoppers, or along country roads bordered by snow-covered fields and contrasting evergreens; but, closer to the true meaning of the feast is the candle, the symbol of expectancy and welcome, gleaming through the wintry night from a window in every home; or the Christmas tree, adorned with gifts, betokening the spirit of charity. The best examples, however, are found in the Christmas traditions of the Church, the simplicity of the stable of Bethlehem reproduced in



miniature, the nocturnal propriety of the Midnight Mass, the splendor of the altar lights, the joyous Christmas hymns, the added beauty of the seraphic anthem in the musical Latin:

**Gloria in Excelsis Deo,  
et in Terra Pax Homnibus Bonae Voluntatis.**

Truly on Christmas Day we can best appreciate the true value of the beautiful symbolism in the ritual of the Church. How else could we go back in spirit over nineteen centuries to join those fortunate shepherds in worshipping the Infant King?



# Exchange

Christopher Mitchell, '31

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Reading the list of exchanges that we receive is certainly an education in itself. These exchanges represent the literary endeavors of a very vigorous minority of the student bodies in the different colleges. They also represent a great amount of thought, research work, and time expended on the part of the contributors. When he consider that this work is entirely extracurricular, the thought strikes us that in reality these are the men who are getting the most out of college life. After all, we will not long remember all the mathematical formulae, Latin and Greek constructions, and philosophical disputations that are encountered in the classroom. What will remain, after the memory of these will have passed into the dim recesses of forgetfulness, are the methods we have employed in solving mathematical problems, the acumen we have acquired from a constant unravelling of classical constructions, and the power of analysis derived from philosophical encounters. In other words, all these are exercises by which our minds are trained to think clearly and with order. The contributors to college publications have already started to reap the harvest of the seeds that have been sown in the lecture rooms. They have done this by taking, of their own free will, such topics as are interesting to them and to their fellow students, and applying to these topics the mental powers developed in the classroom. So, in the short-stories, essays, and poems, we see the germs from which will grow the after-college careers of these students. And though only a few of them will climb to fame, nevertheless, in our humble opinion, none will ever have cause to regret the hours spent in writing these articles.

## THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

In the case of the November issue of the *Fordham Monthly*, we shall have to change that old Latin adage "Multum in parvo" to

"Multum in multo." We do not often encounter a college monthly with such a large list of contents; and we find even less often such high grade of material. In "Some Roamers Met," we enjoy the salty atmosphere of the "dark and deep-blue ocean." This sketch of a trip on a freight ship as a member of the crew is cleverly written, and gives us an insight into the habits, character, and general mode of living by the toilers of the sea. We were rather disappointed to read that these men are not at all living *dramatis personae* out of one of Joseph Conrad's books. "Moderns at Play" is a rather tragic view of the "decadent" movies. We cannot quite agree with the author that the movies are as evanescent as he would lead us to believe, nor that we shall live to see the day when "the movie has fled to the limbo of dead facts, there to share oblivion with Mah Jong and the Cross Word Puzzle." The silver screen has become too great an American institution to be so easily withdrawn from our lives. The impressionistic "Cogs" is somewhat *à la Poe*. The short-story, "Soapy," is especially appropriate in these days of what the economical potentates are pleased to term "business depression." In the "Goddess of Liberty," the author advocates a return to the Greek ideal of freedom, rather than to that depicted by Voltaire and Rousseau.

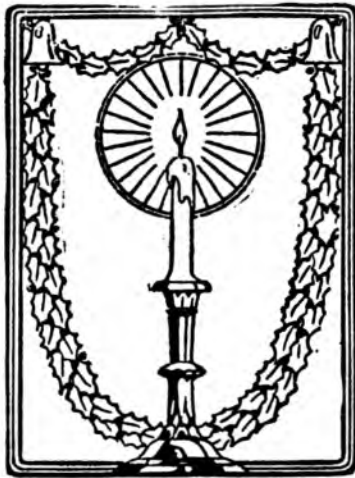
Willa Cather, who is termed by the writer "the first lady of novelists," is the subject of a highly appreciative sketch entitled "Song of the Prairie." The fact is particularly emphasized that the theme of Miss Cather's works is the American Prairie, although she herself was born and brought up in Virginia. "The Girl in the Glass Cage" is a portrayal of a man afflicted with one of the complexes so delightful to the heart of the psychologist. The poetry in the *Fordham Monthly*, thought expressive and imaginative, smacks very much of the modern tendency to free verse, both in rhyme and meter.

#### THE OZANAM

*The Ozanam* comes all the way from St. John's College, Toledo, Ohio. The November issue, by promoting the publication of a series of articles written by graduates of the college, has inaugurated what should prove to be a highly successful policy, in creating interest in the publication both among students and alumni. The alumni are for the most part very backward in subscribing to the organ of their Alma Mater. Such a step as undertaken by *The Ozanam* ought not only to arouse the dormant literary activity of the graduates, but also to make them more cognizant of their Alma Mater's activities by sub-

scribing. In the first of this series of graduate articles, Edward J. Ettl, M. A., takes a topic which is of extreme interest to America, namely, "The Proposed United States of Europe," which Premier Briand of France has been advocating so eloquently. Such a union as M. Briand has been proposing would certainly have great economic and political significance to us across the sea. The subject is treated in an admirably instructive manner.

If all the college articles, both prose and poetic, that have been written on Virgil recently were collected, they would certainly outnumber the fourteen bulky volumes of Saint Thomas Aquinas' works. This fact in itself is a great tribute to the "wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man." *The Ozanam's* contribution consists of two essays and a poem on the bright star of Rome's Golden Age of literature. "Bimillennium Vergilianum" is more of an analysis of Virgil's great epic *The Aeneid*, whereas "Bays for Vergil" considers his lesser known work *The Eclogues* and *The Georgics*. The departments are all well conducted and show originality both in title and content. Some of the titles, for example, "Bibliophilistic," "Campus Causerie," and "Palaestrics," sound like a page out of Noah Webster.



# Chronicle

*John C. McWilliams, '33*

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On Friday, November seventh, the entire student body attended a Mass of Requiem in the Auditorium for the souls of the deceased benefactors and friends of the College. The Mass was celebrated by Father Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., assisted by Father Level, O.P., and Father Heasley, O.P.

The Right Reverend William A. Hickey, Bishop of Providence and head of the Providence College Corporation, attended the services and at the conclusion of the Mass addressed the students. He praised the deceased benefactors of the College and gave a resumé of their activities in behalf of the institution. At the conclusion of his remarks, the Bishop suspended classes for the day as a final token of respect to the deceased friends of the college.

At an assembly held in the Auditorium on November sixth, the Aquino Club achieved the fulfillment of a purpose long contemplated when they officially presented to the College the bust of St. Thomas Aquinas, their patron, which now stands in the Auditorium. For a long time the Aquino Club planned to dedicate such a gift to the College as a mark of honor to St. Thomas Aquinas, the great Doctor of the Church, and as a memorial of the club's activities in Providence College. The dedicatory ceremonies in the Auditorium marked the culmination of their efforts.

The school spirit and tenacity of purpose of these followers of Aquinas should serve as an inspiring example to the rest of the student body. They have left a lasting memorial of their influence in school activities.

**FRANK SKALKO** We wish to congratulate Frank Skalko on his election to the office of councilman in Central Falls. Mr. Skalko, who is a member of the ALEMBIC Staff, was the first Democratic councilman to be elected from his district in Central Falls. This is, indeed, a high compliment to his popularity and a public recognition of his ability. We feel certain that this is only the first step in a brilliant political career for Mr. Skalko and we predict for him a highly successful record in public affairs.

**PROVIDENCE COLLEGE DEBATING SOCIETY** The Providence College Debating Society commences its activities for the year with the following schedule of intramural debates.

Thursday, November 20, 1930. *Resolved, That bicameral legislative codes be replaced by unicameral legislatures constituted by members representing approximately the same number of voters.* The Affirmative side of this question will be upheld by Frank Shea, George Borski, and Francis Canario; while the Negative side will consist of Richard O'Kane, Leroy McDonald, and Frank Cashell.

Tuesday, November 25th. *Resolved, That the complete governmental direction and control of products, as exemplified in the Soviet five year cycle program violates fundamental economic principles and is doomed to failure.* The opponents in this debate are: Affirmative, Vincent Foy, Eugene Briscoe, and Martin McDonald; Negative, Anthony Miller, John Halloran, and Austin Sullivan.

Thursday, December 4th. *Resolved, That the crisis in India warrants redetermination by international tribunals of the status of colonies on principles that conform to the rights of peoples to self-determination.* The Affirmative side is made up of John Cleary, Joseph Meister, and Thomas Dugan, while the Negative consists of Frank Flynn, Frank Buckley, and Walter Burke.

Thursday, December 11th. *Resolved, That the State of Rhode Island inaugurate and maintain a system of old-age pensions.* The Affirmative speakers are Richard O'Kane, Frank Shea, and Leroy McDonald. The Negative team comprises George Borski, Frank Cashell, and Francis Canario.

All the above debates are scheduled for 7:30 P. M. The schedule

of 'Varsity Debates is not yet completed, but indications are that it will be the best in the history of 'Varsity debating.

### LACORDAIRE DEBATING SOCIETY

At the first meeting of the Lacordaire Debating Society a debate was held on the subject: *Resolved, That the State of Rhode Island should inaugurate and maintain a system of old-age pensions.* The question to be discussed at the next meeting of the Lacordaire Society is: *Resolved, That the complete governmental direction and control of products, as exemplified in the Soviet five year cycle program violates fundamental economic principles and is doomed to failure.*

ON THE AIR It will interest students of Providence College to know that they may hear Doctor Chandler, the Dean of Studies, every Tuesday evening over Station WLWL, New York. Father Chandler's subject is "Divine Friendship."

### GUZMAN HALL NEWS

*Albert J. Nieser, '33*

The past few weeks hold many memories dear to the hearts of the Freshmen and Sophomores of Guzman Hall. For quite some time they were anxious to show their prowess on the gridiron. Accordingly, a football game between the Freshmen and the Sophomores was played Saturday afternoon, November 8th, at Hendricken Field. The lineup:

SOPHOMORES	POSITION	FRESHMEN
Kane	left end	MacFarlane
McMahon	right end	Sullivan
Martineau	right tackle	Lanagan
Mulgrew	left tackle	McCormick
Reichardt	right guard	Wade
Wendell	left guard	Ryan
Casey	center	Melia
Dennis	quarter back	Kelly
Simone	right half	McGrady
Fallon	left half	McDevitt
Madden	full back	Clancy

Referee—Carroll, Providence College. Umpire—Reitter.  
Linesmen—Walsh and Basso. Substitutions: Sophomores—Kane for Fallon, Cuneen for Kane; Freshmen—O'Callahan for McCormick.

The one outstanding play of the game was the excellent pass from Fallon to Kane, left end, which resulted in the one and only touch-

down for the Sophomores. This happened in the early stages of the game. The second-year men continued to hold their opponents scoreless and it looked like a Sophomore victory when the winds suddenly veered in the last few minutes of play. The Sophomores on their own one-yard line attempted a kick, which was blocked, the ball rolling behind their goal, and was covered by Wade, the Freshman right guard. Thus the Freshmen scored their touchdown. Neither side could collect the extra point.

The other important athletic event was the final round in the handball tournament. Frank Gormley won the singles by defeating Michael Kelly, the runner-up, while John Mulgrew and Michael Kelly won the doubles by defeating John O'Callahan and Frank Gormley, the runner-ups. Prizes were awarded.

The Entertainment Committee held a masquerade party on Halloween. The costumes were many and varied. There were to be seen the long-nosed goblin, the barnstorming cowboy, the Indian Chief of some by-gone tribe, as well as the modern blond with sparkling blue eyes.

The Debating Committee announces a debate to be held on December 5th, on the important question: *Resolved, that the United States should recognize Soviet Russia as a government.* The affirmative and negative teams are composed of three men each, who are sparing no time and efforts to collect data concerning the question.

In the early part of November, Father Smith returned from the hospital. He received a rousing and welcoming cheer.





# Athletics

John E. Krieger, '31

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## PROVIDENCE VS. LOWELL TEXTILE

at Providence, November 1st, 1930

### *High Powered Efficiency*

Smashing and battering the line in a way delightful to see, the Friars had little trouble in burying Lowell Textile, 20-0, in a game featured by a varied assortment of tricky Providence plays. The conclusive margin removes all doubt as to the superiority of the rival teams, which last year battled to a tie game.

Providence lost little time in preliminary motions for a score. A series of driving plunges, featured by the hard running of Micky Foster, Joe Wright, Cy Galligan, Joe Sharkey and Chick Bleiler, gave the Black and White its first score in the second period. Wright was the medium of the first tally. With the score standing seven to nothing in their favor at the end of the first half, Golembeski's well-coached outfit immediately started a drive in the second half that was productive of two more touchdowns. Joe Sharkey and Cy Galligan provided the necessary calories of scoring punch.

To enumerate the various interesting phases of the game would take more space than is allotted. Suffice it to say, every Providence man played consistently good football. Time and again, our hard-running backs, preceded by perfect interference, brushed aside futile resistance efforts on the part of the invading Textilians. Joe Allard, captain of the enemy, led his team in brilliance by repeatedly scurrying across the field from one side to another for substantial gains. Outside his efforts the Lowell team looked like so many weavers with loom trouble.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE (20)	LOWELL TEXTILE (0)
Halloran, l. e.....	l. e., Harris
Callahan, l. t.....	l. t., Grant

Minnella, l. g.....	l. g., Piligian
Nawrocki, c.....	c., King
Matthews, r. g.....	r. g., Brosnan
McCormick, r. t.....	r. t., Cohen
Jorn, r. e.....	r. e., Hardman
Bleiler, q. b.....	q. b., Allard
Foster, l. h. b.....	l. h. b., Savard
Wright, r. h. b.....	r. h. b., Howard
Galligan, f. b.....	f. b., Lathrop

Score by periods .....	1	2	3	4
Providence .....	0	7	7	6—20
Lowell Textile .....	0	0	0	0—0

Touchdowns: Providence—Wright, Galligan, Sharkey. Points after touchdown: Providence—Foster (placement); Katznelson (from scrimmage). Substitutions: Providence—Katznelson for Foster, Shea for McCormick, Davis for Jorn, Gilligan for Halloran, Brady for Wright, Sharkey for Bleiler, McCormick for Shea, Sweeney for Minnella, Mardosa for Matthews, Bleiler for Sharkey, McCarthy for Callahan, Derivan for Nawrocki, Del Vecchio for Katznelson, Boyle for McCormick, Carroll for Halloran, Mosca for Foster, Smith for Bleiler; Lowell Textile—Schattenbrand for Brosnan, Walker for Howard, Mamber for Harris, Duggan for Grant, Harris for Mamber, Schottenbrand for Piligian.

Referee—E. L. Duffy, Boston College. Umpire—W. H. Shupert, Brown. Linesman—I. M. Lord, M. I. T. Time of periods—Fifteen minutes.

PROVIDENCE VS. ST. JOHN'S

at Brooklyn, November 15th, 1930

*'Twas Never Thus Before*

Playing in a quagmire in which fins would have been much more preferable than football suits, Providence lost a hard-fought decision to St. John's, 13-6. The victory was the first that a St. John's team has scored over Providence in the football realm during the past six years. Believe it when we say that the tidings we bring are anything but joyful; the rivalry between our school and St. John's is hardly of the type to excite charitable thoughts when our spangle-bearers go down to defeat.

Micky Foster, squirming, twisting and diving, gave the Friars something to cheer about early in the second period when he crossed the Vincentian goal line for the first score of the game. The six points loomed mountain-like as the game wore on through the third period with neither team in a threatening position. Period four, however, and its subsequent evils, witnessed a carefully nursed lead washed away. A series of successful forward passes, in which Margolies was outstanding, was the means of two touchdowns. Sheppard, Margolies, Neary and Rubinsky completed pass after pass until the pignskin was

within our scoring zone. Short laterals to Neary and Rubinsky then squelched all hope for a win.

A particularly muddy field did our cause no good. Essentially a swiftly moving machine, Providence was slowed down considerably by the metropolitan mire. Cy Galligan was in trouble constantly trying to get the mud smeared off on his usually long spirals.

The summary:

ST. JOHN'S (13)	PROVIDENCE (6)			
Neary, l. e.....	l. e., Halloran			
Maloney, l. t.....	l. t., Boyle			
Shepsky, l. g.....	l. g., Minnella			
Halleran, c.....	c., Nawrocki			
Karukas, r. g.....	r. g., Zande			
Dallolio, r. t.....	r. t., McCormick			
Mann, r. e.....	r. e., Jorn			
Sheppard, q. b.....	q. b., Bleiler			
Margolies, l. h. b.....	l. h. b., Foster			
Cooper, r. h. b.....	r. h. b., Galligan			
Pace, f. b.....	f. b., Katznelson			
Score by periods .....	1	2	3	4
St. John's .....	0	0	0	13—13
Providence .....	0	6	0	0—6

Touchdowns: Providence—Foster; St. John's—Neary, Rubinsky. Points after touchdown: St. John's—Margolies (pass from Cooper). Substitutions: Providence—Bleiler for Sharkey, Matthews for Heande, Mardosa for Minnella, Wright for Galligan, Delvecchit for Wright, Wright for Delvecchit, Callahan for Boyle, Shea for McCormick, Derwan for Nawrocki, Roberge for Halloran, Davis for Jorn; St. John's—Constantino for Maloney, Alfred Gallo for Neary, Albert Gallo for Halleran, Weisblatt for Karukas, Rubinsky for Sheppard, Gallagehr for Shepsky, Reinhardt for Pace. Officials: Referee—C. M. Waters, Williams. Umpire—J. A. Buckout, Holy Cross. Field Judge—W. F. Tewhill, Brown. Linesman—E. J. Ryan, Michigan. Time of periods—Fifteen minutes.

## BASKETBALL AGAIN

Coach McClellan, now serving his fourth year as our leader, has been putting his aspiring courtiers through their drills daily at La Salle Academy. Preparation for the Dartmouth game necessitated calling of practice in the second week of November, ordinarily two weeks early. Approximately thirty-five answered McClellan's bugle call for talent with a promise of perhaps ten more once football togs are laid aside.

But anent Coach McClellan. Two years ago he piloted our colors to seventeen wins as against three losses. Last year, handicapped at times by injuries, he navigated our basketball ship through a

schedule of nineteen games impressively enough to give us the New England championship.

Many new faces are listed among those practicing daily. As this is being written Coach McClellan and Student Manager Louis Imbriano are weeding out the material and forming plans for a first string quintet. That the first stringers will be given plenty of court action can be seen from a glance at the schedule for the current year.

### **'VARSITY BASKETBALL SCHEDULE—1930-31**

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- Dec. 10—Dartmouth at Hanover.**  
“ 13—Naval Training Station at Providence.  
“ 16—Yale at New Haven.  
“ 19—St. John's at Brooklyn.  
“ 20—Seton Hall at South Orange.
- Jan. 10—Holy Cross at Worcester.**  
“ 17—Coast Guard Academy at Providence.  
“ 24—Northeastern at Boston.
- Feb. 4—Springfield at Springfield.**  
“ 7—City College of New York at New York.  
“ 12—K. of C. Club at Brooklyn.  
“ 13—Muhlenberg at Allentown.  
“ 14—Upsala College at East Orange.  
“ 17—New Hampshire at Durham.  
“ 21—Holy Cross at Providence.  
“ 23—Worcester Polytechnic Institute at Worcester.  
“ 26—Seton Hall at Providence.
- Mar. 4—Brown at Brown Gymnasium.**  
“ 7—Lowell Textile at Providence.



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E. L. Freeman Co., 79 Westminster St.

## FOOT TROUBLES

Dr. James O'Leary, '28, Suite 328, 171 Westminster St.

## GARAGES

Elmhurst Garage, 558 Smith St.

## GIFTS

The Gift Mart, Washington St. at Mathewson St.

## Alembic Directory of Advertisers

(FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

### GOLF COURSES

Crown Hotel Miniature Golf Course, 208 Weybosset St.  
Golf Course Manufacturers—E. C. Church Co., 136 West Exchange St.

### HARDWARE

McGlinchey's Hardware, 420 Smith St.

### HEATING CONTRACTORS

Taylor Heating Co., 714 Broad St.

### HOTELS

Biltmore Hotel  
Narragansett Hotel, 97 Dorrance St.

### INSURANCE

O'Donnell & Co., Inc., 1419 New Industrial Trust Bldg.

### LABORATORY EQUIPMENT

George L. Clafin Co., 72 North Main St.  
Eastern Scientific Co., 51 Bassett St.

### MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Charlie O'Donnell, 60 Washington St.  
Mathewson Toggery Shop, 127 Mathewson St.

### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

M. Steinert & Sons, 495 Westminster St.

### NEWSPAPERS

The Providence News-Tribune

### PORTRAITS

F. H. Farley Studio, 357 Westminster St.

### PRINTERS

Providence Visitor Press, Fenner St.

### RESTAURANTS

Asia Restaurant, 162 Westminster St.

Royal Restaurant, 124 Washington St.  
St. Regis Restaurant, 129 Weybosset St.

### SHOES

Thomas F. Pierce & Son, 173 Westminster St.

### SPORTING GOODS

Wright & Diltson Co., 68 Pine St., Providence

### STATIONERS

Capitol Stationery Co., 33 Weybosset St.  
Freeman's, 79 Weybosset St.  
Providence Paper Co., 42 Weybosset St.

### SWEATERS

Dundee Knit Mills, Inc., 52-54 Snow St.  
Louis Halpern, 673 Smith St.

### TAILORS

E. B. Brady, 211 Weybosset St.  
A. Gilstein, 6 Pinehurst Ave.

### THEATER

Royal Theater, Royal Square.

### TUXEDOS

Read & White, 210 Woolworth Bldg.  
Waldorf Clothing Co., 212 Union St.

### TYPEWRITERS

Nellan Typewriter Exchange, 43 Weybosset St.  
Office Appliance Co., 53 Weybosset St.

### WEATHER STRIPS

Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips, Room 20, 42 Weybosset St.

### WHOLESALE GROCERS

Brownell, Field & Co., Providence

### WHOLESALE MEATS

J. J. Rourke & Son, 261 Canal St.

**A HAPPY NEW YEAR  
TO ALL**