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THE SENIOR ISSUE

VOL. 6

JUNE, 1926

NO. 9

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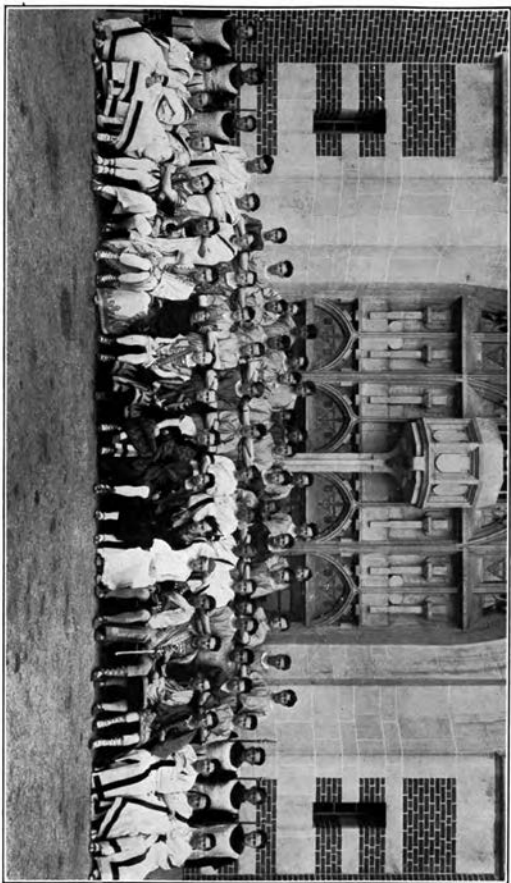
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THE CAST OF "JULIUS CAESAR"

Providence College Alembic

VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1926

No. 9

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June Commencement

June, upon whose breaking dawns
The tears of April linger still
Beneath whose fragrant scented morns
Man never lived who felt no thrill.

June, beneath whose spell are built
The dreamy plans of future years
Within whose shining promise dies
Foreboding and all present tears.

When ardent Youth will strike its bonds
As aged counsel fails to sway
Oh June! of all you promised us
How much was true, Commencement Day?

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

A REVERIE

ISAT upon a little mound, gazing off into the sea. What a strange fascination this vast span of water held for me! At my feet stretched a sandy beach, glistening in the afternoon sunshine. Here and there majestic castles, subterranean passages, and grotesque figures broke the monotony of the white, burning sand. The tiny hands which had constructed these sandy edifices had long since departed, and the furrowed beach was now deserted. No! It was not entirely bereft of life. A gentle breeze danced over the misshapened dunes, catching the shining jewels and whisking them away in miniature spirals, only to set them down again farther away.

Then through a peerless blue sky, the lurid red disc was slowly descending to the countries below the horizon. As it gently dropped from its majestic throne, it cast quivering streams resembled a huge pattern of greenish-blue, penciled with golden stripes. From the perfect blending of sea and sky, the sunbeams rushed into the shore astride the gentle billows; and alighting in the surf, permitted the foaming waters to embrace the sun-baked shore. And yet sitting amid this magnificent panorama of nature I was unappreciative, for my mind was lost in a maze of thoughts.

However, the advent of a white sail on the horizon recalled me to my present position. Timidly at first it crept from below the distant surface. But encouraged by the wind, the schooner drew nearer, so that its fluttering sails and extensiveness was discernible. Gracefully its prow parted the enveloping waters, while screaming sea-gulls perched on its mast and riggings as if to welcome the naval visitor. Cautiously it was anchored in the shallow water; and a small dory put off, bearing the officers.

It was here that my wandering mind turned into new avenues of musing. What strange tales those men could tell, and what strange sights they had seen! Hardened by buffeting the fierce elements, and experienced from contact with strange people, these men had returned home wiser. And yet I wondered whether they possessed more wisdom in the true sense of the word than before, or was it the wisdom of the moth tampering with flame.

Once again my attention was directed to the sea. I pictured

myself traveling over its placid bosom, guided only by the moon, and the stars, and the king of the planets. Down through the tropical oceans I sailed until my phantom ship rested in the crystal waters which caress the coast of Africa. Dark skinned natives peered at me from behind the jungle brush, resenting foreign invasion, but content to remain at peace in the customs of their forefathers. And here again I wondered what protective force guided these children of barbarism. Without a pilot this mystic boat sailed through the seven seas, and visited many strange and some familiar countries. Nevertheless, this strange wonderment never ceased. Surely there was some prevalent force directing all these people and affairs. Despairingly I tried to fathom my observations. But it seemed that the more I saw the greater my bewilderment grew.

Eight sharp strokes of the bell sounded from the bobbing vessel, and I looked about me in fright. What had I been thinking of? Perhaps it was the lonesomeness of the sea, or might it be Satan himself propagating these weird doctrines? With a final burst of blazing glory the sun disappeared. Yet in that spontaneous flare my susceptible imagination caught the word—God—written in gold and red on the darkening blue. That was it. Surely I was dreaming. This strange force was none other than God. Hence, as the first star of evening struggled to affix itself in the firmament, I departed from the seashore at peace with the world and wiser in the true sense of the word.

Joseph Lannen, '29.

Juvenilia

Chill winds are stilled, the air is filled
With lilac scented laughter,
Dull care away we'll jest today
Whatever comes hereafter.

The ruthless spring that heeds nothing
Of fickle hopes, and dying
Will put to rout December's doubt
And winter's sceptic sighing.

That mad word Youth still rhymes with truth
Though age would steal its glory;
Let's spend it well though years may tell
A sadder, wiser story.

Then here's a toast, a reckless boast
That has no thought of morrow,
As young as youth as old as truth;
Hail life! what then is sorrow?

Gerald Prior, '27.

GUIDE



HERE are tricks in all trades. For example, the plumber is a forgettable creature, the dairyman knew all about amplification long before Marconi fooled around oatmeal boxes, and the modern doctor is practically synonymous with a prescription.

But who in the world would ever suspect a caddy of being placed in that category. In the first place, the job of caddying can hardly be considered a trade. Then again it is rather difficult to even imagine a caddy seeking to employ deception from the very nature of his work. The caddies' duties are simple and uniform. He has certain things to do and he does them, presumably with no other object than their proper execution.

Despite this apparent counter evidence, however, there will always remain in my memory a striking example of a caddy using subtle means to attain a certain end. I was caddy master at the time out at the old Metacomet Club down by the bay. That was about a decade ago, long before the general public realized that the Scotchman's mashie was not a new culinary device and the spoon something other than a musical instrument. Instead of the present imposing stuccoed edifice, the clubhouse then was small, rectangular and wooden, devoid of all up-to-date comforts. Nevertheless, I loved the old place, especially my own little club room shaded by a great oak and facing the eighteenth green.

But I'm wandering off the fairway into the traps as usual when attempting to tell a story. So to get back to the point, as I've said before, there are tricks in all trades even in the caddy's, although I never realized it until the now traditionally famous Smith-Brown match for the club championship. And, fellow golf enthusiasts, that was some match. The old-timers up at the club still talk about it. Pete McKay will tell you that Smith's superior driving won the day,

George Hart swears that superb putting was responsible for Brown's defeat, while Billy McDougal still contends that Brown would have won hands down if it hadn't been for Smith's remarkable recovery play.

But I alone hold the secret of the win. For certain reasons I've never divulged it, and I wouldn't do so now if either or both of the participants were alive, but as the flu epidemic caught both of them a while back, I think that at last I can rid myself of it without any serious qualm of conscience. The secret? Well it lies in one word and that word is "caddy."

We had held elimination play the week before and, in the survival of the fittest (or is it the luckiest?) but two names remained on the championship bulletin, Smith and Brown. The day of the great match finally dawned, somewhat cloudy, but not cold, just good October weather with a little atmospheric nip adding its zest to a gentle breeze which barely rustled the turning leaves of the big elm just in back of the first tee as the men got set for play.

Smith had the honor, teed off with a beautiful drive straight down the fairway, and the championship match was on. Brown also got off a good initial drive, and the gallery, consisting of about 40 club members, a newspaper man and myself, followed the contestants down the fairway. As usual, the caddies were far in advance each after his respective ball. Skinny little Bill Pelkey, Smith's modern Friday, was holding down his regular job, while Nate Wright, my best caddy, drew the assignment for Brown. Smith topped his second shot, but playing a pretty spoon third landed on the green in three as did Brown with two steady drives and a nice mashie pitch. Both were fortunate in being within cup range and each holed out for a par four and all even.

The second hole is a tough one at Metacomet, the fairway stretching out for a couple of hundred yards, then curving over a good sized pond, which serves as a natural water hazard, for a like distance to finally reach a sloping green. Par is five and it takes

some shooting to get it. However, the good golfer's tee drive should carry him within 40 or 50 yards of the pond, his second should clear it, and his third carry him within mashie distance of the green. Brown played regulation golf to get a par five, but Smith had difficulty in getting his. The latter sliced his tee drive to the further side of the fairway, a good hundred yards from the pond bank. It seemed impossible for him to attempt to clear the hazard, but contrary to general expectation, he elected to do so and got off a tremendous drive. The little white spheroid shot like a bullet from the clubhead to cut a pretty arc over the remaining fairway and pond. About halfway across, however, the little ball reached its maximum, and gradually began to fall to complete the arc. The gallery held its breath at the very audacity of the shot, vaguely wondering whether it would clear. The ball shot downward on the last leg of its journey. Instinctively I groaned as my trained golfing eye caught a little splash not more than a yard or two from the opposite bank. But Phil Joslin, standing beside me, slapped me on the shoulder and exclaimed, "Some drive!" "Yes, but it didn't quite clear," I retorted. "It just about got across," came back Phil, and after we had traversed the long roundabout distance, I found that Phil was right, for there was Bill Pelkey standing a few feet from the pond's bank with the little sphere lying beside him on the marshy soil. Smith himself was surprised to the extent that he leaned over and squinted at the ball to make sure it was his own. But if Smith was surprised, I was amazed (if that is any stronger) for I prided myself on a knowledge of every course inch and a keen golfing eye. In fact, I walked over within a few yards of the ball myself to verify it. But there it was, the black diamond spot on the cover standing out in contrast to the white surrounding it; just the brand that Smith invariably used. A remarkable lie, too, considering the circumstances. The gallery cheered when Smith extricated himself with another pretty drive, pitched onto the green, sunk his putt for a par five to halve the hole. It was real golf.

Both shot par golf on the third, fourth and fifth holes. It was

a wonderful exhibition; five consecutive par holes, and all even. The gallery was spellbound with admiration but not to the extent that the usual prophets failed to predict the break. Billy McDougal was ready to stack his life against a red penny that Smith would crack before the turn while Fletch Lawton sagaciously averred that Brown's shots were too steady and true to last.

But the turn found the rivals all even, each with par 37s. They then halved seven successive holes and all with par scores. It was Hagen golf and then some, Smith erratic but brilliant, Brown steady and sure. Then at the short seventeenth, the long expected break seemed to come. Smith sliced into the woods from the tee and had to drop, but Brown failed to take advantage of the situation by missing an easy putt. The hole was halved with fours, one above par. Incidentally it was the first time they had exceeded par that afternoon.

As the players reached the eighteenth and last tee, a spirit of tenseness seemed to pervade everyone. A win for either on this hole meant victory. Just then the sun which in vain had previously attempted to peek through the clouds, now broke through far in the west as if to purposely add a dramatic touch to the scene.

Smith carefully teed up, swung a few practice strokes, and then set himself for the drive. The clubhead swung down and around to meet the ball with terrific force, and send it on its flight. Eagerly I watched its course. It travelled along for 60 or 70 yards and then gradually curved to the left into the trees along that side of the fairway. Then a short sharp crash of ball meeting wood. Then disappearance, for the human eye is not quick enough to vision the after effect of such a happening. Smith had hooked his drive into the woods on the decisive hole.

Now Brown had a wonderful chance for victory, but suddenly becoming nervous probably because of the realization of his opportunity, topped his drive for a scant nine or ten-yard roll. It certainly must have been heartbreaking after playing such a great game all afternoon long.

Still it simply seemed to even the thing up again for we all believed Smith's ball to be lost which would necessitate dropping on his part and a stroke loss. Meanwhile, Bill Pelkey, Smith's caddy, was walking down along the right side of the fairway. Wondering, I watched him. Why should he be on the right side of the fairway when Smith's ball had gone into the trees on the left. Just as he was about opposite these, he turned suddenly and yelled, "Here's your ball, Mr. Smith. By this time Smith and most of the gallery were on the other side of the fairway near the trees when he fully expected to drop. Bewildered, we all hastened over to the caddy, and sure enough, there was the ball beside him. On verification, it proved to be Smith's, the little black diamond spot, characteristic solely of Smith's balls, telling the story. But how had it gotten there? Bill's explanation that he had seen the rebound seemed plausible enough to Smith, Brown and the gallery, but to me it was peculiar. Such things have happened in golf, but I wondered. At any rate that piece of luck won the hole, match and championship for Smith.

That night, however, in talking of the great match, I fell to wondering not so much the possibility as to the veracity of Bill's statement. I was positive my eyesight was equally as good if not better than his, and I had lost sight of the ball the instant it hit the tree. Then the somewhat similar situation on the second hole struck me. Then a possible solution. Why couldn't Bill have dropped those balls? But, no, what object could he have in so doing?

Nevertheless, I resolved to satisfy the suspicious growing on me, and to do a little detective work on my own account. Accordingly, I donned a pair of rubber boots early the next morning and walked over to the water hazard on hole number two. Recalling all I could of Smith's great drive, I determined on my salvaging grounds. Working in to that section, and employing the touch system universally used by caddies in hunting for balls, I found, in defence of my theory, Smith's ball. I knew it was his, not only from

the black diamond trade mark on the cover, but also from its newness.

Now I was positive that my theory was correct. But what could be Bill's object? I knew that Smith was too square a sportsman to indulge in any underhanded alliance with a caddy. So half angry and wondering, I got Bill alone in the club room that afternoon, and subjected him to my idea of the third degree, culminating with the all-important question, "Why?" "Why did you do this," I shot out. Little Bill, pale and warm and half crying hung his head and said, "I, uh, wanted to go South."

"Go South," I replied in wonder.

"Ye-yes sir, Mr. Smith said he was going to Florida if he won the championship."

"Well, what of it," from me.

"He, er, said he'd take me with him for his caddy." Then wistfully "And, Mr. McLaughlin, last year the doctor said I'd have to go South for my sickness, but, you know, we're poor." Then he burst into tears.

I had been intent on firing him as soon as I found out what prompted him to such action, but as he stood there before me, thin and haggard, a wave of sympathy or something akin to that swept over me. Anyways I believe my own eyes were a little moist. But assuming an attitude of severity, I lectured little Bill on honesty and its merits, and then told him to keep mum about the whole affair.

Did he go South? You bet he did.

John F. O'Connell, '28.

THE SENIOR CLASS

School of Philosophy

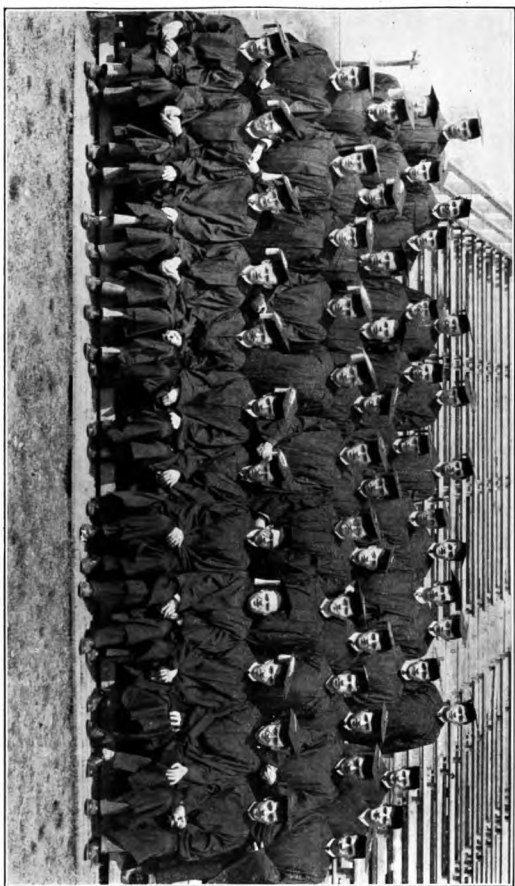
William Joseph Bannon	John Joseph Mulhern
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John Patrick Leahy	Daniel Joseph Sullivan
James Peter McGeough	Edward Francis Sullivan



THE SENIOR CLASS

Strangers

We who have felt Love's soft caress
Sweeter than dew,
Know that we seem stranger
Than most of you.

We who can hear low voices speak
When breezes blow
Feel that their soft message
Holds naught you know.

We who have found that Love can pain
Like a torn scar,
Are oftentimes much gentler
Than most men are.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

From its very inception, it was evident that the class of Twenty-seven was destined to be something more than an ordinary class; there was a certain distinctiveness, a general whole-heartedness, and an enthusiastic spirit of co-operation which could not fail to make itself known. How well that spirit has been maintained and justified can be demonstrated most conclusively by its record—a succession of glorious achievements. We do not need to enumerate them; they speak for themselves.

And, yet, these achievements have not been confined to any particular field of activity. Our endeavors and triumphs have manifested themselves in scholastic standing, in athletic feats and in social functions. We have lent a willing hand to all college activities; we have ever held before us first and foremost the honor and glory of our institution and we have always maintained a high morale in our efforts. The inevitable mistakes of youthful zeal have been encountered, acknowledged and amended, to be remembered as the guiding posts of the future.

Within the class, a progressive spirit has always been noticeable. We have become molded into a composite whole, endowed with one purpose, actuated by one desire, and impelled towards one goal. And all this has been accomplished during the three short years since our reception into this college. We are now at the stage where we realize just what is expected of us. With this in mind, we promise the faculty that we will try to carry out the spirit of their teachings so that their labor will not have been in vain. To the outgoing class we extend our congratulations and the pledge of our future efforts; and to the underclassmen we express the hope that they will see in our achievements and successes a standard of what is expected and desired of them.

William McCabe, '27.

In Defense of the Poet

Poetry is today, as it always has been, a source of the greatest pleasure to most of us, and there is nothing in use by mankind for power of good to equal it. Poetry of the right kind is uplifting, and stimulates all that is good and noble in our natures.

Poets, those who sing of God; the human soul; the sweeping rill, or the thundering seas; the serenity of soulful bliss; the consolation of sympathy; the sublimity of the divine have in very truth a God-given vocation, and we should rather encourage and further their efforts, insofar as we able, than stifle their aspirations beneath a haughty contempt often fathered by jealousy.

To the young authors attempting these works we should give unstinted credit, for they, like Pope, "have lisped in numbers for the numbers came," and because their souls whispered of ideas pure and lofty they now try the indulgence of the world, hoping with a timid expectation, and watching their success as a mother, her first-born. He does not with a vain display of empty trumpetry, or with a golden hood of artificiality, or with an iridescent play of color attempt to thrust upon a gullible public a meaningless jumble of words; rather his work is an outpouring of pure thoughts whether in humble garb or clothed in royal raiment, with a purpose not to dazzle, but to give pure, innocent entertainment.

Let us overlook the shortcomings, and, looking deeper, see the intrinsic wealth. the heart of the piece, pure, true, and kind. Such poems with the virtues they so truly inculcate, as every undertaking that has purity and the furtherance of morality as its cause, will surely meet with recognition of its worth and thus success.

Edmund Fish, '29.

The Sophomore Class

When the Sophomores returned to renew their scholastic activities they were informed by the Reverend Dean that all hostilities between the Sophomore and Freshman classes must cease. This was, indeed a sad blow to the revenge-thirsty Sophs who had suffered at the hands of the class of 1927; but being imbued with the spirit of honor the class of '28 carefully carried out the ruling.

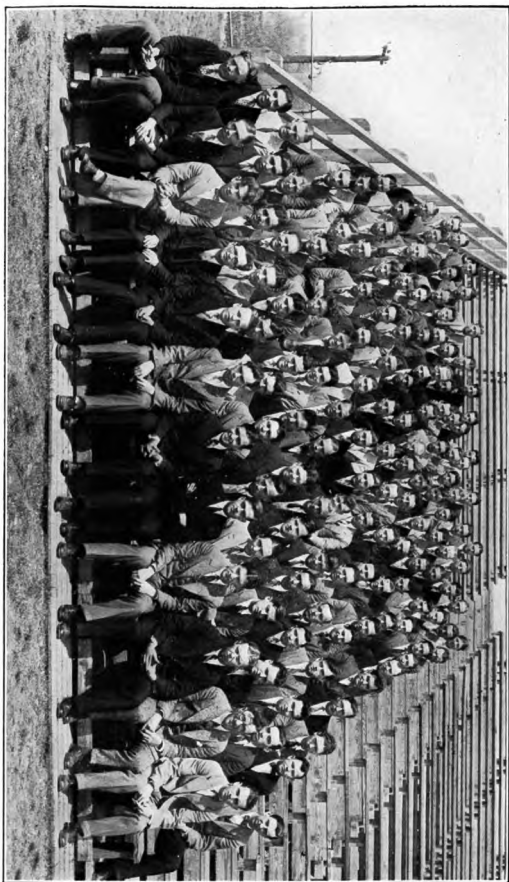
Soon after the opening of the school session, the Sophomore class organized under the capable leadership of Charles Driscoll, as president. After the class election the class of 1928 plunged wholeheartedly into its work, both scholastic and social. The first social event of the year was an innovation in the form of a "get-together" smoker tendered the entire student body and the faculty by the Senior class, the Sophomore class and the Dramatic Club. It was declared a great success and it is hoped that the smoker shall become an annual event in school circles.

In athletics the Sophomore class showed its prowess. A series of Sophomore interclass games were held upon Hendricken Field late in November in which teams from the four courses struggled for the championship of the class. In a closely fought game the Pre-Meds. emerged the champions. Next, plans for the annual classic between the Sophomore and Freshman classes were arranged for a day after the close of the Varsity schedule. On a muddy day the warriors of the classes of 1928 and 1929 met in their battle. The game waged fast and furious without a score until the educated toe of Frank Maloney placed a drop kick between the uprights for the only tally of the game.

One might say that wherever there are school activities there are Sophomores. Their talents were not confined to athletics for after they returned from their Thanksgiving holidays they staged one of the most enjoyable dances ever held in the gymnasium. Sophomore names are found in all the school activities, their names head the honor rolls of the Debating Society, Dramatics, Athletic teams, Aquino Club for Italian students, and the Albertinum Society for Pre-Medical students.

As the last social event in their school year, prior to the final exams, the Sophomore class held its annual Sophomore Hop at the Churchill House.

Philip B. Hearn, '28.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Fragment

You say a year is short but then
To some a day is long, and when
The days become a year, then two,
Things change save but a very few,
Change with the days and years until
Those once fair things though living still
Become as ghosts to haunt that place
Where Memory's dull pen must trace
All past events. So 'tis with this
Which once was fair now none would miss,
Or missing, mourn its going hence
Nor wonder whither, why or whence
It went. And we, who do not find
It fair, should we keep it in mind
When we could let this weary ghost
Go down to that forgotten host
Of cheerless thought and dusty dreams
Which sink fore'er in deep dark streams.

Gerald Prior, '27.

A LIKELY STORY

AND may I be washed, ironed and starched if this is not a most likely story." We dragged into Bill's room just in time to get the usual prelude. Bill was acknowledged the best story teller in the gang; he could tell the most unlikely stories, reeking with impossibilities, without a twitch of conscience or facial muscles, and invariably he declared himself ready and willing to be sacrificed to most strenuous laundering if his tale proved not likely. Without interrupting the teller we cut ourselves a few chairs and joined the circle. Had a stranger suddenly popped around the corner and peeked into the room he might have thought we were rehearsing for the Thirteenth Chair. Bill acknowledged our presence with a stiff nod, cleared his throat and got going. Said he:

"Fred was a poor boy. By poor I don't mean that he wore one shirt a week or when he ate his breakfast forgot about lunch, but generally speaking he was poor; no machine to speak of; no money to mention; no prospects to brag about, but he was ambitious and had great ideas. His main idea in life was to marry the daughter of the wealthiest man in town; I said he was ambitious. The usual story—daughter in love with Fred; frowning father—"Sirrah, you can not support my daughter in the manner to which she is accustomed" and all that tommyrot. Fred suffered in silence and kept on hoping until one morning he awoke to the fact that if he ever intended or hoped to get the girl he must step on it—the inevitable shiek had come from out of the west and was rushing his Inspiration. Followed many days of dark despair; followed many more of frenzied searching for ideas. At last the great mind worked—a plan came forth.

Lack of money was Fred's stumbling block. Next best to actually having coin is making people believe you have it, so Fred set out to hoodwink the public. He trotted himself down to the Western Union office at the busiest hour of the day, and before the eyes of all received a telegram, opened it and war whooped. Eyes opened wider; ears were extended and hands eagerly grabbed at the yellow slip that went the rounds, announcing that Fred Goodwin's uncle in Colorado had died, leaving his nephew sole heir to his two hundred thousand dollar estate. Fred bore the shock as became an heir

and bluffer. He accepted congratulations, advice and envious glances with complete nonchalance and backed into the street. As soon as he was out of sight of the gaping mob he bolted to cover, quivering with a rich man's excitement. When he had somewhat calmed his fluttering heart he went down to the office to more congratulations, advice and envious glances, and then things began to happen. Fred couldn't venture out of the building without running into automobile salesmen who fairly button-holed him into trying out cars, ranging from Fords to Lincolns; tailors who pressed him into getting numerous suits, flannel trousers, vari-colored sport coats; real estate men who insisted upon having him look into good buys and big houses. Everyone in town took a crack at helping him spend the two hundred thousand, and Miss Inspiration was the most interested of all. Looking into her eager eyes, after having shaken hands with approving papa, Fred couldn't resist the lure of the open when covering ground in a special sport roadster; nor could he pass up a "simply divine" bungalow with hot and cold folding doors, cement walks and fly-proof screens. His wardrobe hung in many closets; his ties draped countless lighting fixtures. And so things went — everyone knew he couldn't get his money for six months, but why deprive the poor boy of pleasures for that length of time? Miss Inspiration declared she would marry him and get herself off his mind and she did. Picture then the situation at the end of five months, and thirty days—Mr. and Mrs. Fred cozily inhabiting a \$40,000 bungalow, driving a \$6000 car, gaily owing the butcher, baker and garment maker, and the day of reckoning one day in the offing. Well, it came, as such days do; it came and that was that."

Bill got up, yawned, knocked the ashes from his cigarette and gave all evidences of having completed his story.

"It came—it came—what came, you unequalled prevaricator?"

"The day of reckoning, you unparalleled dumb-bell."

"What stall did he put up?"

"He didn't have to put up a stall; what he had to put up was money."

"How did he get out of it?"

"He didn't have to—the day before the bills came due he re-

ceived word that his Aunt Emma in Greece had died, just six months before, leaving him two hundred thousand dollars and it was delivered the next day."

"A likely story!"—with heap much scorn.

J. J. O'Brien, '26.

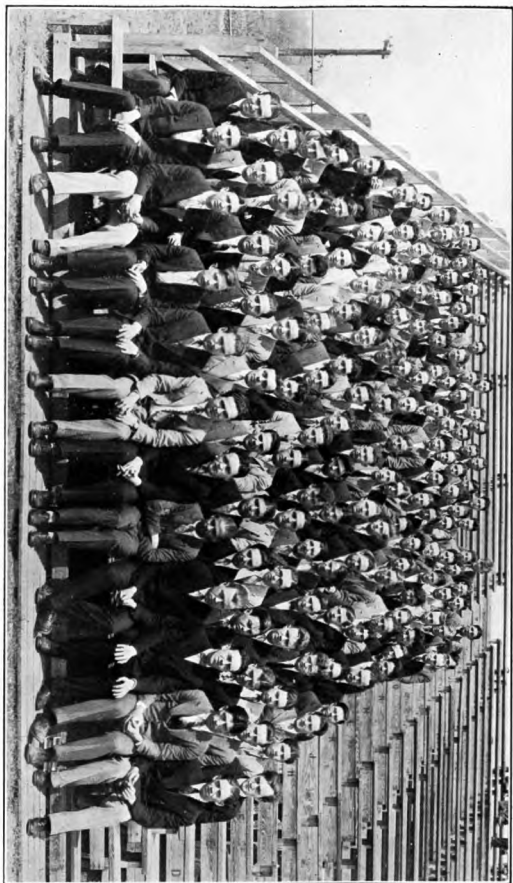
Youth Musing

True, most men know much pleasure
 Though intermixed with pain;
 Yet joy when great in measure
 Comes back in tears again.

I wonder why sweet memories
 In aged hearts remain,
 To bring as each year hurries
 Such wistful thoughts and pain.

These wonderings upon God's ways
 Have often come to me,
 When Youth's light flares in Age's eyes
 To set its vain hopes free.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS

Under the direction of Rev. Bernard A. McLaughlin, O. P., the Freshman Class organized during the first week in October, 1925. Class officers elected were Nicholas J. Serror, Jr., president; James Hannaway, vice president; George Earnshaw, secretary, and Clement Spring, treasurer. During the school year, the Freshman Class organized the first Freshman basketball team ever playing under the college colors. Following the Christmas recess, the Freshman Class entertained the upper classmen at a concert and play. Other activities included participation in all college athletics, the dramatic society and other college organizations.

Members of the Freshman Class figured prominently in the presentation of "Julius Caesar," the major offering of the Dramatic Society. A large number of Freshmen were members of the Glee Club and College Orchestra and appeared in the public concerts given at Woonsocket and Pawtucket. Besides their basketball team, the Class of 1926 formed a hockey team which became known throughout the State. Conforming to the traditions of the classes at Providence, the Freshmen organized a football team for the annual game with the Sophomores. The game was one of the most interesting played in interclass competition at the college. The Sophomores won the game in the last period with a field goal, but were forced to fight throughout the entire game to hold the fast Freshmen aggregation from scoring.

The class terminated its social activities for the year with a banquet at the Dreyfus Hotel, Providence.

Nicholas J. Serror, Jr., '29.

“A Prince, A Beggar and A Rose”

BEING naturally of a curious disposition and possessed of a love of unfrequented nooks and byways, I had long anticipated an opportunity to explore several very dilapidated but interesting old trunks stored away in a remote and dusty corner of the attic. The debris of years was piled on and around them so that they were half concealed — ancient wrecks amid the Sands of Time. The visible portions of their exterior were ornamented with elaborate but tarnished hinges of hammered brass, like the treasure chests of those romantic days of buccaneers which so intrigued my childish fancy. Even as a child, however, I knew instinctively that these trunks were forbidden ground, although I had never been expressly ordered not to include them in my Captain Kidd Treasure Hunts.

I remember one evening in winter. I lay upon the rug before the fireplace. The wind moaned a mournful lullaby down the chimney, and the flickering light of the dying log fire cast fitful shadows upon the Venetian Tapestry on the opposite wall. This tapestry had always fascinated me. It represented a noble gentleman (I liked to think of him as noble, a prince, perhaps) in the act of assisting a beautiful maiden into a gondola, decked with a canopy of roses. The Bridge of Sighs arched gracefully in the background, and in its foreboding shadow a beggar sat and stretched forth an appealing hand. I hated the beggar. Somehow he seemed a menace; a sinister threat. I wished he had taken his stand elsewhere.

And now in the dim light the figures seemed to live! I thought I saw the prince stoop and kiss the maiden's hand. I thought the beggar bent toward them, pleading. The prince frowned disdainfully upon him, and the maiden gaily tossed a rose into his lap. I could see the beggar curse them, crushing the rose in his bony fingers and dropping the fragrant petals into the murky swirling water. I soon fell asleep.

Some sound, at length, awakened me, but I lay very still with

my eyes open wide. The fire had burned to a heap of red ashes, and the large room was filled with a heavy gloom entirely obscuring the tapestry. Presently I heard a low murmur, as of someone softly crying, and then from the darkness, my mother's sweet voice sighed forth in a tone of poignant sorrow, words which seared themselves upon my memory.

"My son, my little son," she said, "There are moments well worth a lifetime of suffering and sacrifice, and there are other moments which merit the curse of eternal regret."

I did not understand, but kept very quiet. Thinking me still asleep, she approached the hearth and stooped to kiss my forehead.

"But I shall not burden you with the weight of the past," she continued, "You shall never know."

A sudden shifting of the embers in the fireplace revealed the beggar in a momentary flash of light, more sinister, I thought, than before.

My mother's words at once troubled and interested me. Troubled me, because she, upon whose lovely countenance I had seen naught but happy smiles and whose lips had uttered naught but gentle endearments, had wept when she spoke them. Interested me, for they breathed upon my own calm life that faint breath of mystery which intrigued my imagination and lifted my whole being into a hitherto undiscovered realm of Romance.

What did she mean? What should I never know? The thought taunted me in play and haunted me in dreams. I resolved to know the secret, bring what punishment of misery it may! I determined, then, to take advantage of the first opportunity to examine the old trunks, for I felt that here was the most promising field of discovery. To do this unobserved was no easy task. I must plan my way carefully, choosing a time when even the servants would be absent from the house. I knew that in a secret compartment of my mother's jewel case, which I discovered by accident one day, were kept a number of heavy brass keys. These, I imagined, would solve the difficulty of opening the trunks.

For many days I waited. At last, early one morning, my mother was called to the sickbed of a relative. As I watched her retreating carriage from a window in the drawing room, the clock in the hall chimed seven. The servants would not arrive till eight. An hour was sufficient; I would lose no time.

I paused a moment to glance at the tapestry. The beggar seemed less forbidding by the cold light of the morning sun, and the maiden, too, less lovely. Proceeding timidly up the staircase, across the great hall, my footsteps resounding through that huge old pile like the tramp of a legion, I came at last before the great bureau in my mother's bedroom. The jewel case reposed in its accustomed place, but the secret drawer was slightly ajar. Within, however, I found the keys as I expected.

Trembling with anticipation, I dashed up the attic stairs, to behold, in another moment, my work accomplished for me! All the odds and ends of bric-abrac and furniture were piled neatly to one side, disclosing the three massive trunks, heavily bound in brass.

A chill of disappointment seized me. Had someone (mother, perhaps) anticipated my design and removed the evidence? Selecting the likeliest looking key, I thrust it into the nearest lock, which, to my delight, snapped open quite easily. For the first time, I hesitated. What right had I to ferret the hidden secrets of the dead? Not a sound pierced the morgue-like stillness of the house; a sudden terror held me as in a vise, and in another moment I would have fled precipitously down the stairs, had not my curiosity presently overcome my fears.

Two or three nervous tugs failed to budge the top of the trunk, but at last with a great effort it began to loosen and drop backwards. A musty smell arose from within, filling the place with a strange odor, as of a perfume of the past. Lifting the yellowed linen pall which covered the contents of the trunk, my already abating eagerness was forthwith changed to positive disgust, for, while there was no evidence that anything had been recently disturbed, it was evident that the result of my trouble was no more than a trunkful of very old articles of apparel, interesting, perhaps, for their age and style, but hardly what I expected.

One by one I placed them on a convenient table; a Spanish shawl, an elaborate ball gown, a quantity of rare old lace and various other odds and ends of antique feminine finery. Nor did the second trunk yield anything of further interest, except, perhaps, a jewel case containing a number of rings and brooches from which the stones had been removed.

Thoroughly discouraged and disappointed, I began to repack,

disregarding the third trunk, when I noticed an irregular fragment of parchment which had evidently fallen to the floor from the folds of one of the garments. My enthusiasm returned with a bound, for across the corner of this paper, in faded but discernable characters were written these words:

" . . . that our last farewell should be attended by such distressing . . ." Here the writing ended, the next few words being effaced, but continued with the following:

" . . . The White Rose of Ross is dead. Never again shall the Phantom Beggar scatter his cursed blossoms into the moat of Ross-killen, crushing the hearts and dividing the House of Ross." It was signed simply, "Elizabeth."

Elizabeth was my mother's name, but this had surely been written many years before her birth. It appeared to be an answer, the name and address probably being on the missing portion. In a fever of excitement I searched among the discarded relics, flinging them in a disordered heap upon the floor, but in vain. There was no further trace. But I had forgotten the other trunk! A glance showed it to be already unlocked, and a closer inspection told me that other hands than mine had not so long ago disturbed the dust of generations.

Inside, unlike the other two, all was disorder and confusion, as if someone had packed the things not merely carelessly, but in great haste. A wave of anger and resentment swept through my whole being. I had been cheated! Breathless, I flung the contents furiously with the rest, until my hopes soared once more to a new high pitch, for on the very bottom reposed a beautiful box of carved ebony, the top of which was inlaid with a white rose in mother of pearl.

It required all my strength to lift it from its resting place, and when I had set it safely on the floor, I was amazed to behold the entire lower section slide slowly forward as if animated by an unseen power, revealing an aperture which had been concealed by a false bottom. I had probably touched a spring in lifting the box, for presently the movement ceased with a click.

A single sheet of paper and the withered remains of a rose was all the shallow opening contained. Carefully lifting the paper, I read the following imprecation written in a bold uneven scrawl:

"Unfaithful One! You spurn me for I am not of your degree.

You mock me, for I presumed to love you. You torture me, for I am powerless! The Curse of Ross be upon you and your inheritance. May you die the death of your unhappy ancestors. The White Rose of Ross will bloom once more."

The Curse of Ross! What could it mean? Would I, too, feel its power? Somehow I believe that I shall soon know!

Robert E. Grant, '28.

MOMENTS



HE wind howled mournfully around the casement; the incessant drip of the rain in the courtyard lent a desolate note to the crackling of the logs in the fireplace. The disconsolate sparks seemed loath to leave the spot whence they sprung, but impelled by a force inexorable they were finally driven up into the storm which would quench them forever. The elder man, in a deep leather chair, fingered his cigar nervously. The younger man, in a deep leather chair, fingered his cigar nervously. The younger man, a late caller, had been sketching in a casual way the play which he had witnessed earlier in the evening. He saw the scant attention his host was paying. The erratic beat of a slippers foot on the edge of the smoking stand indicated the latter's preoccupied state of mind.

Finally the elder man spoke and his words had no reference to the last remark of his young guest. "I'm really glad you dropped in, Jimmie. I need some one to talk to. You don't know the principals in this little story so there's no harm done in telling you.

"Harry was with me in old Buckhill—that's my college, you know. We were great pals, in those days. He was a big, rugged fellow, always active, went in for athletics and that sort of thing. Fact is he was too anxious always to be doing something. The settled, scheduled life of the school rather palled on him. I remember three different occasions during our third and fourth years when I had the devil's own time keeping him from making a break. He wanted to get into business and could hardly brook the delay. But he would always listen to me. Yes, we were great pals.

"We graduated together. Harry had been voted the most popular man in college. And the man most confident in his ability was Harry himself. I never thought the less of him for that. I admired him a lot; and as for his feelings toward me, I know I held first place. After a summer vacation spent together, he went West to get established; I drifted around, doing a little writing now and then.

"We corresponded regularly. There was always a sincerity in the things Harry did which more than offset any clumsy method he might have used. It was that way with his letters. They were not remarkable for their style but rather for their blunt simplicity. He wrote once a month. He had been in Denver for two years with a business well established there, when he first mentioned Marjorie. It seemed that he had met her at an informal party—and that the party had been a huge success. After that the letters revealed more and more clearly in Harry's earnest way the fact that my old school-mate was in love. I was more than pleased. He deserved the best and was apparently satisfied that Marjorie was the only girl.

"My interests around New York weren't imperative, so when Harry invited me to spend the winter with him I picked up and went out to Denver. He met me at the station—the same old Harry—a little heavier, a little more settled and serious. We had dinner together—then at his apartments that evening we had a long chat, talking over old times, the good old Buckhill days, and the months that had intervened. He told me of his business—something in the copper line—and his eyes flashed as he reviewed the success he was having. Then he mentioned Marjorie and his voice softened, the flash in his eye became a warm glow. In the old days he had never cared particularly for girls. His interests had been directed toward other things. I saw that this new found love was something which had stirred his very soul, making his earnestness majestic. That was two nights before Christmas. We were great pals, Harry and I.

"The next evening we called on Marjorie. Marjorie! I can see her now as she was standing when we were ushered in. The large, long, well-furnished room, the dim light revealing a decorated spruce tree in one corner, and in the other corner by the open piano—Marjorie, her golden hair translucent in the subdued light, her soft cheek resting caressingly on a violin. She was playing Gounod's "Ave Maria" at the time, and we waited just over the threshold till she had ended.

"Then I met her. As Harry's often-mentioned best friend I was already familiar to her; I felt I had known her for a long time; we told each other so, and so we accepted each other. There were others in the room, her mother and father and an aunt. I was presented, of course, but somehow there seemed to be no one but Marjorie and I together in that room. Her eyes, cerulean like the deep

clear blue of the sky on a summer day, sparkled as she spoke—about her music, about her conservatory years in Chicago, about her desire to see New York. She listened intently as I recounted some of the things I had seen and done in the East. It was a wonderful evening.

“After that I saw her often. I accompanied Harry on his frequent visits to her home. I even found excuses to call myself. I remember one night leaving my cigarette case so that I might return for it next day. And Marjorie didn't seem to mind. I know, in fact, that she liked to have me there. I so enjoyed her music. And she could talk to me with an openness, a frankness that she seemed never to employ with Harry. And so things drifted for a month while I lived only for the moments spent with Marjorie.

“Then one night it came to me with brutal clearness that I was crazy about the girl, that I had been making every effort to have her care for me, that I was being disloyal and false to the man who had the most faith in me. I couldn't trust myself to see her again without disclosing my love—and when I thought of Harry, of how much Marjorie meant to him, I knew that I wouldn't do that, no matter how great the sacrifice.

“Next morning I started East. A note to Harry screened my departure. To Marjorie I did not even bid farewell. What she would think I forced myself not to consider. The consolation of realizing that I had followed the only honorable course was hardly enough to buoy me during the next few weeks. Gradually, however, the craving for Marjorie became less keen. My mind, which had been in a state of distraction hitherto unknown, finally quieted so that I could work. And, in the feverish burst of writing which followed, composure and a half-resigned indifference settled on me.

“An occasional word from Harry informed me that Marjorie was delaying on one pretext or another the date for their wedding. It was a year before she at last consented. Harry wrote from California where they were spending their honeymoon. He was very happy.

“It is ten years since their marriage. Tomorrow they are leaving for a trip to France. I had dinner with them this evening. Harry was in high spirits, enjoyed his meal immensely—and saw nothing. Ten years had not affected Marjorie; she was more beautiful if anything, a mature, regal beauty, her genial bearing seemingly subdued, and her sparkling eyes more blue. As Harry was telling

a story, which must have been funny for he laughed uproariously at it—over her coffee cup Marjorie's eyes flashed a smile, the significance of which I understood. Then we both laughed, at which Harry seemed gratified. Which after all was playing it rather low on Harry. He will never understand our little joke."

The speaker rose, walked to the large window, and stood staring into the rain.

Frank J. Kelly.

RESIDUUM

Scene of accident. Policeman taking names and notes regarding accident.

"Mother," said small boy, "why does the policeman always lick the end of his pencil before writing."

"To make the case look as black as possible, I suppose."

Willie: "Father, what is an egotist?"

Father: "An egotist my son is a man that tells you those things about himself which you intended to tell him about yourself."

By the way, remarked the doctor: "How about that little bill I sent you last month?"

"Oh, yes!" agreed the patient, "Well, you know you told me not to worry over anything."

Captain was giving final instructions before sending Private Smith to his solitary listening post in a shell-hole.

"Now, what will you do if they start shooting and shells break in this sector?"

"Form a line, sir."

"How will you form a line with one man?"

"A bee-line for home, sir," replied the private.

Can ye tell why the Scotch have a sense of humor?

I suppose, because it's a gift.

Would you believe it? So far that car of mine has cost me only \$50.

Well, I suppose that's one advantage of the deferred payment plan.

There was heard a crash of dishes from the kitchen.

"Sarah," cried her mistress, "What are you doing?"

"Ain't doin' nothin' ma'm," said Sarah calmly, "It's all did."

Scotch Thrift.

Sandy (boarding train) to wife:

"Noo dinna forget to mak' little Sandy tak' off his glasses when he's na lookin' through them."

Prof: "Give me a sentence with the word boycott in it.

Stude: "The father chased his son and didn't catch him till his boycott on a wire fence."

A fellow was told by his sweetie that each time he called on her he would have to help her dad hoe the potatoe patch.

He reneged, saying, "I'm no hoe-beau."

You are charged with bringing two Hollanders into this country illegally, accused the immigration official, "What have you to say?"

"I got this," objected the culprit, "I don't see how there can be any law against a fellow getting in Dutch."

Guy: "Say, what is an alcohol lamp?"

Buy: "That's pop's eye when it has a dark circle around it."

Stude: "Why do women take such short steps?"

Dent: "It gives them more opportunity for changing their mind about which way they're going."

Grocer: "Madam, we have some lovely string beans, today.

Madam: "How much a string?"

Teacher: "Johnny, give me a collective noun."

Johnny: "A vacuum cleaner."

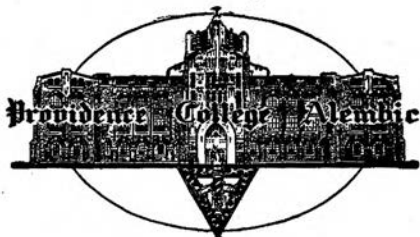
Teacher: "Say, Petey, why do they call you 'Flannel'?"

Petey: "I guess, teacher, it's because I shrink from washing."



THE ALEMBOIC STAFF

Seated, left to right—Allan E. O'Donnell, '26; Francis C. Hagerly, '26; W. Harold O'Connor (Editor), '26; John E. Farrell, Jr. Mgr., '26; Arthur Earnshaw, '26; Standing—Stephen M. Murray, '27 (asst. Ed.); Gerald Prior, '27; Francis V. Reynolds, '26; Joseph Savin, '28; Nicholas J. Serron, '29; John Biene, '27 (Adv. Mgr.)



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No. 9

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

Stephen M. Murray, '27, *Assistant*

Arthur Earnshaw, '26

Joseph Slavin, '28

Gerald Prior, '27

Nicholas Serror, Jr., '29

Joseph Lannen, '29

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Francis G. Hagerty, '26

Francis V. Reynolds, '26

Cyril Costello, '27

John J. O'Brien, '26

Circulation

John E. Farrell, '26

Eugene Sullivan, '27

The Average Collegian

The average collegian is a much abused, much discussed and much misunderstood person. We have read articles criticising his mode of living, seen cartoons ridiculing his bearing, and heard jokes pointed at his habits until we wonder just who might be designated as the average collegian.

After a close scrutiny of our own fellow students we are at loss to find evidences of these traits so widely depicted by modern writers. The college man of today is spoken of as a lazy, useless fellow

by many of these questionable authorities on the subject. Yet from personal observation in our own college we find that approximately 85 per cent. of the students are engaged in some outside labor independent of their class work. Of these we also find about 50 per cent who are earning their own college expenses, not only by working during the summer months but also by working during the college year. With these facts facing us we are rather doubtful as to the supposed laziness of the average collegian. Then in view of the fact that the scope of their work includes every known occupation from sweeping corridors to singing and orchestra work, we feel inclined to question their oft-cartooned uselessness. As to his mode of dress we feel that the average collegian is a victim of a great deal of undeserved notoriety. For we are convinced that much of the grotesque attire hailed as collegian is really worn by fellows whose closest acquaintance with college life comes through a perusal of College Humor. Likewise we feel safe in asserting that fully half of these writers and cartoonists who offer such impressive studies of the college man would gain much in the worth of their own work by a little honest study of the average collegian. Being, in our own judgment, average collegian, we feel a bit aroused over the traits with which they seem anxious to garb us. Hence as the average collegian we ask a little more of fairness and a little less of exaggeration from those whose pleasure it is to depict us. But until the writers of the day begin to judge the average collegian by the 85 per cent. who really are such, we seem bound to endure the jibes aimed at the remaining minority.

A year ago we inherited, among other things, an office
In key which admitted us to a view of some rather unim-
Parting pressive furniture and a typewriter of questionable durability. Together with the key we received the warning that we did not know what we were taking upon our slim shoulders. However, June finds us with few disillusionments. The furniture and typewriter proved unwilling to give up the ghost so we are able to pass that part of our legacy on to our successor. As to the warn-

ing, we feel that it was rather unnecessary. We began in October with the expectation of plenty of work; we finish in June after having found fully as much as we expected. We started as most editors do, with visions of "a bigger and better" Alembic. A glance at the year's issues shows that it was a bigger Alembic; whether it was better we are loth to judge. We hope that it was improved but fear that in some instances it was not. To be frank in the matter we know that there was great room for improvement in our own writings. If the readers found a "better" Alembic we suggest that you attribute it to its proper cause—the hearty co-operation and untiring efforts of the members of the staff. If you thought the periodical below standard we suggest that you place the blame with the editor for failing to perceive what might better have pleased you.

However, whether we were worthy only you who have read can judge. We did try to give you our sincere beliefs and we hope we were not entirely unsuccessful. We write our parting words with genuine sorrow for we know that Alembic associations have become quite dear to us. What work we did was lightened by the liking that we had for it and made pleasant by the assistance of a most sympathetic staff.

If you find this last effort difficult reading we ask your sympathetic understanding, for this particular editor has always found "good bye" an unpleasant expression and this time it seems unusually so.

But we are becoming boresome; so without further quibbling we thank sincerely the readers of the Alembic as well as the staff members for their gracious acceptance of our efforts during the past year, and offer the consolation that they will find the director of next year's periodical a much more capable and efficient editor than it was our privilege to be.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The impressive ceremonies incident to the vesting of the Senior class with academical cap and gown were held in the college chapel at 9 o'clock, the morning of May 10. The mass was celebrated by the Rev. M. S. Welsh, O. P., Vice-President of the College. Following the mass, the Rev. Daniel M. Galliher, O. P., Dean, vested the Seniors and delivered an address. The students of the college attended the exercises.

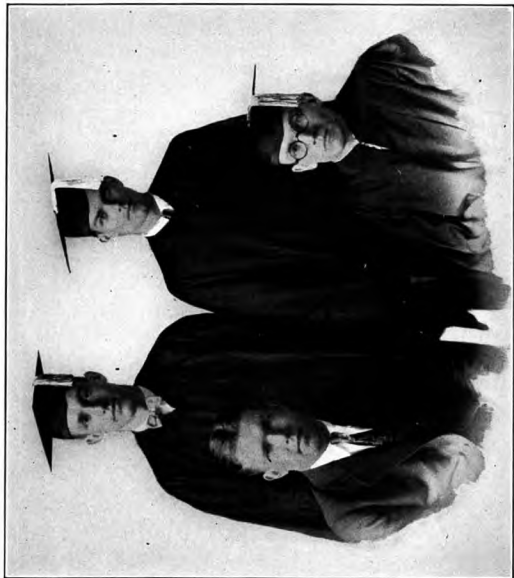
Following the ceremonies in the chapel, the graduating class, led by Charles Reynolds, president of the Class of 1926, planted the class tree and marched to the athletic field where addresses were made by the Rev. Justin McManus, O. P., Mr. Reynolds and William Young, class orator. The address at the planting of the tree was delivered by Allan V. O'Donnell of the graduating class.

The Alembic Advertising Boosters' Contest ended May 10, when Mr. George W. Danielson, president of the Danielson Advertising Company, presented the prizes to the students who had obtained the largest number of sales slips. John C. Bierne, '27, manager of the contest reported unusually successful results for the advertisers and the Alembic following the contest.

Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" was very successfully presented by the college Dramatic Society at the Providence Opera House, Saturday afternoon and evening, May

8. The society produced the tragedy on the evening of May 6, under the auspices of the Trinity Club, Woonsocket, at Woonsocket. The cast was under the direction of the Rev. Bernard A. McLaughlin, O. P.

As an outcome of the successful presentation of "Julius Caesar," a comprehensive plan was presented to the members of the Dramatic Society, for a reorganization of the present society and affiliation with the Little Theatre Movement and an honorary membership, at a meeting of the society, May 20. The meeting was the



THE DEBATING TEAM

Seated, left to right—Edward McEntee, '28; James Walsh, '26; Francis V. Reynolds (Captain), '26; Edward Sullivan, '26

largest attended of any held this year. The sponsors and drafters of the new plan are James N. Eastham, President of the Society, Edward F. Sullivan and Nicholas J. Serror, Jr. The plan was presented to the organization by Rev. Bernard A. McLaughlin, O. P., moderator of the society, who introduced the sponsors and framers of the plan. The members of the society signified their intentions to adopt the plan to produce only classical and the best drama of the contemporary stage and instructed a committee of five members to construct a new constitution for the society under the plan. A meeting was held by the society on May 25.

The annual Freshman Banquet was held at the *Freshmen* Dreyfus Hotel, Providence, Thursday evening, May 13th. More than 100 members of the class assembled in the main dining room and listened to addresses from Rev. Bernard A. McLaughlin, O. P., moderator of the class; Nicholas J. Serror, Jr., class president, and Mr. Daniel O'Neil of the college faculty. Music was furnished for the affair by the school orchestra, and a special vaudeville production was given.

Members of the Providence College Orchestra appeared during the month under the auspices of the *Orchestra* Rose Club of the Cathedral parish and at the banquet of the Cranston Democratic Club. The orchestra also provided the musical program for the meeting of the Aquinas Club.

Nicholas J. Serror, Jr., '29.

ALUMNI

The College Varsity baseball had a representative aggregation among the alumni at the two Brown games. We feel certain from such a manifestation of enthusiasm which was displayed by them that the alumni can be relied upon to undertake anything which would be beneficial to their Alma Mater. We hope that as much interest will be shown in the Commencement activities during the week of June 6th.

Final arrangements have been completed for the Alumni Banquet to be held at the Biltmore Hotel, June 8th. The committee has asked the whole-hearted support of every alumnus for this affair. Information concerning the banquet can be had by applying to any of the following members of the committee: Howard Farrell, '24, chairman; Lloyd Coffey, '23; William O'Donnell, '25.

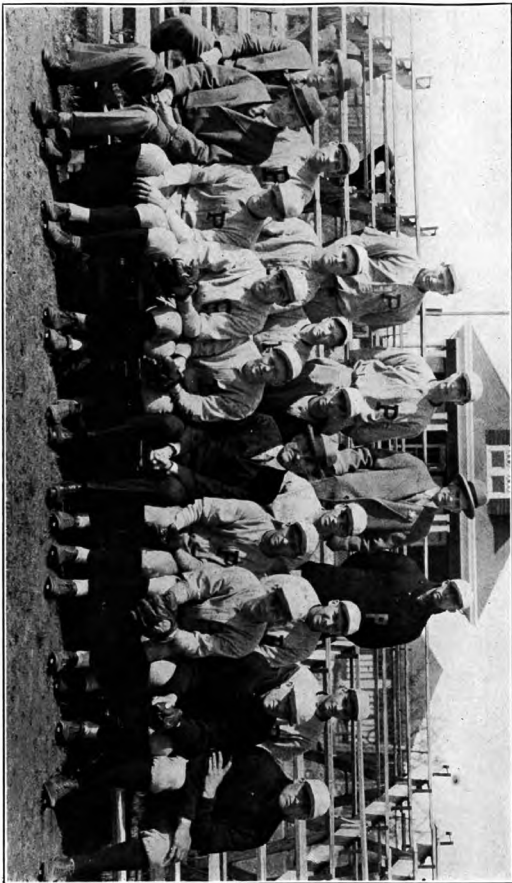
Joseph McCormick, '22, is now connected with a brokerage firm of Wall Street.

Eddie Marrah, '25, is working in the City Engineer's Department of Woonsocket.

Robert Curran, '25, besides studying law at Fordham is an instructor at Clayson Point, N. Y.

Joseph Flynn, '24, is now studying law at Georgetown.

Arthur Earnshaw, '26.



BASEBALL SQUAD



PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. SETON HALL COLLEGE
AT HENDRICKEN FIELD ON MAY 6, 1926

A slashing rally in the seventh inning that netted two runs, enabled Providence College to come from behind and beat Seton Hall 8-7 at Hendricken Field. It was the second victory of the season for the Dominicans over the Jerseyites.

Joe Whelan was on the mound for the Smith Hill college and although the Fall River lad pitched a creditable ball game, he was nicked for hits at opportune times. The support which the rangy Sophomore received during the first part of the contest was anything but commendable. Glaring errors put Setonian players on the bases and paved the way for several runs. Towards the end of the fray the Dominican team began to show real form and as a result the Jerseyites were held in check.

The contest was exciting from start to finish as the outcome was always in doubt. Twice after Seton Hall had taken the lead, the Providence team came from behind and tied the score. Then when the Dominicans stepped into a one-run lead the Jerseyites came right back and added two tallies to their total. With the count

Providence College Alembic

7 to 6 against them, Coach White's lads crashed through with two markers in the seventh frame, which gave them the verdict.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					SETON HALL						
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	ib	po	a	e
O'Brien, 1	5	0	1	0	0	Clarkin, 1	5	0	8	0	3
Allen, 3	2	1	2	1	1	Kearney, m	5	3	1	0	0
Doyle, 2	4	2	4	2	0	Outwater, p	4	2	0	1	1
Hallaran, c	3	1	8	0	0	Harnak, s	4	1	0	4	0
Maroney, r	3	1	2	0	2	Liddy, 1	4	0	5	0	0
McLaughlin, ss	4	2	1	3	0	Piansky, 3	4	1	3	4	0
Graham, 1	3	1	9	0	1	Walsh, 2	4	0	3	0	1
Cummings, m	4	0	0	0	2	Carney, c	4	0	4	1	0
Whelan, p	4	1	0	4	0	Henaby, r	3	1	0	0	0
Totals	32	9	27	19	6	Totals	37	8	24	10	5
Innings	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9					1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9					
SETON HALL	2 3 0 0 2 0 0 0 0-7					2 0 3 1 0 6 2 0 x-8					
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE	2 0 3 1 0 6 2 0 x-8										

Runs—Allen 3, Doyle 3, Maroney, Whelan; Kearney 2, Outwater 2, Harnak, Walsh, Henaby. Two-base hits—Maroney, McLaughlin, Doyle, Henaby. Three-base hits—Halloran, Doyle, Kearney, Harnak. Sacrifices—Halloran, Maroney, Liddy. Double plays—McLaughlin to Doyle to Graham; Prucinsky (unassisted). Umpire—Meehan.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. WILLIAM & MARY COLLEGE
AT HENDRICKEN FIELD ON MAY 8, 1926

Coach Jack White's Providence College baseballists, with Charley Reynolds on the hillock, slammed the offerings of two opposing pitchers for a total of 12 base hits and won a fast, exciting game from William and Mary College, last season's champions of the South, by a 10 to 3 score at Hendricken Field. The White and Black youngsters hit hard and often, a homer by Allen, a triple and double by Maroney and two baggers by Doyle and Reynolds were among the registered damages.

"Vin" Cummings, centre fielder, turned in one of the most spectacular fielding exhibitions ever witnessed at the local ball field when in the sixth inning he knocked down a sizzling drive off the bat of Drewry, the Virginian's first sacker, with his barehand and snared it in his mitt before it fell to the ground. It made the third out and retired the side.

While Reynolds was found for a total of 10 hits he was effective

in the pinches and most of the recorded blows in the opponent's side of the register were of the scratch variety. Allen's error in the eighth, which was followed by three sharp singles caused a lot of trouble and was instrumental in the visitors tallying twice. Reynolds tightened up however, struck out two and the third batter fled to the outfield.

McGrath, who started on the mound job for the visitors was knocked from the hill in the fourth frame when a triple by Maroney followed by a costly error by Bloxson and a series of base knocks by McLaughlin, Reynolds and Doyle and a free pass issued to Cummings, paved the way for six runs on the home side of the ledger.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						WILLIAM & MARY							
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e		
O'Brien, 1	4	0	2	0	0	Moss, 3	4	0	2	3	1		
Allen, 3	4	1	1	2	1	Kahn, ss	5	2	1	4	0		
Doyle, 2	2	2	3	2	1	Smith, m	5	0	2	2	0		
Halloran, c	4	1	7	0	0	Drewry, 1	4	0	10	0	1		
Maroney, r	4	2	0	0	0	Delk, c	4	2	4	1	0		
McLaughlin, ss	4	3	1	2	1	Eason, 1	4	3	2	0	0		
Graham, 1	4	1	8	0	0	Anderson, r	1	0	0	1	0		
Cummings, m	3	0	4	0	0	McGrath, p, r	3	0	2	1	0		
Reynolds, p	4	2	1	2	0	Bloxson, 2	3	1	1	1	1		
						Gregory, p	3	2	0	1	0		
Totals	33	12	27	8	3	Totals	36	10	24	14	3		
Innings	1					2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE	2					0	1	6	0	0	0	1	x-10
WILLIAM AND MARY	0					0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0-3

Runs—McLaughlin 2, O'Brien, Allen, Doyle, Halloran, Maroney, Graham, Cummings, Reynolds—10; Delk 2, Eason—3. Stolen base—Kahn. Two-base hits—Maroney, Doyle, Reynolds. Three-base hit—Maroney. Home run—Allen. First base on balls—Off Reynolds 1; off McGrath 1; off Gregory 1. Left on bases—William and Mary 9; Providence College 3. Struck out—By Reynolds 5; by McGrath 2; by Gregory 2. Hit by pitched ball—By Reynolds (Bloxson). Double plays—McGrath to Drewry; Allen to Doyle to Graham (2). Wild pitch—Gregory. Umpires—Meehan and Ferrick. Time—2h.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE AT HENDRICKEN FIELD ON MAY 10, 1926

In one of the weirdest exhibitions of baseball ever witnessed on Hendricken Field, the Providence College balltossers squeezed out a 12 to 11 win over the St. Michael's College team of Winooski, Vt., No less than 37 hits were chalked up by the two clubs, of which 20

Providence College Alembic

were credited to the slugging visitors from northern Vermont. The contest consumed nearly three hours, and during that time the spectators were treated to a slugging batfest that they will not soon forget.

The Dominicans were forced to use three hurlers before they were able to clinch the verdict. Kennedy started on the slab, but the Green Mountain lads solved his delivery in the first frame, nicking him for three hits and a like number of runs.

Henry Danis was rushed to the rescue in the second inning and he managed to hold the Vermonters in check fairly well till the sixth, seventh and eighth frames, when the visitors collected 11 hits for a total of six runs. In the eighth Burgess, stocky backstop of the visitors, slammed a fast one at Danis, who was unable to get out of the way in time, being hit in the arm by the flying ball.

As a result of his injury, Danis was forced to retire in favor of Whelan. The latter was warmly greeted by the St. Michael's players, who nicked him for three bingles, but in the ninth the Fall River hurler was master of the situation and he fanned the three batters who faced him.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						ST. MICHAELS							
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e		
O'Brien, 1	6	2	1	1	0	S. Whalen, 3	6	4	2	1	0		
Allen, 3	2	1	1	1	1	Boucher, ss	5	2	2	4	1		
Doyle, 2	6	3	3	1	0	Soucy, 2	6	4	4	1	1		
Halloran, c	6	2	15	0	0	Lauthier, 1	6	2	7	0	1		
Maroney, r	5	2	0	1	1	Wood, m	4	2	2	0	0		
McLaughlin, ss	5	3	1	3	3	Perretta, 1	5	1	2	0	0		
Graham, 1	5	3	5	0	0	Connally, r	5	1	0	0	0		
Cummings, m	5	0	1	0	1	Burgess, c	5	2	6	2	1		
Kennedy, p	0	0	0	0	0	Kendrick, p	5	2	0	1	1		
Danis, p	3	0	0	2	0								
Whelan, p	1	1	0	0	0								
Totals	44	17	27	9	6	Totals	47	20	*25	9	5		
Innings					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					3	2	0	1	0	4	0	1	1-12
ST. MICHAELS					2	2	0	0	0	2	2	3	0-11

Runs—O'Brien 2, Allen 3, Doyle 2, Halloran, Danis Maroney, McLaughlin, Whelan—12; S. Whelan 4, Boucher 2, Soucy, Lauthier, Connally, Burgess, Kendrick—11. Two-base hits—Boucher, McLaughlin. Three-base hits—O'Brien, McLaughlin, Maroney. Home runs—Doyle, Boucher. Stolen bases—Soucy, O'Brien, Maroney, McLaughlin. Double

play—O'Brien to McLaughlin to Doyle. Hits—Off Kennedy 5 in 1 1-3 off Danis 12 in 6; off Whelan 3 in 1 2-3. Struck out—By Kennedy 3; by Danis 5; by Whelan 3; by Kendrick 6. First base on balls—Off Kennedy 2; off Kendrick 5. Wild pitch—Whelan. First base on errors—Providence College 2, St. Michaels 3. Left on bases—Providence College 9; St. Michaels 9. Umpire—Meehan. Time—2h. 50m.

*One out when winning run was scored.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Providence College annexed its eighth straight win when the brilliant Dartmouth nine, conqueror of Holy Cross was handed a 2 to 1 setback, the first that they had received on their own diamond in over five years.

Joe Whelan was on the mound for the Dominicans and he twirled masterly in turning back the heavy stickers who have been responsible for so many wins for the Dartmouth team. Opposed to Whelan was Myles Lane, all-round athlete, who was responsible for Dartmouth's 2 to 1 triumph over Holy Cross.

Heck Allen was the individual star of the fray fielding in brilliant fashion as well as starring at bat with a home run and two singles. McLaughlin, Graham and Cummings also found the offerings of Lane to their liking, each peeling off a pair of singles.

The whole Providence team played fast and clever baseball and accorded Whelan excellent support. The feature play, however, came in the seventh. Norris drove the ball along the right field foul line, the pill bounding against the right field bleachers before Maroney got hold of it, but the latter made a remarkable throw to Doyle, who whipped the ball to Allen in time to catch the runner.

The Dominicans opened the scoring in the second stanza, then with two away Graham singled to left and made the journey to the plate on a hit-and-run play with Cummings, who connected for a single, also to left.

The Green came back to tie it up in the last half of the same inning on Owl's triple to deep centre, and a sacrifice fly by Stevens to Cummings.

In the fifth, Whelan fanned and O'Brien singled, only to be tossed out trying to steal. Allen then pasted one over the left fielder's head and touched all the bases.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE	0	1	0	1	1	2	2	2	x-9
MIDDLEBURY	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0-1

Runs—Flynn, Allen 2, Doyle, Halloran, Maroney 2, McLaughlin, Cummings—9; Bossert—1. Stolen bases—Flynn, Allen 2, Graham, Rice, Willis. Two-base hit—Danis. Three-base hit—Danis. Sacrifices—Bossert, Flynn, Maroney. Double play—Sorenson to Palmer to Hasseltine. Struck out—By Danis 6; by Bossert 3. First base on balls—Off Danis 2; off Bossert 4. Hit by pitched ball—By Bossert—Maroney. First base on errors—Providence 7; Middlebury 4. Left on bases—Providence 7; Middlebury 8. Time—1h. 55m. Umpire—Meehan.

*Batted for Rice in ninth.

zBatted for March in ninth.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. BROWN UNIVERSITY AT ALDRICH FIELD ON MAY 22, 1926

Once again the Providence College baseball team shattered the collegiate record for extra innings game when Charlie Reynolds conquered the fighting Brown nine in a brilliant eighteen-inning contest by a 6 to 5 count. This makes the second overtime game that Captain Reynolds has registered over the Brunonians as he was the hero of the memorable 20-inning fray two years ago at Andrews Field.

The contest was the most spectacular ever seen on Aldrich Field and certainly ranks second only to the famous 1 to 0 triumph of two years ago, as the best ball game ever played in this city. No professional nor amateur club has ever staged such hard fought struggles as the Brown-Providence College series has brought forth. In spite of the fact that Brown had been playing only mediocre baseball as compared with the fine work that our team had turned in in winning eight successive games, yet when they opposed us the Bruins rose to unexpected heights to hold our team in check.

When Providence garnered an early lead of five runs the Black and White supporters felt that their club was going to romp away with an easy victory, but the Brunonians came back fighting and knotted the score in the seventh. From then until the eighteenth frame both teams went scoreless due to the clever twirling of the two aces, Reynolds and Quill. Both hurlers showed exceptional form in standing the strair of extra innings and though their mates failed them in the pinches yet they stood at the posts gamely fighting to clinch the verdict.

As the contest grew older the Brunonian hurler weakened but

Captain Reynolds of the Dominicans showed his mettle in continuing his brilliant pace. In the eighteenth Quill lost some of his fine control and as a result the Dominicans were able to squeeze across the winning marker as the result of fine base running on the part of McLaughlin.

Providence more than batted around in the third frame and apparently sewed up the game in that inning. Halloran hit to centre field, and then successive bunts by Maroney and McLaughlin spoiled the Brown team. Maroney reached first on his tap, and McLaughlin advanced the two previous batters on a sacrifice. Graham hit to Dixon and in trying to catch Halloran at home the Brown second baseman threw wild and Halloran and Maroney both crossed the plate on the error. Cummings hit to Ruckstull, who dropped the ball for Brown's second error. Reynolds knocked a long single down the right field foul line and Graham crossed the plate. O'Brien dropped another bunt in front of the rubber and in attempting to field it Quill rolled over on the ground. Cummings scored, and then Quill tightened, to hold Providence scoreless for the rest of the inning.

Maroney, first man up in the third doubled to Gurney, and scored on Cummings's single to centre field. Providence got only one man to third from the third until the 18th, Maroney getting to that base in the 11th, to be caught on the way to home by Holden.

The seventh was Brown's big inning, two errors and three hits gave them three runs. Quill, the first man up, got to first on McLaughlin's error. Schuster, the second batter up, fouled one of Reynolds's pitches and the ball hit his face. Umpire Finnell ruled him out. There was a long squabble over this decision, but Finnell stuck to his first ruling. Edes hit a clean single to left field, and the bases were filled when Graham muffed Ruckstull's easy grounder.

Dixon, who had sent a long triple over O'Brien's head in the fifth, scoring Ruckstull, came to bat and sent another hit far down into left field, getting around to third again. With the score tied, MacDonald hit a hard grounder to Allen, who held onto the ball. Gurney hit a long fly to Cummings in centre field and Dixon crossed the plate while MacDonald slid into third, beating Cummings's throw, and Umpire Devron ruled him safe. Standing on first, "Red" Graham called loudly for the ball. Allen relayed it to him through Reynolds, who was standing on the first base line. Graham touché

the bag and then shouted that MacDonald had not touched the base after the fly was caught.

Another long squabble began. Coaches of both teams rushed on the field, Snell of Brown to argue to allow Dixon's run to count and White of Providence to hold up his side of the deal. After a long controversy, the umpires ruled it a double play and announced that Dixon's run would not be scored.

And then for 10 innings both teams played airtight baseball.

Each team had its share of scintillating fielding plays. Cummings in centre field for Providence gathered in several balls which dropped over second base, and cut off a number of prospective Brown hits. Gurney got a big hand in the seventh when he pulled down Allen's long clout with his gloved hand. Schuster contributed a pretty play in the 12th, racing far beyond the third base stands to take the high foul which Allen had lifted.

The score:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						BROWN					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
O'Brien, 1	4	1	0	0	0	Schuster, 3	6	0	4	3	0
Flynn, 1	3	1	3	0	0	Edes, r	8	2	5	0	0
Allen, 3	8	1	4	2	1	Ruckstull, ss	8	1	2	3	1
Doyle, 2	7	0	5	2	0	Dixon, 2	7	3	4	7	2
Halloran, c	8	1	11	0	0	McDonald, m	7	3	5	0	0
Maroney, r	7	3	3	0	0	Gurney, 1	7	2	6	0	0
McLaughlin, ss	5	0	6	4	1	Parker, 1	4	1	10	1	1
Graham, 1	8	3	13	1	1	Wright, 1	2	0	12	0	0
Cummings, m	5	1	6	1	0	Holden, c	7	0	5	4	2
Reynolds, p	7	1	2	6	0	Quill, p	8	1	1	8	0
*Kennedy	1	0	0	0	0	zMoriarty	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	56	12	†53	16	3	Totals	65	13	54	31	6

18 Innings

PROVIDENCE.....0 4 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—6
 BROWN.....0 0 1 1 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—5

Runs—Halloran, Maroney 2, McLaughlin, Graham, Cummings—6; Edes, Ruckstull 2, MacDonald, Quill—5. Stolen bases—Allen, Parker. Two-base hits—Maroney, Parker. Three-base hits—Dixon 2, Ruckstull. Sacrifices—Maroney, McLaughlin 2, Cummings, Reynolds, Edes, Gurney, Wright. Double play—Cummings to Allen to Reynolds to Graham. Struc kout—By Reynolds 5; by Quill 4. First base on balls—Off Reynolds 7; off Quill 5. Wild pitches—Reynolds 2. Hit by pitched ball—By Reynolds (Schuster, MacDonald). First base on errors—Brown 2; Providence College 2. Left on bases—Providence College 11; Brown 17. Time—4h. 35m. Umpires—Devron and Finnell. Attendance—6000.

*Batted for O'Brien in ninth.

†Schuster out, hit by batted ball.

zBatted for Parker in ninth.

ALEMBIC DIRECTORY OF ADVERTISERS

(FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

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(FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

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