

THE ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND

Vol. XII. No. 2.

December, 1931

THE
ALEMBIC

ANNOUNCES



A Prize Writing Contest

IN WHICH

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FOR

The Best Short Story

The Best Essay or Article

The Best Playlet

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WHO'S WHO IN THE ALEMBIC

George L. Considine, author of the scholarly study of the work of Fra Angelico, is a Senior Philosopher and hails from New Bedford. His interest in art is by no means a passing fancy and his knowledge has not been gained by conning art catalogs. His acquaintance is first-hand and represents the accumulated interest of years. He has visited the best galleries in England and on the continent, viewing the masterpieces wherever gathered, including the works mentioned in this current article.

Albert J. Hoban is the first Arts man to break into the short-story work this year, and his imaginative narrative is as timely as it is well conceived. The tragic death of Cadet Sheridan, after an injury sustained on the Yale gridiron, raised the old question of football's dangerously hard play in many minds. Mr. Hoban has given us an engaging view of such accidents, the viewpoint of the player who caused the fatality. He is a member of the class of '32 and his home is in Providence.

The first issue of the Alembic this year contained an article by Howard G. Norback, who is a native of New Haven, and in his third year at Providence. This time he has inaugurated the new department, P C Personalities, and has expressed what some seven hundred of us would like to say. Norback is about as busy as any man on the campus, his extra-class work being of a literary trend generally, as witness his membership in The Cavaliers and his position on The Tie-Up.

No story is too long or too short if it reaches the point attempted. Martin McDonald's short-story in this issue is longer by several columns than the ordinary story we receive, but we'll wager the readers will find it almost too brief. McDonald is by no means to be mistaken for the character he has created, for he is a diligent student, now in his final year, having made the trip daily from Fall River to keep up with the other members of the Philosophy segment of his class.

Walter J. Shunney's musings in this issue suggest that he is philosophically inclined. He is, being numbered among the Junior classmen, Philosophy division. He knows the territory whereof he speaks in his first paragraphs, as he makes his home in Valley Falls. If his residence in the valley is productive of essayettes of this quality, we will never request him to change it.

Gordon F. Harrison, Freshman Philosopher, is the first member of the Alembic staff to submit an article for its columns. He was inspired thereto by the paternal Open Letter which we printed last month, and we ask you to judge whether he has not proved himself adept at the retort courteous. He is from Providence and his previous magazine work was done on the La Salle periodical.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | | | |
|--|----|--|----|
| Who's Who in the Alembic..... | 1 | A Transitional Painter— | |
| A Christmas Message from the Dean..... | 3 | By George L. Considine '32.. | 10 |
| A Reply to "An Open Letter to a Freshman"— | | The Checkerboard—By William D. Haylon, '34.. | 14 |
| By Gordon F. Harrison, '35... | 4 | The Alumni Corner— | |
| The Time Element Enters— | | By Matthew F. O'Neill, '34... | 15 |
| By Martin J. McDonald, '32.. | 5 | Athletics—By George Tebbetts, '34..... | 16 |
| Verse— | | | |
| The Egotist's Soliloquy— | | | |
| By Daniel Lilly, '31..... | 5 | | |
| Stella Matutina— | | | |
| By John McDonough, '34.... | 6 | | |
| P. C. Personalities: Mickey Foster— | | | |
| By Howard G. Norback, '33.. | 8 | | |
| Release—By Albert J. Hoban, '32..... | 9 | | |
| Chiaroscuro—By Walter J. Shunney, '33..... | 13 | | |

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

Subscription, \$2.00 the year.

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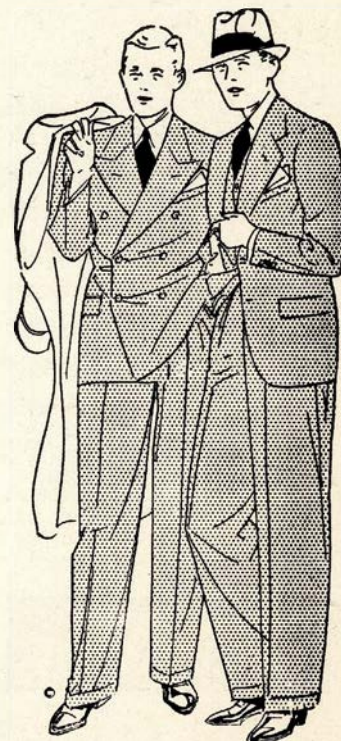
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A Christmas Message
from
the Dean

God veiled His glory and became a Child—a thing of love. And yet, not satisfied, He stooped to abject misery—an outcast from men's homes—so that He would ask love, as if an alms.

Who, then, can go to Bethlehem in thought, and not feel urged to love Him back in kind—by sacrifice of self?

My Christmas message therefore, must be: Return His love through sacrifice. Curb the desire for lavish things, for trinkets, pleasure, ease, and give some babe in Jesus' name—some child in its distress—the fruits of your self-restraint. Give a bit of gold, frankincense, or myrrh—a coin for some need, a brightening joy, or the gift of a helpful hand. Give to poor children—frail images of that other Child—what you protest you would have given Him.

Do this, and then, at Christmas time, enjoy not only children's smiles and gratefulness of the poor, but far more still—the love and benediction from the heart of the Infant Christ.

God bless you through such deeds!

A. H. CHANDLER, O.P.



A Reply to "An Open Letter to a Freshman"

MY dear Senior:
By chance I once learned that every action is accompanied by an equal re-action in the opposite direction, and at the door of that axiom I lay the blame for my attempt at a satirical reciprocity of your enlightening document. Obviously, we are to consider you, the author of the epistle in question, representative of the upper classmen. I cast discretion to the winds, and from the ranks of the Erin-tied, dare voice my humble sentiments. I take example from the fearless flea of Noah's ark; even as he turned to the towering elephant that crowded him, I turn to you, respected Senior, with the challenging query: "Say, big boy, who do you think you're pushing?"

In the first place, let me recall an incident of the past, of the year 1927, in fact. In November of that year, **The Maroon and White**, publication of La Salle Academy, carried an article similar to the "Open Letter" of the last **Alembic**. By a remarkable coincidence, the author of the article was none other than—you've guessed it—yourself! The discovery has alarming possibilities. Can it be that we have amongst us, even in the midst of our esteemed Seniors, one who is subject to such peculiar, periodical outbursts of fatherly counselling? If what we fear is a reality, who can assure us that the Sophomores, the Juniors, even his fellow-Seniors, may not be made victims of his mad enthusiasm? The danger threatens all; let all unite in taking protective measures against a common enemy.

Your sensitive soul was deeply touched by our benighted appearance and you bewail the "amazed expression" on our "immature countenances." And well might our faces show amazement! The profound blankness on the faces of the so-called upper classmen is sufficient to call forth the bewilderment you observe and the embarrassment we feel. There is one source of consolation open to us,

however, and that is our potentiality (you yourself concede it) of acquiring some knowledge, knowledge that, apparently, some of the upper strata have never gained.

Yet, in all frankness, I must confess that your years have not been entirely unprofitable. Reading between the lines of your letter, for the lines themselves yield little of value, one discovers evidence of undeniable erudition. For instance, most of us have found it difficult to obtain a knowledge of the late Sam Johnson's accomplishments, but your Boswellian familiarity with that worthy seems to have acquainted you even with his grammatical limitations. Moreover, you have become so well versed in those things which concern a college man that you boast your ability to confine the Key to Collegiate Success, both academic and social, to two paragraphs, a feat worthy of a genius. The possibilities are enormous. Millions have been made in reducing Shakespeare's Complete Works to vest-pocket editions; millions more in condensing dictionaries to match-box size. Who knows but some day you may attain notoriety as the masterful inventor of a Key to Collegiate Success in a Thimble, to be purchased in large quantities, no doubt, by inmates of the Old Ladies' Home? Your intentions and your high aim are to be com-

mended; beside them, the depth to which you have fallen is immaterial.

Concerning your knowing reference to our rosy dreams of last summer, what can I say except: "I'm a Dreamer; but aren't we all?" If further defense were necessary, I might quote that eminent poet, our own John Boyle O'Reilly:

"A dreamer lives forever;
And a toiler dies in a day."

And yet, I mention these things with some misgiving; for perhaps in this matter, as in others, I am destroying the last of your illusions—I almost said delusions.

New life! New blood! Were they not ever the driving power and the bulwark of successful endeavor? What but the perennial youth of the pioneers forced their conestagas and covered wagons out over the plains as they builded a new frontier? What but the youth of our nation has brought us glory, in industry and in arms, from Colonial days to our own? Washington's ragged army, Perry's valiant crew, the rollicking Fortyniners, Grant's heroes of the Wilderness, the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill, the Fighting Sixty-ninth—what were they but the flower of our youth, the emblem of the virgin soil of America? And the Freshmen, the youth of Providence College, looking back upon their honored forerunners, know, as you should know, that "Trailing clouds of glory have they come."

Respectfully yours,

Gordon F. Harrison, '35.



P. S.—As a last word, might I ask that you concede us the mere joy of saying that we have purchased our tickets on the upper class elevator at a heavy price, the price of doubt, of almost hopeless doubt? We wonder whether the climb to the higher altitude is worth the effort after all, and hoping that the upper classmen enjoyed the "ride" as much as we, I bid you Good Morning.

The Time Element Enters

By
Martin J. McDonald, '32

I HAVE broken man's laws a thousand times, and today I would be a transgressor—constantly hunted by the police—but for one five-minute period of a night last year. Had it not been for that five minutes, many things would never have happened and I should never have had proof of a bond between the living and the dead.

That may seem a strange statement coming from myself, who once was known in every undercover gambling game from New York to San Francisco, who was known to play square with those who played the same way, but who never hesitated to mete out the hard laws of our profession to the welcher.

Bard Nolan they called me at times, and at others I was Mr. Stone, the gentleman. My partner was Jim Lund. Gambling was our specialty, but we played straight. Wherever we went that was known, as it was also known, that we resented, actively, anyone's cheating. It was a rich field we worked, and consequently every other man who used the floating games as a means of livelihood was our potential enemy. We knew that there were dozens of men in every city only too anxious to get us; but we never carried guns, content to rely on our wits to help us out of tight spots.

And our wits always got us out. Each of us had solid bank accounts hidden away, and one day, in a large city in Wisconsin, we congratulated ourselves on what had been a good season. We figured on Saratoga, and then a rest.

We were having dinner quietly when Lund, after eating in perfect silence for some minutes, remarked: "Bard, what if I told you I wanted to quit?"

I shrugged, but naturally I was surprised, perhaps hurt. "Why not?" I replied. "When?"

He looked at me squarely. "I should have told you about this sooner Bard, but—but I'd like to make tonight my last turn."

"Tonight?" I hadn't expected him to make it so soon.

"Of course you know that it won't be easy. Some of the boys are going to be sore, especially the chaps in this town. They're our worst enemies, Bard, and if they'll stand for it, the rest will. That's why I say tonight."

I thought over his plan for some moments. If he was leaving the game, then I was too. And though he hadn't actually said it, I knew that he wanted to be clear of the racket before he got bumped off. In New York he had a wife and a five-year-old daughter, and their welfare caused him lots of anxiety.

"All right," I assured him. "I'll go with you tonight and we'll give the boys the word. Where's the game?"

"Room 422, in the Del Monico Hotel." He paused. "But I don't

want you to come up there with me."

"Why not?" I demanded. "We do things together, Jim, up to the last minute."

He smiled. "Bard, I've got a little private affair to settle with them first. I learned that one of them took a pal of ours here last week—practically stuck him up—and I want to fix that myself. You come up later."

"You're not going in with that mob alone!" But I knew it was foolish when I said it; Jim Lund didn't fear any man.

He nodded slowly. "I'll go up early, say about twelve. It won't take me long, what I have in mind. You get there at one, sharp. If I can count on your walking in on the dot, it'll help a little plan I have. Don't bring a gun."

I agreed, but was worried when we parted after dinner. Jim went back to our hotel for a little rest, while I went to the theater to pass the better part of the evening. After the performance I stopped in a restaurant for a bite to eat, and coming out, had a slight accident. I had passed half way through the door when another man, on his way in, let the door go from his hand. It swung back sharply and struck me on the left wrist, shattering the glass of my wrist-watch. He apologized profusely, and I laughed it off. But when I examined the watch, I saw that the force of the blow had stopped it. It was completely smashed. Annoyed, I wrapped it in my handkerchief and put it in my jacket pocket.

The full significance of that incident didn't impress itself on me until about twelve-thirty, when the time drew near for me to go over to the Del Monico Hotel, a back street hostelry of doubtful reputation and, therefore, well adapted to our purposes. Without my watch, which invariably kept perfect time, I had to consult lobby clocks, Western Union clocks and street timepieces. This made me a little nervous, for I knew that

THE EGOTIST'S SOLILOQUY

*Deem not the bitter years in vain;
They teach a legend dearly bought:
Some poisons kill the keenest pain,
And pruning painfully is wrought.*

*Down in the dust my head has lain;
I felt the cancer in my heart,
The curse of fellow man's disdain,
The damning of my patient art.*

*I knew the woe of planning well,
The fate of hoping, loving high,
And found myself in nether hell,
And felt that it were good to die.*

*But when my limbs were straitened
worst,
And every light was out for me,
The binding thongs asunder burst,
And I arose to victory.*

*My soul is scared, but now immune—
Defeat has made my mind sincere.
My life is in the afternoon,
But I have learned to welcome fear.*

*Deem not the wasted years a loss;
They write a scripture dearly priced:
I, too, can learn to love the cross,
And drink the draught of gall with
Christ.*

DANIEL LILLY, '31

Jim had meant precisely one o'clock, and not a minute later.

The best I could do, I realized, was to guide myself by the clock in the lobby of the hotel. There I saw that I had some fifteen minutes. Being assured by the clerk that it had been correctly set only that very afternoon, I sat down in an easy chair in a dark corner and waited. Watching shady characters come and go in the shabby lobby, my eyes reverted to the gray, fly-specked face of the clock on the wall every half-minute.

At three minutes of one I went to the elevator. The boy wasn't there. Precious seconds were wasted before I stepped out of the antiquated machine into the dim, sinister looking corridor on the fourth floor. Now for Room 422! Cat-footed, I passed the corridor, around a bend. Not a sound could be heard. I took a half-minute to discover the back stairs. It is this sort of caution which means the difference between death and life in circumstances like these. I didn't know what Jim had planned, except that my appointed entrance was of the greatest importance to him. I rather thought he counted on my unexpected arrival to upset any intention they might have of plugging him.

Instinctively I lifted my left wrist and shot back the cuff, only to remember that the watch lay broken in my pocket. The thought that perhaps one o'clock had passed made a cold sweat start out on my forehead. I almost ran from where I had found the stairs, up another corridor to its end, where I found the numerals 422 in flecked gold letters on the gray, once-white door . . . I put my head close to the panel and heard nothing. Suddenly panicky, I knocked. No answer. Again, louder. No sound from within, though a strip of light found its way between the door and the jamb.

With painful slowness I turned the door knob, never expecting it to open. But, amazed, I found it swung back to my touch. Deliberately I stepped back from the doorway into the hall and pushed the door so that it swung wide open

into the room. Still no sound and as, cautiously, I edged my head round the jamb, I saw only one figure in the lighted room. No one else was there. I stepped in. Only then did I recognize Jim. He sat, facing the window, his back to the door. Beside him was the only table in the room.

My heart pounded suddenly in the quick relief I experienced. I had not been too late.

"Everything all right, Jim?" I asked. I left the door open and walked around. He had not yet moved.

I was now in front of him, and he seemed asleep. Then he raised his head and looked at me. The blood had drained completely from his face, leaving it a pasty yellow in the bright light. I bent forward, thoroughly frightened.

STELLA MATUTINA

The dawn-star burns

With hopeful light,

And harbingers

The death of night:

A little Maid

In Bethlehem

Gives to the World

Its brightest gem.

JOHN McDONOUGH, '34

"Jim! What's up? What happened?" I didn't raise my voice, somehow realizing I mustn't.

His sleepy eyes surveyed me. He smiled slowly, and without mirth. His gray lips parted and I barely heard his hoarse whisper: "They got me, the dirty —! If you'd only come sooner!"

"Who got you? Which one?" I shot the question at him, my eyes darting about the room now in quickened anxiety. They'd got Jim! Well, some one was going to pay for this! "Is it bad, Jim?"

He grimaced in pain. "In the back! From behind! Bard, if you'd only come five minutes sooner!" His voice grew weaker. I was afraid he'd go out before he could tell me.

"I'll get them, Jim!" My voice trembled. My friend was going

out—shot from behind like a rat. "I came on time, Jim. One sharp. I was downstairs." I could have cried. While I was sitting in that filthy lobby, some hop-headed gunman had plugged Jim from behind. I clenched my fists.

Jim only smiled again—slowly, with infinite pain.

"Hold on, Jim! Don't go." My voice shot out a tense whisper. I stood up, vague notions for revenge taking shape in my mind, only to be automatically thrown out at once. I was insanely muddle-headed, until I realized what I should have realized at once, that the thing to do was to get a doctor. My eye fell on a gleaming object at Jim's feet. I darted over and picked up the revolver. I spun the chamber in my hands, five shots were gone. The cowards! Five soft-nosed bullets pumped into Jim's back when it was turned!

I snapped the chamber back, and was just putting the weapon in my pocket when I heard a sound, a sound like a foot scraping on wood. At once my staring eyes were attracted to the window, just in time to see a man's body disappearing down the fire-escape to the street. Without hesitating I raised the rod and flashed the last bullet it contained at the escaping man. It must have missed, for I heard no cry, or fall. I sprang to the window just in time to see a figure dropping into the yard below and making away down an alley.

I noticed for the first time that the door, leading to the connecting room, was open. I entered and turned on the light. Two things I found there; the hat of a man who had fled—and a dead man.

I recognized him at once as Bill Pardee, one of the toughest of the local gamblers. His big body was sprawled half on and half off the bed, as if he had been trying to get on it before his life-blood stopped pumping its way through his black heart. His large hands clutched and crumpled the bed coverings.

I spared him no more than a glance, now, but I wondered how he had been killed, knowing as I did that Jim had not been armed.

I ran back into the other room to find that Jim had fainted. He hadn't gone out yet. The empty revolver still in my hand, I turned to the telephone to get a doctor, when I heard the pounding of feet in the corridor. Heavy fists banged on the door, and without waiting four detectives crashed into the room. I stood paralyzed with astonishment, the empty revolver still in my hand. At the sight, one of them whipped out his own heavy gun and started for me, but I managed to regain my wits.

"Never mind, copper, this thing's empty. Here!" I tossed it to him.

With a grunt he wrapped it in his handkerchief and paced it in his pocket.

"Hello, Bard," smiled one of them I knew, Sullivan.

"Hell of a time to meet you," I replied. "But listen, for God's sake, get Jim to a hospital, will you? He's pretty bad!"

Sullivan, not a bad chap, stepped over to the telephone and soon had a police ambulance on the way. Inside, the others found Pardee and that hat of the escaped man. Sullivan, wise to local gamblers, knew the hat at once.

"That's Quirk's hat," he observed, inspecting it closely. "His initials are in it. Where is he?"

I told him it must have been Quirk who had jumped down the fire-escape.

Sullivan gave orders over the telephone to find Quirk. Then he turned to me. "Will you come along with me, or do you want the bracelets?"

"I'll go along. But take care of Jim, will you?"

The detective nodded. Then he glanced quizzically at me. "This is a bad mess, Bard. I think you're in a jam."

I stopped as I walked towards the door. This aspect of the scene occurred to me for the first time. Mentally I reviewed the situation. They had caught me with an empty revolver. All six shots could easily be accounted for—one dead man, another dying, and absolutely no witnesses.

"You don't think I'd have plugged Lund, you chump!" I shot back to Sullivan, suddenly angered.

He shrugged. "Well, maybe. But there's Pardee, and you had the rod. Better start figuring how to get out of the rap."

"Easy," I tossed at him, but fear clutched at my heart. It would need some fast thinking to keep me from burning.

We went downstairs in the rickety elevator, on the way to the station house where Sullivan said he would have to keep me until the morning anyway. We passed the desk and without realizing it my eyes sought the clock up on the wall. A bus-boy had a ladder against the dirty gilt of the wall frame and the face of the clock was open. As I watched he pushed the minute hand on five minutes.

The clerk, seeing me at the same moment, called out: "Sorry, Mr. Stone. Clock was five minutes slow. Just found out. Hope there was no trouble." Then he saw Sullivan and shut up quickly.

Five minutes slow! And Jim had needed me just that much sooner! My thoughts were bitter as Sullivan and I rode to headquarters in a cab. Five rotten minutes, and tragedy had stalked into the lives of four men—and a woman and child in a distant city!

Justice moves swiftly in the city where all this happened, and precisely a week later I found myself

in the enclosure for prisoners before the judge's bench in the Criminal Court. I was indicted for first degree murder—of Pardee—and should Jim Lund die I would have to face trial for his murder, too!

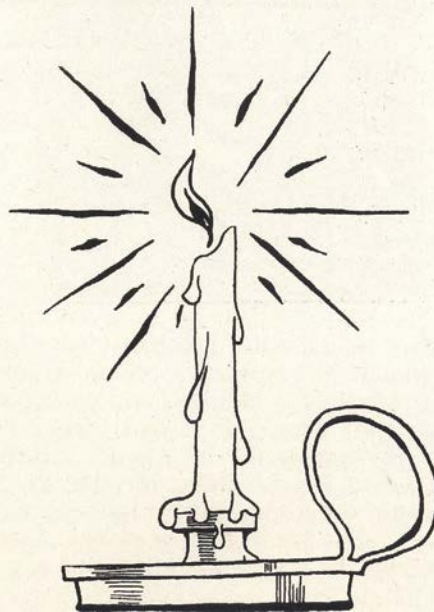
I was caught in a net of circumstantial evidence that made my lawyers consider the case almost impossible. Coupled with this was the pre-trial testimony that Quirk had given. With his hat as a clue, they had found him within two days, and his testimony—perjured I knew—made it look as if my days were almost at an end. I had not yet had full particulars, but Quirk was the main witness for the State and I knew I would hear every word of it soon.

Meanwhile, Jim had languished in an unconscious state ever since that night. Three bullets had lodged in his body, and the surgeons had found it impossible to save him. They could do nothing, were unable even to bring him to a conscious state so that he could speak in my defense. They had let me see him, once, and it hadn't been pleasant to see his white face lying too still on the pillow. I heard nothing of him after that, except that his condition remained the same.

There I sat in court, victim of a tragic accident, with certain death staring me in the face. I knew this judge: he had lost a son in a shooting and the lines of bitterness against us who broke the law were seared into his face. The limit of punishment was his reputation; I could expect no mercy.

The prosecution began the case under the direction of the District Attorney. All morning was consumed by an examination of Sullivan and the other detectives, the presentation of material evidence in the shape of the revolver I had found in the corner, Quirk's hat and other items. Across the long table from me sat Quirk himself, a small, dark man of mixed foreign blood, and known in the underworld as undependable, even by the members of his own mob. He sat hunched in his chair and obviously lacked the courage to look at me.

(Continued on Page 20)



P C Personalities "Mickey" Foster

By
Howard G. Norback, '33

There was no big turn-out and no bands blared as the big Black and Gray eleven took the field prancing around nimbly. The game was only a breather and the galaxy of stars, including an all American halfback, looked for nothing but a little limbering up and some timing practice. Next week, when they faced the Yale team...well, that was another matter..

So when his signal was called, the halfback with the national reputation took the ball neatly and quickening his stride, headed for the end, with interference plunging in front of him. Maybe he was dreaming of an easy touchdown; perhaps he was wondering how much longer he would be left in. He never said and it doesn't matter, because all calculations were spoiled as a racing form bowled over the interference and nailed the Army star in his tracks. The official chart read "Five yards loss" and as Christian "Red" Cagle jumped up, he turned to grin at the tiny meteor who had upset him so unceremoniously: "Nice work, kid."

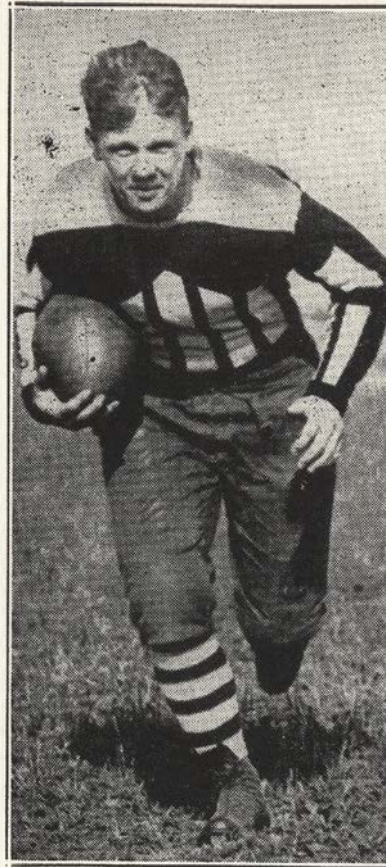
The kid was Mickey Foster, captain and halfback of the 1931 P. C. team, and the fighting leader who during his entire football career has been upsetting the best laid plans of quarterbacks, as he upset Cagle that afternoon at West Point.

He wasn't much more than a kid at that time. In the fall of '28, he had answered Archie's call for gridiron candidates, a tow-headed youngster with a great high school record and a warrior's heart. If size meant everything, he would never have had a chance, but with enthusiasm and gameness he was a match for anyone. It was his natural ability and his speed that won him a regular position and once he had reached that, there was never a question of displacing him.

Mike compiled an enviable record in high school competition at Pittsfield High, "out in the heart of the Berkshires" he insists, though we've heard it mentioned in terms

that sound less like a realtor's ad. His ability gained for him the captaincy in baseball and basketball, but by one of those frequent if strange twists of sport history, it was in another sport that he was to reach prominence in college. So generally was his ability known, that in his senior year in high school, a committee of sports authorities unanimously chose him "the outstanding schoolboy athlete in Western Massachusetts."

With such a record he came to Providence, and his promise has



been adequately fulfilled. In the game of November 28, Foster wore the Black and White colors for the last time in active competition, and in the contest played for the needy at our doors he wrote "Finis" to a bright chapter. What he was in that game he has been all through his years of footballing, a clever, agile back, a persistent and superior blocker and a deadly tackler on the defense. To those who have

watched his play it is no surprise that Bob Neville in a recent publication of "Who's Who in Sports" placed him far up in a list of the fifty best football players in the country. It is a tribute in which he may take pride and of which we are sincerely glad.

In years of varsity contests Mike has enjoyed quite a few thrills, and in memory he can run back over a dozen most pleasant moments—the successful work against Rutgers in 1930, the touchdown against Holy Cross this year, the stubborn fight against Temple when that college boasted some of the country's finest talent. In what incident does he find the most pleasure? Perhaps that ten minute stop in Pittsfield in '28 while en route to the Williams game has its own peculiar charm for him, but he smiles all these things away and says: "When I tucked the ball under my arm and slammed into that R. I. State line for the first time, I was happy! I wouldn't trade any moment for that."

Playing and practicing football a good deal, he has still made a fine record in his studies. Sports were never the only interest for this young man who has too keen a mind to permit himself to become lopsided. His extra-curricular activities show his many-faceted talent. His interest in literature, for example, led him to join The Cavaliers, a literary society for those who have a penchant for belles-lettres; he has served as Secretary of that club for more than a year. He has served on committees without number, because where there is activity, intellectual, social or physical, Foster is at home.

There is no question of his popularity and we can best demonstrate the source of it by recounting an incident of the Vermont game this fall. The team was in a position to score, thanks in a great measure in Foster's skill and teamwork, and the quarterback called for him to take the ball over for the touchdown. But Foster declined, and

(Continued on Page 24)

Release

By

Albert J. Hoban, '32

WOULD you have gone walking the very night of the game, that terrible, tragic game? But perhaps you have never caused the death of such a noble creature as Ranehart. The fact is, I went walking; and what is more, I walked right to the Stadium. Maybe it was because I felt myself to be a murderer. And murderers always return to the scene of their crime, don't they?

Of course, I had had no qualms when, in the midst of that mad scramble, I saw him who had so often before without harm hurtled his body through the air at me, lie limp at my feet, like some dark shadow on the green grass . . . and even afterwards, as I, and the others, continued in the hectic business, there was not one among us who believed that evil had been done or evil intended. But when, after the weary completion of the struggle, we were told that the one who, but an hour ago, was a fleeting, elusive, cleat-shod human, was now lying a lifeless thing in the clubhouse . . . and when we saw him there with his mud-patched face looking like the spattered visage of some marble god of Greece toppled from its pedestal . . . then we were sad. Then we thought of evil meant and evil done. And although now, after my adventure that night, I know better, I truly thought at that time that we had done murder and, of all of us, I believed myself the most to blame. The others, I learned afterwards, had like sentiments, each believing himself the worst culprit.

Perhaps that's why I walked to the Stadium at midnight to stand in guilt before the scene of my crime and behold the moon turning all things about me into silver and the empty field itself into a gray lonesome immensity.

Some inward feeling moved me and slowly, with a solemnity befitting my sad leisure, I climbed to the rim of the stands and sat down in the outermost seat. I felt very lonely away up there in that vastness of cement, and grass, and sky,

so far from every other living thing.

Then amazement seized me. I saw that I was not alone. No indeed, for there were hazy, shifting things, moving in ordered swiftness to and fro away down on that striped silver field below me. I counted twenty-two of them, eleven attempting to progress in one direction and eleven more balking their efforts. And often some of both divisions would become massed in a pile centered about one individual much more illusive than the others and carrying a shining oval under his arm. They extricated themselves and methodically lined up again, the two divisions opposed. Suddenly I realized my situation. I was not a sad lonely boy in an empty stadium surrounded by guilty memories, but a fervid enthusiast closely watching a football game—and such a game!

Now, the man who had just been tackled, a half-back, was again the receptor of a short, lightning-like pass which went through the night air like some whirling meteor of gray metal. The ball once in his arms, he ran with quick short steps straight for the goal. But from somewhere a pursuer appeared, as one always will, and downed him before he could score. A long dive climaxed that beautiful play and it occasioned a great waving of arms from both sides of the field where the substitutes were seated. There was a surprising lack of voiced approval. It was as if the contestants had within themselves the purpose of their play and needed no clamorous encouragement.

My eyes gradually became more accustomed to the dim light of the moon and I recognized some familiar characteristics in the players. Here was one running in a peculiar high-kneed fashion of a memorable hero who, years past, had expired on that very field in the glory of gridiron battle. Here was another snatching forward passes as only Metz could . . . But it could not be

Metz for he had once traded his life for a first down and was now only a memory. Over there I recognized another, and down here another, so that gradually I conceived and understood what I saw. I was the lone living spectator of the game of the ghosts, of those great heroes who had given their lives to the game that the rest of us played and loved and called Football. And here, in this empty Stadium they were assembled to carry on that glorious existence which was theirs in life.

That game was the most stirring drama I have ever seen enacted, and so filled was it with startling incidents, that it confused my memory and now I remember only a few things. But I do recall that during one of the final and most tense moments of that midnight pageant, time was called for the replacement of one ghost by another. It was the only substitution of the game but at that time I did not realize its significance. The new man dashed on the field. He was a quick, flighty thing beautiful in his sheen there in that silver moonlight. As he ran, I saw that he limped, not a disfiguring, halting limp, but only a slight hesitancy of footfall which was more of a help than a hindrance on the field. I knew this from experiences of my own. It was because of that step that we used to call him Limpy Ranehart. And to all appearances he was as good tonight as ever . . . then suddenly the fantastic game was over, the players vanished and I was alone again between the heavy blue sky and the empty field.

But I knew then, as sure as I was sitting there, that Limpy Ranehart was not dead, for he could not die, but was playing somewhere in the game of the ghosts, in a deserted stadium at midnight with the stars in the sky for spectators and the plaudits of the dead for reward.

I got up, descended the steps and walked home.

A Transitional Painter

Being a Study of Fra Angelico da Fiesole

By

George L. Considine, '32

FEW painters enjoy so outstanding place in the history of art as the Dominican friar, Fra Angelico. This position is exceptional in that he marks the transition of painting from Gothicism to the Renaissance. He was fortunate in being born into a world ready to recognize his ability and allow him perfect freedom in portraying his visual images of Christ, the Virgin, the angels and the saints, interpretations of a heavenly beauty and mysticism which merited him the title "Angelico Friar."

In 1407, at the age of twenty, Guido de Pietro of Tuscany, together with his brother, Benedette, entered the Dominican convent at Fiesole. Little is known of his early instructors. Various speculations have been made, but not much has been learned with certainty. It is generally accepted that at about the time of his entrance into the convent he was engaged in illuminating manuscripts, for trace of a miniaturist is apparent in much of his work. These works, as those of his later period, had that feeling of the Gothic in addition to a leaning towards classicalism which accounts for his designation as the "Last disciple of Giotto, the first harbinger of Raphael."

The influence of Giotto is believed to have had special impetus through the opportunity offered the friar to study the master of the previous century when the Dominicans of Fiesole moved to Foligno in Umbria. (This removal was necessitated by the unrest in the Papal States at the time.) Fra Angelico shares with Giotto a sincere religious feeling, and a dramatic ability in portraying religious thoughts. The frescoes of Giotto were a departure from earlier interpretations and a marked advance toward modern ideals.

Knowledge gained through a study of his noted predecessor, his observations of nature, understanding of the classic and influence of his contemporaries all aid-

ed in forming an individual style. Indeed it is the perusal of the classical forms in a systematic manner, not as a mere imitator, but adapting them to his own tastes, that is of utmost importance. The Gothic style which obtained in Italy previously had always been quite alien, making the adoption of classicalism by Fra Angelico an important step towards the elegance to be found in Italian works of the following century. The Dominican was not the first of his time to make a systematic use of it.

He excelled in the portrayal of angels, giving to them an unearthly beauty, freedom of movement, youth, and charm. They are distinctly masculine in appearance with singularly pleasing facial expressions. His portrayal of the saints with similar masculine beauty gives further assurance of a love of physical culture. A criticism which calls attention to this supremacy of portrayal extolls the Louvre "Coronation" as "visible souls rather than bodies — thoughts of human form enveloped in chaste draperies of white, rose, and blue, sewn with stars and embroidered, clothed as might be the happy spirits who rejoice in the eternal light of Paradise."

The feeling of space, the rhythm of line, the fine grouping, and the relations between the individual figures compensate for technical deficiencies. Technicalities such as perspective, form, and movement, were to receive their full consideration in the century to follow. It is the lack of such which gives a strange appearance to his paintings. This can be better appreciated when details of his works are viewed. It would be difficult to conceive a more charming achievement than the detail of Gabriel from the Cortona "Annunciation."

The colors of sunrise and sunset radiant against a golden background were his usual medium. Ruskin spoke of his painting as a "Perfect art work recognized at

any distance by its rainbow play and brilliancy, like a piece of opal among common marbles." The flowing draperies of his figures are enhanced by this brilliance of color.

His mysticism has received so many strange explanations that it might be well to quote Van Marle, who states: "Fra Angelico has painted angels everywhere; it is evident that he must have seen them everywhere; they are as essential and natural to his spiritual vision as are trees to a landscape. In all that appertains to angels, the holy monk is as well informed as he is with regard to any of the human beings he sees every day. Further than that, it is most likely that he actually saw angels, frequently and at close proximity . . ."

Attributions have always caused much concern in the art world. Recent findings lead to the opinion that many works previously attributed to Fra Angelico are actually by assistants or pupils. Such has been the fate of the "Dormition and Assumption" in the Gardner Museum, Boston. Muratoff states with relation to this piece that "the strangely disproportioned figures do not reveal that sense of beauty so inherent in Fra Angelico's elegant medieval classicalism." Naturally this opinion is open to dispute. Douglas would seem to disagree for he wrote to Mrs. Gardner: "I covet that picture more than any work by Fra Angelico that is in private hands, and more than any Fra Angelico in any American gallery, private or public." The personal activity of the master in the Vatican frescoes is also questioned by Muratoff who believes the artist to be, at the time, absorbed by his school.

His subjects were entirely religious. Favorites were: the Annunciation, Coronation of the Virgin, Last Judgment, Madonna, Saints Dominic, Cosimo, Damian, Thomas Aquinas, Lawrence and Stephen, the Crucifixion and various other scenes from the life of Christ. In all he revealed theo-

logical accuracy. He did take certain privileges as placing a Dominican, Juan de Torquemada, at the foot of the cross in the Harvard-Fogg Crucifixion, as he did in other instances. However, these could hardly be called inaccuracies, but rather marks of simple reverence.

Pre-eminent among his masterpieces are the frescoes at San Marco, painted 1437-1443. Other works have been considered stepping stones to this crowning achievement. However this may be with regard to other work, the importance of that at San Marco must be acknowledged. The frescoes were meant to be conducive to prayer and general piety. They were intended not merely to decorate the building, but rather to make the place more completely a convent. The humility of the artist may be judged by the fact that some of the best panels are in the cells of the friars; and even on the window walls of the cells, not where they would gain recognition artistically, but where they would fulfill their purpose in the lives of the residents. There is no unity of design in the frescoes throughout the building because each was painted for its individual effect in edifying the friars rather than as part of an artistic whole to be acclaimed by the outside world.

Since 1867 San Marco has been a public museum, filling the position of a memorial to Fra Angelico. It houses more than half of his existing works. In all there are some two or three hundred specimens of his art preserved throughout the world. This extraordinary number is accounted for by the assiduousness of the artist and the reverence with which the work has been protected.

Among the numerous treasures which have found their way to America within the past three or four decades has been a notable group of Fra Angelico's. Some representative pieces here are those possessed by the Metropolitan, New York; Museum of Fine Arts and Gardner Museum, Boston; and the Fogg, Cambridge; in addition to the private collections of J. Pierpont Morgan, Edsel Ford, and Albert Keller. The Boston Museum

has a small Madonna, an early work, which is an exquisite gem. Berenson spoke of the angels in the Ford collection as meritorious of the title "Fra Angelico" for their producer. It is worth noting the classification of the artist in the Fogg catalog: "The most sincerely religious painter Italy has ever produced."

The Dominican was called to Rome in 1445 by Pope Eugene IV under whom he began work. After the death of Eugene the artist continued work under the Pope's successor, Nicholas V. It is the chapel named for the latter Pope, where he painted a series of studies of the history of Stephen and Lawrence, which is preserved and has sometimes been alluded to as his grandest achievement. It is possible that he did little more than design the cartoons and paint a few major figures. In their present state after suffering much restoration, judgment is especially difficult although considerable paint of restorers was removed in 1925. In those portions, undoubt-

edly by the master, one critic points out that there is not the slightest sign of decadence in rendering.

The summer of 1447 was spent at Orvieto, where he began but did not complete frescoes for the cathedral.

While he occupied the position of Prior at San Marco, from 1449 to 1452, his Roman work was interrupted; but he returned to Rome again in 1452, where he stayed until his death, 1455, and there he is buried in the church of St. Maria sopra Minerva.

Such idealizations of the personal life of the friar were formed after his death that it is difficult to discover actual facts. That he was believed to have offered prayer at the beginning of work and never painted a Crucifixion without tears streaming from his eyes, should not appear uncommon in a man of pious tendencies, although some biographers consider these actions quite theatrical. His personal simplicity, humility and piety, which have won him the love and reverence of people for more than four centuries, are hardly open to question.

The Cortona "Annunciation" and the Louvre "Coronation" rank exceedingly high among the masterpieces of all times whereas the "Tabernacle of the Linainoli," an inferior work, enjoys the greatest popularity. Twelve angels which decorate the frame of the last have been much reproduced. Douglas feels that it is strange for an artist to be known by his poorest work, stamping the angels as "artistically contemptible."

Producing art highly appreciated by his contemporaries, as witness his popularity, we wonder about their understanding of it. The master, Botticelli, is thought to be the only one of the century who had a full comprehension of his art. Perhaps it is the result of a respect for the friar's importance as a painter that prompted Raphael to include him in his "Dispute of the Holy Sacrament." This respect may be considerably greater than these with medieval prejudices care to admit.

(Continued on Page 25)



DOUGLASS FLYNN

1931

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THE LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

At a time when educational confusion has reached the boiling point, it is encouraging to observe the concerted effort made recently by President Hoover and a group of prominent educators of the calibre of Dr. C. R. Mann, Dr. A. N. Ward, and Dr. John Finley to draw attention to the unique position which the Liberal Arts College holds in our educational system. In the present state of chaos, the Liberal Arts College is suffering—from both financial and administrative weaknesses. Beside the universities enjoying the benefits of large endowments, the advantages of the small colleges pale into insignificance. Misguided administrators, attempting to attract students to their institutions, have broadened and elasticized the curriculum to such an extent as to negative entirely the proper function of the Liberal Arts College. To retain an adequate enrollment, they have invoked the elective system in an effort to compete with the extensive program offered by the universities. It is not the place in an article of this scope to discuss the elective system in detail; suffice it to say that it is probably to an unwise use of the elective system, more than to any other single cause, that the devitalization of the Liberal Arts College may be laid. Certainly, the principle fostered by the late President Eliot, that the boy of eighteen is his own best guide, is one of the major fallacies of modern educational theory.

The Liberal Arts College has long suffered from another obstacle, which is in many ways far more detrimental than either the financial or administrative tendencies mentioned already. Many erroneously assume that the training offered by the Liberal Arts College is of an impractical nature, that it fails as an effective educational instrument because of the absence of purely professional courses in its program of studies. This is an objection consonant with the modern tendency to shorten the period of education so that the student may the sooner realize in full his political and social heritage. This is a tendency already evidenced by the growth of the junior high-schools and junior colleges throughout the country. But can the movement be pronounced an unqualified success? Is it a real improvement? Has it been truly a step forward?

To answer these questions adequately would take us too far afield but we think it will be generally conceded that the very nature of the educative process is such that any appreciable shortening of the period of formal education is an obvious impossibility.

From the beginning, the Liberal Arts College has sought to define its education in terms of culture. Harvard, in 1650, in the words of its charter, established as its aim "the advancement of all good literature, arts, and sciences." Likewise, the majority of our New England colleges, founded mainly for the education of candidates for the ministry and the bar, did not

provide purely professional courses, but rather a program of studies comprising the positive sciences, the liberal arts, and the learned languages. This notion of what a liberal education should be is almost identical with that of Cardinal Newman which he defines in the seventh discourse of "The Idea of a University": that "process of training, by which the intellect, instead of being formed or sacrificed to some particular or accidental purpose, some specific trade or profession, or study or science, is disciplined for its own sake, for the perception of its own proper object, and for its own highest culture, is called liberal education; and though there is no one in whom it is carried as far as is conceivable, or whose intellect would be a pattern of what intellects should be made, yet there is scarcely any one but may gain an idea of what real training is, and at least look towards it, and make its true scope and result his standard of excellence."

Thus, without drawing too sharp a line between the liberal and illiberal studies, it may be said that the Liberal Arts College offers a program which aims primarily at intellectual culture—we say primarily, and not exclusively, because we do not wish to imply that intellectual pursuits are entirely divorced from the practical. It attempts to cultivate an appreciation for knowledge and a sane interpretation of life in its students. The real Liberal Arts College with its course in Philosophy surveys

(Continued on Page 28)

Chiaroscuro

MELTING POT

Not far from the spot where the Reverend William Blackstone first established his residence in Rhode Island, lies a meadow traversed by the river which bears his name. The stream is the lowest point in the Valley, and a geologist once volunteered the information that it is a meager trickle compared to the mighty river which carved out the valley in pre-historic times, and which had as its west bank the last of a series of terraces which lift themselves to the far horizon. The east bank presumably was the highest of the series which rises behind me as I sit beneath an elm, half way up the first terrace rising from the meadow.

I have a wholesome respect for students of a branch of science in which ten thousand years is considered a fleeting moment and I refuse to be drawn into an argument concerning the matter. It has been my habit for years to repair to this particular spot at this particular hour, the twilight of an autumn day. As a matter of law I am a trespasser of the most brazen kind for I am not listed as the owner in the Recorder's office, but by virtue of the mystical origin of all human rights, there arises in me a prescriptive right, which makes this my tree, my river, and my meadow.

This is a moment for philosophical reverie and I cannot but notice how curiously the pastoral and the industrial are combined in this section of northern Rhode Island. Across the river a herd of cattle raise a murmurous clamor to leave the pasture for the security of the spacious barns of one of the largest farms in the State. An agricultural oasis in an industrial desert; for on every side factory chimneys contribute their share of smoke to the haze which hangs over the landscape.

Had it been less difficult to wrest a living by farming from the sand and granite hillocks of Rhode Island, would Samuel Slater have initiated his textile enterprise in

By
Walter J. Shunney, '33

the murk that marks Pawtucket to the south? Would men have invested hard earned capital to strew factories along the valley of the Blackstone and would this small section have become a part of the composite promise America held forth to distant peoples?

The cold steppes of Russia, the sunny slopes of France, and the verdant hillsides of the British Isles have each sent its quota of hopeful pilgrims to us, and, by some mysterious alchemy of climate and social condition the first native generation to spring from these, loses the racial identities of its collective forebears, and in the great majority of cases realizes to the fullest extent the dream of those hardy souls who projected this governmental experiment. The activities of the foreign born criminal which fill our front pages would seem to indicate that despite our tremendous expenditure in the fields of education and social science, we are unable to assimilate certain elements of population. To my way of thinking, the miracle is that we have done so well—so stupendous was the program.

Professor Sumner in his book "Folkways" dwells at length upon the racial differences of Europe. The small nations of the Balkans have long been known as the cockpit of the world. There the mountaineer is the sworn enemy of the man of the plains, and if asked to explain this unreasoning enmity one for the other, each would take refuge in tradition and recite a tale of inherited grievances. The real reason is that they are obeying blindly an instinct inherited from their primitive ancestors, who were forced to regard every stranger as a potential enemy. This condition still obtains in certain sections of our own enlightened nation where educational methods have not fully penetrated and where means of communication are slow. By opening our arms to the peoples of the world we assumed the task of dispelling these

(Continued on Page 25)



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THE CHECKERBOARD

By Wm. D. Haylon, '34

Taking up the dangling threads we carry on. . . What do you think of our new tab? . . . It's your move . . . selecting a suitable title is harder than naming the 45th addition to the Clancy tribe.

The social season makes belated debut. . . the Soph Mixer. . . that popular girl again present. . . all the boys made her (merry). . . What a time! . . . songsters, fakirs, and ever so many doodads. . . "Wild Bill" McCarthy was just "Sweet William" . . . Cab Calloway, the Hi Dee Hi King, was present in the person of Irv Rossi. . . His rendition of Minnie the Moocher was a work of art. . . he will be heard from again. . .

Frosh begin to suffer as their rivals' dignity takes effect. . . just docile lambs being led to slaughter . . . Such a conglomeration of green ties. . . result of Rule six. . . not a pair of knickers among them. . . Rule three enforced. . . Fr. Perrotta has injected spirit into the second year men which has spread throughout the school. . . May this true collegiate atmosphere be with us forever more. . .

What ho! . . . What ho! . . . Our school is being scouted. . . Tony Barbarito and Tom O'Brien break into print. . . The New Haven Register publishes the noteworthy achievements of their boys at our school. . . The P. C. Band makes its season's debut. . . this added color to the home games is welcome. . . the exams for the first two months are things of the past. . . marks were good and marks were not so good. . . the former will be maintained we hope. . . and the latter improved. . .

Guzman Hall students are doing things. . . debates are common events now. . . even a Glee Club has been formed. . . Denny O'Regan, all the way from the Old Country, shows the boys up in handball. . . the Philomusian Club, led by Al Norton, seems to be doing a great job.

Tie-Up pulls a fast one. . . appears with classy sketches in each

edition. . . we can see a full page rotogravure section in the near future. . . To those who do not know, Way McDonald and Johnny Cavanaugh are the boys so clever with their pens.

The Dawn Patrol. . . will it never stop? . . . Gene Moran can rest on his laurels no more. . . only Mal Brown has escaped the clutches of that feared visitor. . . if good old Mal gets caught what penalty will be incurred? . . . Beware Mal, that will be the day. . .

Pyramid Players come through in fine style again. . . those three one act plays could not be improved upon. . . Fr. McLaughlin discovers new stars to add to that already glittering galaxy. . . Dan Kenney, Irv Zimmerman, and Ed Murphy are a few of the new boys to shine. . . there were the familiar faces too. . . f'rinstance Ed Conaty and Jim Flannery. . . we can expect a great production in "Richard III," a little later on.

Have you attended the Soph Court? . . . it's a highlight of the season. . . Eddie Reilly fooled us all. . . who would guess that this pleasant looking, easy going chap could make such a heartless magistrate. . . the more lasting impression, however, was made by George Tebbetts and "Muscles" McCarthy. . . the former swings a corking right and the latter a beautiful left. . .

The boys from the Berkshires plan to convene. . . to follow in the footsteps of the boys from Jack Smith's home town. . . what about the boys from New Haven? . . from Boston? . . . from Taunton? . . . Westfield? . . . and even Staten Island? . . . advertise your school in your home town. . . keep your local papers posted, it'll help build up P. C. . .

A word about the Friars. . . do we appreciate them? . . . they're keeping the Musical Clubs in the run. . . they put the songs in black and white. . . they instilled that hitherto unknown spirit into all of

(Continued on Page 26)

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THE ALUMNI CORNER

By Matthew F. O'Neill, '34

THE ALUMNI BALL

Through the medium of this corner we take the opportunity to extend to the students of Providence College a preliminary invitation to the first formal social affair of the season. The Alumni Ball is to be held on the evening of Monday, December the twenty-eighth, from nine until two, at Providence College. The subscription is five dollars a couple. After the Thanksgiving holidays a representative of the Alumni will extend to all students a personal invitation to this dance.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Robert F. Beagan, '24, is Chairman of the Alumni Ball Committee of 1931.

Rev. Joseph Bracq, ex '28, was ordained recently in Rome. Rev. Matthew M. Hanley, O.P., ex '24, assisted at Father Bracq's first Mass. It will be remembered that Father Hanley is studying at the Collegio Angelico in Rome.

John J. Baglini, '25, is instructor in French and Italian at the new Hartford Avenue Junior High.

J. Austin Quirk, '29, has recently moved his residence from Newton Falls, New York, to Providence.

James P. McGeough, '26, is instructor and coach at Warren High School, Warren, R. I.

Edward B. Down, '29, has recently been appointed to the faculty of De La Salle Academy, in Newport. John Hanley, '29, is also a member of the faculty there.

Frederick M. Langton, '28, recently passed the Bar Examinations in Rhode Island.

Wilfred Roberts, '30, is directing the newly organized Providence College band. Mr. Roberts also directs the band at La Salle Academy.

William B. Dugan, '29, has taken a position in New York City.

John D. Coughlan, '29, formerly an Instructor in English at the college, is now head of the English Department at Everett High School, Everett, Mass.

Stanley A. Szydla, '30, former instructor and coach at De La Salle Academy, Newport, is now coaching and instructing at Ware High School, Ware, Mass. Ware is Stan's home town.

Word has been received from Joseph M. A. Parillo, '30, who has just arrived in Rome for further study.

Siegfried Arnold, '28, at present a student of Boston University Law School, was again chosen to head the Debating Society of that institution.

"KEN" QUIRK, '34

"FRANK" SHEA, '32

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By George Tebbetts, '34

FOOTBALL

A Successful Year

There is always a reason for success in any sport and the work of the three Providence coaches is one of the supporting reasons for the satisfactory issue of our football season. Our coaches, Golembeskie, Bride and McGee, whose wisdom and zeal made it possible for our institution to be represented by one of the strongest small college football teams in the East, cannot be overlooked in an accounting of the 1931 record. Golembeskie, who, for the first time since he took command of this department of sport, had assistants to aid him in his work, molded a line of great



Boyle

strength from some of the most unskilled material a coach has ever worked upon. What he achieved was possible only through his constant attention to details and the enthusiasm of the men who toiled under him. McGee, former captain of a Dominican eleven and end coach of this year's squad, developed some smart and fast ends, and is deserving of high com-

mendation for his splendid contribution. Polishing and priming his material well, backfield coach Bride brought out two sets of hard charging and blocking backs and uncovered in Barbarito a running back of great possibilities.

Few coaches, however skilled and experienced, would have dared promise the results which these three capable instructors have reached in one year's handling; and with the advent of the nineteen thirty-two season, they will be able to look back to this year's record with pardonable pride and look forward to the next year's struggles with confidence.

The Season in Summary

Providence completed, with the close of the Charity game on November 28th, the most successful season in its few years of competition on the gridiron. In the first two games Rutgers and Holy Cross proved their superiority, but following these reverse decisions, the Black and White contingent set a new record in P. C. football annals by winning six straight games. This run of victories was not accomplished against weak teams or teams of inferior rating, but only after meeting hard competition did we gain the verdicts over Vermont, Clarkson, Norwich, Lowell Textile, Niagara and St. John's of Brooklyn. The third loss of the season, a defeat by Catholic University of Washington, D. C., broke the chain of conquests, and in that game the Friars went down with colors flying.

With the R. I. State game the grid careers of Captain Foster, Brady and Geo. Cody come to a close, Bleiler having played his last game against Catholic University. An injury suffered in that contest kept him from participation in the charity struggle. Jorn, Derivan, and Nawrocki finished their work in the line in the State game. These men, experienced and hard fighters, will be missed when the squad reassembles next fall, but the outlook for 1932 is still very

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bright. The nucleus of next year's team will be O'Keefe, Barbarito, Wright and Rennick in the backfield, and Schott, Mardosa, Burns, Callahan, Burge, Adamick, Boyle, Lee, Roberge, Davis, Gobis, Skipp, Thompson, and Drumgoole will be ready to battle for line assignments. With such a trained and hardened group of candidates, the coming season should be a more successful one than that just closed.

The Rutgers and Holy Cross games were outlined in the November Alembic. The rest of the games may be summarized as follows:

Providence 27, Vermont 13

The University of Vermont bowed before a powerful Providence offence which was headed by our clever halfback captain, Mickey Foster, as the eleven scored its initial win of the season in its debut before the home folks.



Davis

The Green Mountain gridders made a valiant effort to turn de-

feat into victory by a last period advance which netted two scores, but they were forced to accept the short end of a 27 to 13 verdict.

Captain Foster enjoyed a field day, registering three touchdowns, as well as paving the way for the fourth score by a brilliant series of end sweeps and off tackle dashes. He was aided in his marches by a smooth working line which offered strong interference. Co-starring in the backfield with Foster were O'Keefe, who plunged over for the fourth Providence score, Charlie Bleiler and Johnny Brady, senior quarterbacks, and Joe Wright, speedy halfback.

Providence 6, Clarkson 0

A recovered fumble by Bill Kut-

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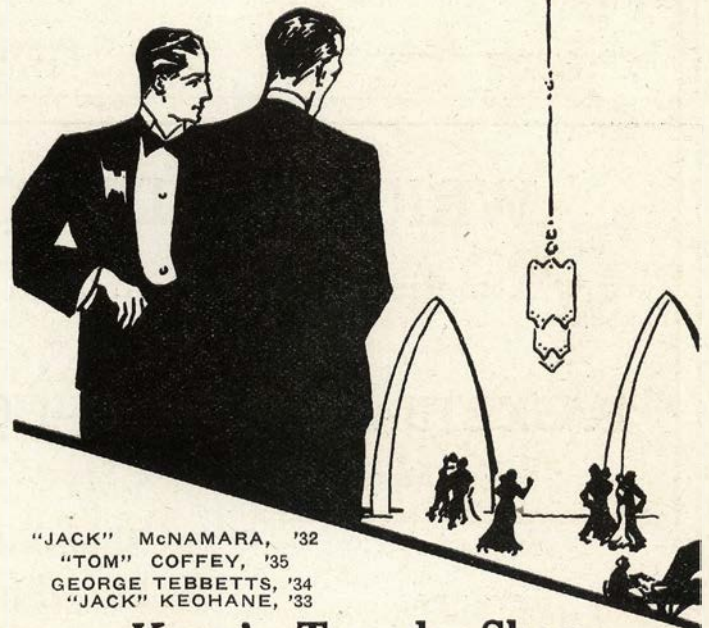
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niewski behind the Clarkson goal line provided Providence with the 6 to 0 margin which proved sufficient to down the Engineers on a rain-soaked gridiron at Potsdam. Play was exceptionally close for the entire four periods, with Clarkson having a slight edge over the Friar forces who were without the services of Captain Foster and several other veterans who were on the injured list.

The stout forward turned a possible scoreless decision into victory in the third period when it crashed through to frustrate a goal line kick attempt by Clarkson, the ball being fumbled by Zimber, Engineer's fullback, to be retrieved for the Black and White cause by Kutniewski and Mathews for the only score of the game.

Providence 24, Norwich 0

The cyclonic attack of a powerful quartet of backs, and the fierce charging of a sturdy Friar line proved the downfall of a Norwich team from the hills of Vermont. The superiority of the Dominican team cannot be measured from the score for the regular team was only used during the first half.

The Friars tallied early in the game when Bleiler heaved a flat pass to O'Keefe for a score. Thereafter, they had little difficulty in scoring, and the attack functioned smoothly for the rest of the half.

The second half opened with Providence using substitutes, the work of Adamick, Schott, and Gobis being impressive. The playing of the Dominican second team was on a par with that of the regulars, and demonstrated that the Friars' reserves will be capable of carrying on the work of any regular players replaced because of injuries.

The Norwich eleven fought gamely and did well in holding down the score. There were no injuries during the game and Providence had its full strength ready to battle Lowell Textile in their next tilt.

Providence 19, Lowell Textile 6

The Dominicans experienced no little difficulty in defeating Lowell. The game was played at Lowell in ideal football weather, with both

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teams unhampered by injuries.

The first half developed into a furious battle, and ended with the score deadlocked at 6-6. The Golembeskie-coached eleven scored early in the first period when O'Keefe wormed his way through right tackle for fifteen yards and a touchdown. The kick for the extra point failed and Providence led 6-0. This lead was short-lived, however, for Quigley, Lowell back, tossed a long pass to Savard which knotted the count. The rest of the half was keenly contested by both teams with neither holding an advantage.

With the arrival of Tony Barbarito into the Providence lineup, the Dominican offense put on a brilliant exhibition of power and speed, literally forcing its way across their opponents' goal. Barbarito seemed to bring to the fore the spirit and fight of a mighty team, one of the finest elevens ever produced at the Dominican institution. His work, together with that of Burns and Kutniewski, were the outstanding features of the game. Burns, a two hundred-pounder from Rhode Island, was particularly impressive on the defensive, and his vicious tackling stopped many Textile runners.

The kicking and running of Jerry Savard, Lowell's most versatile athlete, and the line play of Farland, Textile's giant tackle, were features of the Lowell attack.

The work of O'Keefe, the Dominicans' Marty Brill, and the Rockne-like blocking of the Friar line showed the superiority of our well-coached eleven over the Textilers.

Providence 13, Niagara U. 6

The Providence College football team travelled to Buffalo to establish one record and break another. The Friars were the first to defeat a Niagara football team on its home field, and also hung up a new record of six consecutive victories.

The victory of the Dominican team can readily be traced to the blocking of a sturdy line, the sensational play of Dexter Davis, Sophomore end, and the scintillating runs of Charly O'Keefe, the New Bedford boy who has proved

(Continued on Page 27)

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The Time Element Enters

(Continued from Page 7)

His black eyes darted uneasily from one face to another of the lawyers, reporters, jury and clerks who filled the front section of the room. Spectators, thrilled by this chance to be in on a gang shooting, as this appeared to be, filled the seats.

At two o'clock the trial was resumed. After a short recapitulation of the morning's work, the District Attorney called Quirk to the stand.

As uneasily as he had sat all morning at the table, Quirk sat now on the witness stand. His thick, veined hands clasped each other tightly in front of him. His black eyes darted to the District Attorney's face and away to the jury for a split second. Never once did he look at me, though I kept my gaze fastened on him from the very first word he uttered.

He began: "It's already come out there was a game goin' on up

there. I don't have to keep that quiet. One of the guys in the game is this Lund from Washington and myself. There was two other guys there, but leave them out of it."

"Who were they?" the D. A. cut in.

Blankly Quirk replied: "I don't remember."

Then he went on: "Lund comes in and after awhile he gets tough. He starts squawkin' about what he calls a raw deal we give him. Now that was a phony, 'cause Pardee always played a square game. Everybody knows that. Seein' the way Lund is talkin', the other two boys leave—about happast twelve, I guess it was—and then we don't play no more, cause Lund gets nastier and nastier.

"Now y'know we didn't want no trouble with him, but he got us kinda sore. We talked back to him, o' course, and he says if we don't come across and pay some debts he says we owe, he'll get us. Bill laughed. He always had guts, that guy. And when Bill laughs this

guy gets sore. He gives some kinda signal and in walks this guy." Quirk jerked his head in my direction.

"The minute I see him come through the door, I figure there's gonna be trouble and I dive into the next room. This guy's got a rod in his hand and at the same time Bill goes at this Lund. Stone hollers and shoots fast. But his aim ain't so good or somethin', and he plugs both of 'em. They're right together, I guess—it all happened pretty fast. Bill staggers out into the room I'm in and flops on the bed. Lund sit down slow-like. This guy Stone don't stop at all, but tears right after me. Just as I'm gettin' out the window, I knock my hat off, and he pops one more after me. By this time I'm almost down to the street. I guess he didn't have no more bullets 'cause I didn't hear anything else."

The District Attorney cut in again. "With your own eyes you saw the defendant shoot five bul-

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lets at the two men and hit them both?"

My lawyer objected to the question as being leading, but despite legal technicalities, it was brought out and emphasized that Quirk claimed to have seen me shoot the two men.

I was used to double-crossing; I had had things like this happen to me before, but never so outrageously. Rage bit into my mind, and I wanted to strangle Quirk. Hopelessness chilled me, for I felt that nothing could save me. Wild and lying as his testimony was, I knew there was no way I could disprove it. Whatever fingerprints had been made on the revolver handle had been obliterated by mine when I had handled it. I was caught.

Those very words seared across my mind. They had got Jim one way and now they thought they were going to get me the same way—from behind. Not if I knew it. It wasn't as easy as all that to put the two of us out of business. And yet I had sat there quietly while this rat had been telling his dirty lies. That wasn't like me—and I wasn't scared of the court or of their whole damned rigma-rolé. It was a matter of unwritten law. They'd got my pal, and I was standing for it!

But not any longer! Court procedure nothing! I'd tell them! I got to my feet.

I cried: "Quirk, you lie!"

A hubbub broke out, swelling to an immediate excited uproar. Quirk cringed in his seat. I shouted to make myself heard above the din. Then I caught sight of two faces in the crowd, two more of the Pardee gang. They stared at me. My fury rose. I banged on the table.

Two sergeants bore down on me. I fought them off. They swung great hands like hams that swept me off balance. A strong blow caught me on the side of the head. I slipped and in falling struck my head on the edge of the heavy table. I whirled dizzily through space, and only dimly felt hands picking me up and putting me in the chair again.

Things must have quited down, and yet everything seemed strange

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to my senses. I couldn't hear well, my head rang with a thousand unearthly noises. The Judge appeared like a miniature god sitting on a tremendously high throne. I could see little else. The light, bright and sunny before, now was dim and shot with shadows.

Suddenly I heard a voice—a voice I knew—but never expected to hear in that place. The voice of Jim Lund! It came to my ears like a distant sound carrying a message of hope. I looked round dizzily and then I saw him! Standing by the witness stand, where Quirk was sitting giving testimony, Jim Lund, pale and grave, pointed an accusing finger at him.

He was talking, rapidly, swiftly, in a strong voice, and I could hear him. I heard him perfectly, because he was up there telling the truth about that night.

"Good old Jim!" I thought. "He's coming through!" I listened, straining for words that I hoped were to be my salvation. I gripped the edge of the table, and watched, and listened.

"All that's been said so far isn't

true," Jim's voice said. "You might as well know, otherwise an innocent man is going to suffer. Pardee did all the shooting, except that Lund twisted the gun out of his hand and let him have two before Pardee staggered into the next room. Then Lund threw the gun in the corner and collapsed in the chair just before Bard Nolan walked in the room and found things the way they were. But get it straight. Pardee did the shooting, not Stone!" Then Jim's voice faltered and broke, and I seemed to hear Quirk sobbing: "I lied before! Now—I have to tell—the truth!"

I was convinced I was out of my mind. There was Jim Lund, talking as if he were someone else and yet Quirk . . . I nudged my lawyer to ask him what this was all about, but when I saw his face, I closed my mouth before a word came out. He was staring at the witness stand in horrified amazement, and then, as I watched, his expression turned to one of relief and joy. Then he turned to me.

"You're free, Stone!" he ex-

claimed. "Get it? Pardee did the shooting! You're free!" He jumped up and disappeared. Within a minute he returned with a paper. He handed me something, and when I took it listlessly he stopped short in his flow of rapid words and stared down at me. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," I mumbled. "Never mind."

I felt my hand being shaken, more words, more noise that left me in a daze. I stood up. My head ached throbbingly from the blow on the table, everything seemed strangely unreal to me. I began walking unsteadily toward the door, through a railing, now—only a few steps more—what was the matter . . . ?

Beside me I heard a quiet voice: "Come on, Bard, everything's fine now."

It was Jim. He smiled at me, and together we walked out through the door. The sergeant looked at me in queer astonishment as we passed him.

We walked down the street together, and I noticed several peo-

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ple looking at us queerly. But I reminded myself that our pictures had been in the papers so much the last few days, and people are always morbidly excited at seeing individuals of doubtful fame in real flesh.

Jim said: "When you go back East, Bard, tell the wife all about it."

"When I go back?" I repeated in surprise. "What's the matter with you? We'll both get a train tonight."

Jim walked along quietly for a moment. Then he murmured: "No, Bard, I won't be going back right away. But you can do me some favors, some things I wanted to do before—" He caught himself—"some things I would like you to do right away."

"Anything," I agreed heartily, "but I think it's funny you won't—And say—why did you talk about yourself on the stand as if you weren't there? Or didn't I hear you right?"

"You heard me all right, Bard. That's the way I talked. You'll understand that pretty soon. I'll tell you about it some time." We walked in silence toward my hotel, when he resumed: "When you get back, go up and see Joanne and the kid, and tell her what happened. And then see that she gets all the money I had, you know where it all is, and make sure that everything's right for her. Will you do that?" He looked at me anxiously.

I was curiously embarrassed. His seemed an unusual request, even between the two of us. But I agreed. "I'll take care of the whole thing, Jim. And—"

"Yes?" We were nearing a news stand by my hotel.

"Will you be coming along soon?"

He shook his head. "I won't be back—right away." His face had an expression of sadness I had never seen before.

"And—Jim, shall I tell Joanne you've quit?"

He frowned suddenly. "No! Don't say I've quit. Just say—I was forced out, because Joanne hates the word 'quit.'"

As he said that last sentence,

my eye caught sight of the latest edition of afternoon papers. The headlines screamed something about my trial in huge black letters.

"Wait a moment, Jim. I'll get a paper." Side by side we went up to the stand; I put down three pennies, and picked up a pink sheet. I read "Quirk Turns State's Evidence."

Quirk! He had lied! What was this? I read on, my burning eyes straining at the wet, black type still fresh from the presses. The story told how Quirk had been interrupted in his testimony by an outburst from the defendant—myself—and immediately thereafter had told an entirely new story—exonerating Stone, placing the blame on Pardee—everything was there precisely as it had happened, except that it stated that Quirk had told the story—not Jim Lund.

I sought over the front page for some enlightenment, when the first column story caught my gaze: "Lund Dies During Pal's Trial."

With a cry I turned to Jim.

He wasn't there. I stared wildly around. I cried his name again.

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"Jim! Jim!" I spun round on the astonished newsboy. "Where's the man I was with a minute ago?"

"There wasn't nobody with you, mister. I saw you come down the street alone, talking to yourself. Ain't you Bard Nolan?"

I ran from him.

I had seen Jim Lund on the witness stand! I had heard his voice. I had seen him, in the cold light of a courtroom, the most matter-of-fact place in the world. The words that had issued from him had been my salvation. It had been his spirit that had forced a confession from the craven gangster.

I had said that when Jim was forced out, so was I.

And that's how it stands.

P C. Personalities

(Continued from Page 8)

asked that some one else be given the glory. A moment later the club scored. There is nothing in that episode to talk about, if you follow Mickey's philosophy, but it is that very unselfishness and manliness that makes him see himself in so ordinary a light, and which makes his fellow students see him as a real man, four-square.

Mike has played his last game. We'll watch him slip through holes and run a broken field no longer, carrying the colors of Providence. But the thrills he has afforded us, the fighting spirit that was his, and the will to win he always showed will not soon be forgotten. "Play up! Play the game!"

A Transitional Painter

(Continued from Page 11)

Having a knowledge of Greco-Latin masters, the makers of mosaics, painters of Byzantine icons, of Giotto, Duccio, Ghiberti, Donatelli, together with an appreciation of nature, and a devout religious sense, he contributed his lovely art to the world, a world which has appreciated his efforts and has long since understood his shortcomings as but difficulties to be surmounted within the coming century in the course of forming the elegant style of painting which was to prevail later. He painted much

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and painted well, with simplicity, and sincerity. His efforts were not prompted by a desire for earthly praise, but for heavenly glory; always working with a religious viewpoint, he understood "that the theme of Christian art is the theme of prayer and consequently, a rhythmic theme."

Chiaroscuro

(Continued from Page 13)
racial antipathies. Small wonder that political struggles rock our institutions to their foundations; small wonder that our ultimate dissolution within fifty years was predicted by historians and students of the time our government was founded. Thomas Babington Macaulay had these elements in mind when he wrote to Thomas Jefferson that our constitution was "All sail and no anchor."

The alarmists of today are doing the usual "viewing with alarm." They profess to see dangerous trends in our local and national policies and no student can disregard the virtue of their claims. This valley is a representative cross-section of America, and the valley lies not smiling before me but brooding! Here are the problems and difficulties of America, and as they are solved here, so will they be solved in the nation.

The old mill bell is tolling the hour; the sun is a memory in the west. What with the herd and the tolling of the curfew I should be reminded of Grey's "Elegy," but my mood is that of Old Omar:

"The moving finger writes, and having writ

*Moves on, nor all your piety or wit
Can call it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word
of it."*

Panics and All That

Affirm a principle, defend a policy or propose a law and forthwith a thousand proponents or opponents spring to action. One group of theorists is of the opinion that the masses of the people who are subjected to these contending forces are capable of selecting, by sheer weight of numbers, that policy which will insure their own

highest good; another group denies that the masses possess this power.

He fixed a bibulous but ingratiating eye upon me as I ambled down past the railroad station.

"It's a great day—do you think it's picking up any?"

The combined statement and question needed no reply evidently for my companion, having matched my leisurely pace, continued, "You never saw times as bad as this before Pro'hibition?" I might have taken immediate issue and mentioned the panic of 1907 (no, it wasn't depression) but it occurred to me that here was a man with a grievance, and a theory of his own as to the method of correcting the evil, and anyway I wasn't old enough to appreciate the panic of 1907.

"In those days a man had a dollar in his pocket and a job to go to. But them big fellers down in Washington got together and de-

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cided to change things around a bit, so they started in by taking the beer, and free lunch away from us, and when we raise a howl they show us that there is more money in savings banks today than ever before. If I had my way those fellers would be put where they'd never take away anybody else's rights."

My new friend wiped a perspiring brow and furtively licked a parched-looking upper lip. "Could you spare two-bits for an old apple merchant ruined by competition?"

Now, in my humble opinion, here was an artist amongst his kind, and true artistry, in whatever field exhibited, should not lack appreciation, and this case was no exception. His technique indicated that he knew that men may refuse to respond to a tale of woe, but will oftentimes change a bill to reward a bon mot. I wish some psychologist would explain the reason therefor. In similar cases we pay our professors one-tenth as much as we pay our comedians:

*"The sad old earth must borrow its mirth
But has troubles enough of its own."*

As he scuttled down the street it occurred to me that here was an atom of that mighty force we know as Public Opinion. In the aggregate he has brought about changes in everything from boundary lines to baseball stitches.

Having mentioned the panic of 1907 I am reminded that at the age of twelve I encountered a question concerning that sorry year in a school paper called Current Events. By making a general nuisance of myself I finally learned that a panic was a shortage of money. Further inquiry resulted in the information that the Government printed all paper money in circulation. "Why then," I reasoned, "doesn't the Government print a lot of money and pass it around to everybody?"

I was firmly convinced that I had the solution of the problem and no means of enforcing my findings. It took me some years to find out that my theory was unsound, but find out I did ultimately, sustaining, meanwhile, several severe jolts to

my youthful pride. However, judging from some of the legislation introduced and passed during the last session of Congress there are some who accept my puerile reasoning and they have the power to enforce their opinions... I wonder if I'll ever meet that old fellow again?...

The Checkerboard

(Continued from Page 14)

us...those rallies were O. K. ... they've something new all the time...

At last...a rendezvous for the boarding students...John Donnelly gives us the Campus Club... under auspices of the Tie-Up... basketball. . .boxing. . .wrestling . . .chess. . .checkers. . .pool. . . cards (bridge or rummy)... athletic room divided, making spacious club room...use of Auditorium once a week...our suggestion is a league...the College Rd. Bulldogs versus the River Avenue Sailors...Hilltoppers versus Huxleyites...how's it sound?...

College honored by visit of the Right Reverend Bishop Hickey... Pay tribute to the deceased benefactors of this institution...student body attends mass en masse.

We anticipate...a victory over Fordham in the first debate at Harkins Hall...also later on in the season...wins over Boston College, Holy Cross and several others...it ought to be a great season here too...

Ah...forget it...

Athletics

(Continued from Page 19)

to be a sensation all during the season.

The score, 13 to 6, gives no accurate indication of the superiority of the Friar team, who were severely penalized a few times when a score seemed inevitable; however, the game did demonstrate the real power of our team, a power new but pleasing to Dominican fans.

Providence 33, St. John's 12

Captain Mickey Foster and Anthony Barbarito, sensational Friar

backfield find, working behind one of the sturdiest lines ever to represent our college, ran havoc at the Cycledrome on Saturday, November 14, and buried a strong St. John's team by the score of 33-12.

Barbarito, with touchdown runs of forty-one and twenty-five yards, bids fair to become a nationally known footballer if his phenomenal running in the past few games is an augury of his future success. His forty-one yard run will remain a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle. Late in the third period, with Providence in possession on the Redmen's forty-one yard line, Tony dashed through right tackle, reversed his field, twisted his way toward the sideline, cut back into the center of the field, and aided by the fine blocking of his teammates, finished a great run with a score.

The blocking of our line was



Burdge

particularly noticeable on end runs when it seemed that seven men were hitting the St. John's ends. Charlie Rennick flashed into prominence by his terrific line smashes. Late in the fourth period, Charlie crashed his way over the opponent's goal carrying three Redmen along with him.

The Redmen attack was featured by a forty yard pass from Stevens to Rubinsky for a score, the fierce line plunging of Captain Pace, and

the fine line play of Maloney.

Cath. Univ. 13, Providence 7

Playing its greatest game of the



O'Keefe

season the Catholic University snapped a six game win streak of a fighting Providence College ag-

gregation to the tune of 13-7. This victory gave the Cardinals their seventh straight win and virtually places them at the head of small college football teams in the East.

Captain Tom Whelan, one of ten leading scorers of the East, ran thirty-seven and fifty-three yards for touchdowns and it was through his courageous work that the Cardinals were able to defeat the aggressive Dominican outfit. Captain Mickey Foster, and Anthony Barbarito were the stars for the Dominican outfit. Barbarito tallied the Friars' score in the third period when he made a thrilling catch of a long forward and raced the remaining thirteen yards for a score. In the final five minutes of play the Friars lead by John Brady unleashed a frantic aerial attack which carried the ball to the Catholic University eighteen yard line, before the Cardinals were able to hold for downs.

Providence 6, R. I. State 0

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who journeyed to Brown Stadium on November 28 to aid the cause of "sweet charity," Providence staged a mighty battle with their fellow gridmen from Kingston. The game was a "natural" and the two elevens played with unlowered fury until the final whistle. The score was Providence 6, Rhode Island State 0. Details are not available as we go to press.

BASKETBALL

Coach McClellan, now serving his fifth year as our leader in this popular winter sport, has been putting aspiring courtiers thru fast drills daily at Harkins Hall. Preparation for the Dartmouth game, scheduled for December 10, made it imperative that practice be called in the second week of November, two weeks earlier than usual. Approximately thirty-five candidates answered McClellan's call for talent, with a promise of almost ten more, as soon as the football togs are laid away.

In the practice sessions, which are being held daily, many new faces are appearing before the



Coach McClellan

Friar coach, who in the past four years has piloted our basketeers to New England championships, and has brought to high honors several stars. Shapiro, Heich, and Grubert are the most promising of the new talent, and they are being

drilled intensively, as are all the other aspirants, because the schedule for the coming winter shows some high-powered opposition.

Freshman and Junior Varsity schedules have been arranged and competition for positions on these two teams should be close and interesting.

Editorial—continued

(Continued from Page 12)

from a central vantage-point the entire field of knowledge. It is the training ground or, to change the figure, the refining process which prepares for a full life. It does not aim at professional training. Its activities are not confined to the narrow sphere of one profession. Rather it coordinates all knowledge in an effort to provide a firm basis upon which to build a career. Thus it may be said that the Liberal Arts College ultimately and reductively offers a course in the science of Human Living.

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