

Providence College Alembic

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THIS MONTH

The Life of George Berkeley	<i>John Coughlin</i>	2
An Eternal Mystery	<i>Robert L. Smith</i>	7
My Dream Car	<i>Charles S. Quirk</i>	10
Modern Knighthood	<i>Francis X. Sutton</i>	14
Something To Say	<i>John C. Hanley</i>	18
Editorial	<i>Thomas J. Curley</i>	22
Exchange	<i>Ambrose V. Aylward</i>	26
Alumni	<i>George B. McClellan—George P. Earnshaw</i>	28
Chronicle	<i>Francis E. Greene</i>	29
Athletics	<i>John E. Krieger</i>	31

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The Life of George Berkeley

THE life of George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, philosopher, writer and missionary to America was notable for its material success and Christian character. His was chiefly a literary career, and it was his lot to pursue it unhampered by struggles against poverty, and at least not until he suffered a minor ailment during later life, the equally deterring effects of ill health. On the one hand, he possessed the robust physical well-being which comes of clean living; on the other, the gracious reception given to his published works with its resulting remuneration of the author, and the recognition which made him a fellow of Trinity, Dean of Dromore and later of Derry, and, finally, Bishop of Cloyne gave him the financial independence so much desired but so infrequently attained by genius. His life was well-ordered, filled with the good things of the world, given variety by travel, and made pleasant by a real and enduring popularity with all classes. Nor was he contaminated by worldly things. Rather, he never deviated from the path of upright virtue and deep, sincere piety.

Berkeley was born at Kilerim, Ireland, March 12, 1684. His parents were English people in fairly good circumstances, his father being at the time Collector of the port of Belfast. George very probably received the first rudiments of education in the so-called hedge schools of the vicinity. In 1695 he entered Kilkenny School—not, however, as was usual, in the lowest class. His brightness, and perhaps the education already referred to, made it possible for him to enter the second. He remained in this school four years and won the reputation of being its most brilliant student. In 1699, he enrolled at Trinity College, Dublin. At Trinity he maintained his reputation for scholarship and had a foretaste of the popularity and high regard which were to be his throughout life. There he wrote and published, before reaching the age

of twenty, "Arithmetic Demonstrated without the Aid of Algebra." There too, in 1709, he published his first metaphysical work, "A New Theory of Vision." One of the greatest of all his works, "The Principles of Human Knowledge," soon followed, and the young scholar was fairly started on his brilliant career.

During all these years Berkeley had never once been outside of Ireland. The opportunity presented itself, however, in 1713, and he left her shores on his first visit to England. The famous Swift had supplied him with letters to the most prominent literary men in London and these letters, together with his own estimable qualities, gave him entrance to the noted literary circle of Pope, Addison, and Steele and to the drawing rooms of London's best society. Polished, modest, unassuming, and of pleasing appearance he was soon a social lion. His undeniable genius and character, the noble qualities of his mind and heart moved Pope to the unstinted tribute, "Every virtue under heaven."

But Berkeley's conquest of social and literary London was soon interrupted. Shortly after reaching England he had become secretary and chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough. The latter soon started on a political mission to Sicily and Berkeley accompanied him. Peterborough left his secretary in Italy and continued on to Sicily and thence to England alone. Apparently not displeased at the desertion, Berkeley remained in Italy another year before returning to London. His protracted stay seems to have cost him his position, for in a few months he was once more on the continent, this time as the tutor to young Mr. Ashe, the son of his former professor. This trip lasted four years and embraced a thorough tour of Sicily besides many of the show places of Italy. But the good things of this world must end and the year 1720 saw the traveler once more in England. He found the country suffering from the bursting of the "South Sea Bubble" and in the grip of a violent disregard for law. Doubtless the change from rural Sicily to urban London was so great that Berkeley exaggerated to himself conditions in the latter. Nevertheless, his "An Essay Toward Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain" sounded a timely and needed warning.

Berkeley went back to Dublin in 1721 as chaplain to the Duke of Grafton. Two years later Esther Van Homrigh, whom he had deeply impressed, died and left him a legacy of £4000. Not long afterward,

through the influence of Grafton, he received the Deanery of Derry which carried with it a stipend of £1100 a year. These two strokes of fortune were the first steps in the realization of a dream dear to the heart of the pious Dean. For many years he had looked at America with missionary zeal and he now proposed to build a college, preferably in the Bermudas, for the purpose of converting the American savages to Christianity and supplying the deficiencies in the ranks of the American clergy. With these ends in view he published "A Proposal for the Better Supplying of Churches in our Foreign Plantations and for the Conversion of the Savages to Christianity." Through the succeeding months he lectured and worked for his noble cause. Finally, in 1725, he received a charter from the government. With £5000 soon subscribed and £20,000 more promised by the Crown, the success of the project seemed assured. Accordingly, Berkeley married in August and sailed the following month for Rhode Island, there to await the Crown's grant. He disembarked at Newport after a journey of five months. His reputation had penetrated even to that distant outpost of civilization and he received an enthusiastic welcome.

For about three years Berkeley lived in Newport, preaching, writing, and waiting for the £20,000 that never came. He evidently enjoyed his stay on the beautiful shores of America's Eden but, finally, all hope of receiving the promised money having been shattered by Walpole, he gave his farm to Yale for the endowment of three scholarships and returned to England.

With the exception of the few months intervening between his return from America and his appointment as Bishop of Cloyne—the period during which he published his most popular work, "The Dialogues of Alciphron"—the remainder of Berkeley's life was lived in seclusion. While Bishop of Cloyne he attended but one session of Parliament and his speech against the society of Blasters was his only one as a spiritual peer. He lived quietly, performed many and various works of charity, and wrote the "Siris." For the most part, his mind had turned from philosophy to political science, medicine, and, more particularly, tar.

He had come back from America with a new missionary zeal. No longer, however, was he concerned with the American savages. The objects of his regard now were the English and Irish people,

and while at Cloyne he sought, with something of the fanatic, to convince them of the virtues of tar water as a medicine. To him it was the cure-all so long desired by man. He advocated its use in every disease in every stage. He held it up as a preventive and a stimulant; a restorative and an ointment. In short, according to its apostle, no household should be without this truly marvelous, universal panacea. Berkeley, of course, preached tar "not wisely but too well." It is interesting to note, however, that one of the principal constituents of tar, carbolic acid, is now in high favor because of its value in antiseptic treatment.

As a man Berkeley merits little but praise. The philosophical resignation with which he accepted the long wait in America and the eventual miscarriage of his plans; the sympathy which he expressed in various ways for the Irish Catholics; the scrupulous honesty with which he returned every last penny of the money subscribed for the American college; and, above all, the truly Christian character of his life before and after marriage mark him a real man of whom the English Church and the English people may well be proud. Pope's fine tribute, while somewhat exaggerated, is, nevertheless, a good indication and measure of Berkeley's character.

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt a lengthy criticism of Berkeley's philosophy. No sketch of his life would be complete, however, without some comment on the theory of matter for which he is famous.

According to this theory, those external sensible bodies the existence of which is made known to us by sense perception are neither existent nor are they bodies. They depend for their so-called existence upon perception by knowing subjects and it follows that in the absence of the latter they are non-existent. Such bodies, the theory claims, are nothing more than affections or modifications of spirits by the Divine spirit. Hence, the old and accepted theory which recognizes a material as well as a spiritual world is false and should be abandoned in favor of this new theory which recognizes but one order—the spiritual.

Because of this theory Hume hailed Berkeley as the apostle of scepticism. Huxley declared that it leads into pantheism. Subjected to the light of Scholasticism and pushed to its logical extreme, the theory entails a denial of the perfection of God and ultimately a denial of His very existence.

The Scholastics show that our sense affirm the existence of external material bodies and in so doing are merely exercising the proper action of such faculties. But if these material bodies do not exist, these senses, hearing, touch, smell, sight, and taste, are useless, unnecessary powers. A theory which leads to such a conclusion is incompatible with the notion of God and becomes tenable only by denying the Divine perfection on which is based the Scholastic contention that it would be impossible and repugnant for God to create faculties which could accomplish nothing. In this case, for the advocate of the theory, God has a limited being; His infinity, and concomittantly, His existence must be denied.

Berkeley attempted to reconcile his staunch Christian belief with his denial of the existence of matter but in vain. His error was too fundamental to admit of success. Like so many others who strayed in that age from Scholasticism, he erred in trying to fit the universe to a theory instead of fitting the theory to the universe.

Early in the autumn of 1752 Berkeley arrived at Oxford to spend the short span of life remaining. There within the shadow of the ancient seat of learning and culture, he edited a volume of "Miscellanies" and prepared a third edition of "Alciphron." He died on the 14th of January, 1753, in the presence of his wife and family. Let us judge him not as the philosopher, but as the man of noble conception and lofty ideals. In life he had profited much by the preferment of king and nobles. Let us think that in death he went to a reward far greater than any within the power of royalty or nobility.

John Coughlin, '29



An Eternal Mystery

NO TOPIC, even of the mildest interest, was beneath the notice of the self-appointed critics of the world who sat in perennial session on the platform of the general store at Lyndon Corners. A visitor might well wonder if the buzzing tongues of the bearded habitués ever ceased. But, strange as it may seem, every mouth closed quickly, every eye and ear was put at attention upon the approach of at least one inhabitant of the countryside.

Once each day Nils Hansen came to the village from some unknown dwelling in the backwoods. He visited the general store and the post office, departing as quickly and silently as he appeared. He answered no questions; but he asked none. He gave no satisfaction; yet he asked no favors.

Here was the village mystery. The mere mention of his name gave rise to speculation. Some opinions of the curious judges were as weird and fantastic as they were ineffectual; some theories of the more kindly disposed were as sympathetic as they were useless. For there appeared to be no slightest solution of the silent man, his business or his history.

It is impossible to read the mind of a man whose expression never changes. Nils Hansen was one of these men. As he walked through the woods on a cold winter night, the full moon made a sparkling blanket of the thin layer of snow on the pathway, but its rays failed to give an inkling of the deep reflections of his mind.

As a youth Nils Hansen had set his heart on the attainment of an object. Even at the beginning he was almost certain that success was only barely possible. Yet as fate and the years in their passing set him further back from the futile desire of his heart and soul, he fought with the perseverance of his Viking forbears. Finally he was discov-

ered in an act of dishonesty, his last resort in a struggle which had become to him almost a religion.

He still remembered the words of the warden who opened the doors of the world to him after two years of imprisonment. These words seemed to come to his mind more insistently tonight as his sturdy legs bore his tall, Nordic frame over the snow.

"Brace up, young man. Your life is still ahead of you. You've got a right to a new deal in the game of life. Play your new cards to better advantage."

A harsh laugh escaped his lips and, staring at the moon, which seemed to be mocking him as he scowled at its grotesque shadows, he swore softly.

Yes, you won, old man. I staked all my cards on a bid for you. I cried for the moon and I knew I couldn't get it." A laugh of defiance punctuated his words. "I won't take a new deal for there's nothing I want any more."

For one fleeting moment the characteristic calm had left his mask-like face but again his features became emotionless as he tramped on in silence.

Suddenly a low, moaning cry from the grove at his right caught his attention and he hastened toward the outline of a human form lying in the snow. As he reached the spot, the prostrate figure of a man raised its head and a flash of mutual recognition passed between the two. A surprised gasp escaped the startled stranger's lips, but Nils Hansen's face was still a mask.

"For God's sake, Hansen, help me out of here! Shot myself accidentally—been lying in the snow for two hours. I'm getting weaker every minute. Help me, Nils!"

For a long moment Hansen looked down in silence upon the one man who had stood in his way in the old life, an enemy whom he had come to look upon as the symbol of all he himself had lost. Then, without a word of wonderment or questioning, he stopped and gathered the man gently in his arms.

Perhaps the sight of his helpless enemy softened for a moment his heart of adamant; or perhaps the spirit of some great ancestor who long ago sailed down the fjord from some fastness beyond the Dovrefield, and had long since been transported to the eternal bliss

of Valhalla, bade him do at least this one deed of kindness to his fellow-man before his wasted life was done.

At any rate, Nils Hansen carried his burden over three miles of snow that night and left this key to his unknown history to the care of the village doctor.

His story flew from tongue to tongue on the following day and caused a furious amount of buzzing on the store platform. Yet today the mention of his name would not cause a spark of interest. For even among the simple country folk of this Down-East community a mystery solved is a mystery killed.

Nils Hansen left Lyndon Corners forever that night and no one shall ever know whether he profited by his sudden streak of human courage. But the moon still shines upon this foolish earth and the "Nils Hansens" of the world still make vain grabs at its round, mocking face. Yet it is no mystery, even to them, why they are not able to reach it.

Robert L. Smith, '30



My Dream Car

LAST night I had a dream. Of course there is nothing unusual about that fact, for I am subjected quite frequently to journeys into the illusory fields of dreamland; but something extraordinary about this particular dream makes me want to tell you its delightful procedure. There was no fantastic experience, such as inheriting a fortune or sliding down a precipice, (for truly one is just as fantastic as the other, to me at least) to make my awakening hold that distinct feeling of relief that usually attends my weirdest sorties into the regions of phantasy. Rather, I experienced an every-day event of my life, an event that is absolutely necessary for my well-being; but to my great surprise and, I might say, edification I found it greatly altered.

I dreamt that I rode in a street-car. The same 8:15 that I run for every morning, with the same crew and the same people in it that, day in and day out, migrate from the peace and quiet of suburban homes to the toil and bustle of office and factory. This morning of my dream seemed to be that of a beautiful autumn day. The sun, bathing the multi-colored foliage of the trees that line the trolley-track, gradually dissipated the early morning chilliness and the warmth of it upon my back made my blood tingle. Long before the local Toonerville, with the gleam of Old Sol on its emerald green sides, came into sight, it heralded its appearance by the rumble of wheels. As it loomed into view at the top of a slight grade I searched in the depth of my "Knickers" for the necessary check and the two additional pennies. (One always likes to make sure that they are there before facing the shiny, devouring register for the embarrassment which is occasioned by their absence is indeed humiliating.) The car slowed to a stop and the doors were swung open to receive me.

I stepped confidentially into the back platform with my check poised for the conductorial gesture. It was just at this point in my dream that the fact was borne in upon me that I was dreaming for the most respected weilder of the register bade me a very polite good-morning. Believe me it was quite a jolt, perfunctory hellos having been allotted to me on previous occasions, to receive this kind salutation. I retained my composure and returned his courtesy by inquiring about his family for it was apparent that he looked well and I like to use words to the best advantage. After our brief exchange of pleasantries I entered the body of the car where a scene presented itself to my bewildered senses that quite staggered me. Every man in the car was standing. Yes, incredible as it seems, every member of the male species maintained a perpindicular position and the ladies were comfortably seated. I was prepared for most anything in the way of surprises upon viewing a carful of Twentieth century gentlemen practicing such an act of self-abnegation.

Naturally I looked around for a strap to aid me in the task of keeping my equilibrium and having found one prepared to indulge in self-absorbtion. However, no sooner was I safely swinging to and fro than the gentleman on my right whom I had previously observed in the course of my daily rides as a person possessed of an over-abundance of reserve, asked me rather abruptly what chance I thought such and such a college had against the Army. Now being a student in that such and such college I waxed eloquent in striving to impress him with the fact that we intended to give the Cadets what is known in the sporting vernacular as a "tough rub." It is strange how we form judgments of people from mere impression to have them altered by personal contact. This fellow had seemed to me particularly aloof and cold but during the conversation that followed his unexpected interrogation I found him to be greatly enthused over the athletic and scholastic advances of my Alma Mater. I resolved right there and then not to be too quick in my future judgment of other people. When we had finished our conversation, I turned to the gentleman on my left and, without any feeling of indiscretion, asked him what he thought of presidential candidates. Although he intended to support my candidate's opponent he nevertheless manifested a sincere respect for the man of my choice. Here again I found that my presumptions

were all wrong. I had expected him to launch into a tirade but found that he was uniquely fair-minded. While we were talking my subconscious mind registered an unusual sensation. I seemed to hear an unfamiliar buzzing above the roar of the wheels that sounded like the droning of a bee-hive. I knew that it was rather late in the year for these busy little insects to be busy about the work of gathering honey, but the whole course of events since my entrance into the car had been so strange that I was not so sure but what there might be a few thousand bees just over my head. Cautiously I looked above but saw only the gaily colored advertisements and the long slants of sunshine pouring in through the ventilators. There was something strange and mysterious about this and I was bound to ascertain the cause of it all. Craning my neck I gazed down the length of the car and there before me I found the solution to the mystery. Everybody in the car was talking. Not heatedly or excitedly, but in a clam, chummy way that indicated mutual interest and good-fellowship. A warm feeling came over me and I wondered no more at the amiability of the two gentlemen at my side. Here was the explanation, in the pleasant air of congeniality that pervaded the trolley. The feeling seemed contagious for at intervals during the journey citywards new arrivals boarded the car and were assimilated into the general spirit of amity. At one of the stops an old gentleman entered the car with the aid of the friendly conductor, and edged his way into the crowd. Immediately a young lady, evidently a high-school girl, rose and offered him her seat. This act of thoughtfulness on the part of one of the present generation would serve as an adequate refutation to those who contend that we have respect for nothing. Hours seemed to have elapsed since my entrance into the car but I did not seem to notice their passing, for I had made a number of new and delightful acquaintances, both male and female. Finally, as we neared the last stop, the jangling of the alarm clock brought me back to reality.

Having clothed myself and hastily swallowed my breakfast I made a mad dash for the 8:15. How different the reality from the unreality. In this car men and women were standing indiscriminately, and only the low voices of some few acquaintances reached me as I sought a strap. A general spirit of disinterestedness enveloped the

car. There was no friendliness and goodfellowship here. Only the usual attitude of self-absorbtion and aloofness from the affairs of one's neighbor that is so characteristic of the American trolley patron, and I might truthfully say the American public in general. As I hung there on the strap, impatient at the numerous stops, my mind returned to the dream, and I contrasted my dream car with vehicle of reality. I think that most of us would prefer a ride in such a dream car to the monotony of the modern trolley car the spirit of which is so indicative of our present day America.

Charles S. Quirk, '30



Modern Knighthood

SINCE the month of October brings the anniversary of the discovery of America, it is not unfitting that Catholic young men pause and survey the nature and work of the great fraternal organization that has so ably carried on one of the primary objects of the discoverer's undertaking—the propagation of the Catholic Faith. For, the Knights of Columbus has so enlarged the scope of their spiritual, social, patriotic, and fraternal activities as to earn the meaningful epithet, "the right arm of the Catholic Church."

Limitation of space permits only an outline of the story of its founding. The Rev. Michael J. McGivney (1852-1890) while a curate at St. Mary's Church, New Haven, Connecticut, conceived the idea of founding an insurance society solely for Catholics. He and nine Catholic laymen, whom he interested in the plan, founded the Knights of Columbus on February 2, 1882, in the city of New Haven. This, the first unit of the now existing 2525, was called San Salvador Council, No. 1.

The new society grew rapidly in prestige and in numbers, and the story of its expansion would make very interesting reading. However, since the purpose of this article is to set forth the nature and work of the organization rather than to chronicle the history of its growth, the following summary is given:

In his annual report to the delegates at the Supreme Convention of the Knights of Columbus, held in August of this year at Cleveland, Ohio, William J. McGinley, Supreme Secretary, revealed an increase of assets, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1928, amounting to \$2,448,859.481. The total assets of the Order amounted to \$27,976,721.06, exclusive of special funds.

The total membership reported was 662,468. The insured

membership was 243,465, representing an increase of 4576 members in this class. Forty new councils were instituted during the year, bringing the total to 2525 councils distributed through 61 state and two territorial jurisdictions.

Let us now turn to the nature of the Order. It is primarily an organization of Catholic gentlemen, admitting to membership none but practical Catholics. Charity, unity, fraternity, and patriotism are its guiding principles. Each council contains within itself all that the founders intended for the original body. Supervising and assisting each subordinate council are the various state councils, members of which are Grand Knights and Past Grand Knights of subordinate councils. Officers of state councils are elected annually at state conventions of the Order. The supreme council is the highest governing body of the society. Its officers are elected every two years by delegates to the supreme convention. These conventions, however, are held annually and are attended by representatives of each of the state and territorial jurisdictions, the delegates being elected each year at their respective state or territorial conventions.

This closely united organization has attained success in undertakings of far greater magnitude than could have been either accomplished or visioned by unorganized bodies no matter how zealous and well intentioned.

Early becoming a patron of education, the Order first endowed a chair of American history in the Catholic University at Washington, and later created and endowed in perpetuity fifty full post-graduate scholarships in the same university. It has encouraged by prizes and awards extensive and substantial research, resulting in valuable contributions to American history.

For six years following the World War it maintained some three hundred free night schools for ex-service men, attended by hundreds of those who had served their country well and desired to fit themselves for better positions and larger opportunities. Through local and state councils it has given thousands of scholarships in the colleges and universities of the United States and Canada to worthy young men who otherwise could not have enjoyed such educational privileges.

It was instrumental in having established recently at the University of Notre Dame a post-graduate course in Boy Guidance, devoted to

training men for boy leadership, and it has given more than fifty full scholarships to this department. This was pioneer work. The Order here blazed a trail, as this was the first post-graduate department of its kind in the history of education, and it has thereby placed the greatest possible emphasis on the importance of proper leadership for boys.

Nor have the Knights of Columbus confined their activities to the educational field. When disaster came to various places in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, in the form of flood, tornado, or fire, the Order sent immediate relief to the unfortunate communities. This service has not been confined to the American continent. The Order gave generously to aid the stricken Japanese, responded to the appeal of the starving children of Europe, and answered the cry of the unfortunate people of the Near East in the same spirit that prompted its action in like cases nearer home.

In war as well as in peace the Order has served mankind. It has written a chapter into the military records of the welfare work performed during the great war. Realizing its duty as a patriotic body, it mobilized the energy of its entire membership, and almost overnight added to its other activities a completely equipped and functioning welfare organization with a personnel of brain, heart and spirit which placed itself at the service of the government for the benefit of our soldiers and sailors, regardless of religion, nationality or class, and under the slogan "Everybody welcome and everything free" endeared itself to the doughboy and the gob in a manner than can never be forgotten.

Nor did that chapter end when the Armistice was signed, or when the soldiers returned to this country. Its pages of deepest heart interest have been written since, not only in the educational advantages offered to the men, but much more in the service to the maimed and the sick, the broken in mind and body, who since 1919—numbering about thirty thousand men—have been located in more than five hundred government hospitals, where K. of C. secretaries, who served the men in the camps in this country and in the zones of battle overseas, have continued to minister to the material and moral welfare of those unfortunate men for whom the war is not yet over.

Not exhausted by these undertakings, it accepted in 1920 the suggestion of the Holy Father that it establish in his See City recrea-

tional and welfare fields and programs to offset the proselytizing agencies used there by other organizations. So successfully has this work been done, that today those agencies which had been a source of keen annoyance to the Holy Father have almost ceased to function.

The Supreme Convention of 1926, breathing the spirit of lofty patriotism and devoted loyalty to the United States Government, and its institutions, assessed itself a million dollars to be devoted to a campaign of education to the end and purpose that the policies of Soviet Russia shall be eliminated from the philosophy of American life, and that the ideals of liberty of conscience and democratic freedom possessed and cherished by us here at home might be assured to our fellow human beings below the Rio Grande. In thus boldly challenging the attention of the American public to the evils of radicalism transplanted from Russia into Mexico, to develop on the American continent as a menace to our civil and religious institutions, the Knights of Columbus but continued in a more forcible manner the program inaugurated more than ten years ago of stressing to the American public through the press and from the rostrum the evils and dangers of Socialism.

Such, in brief form, is the story of the great fraternal organization the Pope has seen fit to term "the right arm of the Church in America." Based on the ennobling principles of charity, unity, fraternity, and patriotism, it cannot help but continue for years to come its work of developing practical Catholicity among its members, promoting Catholic education and charity, and, through its insurance department, providing at least temporary financial aid to the families of deceased members.

Francis X. Sutton, '31



SOMETHING TO SAY

John C. Hanley, '29

DRAMA IN A DICTIONARY

It is one o'clock in the morning, Eastern Standard Time, and the word Prosperity, on page 343, has just called out to the word Jeffersonian, far forward on page 117.

Prosperity: Where have you been?

Jeffersonian: Just got in from a Democrat rally. I'm weary. If this campaign lasted longer than it does I'd have to give up.

Prosperity: Much right you have to complain! Look at me! Attending three or four rallies a night and overworked at all of them. You don't put in half the time that I do.

Jeffersonian: That's a frightful sentence from a chap in your environment; but you've been in some queer places lately and the coarsening influence is already at work.

Prosperity: That's it! Dodge the issue! Your own recent contacts have been influential, that's certain. How can you stand your associations is a mystery to me.

Jeffersonian: Come, come. We're getting as bad as the people we work for. You are maintaining, I think, that I had little right to complain of overwork. You are wrong. It is true that at present your duties are more exacting than mine; but consider, please, the number of years I have been in service. You and Prohibition and Farm-relief are upstarts. Your vogue won't last. On the other hand, I've been at work since I was able to attend conventions and I am entirely without hope of retirement.

Prosperity: How come?

Jeffersonian: Because I am a reliable campaigner. When the party I work for loses everything else they'll still have me. I'm no

parvenu like yourself. I'm an old reliable. Also, I'm weary and I need sleep. Heaven knows, I'll get little enough rest next month.

Prosperity: One question before you turn in.

Jeffersonian: What is it?

Prosperity: You're an old campaigner, you say. You should know something about politics. If you were a voter what party would you support?

Jeffersonian: Sceptic.

Prosperity: But there's no Sceptic Party.

Jeffersonian: There would be if I were a voter.

* * *

LINES WRITTEN IN DIGNIFIED PROTEST AGAINST
A CERTAIN LINE IN AN OTHERWISE
DELIGHTFUL POEM

"You can fly the wings of Logic.
Can you fly the wings of lead?"

Nathalia Crane.

"You can fly the wings of Logic—"
Don't say that, Nathalia, please,
Say the earth is made of copper
And the moon is made of cheese.

Say that love will last forever.
We are used to such deceit;
But such light remarks on Logic
Fairly knock us off our feet.

Write with truth of this grim ogre
Even though it spoil your song.
Anent Logic, please remember,
Fifty thousand Juniors can't be wrong.

EPILOGUE

To anyone who intends taking charge of a new department for the ALEMBIC we would be so bold as to offer a bit of gratuitous but pertinent advice. Before this hypothetical gentleman pronounces the grimly final "I will," let him attend to our recital and let his judgment

be governed accordingly. After the department is fairly launched there is no telling what worries beset its already harried guardian. But the monumental labor involved in the launching itself is a feature upon which we are fitted to discourse with hard earned authority. How to introduce a new department to old readers is a difficulty that many a man has had to face. And it is a difficulty that has acknowledged no man as its master. If any man has conquered it, his name was not revealed to the inquisitive eye that we bent over long and tireless research. Failing to find a precedent the mind looks to authority for guidance. But the word that is to dispel doubt is unspoken. Emily Post, for instance, is annoyingly silent on the subject. To him who wishes to know how to introduce his fiancee to his father, or even to his mother, she is responsive and helpful. But let one ask how a new ALEMBIC department should be introduced and he will wait in vain for an answer.

The failure of other and greater minds made it presumptuous in us to seek or even to hope for success. But the difficulty was still there. Accordingly, we employed an old political ruse and ignored the matter entirely.

There remains only a word to be said in regard to the nature and policies of this department. These will be consonant with the highest traditions of polite journalism. Limited space and utter ignorance of journalistic tradition forbid elucidation of these promises. For any curiosity that some may bring to such mysteries as the origin of the department and the selection of its patron, the answer is that anything may happen in a presidential year.

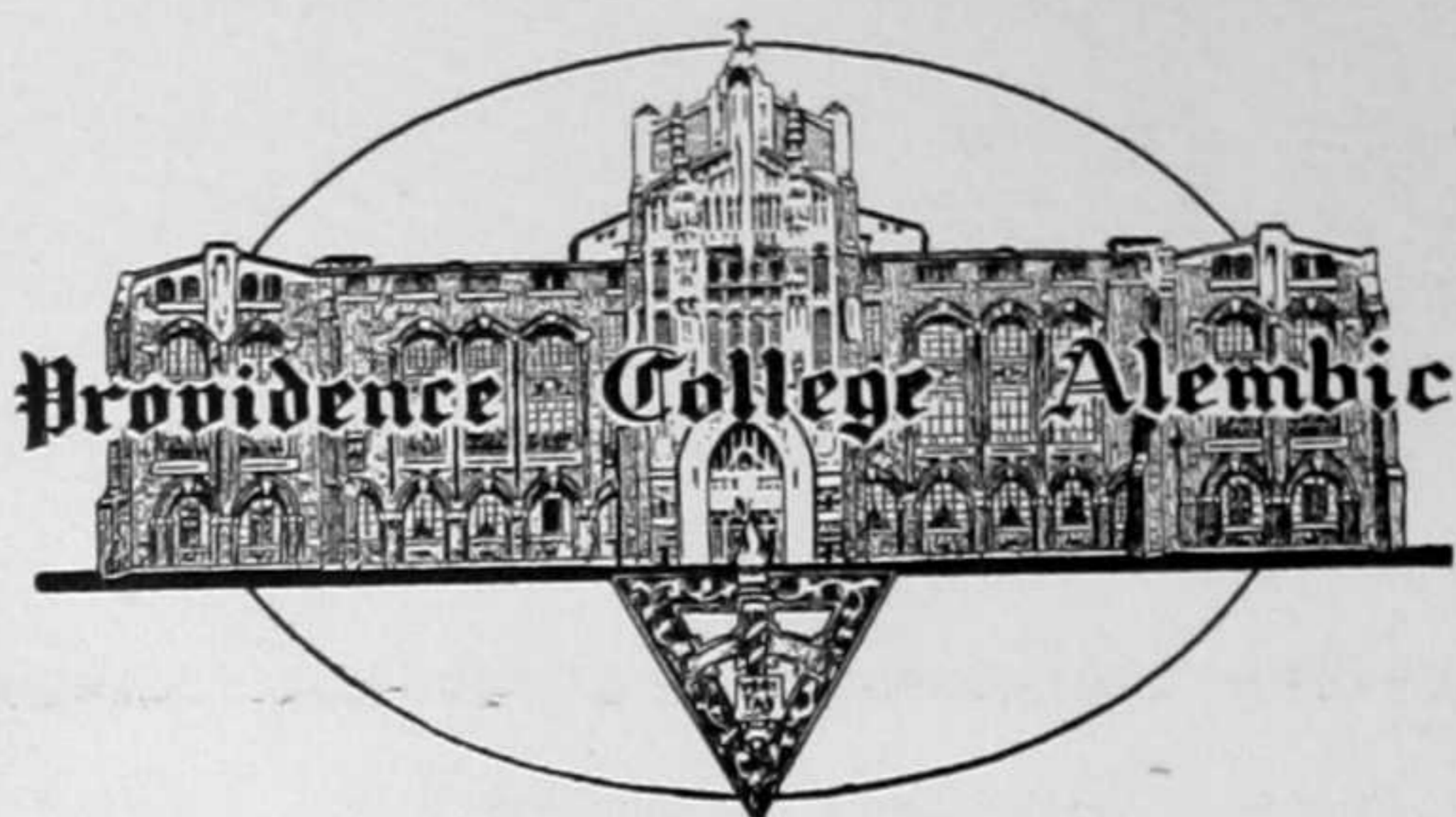


In Memoriam

Vincent M. "Chuck" Connors, 1928, center on our football team for the past four years and captain of last year's eleven, died on the twenty-second of last July in the Massachusetts General Hospital. Death, coming in his twenty-fourth year, is said to be caused by tubercular meningitis.

"Chuck" held down center on the White and Black team during his stay at the college. Though only one hundred and forty pounds in weight he faced some of the strongest opposition in the East. On the field he was a miniature dynamo, taking part in every play and urging his team-mates to great efforts. His playing merited for him recognition as one of the best centers among smaller New England colleges.

Providence College will always remember "Chuck" as a representative student and one of her gamest and cleanest athletes. Imitate him in his courage; remember him in your prayers.



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Ambrose V. Aylward, '30

George P. Earnshaw, '29

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OUR ALEMBIC

With the "au revoir" of our predecessor still ringing in our ears we find our editorial duties upon us. We realize the great work, the task which confronts us.

Those who have gone before have done much to bring our magazine to its present high standing. Through their efforts we have attained a degree of recognition. They deserve the greatest of commendation and it is our hope that our attempt to maintain that position be crowned with the same full measure of success.

By the time you read these few words, studies will be well under way and most of you will have settled down to college routine. And while some of you are interested in studies and most of you are concerned with the progress of the White and Black football warriors, it may be well for us all to turn our attention to our journalistic organ—The ALEMBIC.

With this issue we enter upon our eighth year of publication. While our baseball team has advanced to a championship and our football team has met and vanquished sturdy opponents, our little magazine has found favor in its own particular sphere. Strange to say, however, here-to-fore we have not appreciated our ALEMBIC. Why has it always been left to a few—a paltry few—to show that this institution is something more than a conglomeration of brick and mortar, desks and blackboards, with a pigskin, a baseball bat, and a wire basket? It has been the work of days and weeks, it has meant “high pressure” exertion to gather material for the pages of a book which our friends outside the college greet with approval. It has been most trying to work industriously on a book—a worthwhile book—and then find that only a handful of the student body is reading it. Let there be an end of this apathy. First of all, let us have a one hundred per cent student subscription list; then let us hear from the story-teller, the essayist, and the poet. Last but most important of all, let us get the habit of reading the ALEMBIC, representing as it does the thoughts, beliefs, and ambitions of our students.

HELLO, FROSH

Hail, the Freshman! With your dinky cap, your bow tie, and your timid look you certainly seem to be lonesome. How different you are from the lordly Senior of last June. Well, we're not so bad here after all, frosh. We're one happy family and we welcome you to our Alma Mater. Not so long ago we were just like you—the sheep of the college. We held our high school diploma in one

hand and our college application in the other. And though we haven't time to tell you of our initiations and our first mistakes we have a few ideas which will be helpful to you.

First of all we realized that coming to college was something more than what we read in current literature; it meant more, too, that living in a college town; it resolved itself into the serious intention of buckling down to hard work. These reflections were a shock to us, too. Possibly some of us had the same idea that some of you have—that you passed your high school subjects and that it should be just as easy to pass those in the collegiate course. A month or two later, when these same individuals were looking for a job, they realized that their dishonor at Providence was well-deserved. We found out then, that it wasn't considered bad form to study. Might as well begin at the start many of us thought and—well, here we are. So it is with you Freshie. You have come here for an education; if you remain here you will get it. How long you stay is your own affair; your individual application and industry will soon tell us that. In the mathematical terms of choice and chance, you have made a choice of coming to Providence, you have a chance of remaining here and that chance resides in your conception of the word—study.

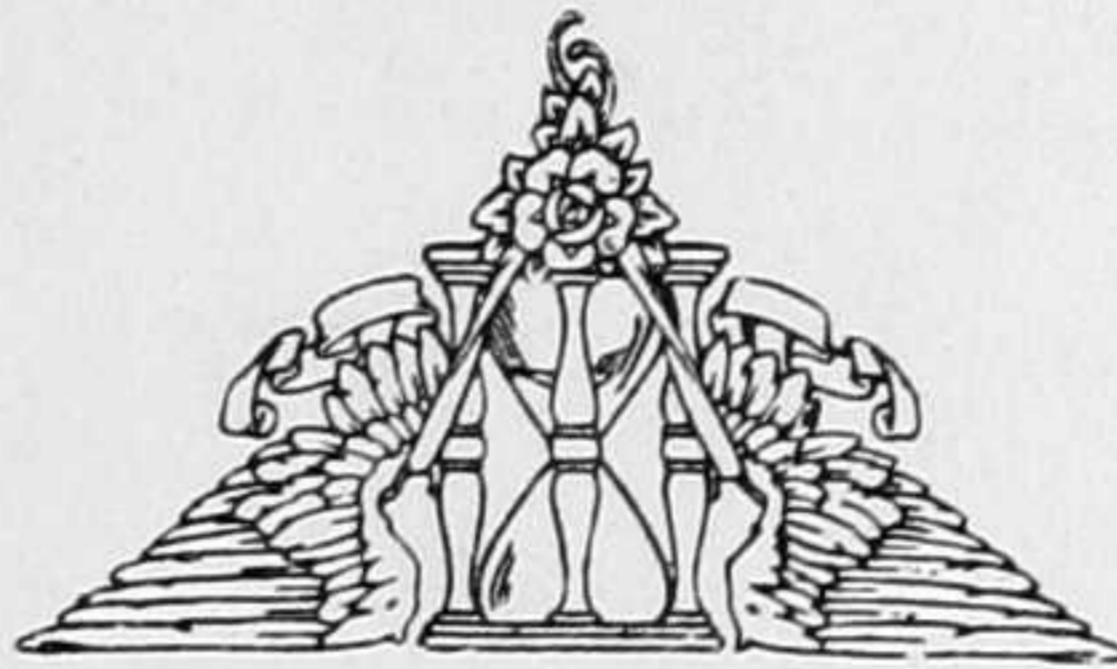
Of course we took an interest in what was going on around us. We followed the football team, our basketball squad, and the baseball team. Some of us were athletes and we made positions on the roster of these teams. Most of us were not so talented but we were to be found at the games, cheering and lending at least our moral support to the warriors of the White and Black. It's a fine idea, Freshie; it's part of college life. Every he-man thrills at the boot of the pigskin, or the crack of the bat. It meant sacrifice to attend these games, but everything worthwhile is attained by sacrifice. It is a sacrifice for the parents of most of us to send us to school; it means a sacrifice for some of us to join the Glee Club, the Debating Society, the Orchestra, or to sit down and pen a story for the ALEMBIC. There is a certain kind of satisfaction, however, that we have derived from all this—a satisfaction, we believe, that has made us better college men.

We came to know the upperclassmen, too. We formed friendships which no doubt will stand the test of time, friendships which are woven too tightly to be lightly cast aside. We caught the spirit of

Providence—the spirit of friendliness, and, do you know, our letters home did not record a note of loneliness. We wrote home at least once a week, with something more to say than the fact that we ran short of money. We told of Providence—our College—how we liked it—what splendid friends we had—and how the spirit here appealed to us. In those days we talked, lived and breathed Providence College and woe be-tide the individual who attempted to dampen our enthusiasm about it.

These, then, are some of the ideas we had when we were “of the lowly Frosh.” It has not been meant for a sermon. We want you to feel at home—we want you to know that you are one of us, and we express the hope that you will be a better man and Providence a better College because of your stay here.

Thomas J. Curley, '29



EXCHANGE

Ambrose V. Aylward, '30

The editors of this department welcome the opportunity of re-suming contact with the various collegiate publications which have in preceding years honored the ALEMBIC with an interchange.

We of this department feel that we are in an excellent position to become acquainted with the students of other colleges, not of course, in that intimate way which can result only from personal union, but through the medium of the magazines which we receive, wherein the minds and personalities of various students and editors are reflected.

The policies which have proved so successful in previous years in the conducting of this department will be strictly adhered to during the scholastic year before us. We shall at all times endeavor to assume an attitude of sincerity and candor in our consideration of all the publications we receive.

The editors who have gone before us have been so gradually successfully in the building of this Exchange Column, that we feel we have a strict duty incumbent upon us to add our bit in the interest of progress. We, therefore, ask to be remembered by those editors who have in former years been associated with the ALEMBIC through this department, and to all others who are interested we extend our most fraternal greetings.

THE ROSARY COLLEGE EAGLE

The "*Rosary College Eagle*," July, '28, having wended its way from River Forest, Illinois, afforded us many moments of enjoyable reading. This is a very compact magazine, proceeding in good order from the serious to a "Lighter Vein," and thence to a much lighter vein reprinting in purely feminine humor the thrilling commencement number of the "War Whoop," supposedly a literary magazine published by the students of the Sugar Creek High School for boys. This was very cleverly done.

In your magazine, it is difficult to adjudge one verse more

meritorious than another. The item which seemed more alive and real than any other was "On Fishing." It is well written and true to life to a much greater extent than some of the short subjects preceding it. We know, for we've been there. "Gowns We Have Worn" was interesting, but stopped short just when we felt we were about to absorb something which we might store away for future conversational reference. "On the Art of Borrowing" was very enlightening. One often wonders whether borrowing is a universal habit. Evidently Illinois and Rhode Island are alike in that both suffer from the same affliction.

ST. BENEDICT'S QUARTERLY

From Atchinson, Kansas, St. Benedict's College sends us their summer issue of the quarterly, "*Abbey Student*." This presents something of an innovation in collegiate publications. The editors have dispensed with the systems of division into department, and have incorporated no news, social or athletic, in their publication. There is, however, according to the editor, another publication in the College which prints items of immediate interest to the student body.

The *Abbey Student* is a literary feast, containing for the most part short stories, and short editorials, with here and there a random verse. "A Man of Mystery" appealed to us particularly and was enjoyed throughout. "Yes, Collegian" presented a very amusing topic in its most amusing phase, and "Retribution" was well done, although it seemed to us that the dialogue became rather weak at times.

All things considered, the *Abbey Student* does great credit to St. Benedict's.

SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE JOURNAL

A magazine breathing personalities and alive from cover to cover comes to us from St. Vincent College, Beatty, Pa., under the title *Saint Vincent College Journal*.

The editorials, "Laughter," and "The Blatant Bandwagon," captivate the interest of the reader and hold him to a perusal of the entire magazine. "Lines On Looking Over an Interlinear Horace" was decidedly a novel contribution, which must have taken hours to bring to its polished-ragged condition. Merely to say that it was well done withholds due credit. Students of an ever growing institution can appreciate "The College Museum," which was carefully written and in the tone proper to the subject.

ALUMNI

George B. McClellan, '29—George P. Earnshaw, '29

A MESSAGE TO THE ALUMNI

It is the purpose of the editors of the *ALEMBIC* to make the Alumni notes as comprehensive as possible. To do this, it is necessary that we receive the co-operation of each Alumnus. Now it requires but a minimum of effort to sit down and write a few words letting us know of your whereabouts and present occupation. Do not procrastinate concerning this matter. For it is only by unselfish loyalty of spirit and action on your part that we can make this column of paramount interest.

We exhort you, therefore, our ever growing Alumni, to take a generous, whole-hearted interest in this department of the *ALEMBIC*. Realize that the achievements of each Alumnus are of vital interest to his contemporaries and a source of inspiration to the undergraduate.

Naturally, it is the earnest hope of the editors that this present appeal will be more fruitful in response than that of former years. To realize this hope depends upon you, members of the Alumni Association.



CHRONICLE

Francis E. Greene, '29

THE FACULTY

All upper-classmen were sorry to learn that Reverend L. C. Gainer, Professor of Economics and Sociology, and Reverend P. C. Perrotta, Professor of History, had left us, the former to accept the principalship of a middle-western high school, and the latter to pursue further studies in Rome. Charitably, we should feel happy for the favor conferred on fellow Catholics, but it is only with great difficulty that we suppress our envy.

With ill-concealed curiosity, we read the announcement in the local papers that three new Professors had been added to our faculty. Our curiosity was succeeded by complacent satisfaction when we met Reverend J. U. Bergkamp, Reverend I. A. Georges, and Reverend R. E. Kavanah. We sincerely hope that we are favored by their presence during the remainder of our college careers.

Needless to say, we were overjoyed to learn that most of our faculty remained intact.

CLASS OF 1932 AND OTHERS

"By far the largest class in the history of Providence College!" "A fine looking group!" "Providence will be proud of them!"

These are only a few of the many enthusiastic comments heard about town since September 21st. The Sophomores were on hand to welcome this inspiring group and, true to traditions, conscientiously prepared them for some mythical masquerade ball. The City Hall and neighboring buildings were favored with the usual September visit by the Frosh. Speechmaking and exhibitions of art were the main features of the day.

Doubting Juniors and Seniors who believed that no class so favorably described could be complete without them, were fittingly surprised upon their return.

And, one again, the children of our dearly beloved Providence are happily united. We look forward to a pleasant year.

FOOTBALL

The football team looks very promising and a banner season may be confidentially awaited. Game by game, year by year, Providence has moved upward in the world of inter-collegiate football. This year she shall carry on further. The ALEMBIC wishes Coach Golembeski and the team its full share of success.

THE ADDITION

The addition to Harkins Hall is nearing completion. In a short time our beloved college will be enlarged by several classrooms, laboratories, a library, a cafeteria, and an auditorium. Meanwhile, we are content in the main building, for anticipation has nearly all the charms of actuality.

HOLY NAME PARADE

Once more the students of Providence College caused many to look with pride upon their Alma Mater. This time it was when five hundred Providence men marched as a unit in the Holy Name Parade. This open and proud profession of faith, this fine tribute to the Church, this public demonstration of the sincerity of our convictions, is only proper; yet, we must admit that the satisfaction completely offset the inconvenience.

LOOKING FORWARD

According to the "Domino," the first event on the social calendar is a dance given by the Seniors to the Freshmen. Although the classes are not yet organized, they shall be shortly, and we look forward, with treasured recollections of previous socials, to a glorious evening sometime in October.

THE TIE-UP

The "Tie-up is still with us. We hope Elmer had a pleasant vacation, and also that he is in mid-season reporting form, for everyone looks forward to his stories of the big games and other activities with which we are concerned.



John E. Krieger, '31

BASEBALL

PROVIDENCE VS. VILLANOVA

at Providence, May 18, 1928

A hard hitting, flashy fielding Villanova team jolted Providence loose from a thirteen game winning streak, when they shaded the Black and White machine by a score of 4-3. As the score indicates, the battle was one of the fastest and most thrilling affairs ever staged on Hendricken field.

Tommy McElroy, lean little right hander of the P.C. sharp-shooting forces, was elected to put the quietus on Villanova's quest for eastern collegiate honors, but was forced to concede defeat after ten innings of brilliant twirling. The defeat was the first in fourteen starts, truly a remarkable record in face of the opposition Jack Flynn's charges were stacking up against.

PROVIDENCE VS. BOSTON COLLEGE

at Boston, May 26, 1928

Three hits in the eighth inning were productive in pushing two Boston markers over the plate, breaking a 1-1 deadlock and sending Providence down to its second defeat of the year. The ending was tragic, in that it brought about the first defeat of the year for Eddie

Wineapple, broad shouldered Dominican pitching ace, after he had pitched a splendid brand of ball for seven innings.

Wineapple, after a shaky start, settled down and twirled brilliant ball for seven innings, only to have apparent victory snatched away in the eighth on three hits, two of them being of scratchy variety.

Hec Allen was the shining light for the Providence cause, with three safe blows and several exhibitions of fanciful fielding. Joe Duffy, captain-elect, continued his hitting proclivities by crashing out a long single. It marked the fifteenth consecutive game in which Duffy has hit safely.

PROVIDENCE VS. CONNECTICUT STATE

at Providence, May 28, 1928

Captain Leo Smith, angular Black and White sidewheeler, twirled Providence to an easy 12-1 win over our Nutmeg state rivals for the fourteenth Dominican triumph of the season. Smith was superb, limiting the Aggies to five very well scattered blows, and sending six of them back to the bench via the strikeout route.

Coach Jack Flynn shunted practically all the Dominican reserves into the contest and each and everyone rendered a good account of himself. Frankie Cappalli, our shortstop, clicked a home run from the delivery of M'Combe, opposing moundsman. "Nap" Fleurent collected three safeties as part of his day's work.

PROVIDENCE VS. BROWN

at Aldrich Field, May 31, 1928

The pitching wizardry in Tommy McElroy's right arm sent Brown down to defeat in the face of a brilliant Black and White attack that would not be denied. The final tally read 4-1, but it hardly does justice to the brilliance and conclusive superiority of the eastern title seeking Dominicans.

Pitching with a blister on his right hand, McElroy rose to superb heights by holding the Bruins helpless with the meagre allotment of three hits. Jit Ford, of the outclassed Brown nine, also twirled fair ball, but the determination of the Dominicans, coupled with their sparkling defense and heavy offense, proved too big a handicap for him to overcome. The game was the first of the city titular series, and it was played before a capacity crowd of five thousand wildly cheering fans.

There were no heroes for the Providence cause, each member of the team was a link in a relentless Dominican dreadnaught that could not be steered from a victory course.

PROVIDENCE VS. GEORGETOWN at Providence

Rallying in the late innings, Providence eked out a 9-7 win over Georgetown in a game featured by splendid pitching by Eddie Wineapple, massive southpaw. Eddie was injected into the fray in the first inning after Hal Bradley had been nicked for five runs, and thereafter he held the visitors to but two runs for the remainder of the game. The game was replete with spectacular Providence fielding plays.

PROVIDENCE VS. BROWN at Aldrich Field, June 2, 1928

A batting orgy which netted five runs in the eighth gave Brown an even break in the second game of the city series. The final score was 5-4, after Providence had led the Bruins for seven innings, Tommy McElroy was the victim of the winner's attack, he finally yielding to Eddie Wineapple in the eighth.

Although beaten, the Dominican machine far outclassed the rivals from the Hilltop section. "Red" Randall's scratchy double into short right field sent two runners over the plate in the eighth inning and spelled ruin for Providence.

PROVIDENCE VS. YALE at New Haven, June 9, 1928

In keeping with past tradition, Providence scored a 3-2 win over Yale in a see-saw battle that was not decided until the seventh inning, when our varsity scored two runs.

Eddie Wineapple twirled for the charges of Jack Flynn and, incidentally, turned in one of his best pitched efforts of the year. In addition to hurling a splendid game, he led an assault on the Yale twirlers with his heavy mace. His blow in the seventh, coupled with a timely single by Krieger, was the means of tripping Eli for their fifth defeat of the year.

PROVIDENCE VS. BROWN

at Aldrich Field

Scoring three runs in the second inning, and playing smart baseball thereafter, Providence added the city title to its list of conquests, when the relentless Flynn coached machine ran roughshod over Brown to capture the third and deciding game of the city series by a score of 4-1.

Tommy McElroy did the honors for P.C. on the mound, and he was seldom in danger. Sparkling support by the remaining members of the cast, and the hitting of Marty Gibbons and Frank Cappalli were features in the Providence attack.

PROVIDENCE VS. ALUMNI

at Providence, June 12, 1928

The pathfinders of Providence College's place in the athletic world came into their own when they smeared the varsity, 10-7. Many of the old grads showed to advantage, Charley Reynolds, in particular. Reynolds hurled a classy brand of ball for the erstwhile students, and save for a few rocky innings he breez'd along an easy winner.

PROVIDENCE VS. NOTRE DAME

Providence stamped its name in indelible figures on the eastern collegiate roll of honor, when behind sparkling pitching by Eddie Wineapple, we sent Notre Dame down to an inglorious 6-1 defeat. The visitors, conceded the victors before the game started by dint of spectacular play all year, were completely mystified by Wineapple's baffling slants, while the local mace wielders clicked off five hits, so bunched as to produce six runs.

Ed Walsh, now a member of the Chicago White Sox, was the victim of P.C.'s victory bug. Walsh fanned three of the Dominicans, while Wineapple, with a blinding fast ball and a baffling curve, succeeded in setting nine of the Notre Dame outfit down on strikes.

The win was one of the most impressive of the year for the Providence machine, and it brought to a climax the most successful season ever enjoyed by Providence College's entries into the baseball world.

PROVIDENCE CARVES NICHE IN COLLEGIATE ANNALS

Wading through an extremely strenuous baseball schedule with machine-like precision, Providence climaxed an impressive season with a sensational win over Notre Dame, giving the Dominican warriors the very respectable average of nineteen games won, and but three reverses charged against them.

By virtue of their splendid record the Black and White mace wielders were successful in placing the Providence banner at the top of the Eastern Collegiate baseball world. It develops that Holy Cross and our representatives were both atop the pennant mast with nineteen wins apiece. Despite the efforts of Graduate Manager Farrell, it was not possible to arrange for a playoff, and thus end an uncontested claim for eastern honors.

No little part of the credit received for the fine showing of the Dominican outfit is due directly to the very efficient coach, Jack Flynn. The former major leaguer, under whose watchful eye the Black and White machine functioned smoothly at all times, is perhaps one of the keenest baseball men in this part of the country.

To give credit to the remaining members of the caste and at the same time deal with each fairly would be but to mention every member of the team and then point to the fine record compiled. Hec Allen's work throughout the year was especially brilliant.

The pitching staff with Eddie Wineapple, who specializes in throwing them with his left fin, Tommy McElroy, Frankie Moran, Georgie Forrest, and Hal Bradley and his goggles, was just a splendidly balanced array of moundsmen.

DUFFY ELECTED CAPTAIN

As a reward for faithful and efficient service for two years, Joe Duffl, a product of Fall River, was honored with the captaincy for the year '29 by the letter men at the election held after the last game.

Joe, who earns his cakes in the summer by playing first base, was deserving of the honor conferred upon him. May the team prosper under his regime.

FOOTBALL

PROSPECTS BRIGHT FOR SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Ever mindful of Providence College's steady and methodical march to athletic recognition, Graduate Manager John E. Farrell has compiled one of the most strenuous schedules for the Dominican grid-ders since the inauguration of football in the school's field of activities.

Despite the fact that P.C. is still in its infancy, in so far as athletics are concerned, the swath that its athletes have created in the realm of sport is an ample criterion of the school's strength in that particular department. Both the baseball and basketball schedules of last year were completed with rare success, and present indications point to the fact that the grid campaign for the current year will be just as successful.

An inkling of the teams to be met may be gleamed from the fact that Graduate Manager Farrell has succeeded in finding room on his schedule for Williams, Army, Manhattan, Holy Cross, St. John's, Temple and other equally renowned schools. It was with profound regret that seven of the nine games were arranged to be played on foreign fields.

Those who aspire for positions on the heavy Dominican machine this year will be under the command of Captain Steve Nawrocki, and under the supervision of Coach Archie Golembeskie. Nawrocki, one of the main cogs in the function of the line last year, was elected by popular vote to steer the White and Black stone crushers through a good season.

The broad shouldered captain, who stands slightly over six feet in his bare feet, will be assisted in his efforts for a list of consecutive wins by other luminaries in the persons of Joe Watterson, center for the past two years, and without a doubt one of the salient reasons for the strength of the Dominican outfit last year; Marty Gibbons, sterling little backfield ace; Stan Szydla, Freddy De Gata, Nap Fleurent, and Dubienny, all heavy line smashers.

The Zanda brothers, Manly and Jim, together with Larry Wheeler, Mark McGovern, and a host of other promising recruits will battle for line positions. Several newcomers have been listed for the Dominican cause, one in particular being Leo Lobdell, of Paterson, New Jersey. Lobdell gained immediate recognition on his first day

of practice by his uncanny ability to boot, and Coach Golembeskie has hopes of developing him into a first class kicker ere the start of the season rolls around.

A merry battle is being waged for the vacancy left by the graduation of Leo Smith, end for four years, between Charlie Jorn of Evander, Childs High of New York, and Dixie Matthews, Rhode Island premier schoolboy wingman, while many of the other newcomers promise to push the veterans hard for the varsity assignments.



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