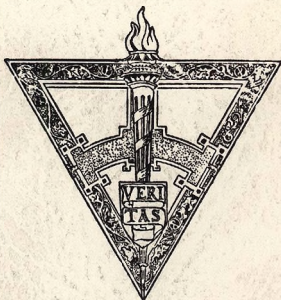


PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOLUME X.

APRIL, 1930.

Number 7.





The Alembic

Providence College
Providence, R. I.



MONTH OF APRIL, 1930



Something to Think About

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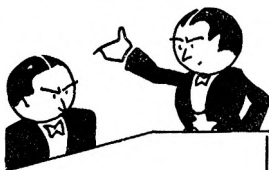
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Providence College Alembic

VOL. X.

APRIL, 1930

No. 7



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Symphony of Song

They crowd me with their songs, these friends of mine.
They kill my sorrow and they share my joy;
They staunch my thirstings with the reddest wine;
They love me as a mother loves her boy.
With them I gallop o'er the greenest heath,
And taste the sunshine of the brightest days;
Pinnacled, I see the world beneath,
And catch the splendor of Olympian ways.
O what a heritage they ward for me!
What chests of thought, what casks of strong delight,
What winking jewels for my treasury,
What cooled jugs of day, what dream-draughts of the night!
Away, away, we skim the tropic seas,
And listen to the silence of the noon!
We anchor where the palms and orange trees
Are silver ghosts beneath the sickle moon.
Thence to the dark and gloomy underground,
We twist our ways to regions of despair:
The stillness rumbles with a dizzy sound,
And horrors smoke with brimstone in the air.
Another poet whirls us far away:
We scramble out among the staring stars,
To watch unbodied angel-children play
With star dust on the ruddy hills of Mars.
But best I love the humble bards of home:
They alchemize the commonplace for me,
And waft me not to Babylon or Nome,
But lead me where my heart most longs to be.
They calm my deep forebodings of my fate,
Of quiet faith and love, their melodies:
They teach me God is waiting at the gate,
And in His hand, a ring of golden keys.

Carroll Hickey, '30.

Speed

Frederick P. Kelly, '32

THE YANKEE PUFFER was thundering south on its way to Grand Central Station in New York City. Along side on a parallel, concrete highway, a blue roadster was hitting on all eight, racing this giant of our modern era. Youth was at the wheel, in the person of Daniel O'Brien.

Danny's whole attention seemed absorbed in "stepping on the gas" and on the road ahead. He was quite oblivious of the "sweet, young thing" that cuddled close to him and goaded him on, while laughing merrily at the excitement of it all. They were apparently going some place and not wasting time about it.

Passing through a small hamlet, while the speedometer registered 72 m. p. m., Danny suddenly became aware that he was being followed, as the familiar putt-putt of a motorcycle became clear above the roar of his motor.

"Well, Bess, it's too bad, but here comes my old friend, Officer Blue. Keep your eyes and ears open, and watch me fool him. I don't want his tickets anyway."

The officer in question put in his scheduled appearance amidst a great screeching of brakes from the roadster.

"Well, well, if it isn't Major Seagrave himself. Almost beat the Puffer in, didn't you?"

"Ah, quit your kidding, will you, Bud. If you only knew how important it is for this girl to get to the city, you wouldn't stop us. Her mother's in the hospital—probably dying at this very minute, while you're here "gassing" to us. Give this girl a break, will you?"

The officer turned his gaze to meet the small, cocked head and bright blue eyes that greeted his from under blonde lashes. Her lips were puckered in a most impudent manner, yet her appearance must have impressed him, for he quickly took his foot off the running board

and said, "Oh, well, if that's the case, I guess it will be all right, but don't go down the road so fast. Another officer mightn't be so easy. Go ahead!"

With a wave and a parting smile from Dan, the motorcycle and its attendant were soon left far behind.

"Great work, Bess. We certainly put it over on him that time all right."

"Yeh, I'll say we did."

"I've got a great plan to fool him again when I come down for you next week, but first I'll have to look up Jim Hogan. He's an interne in the City Hospital, you know."

And when an hour later Bess threw a parting kiss after the departing car, Danny muttered to himself, "I'll fool that copper good next time."

A week later the blue roadster put in its appearance again, although minus the services of the pacesetting train, and just as surely did the motorcycle and its driver pull up along side with the familiar, "Pull over there!"

Danny complied somewhat reluctantly and waited for further hostilities to begin.

"Say, what's the idea? Don't you ever. . . ."

"Hold on, officer, and take a peek at this telegram, will you? It will explain everything, I think."

The officer took the proffered slip and read:

FRIEND HURT SERIOUSLY STOP CITY HOSPITAL
JIM

Handing back the slip, he said, "That's too bad. But I'll see that you get in there quickly. I'll escort you in."

And thus it happened that Danny had the right of way through countryside and village; while in the city, traffic halted momentarily before the screeching siren of the motorcycle, opening up a passage-way to let the blue roadster through. They did not stop until they arrived at the imposing building of the City Hospital.

Danny inquired at the Information Desk for Dr. Hogan, but was told that he was busy. "Would he care to wait in the doctor's office on the fourth floor?"

Here Danny turned to the officer. "Thanks a lot for getting me in so quickly. I'll wait for the doctor."

But the officer was not put off so easily. "I guess I'll wait, too."

They ascended to the fourth floor and were just going down the long corridor, when the door of an operating room opened and a nurse was seen pushing an operating carriage, on which rested a form entirely shrouded in white except for the head.

One look at that girlish head and Danny yelled, "My God! Bess. . . ." He would have rushed forward, but found himself held back by the strong arms of Dr. Hogan.

The doctor spoke softly, "Don't worry, Dan. She'll be all right. Nearly a victim of a speed maniac."

Here the officer interposed: "Say, I guess I'll be running along."

Danny turned around very slowly, but did not raise his head.



Easter

The morn is glowing gold,
As from Death's thickets black
The Shepherd of the Fold
Brings Life, the straying, back.

Carroll Hickey, '30

"Bright Locks"

William F. Flanagan, '32

THE SMALL wedge of sand which relentlessly clove Blackwater's broad stream into two lesser rivulets was a democratic anachronism in the feudal year 991, when life flowed smoothly from generation to successive generation unbroken by divided inheritance. And so it was with regard to the two young knights who rode in Brithnoth's train to defend fair Essex from the Viking invaders. Gawain rode as gallantly caparisoned a steed as Cedric, gloried in as gorgeous, as flashing, a blade, bore himself with the same unconscious grace and dignity, with something of the same unintentional imperialism, but withal with an easier charm, a readier mirth. The graver, more mature, though no more manly, countenance of the elder brother flashed a swift, appreciative smile as a continuous stream of jest attested his brother's high spirits. Yet they were destined for different spheres in life for all their intimacy. Cedric journeyed to assist his lord as a loyal vassal, Gawain sallied forth to win spurs and rank as what was characterized by a chivalric age as a "knight errant."

It was a clear day when light shadows softened the garish flash of arms and a scarcely perceptible breeze gently rocked the tall tree tops. Somewhere in that strange island, an inept king was playing puppet as only Ethelred could, and towards the south, where the broad Blackwater was divided, were almost visible the weapons, steeds and warships which had followed the path of the wild swan over the bleak and desolate sea to this island Mecca of impious Scandinavian pilgrimages.

"And now, my brother, we have a chance to prove each his valour—who boasted so well in hall when peace had made such boasting cheap. Perhaps Godric will now justify his boast—who held it highest. And you and I—. Think you our sires had more splendid

chance who came here with the dauntless Hengist and have held their place since then?" Gawain half questioned, half mused as he dwelt on a noble past when above the battle's din and terror, Valkyrie stalked the smoke-filled sky to lead heroes to Valhalla. A gentler God was now theirs, yet a pagan exultation swelled the knight's heart whose Christianity was a warlike thing. Youth and philosophy are not akin by nature; emotion beats fiercest when experience is least.

Cedric's answering glance was brooding, as nearly sad as a martial face becomes—"I wit not, but I hold a heavy heart. The raven's wings have chilled me even as my hawk shivers in the shadow. The water is black as was the sea that widowed our mother."

"You become a raven yourself, brother; has the eagle forgotten?"

"No, yet I am sad. No doubt it is but nothing—or it may be the shadow stretching before the cause of its black life." There was in his tone the fatalistic melancholy which had come from desolate, shadowy lands in the stalwart heart of his conqueror ancestors. But the shimmer of light on metal changed his mood to a sudden, fierce battle joy. "See yonder the Vikings, proud and terrible, who ere night must either carry off our treasure or receive death as bloodwite. See Brithnoth shouts to them!"

Idly almost, yet with a calm that spoke of leashed impetuosity, the brothers heard the exchange of words and with their lord hurled defiance that hardened into spears. The stout corselets rang and spears sang wildly, dust and clay but lately human mingled by the river's edge. Brooding clouds and soaring ravens flapped dusky wings. Hoarse shouts, mad clang of weapons, the shrieking agony of wounded steeds—an awful din possessed the field. But somewhere in the British ranks, Gawain and Cedric fought with no sensation of pain or terror, only a wild, dynamic battle fury that lifted them above time and place to some great forge of power. Apart, for the warriors fought in ever-shifting ranks, they yet struggled as one, with the same rare valour, the same strange loss of personality, fighting not as strong soldiers, but as the personification of an impersonal arm that carried death to foe.

A sudden, shrill sob burst from Godric, who had spoken bravely and finding the deed too hard, cried with the desperate abandonment of manhood tried and found wanting. Wildly he looked from the carnage about him to the lush green of trees half hid by twilight, and saw the pet hawk significantly released from Cedric's wrist to fly with unerring will above the whirling vultures and the din and smoke to

seek the cool mirage of forest that marked the gate to home. Quickly, furtively, Godric stole forward, weapon poised, to where the leader's horse pawed the encrimsoned soil. Leaping astride it, he relentlessly charged through the soldiers unimpeded by the troupes who thought they saw Brithnoth and who swarmed in sudden bewilderment. Unchallenged, he rode through the maelstrom until Gawain saw in a flood of dying sunlight the set, haggard face of Godric where only the stern, haughty, and steadfast countenance of Brithnoth was rightfully seen. With a roar of rage and scorn, he drew back his spear to hurl it with his deadly accuracy. And time seemed to pause to watch the picture painted in the red tide of Blackwater where gilded trappings, fiery war horse, grim avenger, and the haunted Godric wavered in the gruesome stream.

Meanwhile, Cedric, fighting by his chief, ever and anon was pushed from side to side. In a momentary pause, he looked around to find the leader and saw near the river's edge the proud, white horse he had known anywhere. Wondering, yet never doubting Brithnoth's valour, he pushed his way toward the horse and saw a warrior raise his weapon poised for the rider's heart. With a swift, sure arm, he hurled his own spear just as the rider, turning, disclosed the face of Godric. With a hoarse shout, he strove to reach the traitor with his sword, but the speed of the sure-footed steed in which he as all had gloried carried his vengeance beyond his reach. Disgusted, and with a wordless fear for his chief, he advanced to the slight rise at the river bank to seek Brithnoth in the multitude of disordered soldiers, and to attempt to rally the troops. As he walked a bright spear at his feet recalled his needless killing of a countryman to save a traitor's life. With a mirthless smile of mingled regret and rage, he stooped for it, only to fall to his knees as if transfixed by its crimson point. And all the youth seemed to wither on Cedric's face, and the strength to fail in his brawny arm, and the life seemed struck from his soldier's heart. For beneath the helm of the warrior whose breast his spear had so unfalteringly sought, tumbled the unruly, bright locks of Gawain who lay half smiling in death as if the Valkyrie had stooped to him.

The Flaming Arrows

John J. Sheehy, '32

TWO LONELY covered wagons slowly made their way across the wide expanse of level prairie. The sun was just peeping over the eastern horizon, and was shooting its shafts of light across the llano. In the first wagon, drawn by two patient mules, was Mr. Marcotte, a man from the Mississippi, who having heard of the opportunities of the West, decided to venture across the plains to try his fortune in a new country. The second wagon was driven by Mrs. Marcotte, and in it were her twin sons, Roy and Ray.

These two boys were about the age of 14 and looked very much alike. They were very large for their age, and gave promise of being healthy, stalwart men. They were exactly the same height and weight, and both had dark hair and very dark eyes. On the right forearm of each was tattooed a flaming arrow. It was only their father and mother that could distinguish them without difficulty.

The next day Mr. Marcotte perceived, about noon, a cloud of dust in the west, and he feared that it might be a band of Indians. Around half-past one the cloud transformed itself into a band of horsemen—bandits! They drew close to the wagons and without warning fired. The first shot fatally wounded Mrs. Marcotte. Mr. Marcotte, having grasped his rifle, shot down two of them and then he himself was murdered. The bandits then plundered the two wagons and found Roy and Ray. The leader was going to kill them, but the men protested, saying bad luck was sure to follow if one shot a "kid," so they bound the boys and placed them on the mules that drew Mr. Marcotte's wagon, and started on their way.

Soon they came to the foot of a range of mountains. The bandits headed into them and started for their stronghold. They journeyed long and darkness soon came on. Ray's mule was led by the bandit bringing up the rear of the party. Ray was tired, and his arms and

legs ached. Every once in a while he dozed and then awoke suddenly when he felt himself slipping from the mule. Finally, however, sleep overcame him and he fell, unnoticed, from the mule's back and struck his head on a jagged rock which rendered him unconscious.

The next thing, Ray saw was an old man standing over him. He had dressed the wound on the boy's head and was watching over him. He told Ray he had picked him up on the trail, and had carried him to his cabin. The man was an old prospector and lived near the thriving settlement called Nugget Town. He asked Ray to make his home with him, since he had no relatives, and said it would be company to him in his old age. The boy readily assented.

Fourteen years passed quickly and Ray grew up to be a huge, muscular man. He spent much time searching for his brother, but never could find any trace of him. The prospector's "kid," as he came to be known, had earned for himself the esteem of the citizens of Nugget Town; moreover he was elected sheriff of the town. His ability to shoot straight and to ride well had earned for him quite a reputation. Bandits and rustlers feared him. Lately, however, the town had been the center of attacks of a masked bandit. Ray determined to capture him. There was a reward posted for his capture, but the people had long despaired of it. He foiled every attempt of sheriff and posse. They named him "Lightning," and he was well named, for he struck quickly and was gone. No one ever got but a fleeting glimpse of him.

One night, however, as Ray was returning home from a trial at the county seat, he espied a light in the office of the mining company; so, cautiously, he went to investigate. He looked through the window and saw kneeling at the huge safe a masked bandit. Quickly he drew his gun, smashed the window, and leaped into the office. He bade the bandit throw up his hands, but he kicked over the lamp and dived at Ray, knocked him off his balance and downed him. Then he fled to the window, opened fire at Ray, and wounded him in the shoulder. The bandit ran around the building and, jumping on his horse, made for the hills. Ray staggered to his horse and started in pursuit.

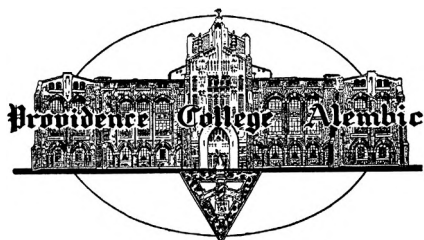
The robber had a good lead and would have undoubtedly escaped if his horse had not fallen and thrown him. He tried to catch it, but the frightened animal ran away. Ray, who did not see this, kept galloping along the trail. As he approached the spot where the horse had fallen, he heard the report of a gun from a nearby

thicket, and the whine of a bullet as it passed near to his head. He quickly sought shelter and took refuge behind a huge boulder along the trail. He crouched behind it and awaited developments. As he heard no one from where the shot had come, he started to crawl toward the thicket. A shot rang out and hit the dirt in front of him. Ray quickly fired into the thicket and heard a muttered curse. Knowing that he had hit his man, Ray rushed toward the spot. Another shot rang out. The sheriff crumpled to the ground, wounded through the left lung. The bandit emerged from the bushes and walked to the spot where Ray had fallen. He rolled him over with his foot, and stooped down beside him. After lighting a match, he peered into the wounded man's face. Suddenly he felt a chill run through his body, for there on the ground, with the life slowly slipping from him, was an almost exact likeness of himself. Then he bared his own right arm and on it was a flaming arrow. Gently he rolled up the sheriff's right sleeve, and there tattooed in red was a flaming arrow! Slowly and sadly he realized that his long-lost brother was found, found only to lose him again, this time, forever. Raising him gently in his arms, he softly called his name. Ray's eyes opened slowly, and with a dying man's instinct, he quickly recognized his brother.

"Hello, Roy," he said, "you sure plugged me that time."

"Poor Ray," slowly replied the bandit, "this is sure a tough way for us to meet after all these years. I have searched every state in the West in the hopes of finding you, but I never thought we'd meet this way." Then he told Ray how the bandits had kept him and had taught him their ways. He said that his life had been a hard one, and that he committed some crimes, but that he never did all the things that he was blamed for doing. He had often tried to go straight, but the longing for adventure ran strong in his veins.

Ray merely smiled and said, "Roy, I'm all done. You take my place; no one will know the difference. Only promise me to go straight." Roy promised and with a smile on his lips Ray died. Ray buried him in the hills, and went back to Nugget Town dressed in his brother's clothes. He took Ray's place and the bandit, "Lightning," struck no more.



VOL. X.

APRIL, 1930

No. 7

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Ralph S. Daniels, '30

RESURREXIT SICUT DIXIT! ALLELUIA!

To all our readers and friends we wish the fullness of Easter joys, blessings and consolations.

Around the Master's empty tomb, we gather on Easter morn to rejoice with Him in His victory over death and the powers of darkness. Christ arose from the dead to die no more. His resurrection is a lasting victory and an unending triumph. And He promised to be with His own to the end of time.

Hence we are not to be afraid to be courageous. Strong with His strength, we may enter the battle for truth and right, confident of victory. Even though we may fall on the red ridge of battle, still the cause for which we strive can never fail.

The Risen Christ, our Master, Whom we have trusted, is able to keep us and the truth we love and profess.

Victimæ Paschali laudes immolent Christiani.

Agnus redemit oves: Christus innocens Patri reconciliavit peccatores.

Mors et vita duello conflixere mirando: dux vitæ mortuus regnat vivus.

Dic nobis Maria, quid vidisti in via?

Sepulchrum Christi viventis, et gloriam vidi resurgentis:

Angelicos testes, sudarium et vestes.

Surrexit Christus spes mea: præcedet vos in Galilæam.

Scimus Christum surrexisse a mortuis vere: tu nobis victor Rex miserere. Amen. Alleluia.

Exchange

Carroll Hickey, '30

LE PETIT SEMINAIRE

The first periodical on hand this month is a compact little pamphlet from Chicago. As this is a first attempt at a student publication, we feel that a word of encouragement may well be offered. This issue is pleasing to the reader not so much for its outstanding literary worth, but rather for its vigor and originality. The general dominant note of the month is painting and each effort strikes that tone; each article aims at pleasing as well as instructing, and the ensemble creates in the reader—at least, this was our experience—a delightful artistic mood. While we regret the lack of verse in the *Seminaire*, we accept the editor's apology that the weather is responsible. Having delved into the poet's demesne at sundry times, we realize that good weather is more provocative of good poetry than the stormy blasts of the wintry season. To the students of the Quigley Seminary we offer our congratulations on their new publication and sincerely hope for its future triumphs.

THE SINSINAWA

From beautiful Wisconsin, the land of lakes and mounds, comes *The Sinsinawa* of Saint Clara Academy. It is a dignified magazine of more than ordinary worth. We were attracted chiefly because of the impressive format, and upon examination, we discovered that the literary matter was of an unusual character. The descriptive power of the authors marks it as unique. To Miss Lach goes the first honors for her mastery of prose. We quote a few lines from "Inspiration": "The little house looked more picturesque than ever, roofed with a soft blanket of snow that reflected the lavender stillness of the twilight. The tiny lights peering through the lattice windows formed a morning glory vine, mounting the side of the house and losing itself in the deep

shadows of the leaves. As he looked at this picture, Pierre wondered why he could not be happy. He had a home, his work, Marie—yet there was something wanting. He had always felt this want, but the winter only served to accentuate it. Pierre knew now what he wanted. It stood before him in every one of his pictures. Pierre wanted fame.” The poetry in this issue is entertaining, but it is the prose that marks *The Sinsinawa* as a literary publication. We await with expectation the forthcoming issues bearing the postmark of Sinsinawa, Wisconsin.

THE VOICE

We have before us a little periodical from St. Francis College, Brooklyn, New York. It has a very commonplace appearance and seems to be lost in the midst of all our stately exchanges. Out of sheer curiosity, we examined it and were surprised to find within much that is commendable. Perhaps this may sound like a judicial pose, but we intend no hauteur. Really, the printing is rather ordinary, and the advertisements appear in the middle of the book, instead of being relegated to their proper place. But the literature itself is delightfully entertaining. On the frontispiece, Mr. Ahearn has a poem, “The Twelve Promises,” which is of very high calibre. “Pedantry—and the Present Age” is an exposition of some modern traits, and is handled in a masterful fashion by Mr. Mante. We hope that the business staff will effect an improvement in the printing of *The Voice*, for the authors of such literary ability as has been manifested deserve a get-up worthy of their talents.

ST. JOHN'S PREP CHRONICLE

There is no magazine in our list of exchanges more pleasing to read than *The Chronicle* from Philadelphia. Here we have an assortment fit for the connoisseur. Poetry, narrative, exposition, wit and humor, and so forth, all blend delightfully to form a charming whole. *The Chronicle* can boast of a host of budding authors, for there is nothing included therein that might not well grace the pages of a college publication. Here is a fragment of Mr. Kempf's:

“From misty dawn to blazing noon,
From noon till twilight's purpling gloom,
We are but leaves upon the wind,
But straws upon life's stream.”

Would space permit, we would be pleased to quote much more at length from *The Chronicle*, but shall conclude with an example of high-wrought prose. From Mr. Christie we take the following: "The hazy sunlight gradually becomes dimmer and dimmer. Dark clouds scuttle across the path of the sun. The hazy light gives way to an eerie green, terrifying and mysterious. The ships in the harbor, large and small, are seen preparing for the hurricane. Fishermen pull their dories far up on the shore, while the larger vessels scurry for the freedom of the open sea. Great flocks of sea birds fly toward the land, outlined against the eerie light. The greenish light fades to the dark of night, and at last the storm breaks with a flash of lightning and the hollow boom of thunder. . ." We have only words of praise for *The Chronicle* and trust that it may long preserve its high standard.



Alumni Notes

John P. Gorman, '30

NEW YORK CLUB NEWS AND BRIEFS

The New York Club held its second dinner and smoker of the year at the Columbus Club Hotel, in New York City, on Saturday evening, March 1st. A large number of the members attended and the gathering was also augmented by the many guests of the members who were in attendance. A very interesting program, which has become a feature of these smokers, received the commendation of the assembled guests. Another gathering will be held during the month of April in the form of a dinner.

The New York Club has formulated plans to to attend the Aquinas Retreat in a body during the early part of the summer. This retreat house, well known to New Yorkers and the various Alumni Clubs in that city, is located on Charles Island, about three-quarters of a mile off the shores of Milford, Conn. It is conducted under the auspices of the Dominican Fathers of this province. The location of the Island makes traveling facilities very convenient and the New York Alumni would like to have as many as possible of Alumni and undergraduates to attend them. Those who are interested should communicate with the New York Promoter of the Aquinas Retreat, Thomas C. Grimes, whose address is 1 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Eugene Sweeney, '24, is now assistant manager of the well known Lotus Club of New York City. Gene also serves in the capacity of President of the Alumni Club.

John Sullivan, '25, is making rapid strides in the construction field. He is general superintendent of the James McWalters & Son, Inc., of 152 West 42nd Street. John intends to build the skyscraper that will soon be needed to house the fast-growing New York Club.

Thomas J. McBride, '25, is living at 63 Atlantic Avenue in Carteret, N. J. Tom is associated with the United States Metals Refining Company of Carteret in the capacity of research engineer.

At a recent meeting of the Rhode Island Society of New York, held at the Hotel Astor, a telegram of greetings from the New York Alumni was read and favorably received.

Jim Morley, '27, was recently married in Woonsocket to Miss Sibyl Letendre of that city. At the time of this writing, the newlyweds are spending their honeymoon in Bermuda.

Spencer Sullivan, '28, Tarzan of former Friar football teams, has joined the ranks of the Benedicts. Spencer is living in Yonkers, N. Y., where he is employed as city engineer.

* * * * *

The following is a comprehensive list of the members of former graduating classes who have been ordained to the priesthood. We would appreciate any additions or corrections to this list from among our readers, as well as additions or corrections to any former list that we have compiled.

CLASS OF 1923

Reverend Leo J. Carlin has been recently moved from the Immaculate Conception Rectory in Portsmouth, N. H. His new address is: Our Lady of Perpetual Help Rectory, 266 Cypress Street, Manchester, N. H.

Reverend Harvey Crepeau is a curate at the Precious Blood Church in Woonsocket, R. I.

Reverend W. G. Martin, O.P., is stationed at St. Dominic's, Benicia, Cal.

Reverend J. C. Dore, O.P., has taken over his new duties as professor at Aquinas College, Columbus, O., after having completed his university studies.

Reverend John C. Ells is a curate at St. Sebastian's Church here in Providence.

Reverend John J. Feeney is located in Wickford, R. I.

Reverend Leonard J. McAteer is a curate at St. Joseph's in Newport.

Reverend Joseph P. O'Gara is a curate at St. Bernard's Church, Rockland, Me.

Reverend Lucien A. Olivier is situated in Canada. His exact address is unknown and we would appreciate it, if someone would enlighten us on the subject.

Reverend Walter J. Rozpad is a pastor at St. Casimir's Church in Warren, R. I.

Reverend Leo A. Slattery is located at St. Ann's in Cranston.

The following members of the class of 1923 have joined the Order of Preachers and are at present located as follows: Reverend A. P. Bachand, O.P., Washington, D. C.; Reverend R. J. Dewdney, O.P., Madison, Wis.; Reverend D. B. McCarthy, O.P., Somerset, O.; Reverend T. C. McGowan, O.P., New York; Reverend P. A. Skehan, O.P., Somerset, O.

CLASS OF 1924

The class of 1924 has enrolled among the Dominicans in the House of Studies at Washington, the following men: Reverend H. C. Boyd, O.P.; Reverend Jordan M. Dillon, O.P.; Reverend T. D. Gilligan, O.P.; Reverend M. M. Hanley, O.P.; Reverend M. L. McCaffrey, O.P., and Reverend J. D. Redmond, O.P.

Reverend Francis P. Casey is a curate at St. Brendan's Church in Riverside, R. I.

Reverend T. H. Barry is located at St. Joseph's in Pawtucket.

Reverend James C. Conlan is located in Taunton, Mass.

Reverend E. W. McPhillips is a curate at St. Mary's in Pawtucket.



Chronicle

Charles C. Quirk, '30

SOPHOMORE HOP

On the evening of Feb. 28th the 1930 edition of the Soph Hop was held in the college auditorium. The hall was converted into a beautiful setting for the affair and the student body responded wholeheartedly by their presence there.

Subdued lights, a fine orchestra, glass-like floor and clever novelties gave evidence of the conscientious efforts of a capable committee. However, the crowning achievement of this annual affair was the remarkable effect created by the decoration of the auditorium. The predominant colors were black and white, interspersed with banners and pennants of every large college in the country. Val Gaines and his Twin Elms Orchestra were placed on the stage and the soft strains of delightful music filtered through stately palms, artfully grouped around the band. The fact that every alternate number was played 'neath the soothing light of synthetic moonlight in no wise detracted from the '32 extravaganza.

Since surprises were the order of the evening we have reserved the best one until now. An immense lifelike tiger, peering ferociously through a screen of jungle grass and tropical palms, graced the center of the floor. If one had any doubts as to whether this was an apparition or some figment of the imagination, they were quickly dispelled, for from the yawning jaws of the tiger depended a standard which in bold letters announced that "the Spirit of '32" was personified by this tawny carnivore.

The patrons were Dr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll and Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Morrissey.

We extend our congratulations to the committee, Messrs. Derivan, Burke, Buckley, Jorn, Nestor, Davey, McNamara, and Shea; also to the Reverend Moderator, Father Irving Georges, O.P., for their efforts in making this the best informal dance in the memory of the present writer.

Through this column the committee wishes to extend its deep gratitude to the Shepard Stores of Providence and to Mr. John Cashman for their kindness in lending their aid in the decoration of the hall.

The Aquino Club banquet, which was held recently at
 AQUINO Manfredi's, was in every sense of the word an outstand-
 CLUB ing success in the annals of the society.

Our inimitable Joseph Breen, '29, held forth as master of ceremonies and kept the assemblage on edge with his wit. President Pasquale Indeglia, '30, opened the evening's oratorical delights with a short speech of welcome to the Aquinians, their guests, and the members of the Faculty. Secretary Mario Conte, '32, followed Mr. Indeglia and laid stress upon the fact that this first banquet was a harbinger of future happy gatherings of like nature. An interesting speech, having for its keynote encouragement and praise for the society, was delivered by the Reverend Father Fitzgerald, O.P. The Reverend Father Della Penta, Moderator of the society, followed with a plea to the members to be ever loyal to Providence and its organizations.

The Reverend Father McCarthy, O.P., President of the College, concluded the festivities of the evening with an inspiring address, exhorting the members never to lose sight of their studies as the final goal in academic life and stressed the necessity of coöperation in scholastic endeavor.

We extend our congratulations to the society and hope that the future holds much in the way of happiness for the organization.

The means of observing Lent most effectively has been
 LENTEN placed at our disposal by the Faculty in offering us the
 SERVICES Students' Daily Mass in the College Chapel. It is
 pleasing to note the large number of students who are taking advantage of this splendid opportunity for spiritual advancement, and the fact that their attendance is voluntary indicates most emphatically the commendable spirit here at Providence.

GUZMAN In the debate upon the 13-month calendar,
 HALL the judges rendered a decision favorable to the
 Negative, composed of Messrs. Donahue,
Edward Carlson, '32 T. P. McMahon, and Fenwick. Messrs.
 Lillie, Simone, and Hyland formed the Affirmative team. The lively discussion that followed from the floor pointed out to the committee several men for the next event, March 27, on the proposition, "Resolved, that the major nations of the world adopt measures to reduce naval armament."

The Guzman basketball quintet, in three preliminary games on Feb. 15th and 22nd, and March 1st, lost one match to the Nickerson Seniors, 14-16, and were successful twice—against Warren High School by a score, 21-20, and the Fall River Olympics, 22-20. Remembering that the team has opportunity to practice but once a week, we believe they have made a good showing. Captain Gillis and Berry as centers, Flood, Kelly, and B. P. Schneider as forwards, and J. J. McMahon, Madden, and Reichart as guards, compose the squad.

The society sends warm thanks to Mr. Strenkert's brother, who has donated to us an eight-tube Majestic radio of rich tone, delicate selection and distance-power.

Another of our boys lost his father when, on March 13th, Death laid his hand on Mr. William McDonald, a prominent citizen of Zanesville, O. To Joseph, Brother James McDonald and their relatives, we offer our sincere sympathy.

Because of the critical illness of his sister, Sister Mary Paul, S.S.J., Francis Berry was forced to leave for his home in Minneapolis, on March 21st.

The evening of March 14th, John Larnen presented "The Temptation," which he had dialogued from "Padre Ignacio," by Owen Wister. Paul Curran as the Padre, and Patrick Flood as Bryan O'Rahelly took leading roles. We commend the brilliant début of James Fleming as the waiter in a Chinese café.

For five weeks the four teams of the Card Tournament have been jousting fiercely at their games of euchre, five-hundred, bid-whist, pinochle, and checkers. One more round remains to be played.

We are already looking forward to the Guzman Sophomore-Freshman baseball game which will take place some Sunday afternoon when Aeolus isn't strong enough to hurl the ball back into the batter's face.



John Krieger, '31

PROVIDENCE VS. NEW HAMPSHIRE

at Durham, New Hampshire, Feb. 26, 1930

A Friar Flop

Inability to hit the counting station with any degree of consistency cost Coach McClellan's Friars a victory in the annual scuffle with New Hampshire University. New Hampshire rolled up an early lead of eight points, and although the Black and White managed to cut into the lead somewhat, they were unable to overcome the handicap. As a result: Providence, 23; New Hampshire 27. It was the fourth defeat of the year for our team.

The game was perhaps the duller affair of the year. Neither team failed to impress with their respective styles of play. At times Providence looked sorry in her efforts to overhaul the Mountaineers. The shooting was inaccurate, the floorwork was unimpressive, and the general physical condition seemed poor. The long trip by automobile, however, may be suggested as a partial cause.

Conroy, of New Hampshire, played a brilliant game, both on defense and offense. In addition to breaking up many Friar formations, he chipped in with a total of nine points. Larry Wheeler was foremost in the Providence line of attack, by scoring nine points and playing an aggressive game. Captain Szydla, playing with his right arm in bandages, also performed creditably.

The summary.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—27				PROVIDENCE —23			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Stolovsky, I. f.....	1	0	2	Krieger, I. f.....	2	6	10
Harriman, I. f.....	0	0	0	McCue, r. f.....	1	0	2
Gaunt, r. f.....	2	1	5	Wheeler, c.....	3	3	9
Patch, r. f.....	0	0	0	Dromgoole, c.....	0	0	0
Small, c.....	3	1	7	Welch, I. g.....	0	0	0
Hagstrom, I. g.....	1	0	2	Szydla, r. g.....	0	2	2
Lord, I. g.....	1	0	2				
Conroy, r. f.....	2	5	9				
Total	10	7	27	Total	6	11	23
Referee—Hoyt. Umpire—Kelly.				Time—20-minute periods.			

PROVIDENCE VS. COAST GUARD ACADEMY

at Providence, March 1, 1930

Snuffing Coast Guard Hopes

Paced by the sensational individual efforts of Franny Dromgoole, substitute guard, Providence repeated an earlier season victory over the Coast Guard Academy by edging out a 34-24 victory at the La Salle gym. The game was fast during the early stages, but once the Friar offence began its smooth operations, the Coast Guard cause was a hopeless one.

Dromgoole, starting his first game of his collegiate career, occupied himself for the evening by scoring twelve points. Four of his baskets were pretty tosses from the side of the court. Larry Wheeler was close behind Dromgoole in point-making by registering the counting clock for a total of nine points. Bill McCue confined his efforts to directing the play instead of accumulating points. Jimmy Welch, midget forward, followed the examples of Wheeler and Dromgoole by gathering three baskets for himself.

Harding, the visiting centre, gave Providence no little trouble by his persistency in keeping his mates in the race. Harding scored ten points during the course of the game. Had it not been for his individual efforts, the score would have been a lopsided affair.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE—34				COAST GUARD ACADEMY—24			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Welch, I. f.....	3	0	6	Sinton, I. f.....	2	0	4
McCormac, I. f....	0	0	0	McCaffrey, I. f....	0	0	0
McCue, r. f.....	2	0	4	Maloney, r. f....	2	0	4
Wheeler, c.....	4	1	9	Rea, r. f.....	1	0	2
Burns, c.....	0	0	0	Montgomery, c....	0	0	0
Dromgoole, I. g....	4	4	12	J. Harding, c.....	4	2	10
McGovern, I. g....	0	0	0	Fahey, I. g.....	0	0	0

Szydla, r. g.....	0	3	3	Fabik, l. g.....	2	0	4
Derivan, r. g.....	0	0	0	C. Harding, r. g...	0	0	0
				Hermance, r. g....	0	0	0
Total	13	8	34	Total	11	2	24
Referee—Schurman. Time—Two 20-minute periods.							

PROVIDENCE VS. BROWN

at Brown, March 6, 1930

Keeping a Precedent Sacred

Ever cognizant of the fact that traditions must not be broken, the Friar basketball team of the 1929-30 edition followed in the footsteps of their predecessors by trouncing Brown, 30-20, in the yearly city-titular battle. It marks the third year that McClellan and his sharpshooting cohorts trekked across the city and came back with the ears of the Brown bear.

Providence started a powerful offensive attack that netted them ten points before Brown could penetrate for a score. Snyder and Caulkins then brought Brown into the race by scoring eight points between them. Play was then even for about three minutes before Providence spurred to bring the score to 14-8 as the half ended.

Coming out in the second half with instructions to employ a fast passing attack, the Friars moved the ball around with the speed and accuracy that had given them victories over Holy Cross twice, St. John's, and Springfield. Occasionally on a fast cut-play, a Friar would pierce the Brunonian defense for a score. Jimmy Welch found the Brown court to his liking and evinced his pleasure by scoring a total of ten points for our cause for high honors of the Friar ranks. Caulkins kept Brown pretty much in the race with his long shots. His accuracy netted him ten points.

Captain Szydla, Larry Wheeler, and Bill McCue were high lights in the Providence drive. Szydla, with his excellent generalship, and Wheeler and McCue with their retrieving of the ball were spectacular.

Captain Paul Snyder of Brown was covered so well that he could find the basket for only six points. McClellan's system of defense also proved itself well-nigh impregnable in the cases of the remaining members of the Brown team.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE—30			BROWN—20		
G.	F.	Pts.			
Krieger, l. f.....	1	5	7	Caulkins, l. f.....	5 0 10
McCue, r. f.....	1	0	2	Snyder, r. f.....	1 1 3
Wheeler, c.	2	2	6	Brown, c.	2 1 5
Welch, l. g.....	4	2	10	Walsh, c.	0 0 0
Szydla, r. g.....	2	1	5	Schein, l. g.....	1 0 2
Dromgoode, r. g... 0	1	5		Morey, r. g.....	0 0 0
				Heebright, r. g....	0 0 0
Total	10	10	30	Total	2 2 20
Referee—Parker.			Umpire—Tower. Time—20-minute periods.		

PROVIDENCE VS. LOWELL TEXTILE

at Lowell, Massachusetts, March 8, 1930

A Fitting Finale

Providence lowered the curtain on the current basketball season fittingly enough by defeating Lowell Textile in a hard fought game, 28-22. Trailing at the end of the first half, the Friars came back in glorious style in the second period to forge to the front and close their year with their fifteenth win in nineteen starts.

Lowell, boasting a strong lineup, and aided by a court as tricky as a snake's wiggle, was complete master of the situation during the first half. Once the second period started, however, McClellan's musketeers blazed their way into the van. Fifteen hundred Lowell rooters marveled and groaned as Providence scintillated and buried Lowell hopes.

Captain Stan Szydla and Larry Wheeler, playing their last collegiate basketball games, were brilliant in the Friar teamplay. Szydla, as usual was the supreme floor general, and Wheeler with high score furnished the offensive threat. Bill McCue, left-handed ace, contributed spectacular plays in the closing period that wiped away a Lowell lead.

For the losers Jarek, Savard, and Allard were the best bets. The win avenged a draw game in the football season of last fall.

PROVIDENCE—28			LOWELL—22		
G.	F.	Pts.	G.	F.	Pts.
Krieger, l. f.....	3	0	6	McGee, l. g.....	1 0 2
McCue, r. f.....	3	1	7	Jarek, r. f.....	2 3 7
Wheeler, c.	3	2	8	Savard, c.	2 2 6
Welch, l. g.....	1	2	4	Quigley, l. g.....	1 0 2
Szydla, r. g.....	1	1	3	Kokoska	0 1 1
Dromgoole, r. g... 0	0	0		Allard, r. g.....	2 0 4
Totals	11	6	28	Totals	8 6 22
Refree—Leclain.			Time—20-minute periods.		

FRIAR FINALS

A perusal of the past basketball season reveals the highly interesting fact that our courtiers were successful in fifteen of their nineteen battles. By virtue of our successes, some of them at the expense of New England's finest basketball talent, Coach McClellan's troupe is again in the position to claim the basketball championship of New England. It makes the second successive year that Providence and her seal of Veritas has finished on the top of the New England basketball scramble.

To Coach McClellan must go the brunt of credit for the very creditable record. His basketball acumen and the facility that he possesses to transmit it to his players makes him outstanding in coaching circles. Since his regime at Providence our basketball teams have won thirty-nine games and have lost but 16. Certainly an impressive record!

The Log of a Successful Basketball Voyage

	P.	OP.
Northeastern	48	21
Yale	21	30
St. John's.....	20	27
Columbia Pharmacy.....	43	12
Springfield	41	28
Middlebury	44	24
Holy Cross.....	34	33
Worcester Poly.....	33	18
St. John's.....	31	21
Holy Cross.....	27	25
Upsala	61	21
C. C. N. Y.....	22	40
New Bedford Textile.....	56	22
Coast Guard Academy.....	34	20
Seton Hall.....	36	25
New Hampshire.....	23	27
Coast Guard Academy.....	34	24
Brown	30	20
Lowell Textile.....	28	22

DUAL CAPTAINCY INAUGURATED

Initiating for the first time a dual captaincy, members of the football team will next year be under the combined leadership of Mark McGovern and Manley Zande. McGovern and Zande have been outstanding on the gridiron for the past three years and their election to the captaincy was a reward for meritorious service.

McGovern is from Flint, Michigan, where in his high school days, he captained his football team. He is slightly over six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. His work during last season was most spectacular. Despite the fact that he suffered a hip injury early in the year, he finished the season in the regular lineup. McGovern was especially outstanding in the Holy Cross game.

Zande was also a captain of his high school team. He was born in Torrington, Connecticut, is five feet eight inches tall, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. Zande, of the quiet, retiring type, has been acclaimed one of the best guards ever to play on a Providence College team. Together with his brother, Jim, they formed a powerful unit in the play of the gridsters. Best wishes, captains!

PROVIDENCE 'VARSITY BASEBALL
SCHEDULE

- April 6—Providence Eastern Leaguers at Kinsley Park
- April 11—C. C. N. Y. at Hendricken Field
- April 12—Northeastern at Hendricken Field
- April 16—Northeastern at Boston, Mass.
- April 22—New Hampshire at Hendricken Field
- April 24—Muhlenberg at Hendricken Field
- April 26—Holy Cross at Worcester, Mass.
- April 29—Lowell Textile at Hendricken Field
- May 3—U. S. Coast Guards at Hendricken Field
- May 7—Seton Hall at South Orange, N. J.
- May 8—Upsala at East Orange, N. J.
- May 9—St. John's at Brooklyn, N. Y.
- May 10—Villanova at Villanova, Penn.
- May 14—Villanova at Hendricken Field
- May 15—Middlebury at Hendricken Field
- May 17—Brown at Aldrich Field

- May 20—Boston College at Boston, Mass.
May 23—Georgetown at Hendricken Field
May 24—Brown at Aldrich Field
May 30—Quantico Marines at Hendricken Field
May 31—St. John's at Hendricken Field
June 4—Holy Cross at Hendricken Field
June 7—Yale at New Haven, Conn.
June 10—Alumni at Hendricken Field
June 12—Boston College at Hendricken Field
-

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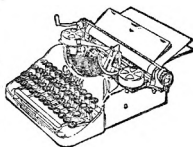
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Thomas F. Pierce and Son, 173 Westminster St.

BUSINESS COLLEGE

Bryant-Stratton, Fountain St., Providence, R. I.

CATERERS

Ryan Catering Co., 14 Greene St.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

Costello Bros., Providence and Pawtucket

CHURCH GOODS

Joseph M. Tally, 506-512 Westminster St.

W. J. Sullivan Co., 55 Eddy St., Providence, R. I.

CLOTHING

Browning, King Co., 212 Westminster St.

Howard Clothes, 200 Weybosset St.
The Kennedy Co., 180 Westminster St.

CONTRACTORS

Butler & Perry, Electrical Contractors, 7-11 Pleasant St., Pawtucket, R. I.

Tucker Construction Co., Inc., 1712 New Industrial Trust Bldg.

COSTUMERS

Fletcher Costume Co., 524 Westminster St.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

H. P. Hood & Sons, Providence, R. I.
Turner Center System, Harris Ave.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

Whiting Milk Co., Providence and Pawtucket

DEPARTMENT STORES

Casey's, 290 Main St., Pawtucket, R. I.
Gladdings, Providence, R. I.
Mack's, 279 Weybosset St.
McCarthy's Dept. Store, Woonsocket, R. I.
Outlet Co., Providence
The Shepard Stores, Providence.

DRUGGISTS

Gibson's and Co., Inc., Westminster and Snow Sts.
Haskins Drug Store, One Block Down from the College

ELECTRIC SHOPS

Narragansett Electric Lighting Co., Eight in Rhode Island

ENGRAVERS

Guilford G. Nye, 73 Dorrance St.
John Thompson, 212 Union St.
Bickford Engraving Co., 20 Mathewson St.

FENCE BUILDERS

E. C. Church Co., 136 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

FOUNTAIN PENS

Beacon Pen Co., Inc., 76 Dorrance St.

FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

Leo G. Arnold, 37 Exchange Place.

GARAGES

Elmhurst Garage, 558 Smith St., Providence, R. I.

HAIR DRESSING PARLORS

Leo Venagro, 426 Smith St., Providence, R. I.

HARDWARE

McGlinchey's Hardware, 420 Smith St.

HEATING CONTRACTORS

Taylor Heating Co., 714 Broad St.
J. J. Tyrell Co., 195 No. Main St.

HOTELS

Biltmore Hotel
Narragansett Hotel, 97 Dorrance St.

INSURANCE

O'Donnell and Co., Inc. 48 Custom House St.
Edward J. Slavin, 603 Union Trust Bldg. Providence.

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William J. Feeley, Inc., 181 Eddy St.
Ostby & Barton Co., 118 Richmond St., Providence.

KNITWEAR

Champion Knitwear Mills, Andrews and Water Sts., Rochester, N. Y.

LABORATORY EQUIPMENT

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

MARKETS

E. C. Lamberton, 302 Smith St., Providence, R. I.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Charlie O'Donnell, 60 Washington St.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

M. Steinert & Sons, 495 Westminster St.
J. H. Rockwell & Son, 385 Westminster St.

NEWSPAPERS

The Providence News
The Providence Tribune

PLUMBERS

Macomber Bros., 28 No. Union St., Pawtucket, R. I.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Mahr & Meliklan Studio, Jackson Bldg., 511 Westminster St.

PRINTERS

Providence Visitor Press.

RESTAURANTS

St. Regis, 129 Weybosset St., Providence.

RESTAURANTS

Asia Restaurant, 162 Westminster St.

SHOE REPAIRING

Hub Shoe Repairing Co., 62 Washington St.

SLATE AND MARBLE

Providence Marble & Slate Works, 470 West Exchange St.

SPORTING GOODS

Belcher & Loomis, 122-130 West Exchange Street.
Wright and Ditson, Providence

STATIONERY

Freeman's, 79 Westminster St.
Providence Paper Co., 42 Weybosset St.
Weiss Stationery Co., 492 Westminster St., Prov.

TAILORS

A. Gilstein, 6 Pinehurst Ave.

TUXEDOS

Read and White, 210 Woolworth Building
Waldorf Clothing Co., 212 Union St.

TYPEWRITERS

Nellan Typewriter Exchange, 43 Weybosset St.
Office Appliance Co., 53 Weybosset St., Providence, R. I.
A. H. Sanborn, 60 Weybosset St.

VICTROLAS

Shepard's Victrola Store.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Brownell, Field Co., Providence

WHOLESALE MEATS

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

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Providence College Orchestra

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