

# PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 3

JUNE, 1923

No. 9

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The graphic is a dark rectangular box containing white text and a central illustration of a beach ball. The beach ball is oriented horizontally and has several lines of text written on its segments. The text on the beach ball includes 'Famous', 'Shore Dinners', 'Salt Water Bathing', 'Dancing Roller Skating', 'Midway Attractions', and '100 Acres of Amusement'. The beach ball has a small handle on the right side. The background of the box is dark, and the text is white, creating a high-contrast effect.

# Providence College Alembic

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1923.

No. 9.

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### Prayer for the Class of 1923



GOD, Who spoke to Thomas  
For his writing well of Thee,  
O God, Whose Eyes are from us,  
His disciplines steadfast see!  
In Thy accord preserve them,  
(Pray, Aquinas, free from taint!)  
And to Thy work still nerve them  
(By the girdle of Thy Saint).  
They have the Truth that dies not,  
Which Thou saidest shall make men free.  
The world loves him that lies not—  
May they lead men back to Thee!


*J. F. K.*



THE SENIOR CLASS



## SENIOR CLASS

OUR YEARS have now spent themselves since Providence College first threw open its doors to embrace her first sons, and as fancy recalls that memorable day in September, 1919, we contemplate with mingled joy and sorrow the rapid approach of the day when she will bid us a fond farewell.

Endowed now with all the scholastic riches that over seven hundred years of tradition has enabled her to bestow upon us we set forth to perpetuate and exemplify the virtues and principles she had so zealously endeavored to instill in us. Tender memories of these four years will ever light our paths, and as we review in retrospect their various incidents and accomplishments, we are compelled to pause, and dwell upon two very significant facts.

Handicapped as perhaps no other class ever will be in the future, we have blazed the trail of precedent for those who are to follow and take a justifiable pride in the fact that under our leadership and with the aid of the lower classes we have introduced our Alma Mater into all fields of college activity. Fortune has smiled upon our various undertakings to a degree far in excess of our fondest expectations, and we conclude our work with the assurance that those things we have left undone will be brought to a successful conclusion by those to whom we are entrusting the standards of this yet young institution.

On the other hand we are concluding but to begin. In the twenty-five members that have been well styled the tradition-makers, Providence College has the nucleus of an alumni that will shortly start to function, and its possibilities are so great that only time is needed to demonstrate its power.

It is with the greatest joy that we anticipate the annual enrollment which will swell the ranks of this yet unborn organization and we sincerely hope that our career as the first graduating class of Providence College will be excelled only by the discharge of the responsibilities that rest upon us.

Our parting sentiment is one of profound gratitude, first to the faculty, under whose careful guidance our plans have successfully materialized, and to whom we owe all that we are scholastically and all that we ever hope to be; secondly, to the under classmen, whose constant co-operation and loyal support have been our greatest inspiration; and finally, to all those both within and without the college who have contributed in many ways toward the attainment of our various desires.

*Charles J. Ashworth, '23*

## THE PIONEERS



LASS of '23, First born of Alma Mater, what unique distinction is yours! How enviable your position in after years. Pioneers in an exalted project, your reward is the reward of the pioneer,—the right to feel increasing personal gratification and pride as you observe the institution you embraced in infancy crawl out of the shadows of obscurity into the dazzling sunshine of established glory and renown. Class after class in unbroken succession will follow after you; but what matter if their size be great? what if their scholarship more brilliant? Can any replace you in the van as the standard bearers for all time? Can any lay claim to your heritage as the first born? The leveling forces of Time itself cannot disturb the security of your claims. Rather will it tend to accentuate and embellish them, for as Providence College needs must steadily advance henceforth, so increasing honor will accrue to those who early contributed in her establishment. Providence College of the future will be a vast and flourishing institution. Alas, that pristine spirit of common attachment so peculiar to the familiarized little band of '19 will not be there. But the memory of the inalienable distinction of the Pioneers of '23 will last as long as the College herself.

You take your leave of Alma Mater high enthroned in her esteem. Her expectations of you are as far-reaching as is her confidence in you. For what limits can man set to the vaunting pride in a mother's breast for her first born? What praeternatural power can shake her unstinted confidence in you? How utterly impossible for you to escape her searching vision, tender solicitude, men of '23, as you journey on Life's way. If you think Alma Mater will soon forget you; that your progress will not be her deep concern; that your successes will not be hers too; and your reverses will not fill her with grief, you know little of the mother heart. She will follow every step of your journey; preside at your every undertaking. Her maternal spirit will ever ac-interest she will watch her teaching put to the test, and observe with saddened heart their defeat, with exulting joy their triumph. No! Providence College is so inseparably linked with your progress, men of

'23, that her interest in you will stop only after your progress has been halted by the grave.

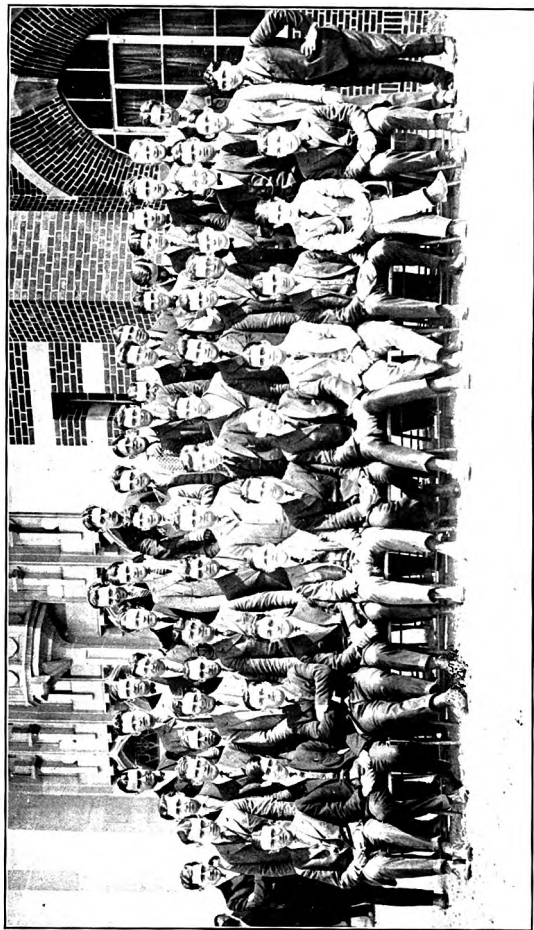
Such devotion must not, cannot, be misplaced. Pity! if you proved unworthy of such generous solicitude. To what extremes of endeavor should this thought lead you,—that a two-fold reward crowns your success; personal emolument equal joy to your Alma Mater. What nobler determination than this,—to return to her decked in the wreaths and garlands of victory. Men of '23, this is a moral duty binding on all of you. The first have but one course to follow,—to strike out energetically to fulfill the most sanguine expectations of Alma Mater; to justify fully her confidence in you; to raise her standards high in honor and respect with the devotion of a loyal son. Your success is hers. Failure is but an indication that you have squandered your patrimony. But how can you fail if you make proper use of the means she has placed at your disposal? Fortified by a Christian education, trained at the hands of men who made every effort that the first product might be of a high and exemplary type, you should not hesitate to lock with the menacing Apollyon who blocks the path of success. Backed by the resources of mental, moral, and intellectual discipline, no foreboding gloom should cloud your outlook. Your's is a happy combination of intellectual and moral culture, and thus equipped you are to strive on. Alma Mater's hopes and aspirations your incentives. For earnestly do we hope that success will shine upon your noble efforts; that you will rise to high seats of honor, trust, and responsibility; that you will be a credit to your Church and State and, having passed a long and useful life, you will return to the site of Alma Mater, and laying your wreaths of victory at her feet, exclaim, "Alma Mater, you have imbued me with sublime principles, trained me for the tasks of Life, and behold I return to you with the trophies of victory."

*Robert E. Curran, '25*

## Reverie

**I** PASS the silent peaks whose mighty majesty  
Awakens in my soul a silent awe;  
And watch the surging of the restless, ruthless sea  
Whose every roll bespeaks a changeless law.  
I ponder in myself: What part in this am I?  
The answer, written deep in Nature's scroll—  
Whose very being must perforce preclude a lie—  
Is this: O man! thou hast a deathless soul.  
For all these trappings of a transient passing hour  
Must crumble, totter, fall, and die away.  
For matter merely manifests a greater Power;  
The spirit only, knows eternal day.  
And thus no longer do I seek alone to know.  
The mysteries attending Nature's laws,  
But rather seek to know my fellow man, and lo!  
In this I find a thought to give me pause,  
For men who follow Him Who trod the weary road  
Of life, of love, and bitter sacrifice,  
Though they like Him, may feel misfortune's cruel goad,  
Are true to self and gladly pay the price,  
Their minds transcending matter. The eternal stars  
Shall fade and flicker into nothingness.  
Meanwhile the souls of these that pass the finite bars  
Shall reap the fruit of labor, happiness.

*John H. Shunny, '24*



THE JUNIOR CLASS

## THE JUNIOR CLASS



WITH THE beginning of school last September, the class of '24 once more entered the portals of Providence College. Time had not depleted our ranks to any great extent, as we entered upon our school activities with a spirit which would make us worthy of our Alma Mater. How well this spirit carried us through can be seen by a brief review of the past year.

Scholastically in all its forms, finds us out in front, setting the example for the other classes to follow. In Athletics, we were not only active participants, but we were the founders of that spirit which has spurred our teams to victory. The record made by the class of '24 shall go down in the history of Providence College as memorable.

Being an active class, we organized quickly last fall and elected our class officers for the present year. William J. Connor was elected president; Francis Dwyer, vice-president; John Baglini, treasurer; Daniel O'Neill, secretary.

Plans began to materialize early for our "Junior Prom" which is perhaps the gayest and most memorable event in the life of a college man. Always seeking to better school spirit, the class decided to depart from the exclusive spirit, traditional with Junior Proms and open ours to the whole school. The affair was a wonderful success. His Honor Mayor Gainer honored us by his presence.

Never was the spirit of co-operation and fraternity, so necessary for the well being of any class, so earnestly displayed as it was on the Junior Outing to the Hummocks. The class had for its guests, members of the faculty.

Thus ends another school year with the Junior Class fully awake to the responsibilities which will devolve upon it as the senior class of 1924.

*William J. Connor, '24*

## THE WILD MAN FROM B STREET

**G**ALLUS JACKSON, colored, upstanding American from B Street, was experiencing marital troubles. Twenty-five years ago he had taken the lissome Gardenia Lemon for "better or for worse", and at the hectic present it looked as if there was going to be a whole lot of "worse" and no great amount of "better". In the first place, when he had married the fair Gardenia, she was dark of complexion but comparatively light of weight—at least she was not ponderous. But as the years rolled by, her displacement increased amazingly, and she had taken on layers of excess tissue until she resembled a huge, multi-layered chocolate cake. This had a most disconcerting effect on Gallus, for previous to his marriage, he had entertained enthralling visions of a Gardenia who would retain her sylph-like figure throughout their years of domestic bliss. Alas! He knew not whereof he had hoped! And just to add a sort of climactic touch to his already-large assortment of troubles, Gardenia insisted that her brother should make his residence with them. Now brother George was not lazy—by no means. It was simply that he had no desire to encounter work—any form or fashion of work. As a result of welcoming the disinclined George into his household, it quite naturally devolved upon Gallus to furnish said brother with sustenance and bed clothes. And, gosh! How Gallus hated the thought of boarding the leisurely George! But George did not seem to mind it in the least. He ate voraciously three times a day, or oftener; donned his gayest set of sartorial scenery late in the afternoon; and then, like the nightflying bat, sallied forth to spend the evening and the early-morning hours in recreative pursuits.

At last, Gallus' position as elevator chauffeur in the Federal Building, became unequal to the task of supporting three healthy, hungry adults, so nothing remained for Gallus but to seek more lucrative employment elsewhere. And through the kindly offices of one Honey Boy Fisher, he found work; real, hard, back-buckling work. His new job consisted in carrying 94-pound bags of Portland cement from the loading sheds to the trucks and drays, meanwhile inhaling large, billowy clouds of powdery cement-dust. Aside from a continual strain on his sciatic nerve, his nice coal-black complexion became masked with a floury coat of cement, and at night, upon returning

home, he often remarked that he was "cimint lined" and that his "gizzard was crowded roun' wif concrete." Just as a kind of soothing syrup to his re-inforced interior, Gallus was wont to hie himself to Johnny Dixon's "blind pig", and once there he would valiantly attempt to give his parched whistle a thorough wetting. How complete the success of his bibulous endeavors may be attested by the fact that on the mornings—after every bag of cement used to look like a super-inflated balloon full of lead, and his head used to feel like a combination saw mill and boiler factory going full-blast. It was on one such morning that Gallus consigned his job to Perdition and the Brimstone Blazes. "Ahse all th'ough—no mo' truckin' 'em bales o' whit' lead." Collecting the wages due him, Gallus made a bee-line for Johnny Dixon's refreshment parlor—and how easily he vanquished the inebriating fluid! After a thrilling session Gallus bellowed, "Hot digedy dog! 'At Je'sey lightnin' done bumped me! Ahse off!" And with rhythmic—but fanciful—staggers, interspersed with staccato hiccoughs, he made for B street—and home. He crashed his way into the kitchen, and the gentle Gardenia met him. "Gallus Pariah Jackson, you be'n drinkin' ag'in!" And somehow or other, Gallus could not deny it. After a severe tongue-lashing Gallus sat down to his dinner. "Woman! Is we gwine eat 'em tin-can gold fish agin? All Ah eats is little fishes—little fishes. Ain't 'ey no big fishes whut comes in tin cans? Blup! Bang! The hefty Gardenia's muscular right caromed off Gallus' chin, and she followed through by draping his surprised visage with festoons of canned sardines garnished with sticky fish oil. To escape the tornado instigated by his termagant spouse, Gallus speedily arose and set sail for the doorway. With a decided list to larboard, he lurched through the exit and out on to friendly B Street. Four blocks down he met Posy Gardner, and getting a strangle hold on a convenient telegraph pole, he weepingly told his troubles to the congenial Posey. With somewhat fishy—but nevertheless sympathetic eye—Posy saw Gallus' sad tale through to its bitter end.

Now Posy was one exceedingly hard-boiled egg; in fact he might, in all justice, be termed a china-egg. And this state of being thoroughly cooked was due, doubtless, to the fact that all his active life had been devoted to "razorbacking" for circuses and playing the role of brake-beam tourist—which latter occupation entails quite a liberal education in itself. At the time he was interviewed and confided in, by Gallus, Posy was considering a personal exodus—an excursion, and he cared



little whether it was hither, yon, or over beyond. The reason for such consideration was that he had remained in his present location until his credit was no longer good, and rather than have an irate landlady shoot him full of holes and hang his withered hide on her front door, he intended going while the going was still good. When Gallus inquired as to his destination, Posy informed him that he "wuz gwine to de freight yards and pick me out a nice, fast-rolling carraige whut's gwine Boston-way, an' when Ah gits to ol' Bean-town Ahse gwine git me a job wif de Wrangling Bros. ci'cus, at 2 si-moleums per dayem an' vittles." Gallus pricked up his ears.

"Boy, say 'at all oveh ag'in! Youse gwine wuk wif de ci'cus show? Posy 'em words is lak f'ed chicken to me. Dis cullud bod is gwine wif you'. Ahm gittin' me away f'um 'at 'oman 'fore she dislocates me f'um mah own pussional self."

Releasing his hold on the telephone pole, Gallus shakily got under way, but with a helping hand from Posy he managed to negotiate the distance to the freight yards. With the ease of an expert, Posy chose their vehicle and seeing that Gallus was safely settled on the rods, Posy swung himself into a like posture—and they were on their way. Swallowing a formidable amount of cinders as the wheels clicked musically along the rails, the two travelers were uncomfortable—but also unmindful of their discomfort. Leaving their conveyance just before it pulled into the freight yards, they headed for the Huntington Avenue circus ground. Posy, like the old hand he was, straight away made for the boss of the roustabouts; and he got a job for Gallus and himself.

Working early and late—eating fairly regularly—and sleeping copiously, Gallus' life was one sweet song whose chorus never varied, except when a cargo of "chained lightning" hit camp and then the song was forgotten and all hands went a. w. o. l. It was one of these occasions, when the circus was playing Fall River, and when half the "razorbacks" and sundry help were off on a considerable tear, that Gallus received his golden opportunity. A diamond-wearing gentleman with a derby hat and numerous gold teeth, came to Gallus with the sad news that his Wild Man of Borneo had left him flat—and that his Wild Man show without a Wild Man was not much of a success. To be more pointed, his meat-eating Wild Man of Borneo had so far forgot himself as to go and get drunk—paralyzed, ossified drunk, without any preliminary word to his employer, The gold-toothed employer, perceiving Gallus' rapt attention, further stated that he was in earnest

search of a Wild Man. With a start of surprise, and an intent look at Gallus, he paid Gallus the dubious compliment of saying that he was the best fitted by Nature of all the Wild Man prospects he had even gazed at in his long years of experience with Wild Men. The side-show proprietor, with his best gilded smile, added that he would give Gallus \$5.00 a day for the rest of the season if he would become his Wild Man of Borneo. Five a day! Sweet thoughts of bottled sunshine and sessions of stud poker with the joker wild! \$5.00! For \$5.00 Gallus would heroically endeavor to drink Lake Superior into a state of absolute aridity.

"Boss, yassuh, Ahse yo' willin' Wild Man f'um Bo'neo".

With beaming gratitude, the derby-hatted gentleman thanked Gallus and led the way to rehearsal.

Gallus' boss showed him the layout; one abbreviated skirt of shredded wheat suffering from dandruff; two big brass earrings; a palette of water colors, and a cage whose floor was covered with straw. Gallus was to do his act afternoons and evenings, before and after the main show. It would be necessary for him to let his hair and beard grow; don the herbaceous skirt; paint his face artistically, though somewhat sketchily; screw on the earrings; climb into the cage, gnash his teeth and growl and chew savagely on big beef bones. Gallus did not mind the exotic costume or the growling, but he did sort of resent a diet of bone. "Boss, has Ah gotta chew dem bones? Yo' know Ahse afeard 'at Ah'll bust mah teef, fooling' aroun' wif dem spare-ribs."

But when the boss said that the bones were absolutely essential to the success of the act, Gallus became resigned to his task. And as his experience as a Wild Man increased, he added a certain finesse to his performance—to the delight of his audiences, and the satisfaction of his employer. Then the circus landed in Providence, his home town. At first he was afraid that Gardenia might find his whereabouts and he knew that if she did, unutterable woe would be his. Then considering that the circus was tarrying only two days and that since his wife had seen him last he had grown a beard and entered a strange profession, he thought his chances of escaping his wrathful mate, quite good. But somehow he miscalculated.

The 26th of June was hot; terrifically, sizzingly hit, and Gallus looked forward to the performance of his wild-man duties with no great amount of expectation. It would be 77 degrees hotter than the hobs

of Hades in that straw-filled cage—and flopping around and yelping under such conditions could not be called pleasureable activity. So it was with the sigh of a martyr that Gallus bedecked himself in his official Borneo regalia and climbed into the cage. The crowd was beginning to arrive and Gallus could hear the iron-lunged barker starting his bally-hoo.

“Ladies-s-s an’ Gentlemen-n-n! Here we are! Here we are! Step forward and see the only real-authentic-living Wild Man o’ Borneo in captivity! Right from the dark depths of the jungle! A savage-snarling cannibal Hear him growl and howl! Step up and see ’im! Only 25 cents, two bits, one quarter! Don’t crowd! Don’t crowd The chance of a lifetime! The boxoffice is on the right, the show starts right away

Hearing a few stragglers making their way into the tent, Gallus got ready. Scratching around in his straw, he growled and howled and hopped—and ferociously attacked the bones; bones that were once the pride of some old, moth-eaten, caved-in cow. The first seeker after a close-up view of a Wild Man, was the tired-looking head of a large family. He was wearing an alpaca suit and a last year’s straw helmet, and he was chaperoning eight youngsters of varying sizes and shapes. Gallus, seeing the tired-looking man and his numerous offsprings,, thought inwardly that someone ought to be taking him to see the alpaca-suit man and his eight assorted progeny, rather than vice versa, because most assuredly they were more of an exhibition than Gallus and his Wild Man impersonation. However his philosophical musings were rudely cut short. The influx of the quarter-donors was becoming greater, so Gallus went to work with a vengeance. And very conscientiously and with wonderful realism did Gallus portray the wholly wild and positively untamed and never domesticated native of Borneo. With a blood-congealing yelp and a terrifying grimace he rushed to the front of the cage: and what a surprise he received! There stood—Gardenia—and Brother George—and a—policeman! The Wild Man’s eyes popped out—and out and out! “GALLUS PARIAH JACKSON!” With all the pent-up venom in her soul she screeched it. And Gallus wilted and withered—and the Wild Man magically became tame—even as you and I, Gunga Din. He shuddered and shook and his ebon countenance faded—faded to a ghastly, grisly gray. The paint-splotchings on his face showed out in bold relief, like vermillion clouds in a futurist landscape. His eye-balls flitted back and forth uncontrol-

ledly, like white butterflies on a dark day. His knees tremblingly came into audible contact. As a Wild Man he was one complete loss. And the worst was yet to come! The evil George, leering wickedly, deliberately tossed his lighted cigartte into Gallus' cage. The straw immediately burst into flame—and Gallus' hay garment started up in smoke! With frantic efforts he tried to break open the cage door! The epidermis was being scorched off his shins—and every moment that cage was getting hotter and hotter. He was mad with fright; he jumped up and down in hysteria: and then he began to shriek—shriek in desperaton. "Ah an't no Wild Man!" Ah aint no Wild Man! Let me out! Let me out!" And they let him out! The burly officer broke open the padlocked cage door. Out hurtled Gallus. Zop! Wham! And the fat but rugged Gardenia commenced. One-two-left right! One-twice-thrice-she cruelly smote him. Feature by feature, she rearranged his visage. She closed his eyes so he could not see what was happening to him; she fractured his nasal protuberance beyond repair; she whaled the very day-lights out of him. Yea-verily-she crowned him; and as the vulgarians say, she knocked him for a row of bent lamp-posts. And the names she called him!

"Snizzle! Ah'll learn yo' to sneak away f'um youah starvin' wife. Yo'll support youah famblee or Ah'll skin you' alive!" And for exclamation marks she used right swings. How she manhandled poor Gallus! Her loving husband who had just narrowly escaped being immolated; becoming a complete holocaust; a thoroughly burnt offering. And here she was lambasting the all-fired stuffing out of him. The blue-coated arm-of-the-law stepped in to stop the slaughter and serve a warrant on Gallus for wife-desertion, but she commandingly waved him aside and remarked, "Mistah Officah, Ah'll tame this Wild Man—Ah'll tame 'im—or bust 'im", and grabbing the swooned and prostrate Gallus by the scruff of the neck she dragged him. And just as Hector was dragged around the walls by Priam, just so did the bellicose Gardenia drag the annihilated Gallus around the tents out on to Elmwood Avenue. And those traveling on that well-known thoroughfare that day saw a sight they will long remember. They saw a partially-clad American-Ethiopian sitting on a seat of a street-car, cowering between a huge black Amazon and her debanair brother. The Wild Man was returning to his "B" Street home.

*James H. Lynch, '25*

## THE SOPHOMORE CLASS



HE OFFICERS of the Sophomore Class are the following: President, Robert E. Curran; Vice-President, Andrew Sullivan; Secretary, John Fitzgerald; Treasurer, Frank McGee.

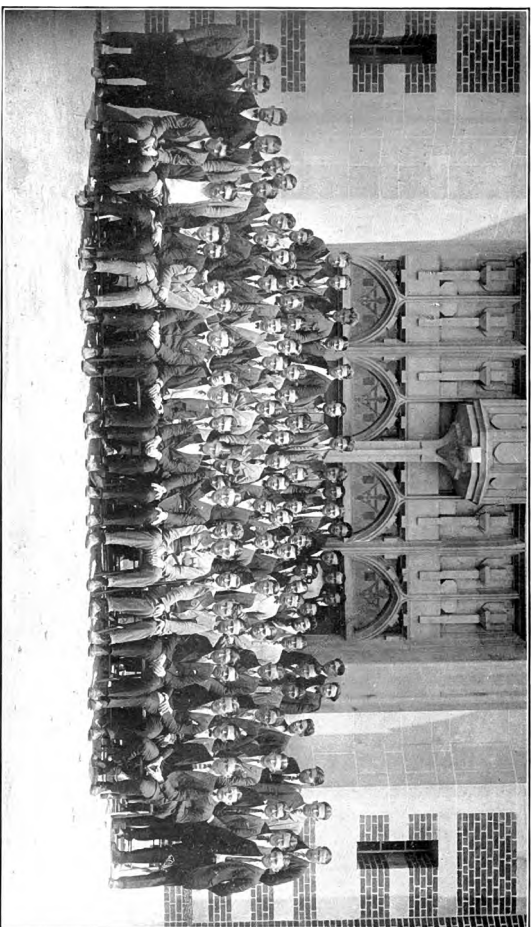
The Class of '25 has had a most successful year. And at its completion we rejoice that we have concluded all the work which devolves upon the Sophomore Class. We experience a feeling of gratification in that we have had a hand in the training of the Freshmen. Some were recalcitrant but that only impressed upon us the realization of our duty. Throughout the year they have kept us on our toes scolding, commending, correcting. Little do they realize with what parental reluctance, we applied the "birch of discipline." For this we are berated and painted in the garb of the oppressor, but we have an eye to our position in their estimation in later years. It is for this reason that we have strived to squelch our feelings of clemency and to avoid the ignominy of sparing the paddle and spoiling the Freshmen.

In our athletic relations with the freshmen we have acquitted ourselves well. We won the Hallowe'en games by a wide margin. "Tex" Lay was the hero on this occasion. The stading was Sophomores 36, Freshmen 14. Luther Burbank sent his felicitations to our class as a result.

Such an affair was mere child's play, however, it was in the football game that we really pitted the Soph brain and brawn against the Freshmen bran and Post Toasties. Of course we won. The whitewash being 7 to 0. We continued our triumphant career and turned in a 16 to 12 result from the basket ball court.

In debating both classes showed up well. But it was unfortunate that the Freshmen embraced President Harding's World Court Plan. For our class was awarded the prizes offered by the President of the College. Our team consisted of Robert E. Curran (Capt.), Charles Sadlier and Frank Foley, T. Henry Barry (Alternate).

About this time rumors circulated to the effect that grave difficulties were in store for us at the Freshmen banquet. It was there that our mettle was to be tried. There at the annual clash a sweet reckoning was to come. To our surprise we were informed one day, that the



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Freshmen refused to accept our rulings on the matter and would hold a "private" banquet far from the rude and vulgar Upper Classmen. Where the hurling of even so much as a cream puff would have been sacrilege. Where toy balloons, tin whistles, fez caps, streamers and gay bunting would furnish real pleasure instead of a hurley burly entertainment furnished at the Battle of Warren, '22.

But being Men we were not convinced. One hundred and fifty true and loyal Sophomores would not lay down. We took the view that the children merely wished to be exasperating. So we hied ourselves to the Crown Hotel and there we met—a regiment of police with the Freshman Class on the inside, feasting in security.

Amiable relations, suspended by circumstances are now resumed. And oh, what a glorious sight, when the opponents of Providence College shall in advancing on us see Hugh Hall and Gene Gilmartin, arrayed in all the panoply of war, fighting side by side in the line of battle for Alma Mater.

*Robert E. Curran, '25.*

### Away With Oriental Luxury



HIS Persian pomp, my lad, I hate,  
 These wreaths so costly now of late—  
 I bid you ne'r to seek yon rose,  
 The last that summer's mild breeze blows.  
 The myrtle branch, I think, is fine,  
 Unmixed with any linden vine—  
 For it befits both you and me,  
 While sipping 'neath this shady tree.

*Joseph V. Mitchell, '24*

## "SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"

**I**F THE poor old world can only hold over until Commencement Week she will learn the panacea for all her ills. So the more or less facetious columnists have it. No doubt commencement orators do voice high ideals. But was there ever an ideal too high? It is the "highest." Perhaps there is an abundance of enthusiasm, what of it. America wasn't discovered by a pesimist. Dominic and Francis abounded in it. Edison surmounted tremendous obstacles with it. They speak of great and unknown things. What if many laugh at the words. No great deed was ever accomplished unless some one's laughter spurred the doer on. The high ideas may be shattered, but always move towards "where the Blue Begins." Mr. Gessung had his failures. You will have yours, but eventually you too will come to the beginning of the Blue.

\* \* \*

"Love America First." Many of our great Americans loved England. In England you will find much that is lovable. The bonds that unite us are strong. There is a common language and similar customs.

In the Commercial Appeal of Memphis, May 14, 1923, you can read an excellent editorial under the heading of "Sims, the Nuisance." We quote a few lines. "Nobody seems to know anything about naval matters outside of William S. Sims and the British Admiralty. His brother officers admit he is loose with his facts and almost every American is convinced that he is more than loose with his talk."

Colonel Harvey, our "English" Ambassador to the Court of St. James, vies with Sims in his love for the "mother country." It is too bad that Atlantis is a lost continent. It would make an excellent stamping ground for our demi patriots.

\* \* \*

"Almost alone among the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence, George Walton enjoyed neither the classical education of the seminaries nor the elements of knowledge taught in the common schools."



Professor McCarthy, Ph. D. "The Education of the Founders" in the Columbia. George Walton was, however, not an ignorant man, he was self-educated. If we were to judge by the bigness the chances of success are 55 to 1 in favor of the educated man, a college graduate. But that was in the days when an education was available only to the children of the wealthy. Now a college career is within the grasp of almost everyone. The question is: Has the value of an education increased or decreased. Statistics prove that it has increased; self-advertising of many so called "self-made" men to the contrary.

\* \* \*

From September to June is a gigantic stride. From June back to September is a step almost lilliputian. The future will always loom up before you in gigantic proportions. Fill it with your activity. Have big plans. Complete them if you can, but never give in, the future is unlimited when built of present instants. But don't live in the pigmy of past. Grow with time.

### Sometimes



SOMETIMES you're blue;

Sometimes you're sad;

Sighing for pleasures

You one time had.

Sometimes the shadows

Come stealing along,

And clouden your sun,

The light of your song.

Sometimes you fear

Lest the day with its task

Will sadden your heart

And lower your flask.

Sometimes you'll feel thus

But it's worth being sad,

For the Sometimes, though few times,

The "Sometimes" you're glad.

*John Grouke, '25*

## THE OBSERVER

**O**UR Catholic Schools are the bulwarks, not alone of our Religion, but also of Christianity, and even of a high civilization. This may seem to be a very broad statement; too much so, in fact, to be true. But a little thought will soon convince us of its veracity. The life of the world is subject to various moods and whims. There is at times, an era, we might say, of godlessness; and then again there is a wave of crime, and a time of general corruption among the irreligious. Christianity feels these blows, especially when pernicious doctrines are promulgated by so-called ministers of the gospel of one religion or another. An assault within the ranks is worse than one from without. When religion is looked on as a farce, an object of ridicule; when the existence of a God is denied and the immortality of the Soul is laughed to scorn, there must be some defense which prevents religion from crumbling away.

\* \* \*

There is a defense and it is the Catholic Church working through its school system. In these institutions, there is an absence of poisonous influence; there are no contradictions which leave a student perplexed; there are no changes of doctrine to suit the time or administration—no, everything is solid, immutable. The Catholic youth of today is shielded, guarded against the assaults of vice and irreligion, protected against insidious and malignant influences. His secular studies are guided by the shielding form of religion. The absolute necessity for Catholic schools is thus made clear. And, as it is only through religion that civilization will survive, our schools become a double and more crying need. The Drive in our own State for this purpose was successful; and it is truly gratifying to know that the old Religion is still deeply rooted in the hearts of our people; that the irreligion of today has not affected them in the least. They have sacrificed as did their parents; all together have striven for the maintenance of real, true religion, and as a consequence, Law and Order. Thru their efforts, their wonderful financial response, there will arise new schools, monuments to their memory, and protection to their children. They are serving God and Country.

\* \* \*

There is a gentleman considered popular within the confines of our fair city, who, a few days ago, during a speech in public, made

some statements that might be criticized. Possibly the reason that this gentleman was not so meticulously careful of his utterances was the fact that he was addressing a body of ladies who, possessing aspirations to become politicians, sit open-mouthed and drink in every word that the orator (?) utters. This man, to whom we refer, had the unparalleled temerity to urge the prohibition of the parochial schools. In the course of his speech, he complains that the reason religion is not on the public school curriculum was that the Catholics protested against the use of the Bible. Such a statement as this, made in a civilized community, by a man supposed to possess intelligence, is truly startling. But—suppose the Bible were a course of study in the public schools. Imagine the abuse it would meet with from the agnostic teacher, or from one who admits of no God. Consider the scoffing, the jeering references to the falsity of its inspiration, the subtle distortion of the Sacred meanings that would result. Consider the wholesale diffusion of poison that such a procedure would entail.

\* \* \*

The Church, the guardian of the Scriptures as also the protector of learning, does not place the Sacred Writings in the hands of those soiled with disbelief or dirtied with doubt. Those writings are Holy—their lessons must be taught by those whose lives are consecrated to the author of them, and whose minds and hearts are trained to broadcast the benefits of the Scriptures. No, the Bible should never be the toy of the scoffer and the infidel. As taught by the Church, it becomes our rule of faith—and our Rule of Faith can never be applied in public schools, where many religions are intermixed and where many interpretations would result. Our answer to the ignorant remark of the aforementioned speaker may seem feeble, but we have a more powerful answer. It is the heroic response of our people to the Drive. In their care our Schools are safe; in our schools religion is safe, prejudice and ignorance, notwithstanding.

\* \* \*

We lay aside the pens and books till another time. We part company with our professors and classmates till another time. But memory will always link us together and hope will lead us onward till our glad reunion in the Fall, in the Halls of our Alma Mater, Providence College.

*Thomas Henry Barry, '25*

## FRESHMAN CLASS

**R**EVEREND members of the Faculty, Fellow Students, Ladies and Gentlemen, Worthy Freshmen:

"It is my great privilege and honor as President of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-six to sketch briefly for you what we as Freshmen have accomplished during the past year.

"Scarcely nine months ago we entered this school as the underdog, forced to live up to several rules laid down by the Sophomores, and to wear the much-coveted cap. Tonight we celebrate, as we might term it, the "Grand Finale."

"For the first few weeks of school our class was somewhat disorganized, but immediately upon its organizing, its various activities spoke for themselves.

"First of all, Athletics. On the Varsity football team last fall, which made a remarkable showing for a small college, our class had Joe Tarby and "Chisel" Joyce on the ends, Joe Ryan at right tackle, Henry Reall at right guard. In the backfield we had "Jack" Triggs at fullback, "Gene" Gilmartin at right half-back, and Brickley at quarterback. There were twenty-four Varsity letters granted by the Faculty, of this number thirteen were received by Freshmen. In all due respect to the other members of the Varsity eleven and realizing that eleven men fight as one in a game of football, yet, I would like to bear emphasis on the following: of one hundred and ten points scored by the entire team, ninety-eight can be credited to Freshmen. Something that can never be taken from our class is the fact that a Freshman scored the first touchdown on Hendricken Field, and a Freshman kicked the first goal.

"The annual game between the Freshmen and the Sophomores was very close. It must be remembered that no member of the Varsity team could participate in this game. After a hard struggle, we, the Freshmen, were defeated 7 to 0.

"Next came a basketball game in which our team was defeated 28 to 22. I might add right here that a second game was to be arranged at Infantry Hall but the Sophomore class very wisely voted it down. They may have some explanation for this.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

"On the present Varsity baseball team we have "Johnnie" Halleran, catching; Triggs, Smith and Ryan, pitching; "Bud" Feid, on first; Creagan, at shortstop, Brickley at left field, and several substitutes. This is also a remarkable showing for our class.

"I will now point out for you the social activities of our class. First came our Freshman Dance, at which every member of the class was present. We had as guests the officers of the three upper classes, captain and manager of both baseball and football, and the President of the Athletic Association. We were well informed that this dance was the best ever held in the history of the school.

"This leads up to the annual class banquet which was an overwhelming success for our class. During the course of a few battles the president of the Sophomore class with a few other leaders of that class, were captured by the Freshmen and brought to the dining hall. We all hope they enjoyed themselves. This banquet will long be remembered by every member of the Freshmen class for more reasons than one.

"The spirit of the Freshmen class has been the best all year. We have lived up to the rules faithfully and honestly. We have entered into the various school functions, both social and athletic, with plenty of 'Pep.'

"I would like to take a minute or two to talk about one individual member of our class and the example he has shown. This gentleman was chosen chairman of three important committees, namely, the dance, banquet and the burning of the caps. This in itself is quite an honor. He has been untiring in his efforts and a willing worker. Not only does he show this fine spirit in behalf of his own class, but for the whole school. "Gene" Gilmartin, Providence College welcomes men of your type. I personally want to thank you for the way you have helped not only our class but myself and I hope in the next three years to come you will instill some of your spirit into others.


"The Catholic Colleges of today as most of you are well aware are making rapid strides both scholastically and athletically. In reading the results of last Saturday's ball games in a Boston paper I noticed that four Catholic Colleges headed the list, followed by Harvard, Yale and so on. I say in all sincerity Providence College is coming to the front rapidly. By the time our class is ready to graduate it no longer will read Boston College, Holy Cross, Fordham and Georgetown; Providence College will head that list and it will be

mainly through the efforts of this Freshmen class that this result will be realized.

"To you, the members of the Sophomore class, I say not only for myself but in behalf of all the Freshmen, it has been a pleasure to abide by your rulings the past year. You have been fair and just. At this time it gives me the greatest of pleasure to introduce as the next speaker of the evening a human dynamo, who won the admiration of our class for the pluck he showed at the banquet and who, in my estimation is one of the best fellows we have in Providence College, "Bobbie" Curran, President of Sophomore Class."

Foot Note: Speech delivered by Arthur Brickley, President of the Freshman Class, on the occasion of the cap burning, May 9, 1923.

### Lost Days

 HE days forgotten that have been my past  
If now they should appear confronting me  
Would they with acts of goodness hallowed be  
Or would they be with evil deeds o'ercast?  
Would they be mocking faces to the last?  
Or thoughtless words which brought deep misery  
To someone who had placed great faith in me?  
Or would they be my wasted hours enmassed?  
I will not know until the judgement day  
When then the Angel ope's the golden book  
Wherein the acts of man are writ. I may  
At last for one short moment only look  
Upon my life and then be called to pay  
That debt which I in human guise forsook.

*Francis L. Dwyer, '24*

## AN AGE OF SPECIALISTS

**T**HIS IS an age of specialization. In every calling, profession, vocation, and avocation we find the specialist supreme. And we who live in these highly developed, ultra-specialized days, are recognizing more and more the all-importance of the specialist. We are giving him his just due; we are hailing his powers, and we are bowing before him in willing obeisance. Be he but the champion pie-eater of Shingle City, Iowa, we reverence his outstanding ability in his own specialized field of endeavor; we read editorial bits regarding his capacity and accomplishments; and we open the pictorial section of our newspapers and we see his photograph occupying a quarter page. He is shown in the act of steering a huge segment of juicy pie into his rather-large facial aperture, meanwhile attempting to grin in a carefree and light-hearted manner. The foot-note says that he takes special delight in consuming Aunt Hilda Sponge's feather-weight in mince pies; which fact accounts for the widespread grin. But he is a specialist, and as such, he holds a lofty place in our sagacious estimation. And the champion pie-eater has a multitudinous brotherhood of specialists.

The auto repairman for instance. On a large sign a-top his place of business, are the words, "Flivver Specialist." Your sick automobile feebly propels itself to the above-mentioned garage. The self-confessed flivver specialist lifts the hood, taps the car's vitals with a screw-driver, races the motor, and says that two cylinders are missing. After an hour's tinkering he pronounces the flivver's state of health perfect. A mile's travel convinces you that he was a flivver specialist all right, and that he probably cut the appendix out, for the missing cylinders have returned and are earnestly trying to knock their way out of the motor. And because he was a specialist he charged more than the ordinary garage-man. 'Tis a way that specialists have.

The gentlemen who cultivate Windsor ties, long tresses, and baggy pants (or trousers), are rapidly becoming cognizant of the fact that there is more bodily and financial nourishment in specializing than in trying to create masterpieces in every form of painting. Some of those



who vowed that they would rather starve than commercialize their talent have seen the folly of their ways. A temperamental artist who was only partially successful at painting landscapes, but nevertheless swore that he would paint landscapes or nothing, has suddenly taken up marine painting. And it came about this way. He used to draw cows grazing in a meadow, but he simply could not depict a bovine hoof with any degree of beauty or accuracy, so he finally hit upon the plan of drawing the cows standing in water, which eliminated the hoof-problem. He became so skillful at drawing water that his affections wavered toward the painting of marine scenes, and now he is the highest paid artist of all those painting for soap companies. He paints the cake of soap "floating on the billows blue." And the columnists mention him casually in their columns, and we see a picture of him and his wife boarding the S. S. Muriatic for a trip across.

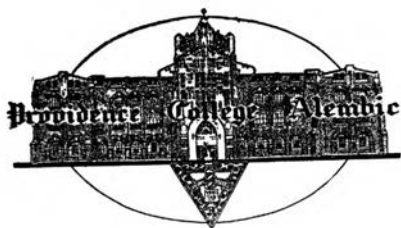
The owners of stores have long been specialists; even the department store owners. They do not specialize, in true sense of the word but through their advertisements they do convey the information that they carry only the best of this and that, trying to impress the buyer into believing that while they deal in everything from asthma remedies to xylophones, in reality they are honest-to-goodness specialists. The proprietor of the smaller store specializing in a certain line of merchandise is an entirely different proposition. Maybe he runs a select haberdashery shop. You look in his show-window and you see a cane—one lone, individual walking stick. Probably you wish to buy a pair of robin's-egg-blue suspenders. You enter and inquire as to the location of the suspender department. The clerk presents you with a frigid glare, and politely informs you that they do not sell suspenders, and that you had better try a hardware store, three blocks down on the right. When you persist that this is a haberdashery shop and that they ought to sell suspenders, the clerk condescends to say that they deal exclusively in gloves, hats, and sticks. And then you know it is one of those specialty shops, and that the solitary cane, rampant on a field of purple velvet, was merely a foil.

Highly specialized as are the other professions, they are left far in the background by the medical profession. If your liver seems to be misbehaving, you go to a physician, and he gives you a thorough examination. Then he confirms your opinion that your liver is out of gear and he recommends that you visit Dr. Woofle, the noted liver specialist. You visit Dr. Woofle, he thumps your chest with a rubber

hammer, pokes his forefinger into your ribs, and says that undoubtedly you have a torpid liver, adding that your heart is affected. He states that he can cure your liver but that you will have to go to Dr. Cardiac for your heart trouble. In the meantime he cures your liver and sends you the bill, and upon receiving the bill you fully realize that your heart is affected beyond repair. If you have tonsilitis you must go to a throat specialist; if you have dyspepsia it behooves you to visit a stomach specialist, and if you have fallen arches you must take the matter up with a bridge builder. It all depends upon the ailment.

Thus have we progressed; progressed from the days when the village blacksmith used to fix watches as a side-line; when the artist would paint a portrait of Grandfather, whiskers and everything, or sketch a woodland scene; and when the family doctor could cure everything, from bunions to mumps; and when the general store carried everything, from all-spice to wheelbarrows. But as the well-known cartoonist has so aptly said, "those days are gone forever." We are a nation of specialists.

*James H. Lynch, '25*



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Francis Lucien Dwyer, *Editor*

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**SENIORS**

This month belongs to the Seniors, and rightly so. This month will see the culmination of their four years of scholastic endeavor; four of the best years in the life of any man, filled with the fondest memories he may ever hope to cherish. Four years ago the members of the pioneer class of Providence College dedicated themselves to the pursuit of higher education. It has been said that they sacrificed much that Providence College might take its rightful place among the colleges of the country. Yes, they made sacrifices, and even though they were minor ones they have been repaid a thousand fold.



## ALEMBIC STAFF

Standing: Earle Powell, Latchen Olivier, Paul Redmond, James Corrigan, James Lynch, Justin McCarthy, T. Henry Barry, Francis Foley; Sitting: J. P. Fogarty, Frank J. McCabe (Adv. Mgr.), James L. Dwyer (Editor), James F. Keeler (Adv. Mgr.), Charles J. Ashworth, Walter Keiley, Robert E. Curran.

They leave Providence College the possessors of an education built on a system, the value and soundness of which is attested by centuries of past accomplishments and with which many of the present day systems of education would suffer by comparison. They leave this institution possessed of the highest ideals that make for good christian living and good christian citizenship. Much may be expected of them.

To the Pioneer Class of Providence College, then, on this the first Commencement Day, we wish the best of good fortune in their chosen walks of life. May they never be the cause of the slightest shame or sorrow to our Alma Mater.

### ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

One of the first official acts of the first graduates of the college should be the formation of an Alumni Association. A loyal Alumni body is one of the greatest factors on the development and expansion of a college. And we need development and expansion.

Just as they set the example for the undergraduates, so the duty automatically evolves upon the Class of '23 to set the example for the following Alumni. If they build well the foundations, an effective and well functioning Alumni Association is sure to be a reality in the near future. The aid it could render the college would be immeasurable.

Shortly the College will close for the summer vacation. It is an accepted fact that the student body has a duty to its Alma Mater. There should be no laxity in the exercise of this duty during the summer months.

Every single student, no matter where he may be or in what company, should be shouting at the top of his lungs for Providence College. Every chance to boost the college should be used.

This summer you will probably come in constant contact with many youngsters just graduated from a preparatory school. They will be anxious to know about the college you attend. Perhaps the decision of one of these youngsters would rest upon what you had to say about your college. Get busy and boost for Providence.

Francis L. Dwyer, '24

## A BIT OF THE SEA IN WINTER

**E**VER since language has been woven into beautiful patterns by the poets, the sea—blue, black, green, sapphire, purple, silver—in whatever hue it may be painted, has been a favored topic. With all its glories, it has a certain indefinable call and those who are unable to resist, flock to its shores in the warmer months. But how few of those warm, sea-fanned summer folk know the power hidden in that calm, ever-rolling water! I chanced to see a bit of our New England ocean in action and my impressions were marked.

The old landmarks were the same as on a sultry summer's day but nothing else would intimate that this wind-swept place existed in warmer weather. The sky was clouded. It was a chilling aspect in itself. Not the cloudy weather preceding a thunder shower, when a breath of wind is welcome, but a frigid, drab, distant sky, broken at intervals by a shapeless, sickly sun far out over the water. That sun was pathetic. It was so generous, so willing to serve, but yet so far away and helpless. In the southland it may have been supreme among the elements, but here it was defeated, cast out, conquered by a seeping cold.

Then there was the water, green water, mighty waves piling into moving mountains and bursting into tiny fragments. In a sunset of August the water is golden, under a mellow moon it marks a silver way. Into a cloudless summer sky, it blinks and twinkles for sapphire miles, and in a threatening storm it growls at the eaden dome and turns deep, malignant purple. This day, however, it was green, translucent, turbulent, whipped by an offshore gale. Each wave, as it crashed after its moment of pride, threw out a spray—winged by the wind—which dashed in advance to the shore. Under a torrid sun, how invigorating would that spray have been, but now it quelled, castered its recipients, making them weak and subject, as are clothes when they are sprinkled before being ironed. I longed for relief in any form, as those wilting clothes, writhing in a heap on the table, seem to long for the flat, no matter how hot it may be.

No massive cakes of ice were tossed upon the beach, then, but the natives said such was not unknown. The sand was crisp, unbroken

by tracks, uncolored by gaudy bathing clothes. The few cottages seemed huddled together, nearer to each other than ever—perhaps because of the intense cold—perhaps because familiar mind pictures become exaggerated in absence.

An old man was coming up the beach, a fisherman or farmer.

"How d'do", he responded to my greeting, and then, recognizing me, he said, "Oh! How are ya? Didn't know ya in that rig."

"No", I remarked, "an overcoat changes things, but I didn't dare come down in a bathing suit."

"Wal", he speculated, thrusting his hands more deeply into his pockets and continuing on his way, "Yeou'd step light, if yeou was in one!"

He went on smiling, to be sure, but continually fighting to prevent the cold from beating him. He would see the same tomorrow. I would be at home. He envied me and I, him, for that very reason, but his envy was in vain.

Give me the sea in the summer,

Show it to me in the winter.

*Edward J. Nagle, '26.*

## BLUE-ITIS

**I**T'S the rage now. No, not King Tut's hand-painted sandals—Blue-itis. Formerly it was the hen-pecked husband that was pitied, now it's the man whose wife has the blue bug. "A man may be down, but not out; when that bug bites you, you're down—and out." Once upon a time to gain notoriety you obtained a divorce, now you invent a new blue law. That's a fact—the country has blue-itis.

We have blue smoke laws, tobacco laws, blue dance laws, blue music laws, telling what we shall and shall not do. Not only have we six week days blue, but also a blue Sunday. We have thriftless, shiftless, meatless, heatless and three other-less days. Finally, what is it we have not. Go where you will, to the North, East, South or West, still that voice will ring in your ear—"you can't do this, and you can't do that; you mustn't do this and you mustn't do that." What can you do, but that you mustn't do? Nothing!

I will pass over the joys and happiness, you could have, if only—nor will I mention the bliss you would have, if only—will not recall to your mind, untold pleasures of yore, you could now enjoy, if only—you didn't have Blue-itis.

The reformer makes the laws, you take them and that ends it as far as you are concerned, but try and break them—just try.

When you are bitten by a bee, you put a lotion on the affected part to heal it; but when you are bitten by a blue law, you've got to stay bitten, that's all. "The Bull" used to be the father of a heifer, now he is the father of a nation.

The Blue Laws will get you, if you don't watch out. Better put a meter on your mind, or they will be taking the intellect next. Watch your brakes, dangerous curve but a few months ahead.

*Edward Holohan, '26.*



## COLONIAL DAYS



THE HOME of Colonel Henry Sanderson, a stately old mansion with great white columns of colonial style, surrounded by a cluster of poplar and oak trees, presenting the appearance of a real home of generous hospitality.

Colonel Sanderson was seated in his large arm chair on the broad stone veranda. He was reading the morning issue of the newspaper, with an occasional sip of his cherished mint julep, which Uncle Tom Cotton, the faithful old negro house servant had prepared for him, and the Colonel would bet that there was no one living who could beat Uncle Tom in making mint juleps. Throwing the papers aside the Colonel strolled over to the barns as each day it was his custom to visit Kentuc, his favorite race horse. Kentuc, a young thoroughbred colt, had been raised by the Colonel with the aid of Sambo the negro yard boy. As the Colonel turned the corner of the stable Kentuc greeted him with a little whinny. Sambo was exercising him on the little circular track in front of the stable. After caressing and patting Kentuc, the Colonel turned to Sambo and said: "Well, Sam the colt looks fine and next week the track will be completed and you must put him through his paces and then we will have a little race between him and Roseclaire." "Yes sah Boss, I sho' will be pow'ful glad to ride this heah hoss, fo' he will run faster'n a bullet." "Then Sam it is up to you to keep him in shape, and from now on give him a good rub down and don't bind his legs for a week." "Yes sah Boss, yes sah."

As the Colonel returned to the house by the path through the rose garden, he met his daughter Rebecca, a demure young lady of slender build with jet black hair and light blue eyes; decidedly a charming Southern Belle. She came tripping up to him, saying: "Good morning Daddy dear." "Why daughter where have you been all morning." She began to relate her early morning ride over the hills and vales; as it was one of her great delights to take these early morning rides, on horse back. She would choose some quiet lane, that she could listen to the songs of the birds without the least interruption, except occasionally when her horse would give a frightened snort as a squirrel or a rabbit dashed across the road in front of him. She was an ardent sportswoman and she adapted herself to most of the sports as her life was one continual life of pleasure.

When they reached the veranda the Colonel sank into his chair, telling Rebecca to have Uncle Tom prepare him another mint julep, and at the same instant the massive doorway was filled with the rotund figure of Aunt Martha, the black Mammy, the only mother Rebecca had known, as her mother had died when she was only three years old. "Oh Miss Becky! chile I'se been looking fo' you all and here yo' is. I'se"—but her speech was interrupted by Rebecca covering her with her riding cape, hat, and last of all with her riding whip. She gave Aunt Martha a love tap, and skipped up the stairs to her room with Aunt Martha following, mumbling to herself.

The next few weeks passed quickly for the half-mile race track had been completed and under the supervision of the Colonel, Sam, with several of the young darkies were working the horses one or two at a time. The Colonel owned an excellent string of fine race horses, such as: Kentuc, Roseclaire, Black Servant, Youneed and Busy American. The most promising were Kentuc and Black Servant. Roseclaire, the four-year old filly, was of late losing ground to these three year-olds and especially to Kentuc, the sure shot for the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs, the following month.

The time was now drawing near for the Derby and the Colonel was very pleased with the showing made by the horses, especially Kentuc. Mr. Whitney, the financier from New York, who also owned a race horse, would be there the next day for a visit with him, and to attend the Derby. But the Colonel surmised that there was more than that that brought Mr. Whitney on a visit to him. Rebecca was a very beautiful maiden, and held the admiration of all the young men. The Colonel was justly proud of her and because of this visit the Colonel planned a little race for the following Saturday in honor of Mr. Whitney.

Mr. Whitney, accompanied by his valet, arrived on Wednesday, receiving a most hearty welcome from the Colonel. The Colonel was most enthusiastic when he presented Rebecca; for if she should marry Mr. Whitney, a man of wealth, he would never be without his mint juleps. The Colonel had only a few thousand dollars left and it was necessary to win the Derby or for Rebecca to marry a rich man. The following two days Mr. Whitney and Rebecca were together quite a biit and seemed to enjoy every moment of the time. He was very attentive to her, but Rebecca was of a light and gay disposition and was not very responsive to Mr. Whitney's attentions.

Saturday arrived and every member of the family were in high spirits. The Colonel was anxious for the race, as Kentuc was to show his speed today. The time having arrived there were assembled at the judges' stand Mr. Whitney, who was nervous and expectant, the Colonel, all smiles; together with Rebecca and Mr. Smith, the valet to Mr. Whitney, who pretended to be uninterested in the races. Rose-claire had won the first with Busy American and Youneed finishing second. And now they were about to have the most important race between Kentuc and Black Servant. Mounted on Kentuc was the famous little jockey Earl Pool. Sambo rode Black Servant. The Colonel gave instructions for speed as he had his stop watch to time them. After a little maneuvering of the jockeys the barrier was sprung and the fleet-footed pair of horses were off on their stride; at the quarter post Kentuc was leading by a full neck and down the whole stretch of the half-mile track it was neck and neck. Three quarters, and Kentuc was again leading by a nose and then they came around the curve into the home stretch and Sambo leaned forward as if he was whispering to Black Servant and she began to stretch her pace and went beneath the barrier a half-length in front of Kentuc.

The Colonel was down-cast over Kentuc's defeat but Rebecca was sure he would win the Derby. Mr. Whitney did not commit himself; he wanted the horse and would use this opportunity to buy him. While they were returning to the house he said: "Colonel Sanderson, Black Servant will win the Kentucky Derby if you enter her, and as Kentuc made such a showing I will pay you ten thousand for him. I would like to give him some more training and then enter him on an Eastern track." He smothered his wrath and replied: "I am sorry Mr. Whitney, but the colt belongs to Rebecca and it is her desire to have him race in the Derby; so as for buying him—that is impossible."

The next few days were spent in different sports around the plantation. One afternoon, Rebecca and Mr. Whitney were in the midst of a fine game of tennis; suddenly Rebecca heard the familiar call "Bob-o-Link" and she hastened to the house in great excitement, leaving Mr. Whitney in bewilderment on the tennis court. She took the short cut through the sunken flower garden. Jack Travis, an old playmate and ardent lover, had just returned from Annapolis as a graduate with the rank of Ensign, was waiting. Taking her in his arms he gently kissed her rosy cheek. "Oh, Jack, what a surprise, and your uniform, you certainly look sweet and grand; why you wrote and told me you

would not finish until another month." "I wanted to surprise you and that is why I told you that in my letter." "I am happy now and you are just in time to see Kentuc win the Derby. Wont the girls envy me when they see me with an Officer of the Navy and that one Jack Travis."

At that moment they were interrupted by Sambo, who came running up all out of breath, but he managed to say: "Miss Becky, I've just seen some queer things around here and I sho' don't like ut a bit; Muster Smith was foolin' 'round Kentuc too much today and I just now followed him in the woods yonder and he is talking to two beggus; and I sho' don't lik' his presunce at all. Well, if it aint Massah Jack, I sho' didn't recollect yo' in all dis finery and yo' sh' look pow-ful good." "Well, Sam don't worry about Mr. Smith, for he is all right; but keep your eye on Kentuc, and after a while Jack and I will come out to see him for Jack is anxious to meet him."

The couple proceeded into the house where the Colonel gave Jack a hearty welcome and then introduced him to Mr. Whitney and then they talked and listened to Jack's experiences at Annapolis and heard his plans for his future life as a naval officer. As it was now late in the afternoon, Jack excused himself from the company, as it was necessary that he return to his home. As he said goodbye to Rebecca, she had him promise that he would accompany them to the city the next day and then attend the Derby on Saturday. He consented and hastened home that he might return that evening.

After supper the Colonel, Mr. Whitney and Rebecca assembled on the veranda for a social chat and especially to talk over the coming event, as the next evening they would be at Louisville in their suite of rooms at the Sealbach Hotel, and the following day, Saturday afternoon, the Derby. This evening Mr. Whitney was very nervous, while the Colonel was taking life easy. He was not a man that easily revealed his inner feelings. Mr. Whitney was hoping that the Colonel would soon retire that he and Rebecca might take a walk around the garden in the beautiful moonlight.

There was a low whistle of "Bob-o-Link" and a moment later Jack appeared through the hedge around the spacious lawn. "Good evening all of you. I took the old familiar short cut across the lawn." Rebecca ran out to meet him and they strolled toward the garden, leaving the Colonel talking with Mr. Whitney, who was listening, but unaware of what the Colonel was saying. A little later the two men went

to their rooms; but Mr. Whitney did not retire as he had an important engagement in the adjoining room, and about eleven o'clock he heard the Colonel snoring and hoping that the road was clear he hastened out of the house and sneaked around the side, on the opposite side from the garden, and reaching the shadows of the trees he made rapid strides to the woods down on the creek. There he held a hurried conversation with his valet and his two accomplices, and laid plans for the stealing of Kentuc, then returned by the same way to his room and retired.

About this time Jack and Rebecca came strolling up the path with arms locked and gaily chatting over their childhood days and the memories dear to both of them. Then Jack kissed Rebecca good night and started home. Rebecca went to her room and retired; she was lying in her bed dreaming beautiful dreams of the future and watching the moon as it danced through the clouds. She was startled by a cry for help and rushing to the window she beheld a red glare and knew that there must be a fire in the rear of the servants' quarters. She screamed and seized a wrap as she rushed into the hall and met her Father and Mr. Whitney. All of them hastened out to the rear and found Kentuc's stable ablaze, and all the young negroes in a bucket brigade with the fire partially under control. Every member of the household were frantic when they heard that Kentuc was missing and no one knew where he was. They could not find Sambo either. They began a search and presently they saw Sambo coming down the lane leading Kentuc; and Sambo stuttering, tried to answer the Colonel's rapid questions. Early in the afternoon after Sambo had told Miss Rebecca and Massah Jack about the Hobos he had gone to Kentuc's stable, and taking him out, had put Mabel, a saddle horse, in his place, covering her with Kentuc's blanket, so that if anyone tried to steal Kentuc they would get Mabel, and when it became dark he and Kentuc took a walk through the pasture, returning after the fire.

After all this excitement everyone returned to their rooms but there was little sleep that night and the next morning they were up early for their journey to the city. Sambo started early, accompanied by another young negro by the name of Henry, and they took turns in leading Kentuc. Jack arrived in his car about nine o'clock and Rebecca took the front seat with Jack, while seated in the rear was the Colonel, Mr. Whitney and his valet. The trip to the city was uneventful but very enjoyable, as the day was beautiful and the balmy breezes of that spring morning were very invigorating. Most of the afternoon was

spent at Churchill Downs, seeing that Kentuc was in comfortable quarters, and every precaution taken for his safety, while Mr. Whitney looked after his horse, Enchantment. At four o'clock the y returned to the Hotel to prepare for dinner and the theatre.

Derby Day dawned partly cloudy and dull, but before noon a friendly sun blazed from the sky with such intensity that the perspiring spectators sought relief under the shade of the verandas. As soon as the gates were opened at eight o'clock a sizable string of racing fans filed through the turnstiles. By ten o'clock the entering crowd began to thicken and before noon every seat in the huge grandstand was filled. Never before in the history of the Derby has such an enormous crowd packed Churchill Downs. It was a crowd of power, wealth and beauty—beautiful women in holiday gowns making the Club House and lawn in front of the grandstand a symphony of color.

The Colonel and his party, assembled in their box seat on the veranda of the club house at the beginning of the first race. Uncle Tom Cotton was present as aide to the Colonel, who was very nervous and excited as he had bet all his savings on Kentuc. When the time arrived for the running of the Derby, the Colonel remained in the box with Mr. Whitney, while Jack and Rebecca went to the paddock presumably to give final instructions to the jockey and to see Kentuc and pet him once more before the event of his life.

As prearranged Rebecca appeared and weighed in with the jockeys; she wore a silk suit of black and white, with a turban of like color, to conceal her hair. This unusual head dress for a jockey created considerable attraction but not suspicion. The field went to the post at four-forty-seven o'clock and after a little delay the barrier sprung and a hysterical cheer rose from the crowd as the horses plunged into a stride. Mr. Whitney's Enchantment momentarily snatched the lead, as the field started its dash past the Grandstand, but little Rebecca quickly jerked Kentuc into the commanding position, sending him to the front with all the speed for which he was famous.

Rebecca, laying her head close to Kentuc's steaming neck, kept her horse hugging the rail as he swept past the grandstand, two lengths in the lead with Zev trailing and Enchantment fighting back in third place. With a lead of two lengths to her credit, Rebecca piloted Kentuc around the back stretch and straightened out for the wire. Running like mad horses, Kentuc and Zev shot under the wire, a length and a half separating them.

The crowd became hysterical, lifting the winner's name in a mighty shout and surging around the Judges' stand to get a close-up glimpse of Kentuc and his pretty little brunette rider, the prettiest jockey that ever rode a horse. The Governor shook hands with her and offered his congratulations. The Colonel smiled as he said: "That was a wonderful ride my girl and I'll give you anything you ask." Rebecca looked down into Jack's expectant eyes and said: "Thank you Dad."

*John Mulvin, '25*

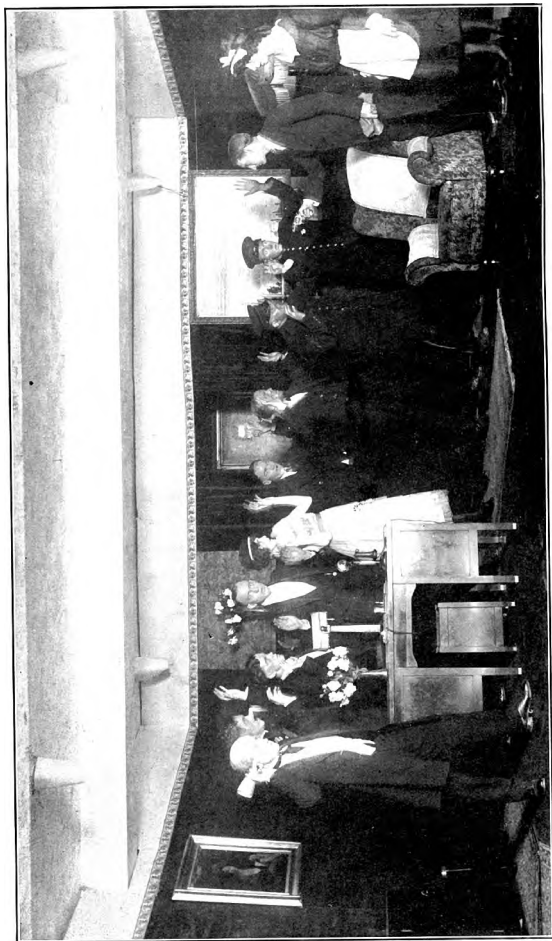


## EXCHANGES

Providence College Alumni acknowledges with gratitude the receipt of the following publications:

- Alvernia*, The, St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa.  
*Anselmian*, The, St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.  
*Ateneo*, The, Ateneo de Manila, Philippine Islands.  
*Beacon*, The, R. I. State College, Kingston, R. I.  
*Brown Alumni Monthly*, Brown University, Providence, R. I.  
*Brown Jug*, The, Brown University, Providence, R. I.  
*Boston College Stylus*, Boston College, Boston, Mass.  
*Canisius Monthly*, Canisius College, New York, N. Y.  
*Chimes*, The, Cathedral College, New York, N. Y.  
*Business Spirit*, English High School, Providence, R. I.  
*College Days*, St. Benedict's College, St. Joseph, Minn.  
*Fordham Monthly*, The, Fordham University, Fordham, N. Y.  
*Gleanor*, The, Pawtucket High School, Pawtucket, R. I.  
*Holy Cross Purple*, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.  
*Labarum*, The, Mt. St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, Iowa.  
*Loyola*, The, Loyola High School, Baltimore, Md.  
*Micrometer*, The, Ohio Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
*Pioneer*, The, Isidore Newman Manual Training School,  
New Orleans, La.  
*Prairie Bells*, St. Mary's College, Richardton, N. D.  
*Purple and Gold*, St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt.  
*Regis Monthly*, Regis High School, New York, N. Y.  
*St. John's Record*, St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.  
*St. Joseph's Chronicle*, St. Joseph College, Philadelphia, Pa.  
*Tech*, The, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.  
*Maroon and White*, La Salle Academy, Providence, R. I.  
*Timepiece*, The, Tufts Medical College, Boston, Mass.  
*Viatorian*, The, St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill.  
*Xavier*, The, St. Francis Xavier, New York, N. Y.  
*Yale Literary Review*, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.  
*Vers l' Ideal*, Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.  
*DePaul Minerval*, DePaul University, Chicago, Illinois.  
*Red and Blue*, St. Joseph's High School, Manchester, N. H.





CAST OF "WHAT'S WHAT"

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

### *Knights of Columbus Scholarship*

At the state convention of the Knights of Columbus, held recently in Providence, it was voted to establish another scholarship at Providence College. This makes four scholarships that the Knights have already given in the institution. They are awarded every year to those young men who show the best standing in the examinations held before the opening of the school year.

On May 9, Col. Williams of the United States Army gave an inspiring lecture to the entire student body on the campus. His remarks were worthy of much thought, and they were heard with deep enthusiasm and interest by all. After the speech, a lusty cheer was given Col. Williams by the students.

The annual May Party was held in the College on May 25 under the supervision of the Junior Class.

The entire ground floor of Harkins Hall was devoted to card playing and dancing. The decorations were exceedingly attractive, the rotunda and mezzanine floor being arranged in a pleasing manner with palms and potted plants. Gymnasium Hall, where dancing was enjoyed, presented a delightful aspect. Here, also, palms and cut flowers were an important feature of the decorations. The college orchestra, secluded behind a bank of foliage gracefully arranged with the black and white banners of the different classes, rendered selections that merited much applause. It was undoubtedly the most successful May Party held in the history of the college. The Juniors turned the proceeds over to the fund for the Senior Gate.

The Providence College Knights of Columbus Club recently held their last meeting of the year in their rooms at the college. Elections of officers for next year took place. The following members were chosen: President, John Smith, '24, and Vice President, Robert Walsh, '25. It will be of interest to note the success that the Knights of Columbus has had and what a great asset it has been to the college. Among the many noteworthy things done this year are the establishment of an employment agency for the benefit of the students, and the awarding of an annual prize to the Alembic for a literary contest, stand out most clearly. We hope that the club will continue along its successful lines.

The father of Albert Callahan, of the class of '24, died suddenly on May 10, and the members of the faculty and entire student body take this opportunity of expressing to Mr. Callahan, their sincere sympathy.

On May 17 the Junior Class had a solemn high mass sung in the chapel for the repose of the soul of Mr. Callahan, at which the class as a body was in attendance. A delegation also represented the Junior Class at the funeral.

Condolences are also extended to Fr. P. L. Thornton, O. P., of the faculty, on the death of his mother recently at Columbus, Ohio. Fr. R. J. Meaney, O. P., treasurer of the college, represented the faculty of the Providence College at he funeral.

On Thursday, June 7, the members of the Junior Class held their outing. A yacht conveyed them on a pleasant sail down the bay to The Hummocks. There the students enjoyed the various features of an elaborate program arranged by the committee in charge, after which a banquet was served. An extended sail to Prudence Island was enjoyed before the party returned to Providence. Several members of the faculty were present as guests of the Junior Class. It was indeed a very successful and fitting way to terminate the scholastic year.

Thursday, May 24, was observed as the first Cap and Gown Day in the history of the Providence College. Rev. John A. Jordan, O. P., celebrated mass in the chapel before the student body. After the service, Rev. D. M. Galliher, O. P., invested the members of their different degrees. A stirring address was delivered by the Dean, who congratulated the seniors as being the first to graduate from the institution, and exhorted them to always uphold those ideals which have been so zealously instilled into them by the faculty during their four years at Providence College.

In the afternoon, the Seniors planted trees on the south campus. Addis O'Rielly, president of the class, delivered the customary address.

The annual Freshman-Sophomore Debate was held on Monday, May 28, in Gymnasium Hall, before a large and appreciative audience. The judges of the debate, comprising members of the faculty, had much difficulty in deciding the victors, but awarded the honors to the Sophomore Class. The speakers

representing the Freshman Class were: Francis Reynolds, John McGrath and William Nagle; while Robert Curran, Francis Foley and Charles Saddler upheld the Sophomore Class.

The festivities of Commencement  
*Commencement Week* Week will start on Sunday, June 10 and continue throughout the week. The program arranged by the committee follows:

*Sunday, June 10*

10:30 A. M.—Baccalaureate Mass and Sermon  
Rt. Rev. Mons. Peter E. Blessing, D. D.  
President William D. Noon, O. P.

*Monday, June 11*

2:30 P. M.—Field Day Exercises  
8:30 P. M.—Junior-Senior Reception

*Tuesday, June 12*

2:30 P. M.—Class Day Exercises  
8:00 P. M.—Presentation of the comic opera:  
"Captain Crossbones' Daughter"

*Wednesday, June 13*

3:00 P. M.—Freshman-Sophomore Baseball Game  
8:30 P. M.—Senior Reception to the Undergraduates

*Thursday—Commencement Day*

10:00 A. M.—Conferring of Degrees  
President William D. Noon, O. P.  
Addresses  
3:00 P. M.—Providence-Dartmouth Baseball Game  
9:00 P. M.—Commencement Ball

### Just A-Thinkin'



HE AIR is sorta fresh an' full o' balm,  
While yore settin' there a-thinkin';  
The water's flowing black an' deep an' calm;  
Why surely dodgin' work in June's no harm,  
You keep sleepily a-thinkin'.  
The lily-pads are gleamin' green an' round,  
While yore settin' there a-thinkin';  
The trees are hardly makin' any sound;  
What better time than June-time kin be found,  
When yore settin' somewhere thinkin'.  
Back there in the brush, a cat bird's callin',  
While yore settin' there a-thinkin';  
Overhead a fish hawk starts to squallin',  
An' the World's no longer awf'ly pallin';  
While yore settin' there a-thinkin'.  
The summer sky's so high an' wided an' blue,  
While yore settin' there a-thinkin';  
An' Life seems just so good an' right an' true,  
With meanesses an' sech?like mighty few;  
That it keeps you kinda blinkin'.  
You hear a whip-poor-will trill to his mate,  
As the sun is slowly sinkin';  
An' then you known it's gettin' kinda late;  
But gosh! you can't help sayin' June-time's great,  
As yore settin' there a-thinkin'.

*James H. Lynch, '25*



## THE BASEBALL TEAM

(1st Row) McCaffrey, Feid, Father Neon, Holland (Capt.), Connolly (Coach), Triggs, Brickley,  
 (2nd Row) Reynolds, Smith, Grogan, Boucher, Cassidy, Halloran, Conditine, McGee,  
 (Back Row) Simpson, Ford, Beck, Graham, Ryan.

## ATHLETICS

**T**HE BASEBALL season got away to a flying start on April 7. Our boys seem to be shy of wings however.

In a game that was not decided until the final inning we lost to Yale by the score of 5 to 4. It certainly augured well for the remainder of the season. Outbatted and outplayed, the Elis managed to finish on the long end of the score. Triggs started the game, but he was off form and lasted one inning. McCaffrey relieved him and allowed only seven hits. In all the boys got 8 hits to Yale's 6. The individual star of the game was McGee, who accepted seven chances without a slip, batted out two hits and scored a brace of runs.

The lineup and score:

### YALE 5—PROVIDENCE 4

YALE						PROVIDENCE					
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
D. Sibour, l.....	4	1	1	0	0	Simpson, r.....	2	0	1	0	0
O'Hearn, 1b.....	3	0	13	0	0	Slattery, m.....	4	0	0	0	1
Oed, m.....	2	1	1	0	0	Creagon, s.....	4	0	2	1	0
Kelly, 2.....	4	0	2	2	1	Feld, 1b.....	4	1	8	0	0
Mallory c.....	3	1	6	0	0	Brickley, l.....	4	0	2	0	0
Hickey, r.....	4	1	2	0	0	McGee, 3.....	4	2	2	5	0
Cosgrove, s.....	2	0	1	5	0	Holland, 2.....	3	1	5	3	0
Hawkes, 3.....	4	0	0	5	0	Halloran, c.....	5	2	4	1	0
Pond, p.....	4	0	0	5	0	Triggs, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	McCaffrey, p.....	2	1	0	1	0
Total.....	22	3	13	13	3	Boucher.....	1	1	0	0	0
						Graham, r.....	0	0	0	0	0
						Ford, m.....	0	0	0	0	0
							—	—	—	—	—
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	Total.....	27	8	24	11	0
YALE.....	3	1	0	0	0		7	8		8	9
PROVIDENCE.....	0	0	0	1	0		1	0	0	x—5	
							2	0	1	0—4	

### PROVIDENCE 18—CLARK 1

The season opened on Hendriken Field with a bang. Every player on the team had a great day. McGee was there with four hits

out of five trips to the plate. Smith and Triggs were in fine form, the former allowing three hits in four innings. He retired in the fourth inning after 13 opposing batsmen had faced him.

The score and lineup:

PROVIDENCE						CLARK					
	ab	1b	po	a	e						
Simpson, m.....	3	1	0	1	0	Fowler, 2.....	4	1	2	3	0
Ford, m.....	1	1	0	0	0	Price, 1.....	4	1	7	2	1
Beck, r.....	6	3	2	0	0	Higgins, s,m.....	3	1	0	1	3
Creagan, s.....	5	1	2	4	0	Bucillo, s.....	3	2	1	2	1
Feid, 1.....	4	0	12	0	0	Tierney, 3.....	4	0	5	2	0
McGee, 3.....	5	4	0	3	2	Mason, 1.....	4	0	1	0	1
Brickley, 1.....	4	2	0	0	0	Foley, r.....	1	0	0	0	0
Graham, 1.....	1	1	0	0	0	Plumb, m.....	4	0	0	0	1
Holland, 2.....	4	3	0	1	0	Hayden, c.....	3	1	6	1	1
Halloran, c.....	4	1	11	1	0	Anderson, p.....	3	0	1	3	0
Smith, p.....	2	0	0	1	0	Arabian, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Triggs, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	Total.....	33	6	23	14	8
Boucher.....	1	1	0	0	0						
Total.....	42	18	27	11	3						
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
PROVIDENCE.....	0	10	1	0	0	4	1	2	x—18		
CLARK.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1		

### HOLY CROSS 9—PROVIDENCE 1

Before a crowd of 3,000 our boys went down before the strong Holy Cross team, 9 to 1. Feid and McGee were the stars for Providence. McCaffrey started the game, but yielded to Smith in the eighth inning.

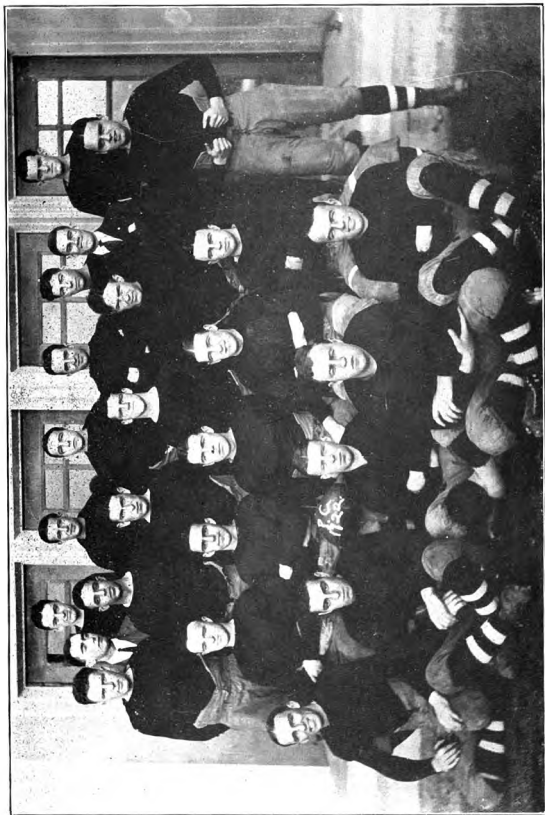
The score and lineup:

HOLY CROSS						PROVIDENCE					
	ab	1b	po	a	e						
Gautreau, 2.....	5	1	4	0	0	Simpson, m.....	3	0	0	0	0
Walsh, 3.....	3	3	0	0	0	Beck, r.....	4	0	0	0	0
Cote, s.....	5	0	3	4	0	Creagan, s.....	2	0	2	2	1
Dugan, r.....	5	2	1	0	0	Feid, 1.....	3	0	11	1	0
Simendinger, m....	3	2	3	0	0	McGee, 3.....	3	0	4	4	0
Doherty, 1.....	3	1	4	0	0	Brickley, 1.....	4	0	2	0	0
Riopl, 1.....	4	4	1	0	0	Holland, 2.....	2	1	3	4	0
Ryan, c.....	4	1	0	0	0	Halloran, c.....	3	0	2	1	1
Carroll, p.....	5	2	1	4	1	McCaffrey, p.....	2	0	1	4	0
						Smith, p.....	1	0	1	4	0
						Ford, m.....	0	0	1	0	0
Total.....	37	16	17	8	1	Total.....	27	1	27	16	4
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
HOLY CROSS.....	0	1	0	0	0	1	2	0	5—9		
PROVIDENCE.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1		

### PROVIDENCE 7—LOWELL TECH 3

Our team came through with a victory over the team that held





## THE FOOTBALL SQUAD

(1st Row) Gilmartin, Capona, Dalton, Reall, Nolan; (2nd Row) Brickley, Beck, McGee (Capt.), Connor, Slattery; (3rd Row) Alford, McCarthy, (Asst. Mgr.), Tarpy, Creagan, Joyce, Crawford, O'Gara (Mgr.), Landrigan; (4th Row) F. McGee, Pelouquin, Smith, Grimes, Jamgotian, B. Ryan.

Holy Cross to a tie. Triggs was the star of the game. He turned in a good day on the mound, fanning nine batsmen. In the eighth inning he smashed out a triple and won the game. Beck also had a big day at bat.

The score and lineup:

PROVIDENCE						LOWELL TECH					
	ab	1b	po	a	e						
Simpson, m.....	4	2	0	0	0	Reynolds, s.....	3	1	1	4	0
Beck, r.....	5	3	0	0	0	Scanlon, 2.....	4	0	4	2	2
Creagan, s.....	5	1	3	2	0	Olson, c.....	4	2	5	2	1
Feid, 1b.....	5	0	7	0	0	Sullivan, r.....	4	0	0	0	0
McGee, 3.....	3	1	0	3	1	Valentine, l.....	4	0	3	1	1
Brickley, 1.....	3	2	2	1	0	Macher, 3.....	3	0	0	2	0
Holland, 2.....	3	1	6	2	0	McCoy, m.....	2	0	0	1	0
Halloran, c.....	4	1	8	3	0	Joy, l.....	2	1	10	0	1
Triggs, p.....	4	3	1	1	0	Forwell, p.....	1	0	1	1	0
						Blanchard, p.....	2	0	0	1	0
Total.....	36	14	27	12	1	Total.....	29	4	24	14	5
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
PROVIDENCE .....	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	4	x—7		
LOWELL TECH .....	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0—3		

### PROVIDENCE 7—COLBY 6

From a game marred by the elements, our team came out victorious over Colby. Simpson played a fine game in the field and at bat. The lads from Maine had a smooth working machine, but Connolly's men proved superior.

The score and lineup:

PROVIDENCE						COLBY					
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Simpson, m.....	2	1	6	1	0	Lanpher, c.....	5	0	6	0	0
Beck, r.....	4	0	0	0	0	Cutler, m.....	4	2	2	0	0
Creagan, s.....	5	1	1	1	2	McGowan, 1.....	5	3	9	1	1
Feid, 1.....	5	0	11	0	1	Shanahan, r.....	5	2	0	0	0
McGee, 3.....	4	1	2	4	1	Fransen, 2.....	5	3	2	2	0
Brickley, 1.....	4	2	1	0	0	Fransen, s.....	5	3	2	2	0
Holland, 2.....	3	2	2	1	0	Peabody, 2.....	5	1	3	1	1
Halloran, c.....	3	1	4	0	0	Royal, 1.....	1	0	0	0	0
McCaffrey, p.....	3	1	0	4	4	Callahan, 1.....	3	0	1	0	0
						Wilson, 3.....	1	0	0	1	1
Total.....	33	9	27	11	8	Radcliffe, 3.....	3	0	1	2	0
						Odom, p.....	3	0	0	4	2
						Total.....	40	11	24	11	5
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
PROVIDENCE .....	0	3	1	1	0	1	0	1	x—7		
COLBY .....	0	0	0	2	2	0	1	0	1—6		

## BOSTON COLLEGE 3—PROVIDENCE 0

The team lost a hard-fought game to Boston College at Boston. Triggs pitched very good ball but the breaks were against him. Holland nad Beck starred behind him. The student body arrived in Boston in large numbers, and judging from the crowd it should have been Providence's day.

The score and lineup:

BOSTON						PROVIDENCE					
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Foley, s.....	3	1	2	2	1	Simpson, m.....	4	0	2	0	0
McIntyre, 3.....	3	0	0	0	0	Beck, r.....	4	2	1	0	0
Wilson, l.....	4	0	0	0	0	Creagan, s.....	4	0	2	1	0
Darling, m.....	4	0	2	0	0	Feld, l.....	4	1	8	1	0
Comerford, r.....	4	2	1	0	0	McGee, 3.....	4	1	1	1	2
Phillips, l.....	4	1	1	1	0	Brickley, l.....	4	1	2	0	0
Whalen, l.....	3	1	9	1	1	Holland, 2.....	2	0	3	4	0
Sullivan, c.....	1	0	12	0	0	Halloran, c.....	3	0	5	0	0
Kelly, p.....	2	0	0	3	0..	Triggs, p.....	3	1	0	2	0
Total.....	28	5	27	7	2	Total.....	32	6	24	9	2
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
BOSTON .....	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	x—3		
PROVIDENCE .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0		

## PROVIDENCE 13—COAST GUARD 1

In a game that was ours at any time Ryan displayed his ability by striking out 14 hitters. McGee was shifted to second in this game, and Captain Holland went to third. The combination has been deemed satisfactory by the coach. Holland, however, did not receive a single chance, but he obtained four safe hits off the opposing pitcher.

The score and lineup:

PROVIDENCE						COAST GUARD					
	ab	1b	po	a	e						
Simpson, m.....	3	1	1	0	0	Raney, l.....	4	0	4	0	0
Beck, r.....	4	1	2	0	0	Byrd, m.....	4	1	3	0	0
Holland, 3.....	5	4	0	0	0	Olson, r.....	4	1	0	0	0
Halloran, c.....	4	2	10	0	0	Marron, s.....	4	1	1	6	1
Graham, c.....	1	0	5	0	1	Lanny, 3.....	4	0	0	0	1
McGee, 2.....	5	2	1	1	0	Murray, 2.....	4	0	1	3	0
Brickley, l.....	5	1	1	0	0	Baker, l.....	4	0	13	0	0
Creagan, s.....	5	0	2	1	1	McNeil, c.....	1	0	0	0	2
Feld, l.....	4	1	4	1	0	Forsythe, c.....	2	0	1	0	0
Ryan, p.....	4	1	1	1	0	Jordan, p.....	2	0	1	5	1
Total.....	40	13	21	4	2	Total.....	33	3	24	14	5
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
PROVIDENCE .....	6	1	2	0	1	0	3	0	x—13		
COAST GUARD .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1		

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## BROWN 4—PROVIDENCE 0

Before a crowd estimated at 5000 our team went down to defeat at the hands of Brown. Captain Holland at third and Halloran behind the plate, played superb ball. Triggs, with better support, might have held the score to two runs.

The score and lineup:

BROWN						PROVIDENCE					
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Trumbowe, m.....	4	0	2	0	0	Simpson, m.....	2	0	0	1	0
Higgins, r.....	4	2	1	0	0	Ford, m.....	0	0	0	0	0
Hoffman, l.....	4	2	1	0	0	Beck, r.....	4	0	1	1	1
Dugan, l.....	3	0	3	0	0	Holland, 3.....	3	0	3	2	0
Kneeland, c.....	3	1	12	20		Halloran, c.....	4	1	5	2	0
Murphy, s.....	3	1	1	1	0	McGee, 2.....	4	1	2	4	0
Mitchell, 3.....	4	0	0	0	0	Brickley, l.....	3	0	0	0	0
Ruckstall, 2.....	2	0	1	1	0	Creagan, s.....	3	0	3	1	1
Duggan, p.....	2	0	1	1	0	Feid, l.....	3	1	10	1	1
						Triggs, p.....	2	0	0	2	0
						Boucher.....	1	1	0	0	0
Total.....	29	7	27	5	0	Total.....	29	4	24	14	3
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
BROWN.....	0	1	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	4	
PROVIDENCE.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

## PROVIDENCE 6—LOWELL TECH 2

On May 8 the team journeyed to Lowell and administered a second defeat. McCaffrey pitched excellent ball, while Feid led the club at the bat.

The score and lineup:

PROVIDENCE						LOWELL TECH					
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Holland, 3.....	4	1	5	3	1	Reynolds, s.....	4	0	5	1	0
Ford, r.....	3	1	1	0	0	Olson, c.....	4	0	3	0	0
Beck, m.....	3	1	0	0	0	Sullivan, l.....	4	0	6	0	0
Halloran, c.....	3	1	6	0	0	Joy, m.....	3	1	1	0	0
Feid, l.....	5	2	11	1	0	Valetine, l.....	4	1	3	1	1
Condon, 2.....	3	1	1	3	0	McKay, r.....	1	0	1	0	1
Brickley, l.....	4	1	2	0	0	Brigham, 2.....	3	1	4	2	0
Creagan, s.....	2	1	1	4	0	Scanlon, 3.....	3	1	3	0	0
McCaffrey, p.....	3	0	0	1	0	Farwell, p.....	1	1	0	2	0
						Macher, r.....	3	0	1	0	0
						Blanchard, p.....	2	0	0	0	0
Total.....	30	9	27	12	1	Total.....	32	5	27	6	2
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
PROVIDENCE.....	1	0	0	0	2	0	3	0	0	6	
LOWELL TECH.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	2	

## PROVIDENCE 2—NORWICH 0

In a fast and snappy contest, featured by the pitching duel of the two opposing pitchers, Providence came out triumphant. Smith, in the box for Providence, easily shaded his opponent. McGee was the star of the game. He accepted eleven chances without a miss and drove in the winning runs.

The score and lineup:

PROVIDENCE											
	ab	1b	po	a	e						
Holland, 3.....	3	1	1	1	0	Rosenthal, m.....	4	0	1	0	0
Ford, m.....	4	0	0	0	0	Mulkeen, 3.....	4	0	4	0	0
Beck, r.....	4	0	0	0	0	S. Clarke, 1.....	3	1	1	0	0
Halloran, c.....	3	1	3	1	0	Hope, s.....	3	0	2	1	0
Feld, 1.....	3	2	18	1	0	F. Clarke, 2.....	3	0	0	3	1
McGee, 2.....	3	1	3	8	0	Bradley, 1.....	3	0	10	0	0
Brickley, 1.....	3	0	0	0	1	Powers, r.....	3	0	0	0	0
Creagan, s.....	3	0	2	2	0	Gerrish, c.....	3	1	6	2	0
Smith, p.....	3	0	0	3	0	Styles, p.....	2	0	0	4	0
						Logan .....	1	0	0	0	0
Total.....	31	5	25	16	1	Total.....	29	2	24	10	1
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
PROVIDENCE .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	x—2		

## PROVIDENCE 19—ST. JOHN'S 3

In a very slow and uninteresting game on Hendriken Field, St. John's of Brooklyn took a terrible lacing. It was a field day for the entire team, 17 hits being made.

The score and lineup:

PROVIDENCE						ST. JOHN'S					
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Holland, 3.....	5	3	1	2	0	Martaugh, 2.....	4	0	1	1	2
Slaterry, m.....	2	1	0	0	0	Herndez, 1.....	3	0	7	0	1
Ford, m.....	3	2	0	0	0	Murphy, s,p.....	3	1	1	1	0
Halloran, c.....	4	2	5	0	0	O'Connor, 3.....	3	1	2	1	0
Feld, 1.....	4	3	6	1	0	Beattie, m.....	1	0	0	0	0
McGee, 2.....	3	1	1	1	0	Alksans, 1.....	3	1	1	0	0
Condon, 2.....	1	0	1	0	0	Sivotil, r.....	3	1	1	0	0
Beck, r.....	5	0	1	0	1	Taylor, c.....	3	2	9	0	0
Simpson, 1.....	2	0	3	0	0	Brown, p,2.....	3	0	0	4	2
Brickley, 1.....	3	1	3	0	0						
Creagan, s.....	4	1	0	1	0						
Smith, p.....	5	3	0	2	0						
Graham .....	1	0	0	0	0						
Total.....	42	17	21	7	1	Total.....	26	6	21	7	5
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
PROVIDENCE .....	1	11	1	4	1	0	1	x	x—19		
ST. JOHN'S .....	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	x	x—3		

## FACULTY 9—SENIORS 7

Class Day saw the Seniors biting the dust at the expense of the Faculty. Without doubt the Seniors had the better team. At least that was the opinion of the fans, as expressed in the words: that prof. team ought to go to the boneyard. Father Fitzgerald appeared lost at the bat and we judged he was in need of a mashie. The catcher for the victors played a great game. He also did some fine coaching on the bases, but we venture the suggestion that a bread basket would have served as a better backstop. The shorstop seemed to be in potency for a great part of the game. But he came through actually and made a clean hit. The pitcher for the old timers played good and yet not so good. Senility will affect us, don't you know!

The expectation of the undergraduates were not realized, however, when Dr. O'Neil announced that he was not in condition to take them at the hot corner. Also, Fr. Thornton caused dissatisfaction when he failed to qualify for the basckstop position. Brother Francis started the game but his suit mustn't have fit him well. That was the only reasonable excuse the coach could give. The centerfielder was there with the goods—without a suit though. We take it he was suited, all the same. Nothing puny (punny) about this!

For the Seniors McCaffrey twirled great ball. Dr. Noon who batted as a pinch hitter for "Exercise", according to the umpire, secured the only deserved hit of the game. In left field for the graduates was Furlong. He gave a wonderful exhibition of fielding. But he wasn't for long. Every man in the class played, even Dominico on second base.

The score and lineup:

FACULTY						SENIORS					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
Physics, c.....	5	1	0	0	3	McVey, c.....	4	2	3	0	1
Chemistry, 2.....	4	0	0	0	2	Furlong, l.....	2	1	0	0	0
Latin, 1.....	4	2	6	0	1	L'angelo, 2.....	4	2	0	3	0
Philosophy, s.....	3	1	0	4	2	Burns, 3.....	4	1	0	0	0
1st Broom, 3.....	4	2	0	0	0	Kelly, s.....	4	2	0	3	0
Woonsocket, l.....	5	0	0	0	4	Sullivan, 1.....	1	1	0	0	0
Biology, p.....	4	1	0	0	0	Coffey, 1.....	3	2	0	0	0
History, m.....	3	1	0	0	0	McCaffrey, p.....	4	2	0	0	0
Math., r.....	2	1	0	1	0	Olivier, r.....	2	1	0	0	0
2nd Broom, r.....	1	1	0	0	0	Casey, m.....	1	0	2	0	0
Total.....	35	10	6	5	12	Total.....	29	12	5	6	1

## PROVIDENCE 0—GEORGETOWN 5

Five hits were all the strong Georgetown team could obtain off McCaffrey. Our team was somewhat off form, but at times clever fielding was displayed.

The score and lineup:

GEORGETOWN						PROVIDENCE					
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Murphy, l.....	1	0	2	0	0	Holland, 3.....	4	1	1	2	1
Flavin, 3.....	4	0	1	0	0	Simpson, m.....	3	1	0	1	0
Sheedy, 1.....	4	0	9	2	1	Halloran, c.....	4	0	11	0	2
Cunningham, c.....	4	0	6	0	0	Feid, 1.....	4	0	12	0	0
Sheridan, r.....	3	1	0	0	0	McGee, 2.....	4	1	1	4	1
Uram, 2.....	3	0	6	4	0	Beck, r.....	3	0	0	0	0
Malley, 2.....	3	0	6	4	0	Creagan, s.....	3	2	0	4	2
Mead, m.....	3	1	1	0	0	Brickley, l.....	3	1	2	1	0
Tabor, p.....	3	2	0	2	0	McCaffrey, p.....	3	1	0	3	0
						Graham .....	1	0	0	0	0
Total.....	28	5	27	12	2	Total.....	32	7	27	15	6
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
GEORGETOWN .....	1	0	0	1	2	0	1	0	0—5		

## PROVIDENCE 15—COOPER UNION 9

In a game featured by loose fielding and wild playing Cooper Union lost to our team. The game see-sawed up to the eighth, when Providence sewed it up with six runs. Beck and Slattery were the stars.

PROVIDENCE						COOPER UNION					
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Holland, 3.....	4	2	0	2	0	Moore, s.....	5	4	1	7	1
Simpson, l.....	4	2	2	0	0	Emme'h, 1.....	5	2	7	2	0
Halloran, c.....	2	1	5	1	0	Niele, c.....	5	2	2	2	1
Graham, c.....	3	1	7	0	1	Case, 3.....	5	3	5	0	3
Feid, 1.....	4	2	5	0	0	Prime, 2.....	4	1	6	0	1
McGee, 2.....	5	1	2	0	0	Carbonne, m.....	4	0	3	0	0
Beck, r.....	5	3	1	1	0	Riess, r.....	5	0	0	0	0
Creagan, s.....	5	1	0	2	1	Acebes, l.....	3	1	0	0	0
Slattery, m.....	3	3	2	0	0	Smith, p.....	4	0	0	1	0
Ford, m.....	3	1	2	0	0						
Smith, p.....	4	0	1	2	3						
Total.....	41	17	27	8	5	Total.....	40	13	24	12	6
Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
PROVIDENCE .....	3	0	1	1	1	0	4	6	x—15		
COOPER UNION .....	2	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	3—9		

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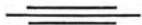
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