

# PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 4

DECEMBER, 1923

No. 3

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# Providence College Alembic

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VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1923

No. 3.

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### Christmas Love—Song



WITH myrrh and gold and frankincense  
The Wise Men kneel, because they know;  
But Mary dares to kiss her God,  
Because He smiles: I love you so.

Sweet Jesu! Neither gold nor myrrh  
Nor frankincense can I bestow;  
But I too take You to my lips  
Because I know You love me so.

*James F. Keleher, '24*



## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT

(With Apologies to E. P.)

But my song I troll out for Christmas stout  
The hearty, the true and the bold;  
A bumper I drain, and with might and main  
Give three cheers for this Christmas old!  
We'll usher him in with a merry din  
That shall gladden his joyous heart,  
And we'll keep him up, while there's bite or sup,  
And in fellowship good we'll part.

**I**SN'T POETRY a wonderful thing; haven't poets the prettiest way of expressing sentiments of so diversified a nature? Indeed, poetry has a manner all its own; but, in my humble opinion it has one fault; it is much longer than prose; it seems to be the language of those people who are in no hurry at all. Imagine how much time it would take, and what a wealth of imaginative and observant faculties would be required to describe what Sherman said in one word about war. Let us take a more concrete example, those verses quoted above; in prose the same idea could be translated thus: "Christmas! Santa Claus get on the job!"

Christmas brings song in the hearts of the poets—you must have noticed that the least thing will start these men a' singing—but I do not believe that it brings such merriment to Santa Claus, who during this time of high cost of living, has so many gifts to take care of.

Now, have you ever stopped to consider all the trouble that the poor modern Santa Claus has to go through, in order to maintain his old tradition of gift-making, the origin of which is lost in the fog of the most ancient times. For, just like that of meals, the custom of presents may be traced back to the remotest antiquity. Is it not true that anytime around the holidays, you hear the victims of this so diversely appreciated custom, exclaim: "Oh! if I only could get a hold of the inventor of this habit!"

Hush! blasphemers, do you not know that this very custom was inaugurated by the Creator Himself? What! you are ignorant of the

fact? Listen then to the origin of gift-making and profit by the lesson which it is intended to give. Let me state, here and now, that the first holiday gift was a trifle late, but some very vital and important reasons can account for the delay. So then, according to history, here is how the thing happened.

The First New Year's Day had been rather quiet on the earth, for man, not having been created yet, could not very well wish himself a merry and happy one. It was a few days later that he first opened his eyes to the light of the world. Man, then, began to live on the sixth day of January of the year one. As Christmas and New Year were already past, our first parent was a little late in hanging his stocking by the fireplace; besides I am inclined to believe that fireplaces were an almost exaggerated luxury in his present abode. However, the Creator, who at this epoch fulfilled the functions of Santa Claus, judged it proper to make a present to Adam; accordingly in His Goodness he presented our first father with a mechanical doll,—talking like you and me, thinking mechanically of course, and having a most natural and super-developed love of apples.

And this is how the custom of gifts originated . . . and woman also. But . . . I see your objection; you are wondering just why the Creator gave a doll to Adam, when He could just as well have given him a drum. I myself pondered for a long time upon this weighty problem, but after painstaking research work in all kinds of big books, I finally discovered the ultimate cause of this.

The Eternal Father gratified Adam with a doll rather than with a drum, because He wanted to rest on the following day which happened to be Sunday; and He naturally thought that a doll would make less noise than a drum. Alas! what a fatal error! From the moment that the Creator gave to his creature this first extravagant holiday greeting, in the hope of being able to enjoy a peaceful sleep, He no longer had a single moment of rest . . . neither did Adam, nor any of his descendants.

One more I repeat, such is the origin of gift-making created at the same time as woman, to render our existence on this earth more agreeable and more peaceful. You smile, for I know that certain profound observers pretend that woman has an entirely different influence; this is, I believe, even a widespread opinion; but my thoughts are too elevated to contradict it; however, as far as gifts are con-

cerned, I defy anyone to dare pretend that they do not attain the end for which they were created.

All of ye, who honor me by reading this, have you not noticed as Christmas draws near the passage of a balmy breeze of gaiety, affection, politeness, and all sorts of nice things? Have you not noticed these faces that ordinarily would cause vinegar to sour adapt a semblance of a smile; these old solemn and grouchy persons, all of a sudden blossom with smiles as gloriously as the rose on a spring morning.

She—you know “the” one—she adorns herself with her most ingratiating personality, redoubles her nice ways, and fairly assails you with these little delicate touches of deep interest that make your heart bound with joy. Your future father-in-law, your future mother-in-law—even—shows her amiability and graciousness to such a point that you almost could put your arms around her neck and . . . no, it pertains to another department of philosophy, to relate what you would do.

Your college chums, your immediate and remote acquaintances, all those you know become charming; and yourself, subjugated by that good-nature with which the air seems saturated, park for a while anyway, your somewhat snappy character, and become oh! so nice, and all that without quite knowing why.

You very well see that gifts soften characters, and make life more agreeable, for a while, at least.

It is true that in gift-making there is that eternal, and rather vital question of money; yes, that is but a detail. And if we had to stop at mere details. . .

*Maurice La Force, '24*



## FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

**T**HE WORLD has always loved a lover—and a good, clean fighter. That was why the crowds turned out *en masse* when "the Kid" fought. From somewhere overnight it seemed he sprang into prominence. His great fight against the Battler for the championship won for him a host of friends, in spite of his failure to win the decision. The gallant way he weathered the Battler's savage rushes and swapped punch for punch as they stood toe to toe took the crowd by storm. And so when the bell clanged at the end of the fifteenth round, it was little wonder they swarmed about his corner cheering and whistling as he nodded his weary head and smiled his thanks.

At last the Battler had met a man the critics had long sought. Not that he was unworthy of the title, but that he had never, while champion, been exerted. His battles had been short, seldom lasting five rounds. At the end of each his opponent lay bleeding and battered upon the canvas. His savage rushes and the cruel punishment he meted out were unmerciful, and it pleased the fans. They shouted for more and always got it. When the Kid was matched to meet him, they studied his record, and admitted it was good. Many deserted the champion and the contest was eagerly awaited by the fans. To prove their spirit they turned out in greater numbers than ever before to watch "the battle of the century."

As each round clanged on, it dawned upon them that the Kid was there. At first they thought him a flash in the pan, who would fall in five rounds. But the fifth round came and went, and he was still in there fighting. Gradually they came to see his chance of staying the limit. But when the champion took the eighth round by a wide margin, they had their misgivings. In spite of their shouts of encouragement, they thought it was the beginning of the end. So when the bell sounded the end of the round, they cheered the Kid wildly in a vain hope of encouragement.

When the bell rang for the ninth round he surprised them, for he fought like one gone mad. The champion was puzzled. Confident of finishing his man he had rushed from his corner, throwing

aside all precaution. A hard smash to the jaw and two terrific punches to the ribs drove him to the defense. Try as he would, he could not land a blow effectively, as the Kid danced around him punching stabbing and jabbing him at will. For the first time he was worried. For the first time he realized the greater number of the fans were for the Kid. They were against him. A sickening sensation nearly overcame him as the Kid pummelled his body with terrific rights and lefts. Also, for the first time in his career he welcomed the gong.

The Battler was no weakling nor was he a coward, and the tenth round found him back in the ring fighting a cautious fight. The Kid took the round as he did the next three. But in the fourteenth the Battler's experience was in his stead, and he took the round by a shade. The fifteenth found them both in there fighting furiously in the hope of landing the knock-out punch. But there was no such punch. As the bell rang, each realized he had met his equal and "the fight of the century" was at an end.

As the Kid made his way to his corner amid the shouts and shrill whistles of his wild-eyed admirers, his heart was heavy; but he smiled his thanks. He was for a moment warmed by their demonstration.

In the other corner the Battler slowly slipped into a robe and received his share of the plaudits without acknowledgment. About his waist and ribs were blotches of red, tell-tale marks of the punishment that had weakened him.

As he turned and faced the Kid's corner and watched him receive the homage of the fans, he smiled bitterly. A year ago most of them were with him. Four years ago they were all with him, but now the old crowd was missing. They were busy hailing the coming champion. A sickening feeling came over him at the thought. It was all too true. He was done. No one knew it better than he. They would be matched again. But fifteen rounds is a long grind with a heavy, fast and youthful challenger. What hurt most of all, the old guard, that great, sustaining, inspiring influence he had valued so highly, was broken up. Some remained loyal, but most were already gloating over his inevitable defeat.

That night as he sat alone, each round came back with a rush. Alone, he fought the fight again. And the rancor begotten of his loneliness brought tears to his eyes. He had tried to fight his best, but

youth must be served. It is a terrible feeling which overpowers a man as he sits alone, and muses of his best efforts meeting the cheers of his opponent's success.

He dreamed of the impossible, of winning back the cheers that were once his own. He wanted all of them. Selfishness was no fault of his. His heart yearned for what another had taken from him. When a man has worked himself up the ladder of fame, bravely clutching each successive rung, fighting against all hazards, spurred on and encouraged by those below, he cannot fail. He had not failed. He was getting old, and when a younger and stronger man, encouraged by the shouts of the fans, sought his title, he was bitter. Tonight he had defeated the Kid. He could tomorrow, but in a year—it was a long time and too much to ask. He shook his head and smiled.

He had almost forgotten the Wilbur fight. A week later he was back in training. In due time the night of the fight arrived. If the fans had ever doubted his condition or chance of retaining the title, they had forgotten it before the first round had passed. They saw him pound the rugged Wilbur unmercifully and finally drop him for the count of seven. The second round was a repetition of the first, and Wilbur once again hit the canvass, this time to stay for the count. The fans rushed the champion's corner and, lifting him on broad shoulders, carried him to his dressing room.

As he placed his hands on the shoulder of one of his bearers, he laughed at the man's enthusiasm. He was the loudest of all in the dressing room with his lively recountal of the bright spots of the fight. He laughed and capered about the champion, alternately shaking his hand and patting him on the back. When Williams, the Battler's manager, and the small squad of trainers cleared the room, his pitiable cry of disappointment touched the champion, and he permitted him to stay.

After that, Andy, as he called himself, never left the Battler. To the Battler's blues he brought sunshine and smiles. He hovered about the champion, watching each change of expression. At times when the champion tired of training, it was Andy who spurred him on, injecting fight into his partners, and forcing the Battler to extend himself.

As the time slipped by, and the day of the fight grew near, the Kid's popularity increased. Slowly but surely the tide was going against

the Battler. There are times when a man is stung, and the sting is very painful. And he seeks a remedy. The Battler, heavyweight champion of the world, had been stung by those to whom he had given his best. He was hurt. He sought a remedy. So he took Andy into his confidence. For two days they sought in vain. Then, Andy found one.

"Battler," he said, "you're your own worst enemy. You're done. There is only one way to escape a terrible beating, and it is to push out your chin and take the count."

The champion smiled sadly. It was so honest, so true. It was an easy way, he thought. He had given his best. Now, when he needed encouragement, it was refused. Why should he taken a beating from a man the fans wanted in his place? Suddenly he remembered he was the "champion of the world," and he banished the thought.

"Andy, you're wrong. I may be slipping, but I'm no quitter."

"That's the spirit," Andy cried. "I knew you would come through like a thoroughbred. You are your own worst enemy. You are licked before you go into the ring."

The firm, quiet way Andy spoke his words took a strange hold on the Battler. Like a lion roused from its lair, he jumped up with a snarl, eyes aflame, and teeth bared—something within stirring and struggling to get out. He looked at Andy through narrowed lids, determined. His heart pounded against his ribs.

Then began days of training that were enjoyed. It seemed they were all against him but Andy. Day by day the interest in the fight grew until the whole world had gone apparently fight-mad. All too soon the night of the fight arrived. The great question would be settled. Could age, experience and brains triumph over youth, brains and inexperience? Men were paying their hard-earned money to see the answer. They had seen the young man try before, and he had failed. Such a glorious failure!

Back in the dressing room the champion of the world sat alone, while around him his loyal supporters laughed and joked, cursed and grumbled. Suddenly a tremendous roar drowned their voices. They looked at one another—the Kid had entered the ring. Turning to the champion they tried to put him at ease. The Battler only shook his head.

"Boys," he began, "you mean alright, but you can't cheer me be-



cause I am old kid cheerful, and confidence is my middle name."

Then Williams, his manager appeared with Andy. It was time to enter the ring. Williams shook his hand and patted his shoulder. Then Andy quietly walked up to the Battler. They shook hands.

"Battler, old man," he said, his lips trembling, "fight him hard. It's my fight as well as yours. Every blow he lands is going to hurt me. Batter, you must win! If you can't—go down like a champion."

A minute later they ducked under the ropes amid shouts and cheers. They were sympathetic at least, the Battler thought, as he smiled grimly at the sea of faces about him. All too soon, it seemed they were called to the center of the ring for instructions. A hush fell on the crowd, but as the men returned to their corners shrill whistles and hoarse shouts filled the hall. The scent of blood was in the air, and they were greedy for a killing. A moment later the bell clanged. The big fight was on.

They met in the center of the ring exchanging light blows. The Battler landed a right to the body. Then the Kid smashed him to the ropes with a hard left to the head. The Battler was fighting hard. But the Kid was not to be denied, and he landed two hard lefts to the face. He ripped a solid right hook to the jaw, and the Battler countered weakly to the body. The shrieks of the frenzied crowd pierced the Batter's stupor. They were shouting for a knock-out—his knock-out. They had forgotten—. The Kid smashed a hard left to his jaw, and he sagged and fell on one knee. A dullness surged through him. The Kid began a relentless attack when he regained his feet, slashing with both hands to the body, punishing him severely. A feeling of nausea seized him, and he backed away. Blood trickled from his mouth. He felt himself slipping. The bell rang and he walked to his corner, dazed. Andy was waiting.

"You're alright, Battler. Keep away from him. He'll soon tire. You're goin' to win, so take your time. We're all with you," he said as he worked feverishly on him.

The bell rang for the second round. The Battler came out on the jump landing with rights and lefts so rapidly the Kid was for a moment bewildered. He took to the defense and hooked a left to the head. The Battler came back, fighting furiously.

He could not keep away from the Kid. He wanted to hit, to fight like a champion. The crowd cheered him in wild uproar, as he

hooked rights and lefts to the jaw. Then the Kid became angry and bounded blow after blow off the champion's head, and seeing him waver, he whipped over two savage lefts and the Battler went down.

"Come on Battler, come on old man, get up!" a shrill voice reached the champion as he lay there dazed.

"Five, six, seven"—the referee counted, and he slowly pulled himself to his feet.

"Fight him—fight him hard," the voice again reached the Battler. Where were the others? He must fight, fight hard—if only for Andy.

Although groggy and numb from punishment, his will kept him on his feet. He battled toe to toe giving all he had, but in spite of him, of that indomitable will and fighting heart, he was slipping. Suddenly he saw his chance. The Kid had missed a vicious right. He leaped at the Kid putting all he had in the punch and the Kid dropped. A flush of victory rushed through the Battler. But it was momentary for the Kid was on his feet again, pumping stiff lefts into the champion's face when the round ended.

The Battler turned to his corner. His heart was breaking. Poor Andy! He could no longer hide his disappointment. He tried to smile in the same old confident way, but the corners of his mouth pointed down.

"I'm done Andy. He's got me. One more round like that and I'm out."

"No, no. You must stay the limit. You're still the champion," Andy sniffled. His voice wavered and nearly broke.

"Listen to them Andy, will you?" the Battler said as the crowd howled and shrieked. "They're bloodthirsty." A feeling of bitterness surged thru him. They cheered the winner. They scorned the defeated. They showed no quarter. Kill and be killed was their battle-cry. Now he knew how Porky Klein felt on the night he lost the title. He could see that grim face, hiding its pain. He remembered how he had laughed at that strained face and had twisted that thick mouth beyond human shape. Now the tide had turned. He tried to smile, but it hurt.

"Come, buck up Battler, we're not licked yet. Get in there and show them how a champion goes down."

For a moment the words shocked him. The crowd was against him—now it was Andy who was giving him up. Andy hung his head

and turned away. The bell sounded for the third round. It crashed across the ring, alarming, foreboding.

Once more the Battler forced the fight. As they came together the Kid crowded him into his corner. The hoarse shouts of the frenzied crowd maddened him. He waded into the Kid swinging with lefts and rights. The Kid made a stand in the center of the ring. The blood was oozing from the Battler's nose and mouth. It trickled down his chin, dark red streams. His left eye was closed. His head was throbbing. His heart pounded hard against his ribs.

His body was red from savage smashes. His breath came in gasps. Each blow from the fury of the younger man racked his worn body. The howling mob were on their feet in wildest uproar as the Kid backed him into his own corner. He tried to cover and fall into a clinch. The Kid staggered him with a right cross and followed with a wide left.

The Battler swung, staking all, with his faithful right. But the Kid, seeing it coming, stepped back and the Battler missed. The Kid leaped at him swinging a short vicious uppercut to the jaw, the Battler's knees sagged, and as the Kid followed with short rights and lefts, bent under him. He fought to keep on his feet, but he could not, his strength had deserted him. His arms hung limp at his sides. Slowly he went down, first on one knee, then wavering, helpless, he fell forward on his face. In the mist around him he could faintly see the outlines of faces; and far away at a distance he heard a rumbling. Suddenly out of the mist, he saw Andy half-standing, half-squatting, watching his tense, his arms outstretched and fists clinched, tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Five, six, seven," he tried to get up.

The words of Andy came to him—"You must win—if you can't go down like a champion." He struggled to raise himself. He could not move.

"Eight, nine"—It seemed an eternity—"ten"—The referee had counted him out. The crowd before him were jumping and cheering, wild-eyed and jubilant.

Andy was sitting down, alone, his head bowed in his hands, his shoulders shaking.

The Battler closed his eyes. Andy's words flashed across his dull vision. "Fight hard. If you can't—go down like a champion."

He tried to move. He was very tired. He wanted to sleep, to forget.

*Howard J. Farrell, '24.*

# THE NOISE OF THE CITY

## CHARACTERS



**FARMER:** Chewing a straw to show he is from the farm; wearing a battered straw hat that has fought its way through many summers; trousers neatly placed in well-greased boots. A suspicious bulge in his rear pocket.

**Confidence-man:** Sleek, self-assuring, well dressed, beaming a ready smile to all; in the left lapel of his coat a red rose, and on his fingers a profuse array of scintillating stones.

**Patrolman:** Precinct No. Alpha Tau.

**Other Varieties:** East Side-West Side.

## ACTION

The Confidence Man, on sighting the Farmer, smiles a complacent smile. "A framed hick; they can't catch me at the old game." Exit Villian from the story.

"I guess he's from the Central Office," muttered Officer Jones, "must be something wrong." Exit Limb of the Law.

Enter the Hero. Apple sauce from the gallery.

**Ante Mortem:** I leave it to the imaginative mind of the reader, that he picture "The perils of our hero, or why the pie kneads dough."

"Could you tell me, sir, where to find the Noise of the City?"

"What???" Um-m-m-m, yes, certainly. Two blocks cross-town, very blatant."

"This is the avenue of aristocracy, but it's an avenue without a kick."

"Beg your pardon, but where might I find the Noise of the City?"

"I don't believe Firpo will have a chance with Dempsey next time they meet, not a chance. But what was that you wanted, a match?"

"Nothing, thank you, don't bother."

"A disturbing element? Yas—certainly. Right over a few squares, doncha know, very noisy, really."

"Say, what do youse want, noise? Broadway, feller, Broad-

way. Why Aggie and me, say——! But, let me sample your back pocket, will you?"

"Surely, the pleasure is mine."

"Not on your life, its mine—m-m-m-m."

"Si Slocum's Sure Cold Preventative; Best Ever."

"Water please, man has the dropsy."

"Son, I'll give you five dollars, if you will tell me where I might find the Noise of the City."

"Very easily done, Sir."

"My word, where have you brought me, son? I cannot hear myself talk."

"This sir," wisely replied the youth, "is the 'Noise of the City.' The New York Subway. Five dollars and costs please."

*Edward V. Holohan, '26*

### A Writer's Soliloquy



SAY, what is this thing called fame

Which I may ne'er enjoy?

What are the blessings of acclaim

That time cannot destroy?

You talk of brilliant men with awe—

You say they are inspired.

Their lines you claim have not a flaw—

Each word with love enfired.

But I must live unseen, unknown;

You cast my work aside.

My dreams of fame are soon o'erthrown;

My efforts you deride.

I'll let not what I have not won

My cheerful mind destroy.

The fame I've missed, when life is done

Perhaps I shall enjoy.

*W. Harold O'Connor, '26*

## CRITIQUE

VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN

**T**HERE IS some discussion today as to whether music critics should base their criticisms upon the eccentricities or upon the talents and abilities of certain prominent musical artists. It is indeed surprising that certain New York critics should allow the former to influence their remarks to such a great extent. Mr. Deems Taylor of *The New York World* seems to have forgotten that he went to Carnegie Hall to hear Vladimir de Pachmann evoke beautiful, wonderful, divine music from a piano; his remarks rather lead us to believe that one goes to a concert nowadays to see the master perform what Mr. Gilman of *The New York Tribune* calls 'various monkey shines', and that one is displeased with the performance if those 'monkey-shines' are not quite as monkey-like as one expected. If Mr. Taylor had gone to the performance for the sole purpose of hearing and not seeing a great artist perhaps he would not have "gone out, feeling a little ashamed of caring so much about music in a world where so many excellent people didn't mind a bit what happened to it."

In a recent performance at the Albee Theatre Mr. de Pachmann was wonderful. His rendition of Chopin was exquisite. His dexterity and accuracy at the keyboard were uncanny. A little, old man of seventy-five years, he tottered to the piano and gave proof to his audience that the years had made not the slightest impression on his skill. But those who had gone solely to see him perform "de Pachmann" must have been somewhat disappointed for his heartfelt actions, called eccentricities, were not quite as numerous as those witnessed by the New York critics. True, the smiles and grimaces were there but one could easily see that these were but the expressions of his own emotions, the approvals and disapprovals of the sounds he was evoking.

During the performance Mr. de Pachmann seemed quite oblivious to the presence of his audience. Indeed he was one of them and, more than likely, the most attentive. He is moved by the wonderful music which he produces more than he moves anyone else. He smiles with childish glee at his own astounding accuracy and skill. He scowls when the sounds are not just what the composer meant them

to be. And these facial expressions are some of the actions which are called "monkey-shines".

Chopin was brought from his grave into the Albee Theatre. One felt that the great composer himself was playing at the piano, for the sounds were rendered only as Chopin could have intended them. The audience applauded and howled for more and more. And perhaps if Mr. Taylor had been there he would have howled louder than the loudest, for the music would have distracted his attention from the "monkey-shines" even though he might have been disappointed at not seeing so many.

A final quotation from the criticism by Mr. Woolcott in *The New York Herald* concerning Mr. Taylor's actions at Carnegie Hall: "Mr. Taylor did not stick it out. He went away in distress, 'feeling a little ashamed of caring so much about music in a world where so many excellent people didn't mind a bit what happened to it.' Well, that makes two of them for, though the implication is rather to the contrary, we have a suspicion that there was another person in Carnegie Hall that night who cared as much about music as ever man cared since the first note sounded across the void. The other man's name was Vladimir de Pachmann."

### FLAMING YOUTH

It Pays to advertise! And it pays doubly if one knows the nature of the minds to whom one advertises. Those responsible for advertising the film production of *Flaming Youth* were aware of this. They made use of their knowledge to fool the public. And they did it. Thousands who paid good money to see the film version of that notorious book were disappointed. And why! Because they did not see all that they expected to see—all that they knew they should not see.

There is a popular idea among advertisers (and somewhat well-founded) that a book or a play, the most daring episodes of which are made known, sells best. The public is not satisfied with being told that it should not see this play or read that book. It must know why. It must see and judge for itself. It must satisfy the craving of the human intellect for truth. It must see the things which it thinks it should not see.

For this reason those who saw the photoplay, *Flaming Youth*, were disappointed. All of those scenes which should not be seen were

not seen. The censors allowed only a few of them to pass. But the spectators expected to see all of them. The advertisers used them to attract the thousands. And being thus attracted they went to see those scenes and nothing else, for nothing else was advertised.

Those who witnessed the play from different motives were not so cruelly treated. There were some good points. Aside from the underlying advocacy of the divorce question (so prevalent in all pictures that it must be laid aside if a picture is to be called good) there was an inkling of good morals. The mother, herself a far cry from being a saint, takes every precaution that her daughter shall come at least within whispering distance of being one. And the efforts of those concerned are bent, throughout the play, toward that end and with success.

In deciding as to the quality of the photoplay, *Flaming Youth*, let us say that those who expected almost anything saw almost nothing; those who expected nothing saw something, little as it was, worthy of merit.

*John B. McKenna, '24*





## THE OBSERVER

**A**MERICANS, as a whole, are jealously careful of our ancient policy of isolation from international broils in general and European affairs in particular. This national feeling is somewhat stimulated by a sort of self-sufficiency, born of prosperity and nurtured by a haughty indifference towards peoples of other lands. While in no way disparaging the cherished ideals of the modern American patriot, one of which ideals is this policy of isolation, yet it is to be considered that a little more interest in the ideas and ideals of other nations is to be stimulated. At present, among the representatives of the people, opinion on this question is divided. Some are in favor of America insinuating herself into the troubles of war-torn Europe, while others maintain that it is better policy to hold aloof, as of yore. This question as to which is really the better mode of action has been argued from an economic standpoint and from a political viewpoint. Yet there is one way of regarding this problem that has been, comparatively speaking, overlooked and left undiscussed. It is a question of duty; of duty to ourselves, of duty to others.

\* \* \*

We owe to Europe an interest in her affairs; an interest that will assume a material form when occasion demands. Those who think otherwise turn, as a rule, to the Monroe Doctrine as their standard. At present we are in no danger of universal aggression, as we were at the time this famous paper was promulgated. We cannot remain at a distance as a nation. Though some take occasion to doubt it, we are a part of this world; as such we are concerned in all the problems that suddenly arise to affect the whole world; as a part, we cannot overlook the troubles of another section. We are all one in origin and destiny; and difference of race, on occasions like this, is a negligible difference. We are closely allied to Europe; our founders came from these countries; and daily come others who will eventually evolve into sturdy citizens of this land. We, Americans, are favored with wealth and prosperity. But we are not justified in selfishly hoarding it all; were it not better to share our good fortune with others? Our duty, as a Christian nation, is to help others in their troubles. Let us try, by

a healthy interest and intervention in present European conditions, to place matters there on a stabilized foundation. In all probability, material help will not be so necessary as moral force in helping nations to shape their destinies. Out of this chaos, America can bring order; at any rate, it is worth a trial. Such an act on our part will not be a humiliation, a subjection of national dignity; on the other hand it will enhance our national prestige. America, then will not only be the land of Opportunity; it will become the instigator of opportunities with beneficial results in which all may share.

\* \* \*

Because we average Americans are at times mentally lazy, leaving our problems to be thought out by others and accepting the conclusions of others is one important reason why the newspaper is a moulder of public opinion and holds such a responsible trust. As a rule we are inclined to accept the opinions of an editor as gospel truth; his deductions on a certain matter are made ours; the ideas and sentiments promulgated by our favorite journal are incorporated as our own; unconsciously we conform our mode of thinking to that printed in the newspaper; the press as a result holds an important sway over the average American intellect. Although the press, on occasions, presents but one side of a question, nevertheless there remains the fact that must not be forgotten: that there is another side to that question. And it would be to the better advantage of the average citizen to examine for himself and think out for himself his own conclusions on certain questions. The press is a great institution; but at times certain newspapers display colors that prompt us to think the contrary. Because it is an important factor in the life of the American citizenry, the American press should realize fully its responsibility, and thus realizing it should aim to make only the noblest use of its enormous power and become in the opinion of all a truly great institution.

\* \* \*

If you are an European author, particularly a Britisher, and if your latest literary efforts have met with disfavor, or if you have run dry of original literary ideas then you must travel for your health. The tour agency which you favor by your patronage will, in all probability, send you to these United States, where you will meet one very minute part of the country's population and see the cities and rural districts only thru the windows of a Pullman. Then you will sum up all your

so-called impressions and experiences in a volume entitled "Notes on America." This book will prove to be a best seller on one condition: that it be bitterly caustic in its criticism and satirical in its comment. The United States has suffered, for a short time past, the presence of several persons who have undertaken the routine herein described concerning this country, wherein they have recuperated their health—that is, financial health. Though they have met with naught but friendliness or a courteous response, these charitable travelers have seen fit to impart to their less itinerant brethren the notion that this is the home of the rude, the uncultured, and the wild. We Americans who have proved ourselves friendly hosts to foreign visitors naturally resent such frankly dishonest criticism, such an ungrateful response to our welcoming attentions. We find such an attitude hard to bear because American travellers, on their return from foreign shores, have nothing to say but what is for the advantage of the people and institutions of the country wherein they have travelled. But as long as foolish citizens run to hear these visitors laugh at cherished American institutions, as long as moron Mayors give these eccentric visitors the keys to the various cities in token of welcome, as long as the press unnecessarily gives publicity to their worthless utterances, so long will America suffer the annual blight of the presence of these foreign commentators.

*T. Henry Barry, '25*



## THE HOTCHPOTCH

### FUNK

*(Pure, and without the Wagnall. A dictionary of words as they are understood, not as they should be understood.)*

*Ambition:* The desire to get ahead of the other fellow.

*Americanism:* The wearing of bed-clothes in public.

*Altruism:* Very rare. Practised less than it is preached.

*Beauty:* Any appeal to the senses.

*Bore:* A modern philosopher; most modern writers.

*Christmas:* A day of rest after a nerve-racking week.

*Criticism:* A form of literary graft.

(To be continued)

Although this is the Christmas Hotchpotch, we shall not, under any circumstances, make reference to Christmas neckties as presents.

*We ask to know:* Are the gentlemen who parade through the Grand Central Station with short breeches and long, red feathers in their hats, really mountain climbers, or are they just members of the Swiss Cheese Club?

### THE C. U. GAME

The C. U. game showed what happens when dynamite and T.N.T. stage a little argument.

The referee, handing out disqualifications, was busier than a six-headed cat in a fish market.

The papers were polite enough not to call the players' benches ring-side seats.

One thing was lacking—there were no chairs in the corners.

C. U.'s seconds should have thrown in the towel at the end of the first quarter.

It was all in a spirit of fun, but some people have a terrible misconception of humor.

Lynch was the proper name but there was no tree from which to hang a rope.

The people had the right spirit, but we wish they wouldn't leave the empty bottles around—it makes us thirsty.

A news note says that the banana produces more food to the

acre than any other plant. Which further convinces us that there was no real necessity for the ballad about bananas.

#### ANOTHER Dr. COOK

I sat entranced, she spoke no word;  
No noise—no sound was to be heard.  
The lights were dimmed—my mind aflame,  
At last, I thought, I've made a name,  
I'm as famous as Sherman or Edward the Third.  
I've discovered a woman who speaks not a word!

We are willing to wager that there will be a great many converts to Darwinism after the peace panaceas in the Bok contest are made public.

Which proves that things are not always what they seem. Every bald man is not a barber.

The law says that the really sane man is the exception rather than the rule, and after seeing some of the hat bands and neckties worn by college men, we heartily agree with the law.

#### WHEN WINTER COMES

When the first snow comes a-tumbling  
And the wind is whistling high;  
When the pumpkin's on the table  
In the form of pumpkin pie,  
And the cider's sparkling amber;  
With the family sitting by,  
Then you know that autumn's over,  
And you heave a fretful sigh—  
For November's made her entrance  
And December's stalking nigh;  
So you suddenly remember  
You've an overcoat to buy!  
Oh, yes! winter's quite romantic  
When the snow begins to fly—  
With its frozen lakes and rivers,  
And the blueness of its sky.  
But it's not the change of seasons  
That's the real cause of your sigh,  
It's the gosh darn fateful fact,  
You've an overcoat to buy!

We once had a professor who, when asked for a definition of Life, said "Life is a pair of pants hanging on the suspenders of Hope." Which, when you consider it, isn't very wrong, at that!

FRESH-SOPH GAME

U no lasta friday  
 Dey have feet-ball game  
 Betwee da Soph and Freshie  
 To see who have da fame.

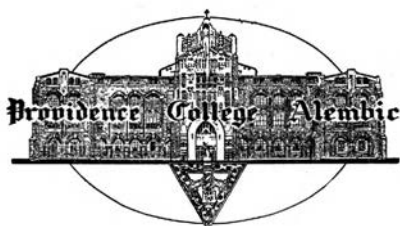
Som des fellas play before  
 Som ain't play yet.  
 But dey both fighta hard  
 Try to win you bet.

In da furst quart dey play  
 Da Fresh es purty nice,  
 Maka coupla gooda run  
 Put da Soph on da ice.

Dey getta furst place down,  
 U no—behind da post.  
 I mean da ting U take  
 To make da Harvard ghost.

Before da lasta game  
 Da Soph he's head by kick.  
 Da Freshie ain't no use to try,  
 Geussa he's been lick.

Da lasta no. es 12 to 9  
 Dos Sophs dey es da bes!  
 So da poor old Fresh cap stay  
 In da sama place I guess.




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## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

The story of the birth of Our Saviour is one with which we are all familiar, one we have been familiar with from our very childhood, and yet one that we seldom grow weary of hearing repeated, for with every repetition a new inspiration or a new sense of devotion is awakened within us. Though the story be told in a simple manner, or it flow from the pen of one of the greatest writers of the day, nevertheless there is a new spirit of love enkindled in our hearts. And so it is that Christmas Day, the day of days, has been set aside that all might manifest their love and adoration for the humble Babe of Bethlehem.

Christmas is also the season for gathering together of families around the family hearth; of drawing closer those bonds of intimacy which formerly existed; of calling back children of a family who have gone out in life and who once more return to renew the spirit of Christmas. In many European countries, especially among the peasants,

though even among the gentry, certain customs are held almost sacred, customs that have been handed down from generation to generation and which are renewed at each Christmas season with the same spirit.

Today Christmas is celebrated throughout the world. Wherever the Christian Church has implanted its doctrine, the spirit of Christmas has likewise been implanted. Almost two thousands years have elapsed since the first Christmas, yet the observance of this day has not decreased but on the contrary has increased until now its observance is universal. From the Vatican in Rome, the centre of all Christendom, to the remotest regions of China where the faith has been carried by humble missionaries, the spirit of Christmas is present.

But what is this spirit of Christmas? Of what does it consist? The spirit of Christmas does not consist alone in telling the story of the Birth, nor in the exercise of certain traditional customs; nor does it consist of making costly gifts, nor in rich decorations, nor of any other outward show. Certainly it does not exist in the shouting of "Merry Christmas." The true spirit of Christmas is peace, peace of heart, peace with fellowmen, and above all peace with Him who was heralded as the "Prince of Peace."

From the old story we read: "Mary brought forth her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, because there was no room for them in the inn." No room for them in the inn, and yet we find today there is still no room for the son of Mary in the hearts of many during this season. Little did the innkeeper realize Whom he was excluding from his hostelry. Those about the inn were too much concerned with their own interests to take any notice of the poor Galilean peasant. And even today some, while too intent on their own personal gain, forget the child of Bethlehem. So let us all on this day enter into the spirit of Christmas and renew in our hearts the peace we so much need and invite the humble Babe of Bethlehem into our hearts, with the message of the angel on that first morning ever present in our minds: "Peace on earth to men of Good Will."

(This essay found its way to the editorial sanctum by a route unknown to me, and its anonymity made it possible to publish it as an editorial on Christmas in the place of one still (and forever) in the potency of my pen. If the author will acknowledge his authorship he will receive the thanks of an editor whose too frequent wooings of the Muse have at last resulted in a rebuff. Ed.)



*A GOLDEN RULE* After the remarkable exhibition of college spirit displayed by the students who travelled by devious routes to Brooklyn in order to support the football team (whose praises are adequately sung by the *Athletics* editor), it seems unnecessary to urge the co-operation of the men of Providence in any college activity, for the representation was such that it may reasonably be presumed that everyone who could get there was there. But there are some college activities whose importance is such that they required a special plea. At present the most noteworthy is the Alumni Ball. In most colleges the institution calls on the Alumni for aid. But our Alumni call on us for aid. There is no better opportunity for showing a real college spirit than that afforded by the affair on the night of December 27th. It is reasonable to expect that everyone who can be there will be there. That is the college golden rule.

*A LETTER* In the October issue an editorial appeared asking for letters to the editor, and therefore it is with a species of gratification amounting almost to vanity of persuasiveness of the editorial pen that the following communication is published. It is a perfect example of what was desired but not expected.

Providence, R. I.

Dear Sir:

I have been a patient and interested reader of the *Alembic* for the past three years. I say patient because of those trying articles you have written. They would excite the nerves of a Penelope. To me they seem to be the ravings of the most fanatical mind in history. To save the reputation of your magazine kindly refrain from writing any more articles that have led your readers to believe that they have subscribed to the publication of a high-brow insane asylum.

I have appealed to you because I feel sure that notwithstanding your crazy writings you have the best interests of the *Alembic* at heart, and I trust that this article will cause you to return to the fold of rational creatures and either cease writing or change your themes so that they will strike a more responsive chord in the minds of sane people.

Hoping that this letter will be received with the same spirit in which it was written, that is, of bettering the standard of the unfortunate publication of which you are the editor, I am

Sincerely yours,

INVINCIBLE IGNORANCE

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

*Senior* The Cap and Gown, the Year Book and the Memorial Committees, appointed by the Senior Class, will meet within the month, to discuss plans for the ensuing year. Success is assured the Senior Class in their endeavor to make their last year one of the greatest. The Class of '24 has ever been the leader in College activities; its members have at all times given their best to "Alma Mater;" and now that their goal looms up before them, the supreme final of their efforts, they, as men of Providence College, may say as in one voice "I came, I tried, I won."

*Sophomore* A Sophomore Informal Dance will be held early in January. I, as the assurer of assuredness, say that a successful event is assured. It is advisable that the young men consult their date books. Furthermore that they may be certain of going to the dance, let them buy the passports now. The after effects of the Christmas season are very disastrous to the purse; often the only way a young man many take his friend to a party is on his nerve; he exits on something else. Don't be tardy; take as your example Bill Connor, "The Minute Tapioca."

*Sophomore-Freshman Football* "My errand" said the sage, "is one of noble importance. 'Tis to crown the noble Sophomores, victors of a well-fought game. Full well they fought, and many a shout and groan rent the air. Well, indeed, the Freshman battled to stem the tide of onrushing Sophomores, but in vain. The Class of '26 came and conquered. To them alone goes the little brown jug. May they quaff it well."

Fleet of foot Taxi Burns deserves special commendation for his great work. Bill Griffin, the noble Hercules, starred at center. "Who is that wonderful looking chap, playing Pushback?" Dan Donahue and Cashman are being considered as material for next year's 'Varsity. Shorty (Bob-tailed) Taylor showed great promise as Flashback.

Dark and foreboding is the outlook for Messrs. Connor and McHugh, referee and umpire, respectively, of the Sophomore-Fresh-

man game. The sign of death is upon them; to appease the gods a sacrifice is necessary. Prepare the victims. Bill Connor and Terry McHugh will pay the penalty of their crimes by acting as cheer leaders in the Sophomore-Junior contest.

*Jazz* Syncopation has come into the lives of Providence College students, introduced by George Saxon and his world famous ten-piece orchestra. Mr. Saxon's fame as a leader has doubtless spread to the farthest parts of the globe. The well-known conductor admits he is daily sought after by well-known people. Mr. Saxon guarantees satisfaction. "Should you like us tell your friends, if so, why not now."

*Prayer* May the Goddess of Fortune, in whose hands rest the destinies of mortals, smile bounteously upon a loyal supporter of the Providence College Football Teams. Whose paen (not pain) of victory has echoed and re-echoed through the Palatine Hills of Providence. May Jupiter, the dispenser of all goods to men, may Juno, the noble spouse of Zeus, beseech him, by his flowing beard, to look down propitiously upon one faithful and ready to cheer on the teams to victory, one, Bob Kelly, U. E. R., better man than I am, Motor-man.

*Mass for the Founders and Benefactors* On November 28th, a solemn high Mass of requiem was sung in the College chapel for the souls of the deceased founders and benefactors. The Very Reverend William D. Noon, O.P., S. T. M., President of the College, was Celebrant, the Reverend John A. Jordan, O.P., Vice President, was Deacon, and the Reverend Vincent F. Keinberger, O.P., was Sub-Deacon. Among those present at the Mass were: The Rt. Reverend William A. Hickey, Bishop of Providence, the Right Reverend Monsignor Peter E. Blessing, Vicar General, the Reverend Thomas Collins and representatives from the Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes. A choir composed of the Fathers of the College chanted the requiem. After the Mass His Lordship addressed the student body assembled in Gymnasium Hall. His discourse was in the nature of an informal talk, but his remarks were so inspiring that Father Noon was moved to thank him in the name of the faculty and the student body.

*Edward V. Holohan, '26*

## ALUMNI

**T**HE FIRST ANNUAL Alumni Ball of Providence College will be held in the Narragansett Hotel on December 27. Extensive preparations are already in progress and the ball will be one of the brilliant festivities of the season. It will surpass even the Senior Ball held during Commencement Week. Requests for admission cards should be made before the holidays start, as the number of tickets will be limited.

### NOTES

During the past month, Providence College was honored with a visit from the Reverend Gaston Level, O.P., now President of Aquinas College, a former member of the Faculty, and an honorary member of the Alumni Association. He spoke before the members of the Senior Class, and was given a rousing and lusty cheer.

At a recent meeting of the Freshman Class of Georgetown Law School, James Furlong, '23, was elected treasurer.

Charles Curran, ex '24, who is now a Sophomore at Georgetown Law School, was elected sergeant-at-arms of the Rhode Island Law Club.

James Higgins, '23, who is now studying at the Harvard Law School, recently attended one of the football games at Hendricken Field.

John R. Hogan, ex '23, has accepted a position with the Shartenberg & Robinson Company of Pawtucket.

Joseph Fogarty, '23, recently severed his connection with the Providence News to enter the advertising business.

*Joseph V. Mitchell, '24*

## EXCHANGE

**I**T BEING the time of year when peace and benevolence and well-wishing are supposed to be rampant among the members of the human race, we, taking this fact into consideration, have decided that it would not be fitting or charitable to expose the failings and frailties of some of the individuals of this same human race. Those to whom we refer are the writers of contemporaneous literature. For the once we shall forego the unalloyed pleasure of tearing apart their choicely constructed bits; for be it known that such critical destruction is the all-holy privilege of the *Exchange* editors of college magazines. Even though they themselves are unable to add appreciably to the literature of the hour, nevertheless they possess the foreordained right to attack, knock down and trample the efforts of those who do produce at least merchantable literature. Following the policy inaugurated by the first *Exchange* editor away back in the days when paper was granite and typewriters were hammers and chisels, we have ranted and ridiculed editorially until we thought our editorial hair would fall out. And after all this ranting and ridicule aimed by us at the writers of contemporaneous literature, we expected results. We had the notion that the sound of our editorial voice raised in protest at the manners and methods and manufactures of the present-day men of letters would cause a considerable furor in their ranks. But alas! we knew not whereof we had hoped. So far as we are able to perceive, there has been no startling commotion among the writing brethren as a result of our well-directed critical bombs; nor have we received any bribes from these same writers for the purpose of inducing us to withhold our devastating and all-important judgments of the quality of their output. Naturally this had the same effect on our self-complacency as the contact of a long, sharp pin with a fully-inflated balloon. We felt deeply injured, so we decided to hide our injury behind a cloak of charity (which covereth a multitude of sins), and ignore the modern writing set for the holidays, although we make no promise to let them live in peaceful smugness after the holiday spirit has become less noticeable in our editorial carcass. Until then—best wishes!

*The Dove*, Mt. St. Scholastica College

To the ladies! *The Dove* is the newest name on our exchange list. The first of the literary labors we meet is the verse entitled "To The Dove." Now this verse is possessed of great significance, for in it the trial flight of the Dove is prayerfully watched and the Dove is adjured to beware, "*Lest dreaded hawk or bird of prey should crush your life before its day.*" We surmise that the word hawk refers to the *Exchange* editors who will attempt to pinion the literary wings of *The Dove*, but while we will admit that this particular *Exchange* editor bears a striking resemblance to a hawk, by no means will we admit that we are a bird of prey. *The Dove*, though as yet a fledgling, need have no fear of criticism, for it has made a most auspicious beginning, and left but little room for other than commendation. Just to mention one or two of the more notable pieces we thought that "October Leaves" contained real poetic thought, and "The Modern Spectator—Married Women in Business" was very well developed.

*College Days*, St. Benedict's College and Academy

Like *The Dove*, which hails from Atchison, Kansas, *College Days* is a quarterly edited by young ladies. Unlike *The Dove* it is a veteran on the *Exchange* list, and always presents well-edited, interesting contents. Knowing that the down-to-date young lady enjoys equality in all things with her brother, we realize that the said young ladies' publications merited the right of joint criticism with the magazines published by male collegians, hence our decision to give them more consideration. In the case of *The Dove* and *College Days* it has been a pleasure. Returning to *College Days*, after a rather long digression, we wish to state with great emphasis that the almost-iconoclastic author of "Things Which Especially Bore Me" is a man after my own heart, or rather that she is a lady after, etc. To say that the article is cleverly done is both hackneyed and inadequate; it has a touch that is so intimate that you think the writer is airing her views on tin-types and hoop-skirts and hair sofas in conversation. It has one fault; it is too short. Formulating a critical opinion of *College Days*, we might say that it is as good as the general run of college magazines and better than many.

*The Fordham Monthly*

Just as good as ever, and a bit better than usual! If all college

magazines maintained a standard of quality as high as that of the *Fordham Monthly* there would be no need for worry on the part of Faculty directors of student publications. From "Lost Ships" on the front page to "Athletics" on the last, we find the same pleasing effect throughout; an air of workmanship and completion. "Reflections," different, bespeaking authenticity, and unless we are mistaken, a national pride, was exceedingly refreshing, which was due, doubtless, to that very difference, both in the manner of presentation and in the comprehension of the subject. In "The House with the Iron Windows" we find that *rara avis* in collegiate literature, a good short story. To have written it must have required a deep inhalation of the Spanish atmosphere which the author so skillfully insinuates into his narrative. "The House with the Iron Windows" is a good short story for the reason that the writer fulfills the mission of a story writer—he has a tale to tell, and he tells it well.

*Boston College Stylus*

*The Stylus*, that is, the October issue, was slightly disappointing. Outwardly it was as prepossessing as ever, but the articles and stories were not quite up to the usual *Stylus*' mark. It is possible that this was due to the fact that its composition and printing were a hurried process. But even if the articles and stories were not as good as usual, the verses maintained their customary quality. And when we speak of *Stylus*' verse maintaining its customary quality, we mean that it has the best poetry of all the magazines on our exchange list. True, an especially brilliant piece of verse will occasionally be found in other publications, but for uniform and consistent verse-quality *The Stylus* outstrips all others. We do not know whether this is a reflection from the course in English (for they say poets are born, etc.), or whether Boston College is fortunate enough to have at all times young men capable of writing good verse. In the number now lying before us, "Death of the Sun" and "Then Dark Holds Court" seem to be outstanding, with their thought most clearly defined. We have not the slightest doubt that November will see an improved *Stylus*.

James H. Lynch, '25



PROVIDENCE COLLEGE vs. U. S. SUBMARINE BASE  
Hendricken Field.....November 3, 1923

Providence College faced the U. S. Submarine Base College determined to wipe out the sting of defeat received from the Tars last Fall. The 14-0 victory put to rout this feeling of bitterness, and in its stead, there came the soothing balm of confidence that is so characteristic of a winning eleven able to cope successfully with the most formidable aggregations in the country.

The game began with Triggs kicking off to Locke, who returned the ball to his twenty-yard line. Successive plunges by Kelly, Locke and Michaels gave the Sub Base a first down. The Black and White line strengthened, and on a fourth down the sailors attempted to kick, but Bailey passed wildly to Locke, who chased the leather to his nineteen-yard line where Tarby tackled him.

Gilmartin, Triggs and C. Ryan made a first down. Gilmartin, on two plunges at tackle, made the first touchdown. Wholey kicked the goal.

The second touchdown was made by Joe McGee, who took a long pass from Brickley and raced thirty-four yards for a score. Brickley drop-kicked the extra point.

"Clinks" Dalton received his chance to display his wares before his many friends, and his fine work was easily the brightest feature of the game. He ran the team like a veteran, and was a consistent ground gainer on end runs and off-tackle plays. His wonderful playing caused the spectators to wonder why he had been kept on the bench all season.



Joe Tarby seems to have regained his normal stride. He was down the field with all his old-time speed, covering the receiver of punts and kick-offs so well that the Sailors gained very few yards on returns of kicks.

Smithwick and Capt. Connor were the stars on the line. The work of the former stamps him as a coming star.

May, the right guard for the Sub Base, was in every play, making more than half of his team's tackles.

The whole Providence team played wide-awake football, capitalizing every mistake of their opponents. It was this ability to take advantage of the breaks which brought victory to the Black and White team.

#### The summary:

Providence College	Submarine Base
Cullen, l. e.....	r. e., Crompton
Landrigan, l. t.....	r. t., Cope
Reall, l. g.....	r. g., May
Beck, c.....	c., Bailey
Alford, r. g.....	l. g., Morse
Connor, r. t.....	l. t., Nartacheck
Tarby, r. e.....	l. e., Murphy
Wholey, q. b.....	q. b., Kelley
Triggs, l. h. b.....	r. h. b., Moore
Gilmartin, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Locke
C. Ryan, f. b.....	f. b., Michaels
Score—Providence 14, Submarine Base 0. Touchdowns—Gilmartin, J. McGee. Point after touchdown—Wholey, Brickley (drops). Referee—Sission, Brown. Umpire—Kehoe. Head linesman and field judge—Maj. Taylor, Brown. Time—12 and 10-minute periods. Substitutions: Providence—Clifford for Cullen, Smithwick for Alford, McKenna for Clifford, J. McGee for Wholey, Brickley for J. McGee, J. McGee for McKenna, Alford for Smithwick, J. Ryan for Landrigan, McKenna for J. McGee, F. McGee for McKenna, Dalton for Brickley, Bride for Gilmartin, Murphy for J. Ryan, J. McGee for F. McGee, Delaney for C. Ryan, Brickley for Dalton, Quinn for Triggs, Hays for Alford, Sears for Bride, Wholey for Brickley, Kempf for Wholey, Nolan for Delaney, Delucca for Quinn, Cassidy for Tarby, Nolan for Sears, Creggan for Delucca; Submarine Base—Andralot for Nartacheck, High for Locke, Wickwire for Crompton, Combs for May, Lowe for Cope, Hart for Bailey, Locke for High, High for Locke, Mathews for Kelley, Anderson for Wickwire, May for Combs, Handson for May.	

#### PROVIDENCE COLLEGE vs. LOWELL TECH

Hendricken Field.....November 10, 1923

Providence College won her fourth consecutive game by defeating Lowell Tech, 22-0. This game marked the end of the home season for Providence. In passing it is well to note that in the four games played at Hendricken Field the team has not been scored upon.

The defeated eleven, although outclassed in every department of the game, put up a game but losing fight.

Providence made a touchdown shortly after the game began, when Brossman fumbled a punt on his forty-three yard line, Tarby recovering. Nolan, Dalton and Joe McGee worked the ball to Lowell's nine-yard stripe. Joe McGee picked up six yards, and on the next play scored the first touchdown. The attempt for the goal was blocked. Joe McGee also scored the second touchdown, when he recovered a fumble by Olson and, aided by Tarby, ran fifty-three yards for a score. He then kicked the goal.

Brickley drop-kicked a field goal from the forty-four yard line, overcoming a very difficult angle. The score at the end of the first half was Providence 16, Lowell 0.

The last half found many substitutes in our lineup. The fine line plunging of Nolan featured the march for the final touchdown of the game.

Olson and McKinstry played fine football for Lowell. The line-plunging of the latter netted his team several yards.

#### The summary:

Providence College	Lowell Textile
Tarby, l. e.....	r. e., Guild
Murphy, l. t.....	r. t., Feindel
Smithwick, l. g.....	r. g., Heap
Beck, c.....	c., Bently
Reall, r. g.....	l. g., Smith
Connor, r. t.....	l. t., Wood
Cullen, r. e.....	l. e., Woodes
Dalton, q. b.....	q. b., Olson
Gilmartin, l. h.....	r. h., Brossman
J. McGee, r. h.....	l. h., Yacubian
Delaney, f. b.....	f. b., McKinstry
Touchdowns—McGee 2, Nolan. Point after touchdown—McGee (drop). Field goal—Brickley (drop). Officials: Referee—Lewis, Pennsylvania. Umpire—Kehoe. Head linesman and field judge—Rogers, Amherst. Time—Four 15-minute periods. Substitutions: Providence—Wholey for Dalton, Alford for Reall, Brickley for Wholey, Kempf for Gilmartin, Sears for Cullen, McKenna for Sears, Landrigan for Murphy, Nolan for Delaney, Fraser for Brickley, Wholey for Fraser, Ryan for McGee, Quinn for Dalton, Sears for Tarby, Hays for Smithwick, Cassidy for Beck, Malloy for Nolan, Clifford for McKenna, Cullen for Clifford, Reall for Alford, Delaney for Delucca, Creegan for Wholey; Lowell Textile—Carter for Brossman, Goodwin for Carter, Frederickson for Yacubian, Villa for Feindel, Skinner for Wilbur, Antulonis for Villa, Carter for Antulonis, Rossi for Frederickson, Tanguay for Carter, Musgrave for Heap, Fleming for McKinstry, Lussier for Rossi.	

## PROVIDENCE COLLEGE vs. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

Ebbet's Field, Brooklyn.....November 17, 1923

All roads led to New York as the cry, "On to Brooklyn," sounded through Harkins' Hall. One hundred loyal students either engaged passage on the Colonial Line, or took vantage points on the road. To administer a defeat to the undefeated St. John's eleven was the purpose of this trip to New York. Although this ambitious end was not realized, those who made the journey were satisfied that they had witnessed one of the fiercest games ever played between two college teams. St. John's had decisively defeated Fordham, Niagara, Springfield and other strong teams, and had as yet to taste defeat. Providence had won four consecutive games over strong opponents. Is it any wonder that a tense game should result when these teams clashed?

It was a game replete with thrills. Linemen, out on their feet, lunged instinctively at the foe, determined that he should not pass. As each long forward pass was thrown by McCready the St. John's supporters felt sure that victory was within their grasp; but each time some alert Providence back would knock it down and bring relief to the loyal rooters in the stands.

To start the game Brickley kicked off to Matthews, who was downed on his thirty-yard line. An exchange of punts gave St. John's the ball on her forty-yard line. Kennedy threw a long forward to Prendergast, who raced to the Providence twenty-yard stripe. A questionable penalty of fifteen yards was inflicted on our team. Four plunges at the line barely resulted in a touchdown for St. John's. The attempt for the goal was blocked.

Our team evened the score shortly after the second half opened, when Triggs, standing in mid-field, threw a fifteen-yard pass to Brickley, who shook off tackler after tackler, dodged and twisted until he completed a thirty-five yard run for a score. His attempt to drop-kick the goal was wild.

With the score deadlocked at 6-6, both teams fought desperately to score. On one occasion Thomas broke loose and with a clear field seemed to be headed for a touchdown. But Joe Tarby, the fleet Providence end, was gaining on him and finally brought him to earth with a flying tackle which was the finest made during the game. St. John's had a first down on our five-yard line. Coach Huggins sent Reall in at guard, and he threw back the invader on two attempts at

his position. The whole Providence team held like a stone wall and St. John's lost the ball on downs. Wholey punted out of danger.

Late in the last quarter when McCready attempted to kick, Tarby and McGee broke through and hit him at the same time, the ball bounding off to one side. Players of both sides chased it. Tarby finally picked it up and headed for the last white line; but some unknown St. John's man, lying on the ground, grasped his leg and held it long enough for an avalanche of St. John's tacklers to bring him down. After two futile attempts to gain through the line and with seventeen seconds to play, Wholey attempted to drop-kick a field goal, but he held the ball a trifle too long and "Con" O'Brien blocked the kick and fell on the ball for St. John's. The game ended on the next play with both teams fighting fiercely.

Thus ended the season for the Black and White team of '23, an eleven that will always be remembered for its fighting qualities, its never-say-die spirit, an eleven that was always at its best when its goal line was threatened.

Captain Connor, Joe McGee and Bill Beck have played their last games for Providence College; but the manner in which they played this, their final game, will be recalled with pride in later years by those who were fortunate enough to see their wonderful exhibition.

The season just closed was very successful. The first two games were lost to opponents who were heavier and more experienced than our boys. If these games were played later in the season, there is little doubt but that they would have resulted otherwise. Of the last five games played, four were won and the other tied. Our goal line was crossed but once, while we amassed seventy-six points against our opponents. These facts are sufficient proof of the development of the team.

#### The summary:

Providence College	St. John's
Tarby, l. e.....	l. e., Price
Murphy, l. t.....	l. t., McCready
Alford, l. g.....	l. g., Mottey
Beck, c.....	c., Plumridge
Smithwick, r. g.....	r. g., Warren
Connor, r. t.....	r. t., O'Brien
McGee, r. e.....	r. e., Prendergast
Brickley, q. b.....	q. b., Kennedy
Triggs, l. h.....	l. h., Thomas
Gilmartin, r. h.....	r. h., Mathews
C. Ryan, f. b.....	f. b., Weis
Touchdowns—Thomas, Brickley. Substitutes: Providence—Reall	

for Smithwick, J. Ryan for Murphy, Wholey for Brickley, Brickley for Wholey, Delaney for Triggs, Triggs for Delaney, Wholey for Brickley, Murphy for J. Ryan; St. John's—Linough for Weis, Weis for Linough. Linesman—McCall, Stevens Tech. Referee—Harper, Harvard. Umpire—Kelley, Villanova. Time—Four 15-minute periods.

### SOPHOMORES vs. FRESHMEN

Hendricken Field, Nov. 23, 1923

The annual classic between the two lower classes was staged on Hendricken Field, with the second year men emerging on the long end of a 12 to 9 score. It was a bitterly contested game, with the experience of the Sophs giving them the edge.

After a few minutes of play, Doyle kicked a field goal for the Freshmen. The Sophomores soon went into the lead, scoring a touchdown after brilliant runs by Graham and Halloran, Graham finally taking the ball over. He also scored the second touchdown for his team.

The Freshmen scored their touchdown in the final quarter, after a twenty-yard run by McLaughlin.

#### The summary:

Sophomores	Freshmen
Burns, l. e.....	r. e., Lyons
Duffey, l. t.....	r. t., Morley
Tierney, l. g.....	r. g., Coleman
Griffin, c.....	c., McGrath
Dolan, r. g.....	l. g., Allen
Whiteside, r. t.....	l. t., McCarthy
Donahue, r. e.....	l. e., O'Neil
Graham, q. b.....	q. b., McLaughlin
Young, l. h.....	r. h., Doyle
Halloran, r. h.....	l. h., Reilly
Conlon, f. b.....	f. b., Bruno

Score—Sophomores 12, Freshmen 9. Touchdowns—Graham 2, McLaughlin. Field goal—Doyle. Officials: Referee—Connor. Umpire and field judge—McHugh. Head linesman—Keleher. Time—Four 15-minute periods. Substitutions: Sophomores—Hackett for Young, Young for Hackett, Tally for Young, Cashman for Burns, Sullivan for Conlon, Burns for Cashman; Freshmen—C. Smith for Lyons, Reeve for Bruno, Davis for O'Neil, Kaveney for McCarthy.

*Howard F. Bradley, '24*

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