

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 4

JANUARY, 1924

No. 4

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Providence College Alembic

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1924

No. 3

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Fantasy



HE sun is shining—
Its rays so bright—
The smile of God
Brings the earth its light.

The rain is falling
To the earth below—
The tears of God
From the Heavens flow.

The stars which brighten
A darkened sky
Are God's reminder
He's still on high.

Joseph V. Mitchell, '24

K-C AT THE BAT

"Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It bounded from the mountain top and rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat,
For K-C, mighty Casey was advancing at the bat."

* * *

DURING THE DARK, heart-straining days of 1917 and 1918, when our country was engaged in the most titanic war of all ages, when the very foundations of democracy were threatened by the terrible menace of despotism, we learned that much good can come out of evil. Then there was brought before our eyes, as never before, the numberless agencies for good that were being operated quietly, yet effectively, by our citizens. The horrors of warfare brought before the eyes of the public the spectacle of the heroic work of our great societies and relief organizations in alleviating the sufferings and ministering to the comfort of the war victims—on battlefield and in hospital, on land and on sea, at home and abroad. We heard stirring tales of the great deeds of the Red Cross; of the brave and cheerful Salvation Army lassies and their famous doughnuts; of the great work accomplished by various other relief organizations devoted to this relief work; and last, but by no means least, of the heroic deeds and unending good accomplished by our own great society, the Knights of Columbus.

In April, 1917, the United States declared war upon Germany. In that same month, one week after war was declared, the Supreme Board of Directors of the Knights of Columbus pledged the whole-hearted, unconditional support of the Order to our country in its prosecution of the war. A little later the work was started by raising a million dollars by means of a *per capita* tax upon the members of the Order. Later a large sum of money was contributed by the Catholic people at large to aid the Order in its great relief undertaking.

In September, 1917, the American soldiers began leaving for France in large numbers. Previous to this time only the regular army men had gone across. But at this time the Federalized National Guard Units sailed for France in large numbers and were closely followed by various contingents of drafted and newly-enlisted men. Almost coincidentally with the movement of the first Guardsmen overseas, the first contingent of Knights of Columbus volunteer chaplains

sailed for France. From thence onward, there was a steady stream of chaplains, K. of C. secretaries, and K. of C. supplies of all kinds leaving America en route to France.

The noble work accomplished by the Caseys in the war zone is now a matter of familiar history. K. of C. huts, where everybody was welcome and everything was free, became the bright spots in that devastated land. And the secretaries did not merely stay in the huts and wait for the boys to come to them. Far from it. The K. of C. secretaries were ever to be found in the front lines, in the trenches. Wherever the doughboys went, there the Caseys followed. With his "kitchen car" filled with hot chocolate, doughnuts, chocolate bars and cigarettes, Casey was always with the boys, dispensing smiles and words of cheer along with the chocolate and doughnuts.

The names awarded to some of the K. of C. secretaries—"Uncle" Joe Kernan, "Pop" Bundschu, etc., speak volumes for the human contact made by the Knights with the men they went to serve. These two words, "Pop" and "Uncle," are typical of the affection with which the K. of C. secretaries were regarded. "Uncle" Joe Kernan,—over sixty, by the way—with a load of creature comforts strapped to his back, heavier than the equipment that a husky young infantryman had to carry, trudging with his cane over the shell-swept fields of France to some outfit in the trenches; "Pop" Bundschu piloting his K. of C. roller kitchen over the shell-holed roads, under the enemy's shrapnel, to some hidden corner of a forest or a camouflaged crossroads where it could serve as an oasis in the desert of devastation; Denis Oates, lifting his load of cigarettes and sweets to the front lines on a stretcher, when all other means of transportation failed; these are some of the lasting pictures in the minds of the men served by the Caseys at the front. They supplement and are part of those other stirring pictures—of K. of C. chaplains in No Man's Land, in the advanced dressing stations, bent over wounded and dying men. or standing in the front trenches with a line of men filing past in the moonlight to be shriven before they climbed the parapet and rushed into the teeth of the enemy's fire.

These are but a very few of the countless examples and incidents of Casey's work overseas. I could go on and on at length relating other proofs of his services in behalf of the morale and comfort of the boys. I could also tell of the services of the great number of

individual Caseys in the ranks—of Enright of Pittsburgh, the first American soldier killed in France, of young Lieutenant Fitzsimmons of Kansas City, the first American officer killed in France, of Father William Davitt of Holyoke killed an hour before the armistice was signed, the last American to die on the battlefield before the cessation of hostilities. But space would not permit the enumeration of more instances.

The Knights of Columbus did not forsake their interest in the service man as soon as he came home. The Order did an inestimable amount of work in the demobilization camps when the boys returned from overseas. Casey entertained them, gave them various little comforts and luxuries, and for a long time had sole charge of the task of tracing and recovering lost baggage. And, due to the huddled condition of the railroads at that time, the latter was a task. After the boys were discharged Casey was still waiting to serve them. K. of C. employment bureaus were created to help re-establish the boys in civil life. These employment bureaus were situated in every city and town where there was a council of the K. of C., and they were the result of a long and systematic series of plans which the Knights had made for the reconstruction period. By means of these bureaus thousands upon thousands of veterans were placed at work within a short time after their discharge.

In connection with these bureaus there is an anecdote which is a tribute to the broad-minded spirit which characterized all the work of the Knights of Columbus. The bureaus sought jobs by paying many ex-service men \$4. a day to look for jobs, which jobs were then listed by the bureau. One such canvasser approached a large employer and was summarily checked.

"The K. of C. get jobs only for Catholics," said the employer.

"That's funny," said the canvasser, "I'm a Presbyterian and they pay me four dollars a day to look for jobs for other Presbyterians and any other kind of a creed-holder."

Even to this day, five years after the armistice, the Knights of Columbus are continuing to serve the veteran. In the autumn of 1919 Knights of Columbus evening schools were opened in all large cities and towns, offering a large variety of subjects, practical as well as cultural. These schools are absolutely free to all war veterans. The schools are still operating and it is a matter of record that a large

number of veterans have bettered greatly their positions in life by taking advantage of the instruction afforded by these schools. For those veterans who lived too far from the cities to attend these schools, Knights of Columbus correspondence schools were inaugurated. These schools like the others were highly successful.

Although the Knights of Columbus have been far better known since the war than before, and although their contribution to America's share in the war was their greatest achievement, yet their existence has been amply justified in many ways and on many occasions. Beginning as a small parish society in New Haven in 1882 the Knights of Columbus has become the greatest social organization of Catholic laymen in America, having a present enrollment of about 800,000 Catholic men. There are councils of the Knights of Columbus in every state in the union, in every province in Canada, in Newfoundland, in Alaska, in the Philippine Islands, in Mexico, in the Canal Zone, in Cuba and in Porto Rico. Many requests have been received asking that the order be extended to Europe and to other foreign parts, but as yet it has been deemed unwise to take this step.

The Knights of Columbus have ever been mindful of the spiritual, educational and material welfare of the Catholic citizens of this Country. In 1904 the Order founded the Chair of American History at the Catholic University of America in Washington. This gift to Catholic education was a notable one and one whose effect will never cease. In 1909 the Order undertook the task of presenting a \$500,000 endowment fund to the Catholic University. In 1914 this work was completed successfully. Ever since the Knights of Columbus have had fifty annual scholarships at the Catholic University in acknowledgement for this generous gift. In the various states and in the individual councils also the cause of higher education has been fostered to a great extent. As a result many of our Catholic colleges throughout the country have perpetual scholarships due to the generosity of the K. of C.

It is the practice of the K. of C. Councils in the various cities to conduct lectures on Sunday evenings during the winter months. The lectures are all of a highly instructive and educational as well as of an interesting nature, and no trouble or expense is spared in order to obtain the best speakers possible. These lectures are absolutely free and the public at large is invited; the large attendance recorded at

these lectures is an eloquent tribute to their value.

The Knights of Columbus have been ever a progressive society and this fact is as true now as ever before. By means of their annual state and national conventions, the Order keeps pace with the progress of the day in all lines. By means of endowments, gifts of scholarships, leadership in drives, and in various other ways, the Order exhibits its lively interest in education. By prompt financial aid and personal relief work in fire, flood, famine, and any other kind of calamity, it proves its sincere interest in welfare work.

During the past year the Knights of Columbus have launched a movement in behalf of the Catholic boy. A society known as the Columbian Squires, with membership composed of Catholic boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years, is being established. Thus the Catholic boy on the threshold of youth will have expert guidance and leadership in those leisure hours that have as much to do with character building as class hours. This movement will soon be of far-reaching importance.

Thus we have seen that in the past the Knights of Columbus have amply justified their existence. And, it is not too much to expect that in the future they will do at least as well. The K. of C. has come to be the greatest Catholic society, the "right arm" of the Church in America. We may well expect that "Casey" will be ever at bat, guarding the interests and advancing the cause of our holy Faith.

Thomas M. Donnelly, '24

Resignation



SECLUDE YOURSELF within high convent walls

And vow your life and soul be as His Will.

If you are of the few the Savior calls

I'll lock my love within my heart and still

The longing that would fill my days.

We cannot know His ways

But they are just.

And I will only live to hope and pray

To see you on that solemn awful day

When He shall come to resurrect our dust.

Francis Vonnerly, '24

JUST DAN'L

"The play is done; the curtain drops."

Thackeray.

WELL, I WISH you could consider it, Mr. Flink. I think it is worth considering. You know, I've carried that play around with me for twenty years. Pretty nearly every producer on Broadway has refused it; some of them didn't even read it. I guess maybe they were right—but somehow I have always had the feeling that it was a good piece and that some day it would be staged."

He stopped speaking and his voice trailed off into a barely audible sigh. Old and slight, with snow-white hair and kindly blue eyes, with his clothes carefully brushed and pressed, he somehow presented an air of resignation, a waiting for the inevitable.

The man whom he was addressing looked up. "Mr. Winfield, I will read it. But, remember, I make no promises. You've always been close to the show business. You know what a gamble it is. If your play looks good to me I will take a chance and produce it. But if, on the other hand"—a suggestive shrug of his shoulders expressed his thoughts better than words.

Winfield arose to leave. The other man continued.

"Remember, I 'm a gambler. I've had to be to make a living—ever since I came from Russia. Anything I got I got by taking chances." Here his face, undeniably of Hebraic cast, lighted up. "Yes! That's why all my brother producers love me! I've made money on some plays they rejected. It might be the same thing with this one of yours, huh? Well, goodbye, Mr. Winfield, and come in day after tomorrow, around two o'clock, and we'll see about it."

Walking out into the tang of the November afternoon, John Winfield had no hope for the acceptance of his manuscript. It would be the same old story; the story he had heard so often in twenty years of tramping from one producer's office to another. His play would be read and then pronounced unfitted for presentation before a modern audience. It was not spicy enough; it was too unsophisticated; and it depended a little on good acting. And the theatre today is not overpopulated with good actors.

As these thoughts came to his mind, he continued down Broadway, oblivious to the promenading throng surging about him. In

the midst of his musings he heard the old familiar salutation.

"Hello, Rip! A constitutional on the Primrose Path!"

"Why, hello, Willy! What are you doing back in town? I thought you were playing stock in the provinces."

"I was," ruefully admitted Willy, "but *was* is chronologically different from *is*. The metropolis in which I was making my residence refused to support the excellent acting of our repertory company, so our venture fell flat. As a consequence I'm back on Broadway and broke."

Truth to tell, being broke with Willy Spaulding was not exactly a new sensation. He was as old as the venerable Winfield, and directly opposite in type. Willy, as Winfield had affectionately called Spaulding since they had known each other—almost forty years now—was ever the irrepressible, the twinkling-eyed wit, the scoffer at misfortune. He had risen to the heights of stardom on several occasions, only to have the play fail after a short run. Born of a theatrical family, from his earliest years the theatre had been his world, a world of grease paints and costumes, romance and unreality.

John Winfield, quiet, soft-spoken, was a perfect contrast to Spaulding. He was born in Maine of stern Yankee stock, and at the age of twenty he had left home to follow the uncertain glamor of the footlights. Now, forty years older, he seemed destined to be a failure; his ambition dulled, his hopes unrealized. Always essentially an actor he had written one play with the desire to see it produced. For twenty years he had rewritten, corrected, and revised the piece, submitting it to one producer after another, and it had never been accepted. He and his play had become characters on Broadway. Always slender in stature, he had seemed to grow even smaller with the years, but strangely he had never seemed embittered by his failure.

He had presented his piece to a producer for the last time. Sam Flink, Take-a-Chance Sam, as Broadway called him, had Winfield's play and if he did not think it worthy of staging, Winfield told himself he would tear it up.

It was while revolving this thought in his mind that he had been hailed by Willy—Willy, whom he had met during his first year away from home—Willy, with whom he had trouped, played the small towns, the one-night stands. They had doubled up in fifth-rate boarding houses, where they were unable to classify which was worse,

the boarding house or the boarding mistress. Yes, and they had been stranded together, a million miles from home when the manager of the troupe left for parts unknown with all the funds in his personal keeping. So underneath all the banter and joviality of their greeting was the sympathetic understanding of two kindred souls.

Both were finished actors of the old school, thorough students of presence, diction and character. And now as the years went on, success seemed to have passed them by. They seemed to recognize the fact that they were of another time, an earlier generation.

Arm in arm, they proceeded down Broadway. Willy, with his cane and jaunty air, Winfield, visibly cheered by Willy's spirited presence. Twilight was falling. A few of the electric signs were beginning to blink and sparkle.

"Rip, what say! Let's have a bite to eat! I know just the place. On West Forth-Fifth. It's called Mawney Smith's. New, inexpensive, satisfying. What more could be desired?"

Winfield chuckled, glad to have Willy and his bubbling good nature for company. Off they went. To Mawney Smith's. Entering that worthy eating-house they were pleasantly surprised. Small, dull-oak tables lighted dimly; a red tile floor laid in large squares; oak wainscoting; a beamed and smoke-grimed ceiling; a big open fireplace surmounted by a huge mantle on which reposed a row of pewter mugs; and, jutting from the walls at various points, the trophied heads of deer and moose; all of which combined to give a very realistic lodge effect.

When the waiter approached and spoke in broken, Gallicised English, Willy was delighted.

"Rip, old dear, we are way down East. This is our private hunting lodge. Edouard is our chef. We shall eat bacon and venison and cornbread. Why, I can almost hear the sighing of the pines and smell the balsams."

"Willy, you are almost sixty, yet you will always be young. You haven't changed a bit since I first met you," smiled Winfield.

They ate in silence, watching the flames from the crackling logs in the fireplace alternately gild and shadow the space about the hearth. Maybe they saw the likeness between those flames and their own lives, flaring up brightly with the hope and fire and ambition of:

youth, and then dying down with the sorrow and failure—and sometimes despair—of old age.

Leaving Mawney Smith's they walked through to Fifth Avenue. The Fifth Avenue of the fall, with a sharp breeze snapping across Manhattan Island. Seven o'clock. A multitude of taxis bearing gaiety seekers to the evening's parties. A sea of traffic, with the bronze towers winking owlishly with changing colored eyes.

"Let's take a bus, Rip, and we'll voyage down the Avenue! Swaying on a bus-top with the world hurrying by us. And Richard Harding Davis said that the Cafe de la Paix jutting out into the Avenue de l'Opera and the Boulevard des Capucines, was the center of the world! Why Rip, we're watching the Passing Show!"

They boarded a bus in the neighborhood of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and down the Avenue they swayed. Willy laughing and pointing; Winfield smiling and nodding. Somehow he seemed reminiscent, and when he saw a hansom cab, with its beaver-hatted, skirt-coated driver, furred whip, big buttons and all, he began to recall old scenes.

"Willy, do you recall how a Broadway night of twenty-five years ago looked when the theatres were letting out? The shining carriages, with their sleek, lightly-stepping cobs, and each with its liveried coachman and footman! Ah, Willy, those were the nights! With the men in formal evening attire, tall hats and capes, and the women with their wide-flung skirts, and fur-trimmed, puff-shouldered coats, with flowers in their hair!"

"But, Rip, do you remember when we used to go to see Joe Jefferson play Rip Van Winkle. You went so often that I dubbed you Rip and Rip you've been ever since. Why, you worshipped Jefferson. You used to say he would be remembered as one of the greatest actors of the American stage, and now your words have come true. Rip, those were the times when we thought, yes, when we *knew* we were going to be great actors. And look at us now! Oh, well, we've seen it all. I don't suppose we've got more than half an act left and then the curtain will drop for good. But come on, the play's the thing, so let's have some fun. What! Time to disembark! Watch your step, Rip. There! We're on *terra firma* once more."

"Willy, I think I shall go home and go to bed. I'm getting tired. I can't stand as much excitement as I used to. All day tomorrow I shall spend in the library. If you have no other appointment, Willy,

I wish you could meet me in Flink's office day after tomorrow at two o'clock."

"Surely, Rip, I'll meet you."

"Goodnight, Willy."

"Goodnight, Rip, and Happy Dreams!"

Winfield, as good as his word, spent the following day in the library. The next day he went to Flink's office. Arriving there he met Willy who, since they had last met, had acquired the latest story, and immediately set about telling it to Rip. They were interrupted at the climax of the anecdote when the office boy told them that Mr. Flink was "ready to see Mr. Winfield." They went into Flink's private office, rather garish in its furnishings, and there, seated in a swivel chair, was the smiling Mr. Flink himself.

"Hello, Mr. Winfield, how are you?"

"Mr. Flink—Mr. Spaulding."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Spaulding. We might as well get down to business. Mr. Winfield, I'm going to accept your piece. I read it myself and I got a hunch it might go over. I'm taking a chance on it. Now we'll sign an agreement. We can fix up the details later. I think we better get rehearsals going as soon as possible. You've done some acting, haven't you, Mr. Winfield?"

"Yes, Mr. Flink, I have."

"Now after reading that piece a couple of times, I figure from the way that main character is written, that you ought to play the lead. Will you consider it?"

"Why—why—yes. Only I never thought I would ever see my play accepted. It may never be a success, Mr. Flink, but at last someone saw some worth in it."

"That's all right, Mr. Winfield, but remember I never make promises. It may be the season's success, and maybe it might be the worst bust on Broadway this year. You never can tell, eh, Mr. Spaulding? I'm going to find a place to rehearse and round up some actors. I'll see you tomorrow around ten o'clock and then we'll sign contracts. Well, goodbye, Mr. Winfield, Mr. Spaulding."

"Goodbye, Mr. Flink."

"Rip, you lucky old dog! Riding on the band wagon with Take-a-Chance Sam! Your play has been accepted. Old Rip is sitting pretty."

"Don't be too sure, Willy, maybe Rip's play will turn out like Rip—a rank failure."

"Go on, you old pessimist. Can't you ever look on the sunny side of things? Come on, let's look in the shop windows on the Avenue—or go to the Aquarium or something."

Off they went, to stroll aimlessly, poke here and there in interesting nooks and corners, and spend the remainder of the day in care-free wandering.

Next day saw the contracts signed and the engagement of Willy to play the part of the love-lorn justice. Rehearsals were arranged for, a director employed, and the company assembled. Then work began in earnest. Tedious, tiring, spirit-racking work; work of which there seemed to be no end. Three weeks of rehearsals, age-long days, punctuated by cuts, revisions, additions, the memorizing of new lines, and then the final rehearsal—a body-breaking fifteen hours. Finally the news that the show was to open "cold", no out-of-town tryout.

What a terrible ordeal would be that first performance!—lacking in smoothness, displaying all the glaring imperfections of a first presentation. The nervousness of the actors, the suspense of the producer, and the anxiety of the author, all make a first performance a thing to be dreaded.

The old Imperial had been chosen to house the play. Came the first night, and a representative first-night audience. The newspaper critics—Murderers' Row—grouped together; notables; actors and actresses "at liberty"; men-about-town; and chronic first-nighters. Some in evening clothes, and some not. Dreicer Fredericks of the *Sphere*, critic columnist, and essayist, was conspicuously present, attended by his eccentricities, long hair, unshaven jowls, baggy trousers, and out-worn shoes. Gems scintillating—with here and there a pair of opera glasses being adjusted. An air of vivacious expectation; ripples of feminine laughter; and throatier masculine crescendos.

At 8:30 the curtain rose on JUST DAN'L. The audience seemed to settle into a mood of cynical disbelief, but from the time John Winfield made his appearance as Dan'l—midway in the first act—the attitude of the audience changed.

White-haired, blue eyed, soft-spoken, old crush hat set comically

on his head, he completely stole their hearts. Portraying Dan'l Frisbee, a shiftless, tippling, fabricating, beloved old rascal, he worked his way into their emotions. They laughed—laughed with all their souls when Dan'l's wife would explain a new escapade of his by saying, "Oh, that's just Dan'l." And they cried—the women openly, unashamedly, the men camouflaged behind handkerchiefs and head colds—when, accused of cruelty and non-support, he said so forlornly "Mother, I didn't know I was mean to you."

Rocking back and forth on his heels, hands in pockets, half-whistling, spinning the most impossible yarns, he became a reality, a bit of life, just Dan'l Frisbee, as truly American as the Declaration of Independence, the most lovable character on the American stage since Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle.

At the end of the second act came cries of "AUTHOR!" Sam Flink, Take-a-Chance Sam, and Willy Spaulding, pushed Winfield out on to the stage, but that first night audience did not see John Winfield, the author. They saw JUST DAN'L. He did not step out of his character. He stood there, smiling a tired sort of smile. He was unable to speak until at last he said, "Thank you—everyone." And Just Dan'l walked into the wings, head bowed.

Between the acts in the lobby of the old Imperial there was an enthusiastic buzzing. Critics jolted out of their lethargy, everybody congratulating Sam Flink on producing a success, and many of his brother producers commiserating with each other over the sad fact that they had passed by an opportunity which Sam had seized and turned to good purpose.

After the play was finished, Willy Spaulding, leaving behind his drolly natural delineation of the lovelorn judge, rushed into Winfield's dressing room.

"Rip, we're going to celebrate. We'll drive in style tonight. There's a cab waiting at the door. Are you ready? We're off! Off to Mawney Smith's. Look, Rip! We're in front of the theatre. The last of the crowd's just coming out. Tomorrow night there'll be more lights on Broadway. *John Winfield in JUST DAN'L*. Won't it look great in front of the Imperial? Old Rip, a star. After forty years you're a great actor, you old, hide-bound, son of Maine. Well, here we are. Mawney Smith's, food, drink and rest for man and beast. Edouard, the best you've got. And a demi-john of cider. Just think,

Rip, if this were Sherry's a few years ago it would be champagne. But it's cider, sparkling, amber, pellucid, drink divine." With a musical tinkle Willy and Rip touched glasses.

"To the best acting-playwright and the best playwrighting-actor on Broadway, the street that wags the World! For auld lang syne, Rip!"

"Willy, I'd rather be with you tonight than be King of Arabia."

And Rip laughed; laughed at the antics of Willy until his face crinkled up into a million wrinkles.

"Tonight Will, I'm a successful actor-author. A week from now I may be neither. So flow the tides of existence."

As before, they watched the flames from the burning logs, flare, die down, and flare again. It was getting late. They were the last to leave, and as they were going out Willy placed a crumpled banknote in Edouard's hand, much to that gentleman's astonishment.

"Edouard, go buy yourself an umbrella or something—it's liable to rain. Bye-bye."

"Willy, how is it that you cast five dollar tips about carelessly?"

"Oh, I just got an advance from Flink, and I must be rid of it quickly. 'Money,' Rip, 'is but to spend and lend and gain its pointed end,' some wise man hath said."

Home they went, to sleep the deep sleep of fatigue. Rehearsals had taken their bodily and mental toll.

They arose journalistically famous, receiving extravagant praise from all the morning sheets. The critics—to a man—predicted a long run for JUST DAN'L, and although the critics have not the power to make or break a play, nor can their decrees be considered infallible, in this instance their predictions were fulfilled. Seats for JUST DAN'L were sold out weeks in advance. It ran for a year on Broadway and it became nationally famous, as did John Winfield, its writer, who after twenty years had created the beloved character, Dan'l.

But JUST DAN'L had its other side, too. Going to Chicago with the original company, John Winfield contracted pneumonia, and never extremely robust, the attack proved fatal. It was while he was lying in the hospital after he had been told he would not live, that he called Willy to his side.

"Willy, I want you to play Dan'l for me. You know the

part as well as I do. You've been my closest friend and you know how I've had my heart and soul in JUST DAN'L. Willy, tell Sam to come here." Sam came over, and John Winfield spoke to him.

"Sam, I can't breathe very well. But I want you to promise me one thing. Let Willy play Dan'l. Promise me that, Sam."

And Sam, big tears rolling down his cheeks, remembering how John Winfield had given him his greatest success, promised—kept his promise.

With a nod and a smile, John Winfield died.

He was buried according to his own desire, far from the Broadway he had loved, in a little stone-walled cemetery that rested on a Maine hillside.

When the services were finished and Willy Spaulding stood alone at John Winfield's last resting place, listening to the hollow murmur of the pines and breathing the balsom-scented air, he remembered their first visit to Mawney Smith's, and his own allusion to way down East. Then the other memories came crowding back.

Willy Spaulding, the rollicking, irrepressible Willy, scoffer at misfortune, returned to his world, the world of the theatre, and lived that soft-spoken, shiftless, tippling, wholly lovable old rascal, JUST DAN'L, for the sake of Rip and auld lang syne.

James H. Lynch, '25

Lament



FOR ONE whose face is fair

I tuned my reed,

And piped a pleasing air

She did not heed.

Of Youth and Love I sang

A song that's old:

Her mocking laughter rang;

Her hand was cold.

My reed I broke and flung

Up at the sky.

My cold red heart is young,

Yet it could die!

Francis Vonner, '24

THE OBSERVER

IT IS AN ALMOST revolting spectacle to behold ministers of the Gospel rejecting the customs and regulations of their religions, defying their superiors, and causing by their childish actions a religious upheaval that threatens the Churches they vowed to support. It is sufficiently tiresome to see overly-zealous clergymen rant and rave in opposition to the tenets of another creed—but it becomes alarming when they force an issue with their fellow-ministers over matters of belief that are of great import. This latter is the condition of certain denominations, and this state of things is unnecessarily emphasized by the press. The present occasion is, indeed, a moment of great delight to certain editors, who find great glee in the predicament of the war-torn Churches, and who enjoy themselves by writing cynical reports and articles on the state of affairs in these Churches. The struggle does not affect only the warring ministers and their modes of belief—it affects their followers, who are sorely puzzled by the belligerent antics of their religious leaders. This condition, namely, that of denominations divided by doubt instigated by unruly and sensationalism-seeking ministers, with perplexed members of these Churches undecided whom to follow and what to believe, cannot last. Either the factions shall declare a peace and present a united code of articles of belief to their constituents, or else these denominations shall cease to exist: for the people, investigating for themselves, will dig through the shifting sands of doubt until they strike the bed-rock—the one true faith.

* * *

This state of affairs does not affect the contending religions only; it bears greatly on religion in general. The American people, for the most part, enjoy a healthy respect for all religion and for its ministers. This respect must be cherished and fostered, but such cannot be accomplished by wholesale dissension among those who should inspire respect. When one set of religious teachers declare that a certain thing is an article of faith, and then an equal number of equally learned gentlemen deny this definition as true, perplexity must follow. People do not like to be fooled and resent whatever they suppose is an attempt to dupe them.

Most people experience moments of rationality, certain psychologists to the contrary notwithstanding, and during these movements like to turn to serious things. Most people take their religion very seriously, and if their religion is made a farce by its ministers, the people's respect for it will certainly cease to exist; and without a healthy respect for religion and all sacred things, we cannot hope that a body of citizenry will be law-abiding nor maintain any veneration for our national institutions; for it is only through respect for God's law that a respect for man's law is inspired.

* * *

At the present time, Mexico is enjoying one of her periodic outbreaks, called out of courtesy a revolution. A revolution generally has for its aim the overthrow of the existing Government and the substitution of another. In Mexico they fight to overthrow the existing regime and then fight to prevent the substitution of another. Little sympathy and hope for success can be given to the present rebels. The Government in Mexico, led by the very capable Obregon, is the most stable that Mexico has experienced in many moons. This Government has been recognized by the United States, which should give to it all the moral and, if necessary, material support that is necessary to insure the success of its arms. Our national neighbor, to the south of us, must become possessed, for once and for all time, of a Government sufficiently powerful to repel at all times the assault of bandits, to co-operate with the United States in protecting the towns and property near the border, and to accomplish all those things necessary for the welfare of both Governments. President Obregon of the Republic of Mexico is an able leader as his administration portrays; an energetic general not easily cowed, he, with co-operation, should put a speedy end to the present uprising.

T. Henry Barry, '25

Old Wisdom

REMEMBER not too well days that are dead
 Nor count too much upon days yet unborn.
 But live today just for today itself
 And you'll not cringe at blasts of Gabriel's horn

Francis Vonnery, '24

THE HOTCHPOTCH

FUNK

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

Culture: Conversational knowledge of the latest theory of psychoanalysis.

Dream: The most adequate expression of your innermost self.

Dress: A habit whose primary end is the *adornment* of the person.

Drudgery: Ordinary hard work.

Economics: The science whose terminology should be incorporated in a separate dictionary.

Enterprise: A synonym for successful cheating.

Entertainment: What the French call *risque*.

French: The language of the menu. (With apologies to a certain Congressman.)

Futurism: The epitome of modernism: no sense and a great deal of it.

GREAT MEN WHO HAVE MET US

We once knew a fellow who had added to his list of accomplishments a well-developed case of kleptomania. The police did not appreciate the extent of his malady, and as a natural consequence they attempted to arrest him one evening when he was found making a collection of fur coats—unknown to the proprietor of the fur shop. But in the process of arrest, unfortunately, he caused one very large policeman to depart this life. The judge and the twelve men and true, held the view that just because there seemed to be an overabundance of large policemen there was no real reason why any perverted individual should declare open season on policemen and bang away at them with great freedom and abandon, so they gave the criminal a term of life imprisonment. And when he was comfortably settled in his new home, what do you think the guard found written all over the cell walls? TEMPUS FUGIT!

We ask to know: Why do detectives in plays always wear brown derbies, and in real life wear black ones?

MOTHER BLUES

Hey diddle diddle, the horn and the fiddle,

The drum boomed really too soon,

The little sax squawked in a loon-like voice,

For jazz doesn't bother with tune.

Abe: I see the men of today are wearing the same style of haircuts that was popular twenty years ago.

Zeb: What style is that?

Abe: Bald style.

Absent-minded Biology professor to more absent-minded student:
Where is Jacob's membrane?

Stoodense: In Massachusetts. I climbed it in a flivver.

Philo Phillpotts, the retired shingle manufacturer, who is fat enough to be two aldermen, says that there are three things wrong in the world: Radio, rum and reformers. He further remarked that there was no remedy for the first two, but that rope of a suitable length would hamper the endeavors of the last-mentioned.

WHY WORRY?

(*or: Just a Song at Midnight*)

I just adore psychology.

Its sweet—so very sweet.

I love its great morphology;

My heart just skips a beat.

When e'er I think of it, so dear;

I almost swoon with joy

And say without a qualm of fear,

Its charm will never cloy.

Alas, my love! It was a dream,

A hollow, worldly sham!

To-morrow's dawning brings for me—

Psychology exam.

FROM OUR KOUNTRY KORRESPONDENT

Editor's note: We used the above alliteration advisedly because we have been notified that the letter C has been expunged from the alphabet. We were prompted to heed this advice for fear that a delegation of salesmen might present themselves some evening at the editorial domicile and insist on selling us an overcoat—of tar and feathers.

We also venture the opinion that kukumbers will be more difficult to eat when they are spelled with k's.

January 1, 1924.

Kranberry, R. I.

Dear Ed:—

In reply to yours of the thirty-sekond will say that Kranberry has denned up for the winter like the rakkoons, foxes, and polekats. The only people seen on Main Street at night are the knight watchman down at the kanning faktory and the konstable. Its so kold up here that Dad Dingle's kat fell in Peeptoad pond through a gap in the ice and the water froze on her fur so fast that, when they got her out, they thought she was a porkupine.

Pete Oakley's pet rattlesnake bit him the other day, and we sort of ekspekted Pete to pass out. Pete was too tough, however, and the snake sukkumbed from fraktured jaws and a mis-placed face. Pete's leg was sure hard chewing.

ZeZ Pedunkle's rabbit hound knows every rabbit in Kranberry Township, and, akkording to ZeZ, instead of starting the kottontails when he is out hunting them, the dad bangled hound says "good morning—how de ye do," and passes them by. If he ain't kareful he'll wake up some morning and find himself dead, avers ZeZ.

Old Bent Gardener is komplaining of rheumatism in the knees on akkount of which he kan't walk well, but George Steere says that it ain't rheumatism that's affekting Old Ben's Knees, it's hard cider.

More news next month, maybe.

Respektfully yours

Leprilete Kornbill.

ADVICE TO THE FLUNKED

Take your flunks as a matter of course.

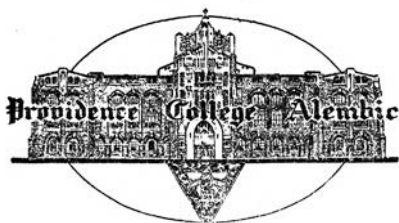
Immediately write home to implore the folks not to sell the dear old farm—there will be no shortage of labor in the spring.

Cultivate a mien of indifference with which to combat the ribaldry of your luckier fellows.

Broadcast the opinion that you thought the courses were a bust from the start.

Do not be reticent about repeating the courses. Find solace in the tailor's slogan: It's never too late to mend.

Trust in Providence.



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Staff

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Howard J. Farrell, *Assistant*

Francis L. Dwyer, *Poetry*

Joseph V. Mitchell, *Alumni*

James H. Lynch, *Exchange*

Edward V. Holohan, *Chronicle*

Charles A. Gibbons, '24

John E. Farrell, '26

John B. McKenna, *Arts*

Howard F. Bradley, *Athletics*

T. Henry Barry, *Observer*

Earle T. Powell, *Editorial Sec'y.*

Earle F. Ford, '25

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James J. Corrigan, *Mgr.*

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Walter F. Reilley, *Business Secretary*

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

It is a custom followed as closely as possible to have everything published in this magazine signed by the writer of the production. Circumstances are present, however, which prevent a strict adherence to this rule. In the *Hotchpotch* the different writings are of varying length and most of them are short. In consequence it is impracticable to sign each one. Wherefore, in pursuance of a New Year resolution, the editor gratefully acknowledges the contributions to the humorous department of members of the Staff who desire to remain unknown, of John J. Fitzpatrick and T. Gregory

Sullivan of the Junior class and Alfonso Tammaro and A. Coogan of the Freshman class. Most grateful acknowledgment is also made to James C. Conlon of the Junior class for his essay, *The Spirit of Christmas*, which appeared as an editorial in the December issue. While on the subject of anonymity, it seems advisable to insist that the letter to the editor, which appeared in the latest issue, was not the work of the editor himself. A member of the Class of '26 arrived at the conclusion just denied, because the letter was signed *Invincible Ignorance*, and, though the discernment of the worthy Sophomore is appreciated, the extent to which his opinion has been subscribed requires that justice be done.

Small as this issue necessarily is, the Staff has **A PROPOS** attempted to make it representative. A few changes have been made in the arrangement and set-up of the magazine since the first number of this school year, in accordance with inside and outside criticism. The students are urged to continue to manifest the interest already shown. It is hoped that each succeeding month will find a new contributor to the magazine, and this hope is based on the fact that the three issues since the first (which was entirely the work of the Staff) have contained half a dozen entirely new names—some being those of members of the upper classes.

While on the subject of contributions, it seems appropriate at this time to say a word about our regular contributors, new and old. We are urged to do this both by a consideration of the season and the fact that the *Exchange* editor of the Boston College *Stylus* has been moved to give a most gracious tribute to our *Poetry* editor, Mr. Francis L. Dwyer. The various departmental heads deserve a word of thanks for their untiring efforts in securing material, their well-styled handling of their matter, and their painstaking promptness in turning in their assignments. Mr. Howard J. Farrell and Mr. James H. Lynch have proved capable of the burden shifted to them of improving the standard of the fiction of the magazine. The other members of the Staff have done much in assisting the editor, the advertising manager, and the circulation manager in the many small and large tasks which must be performed before the magazine is a finished product. To these, as well as to the many friends of the ALEMBIC within and without Bishop Harkins Hall, the editor takes this seasonable occasion to extend publicly his thanks.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

A diamond in a dark corner, struck by a sunbeam, scintillates in a thousand gaudy colors. The diamond is man: his existence the dark corner of sickness and despair. The sunbeam, Science, by its touch dispels grim tragedies in the brilliancy of life. Through the centuries it has been a guiding light for man to new resources wherein he may profit.

The object of the Albertinum Society is to investigate the important advances made in the natural sciences, with particular stress on those of recent origin. The materials upon which the facts are to be based may be from personal experiment and from the experiences and evidences of authority, bearing in mind throughout the course of exploration the words of Albertus Magnus, Patron of the society, "In studying nature, we have not to inquire how God the Creator may, as He freely wills, use His creatures to work miracles and thereby show forth His Power; we have rather to inquire what nature with its immanent power can actually bring to pass."

The value of the Society lies in the training in research work, a training that will mean much in the service of humanity. To attain this end, both mind and heart should be filled with the desire to do a work worthy of a Providence College man, a work worthy of the man who one day will hold the lives of his community in the skill of his hand.

The new society organized among the Medical Students of Providence College, to meet the advances of modern science, is known as the Albertinum Society, having chosen as its patron Albertus Magnus. Rev. J. T. Fitzgerald, O.P., Moderator, has been untiring in his zeal to promote this good work.

Leon Smith and James Bliss were elected President and Secretary, respectively, of the Albertinum Society.

ALUMNI



THE REGULAR QUARTERLY Meeting of the Alumni Association was held in Gymnasium Hall on the afternoon of December 28th. The majority of the members were present and transacted considerable business. The Constitution Committee submitted its proposed constitution and this was accepted with few amendments. The constitution provides for a board of directors, consisting of the officers of the association, and six men who are to be elected annually by the members. For the first year, the six men are to be divided into three groups, the first group remaining in office three years, the second two years, and the third one year. All the members elected to hold office on the directing board after this year will hold office for three years. In this way, there will be only two new officers placed on the board each year. The following men were elected to serve on the board: Charles J. Ashworth and William L. Coffey, who will remain in office three years; George McGonagle and Thomas Sullivan, to hold office for two years; and John McIsaac and Joseph O'Gara, who will serve one year.

It was also voted to extend membership in the Association to those students who have completed the pre-medical course, and to those divinity students completing the two years of college work required. The Gate Fund is steadily increasing and it is hoped that the quota will soon be reached. Present plans call for the work on the Memorial Gate to be started in the near future. All the funds acquired by the Association this year are to be turned over to the men in charge of the Gate Fund.

Plans are already being formulated for the activities of the Alumni during Commencement Week at the College. One day in Commencement Week, probably the day previous to Commencement, will be known as Alumni Day. Most likely the first annual banquet will be held on this day and the members of the Senior Class will be inducted into the Association.

The recent supper-dance, held at the Narragansett Hotel by the Alumni, was a splendid success, socially and financially, and an appreciable sum was added to the Gate Fund.

NOTES

Most of the boys were in town over the holidays, and from what has been heard, they are all doing well at the various graduate schools. We did not notice any of the pre-medical men at the affair of the 27th, however. It is rumored that Hugh Hall was afraid to appear in his newly acquired professional mustache, and that the rest of his fellows did not want to make him conspicuous by his absence. Such fraternal spirit is to be commended in its proper place, but since Hugh has grown the mustache, he should be made to suffer for it.

The writer humbly suggests that some enterprising alumnus start a subscription list to buy a new—and entirely different—coat of paint for Joe Fogarty's new car. The reputation of the college is at stake.

Joseph V. Mitchell, '24



EXCHANGE

OF LATE we have often wondered at the positive attitude displayed by that class of persons vulgarly referred to as "our serious young thinkers." They have undertaken the gigantic task of righting the world intellectually, and incidentally they have resolved to add an entirely new significance to the word and institution *Art*. For their resolution and enthusiasm and idealism they are to be commended; for their egotism and rather feverish methods they are merely to be tolerated as cyclic signs. Their indisputable decrees and infallible judgments in regard to literature might stand interpretation.

Among the young thinkers (minus quotation marks)—and they are not indigenous to the Village—is a group who consider themselves authorities on the subject of literature. With supreme self-confidence in their own critical ability, they state with great positiveness just what can be classed as literature and what cannot. We admire their almost uncanny keenness of literary analysis, for it has long been a source of mental bafflement for us to find that quality which must be possessed by a piece of literature to make it great—to stamp it as being above the average, to mark it a masterpiece. Many times we have asked men whom we considered capable of answering our question and they have been unable to give a satisfactory answer. True they have gone to great lengths to enumerate the qualities that supposedly make for greatness in a literary production, but they have never stated, clearly and concisely *the* attribute, quality, or characteristic which demarcates a great literary work from literary mediocrity. But the persons of both sexes affiliated with the new school of letters, as some of them desire their cult termed, represent fully, verbosely, without a trace of uncertainty, just what and whose writing is readable. That their collective judgment varies greatly seems not to effect their positiveness, nor does the possibility of personal perversion enter into their consideration. We have seen the result of their mode of thought in the diversified forms of their own literary production.

It has been said that literature shows us what is best in man's mental labor, and that this labor is affected by the conditions under

which it is performed. Some of the influences that go to make up man's environment are invariable, while others change with the progression of time and the apparent advancement of civilization. And these conditions are in turn reflected in literature. It is for this reason that a country's literature is the mirroring of its national character, a record of the moods of its national nature, a fabric into which its national life is inextricably woven. Some of this literature will become great after the years and consensus have passed their judgment; some of it will remain forever obscured. But all of it will be real and true insofar as it is the honest exposition of the soul of the nation. So it is after considering the mission of literature that we attempt to classify the labors of these new-thought writers.

They (the new-thought exponents) have been recognized most widely by their versification; its oddity of form and greater oddity of thought. Under the general title "free verse", it has been lampooned vigorously and frequently. And in a number of cases wrongfully. For strange as it may seem, there is inherent worth and real beauty in some of it. They have sloughed off what we are pleased to call the conventions and they have substituted novelty—novelty of idea and novelty of expression. Of course, this has occurred in rare instances, but also often enough to warrant the existence of "free verse" as such. To procure the grains of wheat, threshing is necessary; and in the process a great amount of straw and chaff is bound to accumulate. Which figure may be applied to the writing and writers of free verse. A great amount of free verse is bound to be worthless, but undoubtedly there will be found valuable bits after the process of threshing is completed. And as long as the efforts of this new group of writers confine themselves to the practice of reflecting the high lights of this somewhat hectic era, they are fulfilling their destiny—recording the intellectual trend of the times—be it downward or upward.

There has been a general complaint about the world's literary decadence, that the evolution of literature was too gradual—almost imperceptible. To remedy this a new school of writers came into being. The result has been startling—and in some quarters—alarming. But we are prone to look upon it as an especially violent period in the evolution of literature—a period in which literature is suffering with growing pains, and from which it will come a better-developed body for its suffering.

If the new school of writers would limit their activities to breaking the conventions and shattering the proprieties and writing for a livelihood, we have an idea that the world would let them alone. But when they insist upon telling us what and who to read then it is time for the world to laugh at them. Their sincerity and earnestness are admirable, but their conceit and positivism are abhorrent.

The Ozanam (St. John's College—Toledo, Ohio) made its bow during the month of November. In a foreword we are informed that it is the hopeful successor of the eight-page *Gleaner*. If the first number is any criterion, it may well be hopeful, for on reading it, we find that it is surprisingly well arranged, with essay, fiction and verse nicely balanced in quantity. Of the essays we considered *Was Christ a Jew?* the best. It seemed clear in thought and smoothly written and stood out as the most finished of all the attempts at the essay-form. The verse *A Freighter* places itself away above the other efforts at versification. Although not novel in thought, its beauty of expression and its easy rhythm make it pleasantly readable. The two last lines are worth quoting:

"For they never pretend to be grand—
Common laborers home from the sea"

With regard to exteriors—we notice that the *Ozanam* follows the example of the modern books, being possessed of a very noticeable yet very attractive jacket.

The Trinity College Record (Trinity College—Washington, D. C.) Looking over our *Exchange* list, we note the presence of the *Record*, which reminds us that our estimable editor-in-chief has a sister attending Trinity, and so it behooves us in the interest of our job (it's not a position) to take our typewriter in hand, scratch the editorial head, and review the *Record*. But now we sort of wish we had not been so hasty in our selection of critical material, for we find that our editor-in-chief's sister contributed to the number of the *Record* which we had planned to review. Hence we are embarrassed. But we will be hanged rather than tear up this sheet of toil-worn lettering. Here goes our unbiased, unprejudiced, absolutely fair criticism.

In the Poet's Corner there are fourteen lyrical lines entitled

Sonnet, which are as musically sentimental, yet as grossly material, as anything we have read in a long time. How burningly real are their thought and emotion! What a world of youthful philosophy is contained in their short space! And all about a check (sometimes spelled cheque) from Dad, with which to buy matinee tickets, sundaes, French pastry, and feminine attire. We repeat, it was one of the best bits of light verse we have had the pleasure to read in a long while. A young lady with a well-developed sense of the melodramatic writes a sketch under the heading *The Dark Hours*. Suspense in large, interest-holding quantities is present until the very last, and to tell the truth we expected at least one murder before the clock ceased its direful croakings (although its voice was considered musical in one or two places in the narrative). We surmise that the young lady in question would make a good fiction writer. We also notice that she is a sophomore and should take advantage of her remaining two years to cultivate her undoubted talent.

James H. Lynch, '25





THIS IS A PERIOD of inactivity in athletics at Providence College. Indoor competitive sports have not been adopted. The writer has endeavored to adhere to a chronological style, with a flavoring of personal opinion, in giving accounts of the games played by the football team. But what can he do when there are no games to report? In his opinion, it would not be amiss to sketch briefly the athletic development of the college. There are some of the readers of this section who know of the rapid strides that have been made in athletics, but the vast majority of the student body and the present friends of the college do not know of the many obstacles that had to be overcome before we could take our place in the realm of competitive college sport. With the idea of acquainting everyone who reads this section with the facts of the development of athletics at Providence College, in order that they may the more appreciate the splendid work of our teams and to stimulate interest and co-operation in future endeavor, the following outline is offered.

In the spring of 1920 the college authorities, realizing what an important factor athletics are in the life of a student body, made preparations for the first baseball team to represent the College. This was a tremendous undertaking when we realize the many obstacles that confronted the Faculty and the student body. There were about seventy-five students, most of whom had not engaged in athletics while attending high school. There was no field near the college on which

to practice, or to play scheduled games. Difficulty was experienced in arranging games. Various college Freshmen teams were listed as opponents. The season was rightly termed successful, for was it not the beginning, the foundation upon which our high standing of today was built?

The following spring found the student body considerably augmented by the second Freshmen class. The plan of the previous year was adhered to, with even greater success. Practically a new team was formed from the entering class. Providence College was recognized by the leading colleges in the East on the strength of her achievements on the diamond in the spring of 1921.

The first football squad was formed in the fall of 1921. The present coach, Mr. Huggins, was engaged to direct the training of the aspirants for gridiron laurels. It was an informal eleven, but the seed was planted which gave promise of flourishing in later years. Coach Huggins had said that if he produced an eleven that would be the equal of the leading prep and high school teams he would be completely satisfied. But he was not acclimated to the spirit of Providence College when he made the statement, for the prowess displayed by the inexperienced men on his squad soon demonstrated that he had an eleven far superior to prep school teams. The first game of the season was played with Boston College, which had one of the best teams that ever represented the College on Newton Heights. The Black and White team was defeated, 25 to 0, after a bitterly contested struggle. In this game that never-say-die spirit, so characteristic of Providence College teams, was indelibly impressed on the minds of the spectators, who recognized the team as a foe worthy to test the strength of the elevens representing great institutions of learning. The remaining games were with College Freshmen teams. In these games our boys more than justified the expectations of their most optimistic supporters.

The schedule arranged by Manager J. Addis O'Reilly for the baseball season of 1922 proved conclusively that Providence College was mounting the ladder of athletic greatness with amazing speed. Harvard, Boston College, Holy Cross, Vermont and other leading colleges were listed as opponents. It was a very strenuous schedule for a new college. Although the team was forced to be content with many moral victories, the season was very successful, for it proved that Providence College could compete creditably with teams representing

older and larger institutions. The Faculty and the student body were justly proud of the baseball team of 1922.

The first 'Varsity football team was the eleven of 1922. These men can look back with pride in later years on the tradition-making privilege which they enjoyed—the first team to play on the newly constructed athletic field familiarly known as Hendricken Field. Its completion marked a new era in the athletic development of the College. One of the greatest obstacles confronting the team had been overcome. Games could now be played before a home crowd, with the cheering in the stands to aid the players in their fight for the glory of Alma Mater. No one but an athlete can appreciate this powerful moral support which is present at every college game. To know that there are thousands in the stands who realize and appreciate the physical and mental strain to which he is subjected is the most consoling thought in his mind, and it fills him with determination that enables him to block more effectively each onslaught of his adversary.

The team displayed more power than the most optimistic dared to predict for it. Five out of nine games were won, Lowell Tech City College of New York, Connecticut Aggies, and St. Stephens being forced to admit the superiority of the Black and White team. To win a majority of games in its first year of 'Varsity competition is a feat that few colleges have achieved.

The 1923 baseball season opened in a very auspicious manner, with Yale as an opponent. Though defeated, 5 to 4, by the latter, the result proved that Providence College had a team to be feared. The Black and White team outhit Yale, performed more creditably in the field and deserved to win. The first serious setback of a successful season was the 4 to 0 defeat administered by Brown University. This was the most important game for both colleges, for to the victor went the city championship. Though the glory went to Brown, we are satisfied that the friendly rivalry has been established and promise to retrieve the defeat this coming spring.

June 14th, 1923, will never be forgotten by the student body. It was the first Commencement Day and Dartmouth was defeated, 4 to 1, by the masterly twirling of Jack McCaffrey. This victory was another history-making event of double glory. To defeat Dartmouth at any time would be a wonderful achievement, but to do so on the First Commencement Day gave additional flavor to this victory. The

only sad thought to be had on this day of days was the knowledge that the most popular athlete to wear a Black and White uniform had thrown his last curve for his Alma Mater, for Jack McCaffrey received his degree at the morning exercises.

The achievements of the football team of 1923 are still fresh in the minds of all. To give it sufficient credit is beyond the power of the pen. Suffice it to say that everyone is proud of the team of 1923, and if Providence College can always boast of one of equal strength we shall be very fortunate.

The preceding paragraphs portray the development of athletics at Providence College, from the first informal team to the present 'Varsity representations which have performed so creditably the past two years. A word of sincere appreciation is due here to the Faculty Director of Athletics—the Reverend F. A. Howley, O. P.—a man quiet, modest, but always on the job. With his aid, the many obstacles have to a great extent been overcome. In surmounting these obstructions on the path to athletic success, Providence College has created, nurtured and developed to its fullest extent the greatest factor in college life—true college spirit.

Howard F. Bradley, '24



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