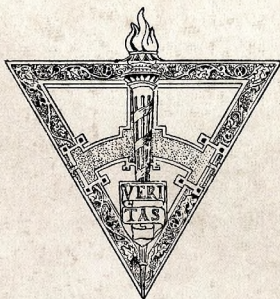


PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 4

JUNE, 1924

NO. 9

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Providence College Alembic

VOL. IV

JUNE, 1924.

No. 9

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JUNE



UNE, this is the end.

I will not come again.

Nor even call you "Friend"

And so prolong the pain

Of parting. I will send

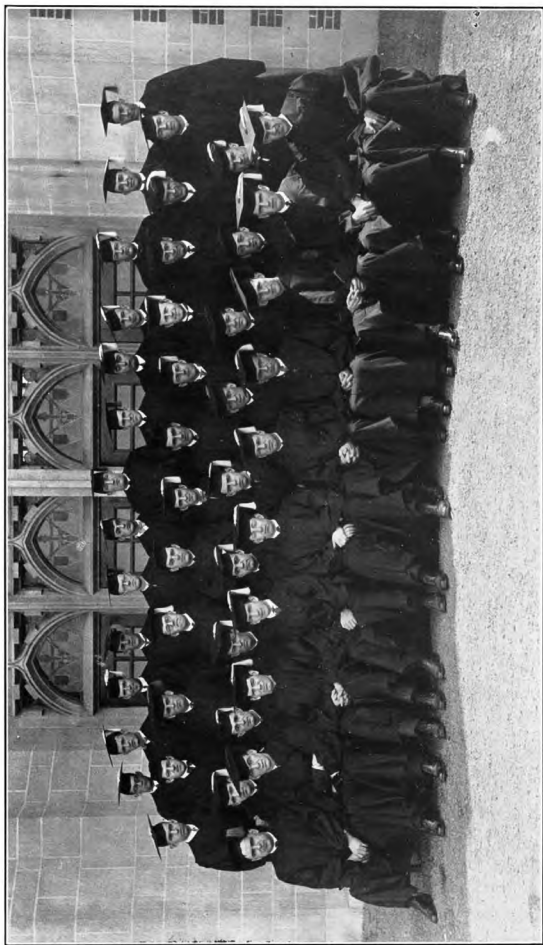
Back your letters so that you

May burn them. It is wiser to.

For only this, I'm sorry, June.

I learned too much of you, too soon.

Francis Vonnery, '24



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THE SENIOR CLASS

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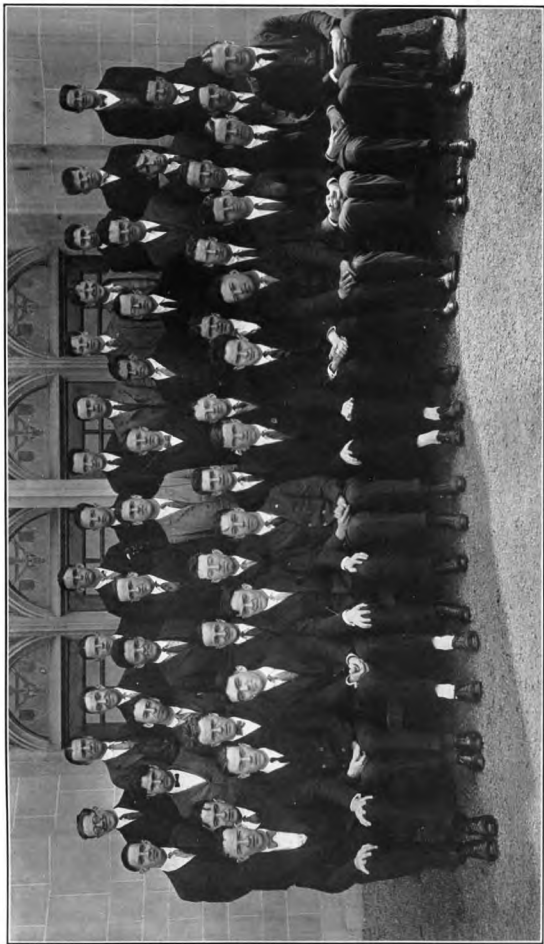
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Charles H. Young

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THE JUNIOR CLASS

MUD IN YOUR EYE

JOHN DAVENPORT WILLIAMS was walking down Fifth Avenue. That is, he was walking, if listless ambling, punctuated with frequent stops to gaze in shop windows, can be termed walking. And John Davenport Williams, ambling listlessly though he was, nevertheless presented a pleasing view to the eye. He was tall and dark with an air about him, and many of the smartly-tailored ladies, on the Avenue at the hour, eyed him in passing. But John Davenport Williams was not in the least bit interested in the fair promenaders. He was thinking that at last Summer had arrived, and that back home apple blossoms had come and gone and that at this very moment, the smell of lilacs and mock orange filled the air. Watching traffic come to a sudden stop, he brought his ruminations to an end, remembering that he was in New York, and that even though Summer was here, the only perfume in the air was that from motor exhausts and burning rubber.

It must not be gleaned from this that John Davenport Williams was a sentimentalist. Far from it. He came from New England of New England, and part of the ruggedness of the topography and climate of that region seemed to have found its way into his veins. His forbears, on the paternal side, had dealt largely in West India rum and slaves, while his maternal ancestors had amassed huge fortunes in the textile industry. John Davenport Williams could not follow the former means of livelihood because modernity had decreed it taboo; nor would he follow the latter for the simple, but sufficient, reason that he disliked it to the point of detestation. At an early age John Davenport Williams had shown a *flair* for drawing, and as a result his mother decided that he should be a portrait-painter. But his father desired that he should be a bank director, so they compromised. They sent him to college to get his A.B., thus reserving the important decision for four—or more—years. During his Junior year, however, the unexpected happened. The United States declared war on Germany, and John Davenport Williams promptly volunteered. He was as promptly accepted. In spite of his ardent patriotism, he was sent to Springfield to guard a reservoir. After a week of such unexciting work, John Davenport Williams chose a cloudy night and went A.W.O.L. Two armed M.P.'s escorted

him back to Springfield, and when asked the reason for his abrupt departure, he remarked that he joined the army to fight in France, and not to guard reservoirs in Springfield. As a consequence, he was transferred to another outfit which hurriedly left Hoboken for La Belle France and mud. He returned home with a bravery citation and a bad knee. While sojourning in the hospital he occupied his mind and hands in drawing caricatures and cartoons. The outcome was a contract to syndicate a comic strip. Almost overnight, the Dinglewhiffs and Doodads came into comic strip prominence, and John Davenport Williams found himself a successful cartoonist.

The Williams family was shocked to the roots of its Puritanical origin. The names of Davenport and Williams connected with cartooning! The heir to the Williams millions a purveyor of pen and ink slapstick! Utterly common—and uncalled for. But John Davenport Williams did not seem to mind it in the least. He was making a surprising amount of money, and he enjoyed the work. He joined the Press Club and the Sketch Club and made many new friends. And the Williams family stood by and saw their portrait-painter-bank-director son become a cartoonist whose rollicking drawings elicited international laughter. Moreover, John Davenport Williams had established a residence in New York, which procedure had not pleased his indulgent parents, although apparently it pleased John Davenport Williams, which, in the last analysis, was all that was necessary. So we find him on this June afternoon, mingling with the promenaders on the Avenue.

After an unhurried inspection of a seascape in the chaste window of *Henri Bontellier, Art Galleries*, John Davenport Williams turned on his heel and started for the H. T. Henderson department store. The traversing of several blocks brought him to his destination, the Henderson Building, with its prepossessing front and myriad windows. He entered the store and walked through the wide aisles, not wondering at the necessity of an expert guide to care for patrons, so immense seemed the floor space, and so multitudinous seemed the articles for sale. He made his way to the Music Store. And there he met Billy Fielding, who managed the music department of the merchandising establishment. The meeting seemed mutually pleasant. In truth, it was almost effusive on the part of Billy.

"Hello, John, you old reprobate! How's the cartoon business?"

I suppose you have writer's cramp from acknowledging checks. What?"

"Hardly. But I have got a longing to hear some piano music, so I came in to have you play some for me."

"I'll do that, willingly, but first I want to ask you if you have ever seen any radio broadcasting done?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, then, come on down stairs. I am going to play the accompaniment for one of the store's songbirds, as she casts her golden voice over the air."

Billy led John Davenport Williams into a low-ceilinged, sound-proof room, whose floor was thickly carpeted, and whose walls were draped, with a billowy effect, in a heavy, gray cloth. No sooner had a chair been assigned John Davenport Williams, than a young lady entered. John Davenport Williams arose quickly, and Billy, seeing an awkward pause in the offing, graciously stepped forward.

"Miss Julianne Brown, I'd like you to know John Davenport Williams."

"Indeed I would be very glad to know Mr. Williams."

"I am very pleased to know you, Miss Brown," replied John Davenport Williams to the young lady, still staring as he said it.

"No doubt about it," remarked Billy, watching the light in John Davenport Williams' eyes.

And really you could not blame John Davenport Williams for staring, for Miss Julianne Brown presented a beautiful spectacle; a spectacle not to be encountered every day of the week. At first, she seemed all eyes. Not that she was utterly spiritual, but rather that they were so big and brown that they compelled attention. Then you saw hair (not bobbed), but parted some way and piled up, for all the world like that on one of Charles D. Mitchell's girls. And it was very apparent that John Davenport Williams had noticed all this. In fact, he was still noticing Miss Julianne Brown when Billy asked her if she was ready to sing. She sang. It was *In the Garden of My Heart* and John Davenport Williams thought it was wonderful. Actually her voice was not wonderful, nor would it make Gatti Cazazza believe he had made a discovery. But it was sweet and youthful and small—something like Julianne herself.

Then with a smile, Miss Julianne Brown departed. So also did John Davenport Williams and Billy, and when they arrived back

in the Music Store, John Davenport Williams expressed his unwillingness to listen to good piano music. But he was terribly anxious to listen to anything about Miss Julianne Brown.

"All I know is that she works in the glove department, appears well-educated and does not chew gum. What more could be asked? Say, John, you are not, by any chance, overwhelmed with the young lady, are you? I sincerely hope I shall not be the cause of any such catastrophe."

"Now, Billy, don't let your natural facetiousness get the better of you. Of course I'm not overwhelmed with her. Well, I think I shall be going along. Goodbye."

"Come in again, soon."

John Davenport Williams dined at his usual table at the Sketch Club, and beginning with the *consomme*, he continued to think of Miss Julianne Brown all through the *filet de sole*, until he had his coffee. John Davenport Williams found himself saying the word, "Julianne," and he found himself delighted at the sound of it. It seemed so musical—Julianne—especially with a French accent. Arriving at his apartment, John Davenport Williams did not sleep well. That sweet old song *In the Garden of My Heart* seemed to keep echoing in his ears, and brown eyes, surmounted by piled-up hair, seemed to creep into his thoughts.

The following day, John Davenport Williams was standing at the corner of Sixth Avenue and 28th St. It was noontime, and he was waiting for a signal to halt traffic so that he might cross over, when he saw Miss Julianne Brown waiting, for a similar reason, on the opposite corner. Traffic halted and they started for opposite corners. John Davenport Williams put on a very cordial, yet dignified smile, simultaneously removing his wide-brimmed panama in his best Chesterfieldian manner. Miss Julianne Brown frigidly ignored both the smile and the gesture, and John Davenport Williams' breast became filled to overflowing with dismay. Miss Julianne Brown had not shown him any more recognition than if he had always been non-existent. He was hurt, deeply—and somewhat angered. He completed the day, however, without further thought of the incident, save that he spent fifty out of every sixty minutes wondering why Miss Julianne Brown had treated him in such a way.

The next day he happened to be at the corner of Sixth Ave.

and 28th St. That is, he told himself that he happened to be there, but in reality he went there purposely to hope for another coincidental appearance of Miss Julianne Brown. And sure enough she came into view, just as before—and looked right through and beyond John Davenport Williams as if he were a newly-washed window. She ignored him entirely. John Davenport Williams began to wonder if Billy Fielding had told her that the Williams family was susceptible to mumps or had ingrown thumbs from clipping coupons, or something akin to these maladies. He was unable to account for her aloofness.

The morrow found John Davenport Williams standing at the glove counter in Henderson's. Miss Julianne Brown answered his greeting with a smile that was exceedingly autumnal in its warmth—and John Davenport was discouraged from buying a pair of gloves. He had a fairly active and usually competent mentality, but the actions of Miss Julianne Brown were far beyond his comprehension. No man attempts to understand a woman—any more than any woman attempts to understand a man—but generally some accurate interpretation may be gained. In the case of Miss Julianne Brown and John Davenport Williams this was not true.

John Davenport Williams was disturbed, greatly disturbed, so he sought solace and advice from his closest friend, Jay Intlehouse, who, incidentally, was city editor of the *Sphere*. He expected to find Jay at the Press Club for lunch, but he missed him, and as he did not want to go to his office after him, he postponed his visit until the following day. The next morning saw the heavens open in a deluge. The rain seemed to fall in bucketfuls, drenching every body and every thing, and flooding the streets. It was a real Summer rain storm. John Davenport Williams made his way to the Press Club and there he found Jay Intlehouse resting in a big chair after a night of work, watching the storm.

"Hello, John. You look sort of tired and war-worn. Aren't the Dinglewhiffs and Doodads going well?—or are you in love?"

"Oh, I'm very well. A bit overworked. That's all."

Jay Intlehouse was young to be a city editor. Thirty-odd—and a never-failing sense of humor. He would take chances that others would think about with horror. And he was somewhat of a practical joker—which animal represents a queer species. After smoking in silence for a while, John Davenport Williams gradually

broached his difficulty to Jay—and Jay, being a good listener, not only heard, but analyzed at the same time, so that when John had finished, he took only a few moments to offer a solution.

"John, I think you must like this young lady to a great—if not a horrendous—extent. Consequently, when she treats you so cruelly, by refusing even to speak to you, you are injured profoundly. Am I right?" Without waiting for a reply, he continued.

"Now I have a plan to remedy this deplorable state of affairs. Here is my suggestion. You perceive that it is raining. The streets are flooded. Many of the pedestrians are without rubbers—and taxi fare. You say that on several occasions you have met the young lady in question at the corner of Sixth Ave. and 28th St. Undoubtedly those highways are at this instant flooded with water from curb to curb. Mayhap this Miss Julianne Brown is without rubbers and taxi fare, so that in crossing Sixth Ave. at 28th she will receive a most thorough wetting. And here is where opportunity thumps upon your door. You will don a raincoat and hip boots and you will proceed to the corner of Sixth Ave. and 28th St., and you will ferry across from curb to curb, all the ladies, young and old, who desire to be ferried. This you will do for ten cents per ferry, meanwhile watching for Miss Julianne Brown to put in an appearance. The moment she does, immediately give her the preference and carry her across first. That is your only chance to get acquainted with her."

"Jay, such a suggestion is not only asinine, but insane! Do you think I would do such a thing? I am not wholly crazy!"

"You asked for my advice. There it is. It carries with it a sporting chance. It is the only way out, and yet you reject it without even considering it. I guess you are not very anxious to get to know the young lady."

John Davenport Williams felt himself weakening. Jay's advice had always proved helpful. Maybe it would work out here. With a look of abject resignation on his face, John Davenport Williams assented.

"It's a fool's idea and a fool is going to try it, but I'll give it a go!"

Thus, then, was John Davenport Williams of Providence Plantations and Puritan lineage, fitted out with a heavy, black raincoat and awkward hip boots. Making Jay accompany him, he went by

taxi to the corner of Sixth Ave. and 28th St. And as Jay had predicted, the corner, from curb to curb, resembled nothing so much as an inland sea, so deep was the water therein.

Said Jay, "Reverting to the vernacular: Step forth and do your stuff, John Davenport Williams. I will remain hither in the vehicle. Now do not forget instructions."

Said John Davenport Williams, "If I make more of a fool of myself than I am at present, I hope you never live to see it!"

"Ten cents a ferry—ten cents a ferry! Who wants to be ferried across the street?" Such was the business slogan of John Davenport Williams. He was soon busy. Many of the fair sex were only too glad to avoid a wetting by entrusting themselves to John Davenport Williams' sturdy arms. The number of dimes in the pocket of John Davenport Williams grew, and his visage became less glum, which was not due to the monetary return but to the avoidance of disaster thus far. A crowd had gathered. More numerous were the entreaties for ferry service. There was, despite the rain, a holiday spirit in the air. Of a sudden, John Davenport Williams saw Jay Intlehouse leave the scene hurriedly in the taxicab, and at the same time Miss Julianne Brown came into sight. But alas and alack! She had on rubbers and a raincoat and she was carrying an umbrella! Blast the luck! But he must give her the preference! Something had him by the arm. What was it? It was a lady with a quarter in her hand and a desire to be ferried across. She was big—no, she was more than big—she was twice as big! And she had a wrestler's grip in her right arm, for that was the member with which she had anchored John Davenport Williams. John Davenport Williams cast a despairing glance at Miss Julianne Brown, who was waiting very primly on the sidewalk. The stout lady, the very stout lady, handed over her quarter, and John Davenport Williams had to see it through. He started out well, but the going was bad. He slipped and almost fell. His armful careened dangerously. He staggered and then, with a last wild lurch, down went John Davenport Williams beneath an avalanche of humanity. Brrrrrump! Just as he lost his breath, he gained a gulp of muddy water, and after that he took not the slightest interest in life. He finally floundered to his feet and he saw, among other things, Miss Julianne Brown with a handkerchief stuffed in her mouth to aid in suppressing her hilarity. He also saw Jay Intlehouse and Billy

Fielding in evident distress from over-laughter. It was then that John Davenport Williams registered anger. He advanced on Miss Julianne Brown because she was the nearest—and then Miss Julianne Brown did a most surprising thing: she pulled out another handkerchief and she wiped John Davenport Williams' right eye.

"Ooooooh! It was the funniest thing I have ever seen. The mud in your eye!"

John Davenport Williams put on his most undignified smile, which was, under the circumstances, humorous to perceive.

"Let's get out of here," suggested John Davenport Williams.

"Yes, let's," assented Miss Julianne Brown.

So they rode through Central Park to the extent of fourteen dollars' worth of taxi fare, during which time John Davenport Williams learned that Miss Julianne Brown was one of the Browns of High Street, Bristol, and that she was a feature writer for the *Sphere*, and the reason she was working in Henderson's was that she was doing a series of articles on the working girl.

It would be easy to say they lived happily ever after. But they didn't. They had domestic battles, even as thou and we. But they survived them. John Davenport Williams, though, has one peculiarity. He will not ride on ferry boats, nor will he wear hip boots.

James H. Lynch, '25

BROKEN MOON



broken moon

Hung in a painted sky.

Quiet trees. A night as still.

Pierced only by the cry

Of a child in a house close by.

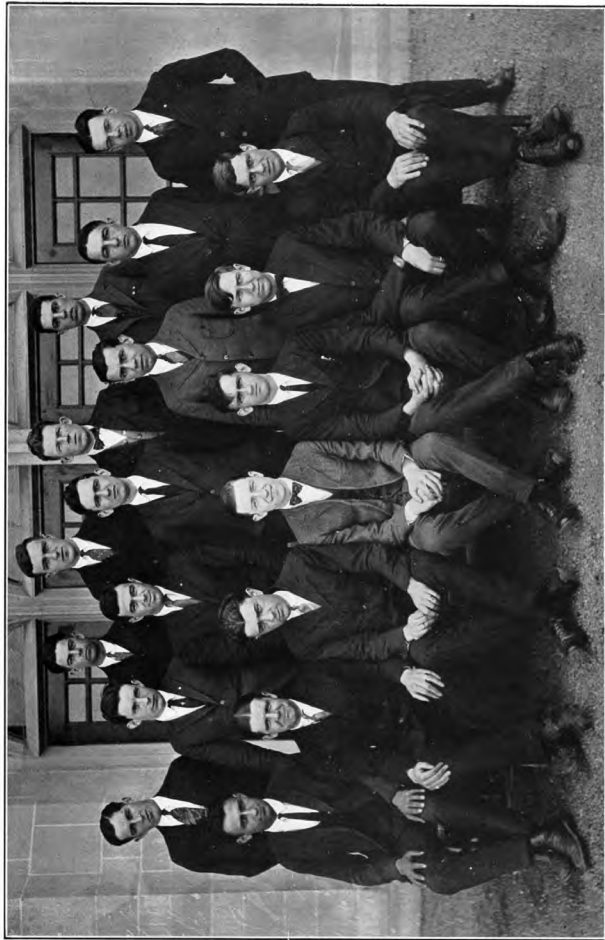
All still except that cry

Shrill as the note of a fife.

The babe, its mother and I,

What will we do with life?

Francis Vonnery, '24



THE SOPHOMORE PRE-MEDICAL CLASS

The Sophomore Pre-Medical Class

Armando A. Bertini

James C. Bliss

Guido J. Cerilli

Francis B. Corrigan

John J. Halloran

Francis T. Lowrey

John B. McGarry*

Raymond J. Malloy

William B. Maudsley

Edward A. Mellom

Frank A. Merlino

**In Absentia*

***Deceased*

Emilio J. Monti

John J. Mulhern

Gustave L. Pozzi

Raymond Quinn

Vincent H. Schlatmann

Leon A. Smith

Thomas H. Sullivan


Leo J. Tessier

Thomas S. Whiteside

William H. Young

Joseph B. Walsh**

THE OBSERVER

 HE old axiom declares that a man's character is portrayed by the company he keeps. Continuing along the same line it is certain that his mental condition is portrayed by the books he reads and approves. It is quite disconcerting to read lists of certain novels and essays that have been chosen as the most popular by the students of various institutions. On these lists we find books that are worthless from every viewpoint: very light in tone, without information and devoid of literary value. Just as a man's word is worth as much as the man himself—and no more—so a book is worth no more than its author. Read the products of a good author. Do not waste time reading the productions of men whose only boast is that they portray life the most frankly. Authors of a low mental set do not write good books, nor do good authors as a rule produce poor works.

* * *

There is no greater mental training in the world than the reading of sound books of solid worth, and pondering over their contents. This is to be encouraged. Books can become as great friends to man if these books are decent and wholesome. The worth of a book is not determined by the number of votes it receives in a popularity contest; nor will anyone suffer if he cannot obtain the best seller of the month. The best books are not the best sellers. The good works require much time in which to be read carefully and digested advantageously. Also they require that the readers of them do a little thinking. A taste for good books is a true index of a man's character. Such taste affords a very commendable mould for the formation of a young man's character.

* * *

Men may treat their religion lightly, accept it as a matter of course and regard it with the least concern. Outside of the Catholic Church, a great many people consider religion as a useless formality and so admit it. It is not deeply rooted in their hearts, and consequently takes no part in the formation of their characters. When

religion stands in their way, they push it aside; and accept only that part of a religious teaching which they find most agreeable. Heroic actions of others, motivated by a deeply religious feeling they ascribe to emotion, and many times wonder how many years will elapse before religion totally disappears. But how few people have ever considered what religion means to the ordinary man of the Catholic faith, or to the religious man of another creed? It is truly his inspiration; it aids him through trials and vicissitudes in which emotion, arising from an impetus however intense, would soon be dissipated.

* * *

To such a person religion means practically everything; for it is his religion which is the guide of his daily actions, and on which is based his daily life. For the preservation of his religion, man has fought and died. As religion has been the motive for the most glorious victories, so has it preserved the spirit of the conquered after the most crushing defeats. To one who thinks, religion cannot be a hollow mockery—it is a vital thing, and because of its supernatural character dominates his very life. A man who accepts his religion seriously will accept his responsibilities seriously—and where there is a lack of religious feeling there will be found disorder and chaos. Unactuated by a religious fervor—not necessarily ostentatious—a man cannot be a model citizen to his state, for he cannot recognize and understand that it is on the obligation of religion that his government is based, that from the Creator it receives its authority. Man treating his religion sacredly is the better citizen for it.

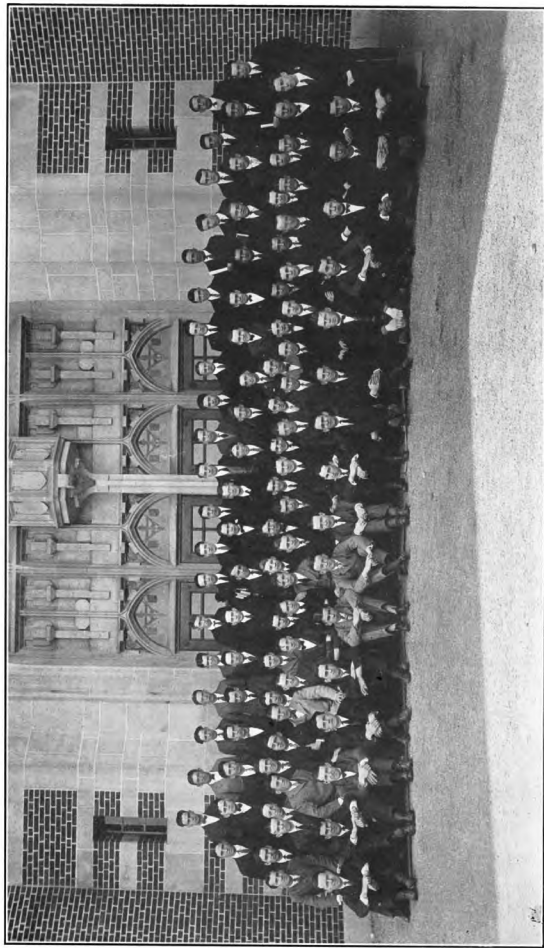
T. Henry Barry, '25

LIGHT LOVE



H, why should I be sorry
And why should you be sad?
And squander youth regretting
The joy we might have had?
Because one love is ended
Then all of life's not done.
A day, a week, a month, perhaps
Will bring another one.
So waste no time in grieving.
Deck garlands in your hair.
Perhaps I would not mind so much
Had you been half so fair.

Francis Vonnery, '24



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

IN the month of September a band of braves, numbering over two hundred, entered the portals of this institution, desirous of becoming real Providence College men. Soon after registration, the Sophomore Class realized their important duty towards these first-year men. Immediately, plans were formulated for initiation and carried out very successfully. The yearlings were forced to do many stunts, such as vocalizing and delivering flowery orations, thus paying due respect to their elders—the Sophomores. Long walks also played an important part in the initiation. We have impressed upon them by our prowess and moral conduct of affairs the value of submission to their learned brethren.

Their stamina was then put to a test in a football match. Great preparations were under way for a much-counted-on victory. Bonfires, music, songs, flowers and all the regalia that they could command were made ready for the celebration. But, alas, it was not to be. We did not want to give them a trouncing, so we let them down easily to the tune of 12-9. We merely chalked this small difference in score to let them taste defeat, because, my dear friends, it is good for the uninitiated youth.

We then extended the big hand of good fellowship by entertaining them royally at a reception and smoker, thereby showing them that we were not conquerors, but just a little more advanced in athletic activities and brotherly love. There again they were given an opportunity to observe what their finished brothers could do in the way of entertaining. Needless to mention, the majority of points in all the contests of the evening were scored by the Sophomores.

During the course of the year a few Freshies would break rules. Penalties were imposed on them, with the express purpose of reminding them to respect the dignities to which they all aspire.

In the debate of the year, which is a big event from an intellectual standpoint, the Sophomores came through with flying colors,

and again they proved how they applied themselves in handling the issue. They did more than well in dealing with their side of the argument. Although we were awarded the decision, we do not hesitate to give the Freshies great praise for their efforts.

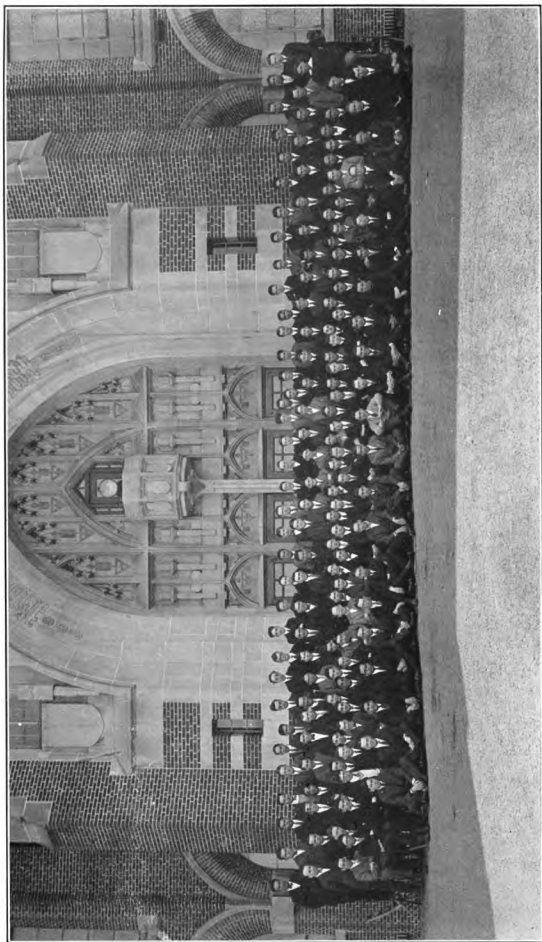
After reviewing the occurrences of the past year, we are firmly convinced that the members of the Class of '27 are worthy to follow in our footsteps as shining examples of real Sophomores and their illustrious predecessors. We hope that they will impress upon the incoming men the high ideals for which this College stands.

In my closing remarks, I must pay tribute to the Juniors whom we follow and due respect to that worthy body of Seniors who are about to embark on big projects in the commercial and intellectual world.

Let me say a word for the Sophomores. Our class, it is big in number and also big in its patriotic regard for this country, this institution and its faculty.

William V. Griffin, '26

(Speech delivered at the Freshman Cap-Burning.)



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

THE FRESHMAN CLASS



ABOUT nine months ago, two hundred and twenty-five sturdy youths entered the portals of Providence College. History boasts of many wonders in the past, but now she has added a new wonder, namely, the present Freshman Class of Providence College. Coming from places far apart, the members of the Class of '27 entered Providence College with a spirit of good fellowship and loyalty which they soon manifested in a manner as great as any, or even greater than any other Freshman Class has ever shown. Entering with the firm determination to obtain a Catholic education, this class was just as determined to mould a strong character, as to develop a keen intellect. To those of you who are familiar with the activities at Providence College during the past year, there can be no denial that we have attained our goal.

After organizing, we set out to establish ourselves in a manner that would reflect credit upon our class and also upon our college. Our first step was the issuing of a challenge to the Sophomore Class to engage in a football game, which challenge was not readily accepted by the Sophomores, but fearing the scorn of the school they were compelled to honor it. We suffered an honorable defeat, but, however, we take great pride in the fact that we were the first Freshman Class in three years to score on the Sophomores.

As is customary for all live-wire organizations, we were not only inclined to athletics, but also to social activities, and so the Class of '27 held a Freshman Hop, which proved to be one of the biggest successes on the college social calendar.

Our next social affair was a Hallowe'en Party, at which time the Freshmen were the invited guests of the Sophomores. During the course of the evening, a boxing tournament was staged at which time the Freshmen proved themselves superior to the Sophomores in the art of manly defence. Also on this program there was an apple-ducking contest. As you know, apple-ducking is a great childhood game. Consequently the men of '27 were greatly handicapped in this contest with the Sophomores and as a result we humored the Sophomores by permitting them to win this event.

Following after this social, came the annual Freshmen-Sopho-

more debate, at which time the Freshmen, handicapped by the poor side of the question, put up a noble fight to such an extent that the judges of this debate were compelled to retire for quite some time to determine the winner. As a proof of this: the judges returned a verdict of 2 to 1 in favor of the Sophomores.

This ended all social and athletic events, but during the course of the year there were many instances that arose which I think I should mention at this time. Certainly the funniest of all these was the so-called Sophomore court. The court was formed for the purpose of enforcing Freshmen rules and the class of '27 by mere diplomacy outwitted the class of '26 by the many victories gained in court at the expense of the Sophomores. Time and again the Freshmen were brought before this court composed of four impartial upper-classmen who, realizing the weak accusations of the Sophomores and recognizing the superior defense of the Freshmen, returned in all but a very few instances, the verdict of "Not Guilty."

Before closing, I would like to bring to the attention of everyone the wonderful spirit manifested by the Freshmen class in attending in large numbers all games both at home and away. As an example take the game at St. John's, Brooklyn; it surely must have been a wonderful inspiration to hear those lusty cheers encouraging the football team to greater efforts. No doubt, the reason of the enthusiasm was due to loyalty not only to our Alma Mater, but also to our fellow classmen, who did their part on the gridiron and who are now in baseball doing their share in making the team a credit to the College.

In conclusion, let me say a word for the Sophomore class. Although they have done their best to make life uncomfortable for us during the past year, we must admit, taken as individuals we have the greatest respect for them and hope that, when they become debonair Juniors and we wise Sophomores, we may be able to say more pleasant things about them.


Finally, I wish to say a word for the Freshmen class in regard to the faculty. We thank them for guiding us through the difficulties of the first year at college in such a noble fashion, and we hope that we will ever reflect credit on the high ideals of Providence College.

William H. O'Neill, '27

(Speech delivered at the Freshman Cap-Burning.)

THE HOTCHPOTCH

THE TALE OF A HORSE

Y JONES was a farmer of the vaudeville variety, i. e., and viz., chin whiskers, high boots and a still higher nasal soprano. He and his good wife, Hannah, had toiled many fruitful, yes and vegetable years, and by counting his chickens before, while they were being and after they were hatched, had managed to have quite a few marbles in the top drawer, or, as the nurse coyly replies after any and all operations, they were comfortable.

Along about the time he and his good wife started getting dividends, grand-children and hardening of the arteries, they began to get a bit down on the farm, (if you know what I mean). Especially did Mrs. Cy pray for some of the things that made city folks,—city folks.

It came to pass that one day when the good wife was taking count of stock to see what could be torn up or replaced, her roving lamp lighted on the family horse whom we shall call Dobbin, just to get away from the customary name given to farmers' horses. By a neat trick of mental double exposure Mrs. Cy could see standing in his place a nice, shiny automobile, facing toward the street, eager to be far away to mysterious, beckoning lands.

To any such proposal as buying a horseless carriage Cy was deaf. His good wife trumped this and told him he was dumb. She then proceeded to map out the first month's itinerary with the kind assistance of a book titled, "The Tourist, His Care and Repair" by Dr. Cook.

The car arrived in due time and after what was due was paid, Cy, fireman-like, gave Dobbin a parting caress and reluctantly turned him over to the town. Arrayed in the conventional chin veil, duster and goggles, they fared forth, the garages, filling stations and hotel men coming first, second and third, in the order named.

Years later, as the saying goes, found Cy and his good wife Hannah town charges, they having literally ridden over the hill to the Poor House. In a field adjoining the house their old friend

Dobbin is still doing ten miles to the quart of oats and getting good mileage on all four shoes.

Besides fuzz there are two morals to this yarn and as you might guess, they are numbered one and two.

1. "You can't go out on the highway without meeting highwaymen."

2. "It takes a gas-o-'lean' horse for the race."

LET YOUR EAR DRUMS BEAT WITH A FEW OF THESE
HOT ONES GIVEN THE AIR BY OUR RADIO
SOLONS—BUT DON'T BLAME ME

7:20 P. M.—Daily table etiquette. People troubled with large tonsils should eat peas with a knife.

8:00 P. M.—Weekly address. Are after dinner speakers a menace to the digestive organs of these United States?

8:15 P. M.—Solution for labor shortage. All bootleggers should be put behind the bars.

8:45 P. M.—Vocal gargle by Prof. Yipup. "Till the Sons of the Desert Grow Less Hot."

9:00 P. M.—Debate. Is it true that the needle in the haystack is used to sew wild oats? Affirmative by Hunkydory Institute. Negative by Connecticut School of Practicing Dentists.

9:05 P. M.—Lecture by Miss Olga Sumphlitz of the Perry School of Cooking. "There are no Indians needed in making Baked Indian Pudding."

9:25 P. M.—Fashion Note. "Why brass collar-buttons have a marked effect on the neck."

9:35 P. M.—Beauty talk. "To keep that School Girl complexion, keep out of the rain."

10:00 P. M.—Accident Prevention Chat. Picking red lights off silent cops is permissible only in months containing the letter Z.

10:20 P. M.—Anatomical Discussion. Do crows' feet affect the sight of the crow?

10:35 P. M.—Business Outlook. Talk by Terrence Goldberg of the International May Basket Foundry, Ltd.

10:40 P. M.—The correct time is now 10:40.

10:50 P. M.—Legal Talk. Where there's a will there's some heirs.

10:60 P. M.—Fashion Note from Second Avenue. Owing to the present labor troubles, men's suits will be worn much longer the coming season.

11:35 P. M.—Firearms Hints. Is the Colt more lively than its father, the horse pistol?

11:50 P. M.—GOOD NIGHT. No questions answered.

I saw her at a distance
 My love was ferocious
 We talked; then I fainted—
 She had halitosis.
 She may be fair
 I won't deny that.
 But play it safe
 And look 'neath the hat.

Lament of the Dejected Suitor

"I could have you, but I couldn't hold you."

That matches are made in heaven above
 We have not the least bit of doubt
 But what's hard to see is just how it can be
 The flames of such good ones go out.

If you could go back
 To that tumbled-down shack
 The place that you once called home,
 I think you would say
 It was one lucky day
 That you started out to roam.

He stayed in college for four solid years.

Customer: "Those berries you have there look rather old."

Storekeeper: "Why, my dear man, don't you realize those are elder berries?"

So live that you never get any summons.

"In the Good Old Daze"
He poured a quart of Brandy down,
And then a pint of Rye,
A little bit of mucilage,
Some potash and some lye.
He even went so far, 'tis said,
To throw some varnish in,
And topped the whole concoction
With a little dash of Gin.
To have a tank like that is rare,
But what do you suppose?
He used all these to cure his ills—
His radiator froze.

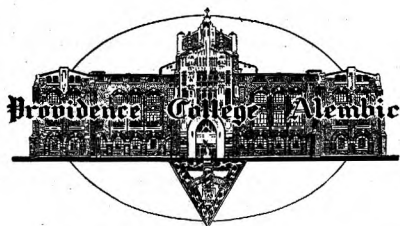
THOUGHTS ON A PHILOSOPHY LECTURE

This useless writing down of meaningless words
Of sesquipedalian length has no place
In my scheme of things. 'Tis drudgery and girds
The imagination with too tight a lace.
Lecture on lecture I sit through, writing fast,
Writing, writing, till the pen is dry of ink.
Mechanically I listen, write but do not think.
There is no time for thought. Fingers grow numb
But still the syllables proceed.
I do not understand. Perhaps I'm dumb.
Rather would I play upon this reed.





THE ALEMBIC STAFF



VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1924

No. 9

STAFF

James F. Keleher, *Editor-in-Chief*

Howard J. Farrell, *Assistant*

Francis L. Dwyer, *Poetry*

Joseph V. Mitchell, *Alumni*

James H. Lynch, *Exchange*

John J. Fitzpatrick, *Hotchpotch*

Charles A. Gibbons, '24

John E. Farrell, '26

John B. McKenna, *Arts*

Howard F. Bradley, *Athletics*

T. Henry Barry, *Observer*

Edward V. Holohan, *Chronicle*

Earle F. Ford, '25

John C. Beirne, '27

Earle T. Powell, *Editorial Secretary*

Walter F. Reilly, *Business Secretary*

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John E. Cassidy, *Assistant*

CIRCULATION

James J. Corrigan, *Mgr.*

Robert E. Curran, *Assistant*

THE CLASS OF 1924

It was the intention of the present outgoing Senior Class to start the custom of putting out a year-book. Plans were made, and a committee was elected to take care of the work. An appeal was made to the lower classes to support the project, but after considerable waiting it became evident that they were not sufficiently interested to do their share in financing the

book. Consequently the Class of '24 decided to abandon the project. Since then a few of the lower classmen have asked about the matter and so it seems fitting to offer an explanation.

The greater part of the work on the ALEMBIC during the four years of its existence has been done by members of the Class of 1924. Indeed, it was this class which proposed the institution of the magazine. Individuals of the Classes of '23, '25, '26, and '27 have done their share and done it well. But the brunt of the work has been done by this class. In the past year especially, this has been most noticeable. In the literary work, as it appears in the magazine, the lower classes have been represented. But the work of preparation for the printer, corrections, and assembling of the magazine has been in the hands of members of the Senior Class, as has been most of the work of advertising and of circulation. Consequently the class was unable to depend on the undivided attention of all the experienced or capable men among its members, and without the co-operation of the other classes it was impossible to carry on the work of making the year-book a success. In every other activity the Class of 1924 has an enviable and hitherto unapproached record of success, which requires no apology. The explanation just made for the abandonment of the year-book is offered in order that this most fitting activity may become an established custom as soon as possible.

The editor has no fear but that the ALEMBIC
NEXT will be well taken care of by the Class of 1925.
YEAR Enough of its members have shown sufficient interest
and ability to make us reasonably certain that they
will take the leading part which is expected of them. It is to the
other two classes that an appeal is necessary, for they have not yet
evinced sufficient interest to give us an indication of their true
journalistic ability. That this ability is latent is quite probable,
for both classes have a worthy record in other important activities.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Freshman-Sophomore Debate The annual Freshman-Sophomore Debate was held on Thursday, May 1, in the College Auditorium before a large audience. The judges of the debate experienced great difficulty in deciding the victor. The chairman of the judges announced the decision in favor of the negative side of the question, upheld by the Sophomore Class. Both teams displayed keen analytical powers and remarkable forensic abilities. Charles Sadlier, '25, acted as chairman of the debate. Several choice selections, rendered by the Glee Club, served to enliven the spirits of the defeated Freshmen.

Mass A month's mind Mass was held on Thursday, May 8, for the repose of the souls of John Walsh, Joseph Walsh, Arthur Gannon. Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Wm. D. Noon, O.P. The entire student body assisted at the Mass. On Saturday, May 10, Father Noon left New York for South America. The Rev. J. A. Jordan, O.P., Vice-President of Providence College, is in charge during the absence of the Very Rev. President.

Freshman Parade The mighty Jupiter Pluvius frowned; hurled across the skies potent masses of clouds; swept the earth with his cleansing waters. But in vain. Undaunted and fearless, the Freshman Masquerade Parade wound its way through the business and theatrical districts of Providence to the College campus. There the hated Freshman caps were consigned to a huge bonfire whose glare could be seen for miles around, a symbol of the triumph of light over darkness and of the emancipation of the Freshman from the shackles of serfdom. President "Bill" O'Neill of the Freshman Class opened the program with a short speech extolling the deeds of the Freshmen. President "Bill" Griffin of the Sophomore Class replied in a congratulatory speech commending the Class of '27. Following the two speeches for the student body, the Dean praised both the Freshman and the Sophomore Classes for the work accomplished in the past year.

Friday, May 17, was observed as the second Cap and Gown Day in the history of Providence College. Rev. L. C. McCarthy, O.P., celebrated Mass in the chapel before the student body. After the service, the Reverend Dean invested the members of the Senior Class in their academic robe. An inspiring address was given, congratulating the Senior Class, and exhorting them to uphold those ideals which have been so zealously instilled into them during their four years at Providence College.

Lo, in the peace and quiet of a blissful May-time eve, in the flourishing city of Warren, there occurred the Freshman Banquet. Not a sound was heard, nor a hostile form seen to mar the festive scene. Laudatory addresses were made by Presidents Justin McCarthy of the Senior Year, John Hurley, Junior, and William Griffin, Sophomore. Solos were sung by Finbar, Cutchins, Monohan, and Joe Tarby. Costello and Maloney rendered the animated Hotchpotch. Does Bill O'Neill deserve praise as Toast-master? The answer is "Yes." N.B. Last but not least, "Danny" O'Neill was also present.

A Prize Debate was held in the Providence College Gymnasium, on Thursday, May 22. The question under discussion was, "Resolved, that the ratification of amendments to the Federal Constitution by the States, should be referred to a direct vote of the people." The prize awarded to the winners was thirty dollars in gold. Two picked teams of the Providence College Debating Society argued the questions. The Affirmative: Thomas Carroll, Charles Sadlier, Francis Reynolds; the Negative: Edward Nagle, Robert Murphy, and Robert Curran; Chairman, Justin P. McCarthy. The judges were Doctor C. J. Carroll, Mr. J. E. Lawler, Mr. P. W. Geary. A unanimous decision was rendered by the judges, in favor of the negative. Callahan Syncopators enlivened the evening's program.

Edward V. Holohan, '26

ALUMNI



THE Alumni Association now comprises the Class of 1923, the Class of 1924, the Pre-Medical, Pre-Law, of the classes of 1925 and 1926. In spite of the fact that most of the members of the Association are in graduate or professional schools or engaged in occupations out of town, the first year of the Alumni Association has been successful. The First Alumni Dance, December 27, 1923, was both a social and financial success. The only other activity of the year, the Alumni Banquet, June 10, 1924, promises, at the time of writing, to be also highly successful. The officers for the year 1923-1924 have done commendable work. With the reception of the members of the Class of 1924 into the Association, it is expected that their larger numbers will supplement the experience of the members of the Class of 1923 to such an extent that the year of 1924-1925 will be even more successful.

An active Alumni Association is an essential to the true development of any college. The inspiring example given to us by the members of the "Pioneer Class" under the many handicaps which they suffered is fruitful of promise for the future years.

Joseph V. Mitchell, '24

EXCHANGE

THIS issue of the ALEMBIC brings to a close our duties as an *Exchange* editor. And it (the position of *Exchange* editor) proved a most entertaining experience. We began our labor last October without the least idea of what devolves upon an *Exchange* editor—and we cease that labor not much the wiser. In the beginning, we intended to be clever and diplomatic, and imitate, as far as possible, the efforts of those *Exchange* editors who had gone before us, thus sailing along under a pretension and escaping a betrayal of our ignorance. But like the gentleman at the dinner, who was following suit in his choice of eating utensils, we wotted not of the self-same ignorance in our fellow man. We scanned and then perused and then devoured every *Exchange* column within our fairly extensive reach, and after a rather long process, we found that, for the most part, *Exchange* editors apparently did not know such a great deal about *Exchanges*. They seemed to be trying to be clever and diplomatic and very, very careful. And we were certain, to the point of moral certitude, about this because we were a clever, diplomatic *Exchange* editor—and *Exchange* editors are always certain. So the result of our research was the truth (apparent, anyway) that *Exchange* editors knew nothing about *Exchanges*—and that they knew they knew nothing about them. But the poor benighted individuals who read the *Exchange* columns did not know this. That is, we never received any telegrams apprising us of the fact. Which reference to readers, brings us to another phenomenon.

Some persons actually read *Exchange* columns! Believe it or not. It is true. We had not one, but several persons (we are not sure whether it was two or three) come to us and admit they had read the *Exchange* section. We were crushed with emotion! Immediately we went forth and bought a haircut and drank a twenty-cent treatment of Death to Dandruff. We had received our just reward at last. Three normal persons had read our stuff. In look-

ing back, we can recall very vividly that we hated, despised, and detested the monthly writing of the *Exchanges*, which was due, largely, to our nature. We are a great conserver of energy. But if we dreaded the manual effort necessitated by editing the *Exchanges*, we enjoyed reading the comments of our brother reviewers. And as the year progressed, the enjoyment became keener, as also did the *Exchange* departments. Tilts were engaged in, and battles, wordy, withal decorous, were fought. And now, it is all over, until next Fall. Summing up our own stewardship, weighing our own comments and criticisms, we are able to concentrate them into the exclamation: what some men will do to see themselves in print!

We suppose that Autumn will find a new group of *Exchange* editors, all trying to be clever and diplomatic and knowing. So it will be *ad infinitum*! With this thought in mind, we take the liberty to propose a toast to the *Exchange* editors of the Universe, be they in Manila or on Mars:

May your lot in Life be better than it was in college.

Following is a list of the exchanges of the past year, which we hereby gratefully acknowledge:

Alvernian, The, St. Francis College.

Anesthesia, Mills Training School.

Anselmian, The, St. Anselm's College.

Aquinian, The, Aquinas College.

Ateneo Monthly, The, Ateneo de Manila, P. I.

Beacon, The, Rhode Island State College.

Beulahland, The, St. Joseph's College, London, England.

Borromean, The, St. Charles' College.

Boston College Stylus, Boston College.

Chimes, The, Cathedral College.

College Days, St. Benedict's College.

Dove, The, Mt. St. Scholastica College.

Fordham Monthly, The, Fordham University.

Holy Cross Purple, The, Holy Cross College.

Labarum, The, Mt. St. Joseph's College.

Micrometer, The, Ohio Mechanics Institute.

New Student, The, New York, N. Y.

Ozanam, The, St. John's College.

Patrician, The, Aquinas College.

Prairie Bells, St. Mary's College.

Purple and Gold, St. Michael's College.

St. John's Record, St. John's University.

Setonian, The, Seton Hall College.

Tech, The, Mass. Inst. Technology.

Tower, The, Catholic University.

Trinity College Record, The, Trinity College.

Vers L'Ideal, College de l'Assomption.

Viatorian, The, St. Viator College.

James H. Lynch, '25





THE FOOTBALL SQUAD



PROVIDENCE COLLEGE *vs.* BATES COLLEGE

May 2, 1924.....Hendricken Field

WITH Jack Triggs pitching in his old-time form, Providence College chalked up its seventh straight victory by defeating Bates, 7 to 4. The winning hurler was never in danger. He allowed but four hits and struck out ten men. In the seventh inning, he struck out the side on nine pitched balls, while in five other innings the Bates team was retired in order.

Bill Beck and Art Brickley were the batting stars. The former hit a home run with two on in the first inning, while the latter drove in three runs with two timely singles. The fielding and batting of Wholey and Halloran were spectacular.

The visitors scored two runs in the first inning on a hit batsmen and a single that took a bad bound as Brickley was about to pick it up. The ball rolled to the fence, the batter circling the bases for a fluke home run.

The Black and White team came back with four markers in the same inning. Wholey tripled and Feid was hit by a pitched ball. Doyle bunted safely and Wholey scored. Beck came to bat with two out and hit a long home run over the left fielder's head, scoring Feid and Doyle ahead of him. In the sixth inning, Beck walked and on a hit and run play Halloran singled sharply to center. Brickley hit a sharp single to the same place and Beck and Halloran scored. Again in the eighth inning, with Beck on second, Brickley singled, driving in the final run.

Providence College Alembic

PROVIDENCE						BATES					
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
McGee, 3	4	0	0	1	0	Cogan, s	3	1	3	1	1
Wholey, m	3	1	1	0	0	Dimlick, 2	3	1	1	1	0
Feid, 1	2	0	11	1	0	Men'ally, m	3	0	1	0	0
Doyle, 2	4	1	1	2	0	Daker, 3	4	1	2	2	0
Creegan, s	4	0	0	3	1	Jordan, 1	4	0	10	0	0
Beck, r	2	1	1	0	0	Rowe, 1	3	0	1	0	1
Halloran, c	4	2	13	2	1	Spiller, r	3	0	0	0	0
Brickley, l	4	2	0	0	0	Moulton, c	3	1	6	2	0
Triggs, p	4	0	0	4	0	Bowen, p	3	0	0	4	0
Totals	31	7	27	13	2	Totals	29	4	24	10	2
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
PROVIDENCE	4	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	x—	7	
BATES	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—	4	

Runs—Wholey, Feid, Doyle, Beck 3, Halloran—7; Cogan 2, Daker, Rowe—4. Stolen bases—Cogan, Dimlick, Rowe, Moulton. Three-base hit—Wholey. Home run—Beck, Daker. Sacrifice hits—Wholey, Dimlick. Double play—Creegan to Doyle to Feid. Struck out—By Triggs 10; by Bowen, 7. First base on balls—Off Triggs 2; off Bowen 2. Wild pitch—Bowen. Balk—Bowen. Hit by pitched balls—By Bowen—Feid 2; by Triggs—Cogan. First base on errors—Bates 1, Providence 2. Left on bases—Providence 5, Bates 1. Umpire—Meehan. Time—1h. 45m.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE *vs.* BOSTON UNIVERSITY

May 3, 1924.....Boston

The winning streak of Providence College was broken when Boston University handed the Black and White team a 2 to 1 defeat in a seven-inning game. It was a very listless game, the condition of the field making it impossible to handle the ball cleanly. The rival pitchers furnished the only thrills of the game, with honors about even. Leon Smith starting his first game of the season demonstrated that he has sufficient skill to stamp him as a regular in the future.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY						PROVIDENCE					
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Sessler, l	3	1	0	0	0	McGee, 3	3	1	0	2	0
McInnis, 3	3	1	1	1	0	Wholey, m	1	1	2	0	0
Higginbotham, 2	3	1	3	4	0	Feid, 1	3	1	6	0	1
Carlson, m	2	0	1	0	0	Doyle, 2	2	0	0	0	0
Gorman, l	3	1	9	0	0	Creegan, s	2	0	1	0	0
Kinsell, r	3	0	1	1	0	Beck, r	3	0	0	0	0
Drasson, s	3	2	0	2	1	Halloran, c	3	1	6	1	0
Kelleher, c	1	1	6	1	0	Brickley, l	3	0	3	0	0
Burke, p	2	0	0	2	0	Smith, p	3	1	0	3	1
Totals	23	7	21	11	1	Totals	23	5	18	6	2

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
BOSTON UNIVERSITY	2	0	0	0	0	0	x—2
PROVIDENCE	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1

Runs—McInnis, Sessler—2; Brickley—1. Two-base hit—Gorman. Stolen bases—Brickley, Burke. Sacrifice hits—Higginbotham, Carlson, Kelleher, Wholey 2. First base on balls—Off Burke 2; off Smith 1. Struck out—By Burke 4; by Smith 6. Umpire—Rooney. Time—1h. 10m.

PROV. COLLEGE *vs.* NORTHEASTERN COLLEGE

May 15, 1924.....Hendricken Field

Pete Malloy, the Freshman southpaw, hurled his team to its eighth victory of the season. It was the first game that the youngster started and he surely performed like a veteran. He allowed but four scratch hits and deserved to have a shutout, the lone Northeastern run being scored on errors by his teammates. "Rab" Creegan displayed his best form and was loudly cheered for his efforts. He accepted six chances in the field without a slip and made two hits, one of which was a long triple to left field. Joe McGee hit safely on his first four times at bat and stole three bases, twice pilfering third. "Bud" Feid hit a home run with McGee on base in the fifth. It was a tremendous drive, enabling "Bud" to complete the circuit with plenty of time to spare.

Our boys had their big inning in the fifth when Brickley beat out an infield hit and was sacrificed to second by Malloy. Joe McGee then hit a long single to centre and Brickley scored. Feid connected for his home run, which ended the scoring for Providence College.

PROVIDENCE							NORTHEASTERN						
	ab	1b	po	a	e			ab	1b	po	a	e	
McGee, 3	5	4	1	0	1	Ayles, 2	3	0	3	1	1		
Wholey, m	3	0	4	0	0	Eldridge, 3	4	1	1	2	0		
Feid, 1	4	2	13	0	1	Dennis, 1	4	1	3	0	0		
Doyle, 2	4	0	3	3	2	Brooks, 1	4	1	9	0	0		
Creegan, s	4	2	0	6	0	Watson, m	4	0	2	0	0		
Beck, r	4	1	0	0	0	Flynn, r	3	0	0	0	0		
Halloran, c	3	0	6	1	0	Marden, s	4	0	3	4	1		
Brickley, 1	4	2	0	0	0	Deschamps, c	3	0	3	0	0		
Malloy, p	2	0	0	2	0	Richards, p	2	1	0	4	0		
Totals	33	11	27	12	4	Totals	31	4	24	11	2		
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9				
PROVIDENCE	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	x—4				
NORTHEASTERN	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1				

Runs—McGee, Feid, Creegan, Brickley—4; Dennis—1. Stolen bases—McGee 3. Three-base hit—Creegan. Home run—Feid. Sacrifice hits—Wholey, Malloy. Double plays—Eldredge to Ayles; Creegan to Doyle to

Providence College Alembic

Feid. Struck out—By Malloy 6; by Richards 3. First base on balls—Off Malloy 2; off Richards 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Malloy—Richards; by Richards—Halloran. First base on errors—Providence 1; Northeastern 3. Left on bases—Providence 9; Northeastern 6. Umpire—Meehan. Time—1h. 45m.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE vs. SETON HALL COLLEGE

May 17, 1924.....Hendricken Field

In a game replete with hard and consistent hitting on the part of our boys, Seton Hall College was sent down to an overwhelming defeat. When the clouds of battle cleared, eleven men wearing the Black and White colors had crossed the plate while one from the visiting team succeeded in placing a run in the column for his college. Charlie Reynolds in winning his sixth straight game hurled a no-hit no-run game until the eighth, when a single was made, which was later converted into a run with the aid of a sacrifice and an error. Another hit of the same variety was made in the ninth.

Ray Doyle was the premier batter of the game with a home run, a triple and a double. Frank McGee, substituting for "Bud" Feid, hit a long home run besides acquitting himself well in the field. The fielding feature of the game was furnished by Wholey. In the ninth inning, Ryan hit the first ball pitched to deep centre. It was labeled for a home run but the diminutive fielder started with the crack of the bat and while going at top speed speared the ball with his bare hand, thus putting a thrilling climax to a game that was replete with batting and fielding thrills.

PROVIDENCE						SETON HALL					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
J. McGee, 3	4	0	1	1	0	W. Horn'k, s	4	0	0	6	1
Wholey, m	3	0	1	0	0	Frees, r	3	0	1	0	0
Feid, 1	2	1	9	0	0	Haiser, 3	4	0	3	1	1
F. McGee, 1	1	1	5	0	0	M. Horn'k, 1	3	0	1	0	0
Doyle, 2	4	3	3	1	0	Fellers, m	4	0	4	0	0
Creegan, s	3	0	1	1	1	Nolan, c, 2	3	0	5	0	0
Beck, r	4	0	0	0	1	J. Ryan, 2, p	2	1	1	1	0
Halloran, c	4	1	6	2	0	Pasinski, 3	2	0	9	0	2
Brickley, 1	4	2	0	0	0	O'Keefe, p	1	0	0	1	1
Reynolds, p	5	1	1	8	0	†Carney, c	2	1	0	0	0
Ford, 1	1	0	0	0	0						
Totals	35	9	27	13	2	Totals	28	2	24	9	5
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
PROVIDENCE	1	6	0	0	3	0	1	0	x—11		
SETON HALL	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1		

Runs—J. McGee 2, Wholey 2, Feid, Doyle 2, Beck, Halloran, Reynolds, F. McGee—11; J. Ryan—1. Hits—Off O'Keefe 5 in 5 innings; off Carney

4 in 3. Stolen bases—McGee 2. Two-base hit—Doyle. Three-base hits—Doyle, Feid, Halloran. Home runs—Doyle, F. McGee. Sacrifice hits—Frees, Beck, Pasinski. Struck out—By O'Keefe 3; by Reynolds 7. First base on balls—Off O'Keefe 7; off Reynolds 2; off Carney 1. Wild pitch—Reynolds. First base on errors—Providence 3; Seton Hall 2. Left on bases—Providence 8; Seton Hall 4. Umpire—Meehan. Time—2h. 10m.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE vs. BOSTON UNIVERSITY

May 24, 1924.....Hendricken Field

Providence College is avenged for the defeat administered by Boston University earlier in the season for the latter was sent down to a 5 to 4 defeat in a game that was by far the most exciting seen on Hendricken Field this year. The ultimate winner was in doubt during the entire game with neither team being able to hold the lead. The fielding of Wholey was the outstanding feature of the game. He made seven difficult putouts and on one occasion raced into short field for a sensational catch that stopped a threatening B. U. rally. Halloran made a fine catch of a foul ball, making the putout while in a sitting position on the stands.

Going into the ninth with defeat staring at them, our boys responded to the clamoring of the crowd and produced the tying and winning runs. Brickley, the first man up, hit to third; the fielder threw wild to first and Art went to third. Triggs hit a long triple, his second safe blow of the day and Brickley crossed the plate with the tying run. Joe McGee flied out and it remained for Wholey to complete a perfect day. The signal for the squeeze play was on and Triggs dashed for the plate while Wholey laid down a perfect bunt along the first base line and Jack tallied the winning run. Wholey was hurt on the play and limped off the field with the crowd paying tribute to the gamest little man on the field, a player who has never failed to come through in a pinch.

PROVIDENCE						BOSTON UNIVERSITY					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
McGee, 3	5	1	0	1	0	Sessler, 1	5	0	0	0	0
Wholey, m	4	1	7	0	0	McInness, s	3	1	1	5	3
Feid, 1	2	0	7	2	0	Higgenbotham, 2	3	1	2	2	1
Doyle, 2	4	0	1	2	0	Gorman, 1	5	1	11	0	0
Creegan, s	4	0	0	1	3	Carlson, m	4	0	3	0	0
Beck, r	4	1	0	0	1	Kincade, r	3	1	0	0	0
Halloran, c	3	1	8	0	0	Collins, 3	3	0	1	1	1
Brickley, l	4	1	3	0	0	Kelleher, c	4	0	8	1	0
Triggs, p	4	2	1	2	1	McDonald, p	4	1	0	2	0
Totals	34	7	27	8	7	Totals	34	5	26	11	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PROVIDENCE	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	2— 5
BOSTON UNIVERSITY ..	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	1— 4

Runs—McGee, Beck, Halloran, Brickley, Triggs—5; Sessler, McInness, Higgenbotham, McDonald—4. Stolen bases—Higgenbotham, Kincade, Collins, Wholey 2, Feid, Halloran 2. Two-base hit—Triggs. Three-base hits—Triggs, Beck. Sacrifice hits—McInness 2, Higgenbotham 2, Wholey, Feid. Struck out—By Triggs 6; by McDonald 8. First base on balls—Off Triggs 2; off McDonald 2. Hit by pitched balls—By Triggs—McInness, Carlson. First base on errors—Providence 4, Boston University 6. Left on bases—Providence 7, Boston University 7. Umpire—Meehan. Time—2h.

*Two out when winning run was scored.

At this writing, Providence College is playing the most difficult part of its schedule, a trip to New York where two games will be played and then a contest with Northeastern College in Boston. The three teams to be played have been defeated earlier in the season. On June 4th, the strong Boston College nine is to come to Providence with a long string of victories. On June 6th, Holy Cross will be met in Worcester. Coach Barry has the strongest team that has represented the Purple in many years. On Saturday, June 7th, the first of a two-game series is to be played with Brown University. These two games are the principal contests on the schedule of both colleges, for keen rivalry exists between them on the diamond. Brown to date has not had a very successful season, but the fighting spirit of old Brunonia generally rises in a critical situation and these two games will prove no exception to the rule. Providence College has had the most successful season in its history and its supporters feel sure that it will emerge victorious in the crucial series. I shall not attempt to make any prediction as to the outcome other than that the team representing Providence College will give the best it has and win or lose will play the same determined game that has been so characteristic of the nine since Coach Flynn has been directing the training of the team.

ANNOUNCEMENT

As we are in press, the photographer reports that the negative of the picture of the baseball squad, taken on the day of the Boston University game at Hendricken Field, cannot be properly developed because of the adverse weather conditions at the time the picture was taken. If possible, another picture will be taken, to be published in the October, 1924, issue.

Howard F. Bradley, '24

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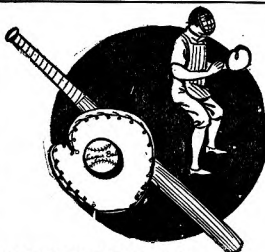
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