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(FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

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Providence College Alembic

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Lost Rapture

Star near the point of a sickle moon,
Sonnet that echoes a borrowed boon,
Stillness of eve and rumble of noon,
Pang of a dead desire;
Call of the road and a rolling song,
Lips that linger with laughter long,
Eyes that tell of a yearning strong,
Beauty that burns like fire;

Wonder of words, the turn of a rhyme,
Yesterday's truth and the treasons of time
The lovely treasures of life sublime
The tale that sorrows tell;
These are the things we've written for,
These are the lessons of poet lore,
These are the things we'll know no more.
When we have said "Farewell,"

Lacordaire

"Whenever we interrogate the monuments of the past" says Montalembert, "not only in France but in all Europe—in Spain as in Sweden, in Scotland as in Sicily,—everywhere rises before us the memory of the monk,—the traces ill effaced of his labors, of his power, of his benefactions." This eulogy of monasticism is indeed merited by those whose labors and vigils have preserved for us the literary monuments of antiquity and the history of contemporary events. Beginning with Christianity the monks have been throughout all the ages of their existence a mighty weapon in the hands of the Church. They have sent missionaries to carry the light of faith to the remotest corners of the globe. They have produced learned educators and eminent scholars, and it was they also who gave to the world the greatest pulpit orator of the nineteenth century: Henri Dominique Lacordaire.

Lacordaire was born near Dijon in France on May 13th, 1802. When he was only four years old his father died and the young Lacordaire was destined to study law according to his mother's wishes. At the age of ten we find him in the lyceum of Dijon and later in the law school of that city. "I left college at the age of seventeen," he writes in his *Memories*, "with my faith destroyed—but upright, open, impetuous, sensible to honor, with a taste for letters and for the beautiful, having before my eyes as the guiding star of my life the human ideal of glory."

Such were the sad results of the educational system of the day, a system which Lacordaire together with Montalembert was to denounce publicly and to help in securing for the Church the liberty of education.

At the termination of his law studies Lacordaire went to Paris where he was admitted to the bar and in which career a brilliant future for him was apparent. But God had other designs for the young lawyer. Unbelief rendered Lacordaire restless and melancholy saddened the first year of his residence at Paris. The question of the soul and of his destiny turned him to serious consider-

enemies of religion. The presence of Lacordaire in the pulpit of Notre Dame, clad in the Dominican habit, must have inspired courage to the champions of the rights of the Church, while it injected shame in the hearts of cowards. By the zeal and steady devotion of Lacordaire, the Dominican Order once more flourished in France.

When the government of Louis Phillippe ended, in 1848, Lacordaire greeted the Revolution with joy. His dream of a Catholic Republic seemed about to be realized. He was elected to the Assembly by the department of Bouches-du-Rhone, and took his seat in the Extreme Left, though clad in the Dominican habit. A little below him sat Lamennais, a former friend, but now his bitter foe. When the rabble invaded the Assembly, Lacordaire realized the futility of his dream of a Catholic Republic, and on May 18th, he, therefore, resigned his seat.

The last years of his life were spent in charge of the military school at Soreze. There he helped to formulate in the youths placed under his care, that strength of character which is the basis of real manhood. On January 24th, 1861, he was received into the French Academy, an honor which he accepted for the glory of God and of the Church. He died at Soreze on November 21st, 1861.

Lacordaire's memory shall not easily perish. Both as an orator and as a priest, he will be cherished by all those who catch a glimpse of the beauty of his soul. Since the day that God had won him from incredulity, Lacordaire ever remained devoted to Him. All his talents were employed to make his Master better known. It was Lacordaire's love for the Crucified One that made him obey the Vicar of Christ on earth, even though his nature rebelled against such a submission in the question of the "Avenir." It was that same love that accentuated his speech in such a manner as to command the large congregations which listened to him. "As I had been dazzled and subjugated," says the Abbe Jandel, "by the power and brilliancy of his preaching, so was I also edified and charmed by the novelty, the candor and the simplicity of his conversation. Thus he left in my soul, on his departure from Metz, a profound impression of affectionate sympathy and respectful admiration." If pride had not tarnished the soul of Lacordaire, it was because at the foot of the Crucifix, with his eyes bathed in

tears, he besought heaven to keep him humble amidst the successes which he met everywhere.

The "Conferences" which Lacordaire delivered in many cities of France prove his eloquence. But it is perhaps in his correspondence that we discover the real friendly heart of Lacordaire. In those many letters which he wrote to several individuals we come in direct contact with that love which animated him.

To one who had lost his wife and two young children, he writes: "Lift up your eyes, my prince, to those regions of boundless love; it is there that you will learn to know the secret of your tears. . . . There you will see the reason of that decree which appears to you so cruel, and you will see how the spotless beauty of a Christian soul conquers the heart of Him who was her earliest spouse. . . . Turning your eyes towards the sorrowful horizon that every day will remove further from you, you will, perhaps, feel that there have been more sorrows spared than joys denied to the objects of your affection, and you will bless the incomprehensible hand that always blesses when it is extended over its servants and elect." (Chocarne: *The Inner Life of Pere Lacordaire*.)

The same accents of friendship are heard in his farewell to Notre Dame: "And to you, gentlemen, in some of whom I may, perhaps, have sown the seeds of faith and virtue, I shall ever remain united to the future as in the past; but if one day my strength will prove too little for my courage and if you come to despise the feeble remains of a voice that was once dear to you, know that I will never be ungrateful, for nothing can prevent you from being henceforward the glory of my life and my crown throughout eternity."

The influence of Lacordaire cannot be overestimated. Living in an age when religion was held in contempt, he helped in regaining for Catholicism its place of honor and love in men's hearts and was one of the authors of the Catholic Renaissance which followed after the French Revolution. An eloquent orator, a humble religious, a devoted son of the Church, the restorer of the Dominican Order in France, these are but a few of the titles which history will ever attribute to Henri Dominique Lacordaire.

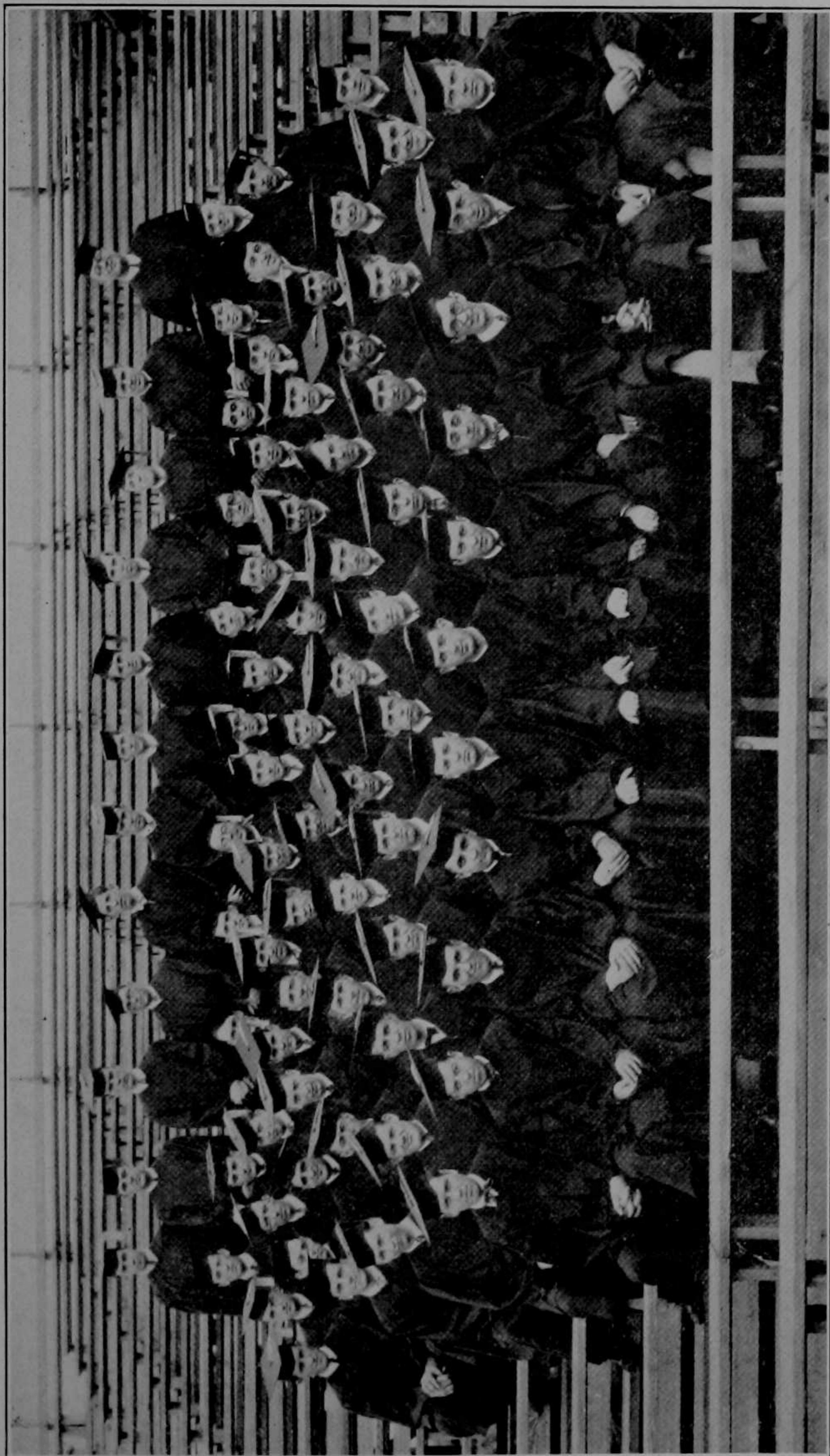
Anis A. Samaan, '27.

The Senior Class

It is with mingled feelings of sadness and joy that we recall the activities of our college career which is now fast coming to a close; sadness because the end is near and joy because the objective has been attained. Alas, 'tempus fugit' is well understood by us all now. It seems but a few weeks since the last part of our journey through the sea of Seniorism was begun. It has been our solemn duty to guide our successors through the perilous seas which we have sailed that they might profit by our experience. Amid our trials and failures we have always striven to do our best and therein lies the spirit that wins. The will to do what was expected of us has been our aim and this do we pass on to our successors. And now, the end is in sight, the port is near. We are about to land upon foreign soil. But before doing so it might be pleasurable to recall the outstanding incidents in this the last part of our journey.

We paved the way for the social activities of the travellers of these seas by a Senior Frolic in the early part of the year. The Annual Football Banquet was successfully promoted by the Seniors. The Class Banquet was held with much pomp and splendor. Time passed and with it rolled on our good ship to its destination. The beginning of the end was reached. On Monday, May ninth, the entire student body assisted at Holy Mass celebrated by Rev. Martin Welsh, O. P., following which the Seniors were invested with Caps and Gowns by the Rev. Daniel Galliher, O. P., Dean of the College. The planting of the Class Tree and the taking of Class Pictures were postponed until the following Friday on account of inclement weather. The Seniors held a reception the night of Cap and Gown Day.

And now, Exams are over—Commencement looms before us. Our class numbers eighty-five, the largest in the history of our College. So, we are patiently waiting to receive our passports that



SENIOR CLASS

we may with satisfaction betake ourselves to foreign spheres. We are about to enter foreign lands which we have been told are not too friendly. The battle of life is about to begin. But one journey through the aforementioned seas, although for the most part pleasant, has had its trials and tribulations. Thankful we are that it has for the more capable shall we be of coping with the emergencies of the future. May we ever be appreciative of the good ship which has been so faithful in our behalf. To the kind and just pilot who has granted us many favors may we ever be thankful. And time and again, in the succeeding years, may we gather in this ship we are now leaving to recall the happy memories of our journey and manifest our appreciation of her services in our behalf.

Eugene J. Sullivan, '27.

FALLACIOUS

"There's the gentleman in question, seated two chairs ahead of us. I mean the one smoking a cigar," broke in my companion of the Accomodation Special and he pointed to a middle aged gentleman. Although this particular commuter boasted an athletic build his hair was snow-white and his features were drawn. Altogether he possessed the demanor of one who had survived a terrible ordeal.

"Notice those hoary locks and that dispirited manner of his," continued my friend, and I awaited for further details because he was quite a story teller and had amused me many times on these lengthy morning rides. Besides he had a wonderfully productive imagination which retained scores of colorful tales. This particular morning was very bleak.

"Yes sir, he was in the same outfit with me in France, A Lieutenant Atwell, I think. My duties as battalion Liason Officer often brought me in contact with him and we struck up an acquaintance. Then in the summer of 1918 we experienced the great battle of Chateau Thierry. My work was cut out for me. Night and day I plied between the front lines and headquarters, hardly stopping for food. The entire sector was in eruption. All the roads were impassible and of course I saw nothing of Lt. Atwell. He was in the thick of the fighting and it was not until later that I learned the full details of his experience.

On the evening of July twentieth, a barrage was laid and the men were anxiously awaiting 'zero hour'. Atwell with two brother officers was seated in a dugout conversing in low tones. From time to time the whizz of a shell close by caused their faces to blanch but they were very determined. Suddenly without the usual swish of warning there was a terrific explosion. The trench parapet was razed covering the mangled forms and obliterating the dugout.

Within Atwell reclined on the floor. His arm and leg were pierced with shrapnel but he was conscious. Not so his two companions. After a time the survivor began to recover sufficiently to take inventory of his surrounding, but it was pitch black. Feebly he groped over the damp ground in the vicinity of his right arm

and by the grace of good fortune seized the six inches of candle which had served as the dugout's illumination. With a match-box between his knee he struck a light and after a pain-racking effort rose to a sitting posture. He searched in vain for an exit but the aperture had long since been sealed by the cave-in. Then he gazed with horror at his late companions. One had been flung across the table having both legs amputated at the thigh and the other was huddled nearby looking with glazed eyes at death. He was helpless and slowly the awful thought fixed itself in his bewildered mind. Buried alive. There was no hope of succor because the drive had begun and perhaps even now the front had moved forward considerably.

In the same instant as the discovery he extinguished the candle. Somewhere he had read that a person had subsisted several days on a candle and despite his wounds and the present predicament he cherished a potent desire to live. Apportioning the tallow into five equal parts he planned his rations for five days. But his wounds had been bleeding consistently and in a very weakened condition he fell to the floor. Sleep seemed out of the question. The ghastly atmosphere of the place oppressed him. He was ever conscious of the dead subalterns and several times imagined that they were crawling toward him. What if they should steal his food stock? He rolled on his uninjured side and tried to peer through the blackness in the direction of the corpses. There seemed to be a rustling in that corner. Atwell groaned and beads of perspiration dampened his forehead. Something flew by his head and he fell into a swoon. Rats.

Again he was awakened but this time by a tugging at his coat. Reaching down he encountered a wide rent in his jacket and all but one bit of candle was gone. The rats had gnawed away the pocket and only one meal remained. He wondered how long he could endure the hunger, and speculated on the hour. By rough reckoning he thought that he had been entombed for two days for even now the air was becoming heavy. Both corpses were conspicuous by their repugnant odor and sometimes he shuddered and other times he envied them. No longer were they forced to contend with life, such as it was, for although the flow of blood had ceased, his entire frame was chilled by the dampness. Strange lights danced

before his eyes and more than once he was startled by the swift passage of a rodent.

He yearned for water. His tongue and lips were parched and his throat burned. Finally to slacken this excruciating thirst he chewed the remaining portion, striving to promote the action of saliva. But this proved to be only a momentary relief. The rats, the darkness and the reeking bodies, all served to create a titanic roar in his brain and for a third time he fainted.

The ground vibrated in the vicinity of the tomb and accompanied by undulating explosions the ceiling and walls were swept away. From above a dazzling sun shone down upon the new shell hole and its three occupants. And so it was that some minutes later Atwell was found by the M. D's. But what an incredible sight. His features were drawn and his hair was snow-white. He had been buried in the dugout only seventy five minutes.

"Now I must be leaving you," concluded my friend, "will see you in the morning." And he was gone with a nod.

As I was alighting from the train I collided with the aforementioned gentleman.

"Pardon me, Mr. Atwell."

"Mr. Atwell? I'm afraid you've mistaken me for someone else, my name is Brisbane."

"And you never served in France?" I questioned.

"Most assuredly not. I solicited bonds during the late war. Good day." And with a smile he left me standing on the platform in amazement.

Joseph Lannen, '29.

H. L. Mencken and the Higher Moronity

IT is with fear and trembling that we venture upon this subject, for the demagogue with whom our article deals has attained within recent years a high position in the minds and hearts of many who write what passes for literary criticism in these United States. They are ever ready to have at , with horse, foot and artillery, anyone who dares question the right of the Behemoth of Baltimore to decide upon the material which the super-sophisticate should read. But it is far from our intent to question the repute of Mr. Mencken along the line of literary criticism; neither do we propose to deny the fact that he is far and away the leader in his chosen field, the writing of amusing, vivid and astounding essays upon the American scene, in general, and upon the writing and making of books in particular; what we attempt is an inquiry into the nature and kind of those who go to make up the greater part of his audience.

It has become an oft-repeated truism that every sophomore reads Mencken, greatly as he may find himself maligned in the scathing diatribes of the hilarious H. L.. We ourselves are not able to subscribe to this statement in its entirety, knowing sophomores as we do but we might accept it in amended form, and agree that every sophomore who reads does, at some time or other, read of Mencken. The campus literati of both sexes comprise a goodly portion of his disciples, and it would seem that, consciously or unconsciously, he sets out to make a direct appeal to them. For in his wild enthusiasms, in his raucous onslaught on the world as it is, and in his bombastic championing of the world as it should be, they find an outlet for their youthful yearning for destruction. Then, too, his constant habit of ridiculing the pedagogues who occupy chairs in our universities provides the student with a great deal of material for abusing the instructor who did irreparable damage to the cause of American letters by marking his latest English theme with an "E". For these and other reasons of similar nature they are attracted to him; and, strangely enough, the result of this attraction is generally good, since in the perusal of his works, they are more than

likely to run across the mention of a gentleman named Conrad, whom heretofore they had regarded as just another of those authors who write "sea stories." They may even find reference to a man called Shakespeare and express surprise that such a lusty fellow as this Mencken appears to be should worry himself with a perusal of the dead Elizabethans, fit material only to while away the leisure hours of a Ph. D. However, since he, for whom they have a respect equal only to their earlier admiration for the James Boys, Arsene Lupin, and Captain Kidd, derives a certain pleasure from them, they are willing to admit that there may be in this "classical" stuff more than would appear to the naked eye. Thereupon they decide that the time spent in reading non-contemporary writers might not be wholly wasted and soon they are depending less and less upon Mencken for their literature, ethics, and philosophy and turning more and more to his older and more reserved brothers under the pen.

Thus it is that Mr. Mencken's popularity in the colleges remains strictly sophomoric and is rarely, if ever, honored with the academic hood. However his adherents are not to be found in the colleges alone; the circulation of the Mercury would tend to disprove any statement that such is the case. We venture to say that, despite the professed contempt of this Stormy Petrel of the Twentieth Century for free verse, the newer art, interpretative dancing mixed tea-drinking, and Socialism, the billious cover of the Knopf-printed publication is to be espied peeping out from beneath the honeydew and orchid draperies of many Greenwich Village garrets. Mencken has become a symbol of revolt, and here, too, he seems to attempt to act strictly in accordance with the role which has been thrust upon him. Witness his heavy championing of any cause which tends to incite the wrath of the reactionaries and his constant willingness to oppose any movement to regulate the activities of the radicals. And yet he himself remains the greatest reactionary of them all, wishing to submerge the individual under a Nietzschean despotism more severe than that of the Caesars. However, he holds this second class of readers strongly under his dominion, at least until their particular fad becomes popular and they are honored with an article in the American Magazine and a place in the ranks of the conservatives.

His third group of devotees he recruits from the ranks of the

more or less leisured females who would appear cultured and who vaguely identify the superman of Nietzsche with the all-conquering heroes of the motion picture screen. They find that reading Mencken gives them a distinct advantage since from his adeptness at cataloging various phases of our literature, they acquire the ability to talk knowingly of Cabell, Hergesheimer, Dreiser, Lewis and other of the favored few whom he deigns to honor.

Certain reviewers, noting the worship which these three sections of our great Republic pay to him, accept Mr. Mencken as the Alpha and Omega of American Arts and Letters and the supreme arbiter of American Philosophy. Their appraisals of him read like advertisements for patent medicines which are guaranteed to do everything but wash the clothes and mind the baby. We picture him, seated comfortably in his home at Baltimore, castigating in one of his editorials the antics of the lower orders of moronity and accepting all the while with a cynical leer the plaudits of those who compose the higher ranks of this great and magnificent group.

Gerald J. Prior, '27.

The Junior Class

"Tempus fugit," sayeth the sage. Well, indeed, can the class of 1928 appreciate the wisdom of this small speech. For who, even now, cannot see himself striding about the campus, armed with those fascinating implements of self-defence—the little bow tie and the little black cap? Who then, ambitious as he might have been, dared to construe college with anything but infinite space, an unbridgeable chasm not to be thought about? Or who forgets the condescending look, the jaunty swagger, the eternal jest that were ours as learned Sophomores? And now with the advent of June comes the vivid, almost startling realization that another year has elapsed.

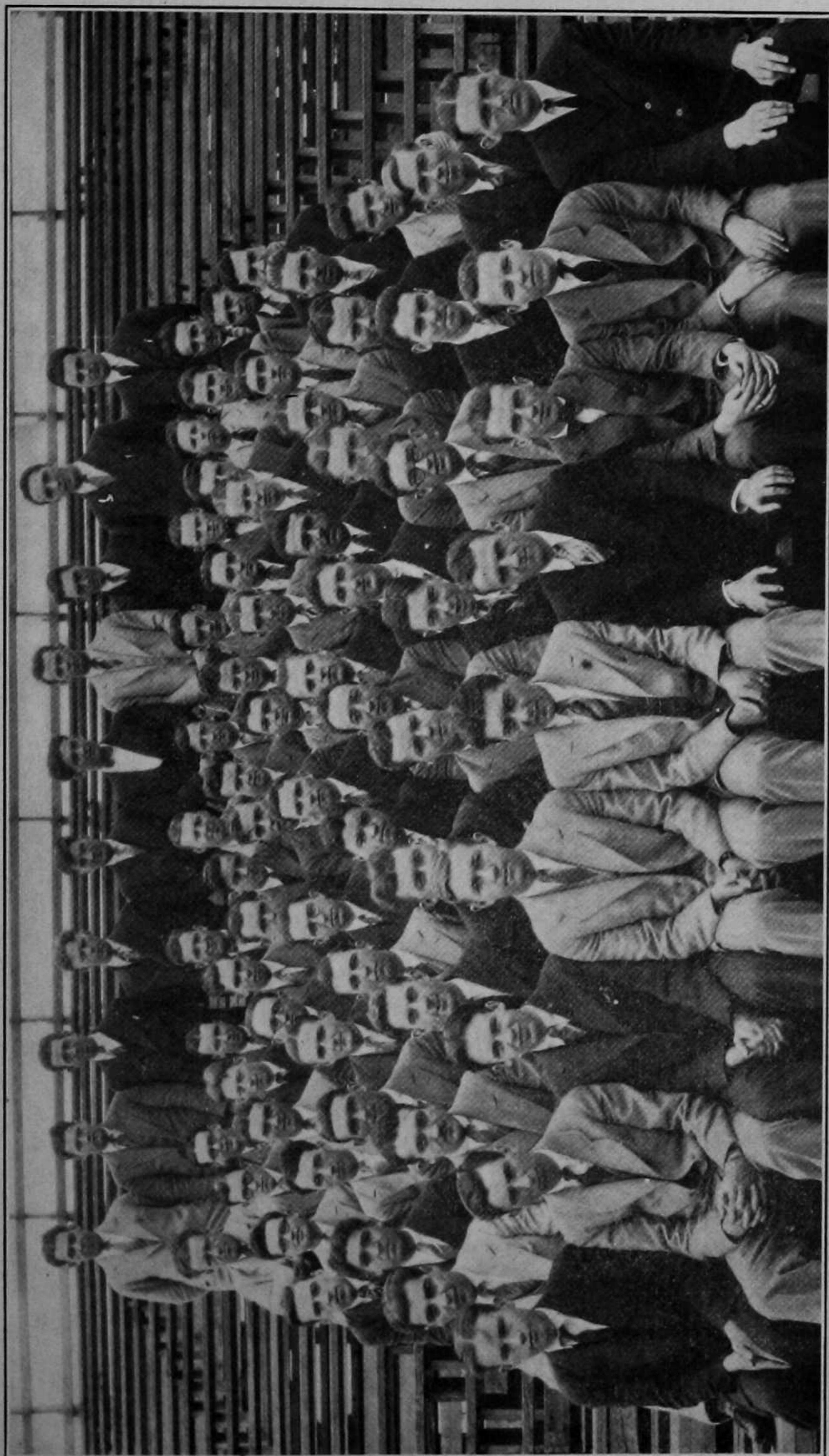
The passing of the Junior year signifies the completion of the greatest year in the history of our class, scholastically, socially, and otherwise. Would that we were capable of narrating the diversified experiences of our scholastic endeavor! Would that we could tell you of how we were plunged into the universal and the particular, the concrete (real hard work) and the abstract, the necessary and the contingent; of how we breathed in theses and expired syllogisms; of how we Astronomized literally, Economized, Psychologized, and Epistemologized! Suffice it to say that we finally emerged sane, and triumphant, philosophers of the first rank.

Our social and athletic successes were so numerous that any mention of them here would be deemed superfluous. Yet, in a spirit of honest pride we cannot refrain from pointing to a few of our most notable achievements.

(1) The Class of 1928 established an innovation in P. C. athletic history. It took the form of a farce football contest enacted between the halves of the Quantico Marine game last fall.

(2) For the third successive year the class of 1928 won the football championship of the college.

(3) The Junior Promenade as sponsored by the Class of 1928,



JUNIOR CLASS

was universally acknowledged to be the greatest affair of its kind ever held in the annals of the college.

(4) Extensive plans have been formulated whereby a year book, the first in the history of the school, will be published by the Class of 1928.

Yesterday we were Freshmen of fact, Seniors of desire. To-day we stand on the threshold of anticipation. In a few short months we shall return to our beloved alma mater, Seniors of fact, Freshmen of memory. May next year find us Seniors of Fact, carrying to a glorious conclusion our four years of undergraduate activity.

John O'Connell, '28.

Success or Barnum was Right

A TRAGI-COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

Scene I. (A night at the University Club in New York; young men, middle-aged men, and old men sit about many tables talking, smoking, engaging in some form of amusement and altogether passing away the evening in good fellowship; at one table sits a typical, prosperous looking middle-aged man smoking and reading; of a sudden he looks up from his reading-matter, a startled look appears in his eyes and he rises in haste to proceed toward the entrance to the club through which a poorly dressed fellow of about his own age has just staggered.)

Jack: Well, I'll be gosh darned, if it isn't Tom Jones! Shake and shake for old times' sake the hand of a classmate. (They shake hands, Jack with the vigor and enthusiasm characteristic of a mother greeting her long lost son; Tom, in marked contrast, shakes languidly and in a tired manner.)

Tom: (For a moment his eyes brighten and then quickly dull into their former languidness) Jack Smith! Gee, but you're looking great.

Jack: Yes, and feeling fit as a fiddle too. And you Tom?

Tom: Oh, rotten, Jack. Everything's wrong, everything.

Jack: Forget it, Tom, let's sit down and go over old times. Why, Tom, do you realize that this is the first time that we've seen each other since graduation from old Olympia? (They walk over and seat themselves at the table; Jack orders refreshments and over their glasses they talk).

Jack: Where've you been, what have you been doing, and how are you?

Tom: How about you answering those questions first? I know you're a success and when I hear your story, it may or may not give me heart to tell mine.

Jack: Alright, but only on the condition that you follow with yours, regardless of that rubbish you're handing me.

Tom: It's a go.

Jack: Good. Well, I haven't much to say but here goes. As the dear old year book intimated (for once it was correct) I went

in for law. The first six years of practice were practice years, alright. About all I did was to practice excuses to stave off the landlord as well as a good appetite. Then Old Sam Cook died, did you know Sam was the Representative from my district?—and I took his place. About this time I was beginning to get wise to myself. So I raised a big hull-a-baloo up in the State House over a Prohibition Bill, got my picture on the front pages of all the newspapers and, incidently, began a law practice which has increased yearly since. Now about all I do is let the boys use my name. They do the work and I collect the dough. Of course I use my vocal chords now and then to keep in shape. Advertising yourself is the thing nowadays, Tom. Advertising and publicity. There's thousands in them for the man who will capitalize them. So thats that, Tom, as to my business life. Otherwise about all I can say is that I'm married, got four kids, one of them in high school now, and, all in all, I'm finding life very enjoyable with law, my family and the radio. Have a cigar, Tom.

Tom: Jack, I'm glad to hear it, as glad as an old roommate can be and I'm so glad for your success that I can tell the story of my failure. You know, Dad left me quite a bit of money when he died during my Junior year at Olympia. I decided to be a Longfellow or a Shakespeare. Well, I didn't have much success and even lost quite a bit of money trying to have a volume of verse published. Now I'm a travelling newspaper man, that is, on my own hook and you know what they are. Anyhow, about five years after we graduated, I fell in love and fell hard. She was a beautiful, a wonderfully good-looking girl, but the sad part of it was that she didn't reciprocate. You see I was crazy about her but she wasn't exactly insane about me. However, I courted her off and on for a year or more, that is I'd see her as often as she'd let me. Then one night she intimated that I didn't come up to her standard of male pulchritude. You know I always was a tough looker. Then instead of forgetting her as any real man would, I determined to win her. You see I was in love and, believe me, love can be cross eyed as well as blind. I proceeded to write poetry and succeeded in having a few verses published in the poetry section of a national weekly. I remember well the time of publication. I sent Nanette, that was her name, a copy of the magazine with little red arrows pointing to the poem. She returned it, entirely blotted out,

with a little note saying that her small brother had accidentally spilled the ink over it. Of course, I knew she did it herself, but it didn't alter my determination to win her. Believing that my unlovely features were the cause of my failure,—you see Dad's money was still holding out—I resolved to revise them. Now this may seem silly to you, Jack, but don't forget I was madly in love. Well I soon found myself answering all the advertisement pertaining to the attainment of beauty, and found plenty of them in that weekly to which I had become a regular subscriber with the appearance of the poem therein. I sent for this, I sent for that, and I sent for everything, nose straighteners, chin curvers, ear shapers, eye sparklers, leg devices, skin restorers, athletic apparatus, hair vanishers and the like. I discovered that I was one of the four out of every five, that I had halitosis, that I was a weakling, that comedones had taken me as a special victim. For two years I endeavored to change homeliness into pulchritude without avail. Meanwhile I seldom saw Nanette, didn't do a tap of work because my beauty treatments took all my time and then to my disgust at the end of three years Nannette married some bewhiskered old gentlemen with plenty of money. My resources had dwindled to nothing and I turned to poetry again for five years, sad solemn poetry without success. Then to reporting and newspaper work from which I eke out a bare existence. I know that it sounds impossible that anyone could be so silly, but its a fact nevertheless. I was love-crazy to the point of common sense ignorance. Got a match, Jack? This cigar's gone out.

Jack: Sure thing, Tom (He lights the latter's cigar). In fact, to be candid with you it would hardly seem possible if I didn't know you. Remember back in Olympia what a romantic cuss you were, writing love poetry without ever seeing a girl. Too much imagination and love-crazy seems to be about the only way to account for it. Then, too, you've been a dupe to advertising. Well, its not too late to be a success yet, Tom. Work for me in my office. I'll get a job for you and if your poems are at all to my liking, I'll have them published. What do you say?

Tom: Nothing doing, Jack. I'm a failure alright, but I wont

live on someone else. What time is it? So long. Got to be going. Good-bye.

ACT II.

(Five years later at the University Club; the same type of men passing away the evening; at one particular table is prosperous Jack Smith indulging in a game of solitaire; suddenly someone slaps him on the back vigorously and he turns about to see Tom Brown his old roommate at Olympia just as he had five years ago, with the exception that this time Brown is perhaps the better dressed and more prosperous-looking of the two.)

Tom: Hello, Jack and how's the old Olympian tonight?

Jack: Tom! (They shake hands) Well of all—gee but you're looking great. Sit down and let's in on what's what. What happened? Sell your poems to King George or just fall into an inheritance.

Tom: Well, it's not a long story, Jack, and since I'm now quite a success I'll be glad to unravel the tale. As you inferred, I'm quite in the money and I may say that I owe all my success to you, Jack, solely to you.

Jack: To me?

Tom: Yes, Jack. Remember how five years ago, when I was somewhat under the weather financially, you told me that your success has been due to the right kind of publicity and advertising? Remember how you told me that I had been a dupe to advertising. Sure you do. Well, Tom, those words set me thinking and a year later I evolved a scheme that resulted in my present status, that of millionaire.

Jack: Shake again, Tom, for the sake of the good old lucre but what do you mean anyway?

Tom: Here's how it was, Jack, I happened to be straphanging on a New York subway one day. An old lady, sitting in front of me was having a great deal of difficulty in breathing. The queer nasal noises she made, although causing me much mental discomfort, were the direct cause of my phenomenal success. For, then and there, I hit upon an idea to rid the world of her type and at the same time to raise myself from pauperism. All the way home I

thought and thought of it and the more I thought of it the surer I was of success. There were only two things lacking, the right word and a little capital. For a week I thought and then I hit upon the right word. Luck was beginning to come my way and two days later I met Dick Chandler—you remember Dick at Olympia. His father was the principal owner of the A & I and he fell into everything. I promptly proceeded to borrow a "grand" from him, set my "panacea" upon the market, did a little psychological advertising, and now I have a huge factory manufacturing my wares.

Jack: Yes, but I don't get you, Tom. What did you do? What's your line?

Tom: Well, you see, when I left the subway on that eventful night and reached home, I prepared a saline solution, you know, a little salt and water, added a little colouring matter and when a week later I found the right word, the name for my solution, I was positive that my fortune was made.

Jack: What name? I can't understand you yet.

Tom: The name? Why you know it now. You come across it every day of your life (glances aver table) Is that the "Biggest?"

Jack: Yes, this week's copy.

Tom: Turn to the back page and read the word in dark type which follows the words—

ARE YOU A VICTIM TO

Tom: Snivolosis! Are you the—

Jack: Sure thing. Don't you see, Tom, that lady on the subway had the sniffles!

Curtain

John O'Connell 28.

Commencement Dream

Above the heavens were dotted with stars,,
A ceiling which lighted the earth,
And on and on ran a ribbon of road
Which eluded my questing from birth.

At times there were forks; with detours replete
Was the path that stole through the shade,
Yet I tarried not here, but continued,—
The stars were beginning to fade.

Came the dawn at the end of the roadway,
Exhorting me now to make speed,
I woke to the morning's fair sunlight,
But this dream will I ever heed.

For the pathway with hidden dangers
Was the road of life which we trod,
And the dawn, upheld by its beams of light,
Was the goal toward which we plod.

J. Lannen, '29.

The Sophomore Class

The scholastic year was formally opened by the hearty and extremely warm reception tendered the Freshman Class. As to the warmth of this welcome, it will be fully attested by the individual members of that body of students. When the usual ceremonies and address by the Reverend Dean has been completed the Sophomores, adhering to tradition, commenced the intensive course of educating the juveniles. Shortly afterwards the annual elections were held with Rev. Fr. Heasley, O. P., acting as class moderator for this year. Nicholas J. Serror was re-elected president by an unanimous vote.

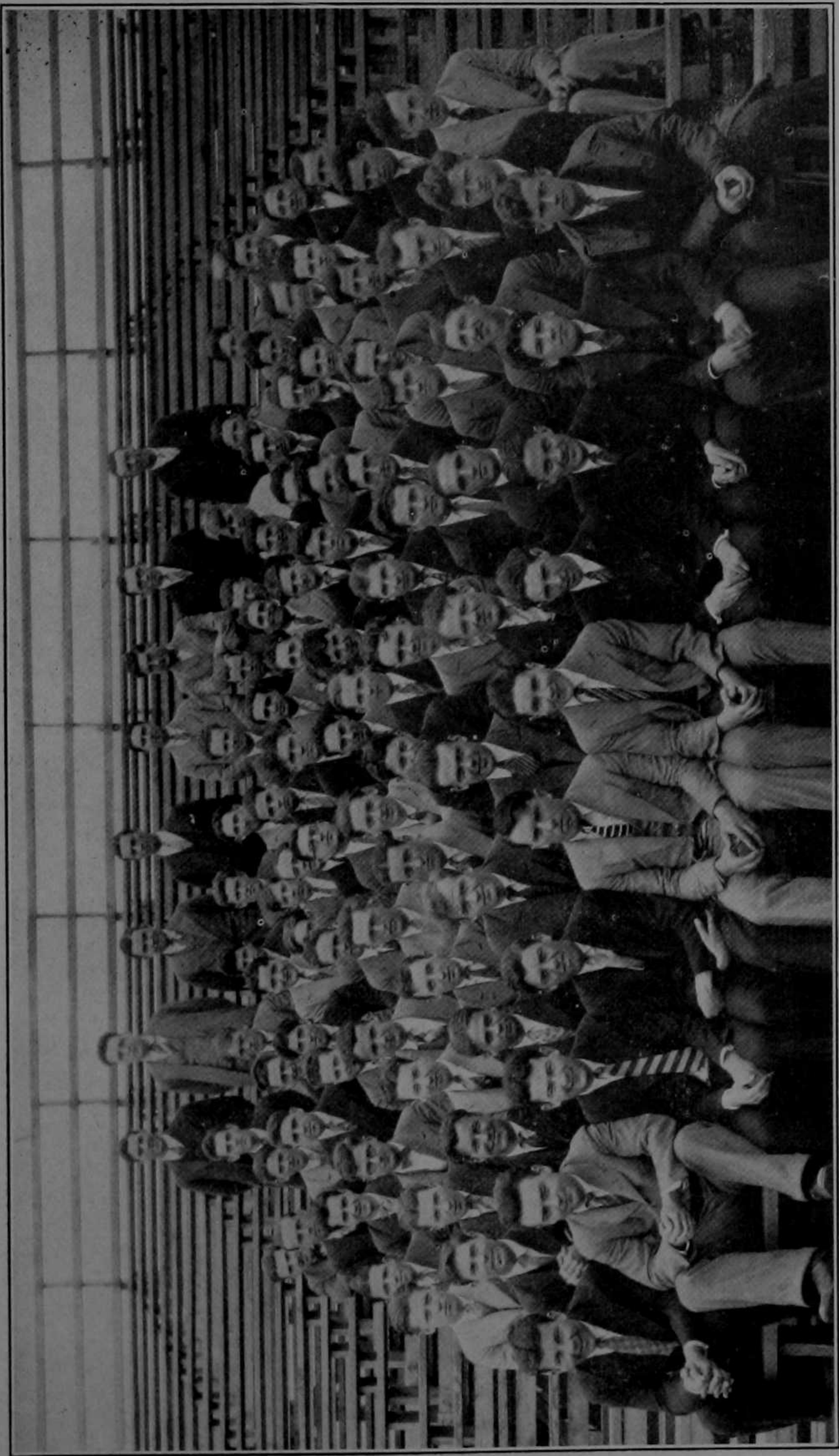
On the gridiron the Class football team waged an extensive campaign. In a manner worthy of the Varsity it defeated the Freshmen eleven, but the mighty Juniors subdued the late conquerors. However, the Sophomores displayed superb spirit and only brilliant and extraordinary playing defeated them. Then with the advent of Spring a game was arranged between the Sophomores and the Freshmen, but the inclemency of the weather prohibited this baseball classic, and perhaps the yearlings were spared another defeat.

It was in Dramatics that the Sophomore Class contributed greatly to the success of college activities. On that memorable night in May, when hundreds filled the spacious Modern Theatre and first scanned the program the numeral '29 frequently greeted their gaze. But when the proteges of Rev. Fr. McLaughlin began their rendition of the famous "Hamlet" the interest of the audience was held and swayed at will. Among those portraying the stellar roles were several distinguished Sophomores. Mr. Nicholas Serror played Hamlet to such a degree of perfection as to win the unstinted praise of the entire audience.

As the school year was drawing to a close, plans were formulated for the Sophomore hop, which climaxed the years activities. An hectic class meeting was held at which a committee, headed by Mr. Frank Carr, was appointed. The Roger Williams Park Casino was secured for the occasion and dance cards and a suitable program arranged. The Rev. Dean and Fr. Heasley with several honored guests attended, and a most enjoyable time ensued.

And so passed another year of the class of 1929. And to those who leave our midst, we bid a most hearty "Farewell."

J. W. Lannen, '29.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Paul Claudel

IT is, indeed, an honor for Washington to welcome in its midst, the new French Ambassador to the United States, Paul Claudel, an able diplomat and a Catholic mystical poet. Claudel was born on August 8th, 1868, in the district of Champagne, in France, the scene of his drama, "*L'Annonce faite à Marie*." He was educated at the *Lycee Louis-le-Grand* and then attended the *Ecole des Sciences Politiques*. In 1893 he was appointed vice-consul in New York and then went to Boston as consul pro tempore. Tientsin and Fouchow, Frankfort and Hamburg are among the consular posts which he occupied. In 1921 he was appointed ambassador to Tokyo and in 1925 was asked by the French government to act as chairman on the Board of Examiners for admission to Diplomatic and Consular Service. From such a record we may justly conclude that Claudel's appointment to the French embassy at Washington was a wise choice.

Claudel's fame, however, does not consist only of his diplomatic life, for literature has a just claim over him who is the regenerator of Catholic poetry in France. Though a baptized Catholic, Claudel had wandered away from the Church. But no philosophical system could adequately replace the void created by the loss of faith. On Christmas day, in 1886, Claudel entered the Church of Notre Dame in Paris "simply through curiosity," he says, "seeking in the Catholic ceremonies the appropriate excitant and material for some studies. . . . Then befell an event that has influenced my whole life. I suddenly experienced a devastating knowledge of innocence, and of the eternal childhood of God. In an instant my heart was pierced and I believed. I believed with such adhesive force, with so complete a surrender of my entire being, with a conviction so powerful, and with a certainty leaving no room for any species of doubt—that ever since, all the books, all the reasonings and all the hazards of a much-agitated life, have not been able to shake my faith, no, nor even touch it." Claudel spent the next four years in dissolving all his doubts, and in 1890, occurred his complete conversion.

God and the soul are the topics of Claudel's poems and dramas, the latter being symbolic plays. Claudel disregards the accepted

euphony and measure of poetry, permitting his ideas to gush forth from the burning fountain of his soul, in rythmical prose. The result is a poetry that is as rich in color as it is profound in meaning. The deep religious sentiment that is present in his writings reveals itself plainly in such poems as "*La Vierge a Midi*," one of the "*Autres Poemes de Guerre*":

"Rien que pour moment pendant que tout s'arrete, Midi
Etre avec vous, Marie, en ce lieu on vous etes
Ne rien dire, regardes votre visage
Laisser le coeur chanter dans son propre langage."

In his "*Le Chemin de la Croix*," at the "*Second Station*," we read:

"Et toi, regarde, chretien, et fremis! Ah, quel instant solennel
Que celui on le Christ pour la premiere fois accepte la Croix
eternelle!

O consommation en ce jour de l'arbre dans le Paradis!

Regarde, pecheur, et vois a quoi ton peche a servi."

From the same poem, "*Twelfth Station*":

"N'en avez Vous donc pas assez de ce vin aigre et mele d'eau,

Pour que Vous Vous redressiez tout-a-coup et criez: *Sitio?*

Vous avez soif, Seigneur? Est-ce a moi que Vous parlez?

Est-ce moi dont Vous avez besoin encore et de mes peches?

Est-ce moi qui manque avant que tout soit consume?

With Paul Claudel's name is connected the conversion of Jacques Riviere, a young French university man. Riviere was a victim of doubt and the firmness of Claudel's faith must have left a great impression on him. "Oh, this God, this God," exclaimed Riviere, "I long so to feel Him present, here close to me, solid and unmistakable, to be done with seeking Him, to put an end once and for all to this dreaming of happiness." With the grace of God and Claudel's direction Riviere finally found Him for whom he had so yearned. The poetic mission of Paul Claudel is well expressed by the words which he addressed to Jacques Riviere: "I make bold to tell you that your place is with Patmore, Peguy, Chesterton and, if I dare say so, with myself, writers all of us, whose task is to restore a Catholic imagination and sensibility which have been withered and parched for four centuries, thanks to the triumph of a purely lay literature whose ultimate corruption we are witnessing today."

Anis Samaan, '27.

The Game

It was a pretty contest, then,
An idle jesting game
Of pitch and toss with laughter when
We roamed the road of youth again
And played for folly's fame;

With naught to lose but wisdom sad
And this we tossed away
With future hopes and morrows glad—
Yea, these were all the stakes we had
When time was but today.

And what we lost or won last year
Fades with the roses' breath;
Yet can we find while searching here
The word that ends the game, my dear,
And can that word be Death?

Gerald J. Prior, '27.

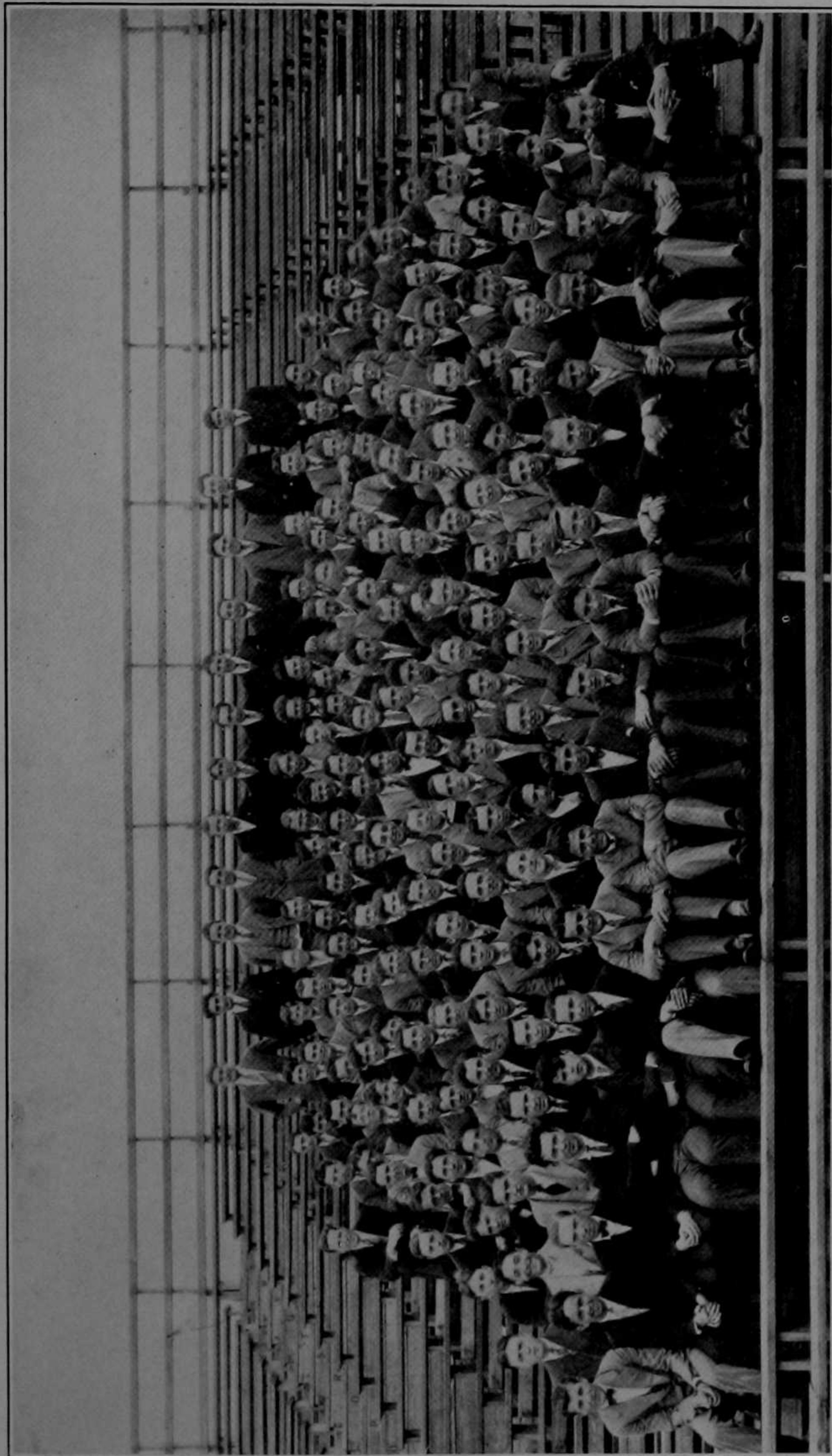
History of the Class of 1930

On a warm September morning, at the close of the month, while the beauties of summer still danced about in whatever breeze they could catch, two hundred and twenty five youths banded themselves together on the campus and entered the portals of Harkins Hall. This sturdy group of knowledge-seekers later became known as the illustrious Freshman Class of Providence College. Already a serious light could be seen gleaming in their eyes, and it would not take the powers of a crystal-gazer to predict great accomplishments and lofty achievements by these sincere youngsters who were closing the door on their boyhood days that rested behind them.

In unity there is strength. The Class of 1930 fully realized this trite truth. Accordingly, shortly after we became acquainted with our new surroundings, we organized and when the ballots were counted, the results were announced as follows: Francis Hackett, president; James Deery, vice-president; Robert Sullivan, secretary; Daniel Young, treasurer. Later Robert Sullivan was succeeded by Leo Hafey whom we found to be capable and exacting in his capacity. Rev. P. E. Rogers, O. P., was appointed moderator. Each and all of the members of the class are indeed grateful to him for his keen interest and untiring efforts. Father Rogers piloted our class thru many storms of dismay to a haven of triumph.

We were not to be neglected by the classmen who had held our place in previous years. The upper classmen of the entire institution appointed a committee and invested it with full power to officially welcome the new band of neophytes into good old P. C. What a time we had! Speeches were delivered to strengthen and encourage us. Music swayed and filled our hearts with the spirit of democracy that has been ever prevalent in Providence. It was on this occasion that we learned the true value of friendship and loyalty that exists between those fighting for a common cause.

The Freshmen Class had among its members many who aspired to athletic victories, and so two branches of sports were developed and challenges were exchanged with our keenest rival the Sophomore Class. When the curtain had been rung down at the close of the football contest we emerged the vanquished, but re-



FRESHMAN CLASS

venge wreaked within our hearts. Our opportunity to revenge came, and when the final whistle was heard at the close of our Basketball encounter the Sophomores withdrew, overwhelmed by defeat by a group of the "Fighting Thirties."

Perhaps the event that will linger longer than any other in the minds of the Freshman classmen is the annual Freshman Banquet. Not a man present would deny that every detail functioned with evowing success. Here the merry ate and pledged themselves to one another. Inspiring ideas were moulded into beautiful words by our beloved dean, his honor, our respected mayor, and our devoted moderator. Never before did any Freshman Class in any college enter into the high spirits of frolic and fun, companionship and loyalty as did the Class of '30, that memorable night at Green Acre Lodge.

Such is the account that the class of '30 has to render of itself at the close of a busy and progressive year. As a whole the class has won fame and honor. The Class of '30 will take its place in the archives of Providence College, celebrated by the deeds of the class as a unit and gleaming with the fair renown brought about by its individual celebrities.

Frank Hackett, '30

And Parallel Lines Never Meet

When first we heard that time-tried truth
It seemed a vacant phrase,
A target for the jests of youth,
A rule that pedants praise,
An axiom to measure
The things that dunces treasure—
We scorned a scholar's pleasure
When rapture filled our days.

But now we've been to school again
And now we can't forget
How sadly true those words were then,
How true that rule is yet,
That parallels meet never
But run apart forever,
When like them we must sever
Who never yet have met.

Gerald J. Prior, '27.

PUBLICITY



CLOUD of tobacco smoke hung over the boiler-room of the Mayfair Apartment Hotel. Thinking the room deserted, the stranger turned to leave, but, catching sight of a white shirt, half hidden in the murky darkness, he turned towards it.

"Hello! Are you the janitor?" he queried.

A barely perceptible nod encouraged him.

"Mr. James Milton, I believe?" he pursued. Again a nod was his only answer.

"Mr. Milton, my name is Houghton, Morris Houghton, the lawyer." A look of disquiet overspread the janitor's features.

"No need to be alarmed. I bring good news," laughed the lawyer. He had seen that alarmed look too often in his career not to know its meaning.

Thereupon, the lawyer proceeded to divulge his mission. A certain client of his, one J. P. Walton, had lived at the Mayfair for some three years before his death. Remembering a few services the janitor had done him, he had bequeathed \$250,000 to him. His will stated that he had wished to help someone who had helped him, and had shown his gratitude in this unexpected, almost unprecedented manner.

By the next morning the newspapers had the story. Reporters swarmed in and out of the boiler room like so many flies, each intent on pinning James Milton down to a confidential interview. What would he do with the money? Where would he live now? What business was he going into? These and a thousand other questions they plied, but to none did the janitor vouchsafe a reply, merely tending to his usual round of duties as if nothing untoward had occurred. No, he told the photographer, he would not pose for a picture. Several enterprising cameramen were dismayed when Milton turned his back just as they were about to snap his picture.

Finally he herded them all out, telling them in a few simple, but picturesque, phrases what he thought of them.

The evening papers bore large headlines, together with the complete story of the janitor who had inherited a quarter of a million dollars. Various subtitles testified to the fact that "Wealthy Janitor Sticks to Job," "Refuses to Be Interviewed," etc. In one paper appeared his picture, taken he knew not how, but undoubtedly himself. In one short day James Milton had become a popular hero. Everyone who read the newspapers knew that he detested publicity, that he refused interviews, that he would remain as janitor at the Mayfair; everyone became acquainted with his tastes and habits, though how the reporter discovered the latter facts is another of those inexplicable mysterious of journalism.

Once free of the reporter, Milton heaved a sigh of relief. That ordeal was over, and now the case would shortly be forgotten. But he had reckoned without the newspaper publicity. The next day found him besieged by callers.

"Didn't Mr. Milton wish to invest in oil stocks? Wonderful investment, wonderful bargain, wonderful dividends!" Mr. Milton did not.

"Was Mr. Milton interested in a \$10,000 automobile?" Mr. Milton was decidedly not interested in automobiles of any kind.

"Wouldn't Mr. Milton donate \$25,000 to the Society for the Extermination of Jack-Rabbits in Kansas?" Mr. Milton didn't care if Kansas was overrun with elephants.

So passed the first week. Matters were gradually returning to normal, and Milton hoped that his case was finally swept clear of the public mind. To be sure, he occasionally received visitors from various investment houses, but he had developed a system to get rid of them quickly. It was just eight days after his case had been exploited in the newspapers, that Milton received two callers. Evidently their business was important, for they refused to be dis-

couraged by the usual means. They demanded an interview, and Milton was forced to accede to their wishes.

But the janitor was wrong. He was not yet clear of the public eye. Again it was the evening papers that got hold of his story and gave it to the public in these sensational headlines:

"Rich Janitor Held on Murder Charge." Underneath ran the story:

"James Milton, alias Thomas Bennett, who last week inherited \$250,000 under the will of the late J. P. Walton, was arrested today for a murder committed in Elkwood, Ind., five years ago. The Elkwood police had lost track of Milton, but traced him through a photograph published in this paper at the time of his recent inheritance. It will be remembered that Milton,—etc."

J. Marr, '29.

The Debating Society

The past year has been the most successful of any in the history of Debating at Providence College.

Early in October the Debating Society was re-organized under the direction of The Rev. M. S. Welch, O. P., and the following officers were elected: Stephen M. Murray, President, J. Austin Carroll '28, Vice-President; Cyril A. Costello '27, Secretary; Eugene J. Sullivan '27, Treasurer; Paul L. Roache '27, Director of Debates, and T. Russell McGrath '27, Director of Socials.

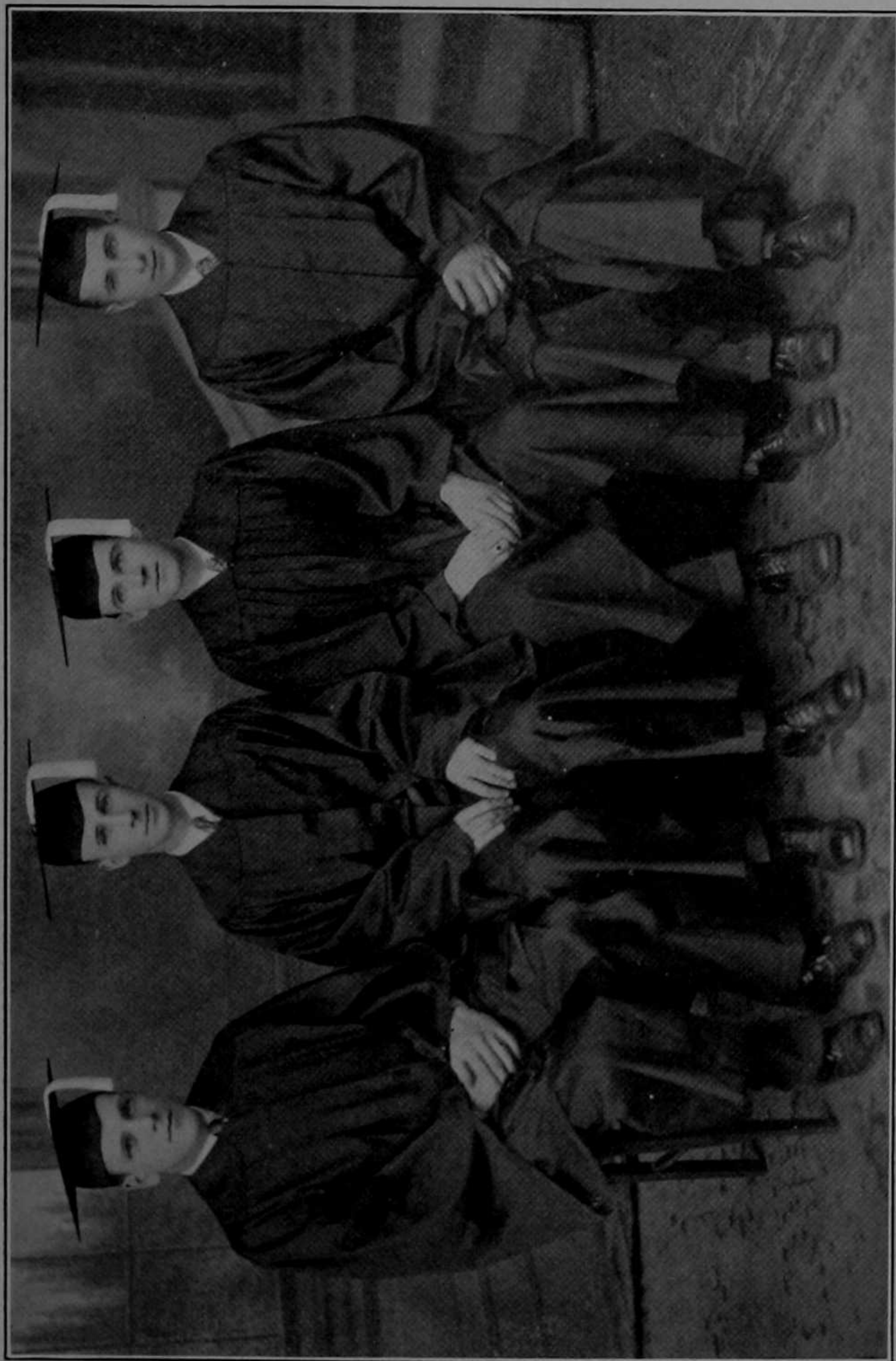
While Intercollegiate Debating is the main objective of the Society it was decided that this activity should be supplemented by frequent Intra-mural Debates. To this end a schedule was arranged which included every member of the Society and resulted in an unprecedented interest on the part of all. This plan also afforded a very effective means of determining the ability of the candidates for Intercollegiate teams.

The first Intercollegiate Contest was arranged with the Catholic University whose attainments in Debating have attracted much attention. The team chosen by the Reverend Coach was composed of Cyril A. Costello, Paul L. Roache, and Stephen M. Murray; the question was "That the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States Should be Repealed." The Debate was conducted before a capacity audience in K. of C. Hall, Providence. In this exciting but well-ordered dispute the decision was awarded to Providence College, 2 to 1.

One month later a Providence College Team composed of Cyril A. Costello, Charles J. McCarthy, and Stephen M. Murray earned a unanimous decision over, St. Viator's College Team from Bourbonnais, Illinois.

These two debates comprised the modest schedule, but victories over opponents of such a high calibre point to the progress made by the infant society.

During the year the Society has conducted three socials which



DEBATING TEAM

were among the best on the College Social Calendar—a further proof of the season's success.

The officers and members of the Society take this opportunity publicly to express their sincere appreciation and gratitude to the Reverened Officers and Faculty of Providence College who by their wholehearted co-operation have made the success of the Society possible. Particularly do they wish to thank Reverened Father Welch who has spared no effort in making the Society representative of the high standards of Providence College.

The officers of the Society also wish to thank the members and student body for the excellent support accorded debating activities and exhort the latter to continue the worthy project so successfully started.

Cyril A. Costello, '27.

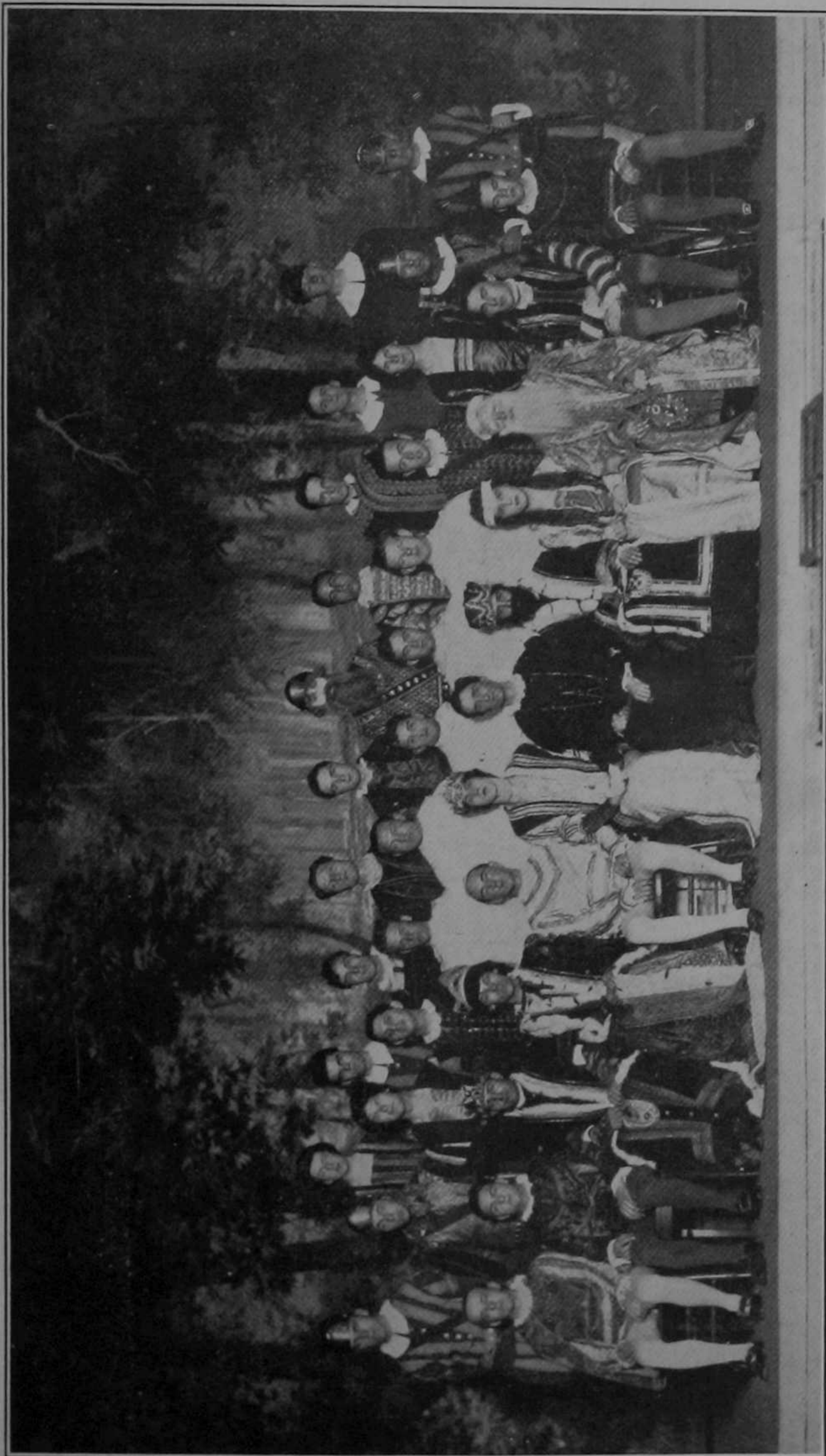
The Pyramid Players

Under the capable direction of Rev. Bernard McLaughlin, O. P., the Pyramid Players of Providence College began in September their second season of Collegiate dramatics as members of the Little Theatre Movement. Unprecedented interest, due to the Society's successful presentation of "Julius Caesar" during the preceding year, was manifested by the student body. All records for enrollment in college societies were broken at the first meeting which was attended by a number of students interested in the aims and intentions of the organization. Stephen M. Murray of the Senior Class, President, Nicholas J. Serror, Vice-President, Thomas Curley, Treasurer, and James Hannaway, Secretary, the three last named being members of the Sophomore Class, were the officers selected to guide the society's destinies for the coming year.

The policy of the society was stated as purporting to present only the highest type of modern and classical drama. Departments of the society were formed to include not only the field of oratory and acting, but also the technical side of stage and production methods. Various minor productions and readings were scheduled to prepare the members of the various branches for the major effort of the year, the production of "Hamlet" on a scale befitting the greatness of the work. Two of these were opened to the general public and both received commendation from all quarters. The cast of "Hamlet" was selected from those who showed the greatest amount of ability in these presentations. The technical staff, also, acquired suitable training in this manner.

Friday, May 13th was the date selected for the presentation of "Hamlet," and the cast went into rehearsal early in the year in order to insure a successful production. That their efforts were well directed was evident to anyone who attended the play, for at its conclusion the audience was unanimous in its commendation of the work of the Society and its Moderator.

With the presentation of "Hamlet," the society's work for the year was concluded. However, the executive department is not to remain idle during the summer months. Already they are planning a schedule of activities for next season and the College is assured of capable representation in College Dramatics.



CAST OF "HAMLET"

RESIDUUM

Barney: I ordered strawberry shortcake. Where are the strawberries?

Waiter: That's just what its short of.

It was a very stormy night on the ocean. The captain was sending out skyrocketes as a token of distress when Frank McKenna stepped up to him. "I protest," he exclaimed, "the ship is in grave danger and here you are shooting fireworks."

Well, do you make much out of selling pigeons?

John Beirne: Yes, I sell them in the morning and they come back at night.

Heard about this time?

Chemistry Prof at exam: Do the questions embarass you?

Class: Not at all. They are prefectly clear. Its the answers that bother us.

Physician, giving patient a box of pills. Take one pill five times a day.

McGarry: What is a cold boiled ham?

"Din" Norton: Oh, a ham boiled in cold water, I suppose.

"Was your garden a success last year?

"I should say so; my neighbor's chickens took first prize in the poultry show."

Hal Morris, '27.

Tardy Senior: When did the first street car start running on the Smith Street line?

Starter: August 4th, 1863.

T. S.: I just wanted to be sure, I'm waiting for it.

Providence College Alembic

Editor: Have you ever done any newspaper work?

Applicant: Yes sir, I work at all the cross-word puzzles.

Superintendent: Yes, I'll give you a job sweeping and keeping the place clean.

O'Brien: But I'm a college graduate.

Superintendent: Well, then, maybe you had better start in on something simpler.

Motorcycle cop: Here you, pull over!

Dailey: Wassamatter?

Cop: You were doing fifty.

Dailey: Won't you write that down and sign it so that I can show it to my friends.

Professor: Can you give Napoleon's nationality?

Red Hot: Course I can.

Professor: Corsican is correct.

Jack Scanlon: My teachers must be Germans.

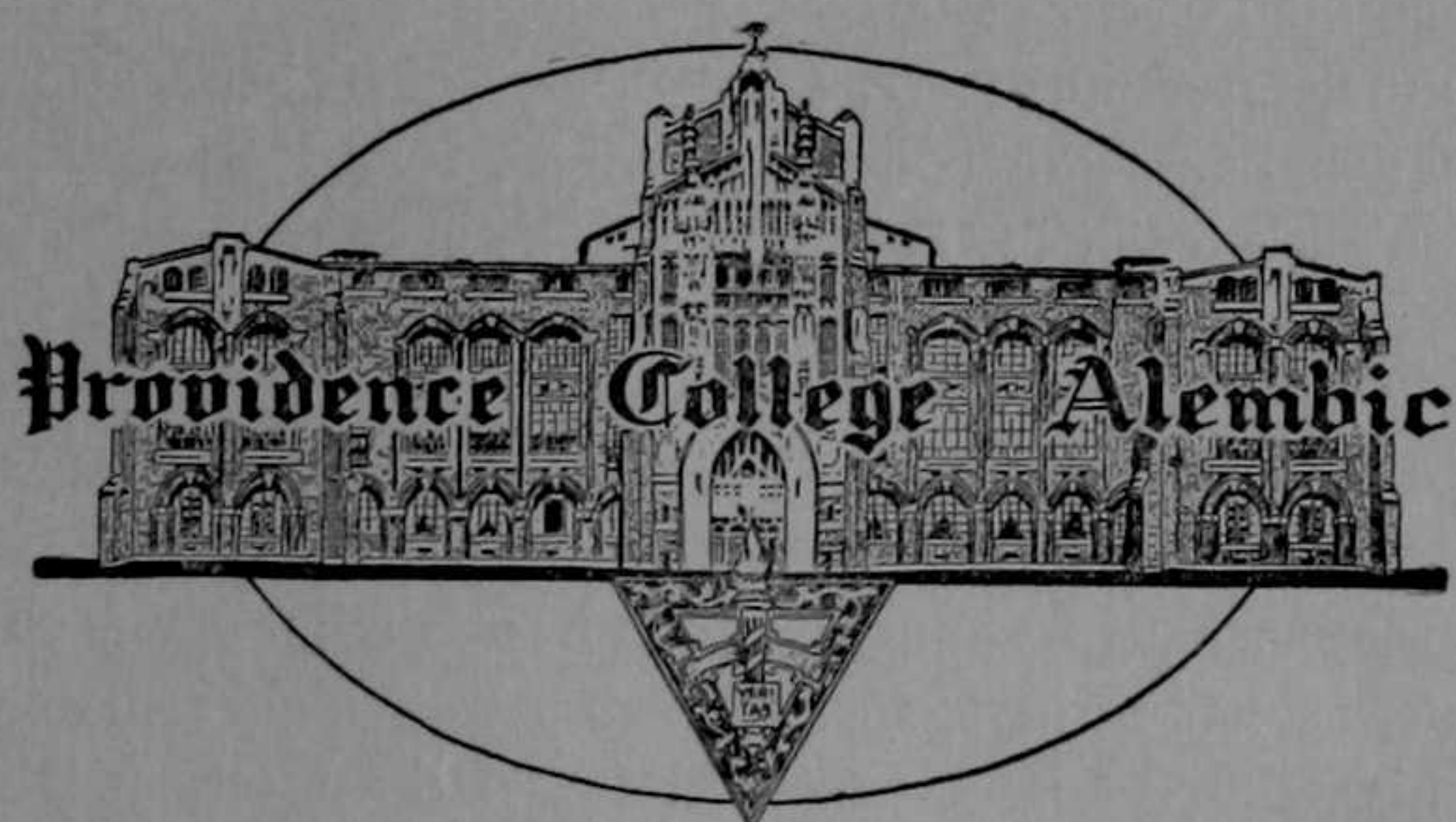
Smith: Why?

Jack: Because their marks are getting lower.

Henry Kaveny, '27.



ALEMBIC STAFF



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NO. 9

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Eugene Sullivan, '27

J. Austin Carroll, 28

WHAT PRICE LIBERALISM In the recent poll, conducted by the Church Advertising Department of the International Advertising Association for the purpose of determining the extent of religious belief among students in the various colleges and universities of the country, Providence College ranked first among the Eastern institutions with an average of 99. This poll took the form of a

questionnaire containing a number of queries touching upon the degree and kind of each student's personal beliefs. It was submitted to 3,000 undergraduates of 100 institutions of higher learning, both denominational and otherwise. The majority of answers attested to the student's belief in God and his adherence to a particular and definite religious creed. The result tends to disprove the popular fallacy that the great number of our colleges are breeding places for half-baked atheism and supercilious scepticism; indeed, the percentage of orthodoxy within the walls of our seats of erudition appears, in comparison with a similar poll circulated among newspaper readers, to be substantially higher than without them, as is pointed out in a recent issue of the Literary Digest.

There is, however, nothing remarkable in such a condition. It is, in fact, only to be expected that men who have received the advantages of the liberal education provided by our colleges should arrive at a realization of the absolute necessity for some definite forms of religious belief. For a liberal education does not necessarily mean a radical education as some of our more or less prominent sceptics would interpret it. The phrase merely signifies that a man who has received such training is able to approach any subject with an open mind, one that is devoid of prejudice and is capable of deciding for itself just what it is to believe. On the other hand a radical education would pre-determine its receiver to a certain choice; he would be obliged as a really conservative radical in good standing to adopt in all cases an opinion directly opposed to that of the majority, regardless of whether or not the majority were right. In the circumstances mentioned above, since the majority of men believe in the existence of a personal Deity, your true radical would be bound to take the opposite viewpoint and deny any such belief. By the same token we have free-thinkers who are free to do everything but think and agnostics who possess absolute knowledge of their own ignorance. In this connection, we think it fitting to quote from an editorial which appeared in the daily organ of one of the college subjected to the religious quiz:

After a general summing-up of the scope and results of the questionnaire in which his college received a somewhat low rating the writer continues:

"Our students, when asked about something which involves a conservative element of our civilization, take great pleasure in

championing the most radical aspect of the situation. How else could they show that they are attending a liberal college?"

A statement such as this is capable of doing more harm to the cause of liberal education in the United States than any number of student suicides, widely though they may be circulated by the daily press. For the writer, by confusing liberalism with radicalism, is conveying the impression that the student is bound by the fact of his receiving a liberal training to adopt the attitude of "the minority, right or wrong, but always the minority." He is presenting the student as one, who from three or four years' collegiate work, has gained the right to contradict truths which have been held by the wisest men of the ages, and to contradict them upon the sole ground that it gives him pleasure to let the world know that he is attending a liberal institution. Is it any wonder, then that there is arising among men a gradual tendency to question the value of such training?

The opinion quoted however, is not the opinion of the greater number of college students, as is evident from the results of the questionnaire. They recognize the fact there are certain truths at which men may arrive without four years of higher learning, although those four years' study may tend to establish them more firmly in their beliefs. They know that a college education does not render them fundamentally different from the majority of men, and that they are bound by the same physical, and moral laws as their less erudite brethren. Realizing this they are ready at any time to admit their credence in things which they learned when they were granted the use of reason and which has not been shaken either by elementary or secondary education. All of which must be a heartening sign to those who look to college graduates as the future leaders of the nation's industrial and social life.

May we say in the first place that we intend to refrain as far as possible from becoming maudlinly sentimental in this, our last collegiate attempt at editorial writing. The temptation to sentimentalize is great and our own mood such that we restrain our meandering pencil with difficulty. (Intimate secrets in the lives of great men. "Why, Orville, he writes with a pencil!") But from early youth we have been conscious of a deep-seated

aversion toward the lachrymose and the saccharine; at a tender age we relinquished the limpid prose of the Little Elsie books for the stronger fare of the Frank Fearnot and the Dick Dare series; we pride ourselves upon the fact that we are one of the few Americans who have not perused the adventures of "Pollyanna;" and, to conclude our litany of cynicism, we must, at the present writing, confess to a certain admiration for the matter of fact metres of Dorothy Parker. Armed, then, with these excellent weapons and shouting the battle cry of Drieser, let us attempt to set down our reactions at the time of parting from the scene of our year's labor without rendering our manuscript tear-stained and unreadable.

Up to and including last June, our sole contribution to the bulk of American letters had consisted of a few stumbling verses, the only merit of which lay in the fact that the majority scanned correctly and that in one of them we had rhymed "June" with "tune" rather than with "moon." Then, due to certain circumstances, we were appointed to the editorship of this periodical, and, after a few words of mingled consolation and congratulation from the retiring incumbent, we were introduced to the intricacies of proof-reading and composition.

October found us facing out task with a vast amount of ideals and a few misgivings. Our youthful enthusiasm accounted for the ideals and, as to the misgivings—well they were due more or less, to our predecessor's words of consolation. We recalled that he had said something about "a lot of work," and to us his words had a sinister sound. However to make a long story longer, if possible—inevitable result of a year's attempts to make a decently large issue from three ardently solicited contributions and a few departments—our illusions crashed merrily month after month. Often during the course of the year there could be heard in the Alembic office, above the brilliant conversation of the Staff, a silvery tinkle, and the witty souls gathered there knew that it was but another one of the editor's cherished dreams falling to meet an early death upon the somewhat dusty floor. Our misgivings on the other hand proved to be as well founded as our illusions were groundless. We found plenty of work, fully as much as the aforementioned words of consolation had led us to expect; but, may we add, the work was pleasant and the time passed quickly. We learned quite a few things; to stretch a thought which could be expressed completely

in a single sentence into a one-page editorial, to talk with a show of intelligence concerning "upper case," lower case and "galley proofs," to burden all our friends and acquaintances with repeated requests for literary contributions. We acquired, also, a system of typewriting which was such that, were we completely deprived as the result of some accident of the use of all our digits with the exception of the index fingers of both hands, its efficiency would be in no way impaired.

But, as we have said above, the time passed quickly and, much to our surprise, we were able to publish each month something resembling a literary periodical. In regard to the proximity of this resemblance, it is not ours to judge; we leave that to the readers who have been afflicted with the task of perusing the result of our labors. If, in their reading, they were able to discover anything of merit, we ask them to remember that its presence there was due most probably to the efforts of our Staff, all the members of which worked diligently for the success of the periodical. Our own attempts at being amusing as well as instructive we consider far below the average for college work and, if they are passed by without unduly harsh criticism, we shall consider our labor well rewarded.

Our little comedy, however, has prolonged itself to undue proportions and we shall burden you with our rambling no longer. There is another actor waiting in the wings, rehearsing his lines and we feel sure that you will find his brand of entertainment much more to your taste. In closing, we wish to thank, in behalf of the Alembic, the Faculty Director, the Staff, the student body of the College, the readers in general, the advertisers, and all who contributed in any way to the welfare of the magazine. Here, we think, that we may be permitted to wax a little sentimental, since we have heretofore so nobly refrained, and say that it is with a genuine and deep feeling of sorrow and regret that we conclude our celebrated imitation of the ardent young student-editor to return once more to the wide open spaces where men are men and infinitives are split.

The Chronicle

Sophomore Dance Wednesday evening, June the 25th, was the occasion of the annual Sophomore Dance. Despite inclement weather more than a hundred couples enjoyed the fine program of entertainment and the excellent music furnished by the college orchestra. The committee of the Sophomore class in charge of the dance was composed of Fred Carr, George Earnshaw, and Thomas J. Curley. The support rendered this event by the members of the second year class portends a very successful Junior Prom next spring.

Freshman Banquet The long-awaited Freshman Banquet took place recently with an attendance which set a record for yearling banquets at Providence. Honorable James E. Dunne, Mayor of Providence, and Reverend Daniel M. Galliher, O. P., Dean of Providence College, addressed the gathering. Members of the faculty of the college also attended as guests of the class of 1930.

Junior Social A very pleasurable social under the auspices of the Junior Class was enjoyed by a large gathering on the second of June. Music was furnished by the college orchestra and refreshments were served by the committee.

Orchestra The most successful year in its history has been brought to a conclusion by the orchestra. Weekly concerts over the radio have brought much favorable comment from those who have had the pleasure of listening to the musicians and have resulted in numerous engagements. Prospects for next season are extremely good.

Commencement Activities The following are the committees which arranged the various commencement activities:
Class Day—Gerald J. Prior, Chairman, Anis Samaan, of Central Falls; John C. Harding, of Fall River; John A. Graham, of New Haven; and Joseph Capasso, of Providence.

Alumni Day—Bernard F. Norton, of Valley Falls; Frank J.

McKenna, of East Providence; and Aldor P. Lajoie, of Woonsocket.

Parents' Reception—Cyril A. Costello, Chairman; E. J. Bernasconi, C. J. McCarthy, Leonard G. Miragliuolo and Harold F. Morris.

Commencement Day—Norbert J. Towne, of Northfield, Vit.; Vincent Mattera, Joseph F. Gillen, and Nicolai Lucarelli, all three of Providence.

General Music Committee—James E. Boylan, Thomas A. Cunningham, and James P. Smyth.

Commencement Ball—Gerald J. Driscoll, Chairman; William E. McCabe, Richard E. Ryan, Raymond J. Doyle, and James P. Morley, Reception Committee—Daniel J. Norton, Joseph B. McKenna, Anacito Berrillo, Eugene J. Sullivan, and Reginald A. Allen.

All indications point to a very successful affair. Indications are that more than a hundred couples will take advantage of the very complete preparations which the committee has made for an enjoyable evening.

T. Russell McGrath, '27.

Alumni Notes

On Tuesday, June 14th, the annual Alumni Day exercises will be held, and it is expected that the ceremonies will be attended by as many members of the Alumni Association as possible. The day will begin with a Mass for deceased Alumni, celebrated in the Chapel, and followed by reunions of the various classes. The annual banquet will take place that evening in the Biltmore Hotel, after which the regular yearly business meeting, at which the officers for the coming year are elected, will occur. This banquet witnesses the enrollment of the present Senior Class as members of the Alumni, and all should be on hand to welcome the neophytes into the organization. Plans for the activities of the year will be discussed and much important business will be transacted. The retiring officers are: President, John B. McKenna, B. S., '24; Vice-President, Richard Cassidy, Ph. B., '25; Secretary, Daniel J. O'Neil, A. B., '24.

Mortimer Newton, '24, will receive the degree of L. L. B. from Boston University at the Commencement exercises held there in June.

John F. Fitzgerald, '25, receives the degree of M. B. A. after a two-year course in Business Administration at Harvard University.

Francis McKenna, '27

Scalpel and Forceps



CLASSIFICATION OF CHEMICAL WARFARE AGENTS.

ALTHOUGH there has been considerable prejudice against the use of chemical agents in warfare due to the belief that they are barbarous and inhumane, nevertheless, this article is not to be considered as either an argument for or an argument against chemical warfare. Germany, by her alleged violation of treaty obligations forsook her extensive dye and perfume industries and rapidly converted them into the manufacture of chemical agents that were to become important factors in the war. It must be remembered that other countries soon followed Germany and introduced many new warfare agents from the field of chemistry.

It must be understood, however, that all the agents that were used were not lethal. The principal aim was to produce casualties and also to harass and lower the morale of armies. The object behind the use of smokes with a great obscuring power was to conceal movements so as to lead the enemy to draw wrong conclusions. Incendiary and corrosive agents were also utilized. Rifles and machine guns were temporarily put out of order by means of chlorine and phosgene which quickly cause the corrosion of metals. On the other hand, food was rendered unfit for consumption by means of mustard and arsenical compounds.

There is a still more important classification of chemical warfare agents. This is according to their physiologic action which differs for various organs and parts of the body. As some particular organ is especially affected, we can advantageously offer the following classifications.

In the first class chlorine, phosgene, and chlorpicrin are found. Chlorine the first material used by the Germans in chemical warfare, is a heavy greenish gas, while phosgene is a gas at ordinary temperatures. The latter can be easily detected for it has the odor of

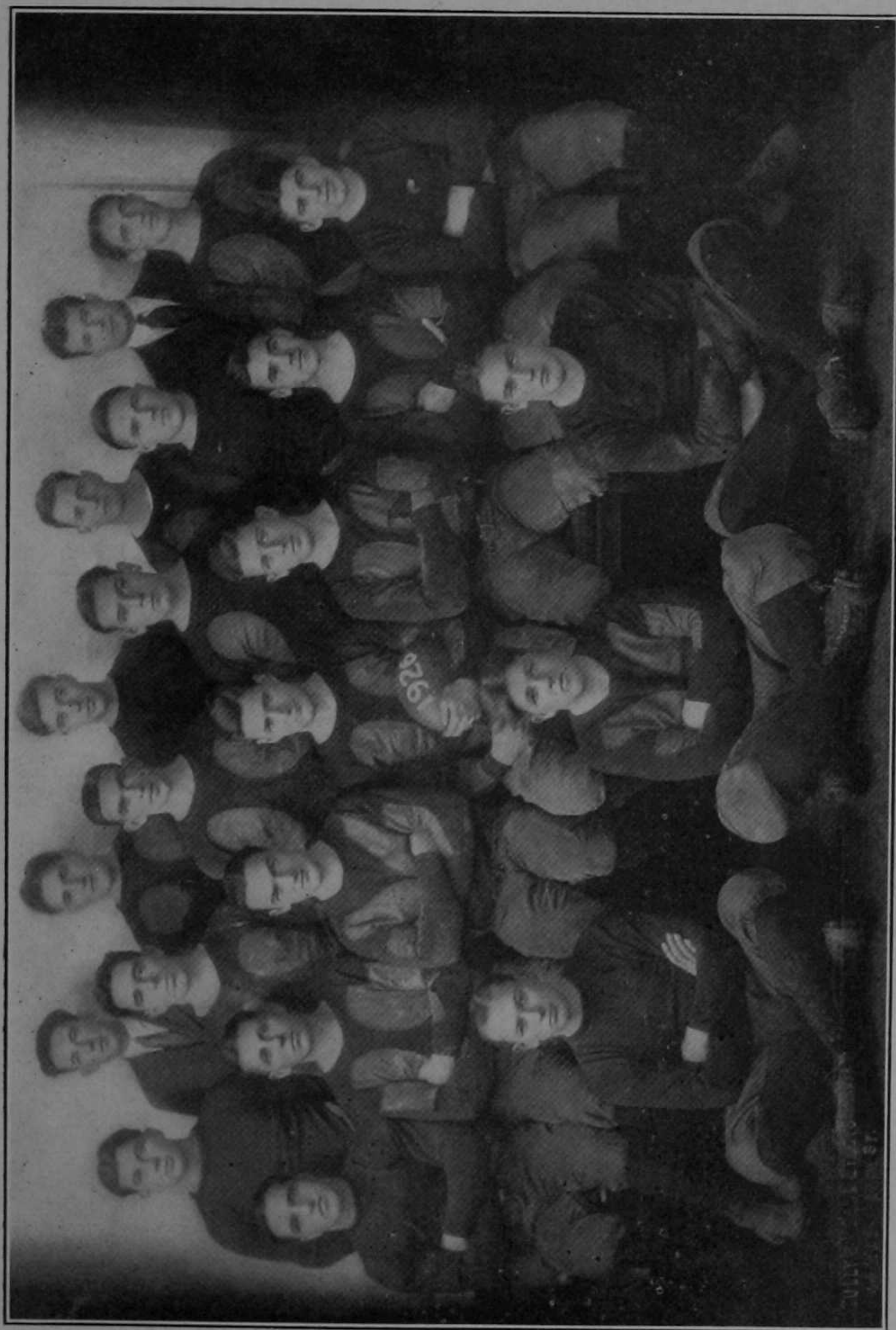
musty hay or green apples. Chlorpicrin, however, is an oily liquid of a slight yellow color. This substance is a derivative of chloroform. All three are powerful irritants of the respiratory passages. They produce a condition known as acute pulmonary edema which is caused by the effusion of the watery liquid that is found in the blood vessels into the connective tissue. This leads to a deficiency of oxygen in the blood. With a lack of oxygen, asphyxia is brought about followed shortly by death. As these chemicals have their greatest effect on the organs of respiration, they are classified as the pulmonary irritants.

Those of the second class are known as the vesicants. These cause the inflammation, blistering, and ulceration of various skin areas. A condition known as acute conjunctivitis, which is the inflammation of the mucous membrane that covers the inner surface of the lid and eyeball, is also produced. In this class can be found mustard and lewisite. Mustard "gas" is a heavy oily liquid with a strong odor of garlic. This was first used against the British at Ypres and so is often called Yperite by the French. It easily penetrates all ordinary clothing and affects all parts of the body in which it comes in contact. Lewisite also a heavy oily liquid was isolated in 1918 by Professor Lewis after whom the substance was named. This agent is just as harmful as mustard.

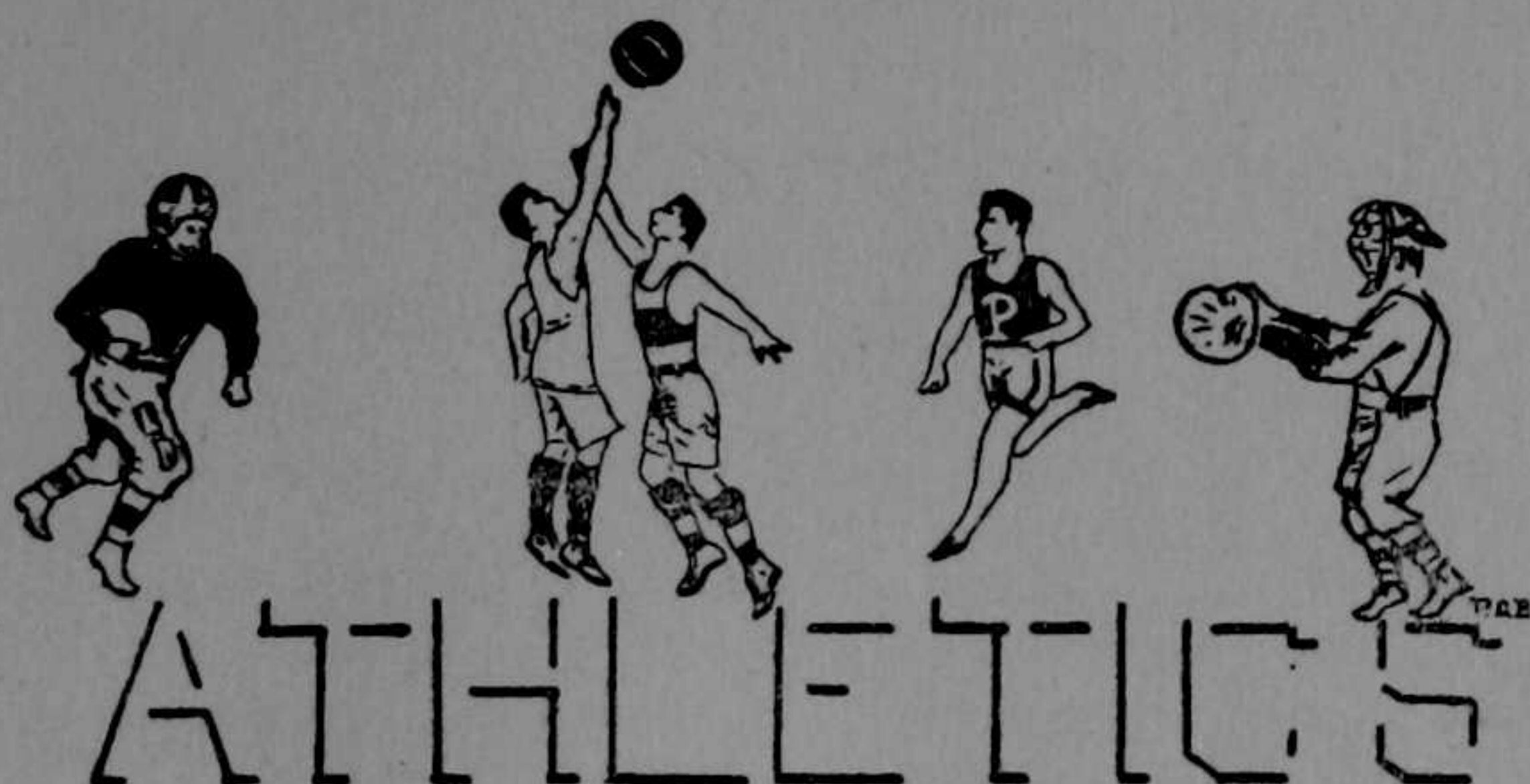
According to physiologic action, we find that chloracetophenone and brombenzylcyanide, which are both solids under normal conditions, are termed lachrymators. These are used as fillings for lachrymatory gas shell which exert an intense irritant action on the eyes. There is then a profuse flow of tears accompanied by severe pain which causes the impossibility of vision. The effects of these are only temporarily and have not been found to be lethal.

Since the last war we have learned that chemistry will play an important part in future wars. The reasons for this are many. We can readily realize that the steel weapons are much more brutal and inhumane than chemicals. It was only a matter of a few days or weeks for Germany to convert her perfume, dye, and medicine manufacturing factories into plants that were to produce many tons of toxic war materials. We see, therefore, that the ability to make chemicals for effective warfare cannot easily be abolished, and so future wars will be to a great degree chemically carried on.

William Rivelli, '29.



FOOTBALL SQUAD



PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. WORCESTER TECH.
at Worcester, Mass., April 30, 1927.

With one out in the ninth inning, the count on him three and two, and men on first and second, "Nap" Fluerent, diminutive right fielder for the Providence College nine, drove a screaming triple into deep center field to break a 2 to 2 tie which had existed for seven innings. Joe Duffy's Texas leaguer then scored Fluerent to give the Rhode Island aggregation a 5 to 2 triumph over the speedy Worcester Polytech outfit for the seventh successive win of the Dominicans.

Joe Whelan, veteran flinger, started on the mound and twirled masterly except for a hectic first inning when two runs were collected as the result of his generosity with free tickets to first base. In the eighth when it became apparent that the game might go into extra innings. Hal Bradley, star of the invaders, who tripped up Villanova last week, was rushed to the mound and held the Techmen in check.

WORCESTER POLYTECH						PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Brackett, 2	3	1	4	3	0	Allen, 3	3	0	2	2	0
Harris, r.	2	1	0	0	0	O'Brien, l.	4	3	2	0	0
Leamy, 1b.	3	0	10	0	0	Fleurent, r.	3	2	1	0	0
J. McCarthy, l.	4	1	2	0	0	Doyle, 2	3	0	4	0	0
Guidi, c.	4	0	4	2	0	Duffy, 1b.	5	1	8	0	0
Tawter, 3	4	1	0	2	0	Harraghy, c.	5	2	5	2	0
O'Grady, s.	3	2	1	1	1	McLaughlin, s.	4	0	2	4	0
F. McCarthy, m.	2	0	6	0	0	Cummings, m.	3	2	3	0	0
Robinson, p.	3	0	0	4	0	Whelan, p.	1	0	0	3	0
						Bradley, p.	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	6	27	12	1	Totals	32	10	27	11	0

Providence College Alembic

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
W. P. I.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2
Providence College	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—5

Runs—Allen, O'Brien, Fleurent, Harraghy, Cummings—5; Brackett, Leamy—2. Hits—Off Whelan 6 in 7 innings, off Bradley 0 in 2. Two-base hit—O'Grady. Three-base hit—Fleurent. Sacrifice hits—Allen, Fleurent, Doyle, Whelan, Harris, F. McCarthy. Double play—Whelan to McLaughlin to Duffy. Struck out—By Whelan 3, by Bradley 2, by Robinson 2. Base on balls—Off Whelan 2, off Bradley 1, off Robinson 5. Hit by pitched ball—By Robinson (Fleurent and O'Brien). First base on error—Providence 1. Left on bases—Providence 11, W. P. I. 4. Time—2:15. Umpire—Beauchac.

VILLANOVA VS. PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

at Hendricksen Field, May 3, 1927

The winning streak of the Providence College nine of seven consecutive victories was broken on Hendricksen Field by Villanova College, which scored a 10 to 4 victory and handed Hal Bradley, Dominican ace, his first setback of the season. In a previous game Providence defeated Villanova 5 to 2.

Seven errors by Providence spoiled what otherwise would have been a fine ball game. Capt. Doyle, with two errors and Hal Bradley, with two wild heaves to first base, were the principal offenders for the Smith Hill aggregation although McLaughlin, Norton and Duffy chipped in with miscues at inopportune times.

The Dominicans reached Al. Kuczo for eight safe hits, but unfortunately were unable to come through in the pinches, leaving 10 runners stranded on the bases. Heck Allen had his best day of the season, getting three hits out of four trips to the plate, while Bernie Norton, relief infielder surprised everyone by slamming out a single and a double in his three times up.

Several fine fielding features redeemed the otherwise ragged work to some extent. "Nap" Fluerent's running backhand catch of Gillespie's terrific drive in the fourth frame Moynihan's double play in the opening stanza to kill a Providence rally and O'Brien's sparkling running catches in left field gave the large crowd reason to become excited.



HOCKEY SQUAD

VILLANOVA

	ab	h	po	a	e
Lolas, l.	3	1	1	0	0
Burnes, s.	5	2	2	4	1
Moynihan, 2	5	1	3	2	0
Gillespie, c.	5	0	5	2	0
Melanson, m.	5	3	3	0	0
Flannagan, r.	5	1	2	0	0
Curtin, 1b.	4	2	11	0	0
B. Cummings, 3	3	1	0	3	0
Kuczo, p.	4	0	0	0	0

Totals	39	11	27	11	2
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Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Villanova	3	0	0	2	2	1	0	2	0—10
Providence College	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0—4

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

	ab	h	po	a	e
Allen, 3	4	3	2	4	0
O'Brien, l.	3	1	3	1	0
Fleurent, r.	4	1	2	0	0
Doyle, 2	4	0	3	2	2
Duffy, 1b.	4	0	13	1	1
Murphy, c.	4	1	2	1	0
McLaughlin, s.	1	0	0	1	1
Norton, s.	3	2	1	1	1
V. Cummings, m.	2	0	1	0	0
Bradley, p.	3	0	0	4	2
Moran, p.	0	0	0	0	0
*Graham	1	0	0	0	0

Totals	33	8	27	15	7
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Runs—Lolas 2, Burnes, Moynihan, Gillespie, Melanson, Flannagan, Curtin 3—10; Allen 2, O'Brien, Duffy—4. Hits—Off Bradley 10 in 8 innings; off Moran 1 in 1. Stolen bases—Gillespie, Melanson. Two-base hits—Burnes, Allen, Norton. Three-base hit—Melanson. Home run—Lolas. Sacrifices—Lolas, B. Cummings, O'Brien, Fleurent, V. Cummings. Double plays—Moynihan to Curtin, Allen to Duffy. Struck out—By Bradley 1, by Kuczo 6. First base on balls—Off Kuczo 4. Hit by pitched ball—By Bradley (Lolas); by Kuczo (Doyle). First base on errors—Providence College 1, Villanova 6. Left on bases—Providence College 10, Villanova 5. Time of game—2h 10m. Umpire—Meehan and Ferrick. Attendance—1000.

*Batted for Bradley in 8th.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY VS. PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

at Hendricksen Field, May 6, 1927.

A rare pitching duel was staged on Hendricksen Field when Roger Hanlon, clever Fordham twirler, bested Lefty Smith of the Providence College nine to triumph in 10 innings by a 3 to 0 score. Inability of the Dominicans to bunt properly cost them the decision. A perfect setting for the squeeze play went wrong in the eighth. The game should have been won then and there.

Smith was brilliant, allowing but three scattered hits until the 10th inning when he weakened under the strain and yielded four hits which accounted for the Fordham markers and resulted in another victory for the Eastern champions. Hanlon was equally brilliant, holding the White and Black to four well scattered hits,

two of which rang off the club of "Nap" Fleurent, Ware High's contribution to the Dominican nine.

Feature tidbits included Allen's sensational stop of a red hot liner off Byrnes' stick in the fourth frame. The blow was headed for at least three bases when Allen projected himself into the picture and nearly had his arm wrenched off in snaring the ball, and Ryan's dash into the third base stands to nail Allen's foul twister in the fifth with two men on base. Another clever play was turned in by Bernie Norton when he raced into deep left to make a running catch of Feaster's bid for a Texas leaguer.

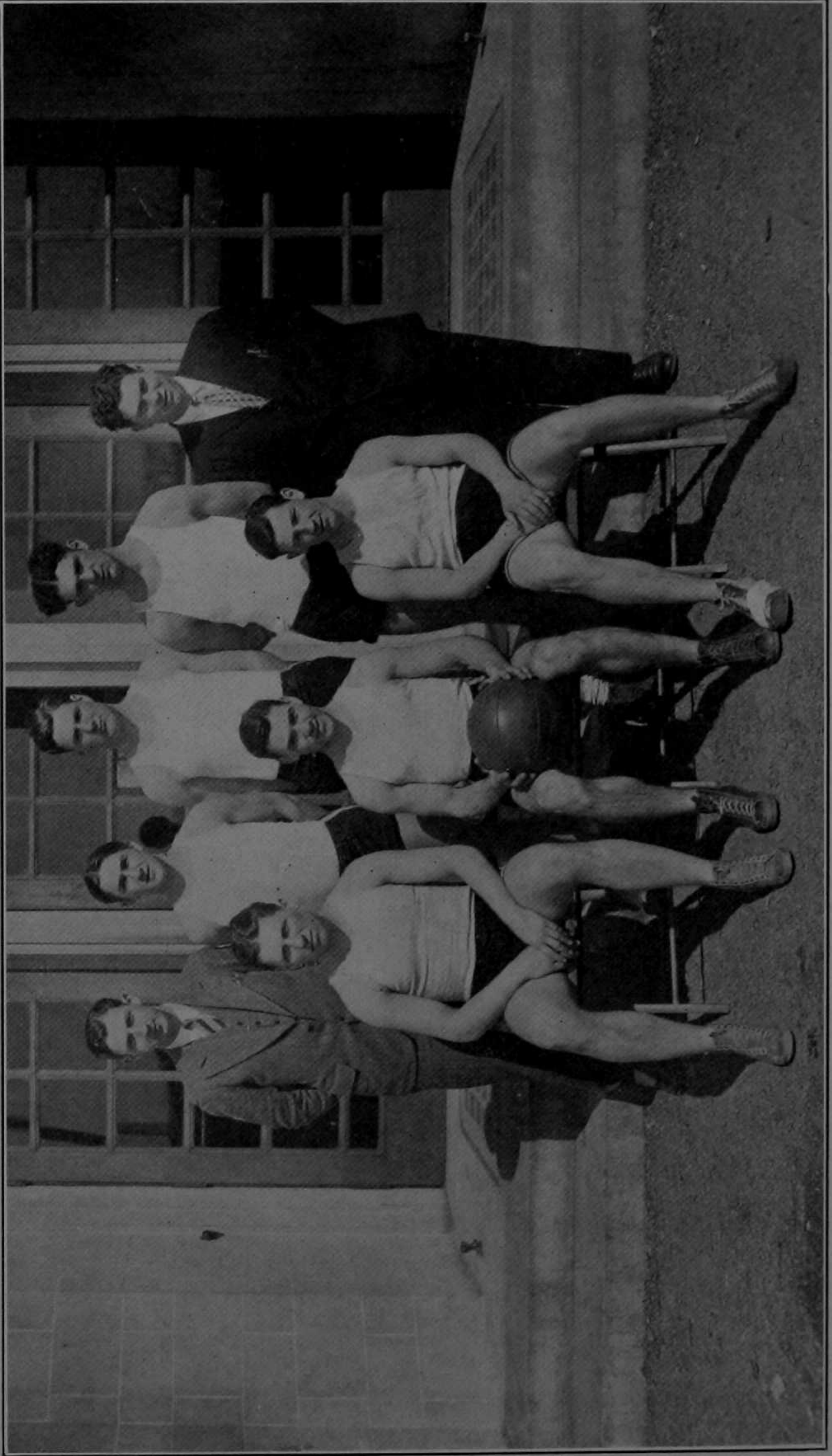
In the 10th the invaders from the Bronx sewed the game up by a sudden streak of hard hitting. Porter opened with a single to right, and Ryan followed with a long triple into deep left. Hanlon dropped a Texas Leaguer into left and although O'Brien made a great try he was unable to catch the flying pellet, the runner going to second, while Ryan scored. The third run came across a moment later when Clancy collected his second hit, a single to right to tally Hanlon with the final marker.

The summary:

FORDHAM						PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Liebl, r.	4	0	2	0	0	Allen, 3	4	0	1	4	0
Byrne, m.	5	0	0	0	0	O'Brien, l.	5	0	2	0	0
Graham, m.	0	0	1	0	0	Fleurent, r.	5	2	2	0	0
White, s.	4	1	1	3	3	Doyle, 2	5	1	1	2	0
Flaster, c.	4	0	9	1	2	Duffy, 1b.	4	1	13	0	0
Dwyer, l.	4	0	1	0	0	Harraghy, c.	4	0	7	0	0
Porter, 2	4	2	0	2	0	Norton, s.	2	0	1	3	0
Ryan, 3	4	1	4	3	0	Cummings, m.	3	0	2	0	0
Hanlon, p.	4	1	1	3	0	Smith, p.	2	0	1	0	0
Clancy, 1b.	4	2	11	1	0	*Murphy	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	37	7	30	13	5	Totals	35	4	30	9	0
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Fordham	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—3	

Runs—Porter, Ryan, Hanlon—3. Two-base hits—Porter, Hanlon. Three-base hit—Ryan. Sacrifices—Cummings, Smith. Stolen bases—Liebl 2, White Clancy. Struck out—By Smith 6, by Hanlon 9. First base on balls—Off Smith 1; off Hanlon 5. Left on bases—Providence College 12; Fordham 6. Umpires—Meehan and Ferrick. Time—2h. 10m.

*Batted for Harraghy in 10th.



BASKETBALL SQUAD

C. C. N. Y. VS. PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

at Hendricken Field, May 7, 1927

Jack Flynn's Providence College ball club returned to the winning column from which they were deterred by Villanova and Fordham, by handing the City College nine from New York a 14 to 8 defeat.

Henry Danis started on the mound for Flynn's outfit, but was unable to hold the slugging visitors in check and so gave a four-run lead to Bradley and retired to the showers in the fifth. The latter fanned four and was nicked for three runs, including a tally that was squeezed across when he first entered the box with the sacks loaded.

Hits galore featured the hectic struggle with the wrecking crew from Broadway carrying off the premier honors. Two home runs, a triple, a double and enough singles to win a dozen ball games were bounded off the bats of the two teams, Barney Norton, clever shortstop of the Smith Hill aggregation, captured the longest blow registered by a local when he drove the pellet to the center field fence for three bases to score Murphy ahead of him. The latter had bounded a double into right field a moment before.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						C. C. N. Y.					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Moran, 3	4	0	0	0	1	Garelick, s.	5	2	0	1	0
O'Brien, 1.	6	3	1	0	0	McMahon, 2	5	1	1	2	0
Fleurent, r.	4	1	0	0	0	Renselaer, c.	4	1	8	0	0
Doyle, 2	2	2	4	1	0	Ephron, 1.	5	3	2	0	0
Duffy, 1b.	2	1	10	0	0	Reich, 1b.	5	3	6	2	0
Murphy, c.	4	2	8	1	0	Dono, 3	3	1	3	2	1
Norton, s.	5	1	1	8	0	Moder, r.	4	1	0	0	1
Cummings, m.	4	1	2	0	0	S'mon, m.	4	0	2	0	0
Lally, m.	1	0	0	0	0	Musicant, p.	4	1	2	3	0
Danis, p.	2	1	0	1	0						
Bradley, p.	3	0	1	2	0						
Totals	37	12	27	13	1	Totals	39	13	24	10	2
Innings		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Providence College		2	0	7	0	0	2	1	2	0—14	
C. C. N. Y.		2	0	0	1	4	0	0	1	0—8	

Runs—Moran 2, O'Brien 3, Fleurent, Doyle, Duffy, Murphy 2, Norton 2, Cummings, Danis—14; McMahon, Rensalear 2, Ephron 2, Reich, Dono, Moder—8. Hits—Off Danis 10 in 4 innings; off Bradley 3 in 5; off Musicant 13. Stolen bases—O'Brien, Doyle. Two-base hit—Murphy. Three-base hit—Norton. Home runs—Ephron, Moder. Sacrifice

Providence College Alembic

by Musicant 5. Hit by pitched ball—By Musicant (Doyle, Murphy, Moran). First base on errors—Providence College 1; C. C. N. Y. 1. hits—Fleurent, Murphy, Dono. Struck out—By Danis 3, by Bradley 4, Left on bases—Providence College 10; C. C. N. Y. 7. Umpire—Meehan. Time—2h 45m.

MANHATTAN VS. PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

at Hendricken Field, May 12, 1927.

Hammering inning after inning in a valiant but unsuccessful attempt to overcome a five-run lead piled up by its opponents in one disastrous chapter, Providence College yielded revenge for last year's defeat to Manhattan College, dropping a 9 to 5 verdict to the New Yorkers at Hendricken Field. With men on the bases in every inning but one, the Dominicans outhit the invaders, registering 12 safe blows against 10, but the Manhattanites choked every rally by fast and certain fielding.

Going into the fifth inning with a 2 to 1 lead, Henry Danis weakened on the mound for the Providence cluster and later two runs had been pushed across Frank Moran replaced him. He allowed but one hit in that chapter before one side was retired, but a pass and a hit batsman, a sacrifice fly and an attempted double steal were enough to give the Manhattan outfit a 7 to 2 edge. The perversity of fate was demonstrated in the seventh, when the Dominicans staged a rally as decisive as had been that of their opponents two innings before, but could register but three runs. Four singles and a home run went sizzling into the outfield, but the circuit drive came with only one runner on the base paths and Bernie Norton's fly was gathered in for the final out with two men stranded on the sacks.

MANHATTAN						PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Casey, r.	3	2	1	0	1	Allen, 3	3	2	2	2	0
Noonan, 3	5	1	0	0	0	Main, 3	1	0	0	2	0
Hinchcliffe, s.	3	1	4	7	0	O'Brien, l.	4	1	3	0	0
G. Smith, l.	5	2	2	0	0	Fleurent, r.	5	2	1	0	0
Cohalan, 2	4	1	2	6	0	Doyle, 2	4	2	1	4	2
Hayes, m.	4	0	1	0	0	Duffy, 1b.	4	1	8	1	0
Cronin, 1b.	3	1	12	0	0	Harraghy, c.	3	0	4	1	0
Ryan, c.	4	2	4	0	0	Murphy, c.	2	1	0	1	0
Florenza, p.	4	0	1	3	0	Norton, s.	4	2	4	3	1
						Cummings, m.	2	0	2	0	0
						Lally, m.	2	1	1	0	1
						Danis, p.	2	0	1	0	0
						Moran, p.	2	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	10	27	16	1	Totals	38	12	27	14	4

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Manhattan	0	1	0	0	6	0	0	1	1—9
Providence College	1	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	0—5

Rune—Casey, Noonan, Hinchcliffe, G. Smith 2, Cohalan, Cronin 2, Ryan—9; Allen 3, O'Brien, Doyle—5. Hits—Off Danis 5 in 4 1-3 innings; off Moran 5 in 4 2-3. Stolen bases—Noonan, Hinchcliffe, G. Smith, Allen. Two-base hit—G. Smith. Three-base hits—Cohalan, Double plays—Allen to Doyle to Duffy; Cohalan to Hinchcliffe to Lally. Home run—O'Brien. Sacrifices—Cohalan, Cronin, O'Brien. Cronin. Struck out—By Florenza 3, by Danis 3. First base on balls—Off Florenza 3, off Danis 2, off Moran 2. Losing pitcher—Danis. Hit by pitched ball—By Danis (Cronin); by Moran (Hayes). First base on errors—Manhattan 2, Providence 1. Left on bases—Manhattan 6, Providence 10. Time of game—2h. 5m. Umpire—Meehan.

BROWN UNIVERSITY VS. PROVIDENCE COLLEGE at Aldrich Field, May 14, 1927.

Ever since the two teams first locked horns several years ago, Providence College-Brown games have been replete with thrills, and when the nines met for their first engagement of the year it was no exception. Five thousand cheering spectators saw the battalions from College Hill raise their banners over the Smith Hill contingent by a score of 3 to 2.

The honors between Haskell Billings, Bruin hurler, and Hal Bradley, on the firing line for the White and Black, were about even. The Bears clawed Bradley's delivery for nine safe hits, while the Smith Hill bludgeons spoiled Billings' offerings eight times.

Brown opened the scoring in the second and got another run in the fourth. Providence broke the ice in the sixth, making the score 2 to 1. Then came the red hot ninth stanza.

HECTIC NINTH INNING.

Providence went into its last bats one run behind and promptly tied it up. For a while it looked as if the spectators might as well start for the exits, as the first two Dominicans went out. Then Fluerant outguessed Billings and got a free ticket. Doyle hit to Wright at short, who tried to force Fluerent at second and instead the ball into right field, allowing the runners to populate second and third. Joe Duffy had his second chance of the day to become a hero, and this time he did it. With the old-fashioned crucial moment upon him, two down, ninth inning, count 3 to 2, and the

runners on the sacks, the crowd held its breath as Billings curved the sixth ball over, and Joe gave it a ride to centre field, Fleurent scored and Doyle was on his way to win the ball game when Curley Edes sent a bullet peg to Guernsey that caught Doyle at the platter.

And then Brown came up. Guernsey went out on an infield blow, but Billings waited for a good one and socked it to right field. "Red" Randall stepped up and just for variety deposited the horse-ide on the left side of the pasture. Wright came up for another chance at hero stuff, and he more than made up for his bad peg that tied the score by shooting a neat single right over second base that brought Billings home with the winning run.

THOSE WHO STARRED

Buckie Wright and Red Randall each collected three hits out of the Brunonian total of nine, and Joe Duffy equalled their record for the losers. O'Brien patrolling left field for the losers cancelled at least three Brown blows with nifty glove work, Duffy took excellent care of the first hassock, Doyle made a nifty play in the seventh that spoiled a Brown rally, Lally turned in four good catches in centre.

The summary:

On a worm September morning at the close of the month,

BROWN						PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Larkin, l.	3	0	1	0	1	Allen, 3	4	0	0	1	0
Scribner, l.	1	0	0	0	0	O'Brien, l.	5	0	3	0	0
Edes, m.	4	1	2	1	0	Fleurent, r.	3	0	1	0	0
Parker, lb.	4	0	8	0	0	Doyle, 2	4	1	0	2	0
Heffernan, r.	4	0	1	0	0	Duffy, lb.	5	3	11	1	0
Gurney, c.	4	1	11	0	0	Murphy, c.	4	1	5	0	0
Billings, p.	4	1	0	2	0	Norton, s.	4	1	1	3	1
Randall, 2	4	3	2	2	1	Lally, m.	4	1	4	0	0
Wright, s.	4	2	2	2	2	Bradley, p.	4	1	0	4	1
Schuster, 3	1	1	0	3	1						
Totals	33	9	27	10	5	Totals	38	8*25	11	2	
Innings		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brown		0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	1—3	
Providence		0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1—2	

Runs—Gurney, Randall, Billings—3; Fleurent 2-2. Sacrifice hits—Schuster 2; Stolen bases—Edes, Billings. Two-base hits—Gurney, Wright, First base on errors—Brown 2; Providence 3. Left on bases—Brown 7; Providence 12. Struck out—By Billings 10; by Bradley 2. Batter hit—By Billings (Fleurent). Passed ball—Gurney. Double

play—Doyle to Duffy to Murphy. Time—2:05. Umpires—Stafford and Talbot.

One out when winning run was scored.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY VS. PROVIDENCE COLLEGE at Hendricken Field, May 17, 1927.

Another pitching star crossed the Smith Hill horizon when Frankie Moran, former La Salle twirler, curved his way to a sensational 1 to 0. triumph over the scrappy Boston University nine, with Dan MacDonald, rated as one of the finest college slabsters in New England, on the mound as his opponent.

It was a beautiful exhibition of twirling and all the honors were not tossed to the local twirler. Don MacDonald, veteran Boston slabster who has taken the measure of the best teams in New England, gave a remarkable display when he held the Dominicans to a single hit in eight innings, only to waver in the final frame to lose the verdict. But Moran was steadier throughout the trying contest and when the Terriers attempted to start a rally he assisted his fast fielding aggregation with some fancy pitching that completely baffled the Back Bay lads. He also struck out 10 of the visitors.

It required a ninth inning rally for the Dominicans to annex the decision and it was a finish that will long be remembered on Hendricken Field. Stopped in all but one frame by the clever hooks of MacDonald, the locals opened up the ninth with a pair of passes. Allen strolled and MacDonald continued his wild streak by handing O'Brien a free ticket to the initial hassock. Fluerent failed to advance the runners, his attempted bunt going too high, to drop into Lawless' waiting glove, but Ray Doyle, leader of the White and Black machine, crashed a grass cutter through the box which Arkin knocked down too late to make a play for any base. Then Joe Duffy, whose hit in the final inning of the Brown game last Saturday knotted the count, slammed a hard drive into right field and Allen scampered across the platter with the winning marker.

Providence College Alembic

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE						BOSTON UNIVERSITY					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Allen, 3	2	0	2	3	0	Arken, 2	3	1	0	1	0
F. O'Brien, 1.	3	0	3	0	0	J. O'Brien, s.	3	0	2	1	0
Fleurent, r.	4	0	2	0	0	K. McDonald, 1b.	4	0	8	0	0
Doyle, 2	3	1	1	1	0	George, 1.	4	0	3	0	0
Duffy, 1b.	4	2	8	0	0	Kelley, r.	3	0	1	0	0
Harraghy, c.	3	0	10	0	0	Lawless, 3	2	1	3	2	1
Norton, s.	2	0	0	3	0	Kincaide, m.	3	1	2	0	0
Lally, m.	3	0	0	2	0	Picard, c.	2	0	6	2	0
Moran, p.	3	0	0	0	0	D. McDonald, p.	3	0	0	2	0
Totals	27	3	27	9	0	Totals	27	3*25	8	1	
Innings			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence College	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1	

Run—Allen—1. Stolen bas—Allen, Sacrifice—J. O'Brien. Double play—Norton to Doyle to Duffy. Struck out—By Moran 10; by MacDonald 5. Base on balls—Off Moran 1; off Macdonald 4. Hit by pitched ball—By Moran—Lawless; by Macdonald—Norton. First base on errors—Providence College 3; Boston University 4. Umpire—Meehan, Time—1h. 50m.

*One out when winning run was scored.

PROVIDENCE VS. HARVARD UNIVERSITY

at Cambridge, Mass., May 19, 1927.

Staging a thrilling ninth-inning rally to knot the score at four all, the Providence College baseball team carried Harvard to 10 innings, only to lose out when Capt. Izzy Zarakoy crashed a single over third to send Burns across the plate with the winning marker.

The game was a pitching duel for the greater part between Leo Smith of the Dominicans and Jack Barbee. The Providence twirler had a wide margin on his rival, allowing but five hits and striking out seven. Barbee was nicked for seven hits during his stay on the mound, which lasted for eight innings.

With the count 4 to 2 against them the Dominicans went into their half of the ninth with pltny of pep and determination. Coach Flynn opened up with all the tricks in his kit and as a result managed to even the count. Graham went to bat for Harraghy, but the best he could do was give Chase a long run into deep left for his riser. Norton made the second out when he grounded out. Lally got his third safe hit, a single to left. Cummings went in to bat for Smith and slammed a drive into centre to push Lally to second. Cutts walked Allen to fill the bases, and Coach Flynn

rushed Bradley to the plate for O'Brien. The Black and White hurling ace sent the Providence rooters into an uproar when he smashed a single through the box to send the tying runs across the plate. Fleurent forced Bradley at second when he grounded to Sullivan.

Harvard went out in order before Danis in their half of the ninth but in the 10th Burns worked a pass to first, stole second when Zande made a low peg to that post, went to third on Chace's sacrifice bunt, scoring when Zarakov sent a grass cutter over third base with the count two and two on him.

The summary:

HARVARD UNIVERSITY						PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Burns, m.	3	1	3	0	0	Allen, 3	3	2	1	1	0
Chase, l.	3	2	4	2	0	O'Brien, l.	3	0	1	0	1
Zarakov, 3	3	1	1	2	0	Fleurent, r.	5	1	2	0	0
Lord, lb.	1	0	6	0	0	Doyle, 2	4	0	1	0	1
Tobin, lb.	2	0	5	0	0	Harraghy, c.	3	0	7	2	1
Chauncey, c.	2	0	1	0	0	Duffy, lb.	5	0	9	0	1
Deuchin, c.	2	1	3	1	0	Zande, c.	1	0	0	0	0
Ullman, 2	3	0	4	1	0	Norton, s.	5	0	3	0	2
Doughty, s., r.	4	0	2	3	0	Lally, m.	5	3	2	0	0
Sullivan, s.	2	0	0	2	0	Cummings, l.	1	1	2	0	0
Jones, r.	2	0	1	2	0	Smith, p.	2	2	0	2	0
Barbee, p.	2	0	0	2	0	Danis, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Cutts, p.	2	0	0	1	0	*Graham	1	0	0	0	0
						**Bradley	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	31	5	30	13	1	Totals	37	10	28	6	6
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Harvard	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	1—5	
Providence College	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	0—4	

Runs—Burns 3, Chase, Zarakov—5; Allen, Lally, Cummings, Smith—4. Hits—Off Smith 4 in 8 innings, off Danis 1 in 2, off Barbee 7 in 8, off Cutts 3 in 2. Stolen bases—Duffy, Burns 2. Two base hit—Fleurent. Three-base hit—Deuchin, Sacrifice hits—Chase 2, Zarakov 2, Lord, O'Brien, Smith. Double play—Deuchin to Tobin. Struck out—By Smith 7, by Barbee 1, by Cutts 2. First base on balls—Off Smith 1, off Barbee 1, off Cutts 1, off Danis 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Smith—Ullman, by Barbee—Lally, Allen. First base on errors—Providence College 1; Harvard 4. Left on bases—Providence College 9; Harvard 5. Umpires—Barry (plate), Stafford (bases). Time—2h. 15m.

*Batted for Harraghy in 9th.

**Batted for O'Brien in 9th.

***One out when winning run was scored.

BROWN UNIVERSITY VS. PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

at Aldrich Field, May 21, 1927.

Jean Dubuc,s Brown University nine won the collegiate base-
ball championship of this city,` at Brown Field flattening Jack
Flynn's Providence College outfit for the second Saturday in suc-
cession. The final score was 7 to 1.

Billings was knicked for only three hits, the first of which was
delivered by Pinch Clubber Graham in the last half of the sixth
canto. Capt. Ray Doyle caught hold of one solidly in the eighth
and rode it to left centre for two basses and "Red" McLaughlin,
swinging for Shortstop Norton in the ninth, belted a one timer past
first base.

Billings had been going along in no-hit fashion, but Graham,
pinch clubbing for O'Brien, wafted the no-hit idea into oblivion by
dropping a Texas League type of base knock into the left garden.
Vin Cummings scurried over to first to run for Graham and romped
on to second on Fleurent's out. Billings to Parker. Randall fum-
bled Doyle's grounder. Duffy hit to Wright who started what
looked like a double play in motion, but Randall dropped the ball,
quickly recovering, however, for a force out on Doyle. While Doyle
was going out, Cummings scored the single, solitary Providence Col-
lege run of the afternoon.

The summary:

BROWN						PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
Scribner, l.	5	1	2	0	0	Allen, 3	5	0	4	5	1
Edes, m.	5	1	1	0	0	O'Brien, l.	2	0	2	0	1
Parker, 1b.	4	1	5	1	0	Fleurent, r.	4	0	0	0	0
Heffernan, r.	5	2	0	0	0	Doyle, 2	3	1	1	2	1
Gurney, s.	4	1	12	0	0	Duffy, 1b.	4	0	9	0	0
Billings, p.	4	1	0	4	0	Murphy, c.	3	0	6	4	1
Randall, 2	4	2	4	1	1	Norton, s.	2	0	1	1	0
Wright, s.	4	2	1	2	0	Lally, m.	4	0	3	0	0
Schuster, 3	4	1	2	0	2	Bradley, p.	2	0	0	1	0
						*Graham	1	1	0	0	0
						**Cummings, l.	1	0	1	0	0
						Moran, p.	2	0	0	1	0
						***McLaughlin	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	39	12	27	8	3	Totals	34	3	27	14	4
Innings		1		2				3		27	
Providence College		0		0				4		5	
Brown		0		0				5		6	
		0		1				6		7	
		0		0				7		8	
		0		0				8		9	
		0		0				9		0-1	
		0		1				0		0-7	
		0		0				0			
		0		4				0			
		0		2				0			
		0		0				0			
		0		0				0			

Runs—Scribner, Edes, Gurney, Billings, Randall, Wright 2—7; Cummings—1. Stolen bases—Edes, Duffy, Wright. First base on balls—Off Billings 3. Left on bases—Brown 6, Providence College 9. Struck out—By Billings 11, by Bradley 4, by Moran 2. Batter hit—By Moran (Parker). Double plays—Norton to Dufffy. Time—2 hours 12 minutes. Umpires—Stafford and Talbot.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE VS. BOSTON COLLEGE

at Boston, Mass., May 25, 1927.

Boston College batters went on the war path at University Heights yesterday afternoon, made 13 hits for a total of 21 bases against Smith and Moran of Providence College, and eventually defeated the Rhode Islanders 10 to 1.

John Lefty Shea was on the firing line for the B. C. Eagles, and did not allow a run until the eighth inning. In the first seven innings he held the visitors to three hits. He was one of the outstanding performers of the game, as he made three hits, a single, double and triple. His control was excellent, as he passed only one visitor.

Al Weston knocked across the first run in the first inning, with a single off Smith, and drove out a home run in the sixth with two on base. Again in the eighth he singled and drove in the 10th and last Eagle's tally.

Hits by Moran, Main, Cummings and Doyle in the eighth inning yielded only one run for the visitors. Their only extra base hit was a three-bagger by Fleurent in the fourth inning, with one out and none on. Doyle then filed out to the shortstop, and Duffy was thrown out by Fred Moncewicz.

The summary:

BOSTON COLLEGE						PROVIDENCE COLLEGE					
	ab	h	po	a	e		ab	h	po	a	e
McNamara, m.	5	2	1	0	0	Main, 3	4	1	1	1	1
Clinton, 2	5	1	3	1	0	Cummings, l.	4	1	3	0	0
McKeeney, l.	2	1	3	1	0	Fleurent, r.	4	2	0	0	0
Weston, lb.	5	3	6	1	0	Doyle, 2	3	1	3	3	0
McMenimen, c.	4	1	6	0	0	Duffy, lb.	4	1	11	1	0
O'Day, 3	4	1	1	3	0	Harraghy, c.	2	0	2	0	1
Moncewicz, s.	2	0	3	4	0	McLaughlin, s.	4	1	4	3	0
Fitzgerald, l, r.	2	1	2	1	0	Lally, m.	4	0	0	0	0
Shea, p.	4	3	1	1	0	Smith, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Creedon, r.	0	0	0	0	0	Moran, p.	3	1	0	1	0
O'Brien, c.	0	0	1	0	0	Graham, c.	1	0	0	0	0
						Zande, c.	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	13	27	12	0	Totals	34	8	24	12	3

Providence College Alembic

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boston College	2	2	0	0	0	5	0	1	x—10
Providence College	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Runs—McNamara 2, McKeeney, Weston 2, Moncewicz, Fitzgerald, Shea 2, Creedon—10; Moran—1. Two-base hits—McNamara, Weston, Shea. Three-base hits—Fleurent, Shea. Home run—Weston. Stolen bases—McNamara, Creedon. First base on balls—Off Shea 1; off Smith 1, off Moran 4. Struck out—By Shea 4; by Smith 2; by Moran 1. Sacrifice—Fitzgerald. Double plays—Doyle to Duffy; McLaughlin to Duffy. Hit by pitched ball—By Moran (Creedon). Passed ball—McMenimen. Umpires—Grimm and Rooney. Time—2h. 30m.

TEMPLE UNIVERSITY VS. PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

at Hendricken Field, May 27, 1927.

Coming from behind after six runs had been scored against them, the Providence College ball tossers won a 9 to 8 decision over the Temple University nine of Philadelphia on Hendricken Field after 10 innings of hectic baseball.

Hal Bradley who has handled some of the major tilts of the Dominicans' list, started on the mound for the locals, but after four hits and five runs had been garnered from his offerings before a single man had been retired in the second inning, he was benched for Joe Smith, who handled the overtime assignment against Harvard. Smith held the invaders to five hits during the frames he worked and featured his pitching by fanning the three batters to face him in the fourth.

After the Pennsylvanians had evened the count at 8 all in the seventh frame, the tilt was anyone's game with both clubs fighting hard to annex a run to net the triumph. In the last of the tenth Allen started the trouble when he worked Wearshing for a free ticket to first, went to third on Bernie Norton's ringing double which centerfielder Harron almost garnered while on the dead run, and romped across with the winning tally when Fleurent lifted a long sacrifice fly to deep left.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

	ab	h	po	a	e
Allen, 3.	3	2	1	5	0
Norton, s.	3	1	3	1	1
Fleurent, r.	4	3	2	0	0
Doyle, 2	4	1	2	0	1
Duffy, 1b.	4	1	12	1	1
Murphy, c.	3	0	5	2	1
Cummings, m.	5	1	2	1	1
Bradley, p.	0	0	0	0	1
Smith, p.	5	1	0	3	0
O'Brien, l.	5	0	3	1	1

Totals36 10 30 14 1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Providence College	0	0	3	0	3	2	0	0	0	1—9
Temple University	4	2	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0—8

TEMPLE UNIVERSITY

	ab	h	po	a	e
Welham, 3, 2	4	1	0	0	2
Young, 1b.	3	1	8	0	0
Lightfoot, s.	4	1	4	4	1
Wearshing, 2, p.	5	2	3	2	1
Kunes, p., 3	5	3	0	2	0
Nichols, l.	5	0	1	0	1
Hoch, c.	5	0	3	0	0
Haron, m.	4	0	5	0	0
Zanecosky, r.	4	1	4	0	0
.....	—	—	—	—	—

Totals39 9 28 9 5

Runs—Allen 4, Norton 2, Fleurent 3—9; Welham 2, Young, Light-inning; off Smith 5 in 9 innings; off Kunes 5 in 4; off Wearshing 5 foot 2, Wearshing, Kunes, Zanecosky—8. Hits—Off Bradley 4 in 1 in 6 innings. Stolen bases—Allen, Fleurent, Murphy2, Kunes. Two-base hits—Allen Doyle, Kunes, Lightfoot. Home run—Fleurent. Sacrifice hits—Norton, Fleurent, Murphy, Young 2, Lightfoot, Harron. to Young. Struck out—By Smith 5; by Kunes 1; by Wearshing 1. Double plays—Kunes to Lightfoot to Young; Wearshing to Lightfoot Base on balls—Off Bradley 1; off Smith 1; off Kunes 6; off Wearshing 3. First base on errors—Providence 2, Temple 5. Left on bases—Providence 9, Temple 6. Time—2h. 15m. Umpire—Meehan.

*One out when winning run was scored.

Walter T. Dromgoole, '28

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