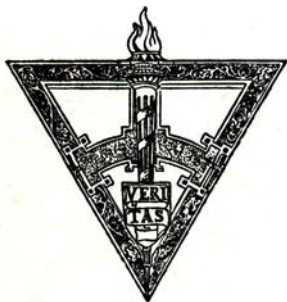


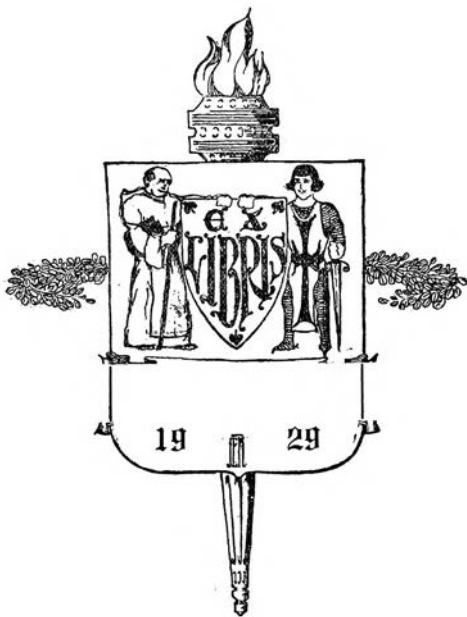
PROVIDENCE
COLLEGE
ALEMBIC



VOLUME IX.

FEBRUARY, 1929.

No. 5



OUR ADVERTISERS ARE OUR FRIENDS—BE FRIENDLY

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Collegians in Fiction and Fancy

Charles C. Quirk, '30

IT WAS the night after the last examination and that feeling of mental anguish which follows as an aftermath of those crucial days hung heavily upon me. I felt an urgent need for some form of relaxation to forget for the moment the worries that depressed me. As I am not a drinking man and consequently find neither peace nor repose in a state of semi-consciousness; and, as I do not especially crave the society of the opposite sex, I had only my pipe and a light novel to serve as possible antidotes to my morbidness. Cramming the bowl of my favorite Milano with some ready rub and picking up a book that had been recommended to me as the best college story of the year, I ensconced myself in an easy chair and prepared for a few hours of well-earned diversion. On the outer page I noticed a clipping evidently cut from the paper cover which had once adorned the binding. The gist of it was that the novel had met with the unanimous approval of the collegians. Heartened by this announcement and expecting some real entertainment I started the first chapter. I had re-filled my pipe three times and the clock on the mantel had long since struck the hour of midnight when I finished the final paragraph. I must admit that the reading of this book served the admirable purpose of temporarily alleviating the blues, but it left me with a feeling bordering on bewilderment. It is not necessary to name the book or the author. Suffice it to say that I learned more about college life in those three hours than I had been able to glean during my three years in college.

I do not set myself up as a literary critic nor do I presume to know as much about college life as the author, but from what I do know I cannot concur in the opinions of those who find this work an authentic interpretation of college life. Here and there during the narration of the exploits of the principal character there were a few lines revealing the fact that the gentleman in question attended classes. Just a scholastic touch, as it were, to lend the proper college atmosphere to the enumeration of his social successes. For the most part it con-

fined itself to an explanation of the trials and tribulations that beset the hero in his amorous undertakings. Indeed the impression a layman would get from these pages was that college, if this book be a criterion, is nothing but a training school for potential social parasites and morons. All the action was centered around the fraternity houses, and the classes enjoying the approval of the principal characters were few and far between.

To my mind this distorted idea of college life, as exemplified in the novel of today, is given altogether too much publicity. The movie magnates appreciate its value in dollars and cents, for they produce pictures, presumably true portrayals of college life, which are so asinine that they offend the senses of even the unlearned. How many times have we had to sit through thousands of feet of film given over to the caperings of Hollywood collegians, who perhaps have never finished high school, enduring the absurdities displayed in order to gain some compensation from the picturing of a last minute touchdown or a ninth inning rally! How many times have we gazed with envy at the sartorial display of the actors and wished that we had but one of the many suits that they wore! What dazzling spectacles we were treated to of Proms and Hops, the magnificence of which would make even the most optimistic Prom chairman groan.

If there be any Utopia, then surely it must be in that place where the scenes of these college pictures are laid. Percy Marks, Day Edgar, Lynn and Lois Montrosse, E. Scott Fitzgerald and a host of less famous novelists would have us believe that this sort of thing is an integral part of college life. In fact they would have us labor under the delusion that this is college life. Personally I find that I cannot agree with them although as, I have said before, I do not presume to know as much about college life as these authors. Together with the movie magnate they give the impression that life on the campus is just one grand idyl, that the four years spent in college are packed full of joy and bliss with no worries or cares. Their collegians are always well supplied with funds, sport cars, and racoons. However there is some truth to be gleaned from their ravings. We must admit the presence of some among us who affect collegian attire and know not financial discrepancies. Proms and Hops are not inventions of the mind, but they come at lengthy intervals and lack the magnificence of those concocted by the Hollywood directors.

Altogether the interpretations are quite erroneous. The scholastic element which we are wont to regard as the most important part of our college training is either ignored or considered superficial. Whereas the social life on the campus is considered most essential. In these books we find no mention of the thousands of youths who are experiencing great difficulty in providing their tuition and living expenses. There is too much reality in that. Nor do we find any allusion to the possible existence of rigidly enforced discipline. That perhaps is too painful and inhibiting for youth. None of these little items are mentioned although we realize that they are more essential parts of college life than Proms and Big Games.

In conclusion let me say that it is hardly fair to the average college student to be classed in the same category as the Hollywood or Percy Marks collegian. I, for one, decry this form of entertainment and regard it as a distinct menace to all college students. If it continues and the public is gullible enough to believe its absurdities the college graduate of the future may find it necessary to pass an intelligence test before gaining employment.

The Evening Star

Bright day is dead, and in the gloom
The Earth is clad in mourning night;
But, set beside the darkened tomb,
Burns evening's candlelight.

Francis McHugh, '31

“Every Man Has His Price”

Robert L. Smith, '30

ANTON ROBINEAU was dying. Moreover he knew it and was not afraid. As he looked around the room of his rough cabin dwelling, his fast-dimming eyes rested first upon his beautiful young daughter, Marie, then upon his faithful companion, old Pierre, who had carried him through the forest for two miles and brought him to die in his own cabin. The bullet of an unseen assassin had found its mark and Anton felt the hand of death upon him.

Even as the deadly chill began to possess his body, he raised himself upon his elbow, smiled grimly and, taking an envelope from an inner pocket of his coat, motioned for his daughter to take it. Too weak even to utter a last word, he fell back upon the cot and began his eternal sleep.

Suppressing her emotions by a valiant effort, Marie rose slowly, covered her father's face and tore open the envelope. After several moments, during which she stared mutely at the white sheet of paper, she turned to Pierre, showed him the paper and began to speak.

“Pierre, tell me his story. I think that is what he would wish.”

The old Pierre gazed silently at the girl whom he had learned to love as a daughter in the years they had lived in the Black Hills. Soon he began to speak. Slowly and softly he spoke, yet there was passion in his voice.

“It is a sad story, Marie, yet it is not a new one. It is but the story of another life wrecked by the injustice of the world's affairs. Listen, then, to the tale of my dearest friend, your father.”

* * *

The prisoner paced the floor of his cell with a slow, measured stride. His face was set and calm and he did not utter a sound. On a cot against the wall sat the lawyer. All through the trial M. Perrine had fought for the life of his client without the slightest word from the latter in his own defense. Even as the chain of circumstantial evidence was wound tightly about him, as tightly as the rope which would take

his life in the morning, the accused man had offered not a word to gain his freedom. In despair the lawyer was now seeking to persuade the prisoner to tell all he knew.

"Anton Robineau, you are not guilty. You have twelve hours yet to live. Why do you not speak?"

But still the prisoner quietly paced the floor, heading not the sincere words of the lawyer. Agony was not on his face, but surely it was in his heart as he recalled in his mind the events of that fatal night. Had he not chanced to walk down Courtney street, he would not have seen "Shorty" in the act of "doing in" that bloodhound fly cop. Had he taken any one of the dozen streets through which he usually passed on his homeward journey, he would not have placed his feet into the sticky web of circumstance. If Muriel, his own Muriel had not been in the hospital, she would have been with him in the trial. She might even have found an honorable solution to his dilemma.

For Anton was a member of the gang and he must obey the supreme law, "Thou shalt not squeal," a law which "Shorty" would never break, if circumstances were reversed. Even though it cost him his life, he must not allow himself to be bought through lack of courage. He must deny the old age which even "Shorty" would never admit—"Every man has his price."

The prisoner was still pacing up and down, the lawyer was still sitting on the cot, the precious minutes were still speeding away forever, when the gates of the cell clicked and the jailer entered with a telegram in his hand. Without a word he presented the yellow paper to the prisoner, turned sharply upon his heel and walked away. Once more the gates clicked and the ringing footfalls died away in the long corridor.

A look of premonition lighted the prisoner's face and without reading the telegram, he turned suddenly towards the lawyer and spoke in a determined tone.

"If it's a boy, I'll let him work it out for himself. But if it's a girl, I can't let her go through life with that stigma on her. My God, Perrine, I can't let them tell her that her father was hanged by the neck until he was dead! They'll forget to tell her it was for a crime he didn't commit!"

"And so, Marie, your father had his price and his price was your happiness. Your mother died soon after you were born and we came out into these hills far from the sordid life of crime and cruelty in the

city. It was to save you from the knowledge of what he had done and been, to preserve in you that delicate beauty and goodness which was so much a part of the wife that he loved, your mother, that we spent these eighteen years in these lonely hills. It was not your father's purpose to escape the gang, for he knew that someday, somewhere, the vengeance of the sacred criminal law would be visited upon him. He told me often that some day I would find him with a bullet in his back, and many times I saw him reading the constant reminder of his fate which he kept always with him. You saw what it said on that paper—"Thou shalt not squeal." I say that he was a man of courage, *mais oui*."

When Pierre awoke on the following morning he saw Marie in the first rays of the dawn's light kneeling at the death-bed of Anton Robineau, the man of courage.



Inarticulate

Dumb there lies hid in me
Part of my deeper self:
Deep lurks a mystery,
Still an elusive elf.

Carroll Hickey, '30

Superstition and Athletics

Joseph Watterson, '29

THE essence of superstition is to believe in effects without causes, in achievements without the mechanisms for attaining them. And this unreasonable penchant is not so uncommon. It is interesting to note the strong influence which it holds over the present generation, for instance, in the world of sports.

Baseball and football teams go on the field with their mascots while the thousands of spectators carry their charms, their fetishes, hoping to give victory to their team.

The history of baseball contains many a good story that resulted from a superstitious practice or belief. McGraw of the New York Giants is said to have won a pennant by means of a load of empty barrels. There is a favorite superstition among baseball players that a load of empty barrels will bring good luck. Realizing this, McGraw, when his team was in a slump, hired a man to drive a load of barrels by his team every day while they were on their way to the ball park. As a seeming result, the players regained lost confidence and started to win games with remarkable regularity.

The most colorful players of all baseball have been addicted to pet superstitions. Incidents of tapping the home plate a certain number of times, holding the bat in a particular position before coming to the plate are very common. Other practices, such as affection for a certain glove or bat, are more or less natural; nevertheless they have a touch of the superstitious.

One player in the National League has the habit of touching second base when his side retires from the field. By this act he hopes to reach second when he comes to bat. Another always carries a penny in the roll of his stocking and firmly believes that the coin brings luck to his team. Some pitchers who are effective against certain clubs attribute their success to a special superstition called "The Indian sign." Artie Nehf, for instance, could beat the Pittsburgh Pirates by merely throwing his glove into the box.

Some players are reluctant to have another use their bat because they believe that there are just so many hits in each bat, and if another player borrows it and hits successfully there will be that many less for the owner. Others think that a cross-eyed man sitting near the bench will mean disaster for the team. One pinch-hitter will never walk in front of the umpire, not for reasons of politeness, but because he hopes thus to improve his hitting.

Our college athletics are not far behind their professional brothers in these practices. A half-back of national fame had the names of noted passers written on his helmet in the hope that it would improve his own passing. Superstitions of this sort are quite common. Rain is considered necessary to success in athletics at one of our prominent schools. A few years ago the captain, in addressing the school for the last pep talk before the big game, cried: "And, fellows, pray for rain."

The charms, pins, and amulets of athletes are numerous and varied. The psychological effect of these charms is sometimes striking. An outfielder on a southern team, on the same day, hit for a perfect average. With this in mind, he began making progress in his hitting until he soon led the league. Somehow he lost his lucky pin, and, as a result the morale of this player became so low and his hitting fell off to such an extent that he was benched. A football incident is of equal interest. A certain Princeton half-back was given a pin by a friend and advised to wear it. He wore the pin and made a remarkable showing against Yale. In the Dartmouth game the player forgot to wear the pin and had a miserable day. When Princeton played Harvard, he made sure that the pin was on his person. His performance in that game made him the outstanding half-back of the year.

Even managers and coaches are sometimes influenced to a great extent by their superstitions. Many managers will never let a bat be crossed with another in the dugout for fear that it will bring a luckless day. Many will religiously refrain from walking on the field because of their fear of some "jinx". A successful coach in the Mid-west will never start the season on a Wednesday, while another always calls his candidates out for the first on a Friday. One coach who would never allow any of his players to be photographed was for several years the butt of sportwriters, who laughed at his childish superstitions.

Any game so full of tricks and uncertainties as golf is sure to be impregnated by superstitions. In golf there are two well known superstitions that have come down through the ages. One of these, and the

best-known, is expressed by an old adage: "Two up and five to play never won a match." It means of course, that defeat is predestined for the player who happens to be leading an opponent by two holes when there are five left to play. The origin of this superstition is not known though it is supposed to have originated centuries ago in Scotland. The other is embodied in the expression: "He who wins the first hole loses the match."

"Long Jim" Barnes, the Cornishman, always played a better match if he had his talisman on his person, a sprout of clover. "Chick" Evans carried at the bottom of his bag a little billiken, which some well-wisher had given him early in his career. For years it brought him luck and, while in his possession, he won more titles than any American golfer of his day. Then it disappeared and he hasn't won a title since.

It is foolish to declare that belief in mascots belongs to another age. Many profess to scoff but in daily practice they contradict their words. Auto-racers also have their lucky charms in their cars, either flying to the wind from the hood, or carefully concealed in some secret place in the machine. Tennis players, even the most celebrated champions, go to the match wearing their favorite amulet. We wonder if Miss Wills treasures her eye-shade for the same reason that Mike O'Dowd, the ex-middleweight champ, placed his trust on his green fighting trunks with the golden harps?

These few instances are sufficient to show that superstition plays no little part in the world of sport. Of course there is no foundation for it, even though the practices themselves pertain to relatively trivial and insignificant matters. If apparently beneficial results are achieved, they can be ascribed only to the psychological effect the particular superstitions belief may have on the individual. Moreover, what about the innumerable, unrecorded instances where all the charms and good-luck tokens in the world have failed to produce the desired effects? As a matter of fact superstition is based more on precedent than anything else. For example, one big leaguer hears about the luck a fellow player had by wearing a certain token. Whereupon he, being in a hitting slump, will wear any number of different god-luck insignia, let us say, twenty, in the hope of boosting his average. By the time the twentieth is reached he will undoubtedly have recovered his normal batting eye. Yet, manifestly, it would be absurd to credit the twentieth token with

having had any influence whatsoever in a merely natural process of re-adjustment.

Incidentally, we suppose that as long as there are athletics, just so long will their whimsical superstitions continue. Why? Perhaps for the same reason that the reader does his utmost to evade the black cat although, were he questioned regarding this action, we have not the slightest doubt that he should hastily profess a hearty disdain for superstitious belief.

Berceuse

Tired Earth sleeps on
In the sunlight cool:
A Genie wan,
From a frozen pool,
Lulled the World to sleep
In a snow-bed deep.

Francis Sḡalko, '31

Book Review



John F. Keough, '29

A little philosophy turneth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

Bacon

The present age is often criticized for its mental inertia. Modern speculation has added nothing to the work of St. Thomas and his classical forerunners. Religion, critics tell us, is dead and civilization is gradually wandering from the path of moral rectitude and the philosophic notions of life.

Much of this is true. Constructive thought in the more abstract of the philosophic sciences has been negligible. Modern thinkers are apt to be destructive and to lean toward the older fallacies for support. In the field of psychology some progress has been made, particularly with regard to education. Various other applied psychologies are being built along constructive lines but as yet little has been accomplished.

As to the statement that religion is not vital at the present time, we need but refer to the various theological controversies of the present time for a contradiction. If religion is not a living part of the makeup of the modern man why does he trouble himself about such subjects as the Virgin Birth, why is a whole nation stirred by the refusal of its legislative body to sanction a new prayer book.

But all of this is introductory. While no radical advance has been made in philosophic doctrine it will be generally admitted that more persons are cognizant of the established truths than at any other time, within the past few centuries. Due to the work of clever writers

(not thinkers necessarily) metaphysical and psychological verities have been reduced to simple language and works on philosophy are at last readable.

Philosophy now forms an important unit in an American reading schedule. "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," is the book that the shipping clerk reads at lunch, and Will Durant has replaced Bertha M. Clay on the young school mistress' desk.

The question may be asked "what sort of philosophy can so have aroused the reading interest of the multitude?" Certainly not Ontology. Hardly Logic or Epistemology.

Library statistics and publishers' reports show that histories of philosophy and works on psychology head the list of popular philosophic works.

Surely this interest in philosophy might be a power for good. But here is where the fault lies. Books today are read without much thought for selection. Think you that a learned treatise on educational psychology interest the young abecedarian? Not at all. More likely it is an exposition of the latest spiritistic discoveries that rival the weirdest ghost stories, or an engrossing volume on sex psychology.

Are readers interested in philosophy for the sake of finding at last the real truth? Very few. The majority are interested by the fashionable fallacies of a modern plagiarist of Kant or Descartes, or more likely a study of Freudian principles as a basis for interesting parlor conversation.

The popularity of philosophic reading shows one thing that should be productive of results. It indicates what can be done in the line of education if the proper authorities concert their efforts to bring about a more widespread knowledge of the truths of faith and philosophy.

NEWMAN ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FAITH

By Sylvester J. Juergens, S.T.D.

Macmillan Company, N. Y. City

"Giving a reason for the faith that is in us" seems at times a bit confusing, for with most of us faith comes first and it is only at some time afterward that we seek the reasonableness of our position. Hence, it becomes exceedingly interesting to examine the opinions of a man who was not always of our faith, of one who was groping in the darkness

and who finally saw the light. Such a man can best describe the manner in which assent to religious truth is arrived at.

And so it is with more than casual interest that we approach Father Juergen's latest work, "Newman on the Psychology of Faith." As an Anglican, Newman strove earnestly and persistently for the preservation of what was best in that religion. His open minded spirit of religious research and his faculty of sapient speculation led him to a realization of the eternal truth of Catholicity. And with humble mind he answered the call of Christ and became the greatest of modern theological apologists.

Father Juergens has undertaken to compile from the various writings of the learned Cardinal, a brochure pertinent to faith and its psychological basis. The work is exceedingly skilful and painstakingly complete. It would have been easy to succumb to the temptation of prolixity but the erudite commentator has included nothing superfluous. Repetition of thoughts is employed to show the consistency of Newman over a long career.

The teaching of the noted apologist on this question of Faith is logically divided into three main headings: "Theory of Assent"; "The Nature of Faith"; and "The Genesis of Faith in the Individual."

Father Juergens introduces the reader to the first chapter by warning him to lay aside his Scholastic terminology. For Newman is nothing if not original. His diction is his own as is his method. Do not expect to find arguments in form." The Cardinal seeks first to persuade and then to convince. Yet, withal, his work possesses extreme perspicacity and sound logic. The reader is at no time in doubt as to the sequence of thought. The Theory of Assent treats of Notional and Real Assent (the terms are Newman's Own) based on Notional and Real Apprehension. This apprehension we are admonished is "not understanding but merely acceptance of the terms of a judgment and their agreement as being true. This Real Assent of Newman's together with the Illative Sense defined as "that faculty of the mind leading to material certitude in concrete things" comprise the substance of the first chapter a complete understanding of which is necessary for the study of the following chapters.

Concerning the Nature of Faith Newman has to say "Faith is an act of the intellect intuitive and not discussive." Here note the opposition to Modern and Lutheran religious thought which suggest that

Faith is emotional. "Theology is a development of Faith." "The knowledge of Faith is not accurate but analogical." "The act of faith follows a command of the will which acts freely." "The act and virtue of faith are supernatural." "Faith is a real, certain and indefectible assent."

In this chapter as well as in the third Newman discusses the much disputed problem of Faith and Reason. "If Reason is the faculty of gaining knowledge upon grounds given, an act of process of Faith is an exercise of Reason, as being an instrument of indirect knowledge concerning things external to us."

If the reader be disappointed at finding little psychology in the first two chapters, he is rewarded for his perseverance by the final one, the Genesis of Faith in the Individual. Herein, Newman outlines the normal psychological process preceding faith. Fundamental is conscience which makes us aware of a Supreme Law giver who tells us what is right and what is wrong and through the sense of duty advises us to do or to omit certain actions. The next step is fear of an Almighty Judge inspired by the reproach consequent on infractions of the moral law and Newman tells us "Religion's large and deep foundation is the sense of guilt and without this sense there is for man, as he is, no genuine religion."

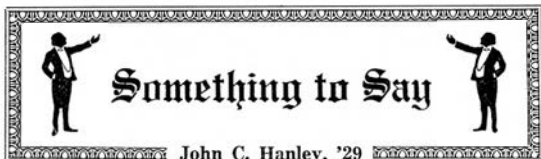
But just as fear follows the disobedience of man so love results from living in conformity with the rules of conscience. Expectation follows as the result of fear and love experienced. A man who has sinned and who renews his obedience to the natural law looks to God for mercy. From this point on, the psychological states of sympathy, duty to act, and trust follow in close succession at this stage little evidence is required, and the external motives of credibility do not play such an important part in the act of faith as the harmony of the the new message with the intimate suggestions of conscience.

And so Father Juergens concludes his outline of Newman's work on the subject. He then takes up the last chapter, the Genesis of Faith, point by point, and explains each at length. Most of this explanation we deemed entirely unnecessary, as indeed the text of Newman seemed infinitely clearer and more concise than the verbose explanation of his commentator. Perhaps we should not be too hasty to criticize the learned critic for most gentlemen of that profession are very apt to include their own pet theories.

To complete the work Father Juergens gives the sources of Newman's theory or rather the factors which influenced him in taking the viewpoint which he did.

The work as a whole seems to us to be of interest to any student of philosophy. Let us add by way of warning to the upper classman who intends reading this book: While the commentator makes interesting reading of what might be abstruse doctrine, let it not be thought that it is the superficial philosophy of present day works. It requires serious concentration and earnest study. But we venture to say that the reader will feel amply recompensed for whatever mental labor it may cost him.





ROUNDEL.

N. B. These lines are written for an encouragement and condolence to those who, having failed in one or more examinations, are obliged in consequence to support not only just reproaches from within but bumptious and totally unjust abuses from without.

Let noble lords and ladies gay,
Let peasants and their families
Assist in routing those who say:
 "It's nobody's fault but your own."

Oh, let us hope catastrophies
Unbounded may descend to stay
Upon the heads of such as these!

Prince, may I live to see the day
When men may face calamities,
And suffer not from oafs who bray:
 "It's nobody's fault but your own."
 * * *

The honest lover, who has
A habit of speaking his mind,
Speaks it—to no less a
Person than his lady fair.

Since I am charmed by common sense,
By beauty, poise and wit and such,
When you are absent, faithful one,
I do not miss you much.

A FABLE

Once upon a time there lived in a great city two brothers, Leon and Constantine. In points of talent, education, opportunities and benefits the strictest equality existed between them. Similiarity persevered even in their dispositions, save in one thing. Leon was humble, unassuming, meek and mild; Constantine was proud, overbearing, haughty and arrogant.

Both young men had been educated in the science of law. Both were graduated from the same universities with the same degrees of honor. Both received from their father equal sums to establish themselves in the practice of law. Unlike the heroes of most fables neither thought it necessary or even wise to seek his fortune abroad. Both sons, accordingly settled in their native city, reasoning as they did that a man's ability and not his place of residence is chiefly responsible for any success he may attain. So Leon took offices on the south side of Main street and Constantine availed himself of rooms in a building on the north side of Main street.

In the beginning they enjoyed equality of success. But gradually Leon's fortunes began to decline. His modesty was of little help to him in the work of seeking out clients; his humility worked against him in the court-room for he was no match for the aggressive, loud-mouthed lawyers who opposed him; his self-effacing attitude and lack of assertiveness weakened his case in the eyes of the jury and swept away whatever confidence his clients might have reposed in him. When he lost their confidence he lost their respect also so that his clients maligned him, refused him payment for which he was too meek to press demands, and they even circulated reports of his ineptitude so that his reputation suffered to a degree that deterred litigants from seeking him for advice and defence. His practice dwindled to nothing and his many debts grew steadily in arrears. Bill collectors hounded him and dunned him rigorously. He was brought to court for his failure to meet obligations. Being unable to satisfy the demands of his creditors he was obliged to take a poor debtor's oath. He was committed to a state institution for the indigent and languished there in shame and despair. Inmates of the alms-house were accustomed to hearing him moan, "Had I been a proud man this would not have happened to me."

His brother, Constantine, likewise met with reverses of fortune. His arrogance lost him many clients. His supercilious attitude an-

tagonized the jury. Pride would not permit him to seek customers. He sat in his office and waited for clients to come. But the number that came grew regularly smaller. Report of his haughtiness made him uninviting. His contempt of juries, so frequently and unmistakably manifested, led thoughtful men to avoid trusting cases to his hands. His expenses mounted meanwhile and his income was not sufficient to meet him. He sneered at bill collectors, disregarded the adjurations of kindly creditors and he was in the end summoned into court. In court his contempt and derision moved him to violent and unwise actions. He was finally held as a criminal on the graver charges of inciting to riot and of attempted mayhem upon the person of his rival's lawyer. Unable to produce money for bail he was locked in a prison-cell. He was in prison two hours only when he sought to escape. And his attempt was partly successful. In fact, he even reached the prison wall and it was only when he was attempting to scale it that a guard spied him. The guard fired a shot in warning then in his distraught haste he fired a shot at Constantine. The bullet opened a mortal wound. In the prison hospital those who attended Constantine in his last moments heard him exclaim, "Had I been a humble man this would not have happened to me."

The Capture of Mars

The voice of the world has cried for peace, and peace the kings have vowed

And Mars is hidden in a tomb and muffled in a shroud.

But the fields are moved with laughter, the hills are swayed with mirth,

The merriment of war-lords returned upon the earth;

For they mock the cry as futile and they scorn the vow as vain,

And they muster ghastly armies on a shadowy battle-plain.

The armies are advancing, vague ranks of phantom men,

With a phantom clarion sounding from an invisible glen.

Homeric heads are helmeted and Caesar marches, too,

Bold Hannibal of Carthage passes proudly in review,

And Genghis Khan and Prester John are marching side by side,

And the little man of Destiny is armed again with pride.

But the kings who heed not legend will not hear the martial tread,
They have said that Mars is mortal, they have said the god is dead.
They have wrapped him in a winding-sheet and sealed him in a tomb,
They have guarded him with silence and imprisoned him with gloom,
But they do not see the sons of Mars on every land and sea
Who come to prove a legend and to set a monarch free.



..Exchange..

Ambrose V. Aylward, '30

While we are at present allied with that class of publications whose appearance is a monthly event, we have been seriously considering of late the relative advantages and disadvantages accruing to the monthly and quarterly plans of production. Numerically, the monthly plan still predominates among our fellow editors, but looking backward we observe that a gradual, yet consistent, metamorphose has considerably depleted the ranks. If the past is to be considered indicative of the future, it would seem that the little monthly is to be forced into oblivion. Why?

We find invariably in collegiate organs of expression, a statement of purpose, which extracted from all publications and considered generally, may be subdivided into two principles. The first objective, is the literary advancement and encouragement of the student body, and the second seeks to definitely secure unity of potential grads with those who have in bygone years inhabited the realms of hallowed walls and ivy covered dormitories. It appears, therefore, that the publication which best accomplishes this two fold purpose, regardless of its temporal plan of output, is representatively best fitted. Which does?

Both in monthly and quarterly magazines we find departmental division, and judging their relative merits in this regard, we find little to differentiate them. The quarterly, however, is perhaps more complete in that it affords greater room for expansion.

But, considering accomplishments from a purely literary standpoint, we feel inclined to award the diadem to the quarterly. We observe therein a better treatment of poetry, the short story and the essay.

Short story writing and essay writing for the collegiate magazine is truly an art, by reason of the fact that there necessarily must be a certain amount of compression in the work. This is particularly true of the monthly, and for that reason we find many stories which are evidently cramped—seemingly cut to such an extent that the style and

plot suffer and all that remain are words and punctuation. We find in monthlies a treatment of some scientific or moral question which leaves us high and dry with nothing definitely accomplished; an essay to which numerous objections might be proposed, simply because the author felt himself to be specifically limited in space and endeavored to treat his subject matter as adequately as possible under the handicap. We find other monthly magazines in which staff writers contribute everything except the advertising slogans.

The quarterly magazine appears to supply a remedy for all these shortcomings. We have, for instance, "The Chimes" of Cathedral College, a quarterly magazine of considerable merit. We read "The Poet" and we can visualize this man among men, looking down with consummate patience upon those "men of brawn" who sneer at him. "The Poet" exemplifies poetry as it should be, as opposed to those spotty, too-brief efforts we so often find. Assuming that the foundations of Catholicism in this country had been but lightly considered by us heretofore, "The First Bishop in America" by reason of content and treatment would be more than sufficient to arouse our interest. Likewise meritorious was "A Catholic Influence." It is a pleasure to find within collegiate covers, two characters as truly drawn as those who function in "The Undertaker's Domain" and "Phillip Oswald's Tale." Both are cleverly depicted, and their inclusion under one cover invites a contrast which is mutually beneficial. The "Book Chat" is deserving of commendation. It is one thing to appreciate a book and quite another to review it in such a way as to arouse the interest of another man.

We found an interesting treatment of the "bugaboo of Popery" in the "Purple and Gold," the quarterly of St. Michael's College, under the title "Whisperings of the Past." This discussion of the influence of the Pope was very skillfully handled. The biographer who offered "The Life and Problems of Bishop de Goesbriand" did his work well and we sincerely look forward to his promised continuation of the story of this great character. If this had not been sufficient to cause us to look forward to forthcoming issues of the "Purple and Gold" the short stories "The Desert Rat" and "Peter's Personality" would have determined our attitude with absolute certainty.

St. George's College sends us from Kingston, Jamaica, the "Blue and White" quarterly which makes our color scheme for the month complete. This issue contains several worth while short story en-

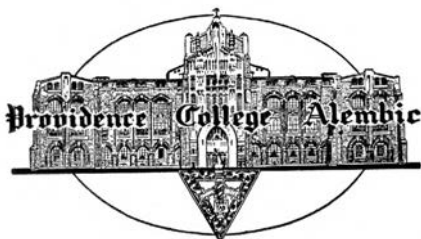
deavors, together with numerous essays and a goodly assortment of poetry. While "The Girl Bandit" could profitably have been more polished, yet it held our interest throughout. "Movies at Home" must have been written from self-accumulated data, for only the man who knows and knows he knows could have so nicely treated so delicate a subject. The poem "Contentment" deserves—well, judge for yourself:

"Why seek life's perishable gems,
Why crave a tainted glory?
Seek rather heavenly diadems
Than wreaths with sorrows gory."

"A Vagabond King" reigning in the pages of the quarterly "Ethos" of Emmanuel College, amply repaid us for the time spent in the reading. At the conclusion, a feeling of depression was inevitable. The "Bostonia" and the "Scrip and Scrippage" departments were more than interesting. We are left wondering why the editors have limited the activities of the exchange department to the mere acknowledgment of publications received. Loud and reverberating cheers for "Canon Sheehan and the Irish Cause."

"The Psycho-Religious in Modern Fiction" as considered in "The Trinity College Record" splendidly treats literature from a viewpoint which has recently been demanding more and more attention. We were deeply interested in this essay. "Three College Years" represents literature as it should be to conform with the ideas of the efficiency expert. Action—facts—more action—stop—still more action. "Making Good" and "The Voice of a Friend" were both superbly done, and the book review department constitutes a blessing to publishers.





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Editorials

Thomas J. Curley '29

We Are Growing

AN interesting tabulation may be made now that the Annual Catalog has been published. Many of us and very many of our "friends" are inclined to look upon Providence College as a "big brother" high school—and a local one at that. We present below a survey of the student body of the college for last year and this year.

	1927-1928	1928-1929
Connecticut	26	39
District of Columbia	1	1
Illinois	6	10
Iowa		1
Kentucky	2	1
Maine	3	5
Maryland		1
Massachusetts	96	130
Michigan	2	3
Minnesota		4
Missouri	2	
Nebraska	2	1
New Hampshire	3	3
New Jersey	15	15
New York	25	31
Ohio	6	7
Ontario, Canada	2	2
Pennsylvania		5
South Dakota		1
Vermont	2	
Wisconsin	1	1
Rhode Island	375	428

Feeling "Blue"?

IT is a feeling everyone at some time or another experiences; of which many solutions are offered for its eradication; in which song-writers find a popular subject for their lyrics. What is it? We call it despondency or the "blues" and it attaches itself to us, clings, becomes a part of us. It may persist for a little while or for a longer time. It is a private problem—to be solved by ourselves alone. No one can aid us directly. To cast it off means an effort on our own part or else we fall back through the successive stages of discouragement, loss of ambition, and failure. Unless we find ourselves fortified for combat when Pessimism strikes us, when Failure stalks our path we are unable to cope with it and are sure to succumb.

At this time of the year practically every periodical makes reference to a statesman whose nature overshadows even his political qualities. Lincoln, born of the people, raised up for his time, an original conception in the man.

In all the fields of youth's natural endeavor Lincoln experienced set-backs. In business, he lost past, present, and much of his future earnings because of an incapable partner. In public life he was repudiated at the polls in his attempt to secure membership in the Illinois legislature. Again, in love he lost the woman he loved when Death called her.

In later life when he again sought political office as a Congressman he was badly defeated. He was unsuccessful even in his application for a position in the United States Land Office. As a candidate for Senator defeat met him once more. In 1856 he lost in the election for Vice-President and in 1858 he was defeated by Douglas in the senatorial race.

Undaunted by his failures, still hopeful, the capable courageous Lincoln persisted in his earnestness and determination. Today he is a majestic character on the page of history. We see his likeness in bronze, in marble, on parchment, on canvas. Enshrined in the hearts

of his countrymen he will live forever in memory. He had touched every rung of the human ladder—he had met the reverses and slipped into the pitfalls of Life. Yet he reached the top—he became successful.

Some might say that reference to Lincoln is tiresome. Perhaps the lessons to be taken from his character are made less effective because of frequent repetition. May we not, however, ponder upon only one of his characteristics—that of "Stick-to-it-tiveness." It made Lincoln a success—a man. Mayhaps it will do the same for us.





Chronicle

Francis E. Greene, '29

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE DEBATING SOCIETY

The final debate of the first semester was held in the college auditorium on Friday evening, January 4th. An enthusiastic audience voted the negative team to victory in a five to four ratio, thus sending an affirmative team down to defeat for the first time.

The subject, the importance of which was stressed during the recent presidential campaign was not strange to the audience, and all joined in the general discussion which followed the debate.

The question discussed was: "Resolved, That the Federal and State Governments should retain ownership and control of all Water Power of the nation under their present Jurisdiction." Thomas Dodd, '30; T. J. Murphy, '30, and J. J. Egan, '30, successfully opposed the resolution, while James McGuirk, '30; Joseph McGough '30, and William Cotter, '30, formed the affirmative team.

During the first semester, the society held six debates, at which the following resolutions were adopted by the audience: (1) That the McNary-Haugen Federal Farm Board and Surplus Control Bill should be adopted; (2) That the Federal Government should assume responsibility for the flood control of the lower Mississippi, and should pay the cost (3) That the United States Government should adopt the policy of subsidizing the Merchant Marine; (4) That the present policy to extend the governmental restriction of individual liberty should be condemned; (5) That in a democracy, the cabinet form of government is preferred to the presidential form of government; (6) That the

Federal and State Government should not retain ownership and control of all Water Power under their present jurisdiction.

We make no comparison of the speakers, but we merely record the names of men who have been on the winning team in all their debates: Ralph Daniels, '30 (2); Leo Hafey, '30 (2); Robert Smith, '30 (2); Thomas Dodd, '30 (2); Ambrose Aylward, '30 (2); Eugene Moreau, '30 (1); Frank Martin, '30 (1); James McGovern, '30 (1). We wish these men success in preserving their records, and we believe it will take real debating to send the teams on which they appear down to defeat.

The society officers are: Moderator, Rev. B. A. McLaughlin, O.P.; President, Ralph Daniels, '30; Vice-President, Ambrose Aylward, '30;

HOLY CROSS GAME The Holy Cross-Providence College game attracted a large gathering of students and friends of both colleges. It was the first time many of the spectators had seen a Providence team defeat the Purple; for the other occasion was in Worcester two weeks previously. The crowd was very enthusiastic, applauding both teams continuously. Johnny Krieger, forward on the Dominican five, received a fine ovation for his work.

This is not the athletic department, but we cannot fail to express complete satisfaction at the decisive victory scored by our boys at the State Armory, February 2nd. The score, 35-21, indicates imperfectly our unquestionable supremacy on the court.

Many members of the faculty, city officials, and leaders in city and state affairs were numbered among the enthusiastic supporters of one or the other team.

THE EXAMINATIONS Once more the examinations have come and seen, but it was we (all but twenty) who conquered and retained our threatened places. It is interesting to note that no member of any society was among the twenty former Providence students; it is sad to note that six were athletes. The large Freshman Class lost only thirteen members, a new low record here ;and we venture the opinion that all thirteen would still be with us, if the mere acclimating of themselves had not been difficult. The number of conditioned students (some two hundred and fifty) suggests that more

than jokes will be "cracked" during the present semester; it may mean also a few more books for the library (multiply conditions by \$2.00).

The results among the surviving members of the various classes are colored by the students' experience at Providence: The Freshmen are still dazed; the Sophomores, who looked for a repetition of last year's nerve-racking affliction, were not disappointed; the so-called "jolly" Juniors are slowly recovering their jollity; but not so gracefully; The Seniors have heaved their deep sighs and look relieved.

THE AQUINO LITERARY CLUB
 President Victor Gabriele and Moderator Father Della Penta announce that a Club mixer will be held on Friday, February 15th, in the college gymnasium. Suitable music and entertainment are promised, and an evening of pleasure and acquaintance-making is to be expected. Few details have been divulged to the students who are not members, but our knowledge of the enthusiasm and ability of the Club members makes us rather envious of those who will be fortunate enough to be present.

THE PYRAMID PLAYERS
 If you see young men walking around the college building talking to themselves and staring vacantly into space, do not be surprised; very probably they are members of the Pyramid Players Dramatic Society, memorizing parts for "The Valiant," "The Bishop's Candlesticks," or "Fennell," all of which, according to Moderator Father McLaughlin, will be presented in the College Auditorium in the near future.

SOPHOMORE HOP
 The annual Sophomore Hop will be held in the College Auditorium on Monday evening, February 11th. The usual large gathering of students and friends is expected, and as it will be only two days before Ash Wednesday, all will plan to store up enough dancing and fun to last through the forty days plus Sundays. Surprises, in the form of favors and novelties, contest dances, and various forms of entertainment are promised by the committee composed of John Notte, Jr., Chairman; Francis Callahan, James Iraggi, William Lyons, Joseph Sharkey, and Irving Schaeffer.

JUNIOR PROM AND RINGS

The Juniors have ordered their rings, and they are ready to admit that they are by far the best rings ever selected by Providence College students. We refuse to be drawn into controversy, and we do admit that the samples seen by us were very attractive.

Already the Junior Class is working on its Junior Promenade. We have received no announcement or report of the extent of the activities, but rumor has it that the affair will take place in the college auditorium shortly after the Seniors' final examination; that makes April 25th a very probable date. So far as we know, no committee has been elected, the preliminary investigation and planning having been carried on by the class officers.

SENIOR BANQUET

From present indications we should say that the annual Senior Banquet will be held some time during the month of February. There is every reason to believe that all members of the class will turn out. No information thus far received reveals the name of the place where the banquet will be held, but it is very probable that affair will be waged in some state road establishment.

MUSIC CLUBS

The Providence College Orchestra is on the air again, this time from Station WEAN, the Shepard Store Station; concerts are given every Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 P. M. Because of the many calls for their services, it was thought that broadcasting would be impossible, but the afternoon arrangement has proved satisfactory and we are promised this weekly pleasure for the several months to come. Letters have been received in cargo lots; all the old fans, together with newly-made friends, have written of their appreciation and further desires. It was very gratifying to Father Baezler and the members of the orchestra to receive encouragement from Joseph Dean, a local enthusiast, whose messages of good cheer have received special attention during the past seasons. Operators at the station marvel at his wonderful change of tone, the rapid succession of calls, and his varying tastes in the field of modern music.

The Glee Club is rehearsing faithfully, and President Dugas informs us that they will give several concerts in the near future. The large number of members and the high grade quality of their work prompt us to volunteer the opinion that this year's Glee Club will

make history. Rev. F. Jordan Baezler, O.P., Moderator, has expressed his pleasure at the progress made thus far, and he is extremely optimistic regarding the future.

THE
ADDITION

The opening of the new addition to Harkins Hall caused much pleasure as well as confusion. The new library has been well patronized, the classrooms minutely inspected, and experiments of all kinds have been performed in the new laboratories.

The Alembic office is now located at the east end of the addition, room 18. The former office has been added to the Dean's suite in Harkins Hall. The new arrangement affords the Dean much needed additional room; at the same time it affords the Alembic more comfortable and more exclusive quarters.

The formal dedication of the addition will be held on February 7th. In next month's issue of the Alembic, we will print a complete account of the ceremony.

HIGHLIGHTS
OF THE
FIRST SEMESTER

It is frequently remarked that in an institution in which there is a large non-resident student representation, there is a lack of extra-curricular activities. We omit from this summary the Debates which have been given previously, the incidental activities of the various societies (there are ten societies and clubs), and the athletic contests, although the last mentioned have occurred at an average of more than one per week. We confine our summary to the enumeration of the most outstanding events of the first semester.

September: Class of 1932 (largest class in the college history) entered; Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors return; five hundred Providence College men walk in Holy Name Parade; Football team organized; Tie-up appeared.

October: Classes organized; Moderator appointed; Tablet erected to the memory of Capt. "Chuck" Connors; Friars' dance held; Senior reception to Freshmen; First Basketball call; Alembic appears.

November: Sophomore-Freshman mixer held; Junior Pep Society organized; Providence College Debating Society organized, and debate held; Fall River Club election held; Lacordaire Debating So-

ciety organized and two debates held; Pyramid Players organized; Elmer reports to Tie-up.

December: Addition to Harkins Hall completed; Freshmen defeat Sophomores in Football; Athletic Banquet, sponsored by Seniors, held at K. of C. Hall; Junior Dance at La Salle Academy; Alumni Ball in new Auditorium; Fall River Club dance in Anawan Hall, Fall River; New Haven Club dance at Beaver Hills Club, New Haven; Debates by Providence College and Lacordaire Societies (eight in all); Aquino Literary Club organized; Pyramid Players announce three one-act plays; Providence College Orchestra and Glee Club Organize; "Marty" Gibbons elected 1929 football captain; Seniors retain class football championship; Questionnaire circulated; Christmas vacation relieves strain. (Not a bad month).

January: Debates by Providence College and Lacordaire Societies; Broadcasts by Orchestra; Preparations for Junior and Sophomore dance committees; Mid-year examinations.

And so we conclude that we at Providence have quite a sufficient number of extra-curricular activities; too many, think we sometimes. If any one disagrees, let him conduct this department of the Alembic for a couple of months.





George P. Earnshaw, '29 — George B. McClellan, '29

'23. Charles J. Ashworth, who is practicing medicine in Providence, visited the College recently and exchanged greetings with his old friends.

'23. James J. Higgins is one of the busiest lawyers in Providence but often finds the opportunity to visit Harkins Hall.

'23. James A. O'Reilly has been appointed Town Solicitor for the Town of North Providence.

'24. Fred W. Heffernan was recently married in Providence.

'24. Justin P. McCarthy is studying at the Teachers College, Columbia.

'24. Arthur Famiglietti dropped in on the staff at the Alembic office recently. Art is a reporter on the staff of the Providence Journal.

'24. Francis J. McCabe has been appointed Deputy City Sargeant for Providence for 1929-30.

'25. William J. O'Donnell recently announced his engagement to Olive Johnson of East Providence.

'26. John J. Halloran is district manager of New Bedford, Mass. for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co.

'26. John J. Mulhern has accepted a position with the General Motors Co. at Boston, Mass.

'26. Daniel J. Sullivan was among those present at the annual dance of the Fall River Club. Dan is still among those of the alumni who are teaching.

'26. Edward J. McQuade and Francis V. Reynolds are among the busiest of neophyte lawyers. They are in the last stages of their legal training at Yale.

'26. Guido L. Cerilli has finished his course at the Teachers College, Columbia.

'26. Thomas J. McAleer is working for his masters degree at Fordham.

'26. Thomas H. Cullen was recently married. He is with the Western Electric Co. as a student manager.

'27. Frederick J. McGarry is night manager at the Western Union Telegraph, New Haven, Conn.

'27. Henry T. Kaveny is merchandise buyer for the Woolworth Co., New Haven, Conn.

'27. Francis J. McKenna is working with the Edison Co. at New York City.

'27. Raymond J. Doyle is a tobacco salesman in and about Pittsburgh, Penn. Ray is expected to go south with Williamsburgh in the Spring.

'27. James P. Morley, it is rumored, will be the manager of Woonsocket's new hotel now under construction.

'27. Maurice Crane, who is employed in the Commerce Department at Washington, is studying law at Georgetown Evening College.

'28. John F. Horrigan, our former G. M. C. representative, has been appointed manager of the Chevrolet Co. of New Bedford, Mass.

'28. Fred Smith is one of the engineers who are constructing the New North Station at Boston.

'28. Walter Dromgoole is working for the Outlet Company at Providence. He is an assistant buyer in the drapery department.

'28. Spencer Sullivan is one of our few financiers. He is working in a broker's office in Lowell, Mass.

'28. Edward McIsaac visited the college recently. Mac, you know, is studying at Baltimore.





PROVIDENCE VS. ST. JOHN'S
at Brooklyn, 1928.

For the second time in three years our crack basketball aggregation proved superior to our Brooklyn rivals when Coach McClellan's white and black tornado struck with full force on the St. John's College aggregation and blasted its hopes of winning the Eastern title. The final verdict was 32 to 30 in favor of our smart court outfit.

The game was by far one of the finest of the year, and the victory placed the Dominican colors in the first flight, inasmuch as the St. John's aggregation has since been undefeated in sixteen games. New York sports writers were unanimous in their praise of our quintet, several being so premature as to award us the palm symbolizing the college title.

Fine pass work featured the attack of the Providence hoopsters as they worked as a unit to insure the victory. Eddie Wineapple was high scorer of the evening, tallying fifteen points during the hectic fray. Playing a hard and rough game in the final minutes of the second period the Brooklynites tried hard to overcome the Dominicans lead, but Coach McClellan's aggregation managed to maintain its two point advantage till the finish.

PROVIDENCE				ST. JOHN'S			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
Krieger, f	3	1	7	(Capt.) Collins, f	6	6	18
McCue, f	1	2	4	Kinsbrunner, g	0	0	0
Gainor, f	0	0	0	Posnack, c	1	1	3
(Capt.) Wheeler, c	1	2	4	Hinchcliffe, f	0	2	2
Szyola, g	1	0	2	Gerson, g	0	1	1
Wineapple, g	6	3	15		—	—	—
	—	—	—		20	10	30
	12	8	32				

PROVIDENCE VS. EAST STROUDSBURG

at Pennsylvania, 1928.

One Plus Four Equals Five

Coach McClellan's pennant buzzing Dominicans clinked off their fifth successive win at the expense of the State Teachers College by trampling them into the mire of defeat 45-31. Those who aspire for Cum Laude at Providence College played a snappy game throughout.

Captain Larry Wheeler stringy centre man, who towers over the six feet mark minus his shoes, and who confesses an ardent love for beautiful motion picture actresses, led the straight shooting Dominican basket corps in points accumulated by tallying sixteen. Most of his shots were of the sensational order. Eddie Wineapple continued his regime at the apex of eastern collegiate scorers by hitting the counting station ten times.

It would be difficult to enumerate the various phases of the game. Suffice it to say, the Dominicans had their shooting togs on. The result—Win No. 5.

PROVIDENCE			TEACHERS		
	FB	FP Total		FB	FP Total
Krieger, f	6	1 13	Rundle, f	3	1 7
Gainor, f	0	0 0	Price, f	3	3 9
McCue, f	2	1 5	Sutin, f	5	0 10
McGovern, f	0	0 0	Esore, c	0	2 2
Wheeler, c	7	2 16	Zimmerman, g	1	0 2
Wineapple, g	4	2 10	Reese, g	0	1 1
Cooley, g	0	0 0			
Welch, g	0	0 0		12	7 31
Szydla, g	0	1 1			
	19	7 45			

PROVIDENCE VS. ST. THOMAS

at Pennsylvania, 1928.

The Swan Song.

Providence slipped for the first time this season on the icy path to victory at Philadelphia when a strong St Thomas quintet jolted them loose from a five game winning streak by a score of 28-23. The game, as indicated by the score, was close throughout.

The game was the third in successive nights and McClellan's troupe clearly showed the effects of the gruelling traveling concurrent with the New York-Pennsylvania trip by appearing tired and haggard looking. As a result they were unable to pull one of their now famous belated rallies to ease through a victor.

St. Thomas has yet to be defeated, and numbered among the victims is the Big Green team of Dartmouth. They played brilliant ball against the Dominicans throughout. Stan Szydla, Harry Wheeler, and Bill McCue played a splendid game for Providence.

The score:

PROVIDENCE				ST. THOMAS			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
Krieger, l f	3	5	11	Kelly, lf	3	1	7
McCue, rf	1	2	4	Edwards, rf	3	5	11
Welch, rf	0	0	0	Whall, c	1	1	3
Szydla, rg	0	2	2	Zinder, rg	1	1	3
Wineapple, g	2	0	4	Flanagan	0	0	0
Wheeler, c	0	2	2		—	—	—
	6	11	23		10	6	28

PROVIDENCE VS. COAST GUARDS

at New London, 1929,

Smuggling a Win Past the Coast Guards.

A comfortable lead amassed in the early stages of the game was a factor in the varsity's 43-34 win over the Coast Guards in their annual ribbed court tilt. Those who wear the habiliments of P. C. hit the counting station for seventeen points in the first ten minutes of the game and then settled back to a time killing game. The sailors made a determined effort to overcome the lead, but their rally was swept away in a blaze of fantasy when Coach McClellan unleashed his black and white tornado and permitted them to roll up points.

Eddie Wineapple was a big feature in the glory confirmations of the evening by netting himself the very generous collection of twenty-one points. His work was of the sensational type throughout the game. Bill McCue, slim, lithe, sinewy portside merchant, also claimed the spotlight by grabbing off nine points during the course of the evening. Captain Wheeler as usual shone with a brilliant exhibition of floorwork.

The score:

PROVIDENCE				COAST GUARD			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
McCue, f	4	1	9	Maloney, f	4	1	9
Gainor, f	0	0	0	Harding, f	2	0	4
Krieger, f	1	3	5	Sinton, f	1	1	3
Wheeler, c	2	2	6	Wendland, c	3	4	10
Szydla, c	1	0	2	Fahey, g	0	0	0
Wineapple, g	8	5	20	Hermance, g	0	2	2
	32	10	43	Roland, g	3	0	6
					13	8	24

PROVIDENCE VS. SPRINGFIELD

at Springfield, 1929.

Just Rolling Along.

Perfect teamplay, opportune goal shooting, and a determination to win combined harmoniously in a powerful Dominican speed unit to permit our varsity to wrest a 25-21 victory from Springfield in a battle replete with thrills. The win, incidentally, marked the first time that the future gym teachers have been beaten on their home court in five years, and the first time that a Providence quintet ever slappd a label of defeat on a similar Springfield aggregation.

As was remarked before it was not "per accidens" that gave our team the victory but the three pre-requisites stated above. Captain Wheeler and his white and black garbed henchmen played one of the fastest games of the year, and continually had the crowd cheering as the ball went shooting from player to player with bullet-like precision. In addition to leading the scorers with seven points, Captain Wheeler was brilliant in every respect. Bill McCue and Chick Gainor were other Dominican luminaries.

The win atoned for the severe setback the Dominican forces encountered last year in their battle with Springfield. The latter outfit was plenty good in this year's affray also, but the only part of their makeup that outshone P. C. was the color of their suits.

PROVIDENCE				SPRINGFIELD			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
McCue, f	1	1	3	Duncan, f	2	0	4
Krieger, f	1	4	6	Becker, f	0	1	1
Wheeler, c	3	1	7	Gustafson, f	1	0	2
Szydia, g	0	0	0	Ackerman, f	2	4	8
Gainor, g	2	1	5	Shirey, c	1	0	2
Wineapple, g	1	2	4	Cameron, c	0	1	1
	—	—	—	Cook, g	1	1	3
	16	9	25	Geeseman, g	0	0	0
					7	7	21

PROVIDENCE VS. CLARK

at Worcester, 1929.

No Trouble at All.

Uncanny goal shooting by Eddie Wineapple, left handed ribbed court ace of the Dominican striped whirlwind, was a prominent feature in the annual court victory over Clark University at the later's bailiwick. The final tally sheet showed a net collection of fifty-one points for our varsity and twenty-eight for Clark.

Wineapple, who claims the distinction of being the only left hander in captivity to take soup with his right hand, clipped in twenty-four points. Many of his shots were of the difficult order. The win was the eighth of the year for Al McClellan's protege's in nine starts. Krieger, our forward was runner-up in scoring.

The lop-sided score gave our midget coach the opportunity of shunting most of the rookies in the lineup. Incidentally everyone showed enough class to warrant further consideration. McGovern played a stellar defensive game for the short period that he performed.

PROVIDENCE				CLARK			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
Gainor, f	1	0	2	O'Neil, f	0	0	0
McCue, f	0	0	0	Amsden, f	0	0	0
Welch, f	0	0	0	Poppie, f	1	1	2
Krieger, f	6	5	17	Whitman, c	2	2	6
Cooley, c	0	2	2	Nichol, g	0	1	1
Wheeler, c	2	0	4	Shannahan, g	5	3	13
McGovern, g	0	0	0	Mattson, g	2	1	5
Szydla, g	1	0	2		—	—	—
Danjan, g	0	0	0		10	8	28
Wineapple, c	10	4	24				
	—	—	—				
	20	11	51				

PROVIDENCE VS. HOLY CROSS

at Worcester, 1928.

Crushing the Crusaders

Unleashing a savage attack that was not to be denied, the Dominicans continued their tactics for eastern collegiate basketball honors by riding roughshod over the purple mantled Holy Cross quintet and crushing them 35-28. The victory marked the ninth of the season for Captain Wheeler's mates in ten starts. Truly a remarkable record in view of the fact that every game has been played on a foreign court.

The game was perhaps one of the roughest in which the white and black whirlwind ever participated. Despite the gruelling that the Dominicans took, however, they still possessed enough stamina at the close to come through and send the school colors to victorious heights by caging sensational hawkers.

For the winners every man played excellent basketball. Eddie Wineapple in particular was a shining light by virtue of his spectacular goal shooting. Eddie, claiming the leadership of the eastern scorers, accumulated fifteen points ere he called it an evening. Larry Wheeler and Krieger as usual contributed a splendid floor game. The win

marked the first ever registered by a Providence team over a Holy Cross athletic outfit.

PROVIDENCE				HOLY CROSS			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
Krieger, f	3	7	13	Connors, f	3	1	7
McCue, f	0	1	1	Morris, f	4	2	10
Gainor, f	0	0	0	Sullivan, c	1	0	2
Wheeler, c	3	0	6	Brady, g	2	3	7
Wineapple, g	7	1	15	Clancy, g	1	0	2
Szydla, g	0	0	0	Farrell, g	0	0	0
	<u>16</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>35</u>		<u>11</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>28</u>

KRIEGER KRACKS

A HIGH POWERED BLACK AND WHITE TORNADO.

Upon a retrospection of the current basketball season we stumble on the highly interesting fact that the Clan McClellan, composed of five doughty stalwarts and an ample array of substitutes, have won nine games in their first ten starts. The victory niches include indentations in the scalps of Yale, Dartmouth, Holy Cross, St. John's, and several equally fast outfits. By virtue of the sensational rise to prowess the Dominican flag has been hoisted to prominent heights on the eastern collegiate basketball horizon. May the aforesaid flag reach the pinnacle of that horizon at the conclusion of the season.

ANENT THE MIGHTY "GEN" McCLELLAN

Those who have not had the good fortune to come into contact with basketball coach, "Gen" McClellan, have missed six feet-six inches of a captivating personality. Despite the fact that he confesses to wearing a size twelve shoe and has a penchant for wandering through five and ten cent stores, the Gen is undoubtedly the smartest basketball mentor in the east. The record of his team of this year and last attest to that fact. His small brown grip and two hundred and twenty pounds of bulk are familiar figures to the varsity men as he trundles over to La Salle each afternoon to put his henchmen through their paces. May his success be proportionate to his personality at all times.

??A BALD BASKETBALL TEAM??

It is with a certain feeling of regret that we announce that several members of the basketball team are losing their hair at an alarming rate. Captain Larry Wheeler, he of the curly locks, Stan Szydla, and Bill McCue are those to whom we have reference. It is understood

that the aforesaid members are using preparations to ward off the imminent tragedy with little success. We wonder what the team will look like if they are forced to enter a game sans "los cabellos." Truly it would be a ludicrous sight, but at the same time a sad one. Those having suggestions to combat the hair falling tactics are asked to submit them to the author of this column. On second thought perhaps it would be best to leave the hair fall out because the team could get added publicity from it. As far as we can learn there are no bald basketball teams in the country. Our would be the first, hence the publicity.

FRIVOLOUS FROSH

A green little freshman with limpid eyes, a cute twist to his saucy lips, and a generally debonair appearance, asked Johnny Farrell if the newly imported library tables were training tables for the successful basketball team. His obituary is in the making.

BASKETBALL CLASSES

It is a current rumor that Eddie Wineapple and Larry Wheeler have basketball classes in the eastside section of the city. From an authentic source we have learned the classes are not composed of young men, eager to learn the intricacies of the game, but rather of the opposite sex. Wheeler, with his convincing smile, and Wineapple with his athletic gait, are quoted as saying that teaching the fairer sex is much more pleasant than devoting time to unappreciate males.



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