

# Providence College Alembic

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## **John Bannister Tabb**

He writes with words of glass  
His poems miniature:  
Through them his fancies pass,  
Prismatic to endure.

*Carroll Hickey, '30.*

# The Song of Judgment

Edward E. Carlson, '32

## I.

THE "Dies Irae" is a hymn unsurpassed in its universal appeal to the hearts of men. The external beauties it possesses as a poetical composition, in meter and style, and the internal perfections it has as a subject interesting to all mortals, have rendered it common property. Rarely has any composition obtained as firm a grip on the affections of both highly intellectual and ordinary people. On account of the infrequency of its errors and the number of its embellishments, it commands the attention of the critical, because of its delicate metrical charm and powerful theme, it finds a welcome among the uncritical.

The first external beauty of the funeral sequence is its form and meter. As it appears in the Dominican and Roman missals, it consists of fifty-seven trochaic verses each containing eight syllables. The initial seventeen stanzas are triplets with double rhyme; the one remaining stanza of six lines is made up of two rhymed couplets, and two verses of seven syllables, having not rhyme, but assonance. To a person who has read the hymn, or heard it sung, it is needless to state that its meter is more than well adapted to the subject.

The second external beauty of the "Dies Irae" is the excellent style in which it is dressed. Alliteration is used with happy effect, as in the first and second lines, and in the first verse of the second stanza. In not many phases of any poem is there as beautiful a cadence as in

"Tuba miram spargens sonum,"

where the accent falls each time on a different vowel. Tennyson's interpretative use and contrast of the vowel and consonant values in his verses:

“Dry clash’d his harness in the icy caves  
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
 The bare black cliff clang’d round him, as he based  
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
 Sharp-smitten with the dent of armed heels—  
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,  
 And the long glories of the winter moon,”

are startlingly reactive on the reader.

Not more so, however, than the use of them in the following stanza:

“Quarens me, sedisti lassus,  
 Redemisti, crucem passus:  
 Tantus labor non sit cassus!”

The very subject of which the hymn treats is the first internal perfection of the hymn. Every man must some day die; must pass from this world and face an after-life. Every man, whether or not he believes it, must be judged by God and given an eternal reward or punishment. Hence, the theme of the poem will interest all. To the sinner, it will be terrible, but fascinating; to the good man it will yield meditations assisting him to perfect himself in this life.

As the other internal perfection of the sequence, we note the way in which the subject is treated. With profound lowliness—not crouching fear, but strong, virile humility—the author of the poem unfolds the dreadful future, and confidently begs eternal happiness of God. Though the scenes shift swiftly, they leave the reader or hearer deeply impressed. The first stanza mentions the great fire that will pass over the whole world. In the midst of the terror, “The Judge will come, our souls to try.” When the herald-angel blows his mighty trumpet, the dead will arise and appear before the Tribunal. Before the immovable Avenger, all things will be brought to light, and nothing wicked will go unpunished. The remaining verses are prayers for mercy on that day; the hymn closes with a petition for the salvation of the departed.

## II.

Because of its beauties and perfections, the “Dies Irae” has the distinction of being the most used hymn of Divine worship. In Masses on the Feast of All Souls, on the day of death or burial, and

in Requiem Masses when only one collect is said, this hymn is the sequence, and must be read. Its use when the Holy Sacrifice is celebrated at other times for the faithful departed is optional.

Several scholars, thinking it incongruous that the authorship of such a much-used sequence should be unknown, have inquired diligently into its origin. Some would have it written by Gregory the Great, who died in 604; others vehemently assert it is the work of Haemmerlein, who passed from this life in 1457. In fact, there were eleven names involved in the altercation. No one has ever found the solution of this difficult problem in hymnology; but it is now conjectured and generally believed that the writer was a Franciscan monk of the thirteenth century, Thomas Celano.

Despite the frequent use that is made of this "Dies Irae," and the unending discussions that have gone on about it, there are few varying readings of the text. In the accepted modern printing, there are only two note-worthy differences from the Paris Missal, a one-time authority on hymns and prayers. In this, the line "Teste David cum Sibylla," did not appear; and "Qui Mariam," in stanza thirteen is replaced by "Peccatricem." The "Mantuan Marble," which once existed in the Church of Saint Francis Assisi, at Mantua, prefixes four triplets to the Missal text, omits the sixteenth stanza, and has a peculiar ending:

"Censors ut beatitatis  
Vivam cum justificatis  
In aevum aeternitatis."

From the style of the extra verses it is clear that they are not from the writings of Thomas Celano. The "Haemmerlein Code," found in the latter part of the fifteenth century among the papers of Felix Haemmerlein, a priest of Zurich, prolongs the hymn at the end by seventeen lines. But these additions detract from the strength and beauty of the original, and ought not be considered a part of it.

### III.

Long ago, the widespread admiration for the "Dies Irae" inspired men, and, more recently, women, to try to express the beautiful sequence in their own languages. Thus, there were translations made into the vernacular of every country where Christianity was strong. The hymn seems to have appealed to the English and German nations

more than to others and in consequence, there are more renderings in these tongues. Over a hundred Teutonic versions have been made; two hundred fifty interpretations have been printed in America and the United Kingdom. Several American poets have written two or more translations; in fact, one man, much to his discredit, we think, has published thirteen.

Men of the past three centuries, in all walks of life, and of every Christian denomination have striven, with more or less success, to translate it. As one writer says, "nearly every profession and rank has added to the list of translators; and besides clergy of every degree, from a Protestant Archbishop to a Catholic religious; men of letters and newspaper editors; politicians and lawyers; private gentleman and peers; a general officer, several medical men, and at least three ladies have undertaken the almost hopeless task. . . . A member of the Society of Friends has made one version; and at least one born Socinian another. Lutherans and Calvinists equally have attempted its translation. Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians have rendered it into their mother tongue. Irish Orangemen, Scotch Kirk ministers, English Non-conformists, Anglicans—High, Low, and Broad Church alike—have done themselves honor by making the same efforts. And many Catholics have translated their own sublime prose."

As different and various as the men who created them are the English versions of the "Dies Irae." Some are paraphrases, some are translations properly so-called. Some are not worth the reading; others have the qualities that merit for them the titles of true poems. In conclusion to this article we will give the paraphrases of Sir Walter Scott, 1805; of Lord Macaulay, 1826; and of Dean Arthur Stanley, 1868. The following stanza is the first of the fragmentary version of the great Scotch novelist:—

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day  
When Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay,  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?"

Lord Macaulay has this for the third triplet:—

"Hark, to the great trumpet's tones,  
Pealing over the place of bones;  
Hark, it waketh from their bed

All the nations of the dead—  
In a countless throng to meet  
At the eternal judgment seat.”

Thus Dean Stanley renders the thirteenth stanza:—

“Thou, who bad'st the sinner cease  
From her tears, and go in peace—  
Thou, who to the dying thief  
Spakest pardon and relief—  
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,  
E'en to me, the hope of Heaven.”

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### Barometer

Be thy weather fair or foul,  
Joyful, sad, or commonplace:  
Friends can read thy hidden soul,  
Registered upon thy face.

*Carroll Hickey, '30.*

## It May Be So

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*Thomas A. Dugan, '32*

THINGS were quiet in the city room of the "World." It was two-thirty o'clock in the morning, and the paper, which would appear on the streets in an hour, had been sent through. The various men, as if loathe to leave the place, were scattered about the room, smoking a final cigarette before leaving for their dingy hall bedrooms, and a few hours sleep.

The "rag," so-called by its slaving writers, had been running a sensational murder story in the last few issues, and interest, about the office, was tense. It was a cleverly executed murder, and the total absence of clues completely baffled the police. In fact all the details had not been revealed, and the thing as a whole threatened to assume proportions of horror and sordidness never before witnessed. Speculation, as to motive, method, culprits, and the many other things which accompany murders, was rife among the men, and women, who were covering it for the sheet.

"Slim" Warner, as he was called by his colleagues, had been the star crime man of the "World" for years; and in those years he had acquired a knowledge of crime and its workings which placed him among the foremost criminologists of the country, and elevated him to a position on the paper, that of times, as it appeared, exceeded that of the editor in power. Necessarily, Warner was envied, not a little by his colleagues, and his friendship was considered as the peak of social, and often, political success.

I had joined the paper several months before in an effort to get close up, as it were, to my idol. I had heard of Warner; had read his stories feverishly, and as a youthful aspirant in the same field, worshipped him as a god. His friendship to me did not mean



the epitome of social success or distinction, for, green as I was, I knew that no such thing existed in the newspaper world. But rather it meant help, encouragement, and inspiration, and, as I hoped, ultimately success. And so on this particular morning of which I have already spoken, I stood somewhat in the background, and allowed my fellow reporters to do the lionizing and slapping on the back. I knew that I could express my enthusiasm and admiration, in different and far better ways, which, I was sure, would be more appreciated by the quiet Warner.

The rumbling of the presses had ceased, and outside, the coughing of the motor trucks told us that the great, damp stacks of early morning editions were being dispatched to the various points of distribution throughout the city; it also told us that our day was done—it was time to go home.

Warner fell in with me on my way down the stairs, and placing his hand on my shoulder, he suggested that we have a cup of coffee and a snack, before retiring to our respective billets. Only too eager to be seen with him, I agreed, and with Warner still leaning confidentially toward me, we set out for the Press Club. We selected a corner table, and after having placed our order, settled down to smoke the Lucky Strike of peace.

His cigarette glowing, Warner leaned back in his chair, and with a twinkle in his eye, asked, "Well, how is the newspaper racket going, son?"

"Why, fine, thanks, I like it immensely."

"That's splendid. But remember the cub days are the happy days. To be trite, the worst is yet to come."

"Ah! How well I remember my own cub days. It was just one mad whirl of romance and adventure to me,—hmn—a wide eyed kid from a "tank" town in Iowa. Yes, just a willing kid who didn't know when he had enough. And many a wild adventure I had, too, in those days. I will never forget them."

"There is one in particular I would like to recall. It appears quite humorous now, but at the time I thought surely my time had come."

"It seems that an old chap, a recluse, had been murdered at his place up in White Plains. I was with the 'Tribune' at the time,

and I was subbing for Keeley, the star man. Keeley had been at the scene a couple of days, shooting through such dope as there was for the case was particularly perplexing. Well, anyway, Keeley got sick of it and came back to town for a rest, and ever anxious to make particular fools of themselves, the staff suggested that I be sent up. After some argument I was, and was told to stay there until I got a story. I got into the town, about six-thirty, I guess, of a late November night. It was raw, and there was a hint of rain in the air, and naturally, it was as black as pitch.

"I hadn't the slightest idea where the house was located, nor did I know the name of the murdered man. However, a little judicious questioning of the station master revealed to me the fact that the house was located on the outskirts of the town, to the west. After a numbing walk of every street and road in town, I finally located my destination, and, horror of horrors, my abode for the night.

"It had started to rain by this time, and a chill wind rattled and creaked its way through the stark limbs of the great oaks that lined the drive. The house, itself, was rambling, and its dark windows stared out at me like great reproachful eyes. They fairly seemed to shriek, 'Run, run for your life, for if you enter here you're doomed.' With an audible groan at my obedience to pride, I started up the walk.

"My fingers were clammy and clung to the key, which Keeley had given me, and fine beads of perspiration, despite the chill of the night, stood out on my not ignoble brow. It required physical effort to ascend the stone steps, and a masterly execution of will to insert the key in the door. As it grated open, the damp, misty odor of a house long shut up, struck me full in my, now freely perspiring face—it almost knocked me down. Dragging one leg after the other, I crossed the threshold and closed the door behind me. Ye gods! I was knee deep in the Rubicon.

"After a wait of fully five minutes, I proceeded cautiously down the hall, which as I had been told, ran nearly the entire length of the building. The room where I was to spend my last few hours, as it seemed, was the third on the right, and was the room in which the murder had been committed! As the thought struck me, my scalp moved at least three inches, and my blood turned into water—I could go no further. As I swayed there in the darkness, my breath coming

in great sobs, and my heart madly pumping blood through my chilled body, I called myself every type of fool in creation, and swore by all the stars that if ever I returned from this, I would leave adventure and the newspaper game behind me, and open a grocery store.

"At last, I mustered enough courage to proceed on my way and, after much groping and feeling, finally placed my hand on the cold knob of the third door on the right. I turned it, and entered into a wall of blackness; I closed the door behind me, and once again I stood still. Having gained sufficient strength, I proceeded, and after much prodding and poking, my arms encircled a chair, and uttering a silent prayer I sank into it, and closed my eyes. I was there, and was to be there all night; I was safe for the present the story would come later . . . maybe.

"I remained in that inert position for perhaps fifteen minutes. Then suddenly some strange force, an indefinable something seemed to arouse me from my lethargy. It was a strange feeling and I cannot describe it to this day. It may have been instinct, intuition, premonition of danger, anything, but it was something that prompted me, made me stand up, and told me to remain standing.

"For a moment, I stood horrified. I could not understand this feeling. I wanted to shriek, run, do something—anything but remain standing. As I stood there, there gradually came a feeling, an oppressive feeling, that struck me full in the back of my head, and bored through and through. And then I realized what it meant, and as its full significance struck me the blood seemed to ooze from my body. Merciful Heavens! Someone was in the room with me!

"My tongue was like a piece of wood in my mouth, and my parched and dried lips were glued together. Outside, somewhere, a train whistled dismally, and a shutter in the rear of the house banged viciously in the wind. Then out of the darkness behind me a voice boomed out, 'What's the matter, kid, scared?'

"It was Keeley back from town."



# College Men as Tradesmen

---

*Charles C. Quirk, '30*

**T**HIS subject may, at first, seem quite out of place in a publication devoted to a more scholarly and aesthetic pursuit of literature. It is not my purpose, however, to advocate a great influx of college men into any one or other of the trades. Rather, it is but the expression of a desire on the part of a college man to place before his fellow collegians a few thoughts for consideration, in the hope that they may derive some material benefit from this discussion.

To many, the idea of a college man begrimed from contact with grease and dirt, his clothes distinctly not of college cut, his hands calloused and blistered, and his face streaked with perspiration, is absolutely abhorrent to their finer senses. They feel that a young man, wise in the knowledge and joy of the aesthetic and the intellectual, should find little happiness or satisfaction in gaining a livelihood by the actual "sweat of his brow." So-called high society and even a great majority of our middle class hold these same views. This attitude of mind may be attributed to the universal conception of the significance of a college diploma. Our fathers and mothers, near relatives and far, in fact, the public in general look upon us as embryonic doctors, lawyers, priests, or teachers. If we do not enter religion or any of these professions or fail to make a comfortable fortune in positions of dignity, we are considered failures and our education of no avail.

While the mind of the present generation does not admit full concurrence with this opinion, it, nevertheless, consciously or unconsciously, clings to the general idea that to enter college requires an ultimate entrance into the professional field. The result of this we

find today in the overcrowding of the professions. Everywhere the hue and cry goes up that there are too many lawyers, too many doctors. There is a veritable overflow of professional men, the greater part of whom are unable to eke out a decent living. Surely he is not receiving a remuneration that conforms to the higher living standards of this type of man or that compensates him for the years of sacrifice and study that he has made. Indeed as impartial observers of the present condition of affairs, we must admit that there seems to be an over-abundance of professional men. It might be well, therefore, to attempt to find the cause of this appalling condition. To do this, we must first turn toward the college student.

We find ourselves forced to admit that the majority of college students are in a quandary when they find themselves giving serious thought to their future occupations in life. Interrogated as to what he intends to do, at the completion of his college course, the average collegian will answer either that he does not know or that he guesses it will be one of the various professions. Unlike the undergraduate of a generation ago, who considered that the Bachelor's degree sufficed to give him all the education he would find necessary in his struggle toward success, the collegian of today feels the inadequacy of a college course. While he realizes the value of his college degree from a cultural standpoint, he nevertheless finds that to derive the greatest pecuniary compensation from his four years of study he must specialize in some one or other of the various fields of endeavor that lie open to the college graduate. This, no doubt, is the cause for the annual migration of great numbers of college men to the universities. It is not my purpose to discourage post-graduate work. No one can deny the absolute necessity of specialization. There is one element of this general desire for further knowledge, however, that seems slightly paradoxical, and we find ourselves asking a few questions. Is it that these hosts of young men are really motivated by an ardent desire to drink deeply at the fountains of learning so that they may fit themselves for their chosen life's work? Is it a futile attempt to satisfy the wishes of parents who feel that the professions are the criterions of success? Or, is it that false pride grips us all and forbids us to admit the only reason we are entering upon a profession is because we feel that menial labor is beneath us. If we are honest, the most of us will give either of the last two reasons as the actuating

cause of our intended university work. It is just this attitude of mind that is responsible for the present overcrowding of the professions.

After diagnosing the cause, it remains to suggest a remedy, and that which I offer is a sincere consideration of the advantages of the trades. We may consider these first, from the standpoint of the new dignity that the entrance of college men into the trades will lend to them; secondly, from a consideration of the financial return that may be derived by college men from the trades.

A college education is essentially the process of mental development, an acquisition of the faculty of logical thought, and an ability to make social contacts. If this then is the purpose of a college education, why cannot we apply these intellectual and social gifts to the field of labor as well as to that of law, medicine, or pedagogy. Why would it not be possible for college men to assume leadership in the field of labor, and influence it by their superior mental faculties just as they influence the professional field. There is no doubt but that the entrance of college men into the trades would, by the higher intellectuality and the application of those principles of logical reasoning and sound judgment which they have acquired in the years of college work, bring about a better understanding between Labor and Capital which are ever at odds. Strikes and other forms of impasses, by which the laborer strives to gain a living salary, would be less frequently resorted to if the heads of shops and labor unions were men whose knowledge of human nature and justice were coined from the sages of old. Especially would this be so in the case of the Catholic collegian, who would be able to bring about a return to Christian principles of labor as expounded in the Encyclicals of Pope Leo the Thirteenth. Of course, this is all highly idealistic in this modern period of monopoly and unfair competition, but, nevertheless, it is theoretically sound and demands consideration.

As to the financial consideration—we have often heard of professional men giving up their professions to become brick-layers and masons. There is a humorous aspect to this; but no one can deny that in some cases, the monetary return that accrues to the bricklayer or mason for a day's work is greater than that which compensates for the legal advice of many a lawyer which extends over a number of days; and a few days of brick laying is equivalent to the month's salary of many a teacher. Brick-laying is undertaken by such men, however,

merely as a go-between, a source of livelihood when law and teaching fail to supply them with the necessities of life. A college man upon entering a trade would give to it his entire energy realizing that it was to be his occupation in life. He would not be content to remain as a mere finished apprentice, but would eventually own and operate a business of his own. It is unnecessary to call attention to the fact that tradesmen are paid well. Everyone knows what a plumber, a carpenter, or a mechanic of any kind receives for his labors. This is especially true if one has received a bill from any one of these. Indeed the men of labor are well repaid for their efforts and their remunerations are consistent.

From a consideration of all these facts we must arrive at the conclusion that the trades are not to be scorned and that they might, in the case of many a college man, prove a fruitful outlet for his energies.

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### Chopin's Scherzi

*Jokes?*

Not in the roll of thunder,  
Not in the flash of flame,  
Not in his Poland's plunder!

*Jokes?*

In name!

*Carroll Hickey, '30.*

# Book Review

John F. Keough, '29

*"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."*

*Milton.*

The object of this column, which is new to the ALEMBIC, is the fostering of a love for reading and the guidance of readers to what is best in modern literature. It is the intention of the editors to present each month reviews of popular works, a discussion of modern literary problems, with perhaps an article concerning contemporary authors. Since good reading is so obviously an essential part of every college student's training, we trust this department will be of service.

## MODERN LITERATURE

Much has been said and will be said on the subject of Modern Literature. Its degeneracy has been decided by the lovers of the classics who felt that present-day writers do naught but violence to the noble art. Nevertheless, there is much in contemporary literature that is worthwhile, and to one who would keep abreast of the times, some knowledge of the books and authors of his own age is indispensable. Especially is this true of the college student who, as a beneficiary of educational advantages, is looked to for a knowledge of twentieth century culture, as well as that of the Victorian era. And so it behooves every booklover, every aspirant, to cultural prominence, to reserve a place on his reading schedule for the writers of modern literature. Perhaps it is superfluous to argue this side of the question. Indeed it may be more fitting to protest against the excessive reading of popular fiction. At least we should say that a reader's taste ought to



have stood the test of the classics before he approaches the realm of modern literature. For there is so much to be found therein that is foreign to good literature, so much that is of little or no literary value, that the reader should be discriminating. Many are addicted to the reading of the less worthy type of books, who would do better to refrain from reading altogether. Arguments proposed by such persons for their literary choice include superior style of writing and a frank expression of the age. Criticizing the former argument, Charles Dudley Warner says in substance, that when he finds a book to be of elegant style he seeks what is wrong about it. With regard to the second contention, another modern says of such writers that, "they imitate the age rather than express it." It is safe to say that a book lacking simplicity and decency is neither intellectually meritorious, nor morally good.

Having guarded against the extreme, let us return to the point of departure. Modern literature has its place. The test of time is not practical for students of this age and we shall read modern authors though they never become literary great. Lovers of the classics say there are none today to compare to Poe, Shelley, Swinburne, Keats, etc. In the next generation, their progeny will be mourning the fact that there is no one to replace Hardy, Conrad, Kilmer, or Robinson.

So the wisest course is the middle one. A wise choice of modern literature combined with a rich classical background should be the aim of the intelligent reader.

#### MR. BLUE—*By Myles Connolly*

(The Macmillan Co., N. Y.)

Men thought him crazy, but he had a sane philosophy of life that brought him nearer to happiness than any of his critics would ever go. Men thought him indolent and, apparently, he was, but he worked hard for the spiritual betterment of his fellow creatures.

Myles Connolly's hero is an engaging character who leaves his inspiring influence with you after you have closed the pages of this, his latest work! Connolly makes you feel a personal friend of this gay companion of his and you benefit by the friendship.

Mr. Blue secured himself a reputation for eccentricity by his determination to be himself. He spoke and acted as he felt, he in-

dulged his every whim and fancy as far as his scanty means allowed. He dissipated a fortune in the financing of imaginative ventures. He ruined his health and finally lost his life in an attempt to bring religion and a love of truth and beauty to the working classes.

He made his abode on the roof of a skyscraper to be nearer his beloved world of stars, where, with no disturbing influence, his imagination might run riot.

But Mr. Blue knew and loved beauty. He saw the Eternal Plan in all things. Nothing was commonplace or mean. Sinners were unfortunates to be assisted. He had sympathy for all, room in his heart for all. Though not an educated man, Mr. Blue had a philosophy that was beautiful. In one of his letters he says very beautifully: "Life gives you pretty much what you give it. She gives beauty to those who try to add to her beauty. She gives happiness to those who share their happiness with her. She gives even love to those who love her. Almost all of us have a capacity for being loved. But few of us have a capacity for loving."

In his latest venture Myles Connolly has given us a beautifully written story. Its dominant note is its spirituality. It is essentially a character study, but does not impress one as such, so lively is the narration. The conversation of the hero is gripping and inspiring. The effect of reading this book is one of spiritual elevation and mental rejuvenation.



# Something to Say

John C. Hanley, '29

## A PLEA FOR PROTECTION

*Wherein is set forth an Indictment against a certain Evil, a history of its flourishing Growth under a negligent student-body, a brief enumeration of lesser evils resulting therefrom and a modest Proposal for the Correction of same.*

Any close student of the vagaries of November weather will tell you that the best one may expect in this month is a head-cold; the worst, death from double pneumonia. Of all months November is most to be feared; and feared we think it is. But it is no more than feared. We find in our own circle no organized resistance to its forays. We find this despite the fact that Rhode Island yields most readily to the rigors of this season, and the added fact that all the treacherous breezes, all the stinging cold, all the blustery winds seem to concentrate their sternest forces in attack against the immediate confines of Providence College. The blasts from the Far North that exercise daily on our campus, the sudden gust that carries your hat heaven knows where, the gnawing gelidity that bites at your ears, these have been with us before and will be with us again. Now hat-chasing is an exciting and hilarious sport to watch, but those who have enacted the role of chaser on more than one occasion can assure you, gentlemen, that whatever pleasure attaches to it is experienced only by the spectator. Battle with winds from the Frigid Zone may have found an acceptable place in ancient Spartan training, but it can hardly meet the approval of our modern and less strenuous system.

Are we, then, who have suffered so in the past to greet the coming season with the same supine indifference? Are we to allow the toils of lassitude so to encumber us as to render ineffectual the

ennobled pioneering spirit that is our heritage? Or, are we, as doughty sons of valiant fathers, to take up the campaign before it is too late? Are we to fortify ourselves against the stern attack of November's legions? Are we to bow and tremble before the yoke of frigidity, or, being men, are we to oppose and suppress it.

When these questions are read (if they are) we feel certain that they will wake a response indicative of insuperable spirit. But we foresee, at the same time, that these expressions of progressive willingness will be accompanied by inquiries into the means and manner of opposing terrible November whose icy blasts are even now eagerly set to shake us with permanent ague. We will be asked how to combat these forces. And, to say the truth, we have an answer.

Let us build a wall around the campus. Let us build a high wall that will encompass our stronghold, a wall that will be our pride and our protection, a wall that will meet with superior strength the strongest of north winds, a wall that will banish forever the pestilential forces of Winter and preserve its builders in peaceful and contented salubrity.

Here, surely, is sufficient incentive. Should anyone, however, while accepting the principle of our proposal, feel constrained to deprecate the mechanics whereby it is to be effectuated, let him follow further.

Romulus built a wall having, perhaps, no other purpose than the attainment of an excuse for killing his brother. His motive is hardly commendable, yet he hesitated not before the labor of building. Should we, then, actuated by the strongest and noblest motives, hesitate to solicit funds for the erection of a wall? Contributions may not be forthcoming. Very well. Should we, then, hold ourselves aloof from honest labor when the Prime Minister of England shows no reluctance in posing for photographers, trowel in one hand, brick in the other and mortar close by?

These are questions, gentlemen, that should elicit your deepest sympathies. The answer to them is not to be expected from your lips. It is to be expected from your hearts and, if need be, from your hands. The answer will not be given until these hallowed stones snuggle comfortably in the shadow of "Turn-of-the-Decade Memorial Wall."

*J. C. Hanley, '29*

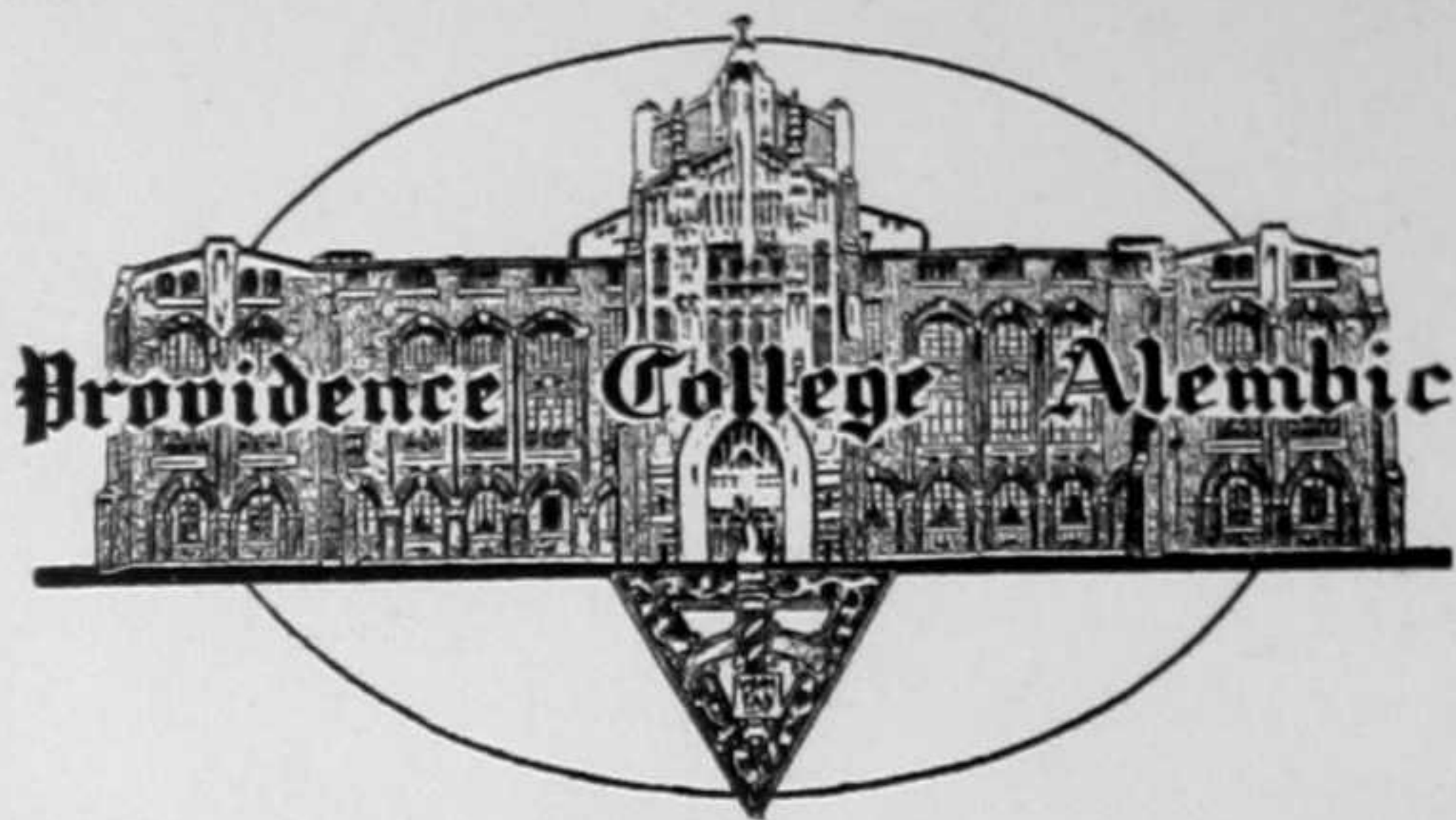
## **In Memoriam**

**CORNELIUS J. BROADY, '28**

October 12, 1928

The Angel of Death has again entered the ranks of our recent graduating class and carried away into Eternity one of our most beloved friends. Last June we saw him garbed in his academic robes advancing to receive from his Alma Mater the honors and the rewards of four years of earnest endeavor. On a recent autumnal day we saw him clothed in the mantle of Death being lowered into the sepulchre; his soul had gone to receive the glory and the honor of his true Alma Mater in the kingdom of his Father.

**REQUIESCAT IN PACE**



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## NOVEMBER 1918-1928

This Armistice Day, we shall recall the happenings of ten or more years ago—the awful realization that war had come—the hurried call to arms—the boys in khaki. We saw these heroes saying farewell for the last time to the maidens whom they loved; saying good-bye to dad, sis, or brother; holding mother, wife, and baby in one last fond embrace. We saw them depart.

To-day in America there are many vacant places in the hearts of those whose boys did not return from "Over There." Other heroes came home; those who were bereaved, cheered and wept. Their heroes slept in Flander's Fields; they prayed and wept silently in sorrow. Years have passed; yet the memory of dad, son, brother or husband lingers on. And when the Autumn time comes, and we celebrate the day on which the bloody contest was ended, the wound is opened again, tears flow and hearts are weary with anguish. The day is almost upon us. Have we nothing to look forward to except ourselves and our pleasures? Let us breathe a prayer for these departed souls; let us have a cheering thought, an encouraging word for these desolate souls of the living dead because, maybe one of them is your mother.

## DEO GRATIAS

I wonder how a prim Pilgrim of John Alden's day would react if he arrived in our New England on this Thanksgiving Day. Would he find the original Thanksgiving spirit? Have we preserved our heritage of 1621? I fear our Pilgrim friend would raise his hands in horror (a Pilgrim would do that; it is his expression of great disdain and amazement). Our alleged way of thanking God is so different from his that he would find no correlation at all.

In the times of our Pilgrim ancestry the day fundamentally and essentially connoted Prayer. These forerunners of our New England were honestly and sincerely thankful to the Almighty One for the numerous blessings they had received during that first severe Winter. Of necessity, also, the feast pertained to the harvest and consisted in an open, public thanksgiving for the gifts of the soil. Years went by; prosperity continued. And then, for the purpose of keeping alive the custom of Thanksgiving, a national proclamation made this public day of prayer, a holiday. Years went by; prosperity increased still more; and public prayer was substituted for by a festive board, a

boxing match, radio, and "early to bed." For most of us the concept of God as existing in our lives, daily, hourly, and momentarily has not entered our minds. Many of us pass the day in utter oblivion of the great blessings and favors He has bestowed upon us during the year. Modern life has time merely for the satiation of an avaricious appetite, or participation in a social pleasure. True, at the end of day we may think of God when we say our evening prayers. But that action is customary enough to be thoughtless, and for the most of us is a matter of cradle routine.

We should begin the day with a thought to God. He is the Author of all things, our Preserver and our Redeemer. He has given us life; He has preserved that life; He has made our people a great nation. As individuals of a powerful and richly-endowed country we are duty-bound to interpret our nation's Thanksgiving Day as a day of public prayer—an occasion for the lifting of our hearts and minds to God.

*Thomas J. Curley, '29.*





# Alumni

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

'24—William Beck is director of athletics at Holderness School, Plymouth, N. H., where he is doing fine work. Bill, by the way, is now a Benedict, having succumbed to the wiles of "Cupid" during the summer.

'24—William J. Connor, "Big Bill," is now a busy barrister out in California.

'24—Dick McCaffrey is teaching Mathematics at Central Falls High School, R. I.

'24—Jack O'Neil and family were interested spectators at the Army-Providence football game. Jack is associated with the Arrow Collar Company, of Troy, New York.

'25—"Tim" Sullivan welcomed the varsity eleven on its recent visit to Norwich. "Tim" is Professor of Journalism at Norwich University.

'25—Robert E. Curran, who has been studying Law at Fordham University, recently passed the New York State Bar Examination.

'25—Alban J. Ryder is teaching at La Salle Academy, Providence, R. I.

'26—Congratulations are due to "Bill" Griffin, who is the proud father of a baby boy. "Bill" is now completing his course in Law at Boston University.

'26—Among the Alumni members at the Army game were Tom Cullen and Art Earnshaw. Both are living in Newark, N. J., Tom being employed by the Grinnel Sprinkler Company, and Art being associated with the Western Electric Company.

'26—William J. O'Connor is at present associated with the Pawtucket Times, being a member of the reportorial staff.

'27—Edward H. Trainor, having recently passed the examination of the State Board of Medical Practitioners, is now practicing medicine in Pawtucket.

'27—John Murphy, captain of the football team in 1926, is coaching sports at the Monumit School at Pawling, N. Y. He is also a member of the faculty of that institution.

'27—Thomas H. Bride, Jr., is making quite a name for himself as a professional gridder in Boston while attending Harvard Law School. "Junie" is starring at quarterback for the Fitton Athletic Club, and according to all reports, promises to be an outstanding member of that team.

'28—John W. Murphy is studying for the priesthood at the American College, Louvain, Belgium.

'28—Charles Murphy is associated with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

'28—John H. F. O'Connell, former editor of the ALEMBIC, is teaching at La Salle Academy, Providence, R. I.

General—Medicine has attracted a number of Providence College men this fall, and the various universities find them enrolled. At Georgetown are James J. Flannagan, '23; John Vallone, '27; James P. and John F. Londergan, '28; Casimir J. Miga, '28. Johnny Streker, '28 and Anaclito Berrilo, '28, are at Jefferson. Samuel Serbst, '29, is at Loyola, Chicago.



# Exchange

Ambrose V. Aylward, '30

Incoming mail, during the past few weeks, has been so productive of collegiate publications that the editors of this department are rapidly becoming cosmopolites. But as yet we have ample parking space for many more vehicles of collegiate thought; and accordingly we reiterate our invitation of last month to those editors who, to date, have not despatched to us their publications.

## GREEN AND WHITE

From the Phillipine Islands, particularly from Manila, and more particularly from De La Salle College, comes the colorful official organ known as the "*Green and White*." This is one of the most interesting publications which it has been our pleasure to review. The quarterly issue, dated August, 1928, provided us with entertainment and enlightenment from the table of contents to the advertisements. The editorial "We Parry" is an admirable example of the frank, outspoken loyalty which should permeate the being of every college student who hears his institution assailed. We are anxiously waiting for the author of the "Trials and Tribulations of a Newspaperman" to write on the sunny side of that occupation, for his article is so convincingly gloomy that many aspirants, if not encouraged, may lose the faith. "Religion in Education," nicely and adequately treated a much discussed subject. The students of De La Salle are to be considered fortunate in that their magazine offers an efficient book reviewing department. We read with great interest the accounts of sporting activities at De La Salle, and we trust that your newly inaugurated baseball team will be successful.

## CANISIUS MONTHLY

The May-June issue of the "Canisius Monthly" is somewhat lacking in the variety usually found to predominate in undergraduate publications. But what this literary offspring of Canisius College lacks in diversity, it supplies in the quality of its printed pages. We congratulate the author of "High-Way and By-Ways of Buffalo" upon his perspicacity and ability to portray his gleanings in writing. "Vignettes of Campion" treated an elevating theme in a manner which invites a second reading. A very peculiar style, novel and attractive, was adopted by the author of "If I Have Freedom in My Love." The brevity throughout reminds the reader of his past efforts in the composition of ten word telegrams. The editorial, "Documents in Madness," very pleasingly escapes the trite expressions and sentiments usually found in magazines at commencement time, without being too radical. Very well done.

## THE APOLLONIAN

"*The Apollonian*," perhaps the most technical of all the magazines we have yet received, taught us that a publication can be interesting in its technicalities. The October issue of the current year contains a treatment of a well worn subject from a viewpoint which had never before been called to our attention. This is "Toothform and Evolution." We understand that this is but the third of a series of articles to be offered by Dr. Gookin, and we are looking forward to those forthcoming. "Dentistry Among Lepers" and "Dental Aid for Rural Colored Children" taught us that there is something more to dentistry than the removal of molars, incisors, etc., or the installation of upholstered bridgework. The editorial, "Solitary Confinement," was well done, and the circumstances may prove applicable to any of the professions, making the remedies likewise applicable and well worth remembering. We propose to read "Stimulation of the Gingeve" as soon as we have the wherewithal to obtain a medical dictionary.

## THE TORCH; THE BEACON

The ALEMBIC wishes to acknowledge receipt of "The Torch," St. John's College, Brooklyn, and "*The Beacon*," R. I. State College, both of which are weekly publications that we hope to receive regularly.

*dreamt*  
*dreamed*

# Chronicle

Francis E. Greene, '29

## SENIORS

At the first regular meeting of the year, the Senior Class elected three new officers, and re-elected one. John D. Coughlin of Revere, Mass., was chosen President by a substantial majority. Mr. Coughlin's election was a natural consequence of three years of sincere support of all college committees and of hearty co-operation with them. He enjoys wide popularity, is President of the Friars Club, and is an active worker in many college functions. The Seniors look forward to a pleasant year under his leadership. To assist Mr. Coughlin, the Seniors elected Philip Bulger of New Haven, Conn., Vice President; Joseph Waterson of New London, Conn., Treasurer; and re-elected John Dormer of East Greenwich, R. I., Secretary.

These four men are truly representative of the Class of 1929, and their choice is fortunate.

## JUNIORS

The popularity of Thomas J. Dodd of Norwich, Conn., was demonstrated at the first regular meeting of the Junior Class, when Mr. Dodd was made President by an overwhelming majority. Martin L. Gibbons of Clinton, Mass.; James E. Dunne of Providence, and Walter A. Lough of Providence, were elected Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer, respectively. With such an array of officers, the activities of the Class of 1930 may equal in quality even the activities of the Junior year of the Class of 1929.

This year the Sophomores must take their petitions, resolutions, etc., to President John Krieger, that very capable young man from Paterson, N. J. Mr. Krieger will enlist the aid of Edward Wineapple,

## SOPHOMORES

Vice President, of Salem, Mass.; Joseph Harraghy, Secretary, of Taunton, Mass., and Leonard Sweeney, Treasurer, of Nashua, N. H., to solve the more difficult problems, keep the books, and any other tasks too arduous for one man to perform.

## FRESHMAN

How the Freshman Class can choose such able leaders, after so short a period of acquaintance, is a perpetual mystery. This year they have chosen John V. Maguire of Pittsfield, Mass., to be their President; Thomas A. Nestor of Providence will serve as Vice President; John J. Cleary of East Greenwich, as Secretary, and John J. Getty of Providence as Treasurer. We hesitate to predict the amount of success the class will enjoy, for our limitation might seem ridiculously narrow with a few months.

## "CHUCK"

While hundreds stood in silent reverence and final "taps" were sounded, a bronze tablet, a permanent tribute to Cornelius V. Connors, was unveiled at Hendricken Field on October 20th, 1928. "Chuck," as he was better known, was elected Captain of the 1927 team after having served as varsity center for three years. It is the way of the world that the glory which "Chuck" acquired for our college and himself shall now be enjoyed by us who watched him labor.

The memorial tablet, which has been erected on the flag staff at the west end of the field, bears the inscription:

*Erected to the Memory of Cornelius V. Connors,  
"Chuck," the First Football Captain of Providence College  
to Cross the Goal-line of Life.*

Preceding the unveiling by Coach Archie Golembeski, under whom "Chuck" rose to fame, Rev. Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., President of Providence College, blessed the tablet. The White and Black Team and their rivals for the day, the Manhattan team, together with Graduate Managers Farrell and Loughlan of Providence and Manhattan, respectively, assisted at the ceremony.

## FRIAR'S DANCE

As guest of the Friars' Club of Providence College, the Manhattan Football team and their guests, danced at the La Salle Auditorium. The hall was decorated in the Green and White of Manhattan and the White and Black of Providence. One of the largest gatherings ever to attend a Providence dance was

present, and truly it can be said, "a good time was had by all."

**BASKETBALL** We saw Al McClellan, the basketball coach, in town the other day. He looked very happy, and well he might be when he anticipates the brilliant array of stars who will answer his call early in November.

### SENIOR- FRESHMAN DANCE

By the time the ALEMBIC appears the Seniors will probably have given a dance to the Freshmen. Distribution of the "Domino," the College hand-book, as favors will be only one of the many new features of this annual affair.

### DEBATES

The Providence College Debating Society has organized for the 1928-29 season. Interclass debates will start on November 5th, and will be held every Monday evening throughout the month. We look forward eagerly to some heated discussion on cold winter nights.





*John E. Krieger, '31*

## FOOTBALL PROVIDENCE VS. NORWICH

at Northfield, Vt., Oct. 6.

### Vermonters Thwart Dominican Victory Thrust

A superior Providence College team was compelled to accept a 6-6 draw in a rather mediocre battle with Norwich University in the second game of athletic competition with the Vermont school of learning. The rival factions battled to a 7-7 finish last year in their game at Hendricken Field.

The several questionable decisions of the Norwich officials were instrumental in converting the tilt into a drab, colorless affair. Johnny Dubienny, square shouldered backfield ace of Golembeski's Grenadiers, was the victim of two decisions which prevented Providence from scoring a win. The first setback from the officials came in the fourth period when he skirted right end for a twenty-five yard run and a touchdown. The score was nullified when a questionable off-side penalty was imposed on our varsity. In the closing minutes, with the pigskin on the Norwich six yard stripe, Dubienny elected to try a placement kick. The ball barely cleared the uprights, but the points were declared void when the referee declared another off-side play.



Coach Golembeski protested both decisions, but the adamant officials waved the gestulating Golembeski off the field.

The Horsemen from Vermont were the first to score. A series of line plunges, which carried the ball to the Providence twenty yard line, enabled Kane, opposing right halfback, to slide around right end for a score.

Providence equalized the standing in the second period, as a result of a clever overhead attack. A series of passes to Jorn, right end, placed the leather in a scoring position, and line plunges by Stan Szydla and Dubienny, together with a final plunge over the line by Marty Gibbons, deadlocked the score. The try for extra point was missed.

The elevens battled in vain for another score as the remaining two periods slipped by. Despite the fact that they failed to score, Providence was impressive in her attack. The ball was in the possession of the White and Black wall crashers for three-quarters of the time, but the adverse officials hurt scoring chances considerably.

Captain Steve Nawrocki, Joe Watterson, Marty Gibbons, Stan Szydla, Dubienny, Sweeney, Lobdell, Wheeler, McGovern, Jorn, Fleurent and the remaining members of the Dominican horde all played good football. Szydla, left halfback, was carried from the field in the second half with a sprained ankle.

The lineups for both teams:

PROVIDENCE—6	NORWICH—6
Wheeler, l. e.....	l. e., McDonald
Lobdell, l. t.....	l. t., Hourin
Murphy, l. g.....	l. g., Tansey
Watterson, c.....	c., Fuller
Sweeney, r. g.....	r. g., Gilman
Nawrocki, r. t.....	r. t., Roach
Jorn, r. e.....	r. e., Taylor
Fleurent, q. b.....	q. b., Waining
Szydla, l. h.....	l. h., Canon
Gibbons, r. h.....	r. h., Kane
Dubienny, f. b.....	f. b., O'Donnell

Touchdowns: Providence—Gibbons; Norwich—Kane.  
Substitutions: Providence—Brady, Szydla, Curran, M. Zande, White, Sweeney, Foster, White, Da Gata, McGovern.

### PROVIDENCE VS. ARMY

at West Point, Oct. 14.

Courage Vs. Perfect Mechanism; Result—Army 44—P. C. O.

An aggressive and scrappy Providence College eleven ran afoul

of the Army Mule at its best and, as a result, suffered a 44-0 smearing. The defeat was the second in three starts for the Dominican dreadnaught. Despite the apparent one-sidedness of the score, the game was interesting to watch.

Outweighed, but not out gamed, our gridsters put up a desperate but futile attempt to register against the heralded cadet forces. The game signalized Providence's entry into the select among the gridiron celebrities. Incidentally, our team, though beaten, showed itself to be as strong as any of the opponents that have opposed Army thus far.

Coach Golembeski decided that an aerial attack would work to better advantage against the heavy New York eleven and, accordingly, the White and Black hopefuls concentrated their efforts in scoring via the air route. The majority of the forward passes were executed; but whenever the ball was within the scoring zone, a toss went awry, and with it our hope to tally. The majority of the Army scores were the results of ill timed aerals.

For Providence every man shone. Each was a necessary unit in a light but determined aggregation of gridsters, intent with the idea of doing honor to the name of our school. Captain Steve Nawrocki, together with Joe Watterson, Freddy Da Gata, and McAlevy, was especially brilliant. Nawrocki and Watterson, veterans of three years of campaigning, did much to steady the Dominican's light infantry in the trying stages of the game.

Jupe Pluvius helped complicate the Providence aerial attack by unleashing a salvo of buckets of water that made accurate forward passing a task well nigh impossible. The rain drenched players and fans alike, and was, in a large measure, responsible for many fumbles on both sides. Notwithstanding the opposition of the rain maker and the heavy Army forces, our men acquitted themselves nobly.

The summary, lineup and substitutions follow:

ARMY—44	PROVIDENCE—0
Carlmark, l. e.....	l. e., Wheeler
Sprague, l. t.....	l. t., White
Hammack, l. g.....	l. g., J. Zande
Hall, c.....	c., Watterson
Walsh, r. g.....	r. g., M. Zande
Perry, r. t.....	r. t., Nawrocki
Marshall, r. e.....	r. e., Jorn
Nave, q. b.....	q. b., Fleurent
Cagle, l. h.....	l. h., Foster

O'Keefe, r. h.....r. h., Gibbons  
 Piper, f. b.....f. b., Da Gata  
 Substitutions: Providence—McGovern for Jorn,  
 Minella for J. Zande, Sharkey for Fleurent, Brady for  
 Foster, Hickey for Watterson, Baeszler for White, Hal-  
 loran for McGovern, Buckley for Wheeler, Shea for Shar-  
 key, E. Nawrocki for Watterson, McAlevy for Sweeney.

### PROVIDENCE VS. WILLIAMS

Glaring deficiency in the art of tackling played a prominent part in the defeat of our grid hopefuls in the first contest of the current season. Williams College, our rivals on the football field, only by dint of spectacular end runs by Dunt Howe smeared our hopes for victory in the initial start of the year by outpointing Providence, 20-13.

It would be quite useless to enumerate the various phases of the game, in that the topic sentence shows why Williams marched off with twenty points and victory. Whether it was the glaring sun or too much pie at the dinner table has not been ascertained, but it stands, nevertheless, that our varsity looked like anything but accurate tacklers. In fact some of the motions of tackling that were attempted could hardly be distinguished from somersaults.

We tallied first on a recovery of a fumble by Charley Jorn, right end. Jorn scooped up the inflated leather and streaked twenty yards for a touchdown. The extra point drifted away in a cloud of smoke, when Dubienny failed to hoist the ball between the uprights. Marty Gibbons, squat little backfielder, counted in the final period when he plucked a forward pass from the air and ran over the line for a score. The try for extra point materialized.

Howe, right halfback for Williams, was the biggest thorn in the Dominican's side. The diminutive streak of greased lightning time and time again whirled, streaked, and shot around our defense for long gains. Two of Williams three scores were tallied by Howe.

Of interest to rooters for the White and Black cause is the splendid showing made by the recruits that were shunted into the fray by Coach Golembeski. Micky Foster, Len Sweeney, McAlevy, Matthews, Johnny Brady, Sharkey, Derivan, McVarnish, and Jaworski all rendered good accounts of themselves while they played.

Captain Steve Nawrocki played a brilliant game for Providence. The burly shouldered Pole time and again crashed through the opposing line to smear up well intended formations.

Judging from the amount of talent ushered in by Coach Golem-

beski, chances augur well for a good season. Particularly gratifying is the enlistment of very likely freshmen candidates. Under Coach Golembeski's eagle-like supervision there is no apparent reason why the newcomers cannot be developed into a formidable aggregation.

The lineups and summary:

WILLIAMS—20	PROVIDENCE—13
Williams, l. e.....	l. e., Wheeler
Miller, l. t.....	l. t., Ritter
Lasell, l. g.....	l. g., J. Zande
Muller, c.....	c., Watterson
Anderson (Capt.), r. g.....	r. g., M. Zande
Schwartz, r. t.....	r. t., Nawrocki (Capt.)
Ashby, r. e.,.....	r. e., Jorn
Putnam, q. b.....	q. b., Fleurent
Langmade, l. h.....	l. h., Szydla
Howe, r. h.....	r. h., Gibbons
Chase, f. b.....	f. b., Dubienny

Substitutions: Providence—Matthews for Wheeler, McVarish for Jorn, Derivan for Watterson, Jaworski for J. Zande, Murphy for M. Zande, Foster for Dubienny, Dubienny for Da Gata, Sharkey for Fleurent, Sweeney for Murphy, McAlevy for Ritter, Brady for Foster.

### KRIEGER KRACKS POOR TACKLING BEATS P. C.

Inept tackling cost Golembeski's Grenadiers their first game of the season when Williams, aided and abetted by Providence's poor defensive play, tossed them for a 20-13 defeat. Although checked in their efforts to click off a win in the first battle, our gridsters showed promise of developing into a smooth running aggregation. Especially gratifying was the splendid showing made by rookie aspirants. If the work of the substitutes in the Williams game can be taken as a criterion, the Dominican forces should wade through a fairly successful year.

\* \* \* \*

### A QUESTION OF TIME

Providence and Norwich University virtually wasted an entire afternoon of perfectly good time by playing four periods of football only to have the game end in a tie. Just why two schools persist in handling time so recklessly cannot be ascertained. According to the writer the game might just as well have not been played, and valuable time would have been saved. Our school and Norwich battled through four periods of football last year only to find themselves in a 7-7 tie, and it seems logical that the different authorities of the schools

should have seen to it that another game would not be played, in view of the fact that neither eleven last year showed any inclination to concede defeat.

The status quo ending leaves us in a quandry as to the better eleven, and it is to be hoped that the rival factions do not persist in wasting another afternoon next year with nothing to show in the way of victory or defeat. We suggest that our varsity take them unaware at some time or other, and while they are unprepared quickly paste our label of victory on them. This would end all question as to relative superiority.

\* \* \* \*

### THE UNREASONABLE ARMY MULE

The Army Mule, with all of its attributed stubbornness, kicked Golembeski's Ghosts into submission to the extent of 44-0. The first part of the game showed the Dominicans as a fighting band of courageous warriors. However, the Cadets and their heavy siege guns soon rolled into a relentless pace and our lighter infantry fell by the wayside.

The climax of the game witnessed the White and Black clad athletes trundling off the field glorious in defeat. The ovation accorded them, even by the Army rooters, attested to the splendid battle waged.

For a time it appeared as if our varsity would tally a touchdown, but the Army Mule, rising to super-horse heights, plunged, whirled, kicked and sunfish dived our men out of the saddle and into P.C.'s own territory. Had not the Mule determined to kick at such an inopportune time it is possible that the Golembeski coached clan would have been successful in their efforts to score at least.



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