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Shakespearean Types

WHAT a dull place this world would be if all minds had been formed in the same mould, seeing life from the same angle, pondering upon the same reflections, dreaming the same dreams! And yet, although each man is distinctive and individual from every other of the species, we may class certain ones in one group, others in another. Hence has arisen the *type*. When we refer to a person as a *type*, we mean that, by some peculiarity of manner or temperament, he has placed himself in one of those groups into which all mankind must fall. Just to mention a few, there is the tired business man, imposing, arrogant, gruff; the newly-rich woman, matronly, haughty, consumed with social aspirations the man-about-town, a braggart; the demure, little *ingenue*, coy and clever. These are but four from the myriad number of *types* who, by their affiliation with a particular class, have stamped themselves as belonging to that *type*.

But it remained for the theatre to bring the *type* into its own. There the man of affairs can go and see himself as he is, and, although the caricature is frightfully overdrawn at times, nevertheless is it a fairly accurate portrayal of life as it is. Shakespeare was a man of the theatre, and, as such he must have given special attention in the writing of his plays to the perfection of the *type*. In fact, we know from our actual contact with his works that he exerted great effort in the delineation of his characters. We must admit that he was successful as perhaps no other dramatist has been. No matter to what extent some may question the originality of his plots, or how many aspersions others may cast upon the immorality of some of his lines, we must all grant that he was infinitely happy in sketching the *type*. Othello the Moor, Julius Caesar, Desdemona, Antony, Cleopatra,—all of these are but a few whom the Bard of Avon selected from history and led forth from their gloomy graves to play the protagonist for the entertainment of those groups of which they had once been members. So, let us take a

few of the characters which Shakespeare placed upon the stage and let us see what traits he gave to them so as to make them such perfect specimens of the real *type*.

"King and yet the most wretched of creatures" seems to be the epithet that best describes that pitiable old man Lear. Here is the *type* that is ever to be found calling upon our commiseration. In all his regal glory he is fauned upon by all, including those monsters of ingratitude, Goneril and Regan, but his heart is far away crying out in the unknown for the beloved Cordelia, the child whom he has banished from his sight. How like is he to many old derelicts who stop us on the pavement, and, as we look into their withered faces and meet their pensive eyes, we read there the story of Lear—a broken heart crying for its loved ones.

And Cordelia, that child of loveliness and daughter of sorrow! Does she not represent the throngs of youths whose home lives are made miserable by the thoughtlessness of their parents? She is the ever-beloved Cinderella painted in far more tragic colors by the facile pen of Shakespeare than in the oldtime fairy tale. There is no fairy god-mother to transform her overwhelming sorrow into joy. Instead, she must drain the bitter cup to the dregs. But no, there is relief for these two aching hearts. I do not think that there is any more beautiful scene in all of Shakespeare than that in which blind, old Lear is reconciled with the child whom he has wronged. Cordelia is the epitome of filial devotion blended with a love of truth; the counterpart of that other daughter of patience—the Antigone of Sophocles.

"Et tu, Brute," are the words which drop from the lips of the dying Caesar as he beholds the young Brutus among his assassins. Brutus represents the type that is always prepared to follow the rest, but never to lead. Left to themselves they are in a quandry as, indeed, is Brutus when the forces of Antony loom into view. Those in this group are clever, suave, fauning, treacherous, but withal, there is at times a dormant spark of nobility smouldering in their hearts. I really think that such is the case with Brutus, for, deserted by all and realizing that he cannot carry on further, he dies like a true Roman. By no means to be numbered among the greatest of Shakespeare's characters, Brutus is to be remembered because he is "so much with us."

Portia—a name to conjure with, for it calls to mind the most clever of Shakespeare's women-characters. Let us review the two most

important scenes in *The Merchant of Venice*. In the casket scene we see Portia torn with anxiety as she watches the choice of the man of her heart. So solicitous is she for Bassanio that she has commanded that music be played during the trying moments so that, should he be unhappy in his selection, the agony of their parting may be lessened by the soothing strains. This is the emotional side of the woman. In the courtroom scene, on the other hand, we see an entirely different person, at least to all appearances. Now she is the able lawyer, always ready with a quick retort for Shylock's thrusts, racking her brain for a satisfactory means of offsetting the demands of the Jew. Here we have the intellectual Portia, cold and calculating, but still the woman of emotion insofar as she is concerned for the safety of her client Antonio. The character of Portia has done much to rank *The Merchant of Venice* as the greatest of the Bard's comedies.

And now let us see the principals in the grandest of all of Shakespeare's tragedies—Macbeth. Macbeth is the *type* that all ages have to contend with, the elusive criminal who hides behind the mask of urbanity and cringes behind a woman's skirts. Macbeth is a despicable character. He is the personification of nature's greed for more and more. He knows that the throne of Scotland is fated for him, but he cannot bide his time. Like the thief, he works under cover of darkness.

"I go and it is done; the bell invites me:—

Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell."

But he has been shortsighted, for, he does not realize that the knell is sounded likewise for himself. He has dreamed of the consummation of his fondest hopes. Instead, it tolls his own doom. There are thousands of Macbeths in the world today; through treachery and deceit they climb to success over their fellow-creatures. They imagine that they have gained the toasts of life, but have they?

And Macbeth's lady! Whom does she typify? Lady Macbeth represents the social aspirant whom nothing will deter from having her name listed in the current Blue Book. But Lady Macbeth goes still further. She desires a throne, and, it is only through her goading that Macbeth is finally driven to the dread deed. And how vigilantly does she stand by him in his hour of need! Consider how she smeared the faces of the grooms so that no suspicion of guilt might fall upon her lord. Some are of the opinion that she is a virago. I hardly think so.

A woman who will shield her husband as Lady Macbeth does cannot be a masculine woman. While we cannot forgive her unnatural coolness in the episode of the grooms, still we must admire her womanly courage. Ambitious, indomitable, goading Lady Macbeth errs greatly in her ambitions. She represents a *type* that has no end of followers.

Again, *The Merchant of Venice* and—Shylock! This is the character.

Such, then, are a few of the many and varied types found in the works of the Elizabethan. Is it any wonder that his plays have been so successful? Could anyone have given us a better portrayal of the foibles and idiosyncrasies of human nature? The tottering senility of Lear, the guilelessness of the gentle Cordelia, the nobility of Brutus, the deft subtlety of Portia, the black intrigue of Macbeth and his lady are just as powerful today as when first played in London. Shakespeare has depicted them with a truth and fullness unapproached and unapproachable.

James J. Sheridan, '30

Corpus Christi Gloriosum

O Panis Vitae Sacramentum,
Amoris summi Monumentum,
Nos Te amamus, Te laudamus,
Misericordem Dominum!

O Lumen, Gadium Sanctorum,
O Felix Via peccatorum,
O Fons decoris, Fons honoris,
Sit semper Panis hominum!

Norman Hampshire, '31

The Life of the Party

(A Morality Play)

Characters: Letitia, Hermione, Charlie, a Stranger

(The action takes place in the living-room of the home which Letitia allows her parents to share with her. The room is strewn with the conventional furniture—over-stuffed chairs, a sofa, a center-table, end tables, ottomans, reading lamps, etc. As the curtain rises, Letitia and Hermione are occupying the two most comfortable chairs in the room.)

Letitia: It's lucky for you, Hermione, that I got Charlie to drop in tonight. You're only going to visit here for a week and if you'd 'a left town without seeing Charlie you'd 'a missed the treat of a lifetime.

(It may be pertinent to mention now that Hermione is here under duress. Only parental authority could induce her to spend a week with her cousin, Letitia, whom she "positively abhors"—and for very excellent reasons. She is extremely polite, however, and betrays no slightest sign of distaste for her cousin's society.)

Hermione: Who is this Charlie?

Letitia: Charlie? He's a lad you'll never forget, my dear. He's absolutely the funniest man alive. When Charlie comes around nobody can keep a straight face. You'll scream your head off tonight.

Hermione: *(Contemplating with surprising equanimity the prospect of screaming her head off.)* I suppose he is agreeable company.

Letitia: Agreeable! My dear girl, old man gloom just drops dead when Charlie comes along.

Hermione: *(Stoically.)* When will he be here?

(Letitia does not answer. There are voices in the hall, and the next moment reveals Charlie himself—the gloom dispeller—the darling of the gods of mirth.)

Letitia: *(With a happy squeal.)* Oh Charlie!

Charlie: Nobody else. Right on time. How's the top of your head and who's the little stranger?

Letitia: (Giggling in happy anticipation and nudging Hermione prophetically.) Oh—this is Charlie, Hermione,

Hermione: How-do-you-do.

Charlie: Well! Well! The American Beauty herself! Where have you been all my life? Hermione, eh? That's a regular old double-barrelled, six-cylinder name, eh? Do you ever fall down and forget it?

Letitia: (Between sobs of laughter.) Charlie, you slay me. Hermione's my cousin and she's spending the week with us.

Charlie: And what a lucky boy I am to be in town. Well, as I've always said, it's an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody's hat off. Where do you live, Hermione?

Hermione: (A dark cloud breaking through the specious mask of her politeness.) I live in Hillside.

Charlie: Hillside! That's a great little town. It certainly is laid out nicely but they forget to bury it.

Letitia: (weakly) Oh, Charlie—you slay me.

Charlie: How's the police department in Hillside? Is he still sick?

(This is too much for Letitia. Laughter has carried her beyond human aid. Her cousin, however, gazes intently before her, exasperation and desire mingled blackly in her countenance. She gazes expectantly as though awaiting a deliverer. Suddenly, without sound, but seemingly in answer to a mysterious summons, a man appears at the threshold. He looks very much like Hermione, one would almost suspect it was Hermione masquerading as a man. He wears a dark cloak which completely envelopes him. Letitia and Charlie are startled at his entrance; Hermione smiles wisely and bows to him.)

Letitia: Er—Good evening. Would you—who are you, please.

Charlie: (Bravely.) Yes. Who are you.

Stranger: Stand up.

(Letitia and Charlie arise with nervous alacrity. Hermione does not stand but remains seated throughout—hidden in the shadow. Her presence is not thereafter noticed by the others.)

Stranger: Now I will have a reckoning. How long have you been acting in this fashion?

Charlie: Me? What fashion?

Stranger: How long have you been inflicting your ghoulish wit upon society?

Charlie: What are you talking about?

Stranger: I'm talking about your conversations. Are they always crowned with such rare bits as I overheard this evening.

Charlie: What do you mean? I like a joke and I like humor; wha'st it to you?

Stranger: I will see how successfully you consummate your desire. Let's take a few of the choicest fruits from this evening's cluster. For instance—"How is the police department; is he still sick."

(Silence.)

Stranger: Do you lack appreciation? Does it wake no laughter? Have you, young lady, (to Letitia) lost your spirited sense of humor, or have you just now found it. No matter. Let us try another. 'Hillside is certainly laid out nicely, but they forget to bury it.'

(Silence.)

Stranger: We are agreed, then, that these remarks somehow are without the soul of wit. I think, really, that both of you knew it all the time. Your punishment must, consequently, meet the increased gravity of your offenses. I have with me a bow and two arrows. You cannot see them for they are not for mortal eyes. You shall be wounded by these arrows but no physical pain shall oppress you. They are called my friends, the arrows of Nemesis. I assure you again that there will be no pain, but undoubtedly you will know that the arrows have pierced your hearts.

(Letitia and Charlie seem already transfixed. They tremble with fear as the Stranger fits an invisible arrow to an invisible thong. A distant snap accompanies the discharge of both arrows. Letitia and Charlie are pale for a moment, then Letitia, with a mirthless grin, begins a sepulchral chant: "How is the police department; is he still sick? How is the police department; is he still sick?" Charlie accompanies with a loud, inhuman laugh in which there is no joy, but a deep, mournful note. Thus chanting and bellowing the two leave the stage and are heard for some time after their departure.)

Stranger: (Calling after them.) The arrows will not be removed until full atonement is made.

(Then the Stranger walks toward Hermione whom the light once

more reveals. As he approaches he diminishes in size. When he is near the chair he seems to be nothing more than a cloak moving slowly along the floor. Hermione, with a happy smile, gathers the cloak under her arm and walks off the stage.)

Curtain

John C. Hanley, '29

Castles on Olympus

When, on a foolish flight, my thoughts take wing
To shores were sleepy poetasters sing,
Or snatch me off to some far-distant land,
A wreath upon my head, a sceptred hand,—

Nay, if I dream the world rings out my name,
And heaven's vault sends back the wild acclaim,
I shut the scene: it makes me smile to see
How much of childhood still is left in me.

James J. Sheridan, '30

Josephine Proposes, Napoleon Disposes

“**S**ACREBLEU! What do I care?”

“Oh, you don't care?” cried Josephine Bonaparte angrily, as she abruptly halted her pacing and dealt the gem crusted train of her gown a vicious kick. *You don't care! Well, I do; and that's that.*”

She bestowed a withering glance upon her husband and resumed her fitful pacing across the highly polished parquet floor, but from time to time cast surreptitious glances at the sulky Emperor who leaned languidly against the marble mantle.

A long interval of brooding silence.

Napoleon then expostulated wearily, his thumb nail scratching the tip of his long nose in perplexity—“Josephine, *ma cherie*, you must be reasonable. This is hardly the time or place to. . .”

“Peste!” interrupted the Empress. “It is always this, that, or something else. You men are all alike! Millions go for the army, to old friends and relatives, for a colonial empire, to bribe officials; but to your wife and Empress, oh!” She sarcastically mimicked his voice. “Josephine, *ma cherie*, you must be reasonable. You—Pooh!”

The Emperor was visibly offended.

“Madame is inclined to be temperamental tonight, so we bid her good evening,” said Napoleon, bowing sharply when he had removed his elbow from the mantle.

She wheeled about and shrieked furiously, “Oh, no you won't! You will stay right here and listen to me.”

This was too much; Napoleon lost his temper.

“Don't be vulgar!” he snapped.

“Oh! You never dared to. . .”

“Shut up!”

“Oh, you brute! So *this* is my share; brutality! Strike me! Beat me! After such insults I expect it; and just because I want a

few paltry jewels. Yes, I am always to blame. *Always!*" She became ostensibly angrier every minute.

"Remember, Madame, who made you an empress." was the biting retort.

Josephine stared at him with glaring eyes veiled by a mist of angry tears. "So!" she sobbed bitterly; and tearing the jewels from her fingers, her wrists, her neck, her ears and her hair, she flung the collection at his feet, crying pettishly, "Take your jewels, your old crown, all your junk . . . I don't want them!"

Then she hurled herself upon the divan, and burying her face in the silken cushions, sobbed violently.

Napoleon shrugged his shoulders in incompetent despair. Thanks to all the saints, no one could see the Empress when she was petulant; she was so common, such a typical *bourgeoise* when she was in a passion. What a lack of refinement she displayed! He would leave her to herself. Yes, that was the only thing to do and then the heat of her temperament would have to cool by morning. But,—he stroked his chin pensively, perhaps he had better consider her request. There was that wonderful set of diamonds, so clear and so blue at Boehmer's, the Imperial Jeweler. Hum! those *would* please "Josie" immensely.

Well, he would consider it.

The Empress continued to sob loudly and hysterically.

Bah! He slammed the door as he left the room.

As soon as she heard the door slam, the Empress rose and dashed away the traces of her tears with a small piece of lace. Then she ran to the mirror set deep in the high, rosewood wainscoting and gazed in admiration at the dark, lovely, though rather disheveled reflection of her fascinating self.

Her image nodded to her with a knowing smile.

II.

Napoleon sipped his chocolate thoughtfully without deigning to cast a glance of recognition at the elegantly clad minister who had entered and now stood humbly awaiting his pleasure. He burnt his tongue with the steaming fluid, so in order to cool his breakfast he was forced to place his porcelain cup on the surface of the table beside him. The table was littered with all sorts of maps.

Then he glanced haughtily at his foreign minister, the Prince de Talleyrand, who bowed low. He did not like this man whom he con-

sidered a coward, a liar, an atheist, and a consummate villain; but he needed an oily scoundrel of Talleyrand's character for the mission he had in mind.

"Be seated," exclaimed the Emperor coldly, "a cripple need not stand even in an emperor's presence; we are not inhumane."

Talleyrand winced; he hated to be reminded of his deformity. Nevertheless he seated himself opposite his liege, in the chair that Napoleon had indicated by a concise commanding gesture.

Napoleon sat brooding in silence. Then he explained in a monotone as though he were speaking to himself rather than to the man before him. "No doubt, Monseigneur, you have heard that ten days ago we received dispatches from Santo Domingo informing us of the annihilation of the regiment which we sent thither to seize the island, by a mere handful of renegade, rebel negro slaves. . . ." He paused.

"So it is rumored, your Imperial Highness," interposed Talleyrand blandly.

"Our Imperial Highness does not wish to be interrupted," was the cold rebuke. "When we wish to hear your opinion we will realize the ignominy of such a defeat to France and to us? An expert French regiment defeated and routed by rebel slaves, under the fanatical leadership of a viler slave called Touissant L'Overture. No matter! We shall not groan over what might have been. Without Santo Domingo, our project for a vast colonial empire in America, upon which we had set our heart, is a chimera; nothing more. That tiny island was the key to the realization of my golden dream; that key is lost forever!"

He paused for several minutes frowning in thought.

"We have considered the situation from every possible angle. War with our arch enemy, England, is imminent, unavoidable; and they will seize Louisiana, for we could do nought to retain or protect it. But we are *determined* England shall not get Louisiana!" He smote the table with his fist, by way of emphasis, a blow that sent the porcelain cup dancing on its saucer. "Monsieur Livingston, the American commissioner, has filed formal papers for the purchase of New Orleans and West Florida. We have resolved to offer to the American Republic the entire Louisiana territory for twenty million dollars. Now, my faithful minister and sly diplomat, this is the point where you make your appearance on the scene. We commission you to go without delay to Monsieur Livingston's hotel and state the proposition to him *gently*—

and drive a hard bargain; get as much as you can, more than twenty million if possible. You are tricky enough to—well, let that pass.”

“Your Imperial Majesty flatters me,” exclaimed Talleyrand bitterly.

“Not at all; not at all!” assured Napoleon, chuckling at his own humour. “Obey me, drive a hard bargain and you shall be amply and deservedly rewarded.”

As Talleyrand bowed himself out, the Emperor took up the cup of chocolate and swallowed its contents at a gulp. It was too cold.

He took out his watch. Why, it was only ten o'clock. The regiments were to be reviewed at eleven-thirty. He had ample time to pay a visit to the jeweler's.

III.

Prince Talleyrand crossed his legs fastidiously so that the American might not notice his crippled foot, and exchanged a few formalities, carefully scrutinizing meanwhile the homely, candid countenance of Monsieur Livingston. Napoleon's foreign minister smiled inwardly at the thought of how easily he would be able to fleece this simple American, so simple in countenance, so simple in attire; surely his intelligence must be equally simple. The common run of Englishmen were far from astute, he ruminated; Napoleon had charged him with an easy mission.

But appearances are sometimes deceiving and great men, vaunting their ability and accuracy in reading human character, sometimes err.

Robert R. Livingston, the American commissioner to Paris, was a capable statesman, well trained by years of arduous diplomatic service. He was rather surprised at this unheralded invasion of his privacy by so important and elegant a personage as Prince Talleyrand, but his face was as expressionless as a waxen mask. No visible traces of emotion flurried its habitual expression of homely, middle-class simplicity. His shrewd eyes alone set forth flashes of keen intelligence and a thorough understanding and appreciation of the intricate, shadowy labyrinth known as diplomacy.

The Frenchman, extracting a handsome snuff box from his vest pocket, inhaled a pinch and executed an elegant sneeze. Livingston watched him covertly with disgust, for he was well acquainted with his exalted visitor's past life. Then Talleyrand, drumming upon the gemmed lid of his snuff box, broached his first point cautiously. “No

doubt you are somewhat astonished at my abrupt invasion of your—shall I say—your sanctuary.” A hypocritical smile, very similar to a faint leer, played upon the Prince’s thin lips. “But I assure you, my dear Monsieur Livingston, that I would not have presumed to adopt so rude a course were not the matter that I wish to discuss of the utmost importance to both our countries.”

The American was somewhat perplexed by this florid and meaningless exordium; he was eager to grasp a clue as to the reason for the other’s visit, so that he might penetrate into the recesses of his visitor’s mind. Nevertheless, he uttered a colorless “Indeed Monseigneur?” by way of politeness.

Talleyrand continued urbanely, “Yes; I repeat, of the utmost significance. I have come concerning the purchase of New Orleans and West Florida. You—I believe—you opened negotiations to that effect?”

“Yes, of course. I drew up the usual formal papers for his Majesty, the Emperor, and he graciously deigned to send me word that he would give the matter his prompt consideration.”

“Exactly! Let us now understand each other. You contemplate the purchase of the city of New Orleans and West Florida for the interests of your trade.”

“So it would appear, your Highness.”

“So it does appear, my dear Monsieur,” soothed Talleyrand, opening and shutting the lid of his snuff box with his thumb nail. “His Majesty countenances your suit favorably; yet he has a proposition to lay before you. No doubt it will somewhat startle you. His Imperial Highness wishes to dispose of the entire Louisiana territory. What will you offer for it? Would you consider buying it?”

Consider it! Livingston’s heart leaped within him when he heard this proposal. He immediately saw the vast advantages that such an acquisition would bring to his struggling country; why, it would double its present area. He could visualize the expression of amazement, followed by joy upon President Jefferson’s face, when this proposal would be announced to him. Buy it! He would instantly grasp the chance. Although the American’s emotions and thoughts had been hurled into chaos by the Frenchman’s startling question, his face retained its Sphinx-like immobility. He knew that if he showed the least sign of anxiety or eagerness, the sly, unscrupulous Talleyrand would drive a

hard bargain, indeed. So he said in his colorless tones, "You overwhelm me with surprise, Monseigneur."

Talleyrand was dumbfounded at such a lack of interest in his sensational proposal; the American commissioner was not in the least bit concerned.

Livingston, however, bit the end of a feathered quill thoughtfully and said, "Monseigneur, I expect my colleague, Monsieur Monroe, shortly. Alone, I feel incompetent to answer you; to decide so momentous a question. I shall discuss it with him in detail, and if your Highness would be so gracious as to grant us an early audience, we shall humbly apprise you of our decision."

IV.

The Empress Josephine, gorgeously arrayed in her most magnificent gown for the ball that evening, sat at her boudoir table and smiled at her reflection in the mirror. On the table before her amid the powder boxes and perfume bottles lay a long, oblong, golden jewel casket that had just been brought to her from Boehmer's. She had her suspicions as to its contents.

Her husband had been in excellent humour for the last two days; he had sold Louisiana to the Americans for fifteen million odd dollars. Fifteen million! The height of such a sum was intoxicating. The two American commissioners, Livingston and Monroe, had signed the treaty of sale yesterday. Today was May 1st;—the day of the Bal de l'Opéra.

Her bejeweled fingers lifted the casket's heavy lid.

Within reclining on a cushion of deep blue velvet was a magnificent filet of chaste Greek, diamond laurel leaves. The clear blue sparkle of the stones dazzled her. Surrounding it like a fortification was a diamond necklace of equal brilliance.

The Empress of France clapped her hands as joyfully as a sixteen year old girl who received her first burbelow.

She snatched the necklace and held it against her alabaster throat. Her eyes sparkled as she saw the effect. She held the gems against her dark, glowing hair.

She laughed gaily, happily.

Her image nodded to her with a knowing smile.

Leaves

THAT word, spring, in addition to being oft-rhymed, possesses multitudinous significations.

Yet constantly overshadowing all these, one great, permanent concept of verdancy seems to envelop all others. For me, this greenness is primal, for howsoever I sift springtime implications, I cannot omit the peeping verdure confronting me, either in actuality or memory, whenever I meet spring. And yet it is not really this greenness itself that impresses me, but rather that part of Nature's raiment which this charming color always represents to my particular self. Verdancy may have other sources but to me it is synonymously identified with leaves. Not leaves of plant or brush, but just the common, ordinary leaves of a tree. Indeed, as I mentally review the situation, leaves are the ultimate cause of my associating spring with greenness rather than vice-versa. It is true that leaves eventually lose their original verdure, but in the springtime, at least, they are always green.

For me leaves hold a glorious charm because they are symbolic. . . Of what? Of an idealistic mankind. Of a world seen through ultra-Utopian lenses. Of a world knowing nought but good. In a word, of a world that is supremely beautiful. Follow me for a moment into the grove of fancy where stands a stately, towering oak.

I. Dawn and late spring. Myriad green, glistening oaken leaves—leaves bespeaking health and vigor and life. Gaze upon these, friend, and tell me thy thoughts. What? Only wet leaves? . . . Envision them again. . . What seest thou now? . . . Ah!—Order! Tranquillity! Proportion! Contentment! But stay! Thou hast seen little. Gaze intently with me into those shining mirrored faces. . . Now! . . . Now! . . . Seest the reflection? 'Tis well. Thou hast seen mankind as I—well-ordered and peaceful, harmonious and united!

II. Morning and autumn. . . Need I ask thee, friend, to look

upon that heavenly array of colors, those gorgeous blendings rippling over that sea of sparkling sunlight? Ah, no! Already I perceive thine eyes to be drunk with this leafen beauty. . . Quick! . . . Close them! . . . Muse. . . What seest thou now? . . . Thou hast said it—A world of moral and intellectual splendor! A haven of truth and wisdom!

III. Mid-day and summer. . . Come, stretch thy tired self 'neath the the cool comfort of these refreshing leaves. Sleep. . . Dream. . . Thy dream is mine! A world of charity! A world of love!

IV. Awaken! Arise! The sun is in the west. Look to the horizon. Dost thou know that without yon ball of crimson, these leaves could not be? Look for the last upon them. Tell me, are they not wise in trusting this king of the heavens? . . . Oh, friend, you have dreamed sweetly. . . Yet . . . prepare now to dream the sweetest of the sweet. Close thine eyes. . . Seest thou as I? Oh, leaves, you have shown the noblest of all worlds—a world where men place their trust in God!

In the above flight of fancy you have, I hope, discerned the meaning leaves hold for me. In that fantasy, you have, I pray, seen that their order and proportion, their beauty and splendor, their shade and comfort, their instinctive and unbounded trust in sunlight represent to me an idealistic society—a super-Utopian civilization wherein order and harmony, truth and wisdom, charity and love, and, above all, absolute trust in God are universal attributes.

John H. F. O'Connell, '28

To His Cupbearer

(With Apologies to Q. H. F.)

All pomp of Persian lords I now despise,
The chaplets of the Medes displeas'd me much;
And as for summer's latest rose which holds thine eyes—
Search not for such!

The grace of myrtle leaves is all I crave.
No longer strive to gild the simple vine!
Plain leaves adorn thy brow, whene'er I drink, my knave,
As well as mine!

James J. Sheridan, '30

Crashing the Golden Gate

NEW YORK was in the throes of one of its hot and sultry summer days. Despite the intense heat an unusual activity could be observed among those most active vendors of newspapers—those of Times Square. Bundles upon bundles of newspapers vanished rapidly among the surging crowds.

In glaring headlines, was announced the nearness to death of one of America's most notable personages! Rich and poor alike were gathered in groups, exchanging condolences and shaking their heads in dejected sadness.

In a squalid little room of a very dilapidated tenement house on the West Side, the man whose nearness to death caused so much comment, lay gasping for breath on a dirty, unkempt cot. A renowned New York physician sat at the bedside of this emaciated figure, shaking his head in despair. There was no hope for him; he would soon pass away! During a violent fit of coughing and gasping for breath, he demanded that three favors be done for him before he was buried. He wished to be buried in the habiliments of a soda pop vendor; he wanted to be adorned with smoked glasses, and wanted to have a basket of soda pop at his side when he was interred. These demands were rapidly agreed to by those of his friends who were present; and with a happy smile on his face he died.

The soul of this great man immediately left his body and flew Heavenward.

* * * * *

Just inside the Outer Gate to Heaven, the newly appointed Angels were sitting on the cool grass under the shade of some golden apple trees, practicing on their new trumpets. This was a very arduous task on such a warm day—for it was warm even in Heaven that day!—and especially since they were quite unused to the newness of their wings.

Ariel, the Angel who tended the Outer Gate, and was the Heavenly Musical Instructor of the newly arrived Angels, mopped his brow

and reflected, "I wish Elmer would come around early this afternoon."

Elmer was but a recently appointed Angel, and a very ordinary looking Angel at that. He had been assigned the office of Heavenly Soda Pop Vendor because while on earth he had the honor of having his picture in the first Providence College Year Book; and meritorious earthly deeds of that kind were appreciated in Heaven.

No sooner had Ariel uttered those words than a rattling of bottles was heard by all the Angels present.

Ariel rushed to the Outer Gate, with a shout of joy, and flung it open.

It was the Angel, Elmer, with his basket of cold soda pop bottles.

"Good old Elmer, fine old Elmer!" shouted the assembled Angels.

Elmer was ushered in and passed a bottle of soda pop to each Angel.

"Why are you wearing smoked glasses to-day, Elmer?" asked Ariel.

"Because the glaring sun hurts my eyes," answered the Angel Elmer.

Elmer was about to turn to the Innermost Gate to Heaven, when suddenly the Angels shouted in unison, "But where is the Golden Bottle Opener, Elmer?"

Elmer searched through his basket, but produced no bottle opener.

"I'm sorry, boys; I must have lost it. You'll have to open them on the sharp corners of the Outer Gate."

"That isn't like Elmer at all," muttered Ariel, as the Angel, Elmer, knocked on the Innermost Gate and was admitted.

The Angels immediately dropped this untoward incident from their minds, and proceeded to force the caps off the bottles by means of the sharp corners of the Outer Gate. There was much popping of bottles to be heard. After all the bottles were opened the Angels gathered around the Angel, Ariel.

"Here's looking at you!" shouted Ariel.

"Here's looking at you!" answered the Angels.

No sooner had the Angels put the soda pop bottles to their lips than they threw them down in disgust, and made wry faces in a most un-angelic manner.

"Phew!" ejaculated Ariel. "That isn't like the Heavenly Soda Pop at all; what is wrong with Elmer?"

Just as he finished uttering these words, a rattling of bottles was again heard by all the Angels present. Ariel opened the Outer Gate; and a second Angel, Elmer, entered. This Angel hadn't any smoked glasses on.

"Good grief!" shouted Ariel, "I thought you were inside the Innermost Gate. How did you get outside again unnoticed by us? And where are your smoked glasses?"

The newly arrived Angel looked around at the expectant faces in surprise and said, "Why, I haven't been around before now. What's the trouble?"

The Angels stared in amazement at each other.

"That explains everything," said Ariel. "That first Elmer is a fake."

They all rushed to the Innermost Gate and were admitted. They were just in time to see the first Elmer passing soda pop bottles to the Angels of the Innermost Gate.

They all pointed to him and shouted, "He is a fake!"

As they did so, the first Elmer threw down his basket and tore off his smoked glasses.

He had only one eye! It was the great One-Eyed Connolly; he had crashed his last gate—the Innermost Gate to Heaven.

W. J. Downing, '31.

Summer Reading

SUMMER and its usual indolence is close at hand. Most of us will welcome the thought with joy, for it means a surcease from study, and from the distressing toil of poring over books. We picture a delightful succession of leisurely spent days, each one sweet because of its very emptiness and passivity. But, unless my experiences have differed from yours, a few days, two weeks at most, will find the young man who was so eager to begin his vacation, frantic for the lack of something to do. This is especially true if no position is to be found.

Now, while this is not intended to be a perfect remedy, there is one thing that may be done to pass some of the time pleasantly and profitably. It is reading. Ah—I catch your disgusted grunt. You claim that reading is distasteful, like dried fruit. Stick to it long enough and chew it well; then satisfaction may come from it. Of course, this requires work and that is distasteful, for a snappy line will meet nearly all requirements. So why worry about being well read when texts are so boring. These, I think, are about all the complaints to be mustered against summer reading.

To apply books to colleges is a very normal suggestion, and quite simple. Naturally, books are subsidiary to the primary ends of every college: to train men for leadership, individual thinking, and to furnish them food for thought. Books do not make men, but they are responsible for forging their characters. They are means to an end, and powerful ones.

Of late, a lamentable misfortune has befallen reading. No longer is it a splendid accomplishment, but has become more dissipation rather than anything else. Men, young and old, satisfy themselves by reading enormously of light magazine stories; but the neglect of English Literature is deplorable. It hinders self-development; it effects a dearth of novel and worthwhile ideas; it sinks one into the rut. But just think for a moment what pleasure we may have for the taking. Suppose we

read a great book. Here is a line that stops and surprises us by its meaning. A group of ideas are presented to the mind. It chooses one, sounds its meaning, and then turns to another. We read another line, and are exhilarated by finding that our thoughts coincide with this great and lofty thinker. We try further, and with a little practice, find ourselves broadened of mind, more self-reliant, and readier to meet problems of life.

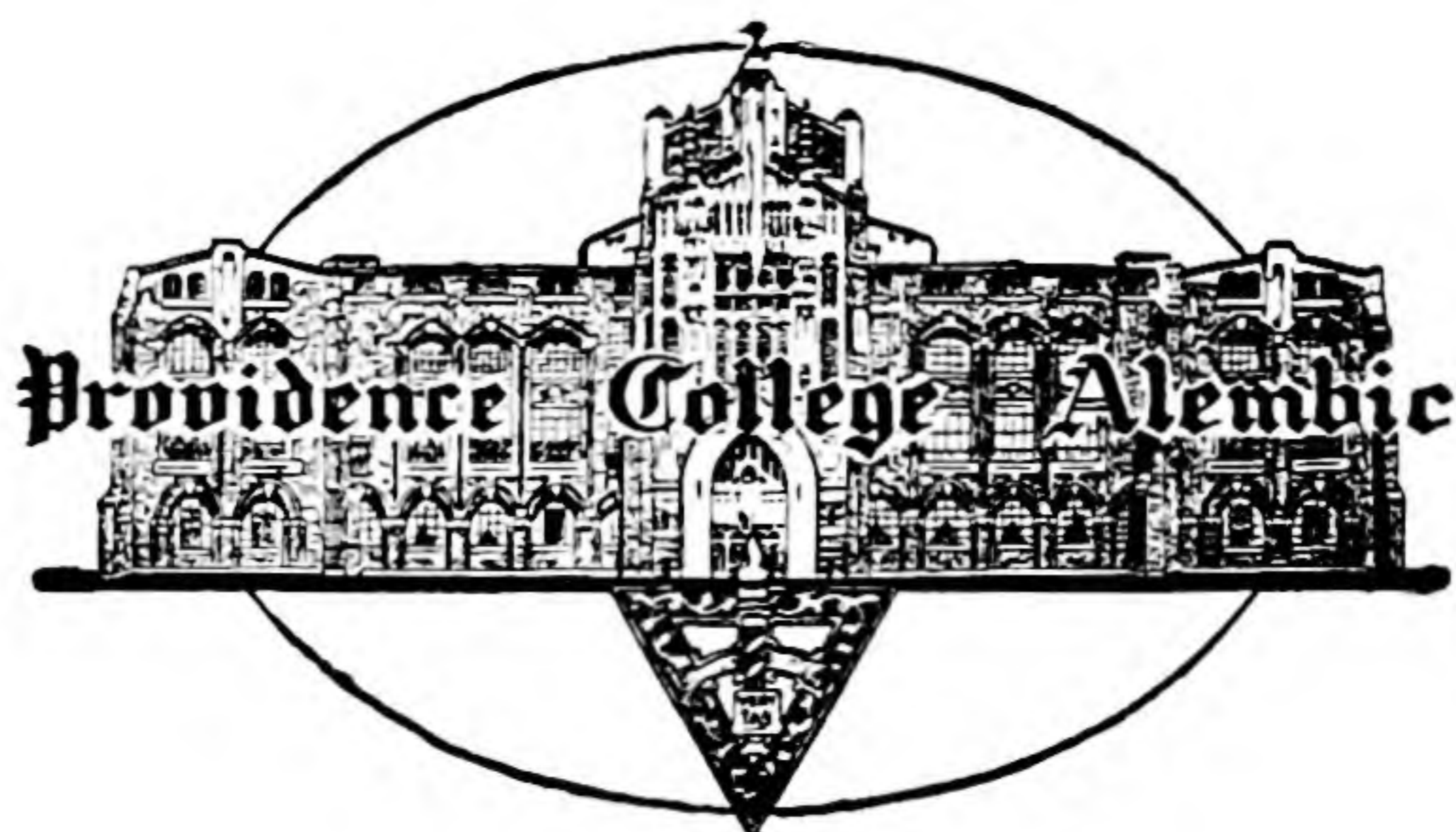
Franklin one day printed in his almanac the adage, "Great oaks from little acorns grow." Almost every succeeding age has read these few words, wondered at their pithiness, and forthwith applied them to its actions. Stretch it a bit and follow me. We have already decided to read a bit of good literature every day during summer. Some few of these words will be acorns, and they will be hidden deep in our brain. But nourishment is brought to them by more reading, and before we know it is really there, we have in our heads, not an oak-tree, but a knowledge of English and a phraseology as strong as the branches of an oak. Then, when the inevitable call for an address or an essay comes, we will be conscious of a new, before unknown power. Words, strong and forceful, will flow from our lips or pen in a wonderfully pleasing cadence and power.

Is not a little labor productive of such gratifying results worth a try at least?

Reading, done intelligently, brings to our mind new facts, as has been said. Good facts can come only from good books. Therefore care must be taken to choose clean novels, stories, and essays. It is not an easy task. Long ago the Devil realized that good books were costing him many souls. So he wrote through the pens of heretics who pretended they were the chosen interpreters of God's mysteries. Milton once wrote of books, "I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as the fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown, may chance to spring up armed men." How true. These false prophets made the pen the exponent of the sword, and by doing so, warn us how dangerous evil books may be.

Books have always influenced life. They have touched society and reformed it; religion, and strengthened it; science, and advanced it; politics, and awakened nations. But for the most part their influence has been for the good, and has outweighed the results of evil books. Truth will always win.

Richard Murphy, '30



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No. 9

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SUMMARY

It is sad but true that college men do not usually become college men, in the true sense of the word, until they become upper classmen. It is only when they round the last lap of college life that they become in any way appreciative of the worth of their Alma Mater. It is only then that they *begin* to feel the gratitude due the

institution nurturing them. At least, this is how the editor reviews his own college career, and, it might be added, he believes himself representative of the average student.

In one of his first comments, the editor inferred that he had but one sermon to preach. Was he not inconsistent? Did he not lie? Did he not, with each passing month, preach anew? No, he did not lie. Perhaps he should have distinguished. Perhaps he should have said that he would restrict himself to sermons of that one particular nature. However, he did not lie. Actually, he had but one sermon to preach, that of appreciation for, coöperation with, and gratitude to our beloved Alma Mater. No doubt it often took on different aspects, but basically it remained unchanged.

But what, it may be asked, is the purpose of such remarks. The intention is twofold: first, to reiterate, as has been done, the substance of these monthly sermons, and secondly, to apply its practical significance to the coming vacation period.

For each of us the summer season will bring with it a new life, the foremost factor of which will be contact with the outside world. In that process, each of us will be met and evaluated. Men will judge us, perhaps silently, but none the less truly. But that is not all. Each of us will serve as a medium whereby the outside world will judge and evaluate Providence College. What we are, how we live, what we do—in the final analysis, our characters—will represent to the world the character of Providence College.

A moment ago we spoke of appreciation for, coöperation with, and gratitude to Providence. Are you so imbued? The only real affirmation you can give to this question is by living a well-spent, gentlemanly life during these coming summer months.

SONG OF THE SWAN

One of the secret resolutions of the present editorial incumbent, upon assumption of office, was to forego the customary June valediction. For three years he had perused, with a cynically-tainted amusement, the last gasps of out-going editors. Annually he had categorized them as "sweet-nothings." But time wields many changes. (Reference is in no way made to the eccentricities of headgear now in vogue about the campus). Thus, as his own passé period approaches, your editor no longer entertains such sentiments. Rather, like his predecessors, he, too, is pos-

essed with a compelling urge to say good-bye, to extend a written handshake, if you will, to everyone interested in the ALEMBIC.

It would be subversive of the truth to deny that he anticipates, and with no small sense of relief, the impending freedom from monthly travail.

It would be sheer hypocrisy for him to disavow the genuine sorrow already rising within him—a feeling, the real depth of which he knows cannot yet be felt. Somehow, a prophetic instinct tells him that this sense of relief is to be but temporary, whereas that of sorrow will forever endure.

As to the character of the ALEMBIC during his tenure of office—well, that certainly is not for the editor to decide. True, contemporary commentators have been very laudatory in their remarks, but, after all, they constitute but a negligible fraction of the readers. A real evaluation can be found only in the degree of significance the ALEMBIC has held for you. It is, then, for you alone to judge.

In any event, the editor wishes, 'ere he actually severs the ALEMBIC bond, to thank sincerely all those who have assisted him, either morally or actively, throughout the year. He can never forget them, especially the Reverend Moderator, and the members of the Staff. Once again, he extends a deep gratitude to all concerned.

Satis! Au revoir! (This is the proper French expression, for the bond uniting the editor and the ALEMBIC in spirit can never be severed.)

RESIDUUM

AGREEABLE, AT LEAST

He: "When is your birthday?"

She: "When will it be most convenient for you?"

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

"I think I will break out in a new suit to-morrow."

"Now, listen, Eczema, don't get rash."

PARADOXICAL (?)

The Deacon says that he cannot understand this modern generation at all. He says that he heard a certain amorous individual tell the girl of his dreams that he would be willing to die for her and then the next minute he told her that his love was undying.

OLD STUFF

Missus: "I have a dining room chair that goes back to Louis XIV."

Missed: "Why that is nothing, I have a whole parlor set that goes back to Summerfield's the first of the month."

WITH A TURNOVER

At last the reason has been discovered as to why many business men are so careful about the heat and will not allow the windows to be opened in their offices. One business man disclosed the secret when approached upon the subject. He said that an even and oven warm temperature greatly facilitated him in "making his daily bread."

NOT ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION

A man had bought some rabbits and the following day he was surprised to see his son shaking the life out of one of them. Going over to rebuke the lad for his apparent cruelty he heard his son saying: "Five and five, how much are five and five?"

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the astonished father.

"Why," answered the boy, "the man next door told me that rabbits multiply rapidly, and this one here cannot even add."

ANOTHER GRAVEYARD ELEGY

Lyn-chee: "Gee, but Gabby must be an awful deadhead."

Some Other Chinaman: "Why, what makes you think that?"

First Mongolian: "Well, I heard him say the other day that he was going to dig up a girl for the Senior Ball."

ASK DAD: HE KNOWS

Hec Allen reports that he had an amusing experience at a Ball Game in Boston not so long ago. It seems that Hec was in the centre field bleachers. Hec explained that he usually sat in the grandstand but that on this occasion he was getting material for a new story. Well, to get back to the story and to Hec in the bleachers: just before the game started the umpire walked out onto the diamond, announced the batteries and then proceeded to walk out to the bleachers where he sat down beside Hec. "Say," said Hec, "What's the idea of coming out here?" "Well," answered the grizzled arbitrator, "you fellows seem to be able to call them so well from away out here, I thought I would come out and try it."

AND HIS NAME WAS BAKER

She: "You have an awful crust."

He: "Oh, that's alright, it is more or less natural, you see I am college bred."

EXPERT NAVIGATION

The following one is told on "Ted" when he was very young: His father owned a small yacht and he was in the habit of taking "Ted" on short cruises. One night the father had to go into the cabin for some charts, so he left the wheel in charge of the young admiral, saying, "Steer by that star and you will be alright." No sooner had the father disappeared from sight than the boat was hopelessly off its course. The boat veered completely around and when the star appeared at the stern instead of the bow "Ted" called proudly, "Come and find me another star, I passed that one."

Philip B. Hearn, '28

EXCHANGE

It is indeed gratifying to this writer, and no doubt, it is to others engaged in like work, to note the steady and consistent improvement that our many exchanges have exhibited in the character of their content. From the inception of the present scholastic year it has been a pleasure to note a change in tone and quality, a more vibrant enthusiasm, and a continuous upward trend to the mastery of self-expression. Such advance has been due largely to the untiring efforts of individual contemporaries, but we think that the Exchange Departments have contributed a goodly share to the success and improvement in this field of literary endeavor.

Of the many impressions acquired throughout the course of an editorship a few stand out more prominently than others. It has been characteristic of many of our exchanges to center more attention in Departments than in pure literary creation. Now, of course, this is not in keeping with the primary purpose of a magazine which is to cultivate a literary style and spirit and a more perfect mode of expression.

Perhaps a word or two further, on the Exchange Department may not be amiss. A properly conducted Exchange Department can effect great good and true friendship can be fostered among schools and colleges through this medium if but interested and critical editors are placed in this Department. Though we admire the frank and constructive attitude of many editors, yet the abuse of this department still remains. The lack of courage to speak one's mind and to express one's sentiments, lest the one counselled retaliate, still grips too many of those entrusted with exchange duties. The real good of the department can best be achieved when an editor submits his views on a magazine just as he finds it, not by giving an eloquent discourse of the "excellencies" and "beauties" of everything he reviews until he finds himself exhausted in his words of superficial praise.

THE CANISIUS MONTHLY

The March Number of the Monthly reached our desk somewhat

belated, but nevertheless our usual welcome and interest awaited it. The first article of this issue entitled "A Twentieth Century Apostle of Charity" is a glowing and worthy tribute to an eminent Churchman, whose life and works have become the admiration of mankind everywhere. The zeal and devotion of Msgr. Baker, his personal qualities and priestly character, are most admirably treated in this essay. Well may Canisius boast of such a loyal and devoted son. "Ramparts of Paradise" is likewise well done, the splendid setting nobly enhanced by the deft touches of a dignified style. Mr. Lim in "A Word on China" gives us an insight into the causes which have thrust this war-torn nation into the clutches of continual civil strife and unrest. "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them," has many rough edges that might be smoothed. Especially is this true of sentence construction. An isolated sentence from the story may best illustrate our point. "He drank a cupful of the soup and said that it would have to be he that would have to go to tell Adam." Rather awkward we think. But we must commend the same author for his pleasing verse "Mountains." "Retribution" is intensely interesting and splendidly rendered. We took a "second helping" of the delicacy served us in "Pies and Things." Perhaps it might interest the author to know that it was well savored to our taste. And now a word or two more. We have followed throughout the year (enviously) the literary contributions of Mr. O'Connor. The scholarly editorial in this number is but another of the many excellent works of his pen that have adorned the pages of the monthly. There is beauty, wisdom and power in all he writes, and such a pen shall and must find expression in the vast field of literature where, in the not too distant future, we hope to find this gifted gentleman.

THE RED AND WHITE

To this exchange from St. Dunstan's University, the ALEMBIC extends a most cordial welcome. The many kind and constructive suggestions offered have inspired us to loftier heights in literary pursuit, while the individual admonition to this writer will find a responsive chord.

It was indeed a pleasure and a privilege to review the April number of the "Red and White." The two short stories therein contained "The Curse of Tiglath" and "Last House" while savoring of some similarity in plot construction, nevertheless are worthy of merit by reason of descriptive background and excellence of diction. The essays

"The Pleasure of Memory" and "Faith and Science" are representative, the latter by far the better of the two. Here we have a splendid disquisition of the co-relation of Faith and Science. "The Missionary" we think the best of the verse compositions embodying as it does emotions and sentiments of truly ennobling character. The Editorials are timely and very well written, though we would hesitate to include "The Date of Easter" under the editorial heading. It appears to us to be an historical essay, and should be included in the regular literary department. The remainder of the magazine is devoted to Departments, each of which is well edited, complete and newsy. We take particular note of "The Jungle" and "The Funny Man." No doubt the humor here contained helps to dissipate the dulling atmosphere which we understand the elements all too often confer upon P. E. I. and its environs.

We shall be waiting for future numbers of the "Red and White," and we trust that our acquaintance will be a long and profitable one.

Throughout the year we have had the pleasure of receiving at various times the following Exchanges:

- The Abbey Student*, St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas.
- The Anselmian*, St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.
- The Beacon*, R. I. State College, Kingston, R. I.
- The Blue & White*, St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica.
- The Boston College Stylus*, Boston College, Newton, Mass.
- The Borromian*, St. Charles' College, Catonsville, Md.
- The Canisius Monthly*, Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.
- The Chimes*, Cathedral College, New York, N. Y.
- The Columbian*, Holy Family High School, Union City, N. J.
- The Dove*, Mt. St. Scholastica College, Atchison, Kansas.
- The Ethos*, Emmanuel College, Boston, Mass.
- The Fordham Monthly*, Fordham University, New York, N. Y.
- The Green & White*, La Salle College, Manila, P. I.
- The Holy Cross Purple*, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.
- The Labarum*, Mt. St. Joseph College, Dubuque, Iowa.
- The Laurel*, St. Bonaventure College, Bonaventure, N. Y.
- The Loria*, St. Joseph's College, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- The Loyolan*, Loyola College, Los Angeles, Cal.
- The Maroon & White*, La Salle Academy, Providence, R. I.

- The Northeastern News*, Northeastern University, Boston, Mass.
The Ozanam, St. John's College, Toledo, Ohio.
The Purple & Gold, St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt.
The Quadrangle, Manhattan College, New York, N. Y.
The Red & White, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
The Record, St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.
The Rosary College Eagle, Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.
The Setonian, Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J.
The Setonian, Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.
The Sinsinawa, Santa Clara Academy, Sinsinawa, Wis.
St. Ann's Monthly, St. Ann's Academy, New York, N. Y.
St. Benedict's Monthly, St. Benedict's College, St. Joseph, Minn.
St. Francis Voice, St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y.
St. John's Concordia, St. John's Prep School, Danvers, N. Y.
St. Joseph Prep Chronicle, St. Joseph High School, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Text, Lowell Textile Inst., Lowell, Mass.
The Tech Review, Technical High School, Providence, R. I.
The Torch, St. John's College, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Tower, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.
The Trinity College Record, Trinity College, Washington, D. C.
The Viatorian, St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Ill.
The Xavier, Xavier High School, New York, N. Y.

John W. Murphy, '28

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

THE JUNIOR PROM

The evening of April 25 saw the Narragansett Ballroom, the scene of many a Providence activity, brilliantly lighted and decorated with the college, state and national colors for the outstanding social event of the year—at least as far as the Juniors are concerned—their Prom.

The popping eyed Freshie, foxy Soph, jubilant Junior, and sedate (?) Senior, bumped and collided, excused themselves and in good humor whisked off again to the tuneful and breathless music of Morey Pearl and his Orchestra. Intermissions were few and scattered except for the short relief during supper; the floor was constantly crowded as the relentless musicians gave little opportunity for rest to the weary, by keeping up a constant flow of not-to-be refused tunes and specialties; and with the words of "Good night boys; good night girls!" the grand flourish of brass announced the completion of one more of those Junior Proms, the turning of one more page in the album of collegiate memoirs.

The committee in charge of the Prom was composed of the following men: Francis E. Greene, Chairman; James F. Hanaway, John J. Murphy, Clifford L. Rosmond, William P. Shields, Joseph F. Waterson, Francis T. Flynn, George F. Treanor, and Francis Mullen.

THE DOMINO

The result of much diligent and assiduous research and investigation in the realms of collegiate history at Providence, a much-awaited and widely-heralded Domino made its appearance just previous to the Prom. The Domino is all that it pretends to be, a guide and divulger of general information for the unwily and suspecting Freshman. Nevertheless, the booklet makes a handy record and ready reference for the upper classmen. The ALEMBIC congratulates the producers of the Domino, and feels certain that it will do much in particular toward the welcoming and guidance of the incoming Freshman class and the development of a real Providence spirit!

VERITAS

The "Veritas," or Year Book Committee, announces that the Annual is at the present time in the press and that according to all plans will be available for the student body during the latter part of May.

CAP AND GOWN DAY

A brief respite from the dire weather of the past month greeted the Senior class on the day scheduled for donning the academic costume, May 9th. The exercises of the day were opened with the celebration of Mass in the chapel by Reverend Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., President of Providence College. At the conclusion of Mass the members of the Class of 1928 were solemnly invested in the Cap and Gown by Reverend Daniel M. Galliher, O.P., Dean. The address of the occasion was delivered by Father McCarthy, who stressed the qualities desirable in the graduate to be—intellectual candor and moral courage.

Following the celebration of Mass, the Seniors filed slowly across the campus, where the tree dedicated by the present graduating class was blessed by Father McCarthy, after which each member of the Class, in keeping with the customary tradition, deposited a spadeful of soil around the roots of the sapling. The Cap and Gown Address was then delivered by John H. Moran, of the School of Arts.

The festivities of the day were brought to a fitting climax in the Gymnasium that evening when the Seniors danced for the first time in their academic attire at the customary social given on Cap and Gown Day. The Officials and Faculty were the guests of the occasion, the address of the evening being delivered by Omer L. Moreau, of the School of Arts.

The Committee for the affair was comprised of the following: Jerome J. Ryan of the School of Philosophy, Chairman, Joseph G. McCra of the School of Arts, Edward F. McLaughlin of the School of Science, Joseph M. Ramos of the School of Philosophy, and Carmine P. Bruno of the School of Philosophy.

"YES INDEED"

With all the gusto and charm of a Broadway opening, "Yes Indeed!" an original musical comedy by Francis E. Greene, and with the lyrics by J. Austin Quirk and James F. Hana-

way, sprang lightly upon the foot-worn boards of the Modern Theatre on the evening of May 11.

The musical piece proved pleasant entertainment indeed; and exercising their privilege as musical comedy producers, of dispensing with anything which might resemble to any degree a plot, the writers managed to work into the play all the collegiate specialties available in the college. But what of a lack of plot. Musical comedy furnishes the one exception to the adage, "The play's the thing," and we dare say that the audience showed more interest in the players themselves than in the characters whom they portrayed. If spontaneous and prolonged applause forms any criterion of success, with the added note of coming from a Providence audience noted for "sitting on their hands," there was no doubt as to the success of the show.

Good vocal qualities with an abundance of volume in their use, together with a natty appearance in white shirts, knickers and golf socks and approved aptitude for dance execution, made the male chorus the real feature of the show and the object of much admiration and applause.

But if the audience was moved to admiration at the male chorus, this frame of mind was utterly dispersed to the four winds by the intermittent appearance of a sextette of Ned Wayburn fair co-eds.. Try as it would the audience was not to be deprived of its privilege of indulging in spasms and convulsions at the more or less graceful (and we use the comparison designedly) of the Glorified American Girls, who, nymph-like, flittered hither and thither attired in sport costume. The girlies, however, proved their ability to wear the latest creations in evening gowns in the opening chorus of the third act.

Songs which we hope to hear soon again and frequently thereafter, are: "Collegiate Rag," "Beautiful Girls," "Who's That Knocking at My Door," "We're All Collegiate Here," and "Yes Indeed!"

P. S.—The pioneers in the musical comedy field at Providence College, James H. Lynch and Thomas P. Carroll, the young men responsible for the famous success, "NANCY" were in attendance at the show, to lend the note of authority and brotherly interest to the occasion.

"CAUSIAE"

With the silent disapproval of the renowned Freshman skull-caps by the gentlemen who form the body of said class, and their subsequent dispatch of this singular and distinctive article of

innocent adornment to the musty and sneeze-provocative trunk of souvenirs in the attic, the threatening disappearance of hats into total oblivion has been admirably thwarted by a few brave societies and organizations about the campus. It is not foolhardy to state that recently the campus has become the serious rival of any Fifth Avenue or Westminster Street millinery shoppe; in fact we doubt whether either of the above mentioned shoppes could even attempt to duplicate the variety of hats seen in our college.

The basket-ball men display a novel black head-dress; baseball hats make their daily appearance on the field and in the corridors late in the afternoon; a few elusive iron hats still remain unsullied and intact (O wonder of wonders!); we might even venture the opinion that perhaps women's hats have been worn at the rehearsals for "Yes Indeed!" (although we have no criterion upon which to base such a presumption due to the secrecy of such rehearsals); the Frairs are now invested in a distinctive sun-bonnet for the edification of visiting teams and damsels alike; while the noble, illustrious, and as someone remarks: "Stultissimi" Seniors, wear the solemn mortar board and flowing tassel.

James E. McDonald, '28

ALUMNI NOTES

It is joyfully noted by all connected with the ALEMBIC, and by the author in particular, that each college activity, from the ball games to histrionic attempts, brings out from the recesses of the business and professional fields, an ever increasing attendance of Alumni. This spirit can only result in welfare for all concerned, and serves as a forceful urge and satisfaction to us of the undergraduate body.

The attention of the Alumni is here called to quickly approaching Commencement activities, and especially to those having reference to their own organization.

The first of the quintennial reunions planned for each graduating class is to be held this year, when the reunion of the Class of 1923 takes place on Monday, June 11, at the Chopmist Hill Inn. The committee announces athletic and beauty contests following the dinner.

June 11th is, incidentally, Class Day, and at those events of the day with which the reunion does not conflict, the members of the Class of 1923 will be heartily welcome. It is hoped that all those members of other classes who are so disposed will attend the Class Day exercises of the Class of 1928. The Class Day exercises in the afternoon will be followed by the customary social reception to the Junior Class in the evening. Each graduating class is always glad to welcome members of the Alumni to this dance.

On Tuesday, June 12th, the annual Alumni Mass will be celebrated in the chapel for the repose of the souls of all deceased Alumni, after which will be held the annual Alumni Business meeting at which are elected the officers for the ensuing year. During the afternoon, a nine representing the Alumni will do all in their power to stop the eastern collegiate advances of the Varsity nine on Hendricken Field. This promises to be as great a game as was witnessed upon the same field two years ago, when the Alumni went down to defeat before the advances of the Varsity. The Annual Alumni Banquet at the Biltmore Hotel

will be the feature of the evening. The committee in charge of the Banquet is endeavoring to secure a nationally known speaker for the occasion.

Commencement Day, June 14th, will see as usual, the Alumni allotted a honorary place in the academic procession. The college is indeed proud of her degree men and consequently wishes them all to take active part in the Commencement activities. The afternoon Commencement Day game is one of an intersectional flavor, with Notre Dame University furnishing the last opposition which the Dominicans will be forced to encounter in the search of baseball glory for this season. In the evening the traditional Commencement Ball will be held in the crystal ballroom of the Narragansett Hotel.

The ALEMBIC hereby extends its best wishes to the Alumni in appreciation of their support during the past year, not only in regard to the magazine itself but in regard to all things collegiate, in which the ALEMBIC is whole-heartedly interested. The ALEMBIC Staff expresses the hope that it will have the opportunity of welcoming a large number of Alumni returning to old scenes and acquaintances during Commencement Week, that most precious of all seasons in scholastic life.

In closing the author extends his appreciation for the co-operation rendered by the Alumni members themselves. If the department has given them any desired information concerning absent brethren, we ask you to contribute any further information in your possession, to the inheritor of this chair in particular, in order to lighten and alleviate his burden, that pleasant yet not always practical and attainable duty of keeping in proximate touch with the ever-growing body of Alumni. See you at Commencement!

James E. McDonald, '28



BASEBALL

SPRING HILL VS. PROVIDENCE

at Hendriken Field, April 25, 1928

Advancing another step nearer the intercollegiate crown, the Providence College outfit swept through the Spring Hill College aggregation, the finest college nine in the South, in a hotly contested tilt on Hendriken Field to register a 9 to 7 victory. The triumph was the seventh for the Dominicans.

Marty Gibbons, fleet left fielder for the White and Black, proved to be the hero of the fray in the eighth canto, when he stepped to the plate with the count tied, and Heck Allen parked on second and poked a hard grass cutter past first to score the winning marker.

Moran, who worked but one inning previously this season, had the starting call on the mound and gave a fairly good exhibition until the eighth frame, when he faltered and was unable to hold the lead that had been procured for him, and so was benched in favor of Tom McElroy. McElroy took over the reins with the score tied and had no difficulty in holding the Alabama sluggers in check for the remainder of the afternoon.

In their half of the first inning, the Providence athletes tallied three runs as the result of Cazentra's wildness. Three successive walks filled the bases and set the stage for Joe Duffy, slugging first baseman, who slammed a drive over the left fielder's head which was good for three bases. Main chipped in with a single to send his first baseman home with the fourth run.

The score:

PROVIDENCE						SPRING HILL						
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e	
Allen, 3.....	2	1	1	4	1	Roach, s.....	5	1	3	3	0	
Gibbons, l.....	5	2	3	0	0	Hertzog, r.....	4	2	2	0	0	
Fleurent, r.....	3	2	1	0	0	McEvoy, m.....	4	1	3	0	0	
Hebert, m.....	3	1	3	0	0	Halloran, 2.....	5	3	3	1	0	
Duffy, 1.....	4	2	6	0	0	Henderson, 1....	4	1	6	0	0	
Murphy, c.....	3	0	6	2	1	Delmas, l.....	5	1	0	0	0	
Main, 2.....	4	1	3	1	0	Petroutts, 3.....	3	0	3	3	0	
Cappalli, s.....	3	0	2	2	0	Blaize, c.....	4	1	3	1	0	
Moran, p.....	2	0	0	1	0	Cazentre, p.....	0	0	0	1	0	
McElroy, p.....	1	0	1	0	0	Doubille, p.....	2	0	1	1	0	
						*Ryan	0	0	0	0	0	
Totals	30	9*	26	10	2	Totals	36	10	24	10	0	
Innings												
PROVIDENCE				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
SPRING HILL				4	3	0	0	0	0	0	2	x—9
				2	0	2	0	0	0	2	1	0—7

Runs—Allen 3, Fleurent, Hebert, Duffy, Cappalli, Moran, Gibbons—9; Hertzog 2, McEvoy 2, Halloran 2, Roach—7. Hits—Off Cazentre 4 in 1 inning; off Doubille 5 in 1; off Moran 10 in 7 2-3; off McElroy 0 in 1 1-3. Stolen bases—McEvoy, Allen, Gibbons. Two-base hits—Henderson, Roach. Three-base hit—Duffy. Home run—Halloran. Double play—Halloran to Henderson. Struck out—By Moran 4; by McElroy 1; by Cazentre 1; by Doubille 2. Base on balls—Off Moran 6; off Cazentre 5; off Doubille 3. First base on error—Spring Hill. Left on bases—Providence College 6; Spring Hill 8. Umpire—Meehan. Time—2hr. 3m.

*Roach out for interference in sixth.

**Batted for Delmas in ninth.

COLBY VS. PROVIDENCE

at Hendricken Field, April 26, 1928

Colby College's efforts to stop the winning streak of the crack Providence College outfit proved futile on Hendricken Field, as Jack Flynn's charges crashed through with a 6 to 4 decision.

The heavy hitting White and Black ball tossers continued to set their dizzy pace with two homers and three clean doubles featuring the fracas. Fleurent, leading sticker last spring, and all Eastern outfielder, dented the left field fence in the grst round with a hard smash, and in the eighth Hal Bradley, star flinger, who relieved Joe Whelan with the box work, pounded a circuit drive to the same regions.

Joe Harraghy, peppy backstop, proved the big noise in the Providence attack, netting a brace of hits at opportune times. His first blow came in the opening stanza with Hebert and Duffy resting on the bases, and was a hard single to centre, to score a run. His second single,

registered in the third, sent Fleurent across the platter with the third Dominican marker.

The big blowoff, which turned the tide of victory to the local lads, came in the sixth after Colby had taken a 4 to 3 lead. Main and Cappalli skied out to the infield, and Wineapple, rugged hurler from Salem, made his debut as a pinch hitter, replacing Whelan. Wineapple picked the right field fence as a target and proceeded to bound the horsehide off that barrier for two bases. The ever-reliable Heck Allen sent a sizzling grounder just inside the third base cushion, the ball rolling into left field foul territory for two bases, while Wineapple tallied at the home station. Gibbons came through in the pinch with a double into left to put the locals ahead by a single run.

The score:

PROVIDENCE						COLBY						
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e	
Allen, 3.....	4	1	1	3	0	Callaghan, 1.....	4	2	4	0	0	
Gibbons, 1.....	4	1	1	0	0	McDonald, 2.....	4	1	3	0	0	
Fleurent, r.....	3	2	1	0	0	Baldwin, r.....	5	1	0	0	0	
Hebert, m.....	3	1	1	0	1	Nezirolek, 1.....	4	0	4	0	0	
Duffl, 1.....	3	2	18	0	0	Heal, m.....	3	1	2	0	0	
Harraghy, c.....	4	2	3	1	0	Davis, r.....	3	0	3	1	0	
Main, 2.....	3	0	1	1	3	Tierney, s.....	4	3	2	3	0	
Cappalli, s.....	4	1	0	2	1	Heddering, c.....	4	1	6	3	0	
Whelan, p.....	2	0	0	5	0	Trainor, p.....	4	1	0	0	0	
*Wineapple	1	1	0	0	0							
Bradley, p.....	1	1	1	1	0							
<hr/>						<hr/>						
Totals	32	12	27	13	5	Totals	35	10	27	7	0	
Innings												
PROVIDENCE				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
COLBY				2	0	1	0	0	2	0	1	x—6
				0	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	0—4

Runs—Allen, Fleurent 2, Hebert, Wineapple, Bradley—6; McDonald, Heal 2, Heddering—4. Two base hits—Wineapple, Allen, Gibbons, Tierney. Home runs—Fleurent, Bradley. Sacrifices—Hebert, Callaghan, McDonald, Davis. Stolen bases—Fleurent, Tierney. Double play—Heddering to Tierney to Nizirolek. Hits—Off Whelan 9 in 6 innings; off Bradley 1 in 3. Struck out—By Whelan 3; by Bradley 1; by Trainor 4. First base on errors—Colby 2. Left on bases—Providence 8; Colby 8. Umpires—Meehan and Foley. Time—1h. 55m.

*Batted for Whelan in sixth.

PROVIDENCE VS. LOWELL TEXTILE

at Lowell, Mass., May 2, 1928

Another pitching sensation flashed across the college baseball world, when Eddie Wineapple, a husky southpaw hurler from the city of Salem, pitched himself to fame by holding the Lowell Textile nine hitless and scoreless for nine full innings, to win a 9 to 0 game. Wine-

apple was brilliant from start to finish and was never in the least danger from the efforts of the Textile warriors.

Wineapple, in turning in his remarkable exhibition, struck out 12 Lowell batsmen and allowed but three walks. Only four men reached first base, one as the result of an infield error, and only one was able to dig his cleats into second.

In the first inning Allen strolled, went down on Gibbons sacrifice, and to third on Fleurent's short single into left. Hebert walked and then Coffey forced in the first run when he walked Murphy. Main doubled for one of the two extra base blows of the day, and two more runs were chalked up. In the second Allen's walk, Gibbons' sacrifice and Fleurent's single accounted for another run.

The big blow off came in the fourth inning. Cappalli hit to short and was safe when Allard booted the roller. Wineapple crashed a single past second to move up his shortstop. Allen walked filling the cushions, and once again Coffey failed in the crisis and forced Cappalli in with a run when he pitched wildly to Fleurent. Hebert hit to left and Wineapple and Allen scored. Then Duffy, Providence first sacker, completed the rout with a stinging single into centerfield, which enabled Fleurent and Hebert to race over the platter.

The score:

PROVIDENCE						LOWELL						
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e	
Allen, 3.....	3	1	0	1	0	N. M'K'on, 2....	4	0	5	4	0	
Gibbons, 1.....	3	1	0	0	0	Quigley, s.....	3	0	2	2	1	
Fleurent, r.....	4	2	0	0	0	Allard, s.....	4	0	2	3	1	
Hebert, m.....	4	2	2	0	0	Biggi, c.....	3	0	1	2	0	
Duffy, 1.....	5	2	11	0	0	Ellis, l.....	2	0	2	1	1	
Murphy, c.....	4	0	11	2	0	H. M'K'on, m....	2	0	1	0	0	
Main, 2.....	4	1	3	4	0	Burt, 1.....	3	0	13	0	0	
Cappalli, s.....	5	1	0	2	1	Woodbury, r.....	1	0	1	0	0	
Wineapple, p....	4	1	0	2	0	Coffey, p.....	1	0	0	2	0	
						Preston, s.....	1	0	0	1	1	
						Logan, r.....	1	0	0	0	0	
						Walker, r.....	2	0	0	1	1	
						Zalkind, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	
Totals	36	11	27	11	1	Totals	27	0	27	16	5	
Innings				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PROVIDENCE				3	1	0	5	0	0	0	0	0-9
LOWELL				0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0

Runs—Allen 3, Fleurent 2, Hebert 2, Cappalli, Wineapple—9. Hits—Off Coffey 6 in 3 1-3 innings; off Walker 4 in 4 2-3; off Zalkind 1 in 1. Stolen bases—Gibbons, Fleurent. Two-base hits—Main, Cappalli. Sacrifices—Gibbons 2. Double plays—Quigley to N. McKinnon to Burt; Cappalli to Main to Duffy. Struck out—By Wineapple 12; by Coffey 0; by Walker 2. Base on balls—Off Wineapple 3; off Coffey

6; of Walker 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Walker (Main). First base on errors—Providence College 3; Lowell Textile 1.

BOWDOIN VS. PROVIDENCE

at Hendricken Field, May 4, 1928

Pitching his first 'Varsity game for Providence, George Forrest, slim left-hander from Pittsfield, held the Bowdoin College nine to three hits in a game which resulted in an 18 to 3 victory for the Dominicans at Hendricken Field. During the last eight innings, Forrest kept the Bowdoinites hitless.

Cole and Leach, Bowdoin pitchers, were touched for 16 hits. Five were doubles, of which Heck Allen knocked two. Forrest contributed two hits in four trips to the plate. It was the 10th straight victory for the Black and White.

Forrest's success was due in no small measure to the fielding of Allen and Harry Main. The former cut into shortstop to knock down hard grounders on a number of occasions, while Main contributed two fine plays, the second a one-hand stab of a drive over second base in the last of the ninth.

The score:

PROVIDENCE						BOWDOIN							
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e		
Allen, 3.....	4	2	1	4	0	Dwyer, s.....	3	0	2	4	1		
Gibbons, 1.....	5	1	0	0	0	Chalmers, 2.....	3	0	1	1	0		
Fleurent, r.....	5	1	2	1	0	Stiles, m.....	3	0	3	1	0		
Hebert, m.....	4	2	3	0	0	Urban, l.....	4	0	4	0	0		
Krieger, m.....	2	1	0	0	0	Morrell, c.....	4	1	5	1	1		
Duffy, 1.....	5	2	14	0	0	Lincoln, 1.....	3	1	5	0	1		
Harraghy, c.....	3	1	3	1	0	Schulte, 3.....	4	1	0	3	2		
Curran, c.....	2	2	0	0	1	Gray, r.....	3	0	2	0	0		
Main, 2.....	4	1	3	2	0	Cole, p.....	1	0	0	0	0		
Cappalli, s.....	5	1	1	2	1	Leech, p.....	2	0	2	0	0		
Forrest, p.....	4	2	0	5	0	*Crimmons	1	0	0	0	0		
Totals	43	16	27	15	2	Totals	31	3	24	10	5		
Innings					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PROVIDENCE					0	0	10	0	0	2	0	6	x—18
BOWDOIN					3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3

Runs—Allen 3, Gibbons 3, Fleurent, Hebert 2, Duffy 2, Harraghy, Curran, Main 2, Cappalli, Forrest 2—18; Stiles, Urban, Morrell—3. Hits—Off Cole 2 in 2 innings; off Leech 14 in 6. Stolen bases—Gibbons, Hebert, Cappalli. Two-base hits—Allen 2, Duffy, Curran, Fleurent. Sacrifice hits—Gibbons, Chalmers. Struck out—By Forrest 2; by Cole 1; by Leech 2. Base on balls—Off Forrest 1; off Cole 3; off Leech 3. Wild pitches—Forrest, Leech. Passed ball—Morrell. Hit by pitched ball—By Forrest (Dwyer, Crimmins). First base on errors—Providence 4; Bowdoin 2. Left on bases—Providence 8; Bowdoin 4. Time of game—2h. 3m. Umpires—Meehan and Foley.

*Batted for Lincoln in 9th.

PROVIDENCE VS. NORTHEASTERN

at Boston Mass., May 5, 1928

The Providence College 'Varsity nine registered its 11th straight victory of the sesason by annexing a 2 to 0 decision over the North-eastern University aggregation at Huntington Field. The game resulted in a bitterly contested pitchers' duel between McElroy of the Providence outfit and Leo Crowley of the local nine.

McElroy had the better of the duel throughout, although Crowley twirled his best game in two years, being nicked for eight hits and only two runs. Incidentally the score was the lowest that the classy Domini-can aggregation has accepted this campaign.

If one lad in particular aided McElroy in holding the hard hitting Huskies in check it was Harry Main, slugging keystone sacker, whose work was the brightest that has been seen here in some time.

The score:

PROVIDENCE						NORTHEASTEN					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
Allen ,3.....	5	1	0	2	0	P. Ranney, r.....	5	0	0	0	0
Gibbons, l.....	4	1	3	0	0	Mahoney, c.....	3	0	3	0	0
Fleurent, r.....	4	0	1	0	0	L. Ranney, m....	4	1	3	0	0
Hebert, m.....	4	2	1	0	0	D. Pender, 2.....	4	1	0	2	2
Duffy, 1.....	2	1	13	1	0	Freeland, 1.....	4	0	1	1	1
Murphy, c.....	4	1	5	0	0	Richardson, 1....	2	0	2	1	0
Main, 2.....	4	2	4	5	1	Goodwin, s.....	2	1	3	5	0
Cappalli, c.....	4	0	0	3	2	Nutter, 3.....	3	1	5	2	0
McElroy, p.....	4	0	0	3	0	Crowley, p.....	3	0	0	2	0
						*Dempsey	1	1	0	0	0
						**Gilbert	1	0	0	0	0
						***Radcliffe	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	8	27	14	3	Totals	33	5	27	13	3
Innings					1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—						
PROVIDENCE					1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—2						
NORTHEASTERN					0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0						

Runs—Allen, Duffy—2. Stolen bases—Allen 2, Duffy. Two-base hit—Nutter. Sacrifices—Duffy, Mahoney, Goodwin. Struck out—By Crowley 1; by McElroy 4. Base on balls—Off Crowley 2; off McElroy 1. Hit by pitched ball—By McElroy (Richardson). First base on errors—Providence College 2; Northeastern 3. Left on bases—Provi-dence College 8; Northeastern 10. Umpire—J. Donohue. Time—1h. 50m.

*Batted for Richardson in ninth.

**Batted for Goodwin in ninth.

***Batted for Nutter in ninth.

ST. MICHAEL'S VS. PROVIDENCE

at Hendricken Field, May 10, 1928

With Eddie Wineapple, sensational southpaw hurler, holding the

St. Michael's College nine to four hits, and Nap Fleurent, hard hitting outfielder, hammering out two home runs, the Providence outfit annexed its 12th straight victory of the season on Hendricken Field by a 6 to 0 score.

Fleurent's first home run proved the turning point in the fray, breaking a brilliant pitching duel between the Dominican star and Ed Connally, rangy portsider of the St. Michael's team. Both hurlers showed plenty of class until the sixth frame when Connally weakened long enough for Jack Flynn's hard-hitting aggregation to get to work.

In shutting out the Green Mountain aggregation, Wineapple rolled his total of scoreless innings pitched to 20, as he has two innings of the C. C. N. Y. tilt played in New York to his credit, in addition to the Lowell game. The Salem product also boasts the unique record of having but four hits garnered off his delivered in the three times he has toiled on the mound.

The score:

PROVIDENCE						ST. MICHAEL'S						
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e	
Allen, 3.....	3	2	0	1	0	Shea, r.....	4	0	1	0	0	
Gibbons, 1.....	1	1	1	1	0	Connor, 3.....	4	2	1	4	0	
Fleurent, r.....	3	2	1	0	0	Klein, 2.....	4	1	3	3	1	
Hebert, m.....	4	0	1	0	0	Wood, m.....	3	0	2	0	0	
Duffy, 1.....	4	2	7	0	1	Gorman, c.....	3	0	2	1	0	
Harraghy, c.....	3	0	13	1	0	Murphy, 1.....	3	0	11	0	0	
Main, 2.....	4	1	1	2	0	O'Connor, l.....	3	0	2	0	0	
Cappalli, s.....	4	0	2	1	0	Heffernan, s.....	2	1	2	2	0	
Wineapple, p....	3	1	1	4	0	Connally, p.....	2	0	0	2	1	
						Cross, p.....	1	0	0	2	0	
— — — — —						— — — — —						
Totals	29	9	27	10	1	Totals	29	4	24	14	2	
Innings												
PROVIDENCE				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
ST. MICHAEL'S				0	0	0	0	0	4	2	0	x—6
				0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs—Gibbons 2, Fleurent 2, Duffy, Wineapple. Hits—Off Connally 8 in 6 innings; off Cross 1 in 2. Two-base hit—Gibbons. Home runs—Fleurent 2. Sacrifices—Allen, Gibbons, Harraghy. Double plays—Connor to Klein to Murphy; Gibbons to Main to Cappalli. Struck out—By Wineapple 11; by Connally 1. Base on balls—Off Wineapple 1; off Connally 2; off Cross 1. Passed ball—Gorman. First base on errors—Providence 2; St. Michael's 1. Left on bases—Providence 4; St. Michael's 3. Time—1h. 37m. Umpires—Mhhean and Foley.

PROVIDENCE VS. TRINITY COLLEGE

at Hartford, Conn., May 12, 1928

The crack Providence nine showed its wares in an impressive manner when it crushed the Trinity College aggregation under a 22 to

10 score in a free hitting contest. The victory was the 13th straight for the Rhode Islanders.

In collecting their 20 hits which included triples by Gibbons and Duffy, and doubles by Fleurent and Main, the Dominicans showed a classy brand of stickwork, driving Pitcher Whitaker, ace of the local staff, from the mound after five innings of action.

Two casualties marred the fray, the first coming in the second inning when Slossberg, Trinity left-fielder, tripped over second base and broke his right ankle, and the second occurring in the fourth when Allen, third baseman of the visitors, suffered a severe head cut when struck with the mask of Cutler, local backstop, as he threw it off when attempting to peg to second. Allen was treated by a doctor and was able to return to the game.

The score:

PROVIDENCE						TRINITY							
	ab	1b	po	a	●		ab	1b	po	a	e		
Allen, 3.....	6	2	2	3	1	Knurek, m.....	4	2	1	0	0		
Gibbons, 1.....	4	2	1	1	0	Ebersold, r.....	3	1	0	0	0		
Fleurent, r.....	5	3	1	0	0	Cutler, c.....	4	1	4	0	0		
Hebert, m.....	4	1	1	0	0	Slossberg, l.....	1	1	1	0	0		
Duffy, 1.....	6	3	11	1	0	Solms, 3.....	3	0	3	2	0		
Murphy, c.....	6	3	7	0	0	Hardman 1.....	4	1	9	0	2		
Main, 2.....	6	2	4	3	1	Gooding, s.....	3	0	0	1	1		
Cappalli, s.....	5	3	0	2	1	Sturm, 2.....	3	0	3	1	1		
Bradley, p.....	0	0	0	0	1	Whitak'r, p. l....	5	2	1	2	0		
Moran, p.....	2	1	0	4	0	Burr, m.....	0	0	1	1	0		
Krieger, l.....	1	0	0	0	0	Broughal, s.....	2	1	1	0	0		
*Wineapple	1	0	0	0	0	Bush, 2.....	1	0	1	1	0		
						Mastr'rde, l. p... 4	1	1	1	1	0		
Totals	46	20	27	14	4	Totals	37	10	27	9	4		
Innings					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PROVIDENCE					0	1	0	11	5	2	0	3	0—22
TRINITY					0	5	0	3	0	1	0	0	1—10

Runs—Allen 2, Gibbons 4, Fleurent 4, Hebert 3, Duffy 4, Main 2, Murphy, Cappalli, Moran—22; Broughal, Knurek 2, Mastronade, Gooding, Sturm 2, Whitaker 2, Cutler—10. Hits—Off Bradley 4 in 2 innings; off Moran 6 in 7; off Whitaker 11 in 5, off Mastronarde 9 in 4. Stolen base—Duffy. Two-base hits—Fleurent, Main. Three-base hits—Gibbons, Duffy. Sacrifices—Moran 2, Solms, Hardman. Double play—Allen to Main to Duffy. Struck out—By Bradley 1; by Moran 5; by Whitaker 0; by Mastronarde 3. Base on balls—Off Bradley 1; off Moran 2; off Whitaker 7; off Mastronarde 5. Wild pitch—Whitaker. Hit by pitched ball—By Moran (Solms). First base on errors—Providence 3; Trinity 4. Left on bases—Providence 11; Trinity 6. Umpire—Elliott. Time 2h. 50m.

*Batted for Bradley in third.

Walter T. Dromgoole, '28

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