



A

Holy and Peaceful

Christmas

To All



Santa

BIDS YOU
ATTEND
THE

CHRISTMAS
ALUMNI
BALL

AT

THE NEW COLLEGE
AUDITORIUM

December 26, 1928

WALDORF TUXEDOS
FOR HIRE
TUXEDOS

of the Better Kind

\$1.50

WALDORF CLOTHING CO.

212 UNION STREET

FORMAL WEAR EXCLUSIVELY

"Jack Robshaw, 1929," to Serve You



**Laboratory Apparatus
and Equipment**

DRAWING MATERIALS

SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS

MEASURING TAPES

Geo. L. Claflin Co.

72 No. Main St. Providence, R. I.

Opposite First Baptist Church

Modern Theatre

Westminster at Empire
Streets

Home of the Spoken Word
and the

Modern Stock Company

For Reservations

Telephone Dexter 6500

BILL CASEY

Representing

The Kennedy Company

Dorrance and Westminster Streets

SEE "HEC" ALLEN ON A NEW WALDORF "TUX"

BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT THE MATHEWSON TOGGERY SHOP

O'Donnell & Co., Inc.

THOMAS E. O'DONNELL
President

JOHN F. O'DONNELL
Treasurer

INSURANCE

of all kinds

48 Custom House Street, Providence, R. I.

Established by Thomas E. O'Donnell in 1894

B-R-O-A-D-C-A-S-T

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Shoes

\$8.50

*The Mileage Shoe for Men
Who Are Particular*

Thomas F. Peirce & Son
SIX GENERATIONS OF SHOE RETAILING
SINCE 1767

**Westminster and
Dorrance Streets**

Christmas Gifts

Many New Novelties

as well as our regular line of

Rosaries,

Prayer Books, etc.

Christmas Cards and
Booklets

Joseph M. Tally

512 Westminster Street

Providence, R. I.

BILTMORE MARKET

"Quality Food at Fair Prices"

SEE "HEC" ALLEN ON A NEW WALDORF "TUX"

THE MATHEWSON TOGGERY SHOP IS LOCATED AT 127 MATHEWSON STREET

Tommy Tucker Bread

The Loaf with the Home-Made Flavor

Tommy Tucker Baking Co. Providence, R. I.

West 4542

McCarthy's

Woonsocket's
Greatest
Department Store

*Always More for Less
Here*

McCarthy's

**VISITOR
PRINTING CO.**

PRINTERS OF
School Monthlies

PUBLISHERS OF
The Providence Visitor

AMERICA'S LARGEST
and BEST
CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER

STUDY LAMPS

A lamp is a good companion for reading and study.
It saves eye-strain, too—brings the light where you need it.

\$2.00 to \$15.00

NARRAGANSETT ELECTRIC CO.
ELECTRIC SHOP TURKS HEAD BUILDING

"HEC" SAYS, "A NEW WALDORF 'TUX' AT \$21.50—20 WEEKS TO PAY."

BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT THE MATHEWSON TOGGERY SHOP

Browning King

212 WESTMINSTER ST.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.



Silent verdicts

NEITHER dance nor dinner partner will confide in YOU her opinion of what you wear. You may definitely be assured, however, that her unspoken verdict will be flatteringly favorable if you present yourself in a dinner jacket tailored by Browning-King.

Incidentally, it costs no more to be **IMPRESSIVELY** correct.

"HEC" SAYS, "A NEW WALDORF 'TUX' AT \$21.50—20 WEEKS TO PAY."

Providence College Alembic

VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1928.

No. 3.



THIS MONTH

Bright Star, Would That I Were Steadfast	<i>Carroll Hickey</i>	74
Retired	<i>John C. Hanley</i>	75
Did the Romans Go to School?	<i>William Kittredge</i>	80
Revealed (verse)	<i>Carroll Hickey</i>	82
An Objection	<i>Francis E. Greene</i>	83
Literature—What Is It?	<i>Charles Carroll</i>	86
Book Review	<i>John F. Keough</i>	88
Something to Say	<i>John C. Hanley</i>	92
Editorials	<i>Thomas J. Curley</i>	95
Exchange	<i>Ambrose V. Aylward</i>	99
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind (verse) . . .	<i>Francis E. Greene</i>	102
Alumni	<i>George B. McClellan—George P. Earnshaw</i>	103
Chronicle	<i>Francis E. Greene</i>	106
Athletics	<i>John Krieger</i>	113

Published monthly from October to June, by the students of Providence College, Providence, R. I. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Providence, R. I., December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879.

"Acceptances for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized January 13, 1921."

**“Bright Star, Would I Were Steadfast
as Thou Art”**

The wandering suns, the roving sea
The rivers rushing restlessly ;

The homeless winds' unending race,
The nomad clouds in utter space ;

The mountains hasten into dust,
And adamant elopes with rust ;

But constant burns the vigil light
Set by the polar anchorite !

Carroll Hickey, '30.

Retired

J. C. Hanley, '29

THE facts concerning the Manbolds are these. Mr. Manbold lived with his daughter Christine. His wife was dead. A stranger might tell you as much; and, if you inquired further, he might tell you that Christine Manbold was a lawyer, that she also sold insurance and real estate, that she was very competent in all these and very efficient in everything.

But a stranger could not possibly tell you how inexorably efficient she was. Through a housekeeper she managed Mr. Manbold's home. The housekeeper was almost as efficient as Christine; but she had the humility, or perhaps it was cunning, to acknowledge her employer's superior judgment. Mr. Manbold himself was not beyond the reach of his daughter's efficiency. His food was carefully examined, measured and apportioned; his hours of retiring and waking were competently arranged; he was brought frequently and regularly to his physician and to his dentist. Numberless other precautions were taken, lesser commands and prohibitions made to an extent that would have driven another man to arms. But Mr. Manbold was not driven to arms. He submitted to these regulations, not with lamb-like docility but with positive delight. For the pursuance of a course so ordered was in perfect accord with his own scheme of life.

He was grateful to Christine for pointing out the way. Her guidance enabled him to derive the maximum pleasure from each day. For Mr. Manbold was a devoted admirer of the strong body and only because strength was necessary to the vigorous life. He was the sort of man who is always taking deep breaths, exhaling vehemently to his profound satisfaction; a sturdy, muscular man, who delighted in slapping less hardy brethren on the back with a force that made the victim writhe miserably and robbed the gesture of every semblance of good will. He was the sort of man who smiled as he watched weaker men

attempt to move a box or a barrel, and whose greatest moment came when he could motion the unsuccessful laborer aside that he might show with what ease the impossible task could be performed. Perhaps a psychologist would say that Mr. Manbold had a Hercules complex.

But the story that is to be told begins at the time when Mr. Manbold retired from active service in the shipping-room of the Rest-Easy Chair Company. Christine had suggested it. In effect the suggestion had been a command, but with masculine obtuseness Mr. Manbold refused to recognize it as such. He smiled indulgently when Christine broached the subject. Only that morning he had amazed his men by lifting to a truck a case that had defied all previous attempts to budge it.

"Why should I retire?" he asked. "I like my work. I'm well able to do it. I'm a foreman. I'm well paid."

To which his daughter replied, "That isn't the point, Father. You've worked long enough. You deserve a rest. Besides, people will begin to say that I'm an ungrateful daughter to allow you to go on when there's no need. You owe it to yourself, Father, and if you won't think of yourself, think of me, and my self-respect."

"I know all about myself, and as for you—why, anyone who thought you were ungrateful would be foolish. Everybody knows you're not, Christine. You haven't anything to worry about there and as long as I'm satisfied we'd just better let things go on as they are."

The result was that two weeks later Mr. Manbold retired. He wasn't sure how the stroke had been accomplished. He simply knew that he had done what he vowed he would never do. He laid it all to the genius of his daughter; but, for the life of him, he couldn't have told how that genius had operated.

Because it was a novelty his first day of leisure was not unbearable. He arose late, dressed leisurely, and ate a hearty breakfast. Then he roamed through the house like a stranger. Wherever he went he bumped into the industrious housekeeper who intimated by unmistakable frowns and grunts that his presence was a hinderance to her work. He left the house and set off down the street at a brisk pace. When he realized that he had no destination he halted foolishly. Then nodding wisely as a man does who has recalled something, he turned and started toward the house with a definite air that sought to impart an aspect of purpose to the whole proceeding. In the house again he remained in his room until Christine came home. That afternoon he spent in the cellar chopping wood.

When he awoke the next morning his head ached. At the breakfast table he found a note leaning against the sugar bowl. He read: "Father: You have so much leisure now and that means so much time for reading. It shouldn't be neglected. I think you'll enjoy the books I've left beside your plate, and I know you'll get so much good from them. C."

He looked at the books. There were two: A volume of Emerson's essays and a biography of Mary, Queen of Scots. To each book he religiously devoted an hour and a half. There is no telling what benefit he derived from them. Even Christine couldn't learn, for when she questioned him he diverted her attention from his reading by complaining of his headache.

"This hanging around is killing me, Christine," he said.

"Nonsense!" she remonstrated. "It stands to reason that your constitution will rebel a little when you change your mode of living completely. It will take a while to adapt yourself to your new conditions, Father. When that's done you'll be as well as ever."

"It'll be the death of me," wailed Mr. Manbold.

"Don't be childish, Father. That isn't so."

"It is so. I'm a worker. I can't be contented, I can't be healthy with nothing to do."

Christine explained. "You mean that you couldn't be healthy if you continued to waste your energy. You must conserve what you have. Why, if you kept throwing all your strength into your work you'd cut ten years from your life." And since Christine was more skillful in debate she finally silenced her father.

Mr. Manbold spent the following month in much the same way as he had spent his first two days of retirement. The house in daytime was less strange now, but not more attractive. The presence of the housekeeper abashed him. She made him feel an intruder. In the case of a stronger man than Mr. Manbold the positions would have been reversed, but his was not the spirit that makes a man master in his own house. Because she so dominated him he disliked her. He disliked her, too, because she had told Christine of his wood-chopping and so ended that means of diversion; because she discouraged his attempts at conversation; because he suspected she sneered at him. While she was there the house was unbearable. Mr. Manbold had of necessity to turn outside for amusement.

He found little amusement, however. He walked up and down streets trying to appear as though he had an errand. He sat in the reading room of the public library and grew drowsy over newspapers. He read papers from New York, from Baltimore, from Chicago, from Denver, from San Francisco, from New Orleans. No man was better informed of current events and no man more unhappy than Mr. Manbold.

He became a regular patron of motion pictures. There are those who might have envied him as a man who commanded for his entertainment the best that Hollywood could offer. But Mr. Manbold considered himself as occupying a far from enviable position. "If only I could do something," he moaned every hour of the day.

The moan became more audible each day until it could only be described as an agonized wail. He was still wailing, and his cry was still powerless against the adamant will of his daughter when the first snow fell. It started very properly at dusk. At midnight an unleashed wind was piling the snow in great drifts on the ground.

The drifts did not prevent Christine from going to her office the following morning; but they did prevent the housekeeper from reporting. She telephoned to say it would be impossible for her to come. The news filled Mr. Manbold with ineffable joy, which was changed to a poignant ecstasy when word came from Christine that the almost impassable roads would keep her in town all day. He would have to forage in the pantry for a meal. She was reluctant to put him to this trouble, she added; but her father assured her, in the most cheerful tone he had used for a month, that it was no trouble at all. He felt irrepressibly gay. His house was his castle for the first time. He was free from suppression, free from espionage, free from restraint.

All morning the axe rang merrily in the cellar.

He decided to shovel snow from the walk in the afternoon. He could tell Christine he'd hired a boy to do the work. The shovelling gave him the greatest pleasure he'd had since his retirement. He worked with feverish intensity; the accumulated energy of the past month released itself with stupendous effect. His own walk and the sidewalk he finished in no time. He was disappointed. It was sad to have this orgy of frenzied activity so abruptly ended. He reflected for a moment; then, with a happy smile and a lack of all discretion he set about clearing his neighbor's walk. He was thus happily engaged when Christine, coming home, saw him.

"Father!" she gasped.

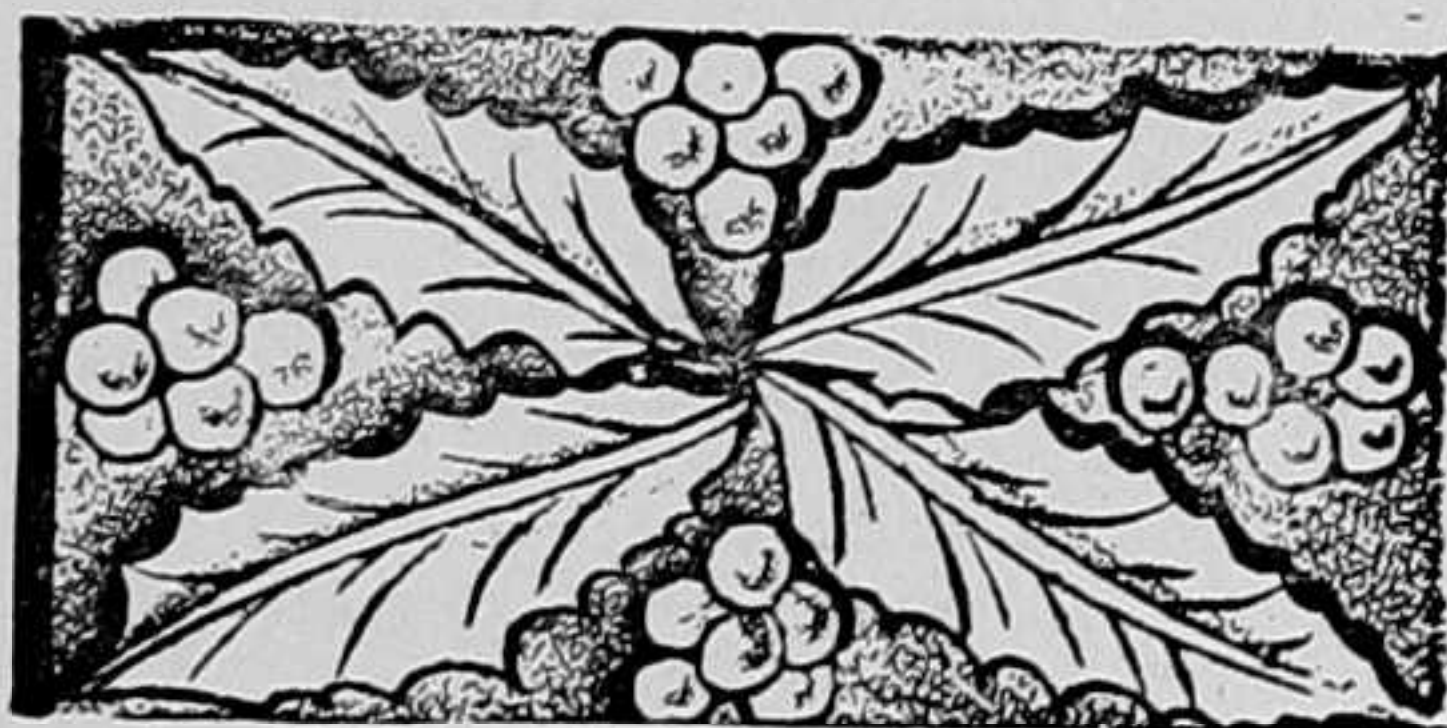
He stared at her, blankly. In his pleasure he had lost all thought of Christine and her surveillance. "Oh! Hello Christine," he said weakly.

"Good heavens! Whatever possessed you to do this? Your own walk and this one, too. And no overcoat. Oh! What made you do it? Come in the house this instant while I call Doctor Rimmer."

Christine caught his hand and led him protesting into the house. While she was telephoning he argued: "Now see here, Christine, that's nothing. What I did is nothing. It's what I should be doing every day. I don't have to have a doctor every time I do a tap of work. Don't tell me I'll catch cold and—put that receiver down. If Rimmer comes I won't talk to him. Do you hear? I won't talk to him!"

Christine summoned Doctor Rimmer, replaced the receiver quietly, then turned to her father. "Father," she said, "you've simply got to get rid of a few foolish notions. You retired to enjoy life and still you insist on working. You can't throw away this opportunity to relax and take comfort. This is the first time in your life when you've had a chance to enjoy yourself, and if you refuse to take it, I'm going to see that you take it despite yourself. What happened this afternoon must never happen again. I'll see that it doesn't, for I want you to get the reward that life owes you."

Determination was expressly written in her face, and it was the expression more than the words that convinced Mr. Manbold. He read therein the frustration of all his hopes. He contemplated the future dimly. His meditation was interrupted by Christine, handing him a glass of hot lemonade. As he lifted his head to drink it, the misery of all the world was in his eyes.



Did the Romans Go to School?

William Kittredge, '32

THE history of Roman education falls naturally into three general periods, which broadly speaking, are determined by the introduction of Greek culture: the first, that from the foundation of the Republic down to 250 B. C., the old Roman period, when Roman culture knew no Greek influence; the second, extending from 250 B. C. to 146 B. C., the time of foreign conquest, the transitional period, for Greek culture was then gradually introduced; and the third, from 146 B. C. to the fall of the Empire.

In striking contrast with the Greek character, that of the Romans was practical, utilitarian, grave, austere. Their religion was serious; and it permeated their whole life, hallowing all its relations. The family, especially, was far more sacred than in Sparta or Athens; and the position of woman as wife and mother was more exalted and influential. Still, as with the Greeks, the power of the father over the child was absolute; and, in the earlier period at least, the exposure of children was a common practice. In fact the Laws of the Twelve Tables provided for the immediate destruction of deformed offspring and gave the father, during the whole life of the child, the right to imprison, slay, or sell. Subsequently, however, a check was placed on such practices.

The ideal at which the Roman aimed was neither harmony nor happiness, but the performance of duty and the maintenance of rights. Yet the ideal was to be realized through service to the state. Deep as the family feeling was, it was always subordinate to the public welfare. Education, therefore, was essentially a preparation for civic duty. In the early Roman education the home was the only school, and the parents the only teachers. Of scientific and aesthetic training there was little or none. To learn the Laws of the Twelve Tables,

to become familiar with the lives of the men who had made Rome great, and to copy the virtues which he beheld in his father were the chief endeavors of the youth. Thus the moral element predominated, and virtues of a practical sort were inculcated: first of all obedience to parents and to the gods; then prudence, fair dealing, courage, reverence, firmness, and earnestness. These qualities were to be developed, not by abstract or philosophical reasoning; but through the imitation of worthy models and, as far as possible, of living concrete examples.

In the course of time elementary schools (*Ludi*) were opened, but they were conducted by private teachers and were supplementary to the home instruction. About the middle of the third century B. C., foreign influences began to make themselves felt. The works of the Greeks were translated into Latin; Greek teachers were introduced, and schools established in which the educational characteristics of the Greeks reappeared. Under this impulse, education took on a literary character, and the art of oratory was carefully cultivated. The youth entered the more advanced studies of philosophy, music, and rhetoric. But do not be misled by this variety of subjects into supposing that the Roman schools, like ours, prepared men to be specialists, that they turned out geometers or musicians. No, these various sciences were taught only for the sake of the more perfect acquisition of the art which crowned them all—the art of oratory. The importance which the Romans attached to eloquence is clearly shown by Cicero in his “*De Oratore*,” and by Quintilian in his “*Institutes*.” To produce the orator became eventually the chief end of education. The study of rhetoric or oratory crowned and completed the education of a young Roman.

The Roman girl's education consisted in teaching the duties belonging to her sex—especially weaving and spinning. As for mental culture, the young girls of middle rank received it in the public schools, in company with the boys. Mental training also consisted in the reading of poets, the study of music, and training in poise and carriage. The Roman girl usually completed her education at a youthful age and prepared for marriage.

The hellenizing process was a gradual one. The vigorous Roman character yielded but slowly to the intellectualism of the Greeks; and when the latter finally triumphed, far-reaching changes came about in Roman society, government, and life. Whatever the causes of

decline—political, economic, or moral—they could not be stayed by the imported refinement of Greek thought and practice. Nevertheless, pagan education as a whole, with its ideals, successes, and failures, has a profound significance. It was the product of the highest human wisdom, speculative and practical, that the world has known. It pursued, in turn, the ideals that appeal most strongly to the human mind. It engaged the thought of the greatest philosophers and the action of the wisest legislators. Art, science, and literature were placed at its service, and the mighty influence of the state was exerted in its behalf. In itself, therefore, and in its results, it shows how much, and how little, human reason can accomplish when it seeks no guidance higher than itself and strives for no purposes other than those which find, or may find, their realization in the present phase of existence.

Revealed

They thought his heart was dust,
When he left home:
They never felt the worm and rust
In hearts that roam.

They thought his heart was stone,
When he left that morn:
But he, who saw it all alone,
Knew it was torn.

Carroll Hickey, '30.

An Objection

Francis E. Greene, '29

CONCERNING the recent article by John C. Hanley, in which he advocates the erection of an immense wall around our campus to combat the biting wind, I submit the following criticisms and proposal.

Mr. Hanley's argument can be reduced to two syllogisms, both of which, it seems to me, lack power of convincing.

(1) *If the wind that sweeps across the campus is an evil, it should, if possible, be prevented from reaching the campus. But, the wind that sweeps across the campus is an evil. Therefore, it should, if possible, be prevented from reaching the campus.*

I postpone criticism of this argument until I have given the second syllogism, viz.:

(2) *That means of protection should be used which is most effective. But a wall is such. Therefore, a wall should be used as protection.*

Mr. Hanley merely states these propositions, making no attempt to prove them. He asks us several questions; to some of them we reply affirmatively, agreeing with him; on other points, we beg to disagree. I recognize the existence of several evils to which he calls our attention, and I will offer my solution at the close of this article.

(1) Regarding his first syllogism, we find that Mr. Hanley has fallen into evil ways. Let us enlighten him by making illuminating distinctions:

First, as to his major—well, we could distinguish, but we'll let him off.

Then, as to his minor, we distinguish:

The wind that sweeps across the campus is an evil—a moral

evil. Ans. No! Physical? Subdistinguishing: In winter—all right! in spring and fall (we don't go to S. S.) by no means!

You can draw your own conclusions.

(2) In regard to the second syllogism, I would like to call attention to the fact that protection from the wind only is sought. It seems to me that we need further protection from rain, sleet, snow, etc. However, taking the syllogism as it stands, I admit the major, and deny the minor, viz., that a wall is the most effective means of protection.

(a) In a snow—, rain—, or sleet-storm, a wall would be useless.

(b) If it were to combat the wind effectively, it would have to be of such height that it would conceal the beautiful college building from the view of passing motorists and pedestrians. It would give the college the appearance of a jail or asylum. The wall would prevent spectators from observing our football and baseball contests from points of vantage on River Avenue; this would deprive our teams of much and hearty support (moral, not financial). Finally, under this heading, the unearned increment acquired by neighboring land owners, who confidently bought land when our college was built, would be reduced to something less than nothing, i.e., what is now an asset would become a liability.

(c) The wall would be a constant temptation to the artistically inclined students who insist upon demonstrating their ability (or lack of it) on all available space. It would be embarrassing, indeed, to show a visitor around the campus only to have him ask if the portrait on the south wall was Boob McNutt or Tom Heflin. It takes no stretch of the imagination to picture some of our more "humorous" fellow-students hurling snow-balls, etc., from unassailable places on the wall.

These are but a few of the more important objections; space prevents a further elaboration of the defects of the plan. However, to criticize even so briefly would be unfair if I had no better plan, but it happens, oddly enough, that I have; and I am convinced that it is the only way to combat the evil effectively, at the same time preserving the more pleasant features of our beloved campus.

Therefore, I suggest that an appropriation be made to dig a subway system composed of lines running from under the Rotunda to

terminals at all entrances to the college grounds. These lines would be equipped with moving floors (on the same principle as escalators), ventilators, pack-shops, and all other modern conveniences. On the walls would be quotations from great scholars, pencil-sharpeners, and sand-paper (for scratching matches). Monitors would be placed in charge with full power to maintain peace. Lockers would be located near the terminal under the Rotunda.

The lines would be of sufficient width to allow eight tracks, three coming toward the college and five going away (we come to school in company, but leave in crowds), to be in use at the same time. In days to come, cars might be placed on the tracks. The time for the trip in and out of college would be reduced fifty per centum.

My plan suggests an innovation; it would be a marked step forward; nearly every college has a wall. The students would use the campus-walks in the spring and pleasant fall days, and would delve down into the tunnel on unpleasant weather. The evil now existing would be eliminated and the good preserved. May some one in authority take heed!

P. S.—I can not see of what value a wall would be—in wading through the three feet of mud or snow which so often adorns the east campus. *Can you?*



Literature—What Is It?

Charles Carroll. '31

LITERATURE in a broad sense is what people read. The Bible, one of the best examples of literature, translated from ancient Hebrew into every known language, and read by people everywhere, is the great masterpiece of universal literature of all ages. The literatures of ancient peoples were not written, but were handed down by word of mouth. Thus they formed the basis of the religions and the traditions of the Romans and the Greeks. It was not until many centuries after the death of the alleged author of the Homeric poems that his works were written out. They became the foundation for Grecian literature, and were frequently mentioned by the Greek historians, orators, poets, and dramatists. Translated into Latin they contributed to Roman literature. In a somewhat similar way the books of the Holy Bible were collected by the Fathers of the Church and saved for the Christian Centuries. It is now considered impossible to have a good education unless one is familiar with the literature of these great ancient peoples.

Irish literature also was preserved by word of mouth and transmitted from generation to generation by stories and poems. It has left its impress upon the Irish people, and has given them a heritage that is distinctive. It produced a people of whom it is said that they inhabited the land of saints and scholars.

In early Christian centuries literature in written form was copied by Monks, slowly and laboriously; but with the invention of the printing press, books were multiplied and came into general use. Then it came to pass that literary works were given to the people for approval, and that the modern test of literature is not what scholars think of it, but what the people think of it.

A distinction may be made, between literature and good literature. As a rule only the more artistic or polished writings come under the definitions of good literature. We can truthfully say that very much of modern writing is far from the classification of artistic and polished production. Can we, then, call the "Dime Novel" a work of liter-

ature? It certainly is read by the people; indeed, it may be read by a great many people. The answer may be, yes; the novel may serve a purpose. It may ease the monotony of a dull hour or two; it may sooth a troubled mind and satisfy. Some of our famous authors, Mark Twain, J. Fenimore Cooper, Robert Louis Stevenson, not to mention Old Capt. Collier, have written books that have had a significant place in popular reading. Cooper made the model for the Indian and pioneer tale. Who has not been thrilled with the adventures in "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island"?

Dramatic works are not usually considered as literature, because they were not intended for reading primarily; the comedies and tragedies of the ancient Greeks and Romans were intended for production in the theatre. But they have been handed down, and studied by modern playwrights; and sometimes read as Shakespeare is read.

Oratory is not considered as literature usually until it is printed. Some orations have become truly literature, such as the orations of the Greek Demosthenes, the Roman Cicero, the Irish Burke, and the American Webster. An essential difference between oratory and literature is that orations are intended for speaking, and literature generally for reading. It is sometime difficult to draw this distinction in modern times, because of the modern practice of "speaking" to the newspaper audience.

Literature shows us what is best in man's mind. Conditions change as years progress. It is because of this change and the characteristics of peoples in the national sense, that each nation has its own characteristic traits in its own literature.

"Literature consists of all the books, where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity and attractive form," said Morley. Literature is the outgrowth of life. Thus we may say that it is the expression of life, in all ages and in all countries where civilization has given rise to the use of papyrus, parchment, or paper as a record for literary efforts.

Thus in truth we can readily say that nothing is so helpful as good literature. Scholarly literature is the most helpful, because it is the most thoughtful and most thought provoking. Of other literature it is for the people who read to decide whether or not it will stand the test of reading. The most popular works are those that contain something of positive value that is recognized by the people.

Book Review

John F. Keough, '29

*A true delineation of the smallest man
is capable of interesting the greatest man.*

—Carlyle.

MODERN BIOGRAPHY

No other age has been quite so productive of biographical works as our own. If we glance back through the classics we find few biographies. Boswell's great life of Johnson is perhaps the only one we could recall offhand. In more ancient times the epics told the stories of the illustrious.

This is a fast-moving age of men who do things. Those of lowly beginnings rise to great heights through sheer courage and indifference to perversity. There is no lower class in which men must remain obscure for life, no idle upper class of imbeciles who produce nothing of note, but one great mass out of which emerge leaders.

Beneath the selfish, outward aspect of our modern world are found self-sacrificing men of science and education, devoting their lives to the search for those things which make for the betterment of their fellows.

The lives of these men of service, of these hardy leaders who climb to the pinnacle from untoward origins, are of engrossing interest to readers who see in them hope for the realization of their own ideals. Their colorful lives make a great appeal to the imaginative pens of modern authors.

Masks in a Pageant, the book reviewed this month, is a fair specimen of present day biography. Notable biographies of modern times include Lives of Washington, Lincoln, Jackson, Jefferson, and Wilson.

Within the past decade there have appeared several lives of Christ, the subject of the greatest biography ever written, the New Testament.

But while we rejoice in the increasing interest in Biography, we cannot fail to remark the pernicious evil which is destroying the best ideals of this branch of literature. We refer to the practice of those who claim their mission is "to debunk" the existing biographies of great men. Lives of great men, as written by them, are not patterns for a life sublime. No historical personage is too sacred for the salacious pens of these iconoclasts. Their kind is not without its predecessors as we were first impelled to think. Addison was severe in his denunciation of the "debunkers" of his time. "This manner of exposing the private concerns of families and sacrificing the secrets of the dead to the curiosity of the living is one of the licentious practices which might well deserve the animadversions of our government." Rather harsh and drastic words, but admittedly deserved. Wordsworth stood with Addison in his attack against these literary scavengers. He says, "I should dread to disfigure the beautiful ideals of the memories of the illustrious with incongruous features and to sully the imaginative purity of classical works with gross and trivial recollections."

But Wordsworth's "beautiful ideals" make no appeal to our modern destructionists. They search out every small detail not in accordance with saintly conduct and, painting them in the most lurid fashion, present them for the lustful delectation of the small minds.

This razing of national ideals meets with no approval from the intelligent. Realizing that all, however great, are human, we demand that our great men be above reproach; and if they fail sometimes, why not overlook their shortcomings. For the sake of the youth whose character formation in no small measure is influenced by their veneration for their heroes, we should see to it, that the lives of our illustrious men be kept safe from the literary jackals of the times.

MASKS IN A PAGEANT

By William Allen White

[The MacMillan Co., N. Y.]

Now that the heated political campaign is over, we may present our evaluation of Mr. William Allen White's latest effort without fear of criticism from adherents of the parties. Mr. White, you will remember, is the gentleman who attacked Governor Smith's legislative

record, retracted his statement of attack, then retracted his retraction and so on, until finally, it is doubtful whether or not any one knows his ultimate stand on the question.

William Allen White is the editor of the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette and a member of the Book-a-Month Club Committee. He has given us an interesting book of the colorful and colorless personalities of the political world of the last fifty years. It is written in a lively newspaper style; in fact each article might have been written for a magazine. This style makes interesting reading of matter which could easily be dry if written in the conventional manner. The interlocking careers of the characters give the book a certain well ordered unity.

Mr. White's diction is consistently journalistic, as might be expected. He overworks certain pet words and references, for instance, "sacrosanct," "ebullient" (almost every character is ebullient), "Gargantuan" (those who are not ebullient are Gargantuan).

We should not jump too hastily at conclusions if we disagree with Mr. White as many probably will. It would be wrong to call him unfair without considering his perspective. He is a Liberal afraid of his Liberalism; he is a country editor who attempts to understand the political psychology of the urbanite, and fails. With these considerations in mind we may say that he strives to be "fair," but his unconscious prejudices blind him to the complete truth. And indeed, his fault in this respect is not that he says much that is derogatory, but that he fails to dole out credit where it is due.

His delineations of the lives and careers of Mark Hanna and William Jennings Byran are probably the best written articles in the collection. He calls them the two Warwicks of King Demos. They are for him voices crying in the wilderness, preparing the way for the leaders of new movements; Hanna the herald of McKinley, Bryan of Wilson. They were men who held the reins over their respective parties without becoming the titular leaders. Both were distinctive American types which are not likely to reappear on the political stage: Mark Hanna, the hard fisted party boss, who gave business its place in politics; Bryan, the eloquent, who moved the masses, without ever understanding the mechanics of the political structure.

Theodore Roosevelt is Mr. White's ideal, and his treatment of

him is panegyric. He apologizes for his exaggerated praise of him by explaining that Roosevelt was his personal friend.

He is master in relating the stories of Harding and Wilson, both tragedies but of a vastly different nature; Wilson martyr to his ideals, Harding to the avarice of his friends.

"Al" Smith and "Big Bill" Thompson attract his passing attention. He terms them "the young princes of Democracy."

Masks in a pageant are Croker, Platt, Hanna, Bryan, Cleveland, Roosevelt and Wilson, in an atmosphere of torchlight parades, enthusiastic conventions and bitter campaigns. Masks in a pageant, masks from an old morality play, masks from a procession of horrors, masks in a pageant of politics.

Let us add by way of recommendation to the prospective reader of *Masks in a Pageant*, that he read it in conjunction with Mark Sullivan's *Our Times*, for a broader view of the era depicted.



Something to Say

John C. Hanley, '29

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

A recent canvass, made by the Publicity Committee of "Turn-of-the-Decade Memorial Wall Society," disclosed some interesting facts. Of the four hundred students approached by the committee, three hundred and eighty disclaimed any knowledge of the proposed wall. Investigation showed that this ignorance may be ascribed to various sources, with bigotry, sectionalism, and illiteracy predominating. The remaining twenty are described in the committee's report as bearing eloquent testimony of the truth of that line from Robert Frost: "Something there is that does not love a wall." A modicum of hope reposes in the knowledge that the silent voters have not yet been interviewed. We feel certain that the support we have so earnestly solicited is to be found in this eminently wise and powerful group. Anticipating their encouraging reply we extend to them our heartfelt thanks.

Expression of gratitude should here be offered to the Alumni. From the outset the Alumni have displayed commendable spirit. Letters, expressive of approval and willingness to assist the cause, have not yet arrived but are expected any day this week, or perhaps next.

Honorable mention should not exclude the local press. No local newspaper has spoken against it. The fact that none has even mentioned it might be called the only fly, as it is said, in the ointment.

All these are sources of deep satisfaction. Other names and other evidences of good will might be added to the list, but these mentioned suffice to show that time alone stands between us and the attainment of our goal.

THE FACTS ABOUT CHRISTMAS

(As told by an eye-witness.)

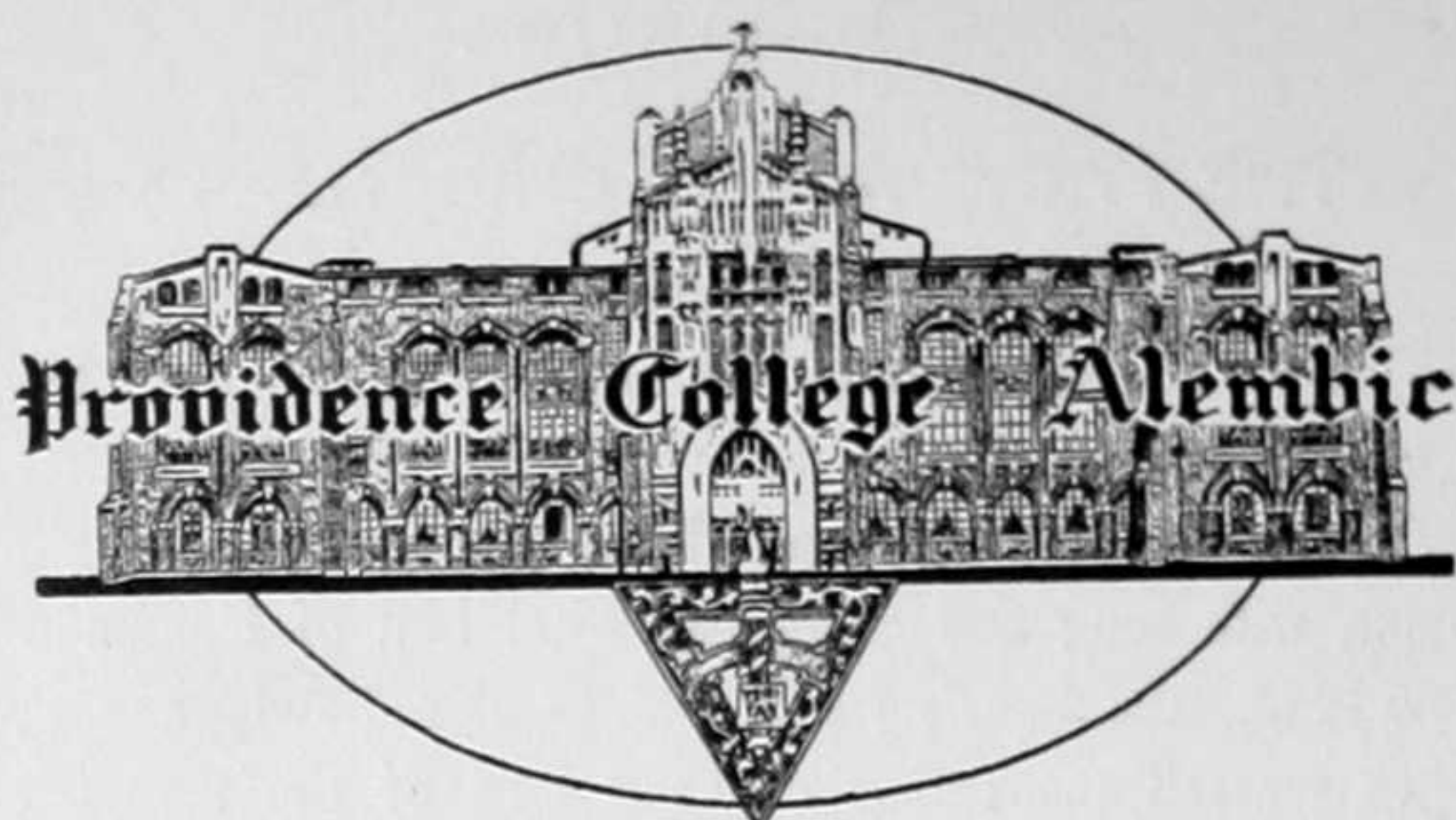
Someone says "Christmas" and the lover of Washington Irving immediately evokes visions of the great baronial hall gay with festoons of holly, the breath of frost snuffed out by the great log-fire, the rafters ringing with song and cheer, the vital hint of cinnamon in the air, plum-pudding, the boar's head, the flowing bowl; and presiding over the gay wassail the ruddy cheeked lord of the manor himself. And somehow, for him, this aura of bluff, hearty conviviality is not confined to Christmas day but is made to tremble above the whole Christmas season. He thinks of it as a fortnight of good will, a rollicking, joyous time of giving and forgiving.

Now that is the Christmas of Washington Irving's friend. But he enjoys it only, and vicariously, in Bracebridge Hall. Once outside, he is incontinently shocked. He is buffeted and jabbed in the last minute rush of Christmas shoppers. For this co-operative pummelling he receives no apologies but only dark looks and, unless he is careful, vile threats. In a department store he is frowned upon by floor-walkers, conscientiously ignored by clerks, and trodden upon by fellow shoppers. He is acutely pained at the absence of bonhomie, that delightful ebullience that characterizes the ideal Christmas-lover. "Oh happy and greatly to be desired day," he cries, "when Christmas has ceased to be an orgy of buying and selling!"

He is not permitted to gaze upon domestic tragedy. Someone has neglected the family and sobbing is heard. Someone whom the family has forgotten has remembered them most generously and a cry of despair arises. And, when the sobs have been muffled and the despair has given way to shame, nervous prostration hovers above the house like the angel of death.

These are the facts, gentlemen, and we have presented them with an eye single to the truth and need of reform. But having delivered our stern message we unbend for the moment to wish our readers the merriest Christmas ever.





VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1928.

No. 3.

Editor-in-chief

Thomas J. Curley, '29

Literary Editors

John C. Hanley, '29

Francis E. Greene, '29

Associates

George P. Earnshaw, '29

Ambrose V. Aylward, '30

George B. McClellan, '29

Carroll Hickey, '30

John F. Keough, '29

John Krieger, '31

Robert L. Smith, '30

Charles C. Quirk, '30

Staff Secretary

John F. McGauran, '32

Advertising Assistants

Leo V. McCarthy, '30

Edward Ryan, '32

Clarence Ryan, '29

Publicity Director

Harold Nelson, '29

Staff Artist

Francis C. Skalko, '31

Circulation Managers

John M. Dormer, '29

Edward B. Downs, '29

Business Secretary

Gilbert D. Brazil, '29



Editorials

Give to Me Thine Heart

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is borne to you a SAVIOUR, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David."

Luke ii. 1-14.

SOON the down-town districts of our city will be crowded with a hustling, bustling mob. Old persons, young persons, men and women, boys and girls, will visit now this department store now the other, each time emerging with one or perhaps more bundles added to the ever-increasing burden. We find Santa Claus with his long beard, his red suit, and his jolly laugh the object of much timidity for the young and of much merriment for the old. And then, we see a sign, 'A Merry Xmas.' Modernity is running true to form when it uses the algebraic expression "x" to denote the meaning of the season. To business men the occasion means the amassing of dollars. With modern logical deduction they interpret the unknown quantity "x" as a dollar sign; and we have the full significance that Xmas is the season when a fortune is made in greeting cards, shop-worn stock, and postage stamps. Hasn't the world come to a pretty pass when we substitute for the name of the Son of God, a term with a sinister meaning—an un-known quantity?

All of us—even our critics—know the true story of the season. From each recitation we absorb a new lesson, another virtue, a deeper understanding of the fundamentals that give to Christ His true veneration. And yet in these practical days we seek the abode of the professional clown while the God of Heaven and Earth seeks an Inn—a resting place in our hearts. He brings with Him the regeneration of our souls—true peace and contentment. But the pleasure we seek and find in the pagan celebration of Christmas amounts to nought. For

there is a higher, a greater pleasure that nothing earthly can surpass. It is the delight we derive from the Christ-like Christmas that not only shows to us the Goodness and Kindness of God, but perhaps more than anything else prepares us for the worthy reception of His manifold blessings.

On this Christmas Day go to the Christ-Child. Behold His sweet Face. With arms out-stretched He is waiting to receive you; with delicate lips He seems to say, "My son, give Me thine heart." Open up your soul to Christ—rid yourself of malice and sin. Seek the lessons of Christmas from the crib of Bethlehem. From the 'Prince of Peace' absorb charity—happiness—and 'give to Him your heart.'

The Reverend Francis J. Finn, S. J.

A LITTLE while ago the streets of Cincinnati were lined with rich and poor alike. Shoulder to shoulder stood the banker and the mechanic, each with bowed head while the body of one whom they revered and honored passed by in funeral cortege. Little tots were there too. How keenly they felt the loss of a benefactor, a counsellor, a friend! He had been their idol and is today their model.

The name of the Reverend Francis J. Finn, S.J., is known to most of our readers. Since the early eighties he has been an influence on the youth—a moulder of better Christian characters. Endowed with great literary ability he created in the American youth an appeal, a sense of virtue which seemed to seep into the very soul of youth and imprint its message. Many of us, I feel certain, have perused the pages of "Harry Dee" or "Tom Playfair" or "Percy Winn." It was through his juvenile library classics for the most part that the youth of the country heard his voice. Many generations to come will read his works and delight in them. And herein lies his claim to remembrance in the heart of the youth and appreciation in the soul of man.

But Father Finn was likewise a shepherd of the flock both spiritually and physically. His heart and soul were centered about the desire to bring man's heritage to God. The beautiful mission that was his was fulfilled. On many an altar at this hour, in many a

nunnery, pray many of God's religious, the recipients of Father Finn's counsel and encouragement. His heart had been opened to them; he helped them to attain the realization of their great desire of being received into the society of God's elect.

As a social worker he possessed a zeal, a comradeship, a personality which affected all those with whom he came in contact. Viewed in this light he is one of the most splendid pictures of men in all humanity. Charitable, loyal, optimistic, courageous, he stands before his fellowmen a noble, a majestic character. He was an original thinker. His Master had given him talents; and he made them manifold; he made them felt.

The glory, the honor, the recognition that this world gives is many times as changeable as the winds, but Father Finn's name will always be remembered. He is enshrined in the hearts of his fellowmen—he is destined to remain there, a model of fearless loyalty to Christ, our God.

The Christmas Ball

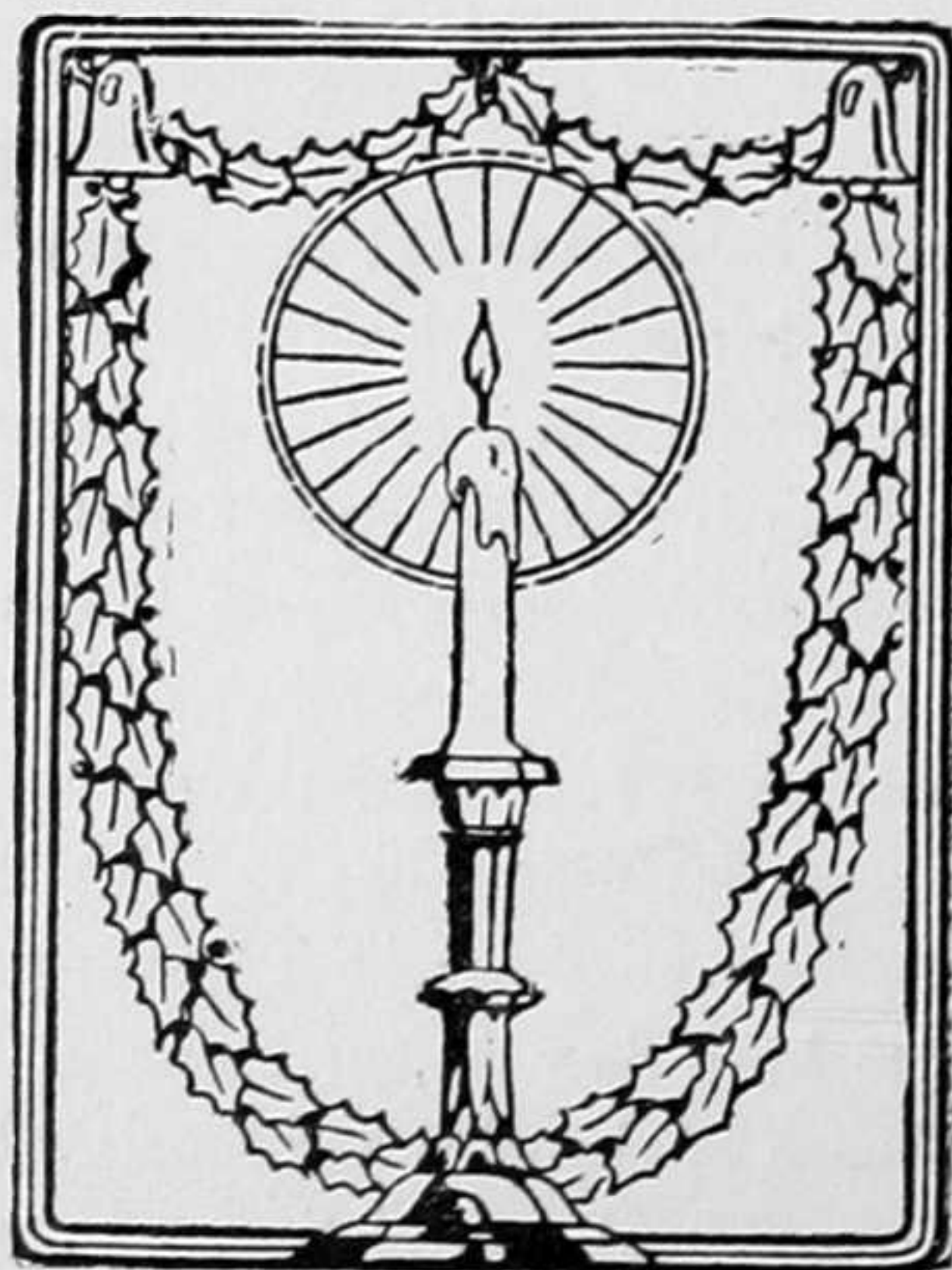
IN a few short years we, of the present student body, have hopes of membership in our Alumni. Today, as we go from classroom to classroom, we do not realize what food for thought, what memories these student days hold forth for us in the future. The realities of today become the memories of tomorrow. Our college days will then be over, but it does not necessarily mean that our connections with our Alma Mater have been severed. Because we receive an engraved parchment signed and sealed, it does not signify that the contract with our college is fulfilled on our part. The conception of our Providence is not embodied entirely in "book-learning." There is another side—a social life, a fraternalism which enshrines the truest love and makes it a living and a lasting thing.

As daily life confronts us we like to think that we have a few friends who perceive our good qualities and ignore our unamiable traits. We delight to have them in our presence. Through them we experience an interchange of thoughts and ideals. Between our friends and ourselves there is a mutual appreciation, a warm feeling of fellowship.

Throughout this quartet of years at the college we are forming associations, cultivating companionships, and fostering friendships which, as time will teach us, we cannot lightly ignore. Ask any Alumnus and he will tell you that school should mean something more than books and themes and blackboards. From his own experience he will tell you of his great desire, his longing to be back in that favorite class with the "old gang," just for a day.

During the Christmas holidays our Alumni Association will hold its only social function of the year—the Christmas Ball. It will be a brilliant, splendid affair. And here is a medium which all of us might use to foster a deeper love for our Alma Mater. She is the bond existing between those who have gone before and ourselves. Now, at this Christmas dance loyal companions of former years will gather. Imbued with a love, satisfying and sincere, they meet in honor of their "Providence." Why not we? Do we not love our Alma Mater? Have we not fraternalism? Among us today there is a fine spirit to co-operate and support anything connected with Providence. Let us, then, have regard for this affair. Give a thought to its meaning. Continue to perfect the social side of college life. Seek to absorb the conception of love and devotion toward Providence College at the Christmas Ball among the loyal and true sons of the White and Black.

Thomas J. Curley, '29



Exchange

Ambrose V. Aylward, '30

Our attention, of late, has been centered upon a controversy conducted by various collegiate publications, regarding the comparative value of an Exchange department. Some editors have entirely excluded this branch; others have demanded stultifying compression. But another class exists and subscribes to the opinion that the department in question should remain a part of the composite production. Our very presence places us in this category. We feel that our fellow students are interested in the literary productions of other colleges and universities as vitally as in any of the other extra-curricular activities. And it is through the efforts of the Exchange department that this interest is sponsored and developed. It is, we feel, through the Exchange department that we learn our value in the eyes of others and communicate mutually our opinions.

THE LAUREL

Our examination of this "official mirror of St. Bonaventure's College" began very methodically with the table of contents. "Here," said we, reading titles over our tortoise shells, "is a panacea for the evil thought that the collegiate mind is not elevated to its proper plane." And in full, round justice to "*The Laurel*" we can say that the expectations aroused by this inspiring and variegated table of contents were fulfilled amply in our perusal. The essay pointing out that "High School Graduates Can Benefit by a College Education" should prove inspirational to any student who stands on the threshold of higher education, balancing his present earning power with the advantages of a college education. And, if by any chance the sacrifice necessary to the

acquisition of this education should seem too exacting or preponderous, that same contemplative student might well turn a page of "*The Laurel*" and seek encouragement in the biography "Theodore Roosevelt, the Fighter." This aspect of the life of Roosevelt is well treated; but if the prospective collegian find no incentive therein, he may seek enlightenment and inspiration in a study of "Shakespeare's Women," and may be led to the campus and classroom in pursuit of further knowledge on this delectable subject. This theme, though not exhaustively considered, is of sufficient length and calibre to arouse the interest of any man. The "World's Debt to Astronomy" proved very edifying, but we made the serious error of reviewing this treatise with "Shakespeare's Women" still fresh in our minds. The verse throughout "*The Laurel*" is of the best, and the individual departments well conducted; but we were left wondering why short stories had been entirely excluded from the issue. We are quite certain that this issue, dedicated to the Freshmen of St. Bonaventure's College, made a very favorable impression upon them.

SINSINAWA

Saint Clara Academy sends us from Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, their publication, titled like unto the city whose postmark it bears. We know not how nearly correct we are, but we have formed the opinion that Saint Clara Academy is far removed from the noise of crowded city streets. The titles, "Autumnal Prophecy," "On Strolls," "Nature's Miracle . . . Sunset," and others seem to bear out our conclusion. This magazine conveys the same impression throughout its entirety and does so delightfully. We are brought to regret our inadequate appreciation of the beauties of nature. The Owl does well to preside over the editorial section of "*The Sinsinawa*." The theme cuts are well chosen, and the verse continues a work previously well begun. The young women who compose the student body of Saint Clara Academy evidently know how to enjoy nature as well as write about it. This we learn from the athletic column. We, however, nurse a secret satisfaction in that baseball is still at best a masculine sport. We wonder whether it will remain so for long, in view of the game reported in the athletic column. It stated that, "the most thrilling and breath-taking event of the year" . . . went into the tenth inning, the tie being broken and the Juniors winning 36-31. The teams seem to be outstanding hitters,

and if the players develop endurance in base-running, the scores should materially increase. We congratulate you on your literary accomplishments and wish you all success in athletics.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

We found this monthly to be decidedly well balanced. There is a place for everything and everything is found in that place. The first essay "Some Aspects of French Letters and Art" well deserved to be ruled a winning composition by the French Maritime League. It was an education in itself. "A Sentimental Journey" alternately touches the chords. We are sympathetic, humoured, dejected, surprised. Yet, the author touched these emotions but slightly, never permitting us to lose sight of his objective. Thus was told the story of an idealistic poet's combat with unsympathetic realism. Equally finished and touching is "The Little Gentleman." "Cervantes and the Modern Spirit" and "Deck Cargo" complete the issue and maintain the high standard set in the earlier pages. We hesitate not a moment in declaring "*The Fordham Monthly*" to be one of the most interesting publications it has been our pleasure to review.





“Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind!”

Beat as you will against my home,
Hurl barbed ice at the pane;
Threaten and spume with your furious foam,
Rage as you will—in vain!

Warm is the hearth, and my fears of you cease;
Windows and doors are locked tight;
Soon you may take your revenge for this peace,—
Victor am I tonight!

Francis E. Greene, '29.

Alumni

George B. McClellan, '29

George P. Earnshaw, '29

'23—Rev. Lucien Oliver was a recent visitor at the College.

'23—Rev. Leo J. Carlin, A. M., has been transferred from the Sacred Heart Church in Concord, N. H., to the Immaculate Conception Church at Portsmouth, N. H. Father Carlin made a host of friends during his year's stay at the New Hampshire capital, and his departure to the other side of the state was greatly regretted.

'24—"Bill" Hoban paid his respects to the editors of the ALEMBIC the other day by dropping in on the staff. Bill is doing well as the manager of an automobile concern in Hartford, Conn.

'24—M. M. Newton, J. J. Corrigan, and J. C. O'Reilly recently passed the R. I. Bar Examinations.

'24—George Whitby, South Hampton, Long Island, is now a Doctor of Dental Surgery at Bellevue Hospital, New York. George acquired his dental training at Marquette.

'25—Robert E. Curran and Frank McGee are now ready to handle any legal business their former classmates may wish to present. Bob has recently passed the New York Bar examinations, and Frank has successfully cleared the hurdles at the recent R. I. examinations.

'25—Frank Holland is now busy extracting teeth. Frank, however, comes up to the College occasionally to exchange greetings with the Faculty.

'26—Charlie Reynolds, whose pitching a few years back put Providence on a high plane in the athletic world, is now busy as credit manager of the Franklin Service Corporation.

'26—John E. Farrell, our busy Graduate Manager of Athletics, has a little sign hanging over his desk at the Athletic Association. It is printed in bold-face type, and says: "If you have no business, keep out!" Isn't that just like Johnnie?

'26—James H. McGrath was on the stump in the recent political campaign in behalf of the Democratic Party. Despite adverse results he says that he may be quoted "as still being in the arena."

'27—Jack Triggs and Tom Delaney are now in line for the "glad hand." They have joined the marital ranks. Jack signed the contracts in June. Tom promised to honor and obey forever in the early days of November.

'27—Frederick Gregory has become an educator. Fred is disseminating knowledge to the youths at St. Raphael's Academy, Pawtucket, R. I.

'27—John Beirne, who sold everything while at Providence, is now an executive with Harry Lee Publishing Co., Riverhead, N. Y.

'27—Charles Smith is handling mathematics for the Bureau of Research, Carnegie Institute, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.

'27—Joseph B. McKenna is now manager of the Montgomery-Ward Stores at Kewanee, Ill.

'27—Gerald Prior, former Editor of the ALEMBIC, is a reporter for the Providence News.

'27—"Cy" Costello, former member of the ALEMBIC staff, is doing settlement work in New York City. "Cy," you will remember, won a Knights of Columbus Scholarship for study in this particular field.

'28—Paul McNally, a graduate student, at Temple University, where he is studying Dentistry, was in the Providence cheering section during the recent Temple-Providence game.

'28—James Connors is working for the Dutee W. Flint Oil Company here in Providence.

'28—Christopher Fagan is studying at Catholic University.

'28—Edgar Maynard is an assistant engineer with the construction company that is building the new Washington Bridge.

'28—Daniel Nash, former business manager of the ALEMBIC, is working in Jersey City, N. J.

'28—Henry "Clinks" Dalton is on the reportorial staff of the Pawtucket Times.

'28—Fred McDermott, we have been informed, has affiliated himself with the Austin Construction Company, in Troy, N. Y. Fred informs us that he will write to our editor every so often and tell us the whereabouts of any of the Alumni whom he happens to meet. We wish more of the members of the organizations had this same spirit.

'28—William Kenny is now selling insurance for the Equitable Life Insurance Co. "Bill's" office is in the Hospital Trust Building, Providence.

'28—Charles Murphy is another of our classmates selling policies.

'28—Fred Langton and Eugene La Chappelle are studying for the legal progeession at Boston University School of Law.

'28—Leo Reardon is located at the training school of the Good-year Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.

Providence College is well represented at Louvain and Rome.

At Louvain the following are studying: Zeno Tetreault, '25; Thomas F. Maloney, '26; Gerard A. Dillon, '26; William Farrell, '28; John Murphy, '28; Joseph McCra, '28; Joseph Hebert, '28; J. Allan Hughes, ex-'29.

While at Rome we learn that the following are listed: Oliver J. Bernasconi, '27; Joseph F. Bracq, '28, and Joseph Merluzzo, '30.



Chronicle

Francis E. Greene, '29

SOPHOMORE- FRESHMAN MIXER

The annual Freshman-Sophomore smoker was held on October 31st in the College gymnasium. Rev. Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., President, Rev. Daniel M. Galliher, O.P., Dean, and several members of the Faculty were guests of the two lower classes. The large number of Freshmen and Sophomores attending the affair so filled the gymnasium that it seemed that partitions would have to be taken down to allow room for breathing. However, with characteristic spirit the classes stuck together and a calamity was avoided.

The exercises opened with an address by John E. Krieger, President of the Sophomore Class. As the applause died away, the College Orchestra rendered a selection. This was followed by a clog dance by M. Madrick, sophomore, and judging by the applause this was one of the high lights of the evening. J. Derivan and Billy Gainor, local amateur flash, gave a three round boxing exhibition, which was received approvingly. A re-enactment of the Dempsey-Tunney famous seventh round, as interpreted by Dixie Mathews and Malcolm Brown, was so realistic that many of the spectators wished they had brought their machine-guns. Vocal selections by John Sharkey and J. Harty were followed by a mock trial. The defendant, G. Sullig, worked out his sentence by singing "Girl of My Dreams"; this was conceded to be one of the best features of the evening. The program closed with an eccentric dance by W. Iovanni.

The splendid feeling and fellowship resulting from affairs like this should inspire all classes to increase the number of these meetings.

JUNIOR PEP COMMITTEE

In an effort to keep at high pitch the excellent college spirit manifested during the past few years by the student body of Providence, a "Pep" society in the Junior Class was organized. Charles C. Quirk is chairman of the society; William Brennon, Peter Pimental, Joseph Lough, Leo Hafey, and Walter Baezler comprise the Board.

During its still brief existence, the society has held a rally and Pep meeting. The result was pleasantly in evidence at the football games. It is the desire of the society to extend the organization to all classes, each class to be represented by six members.

This committee deserves the hearty support of each member of the student body. It is a marked step forward, and its progress means a proportionate increase in true Providence College spirit.

P.C. DEBATING SOCIETY

Under the supervision of Rev. B. A. McLaughlin, O.P., Moderator, the Providence College Debating Society organized for the 1928-29 season. Ralph Daniels, '30, was chosen President; Ambrose Aylward, '30, Vice President; and Francis Flynn, '29, Secretary. The Society selected Monday evenings for their regular weekly meetings, and several interesting questions are to be discussed on several consecutive Mondays.

The first debate was held on November 5th. The question was: Resolved, That the McNary-Haugen Federal Farm Board and Surplus Control Bill should be adopted. The affirmative team, composed of Robert Smith, '30, Ralph Daniels, '30, and Ambrose Aylward, '30, won a close decision over the negative team, composed of Francis Flynn, Victor Gabriele, and Joseph Breen, all of the Class of 1929. The fact that the judges decision was only 2 to 1, proves that both sides were hard-pressed throughout.

An interesting feature of these debates is the freedom with which the audience addresses questions on the topic of discussion to any of the speakers. Many questions were hurled at the debaters, particularly at the negative team. The speakers showed undeniable familiarity with all phases of this multi-lateral question, and satisfactory answers to all problems were given.

This society, under the expert supervision of Father McLaughlin, is an organization of which Providence students may well be proud.

FALL RIVER CLUB

The ever-growing Fall River Club of Providence College has selected the following officers to guide its destiny during the present year: William B. Norton, '30, President; Normand Boyle, '30, Vice President; Edward Phillips, '31, Secretary; and John F. Sullivan, '29, Treasurer. Edward B. Downs, '29, was elected Chairman of the Dance Committee, and he announces that the annual Christmas vacation affair will be held in Anawan Hall, Fall River, Mass., on December 28. Recollection of the two previous dramas held in that hall should cause students to buy their tickets early to avoid the rush.

SENIOR-FRESHMAN DANCE

The person who said, "Anything which you receive free is worth what you pay for it," certainly had never attended a reception to the Freshman of Providence College by the Seniors. True to tradition, and due to the untiring effort of the committee, composed of Wilfred Gorman, George Earnshaw, and George Treanor of the Class of 1929, the dance at La Salle Auditorium was a glorious success. Almost every member of the two classes attended, and each did his share to make the evening one to be long remembered.

For many of the lower classes it was the first College dance, and did they make the most of it! Ask them.

Reverend Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., President, and Rev. Daniel M. Galliher, O.P., Dean, represented the authorities of the College. Judging by appearances we can believe they approved heartily of the way the affair was conducted.

These occasioned interclass courtesies make for a better spirit of brotherhood between the sons of our cherished Alma Mater. We hope for the time when many of these "get-togethers" will be part of the year's regular activities extra-curricular.

FRIAR CLUB

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." In these words is expressed the purpose of the Friar's Club of Providence College. The club endeavors to make the stay of visiting teams comfortable, homelike, and enjoyable. To them it extends the cordial greeting

and generous hospitality of Providence. Its members are the social representatives of the College, appointed to offer entertainment to our team's friendly rivals. Theirs is the hope and desire to promote and advance mutual good-will between Providence and visiting opponents. The officers of the society are: President, John D. Coughlin, Jr., '29, Revere, Mass.; Vice President, Gerard H. Dillon, '29, Pelham, N. Y.; Secretary, William McCue, '30, Paterson, N. J.; Treasurer, Philip E. Bulger, '29, New Haven, Conn.

LACORDAIRE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Lacordaire Debating Society has organized for the 1928-29 season. We recall with intense satisfaction and pride the past accomplishments of this Freshman-Sophomore society. Who will ever forget that decisive victory over the Brown University team, in which our side showed the fundamental fallacy of Federal Government supervision of education so impressively that the unanimous decision of the Judges was rendered spontaneously?

This year the society bids fair to equal and even to surpass previous attainments. With a larger student-body from which to select, Rev. B. A. McLaughlin, O.P., Moderator, has hopes of developing many more orators of which the college may well be proud.

At the first regular debate, the question was: Resolved, That the United States should maintain its present foreign policy. The negative, upheld by Richard O'Kane, '31, Francis Canerio, '31, and William Schwab, '31, received the unanimous decision of the judges, Rev. A. B. Coté, O.P.; Rev. J. C. Kearns, O.P., and Rev. P. L. Thornton, O.P. However, the negative, composed of Thomas Dugan, Joseph Meister, and Daniel Lawler, all of the Class of 1932, made a very creditable showing for new-comers.

The subject of the second debate was: Resolved, That, United States should recognize the present Russian Government. The decision was rendered by the audience in an approximately 2 to 1 proportion in favor of the affirmative.

The winning team was made up of Albert Gaudet, Francis Shea, and Francis Cashel, of the Class of 1932; the negative was upheld by William Matzner, '31, Francis McCue, '31, and James O'Donnell, '31.

Father McLaughlin has announced that all the leading problems

of the present day will be debated at the future meetings of their society. A sound financial basis, established chiefly through Father McLaughlin's efforts, prompts us to look with eager expectation to evenings of brilliant oratorical disputations.

PYRAMID PLAYERS

Active work by the Pyramid Players, the members of the Providence College Dramatic Society, has been postponed, pending the completion of the additions to Harkins

Hall. At the only meeting of the year, the constitution was distributed among the members. A large number of new and old members attended the meeting and everything points to a season as successful as the Hamlet and Julius Caesar seasons. Rev. B. A. McLaughlin is the moderator of the society, and as in all his other undertakings, he has brought the Pyramid Players to the level of the leading dramatic societies of the country.

ADDITION TO HARKINS HALL

We are happy to announce that the addition to Harkins Hall is nearly complete. Already, some of the classrooms and laboratories are in use. The new auditorium will equal in beauty the auditoriums of any of the

younger colleges in the East. The lunch-room, a strictly modern cafeteria, is being well-patronized; and its white beauty is very conducive to hearty appetites. Living-rooms for the Professors of the College are located on the top floor of the building.

Harkins Hall with its addition is a model of Gothic structural beauty.

CLASS FOOTBALL

The Sophomores took initiative and extended a challenge to the other classes. It was immediately accepted and, at the present writing, plans are being made for a series of

inter-class games. The present Senior Class won the championship last year by defeating the Class of 1928. They tell us that they will undoubtedly retain the championship during their last year at the College.

END OF FOOTBALL

Before this issue of the ALEMBIC is read, another football season will have passed into history. The success of the team is well attested to by a glance at the number of

invitations to play next year. No little of the credit for the long strides made by the team is due Rev. F. J. Baeszler, O.P., Director of Athletics, and John Farrell, A.B., Graduate Manager.

BEGINNING OF BASKETBALL

With many of last year's stars still resident at Providence College, and with a large influx of prep-school ball-throwers, the 1928-29 basket ball season promises to be exciting and highly successful. A long schedule, which includes nearly all the leading colleges of the East, has been arranged; and we wait impatiently for the opening whistle. As was expected, Al McClellan, who came to us last year, has been retained to continue his fine work.

CLASS MODERATORS

The Senior Class has been favored with the appointment of Rev. J. C. Kearns, O.P., as its moderator. The task is not a new one to Father Kearns, his co-operative supervision in years gone by being one of the treasured memories of many Alumni.

Rev. R. E. Kavanah, O.P., is the new moderator of the Junior Class, and under his supervision the Juniors confidently hope to accomplish much.

The moderator of the Sophomore Class is Rev. I. E. Georges, O.P. Although Father Georges is new to Providence College, he has won a special place in the hearts of the student-body. The success of the class under him is merely a matter of time.

The Freshman Class has been entrusted to the guidance of Rev. P. E. Rogers, O.P. Father Rodgers' interested effort in the past assures us that the present Freshman Class will progress rapidly and efficiently to a conspicuous place in the world of extra-curricular activities.

ELMER

The editor regrets to announce that he has been unsuccessful in his attempt to get a personal interview with Elmer, the lone and star reporter of the Tie-up, our daily sheet. We scoured the favorite haunts of the mysterious one, but in vain; our patience tried, we consented to accept indirect information.

We were informed that a face-to-face meeting with Elmer is impossible; he walks back first, to see what is going on behind him and to keep dust out of his eyes. We were told that he was more

interested than ever in Providence College and its affairs. He is pleased with our showing in football, and predicts successful basket ball and baseball seasons.

Besides his interest in athletics, Elmer is also interested in the social side of college life. He is an unseen spectator at all College functions and his "nose for news" is demonstrated in the Tie-up.

Some day, Elmer, the mystery will be solved. We will find you out, and when we do, you shall receive the merited glory your modesty prevents you from taking.





John E. Krieger, '31

FOOTBALL

PROVIDENCE VS. MANHATTAN

at Hendricks Field, October 20, 1928

Golembeski's Ghosts Galavant

A humiliated, much harassed Dominican football giant turned on its latest, would-be tormentor and swept Manhattan to an 18-7 defeat in a battle replete with thrills. Stung to the quick by beatings administered them by the Army Mule and Williams College, Providence turned loose all its fury on the big green eleven from New York, and sent them hurtling into the dregs of defeat.

Brilliant in Providence's first victory in her debut on Hendricks Field was Micky Foster, plunging, squirming little halfback. Foster scored two of three touchdowns registered by our varsity, in addition to contributing some tackling gems that kept the big green offensive at bay. In view of the fact that it is his first year in collegiate competition, there are indications that Coach Golembeski can expect big things from the sandy-haired speed merchant in subsequent years.

Joe Watterson, White and Black center, and without a doubt one of the headiest linemen ever developed by a Providence coach, was the medium of our first score. Charging through a heavy line like a meteor, Joe blocked a boot far in Manhattan's territory. Providence recovered the ball and on successive downs planted the ball over Manhattan's goal line.

"Dixie" Matthews, left end, paved the way for a score in the second period by falling on a fumbled punt on Manhattan's twenty-yard line. A series of line plunges gave the Dominicans their second score. Marty Gibbons, with all his attributed left handed workings, tallied our last score just before the final whistle blew.

Manhattan drew blood in the second quarter by hitting the Providence line. Larry Wheeler, Charley Jorn, Freddy Da Gata, Len Sweeney, the Zande brothers, Mark McGovern, and Capt. Nawrocki thwarted most of Manhattan's trick formations. Captain Nawrocki, together with Nap Fleurent, Dixie Matthews, Joe Minella and McAlevy exhibited some deadly tackling.

Between the halves the Friars club held impressive exercises to the memory of "Chuck" Connors, plucky little captain of last year, who died shortly after his graduation. A bronze tablet was unveiled on the flagpole of the athletic field.

The score of the game, summaries and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE—18	MANHATTAN—7			
Wheeler, l. e.....	l. e., Dennerlein			
McGovern, l. t.....	l. t., Mazurki			
J. Zande, l. g.....	l. g., N. Cronin			
Watterson, c.....	c., Burns			
M. Zande, r. g.....	r. g., Grangreco			
Nawrocki, r. t.....	r. t., Farrell			
Jorn, r. e.....	r. e., Ferrari			
Fleurent, q. b.....	q. b., Draddy			
Gibbons, r. h. b.....	r. h. b., Burke			
Foster, l. h. b.....	l. h. b., Power			
Da Gata, f. b.....	f. b., McBride			

Score by periods	1	2	3	4
Providence College	6	0	6	6—18
Manhattan College	0	7	0	0—7

Touchdowns: Providence—Foster 2, Gibbons; Manhattan—Draddy (placement). Substitutions: Providence—McAlevy for M. Zande, Minella for J. Zande, Matthews for Wheeler, Sweeney for McAlevy, J. Zande for Sweeney, Watterson for J. Zande; Manhattan—Walsh for Burke, Driscoll for Mazurki. Referee—W. H. Shupert. Umpire—T. B. Dowd. Linesman—W. E. Jameson. Time of periods—15 minutes.

PROVIDENCE VS. TEMPLE

at Philadelphia, October 27, 1928

Not So Good

A rugged Temple eleven sent Providence down to defeat for the third time of the season, by taking the Dominicans into camp by a

score of 41-0. Temple was unquestionably stronger and the better team by a comfortable margin.

Bereft of Captain Steve Nawrocki's services, the Dominican machine tottered time and again despite the combined efforts of eleven gritty little warriors to hold it to a straight and victory pointed path. Joe Watterson, acting in the captain's absence, suffered a fractured thumb early in the game, and with his exodus went Providence's hopes. Watterson, a veteran of three years' experience, attempted to conceal his injury and continue playing, but the broken digit made his passing an uncertainty, and rather than jeopardize the chances of the team, he retired.

Temple has yet to be scored upon this season, and although the beating meted out to our varsity was decisive, it does not reflect disgrace by any means. The Temple team outweighed the younger, lighter, Dominican machine but did not outgame it. Temple tallied in every period: twice in the first, once in the second, once in the third, and twice in the fourth.

Marty Gibbons and the Zande brothers fought vainly for a noble Providence cause. Hansen, Temple backfield ace, and one of the leading scorers in the East, was brought down repeatedly by the triumvirate mentioned above, but found time to rally twice to increase his standing among the leading scorers of the east.

The summary of the game follows:

TEMPLE—41		PROVIDENCE—0			
Marcus, l. e.....	l. e., Mathews				
Ahrine, l. t.....	l. t., McGovern				
Navario, l. g.....	l. g., Zande				
Egner, c.....	c., Watterson (Capt.)				
McCusker, r. g.....	r. g., M. Zande				
Buchanon, r. t.....	r. t., White				
Kramer, r. e.....	r. e., Jorn				
Mustovoy, q. b.....	q. b., Sharkey				
Hansen, l. h.....	l. h., Foster				
Wearshing, r. h.....	r. h., Gibbons				
Schulte, f. b.....	f. b., Da Gata				
Score by periods.....	1	2	3	4	
Temple	15	6	7	13—41	
Providence	0	0	0	0—0	

Touchdowns: Temple—Hanson 2, Schultz, Wearshing, Mustovoy, Marcelle. Points after touchdown: Temple—Buchanon (placement). Providence offside on two tries, allowing points. Safety—Buchanon.

Substitutions: Temple—Bonner for Kramer; McLain for Schultz, Rubican for Navario, Capello for Schallenberg, McLain for Wearshing, Godfrey for Bonner.

Providence—Minella for J. Zande, J. Zande for Waterson, Szydla for Sharkey, McAlevy for McGovern, Dubienny for Da Gata, Lobdell for McGovern, White for Lobdell, Fleurent for Szydla, Sweeney for M. Zande, Borden for White, Brady for Gibbons, Wheeler for Matthews, Haloran for Jorn, Derivan for Minella. Referee—C. A. Eberle (Swarthmore). Umpire—H. J. O'Brien (Swarthmore). Linesman—J. Barker (Notre Dame). Time of periods—15 minutes.

PROVIDENCE VS. ST. JOHNS

at Brooklyn, Oct. 3, 1928

Dominicans Prove Poor Natators

General deficiency in the aquatic world cost our varsity a triumph in their annual game with St. John's, of Brooklyn, at Ebbets Field, alias Ebbets Aquarium. The rival elevens battled four periods to a scoreless draw in a game that should have been a Providence victory.

The field was a seething mass of mud, mud that was real muddy, and in some spots ankle deep. Then, too, a large swimming pool in the center of the diamond helped in a way to display the Dominicans' weakness in affairs that called for a knowledge of swimming and wading ability. As was remarked before, it was deficiency in the aquatic department which permitted St. Johns to swim off the field with a scoreless draw hanging on their scalp lock instead of a label of defeat pasted on their back.

Providence continually threatened the Brooklyn goal line, and at several periods of the game were within ten yards of a score. Brooklyn, for the most part, was content to play a defensive game and keep the Dominicans at bay by constantly booting the ball out of danger.

Toward the end of the first half, Providence, by dint of spectacular play by Micky Foster, had the ball on St. John's six-yard stripe, only to have chances for a score go awry when the Providence backfield and line sank beneath the waves of Ebbets Aquarium. Fumbles, due to the wet ball, made forward passing an uncertainty, and the White and Black, deprived of their biggest threat, were quite helpless.

In the second half, Providence again concentrated their attack on short line bucks, and for the greater part of the half was constantly in Brooklyn territory. Toward the close of the game the ball was in the center of a large pool of water, with twenty-two gridsters standing ankle deep in it watching every play. Providence gained the pellet on

a fumble, and with a sure score in sight, Gibbons lost his footing in the treacherous mire, blasting away our only hope.

It is a question whether Providence would have been benefited had our Graduate Manager, John E. Farrell, given the matter enough forethought to supply our warriors with water wings prior to the start of the game. The game proved conclusively that there are no prospective English Channel swimmers on our football squad.

The summary and lineups for both teams follow:

PROVIDENCE	ST. JOHN'S
Matthews, l. e.....	l. e., Kinsbrunner
McGovern, l. t.....	l. t., Bobowich
Minella, l. g.....	l. g., Burns
J. Zande, c.....	c., Quinn
Sweeney, r. g.....	r. g., Neary
White, r. t.....	r. t., Helmer
Jorn, r. e.....	r. e., Manning
Fleurent, q. b.....	q. b., Meyer
Foster, l. h.....	l. h., A. Gallo
Gibbons, r. h.....	r. h., Margolies
Da Gata, f. b.....	f. b., Pace

Substitutions: Providence—Ritter for Sweeney, S. Nawrocki for White, McAlevy for McGovern, Wheeler for Matthews, Derivan for J. Zande, Szydla for Foster, Hal-loran for Jorn, E. Nawrocki for Derivan; St. John's—Gianturco for Kinsbrunner, Cooper for Gallo, Sprung for Bobowich. Referee—Hasting (Cornell). Umpire—Don-nelly (Trinity). Linesman—Farrier (Dartmouth). Time of periods—15 minutes.

PROVIDENCE VS. COAST GUARDS

at Hendricken Field, Nov. 10, 1928

A Case of Status Quo

The wisdom of a Solomon was not necessary to distinguish between the relative ability of Providence and the Coast Guards in their grid skirmish, despite the fact that, at the end of four periods, the rival bearers each had six points to their credit. The White and Black clad Dominicans easily outplayed the sailors from the outset, only to have apparent victory snatched away and a tie score substituted, when Hesford, opposing wingman, plucked a forward pass from the ether and raced eighty yards for a touchdown, in the last ten seconds of play.

Golembeski's Galavanting Ghosts failed to galavant as they are prone to do; in fact they appeared to be hobbled during the greater part of the game. The invading Coast Guards showed comparatively

little, either in a defensive or offensive department of play, yet the Dominicans failed to score more than once. The game, for the most part, was a drab affair.

Providence's showing against the mediocre sailor eleven was a source of keen disappointment to the followers of the team. The usual pugnacious spirit of the team was of a negative quantity, and were it not for the fact that Johnny Brady did some sensational ground gaining, Providence would have looked extremely dull. Brady, incidentally, flashed one of the finest games ever to be exhibited on Hendricken Field. His dashes around end, his passing, and his general fine all around play made him distinctive.

Providence scored first blood, when after a march down the field, Sharkey hurled a twenty-yard spiral to Dixie Matthews. The latter, leaping high into the air, speared the leather and pranced over the goal line. The try for extra point floated away on a wave of fantasy.

Although she failed to score for the remaining three periods, Providence easily demonstrated the class of her attack. The ball was continually in the cadet's territory with the possibility of a score always imminent. However, our representatives always fell short of the necessary drive at a critical moment.

The tragic ending of the game sent a few thousand mildly interested fans home disappointed. Providence was within ten yards of a score with ten seconds left for the final whistle. Sharkey, quarterback, elected to try to squeeze in another score via a forward pass before the last whistle sounded; but the pass was intercepted by Hesford. His gallop of eighty yards was bitter medicine to Captain Steve Nawrocki and his hirelings.

The score of the game, summary, substitutions, etc:

PROVIDENCE—6	COAST GUARD —6
Matthews, l. e.....	l. e., Piekos
Baeszler, l. t.....	l. t., Winbeck
Jaworski, l. g.....	l. g., Diehl
Hickey, c.....	c., Fahey
Ritter, r. g.....	r. g., Bowman
Nawrocki, r. t.....	r. t., Slade
Halloran, r. e.....	r. e., Curry
Sharkey, q. b.....	q. b., Roland
Foster, l. h.....	l. h., Wendland
Dubienny, r. h.....	r. h., Hermance
Da Gata, f. b.....	f. b., Maloney

Score by periods.....	1	2	3	4
Providence	6	0	0	0—6
Coast Guard	0	0	0	6—6

Touchdowns: Providence—Mathews; Coast Guard—Hesford. Substitutions: Providence—J. Zande for Hickey, McAlevy for Baszler, Brady for Dubienny, Watterson for Jaworski, Jorn for Halloran, Minella for Rittel; Coast Guard—Lindauer for Slade, Cole for Lindauer, Roberts for Roland, Perrott for Piekos, Harding for Wendland, Knudsen for Bowman, Linton for Perrott, Hesford for Her-
mance.

Referee—W. H. Shupert (Brown). Umpire—T. B. Dowd (Holy Cross). Linesman—W. E. Jameson. Time of periods—15 minutes.

INTRODUCING OUR BASKETBALL TEAM

Holding promise of having one of the fastest basketball teams in the East, Providence seems destined to shunt herself again into the spotlight realm. It will be remembered that the White and Black quintet of last year waded through a successful campaign, climaxed by a crushing victory over Brown.

Present indications point to the fact that we shall be represented by a band of eastern title seekers. Coach Al McClellan, our midget coach, who only stands six feet six inches, is busily engaged every afternoon in putting his prospectives through a series of drills every afternoon at the La Salle gym. McClellan, incidentally, is one of the most able pilots in the East.

Larry Wheeler, who claims a summer home in Newport, will captain the White and Black machine. Wheeler is without a doubt one of the most capable basketball men in the eastern college world today. His work last year was responsible for the success of the team. He will be aided in his quest for a banner campaign by Bill McCue and Johnny Krieger, both of Paterson, N. J., Eddie Wineapple, star of the baseball team, Stan Syzdla, three sport man, Nap Fleurent, three sport man, Mark McGovern, Georgie Forrest, and a host of other promising material.

Graduate Manager John E. Farrell has compiled a strenuous schedule for the courtiers. The names of the opponents to be played have yet to be divulged, but it is rumored that Army, Dartmouth, Yale, and several other big schools are potential Providence victims.

KRIEGER KRACKS

VARIETY PLUS

Those who derive satisfaction by witnessing a diversified program were dealt their favorite dish in the Manhattan game. It would be hard to pick a contest that held more items of interest than in the battle with the invading Green eleven. For instance, there was good and bad football, an exchange of fisticuffs, an airplane episode, and ceremonial exercises.

SOPHS TAKE TO SKY WRITING

The Soph class, under a new regime, broke into the limelight prior to the start of the game by having an airplane fly over the field and drop a football with the school colors flying on it. The stunt was a good publicity move, but we wonder if it would not have been more advisable to have procured the Graf Zeppelin? The added size would have had a more pronounced effect, according to our way of thinking.

ANENT LEFT HANDERS

Southpaws as a rule are oftentimes attributed with more eccentricities than a stubborn mule. However, we feel that we must defend the left flippers who are aspiring for a Cum Laude in Providence. Marty Gibbons and Freddy Da Gata, very pronounced left handers, are two stars on our football team, apparently in the best possible health despite the shortcomings that are supposed to be coincident with the development of the wrong arm. Then, too, Bill McCue, a basketeer of the first water, tosses them left handed with an unprecedented measure of success. In view of the fact that we have three sterling examples of southpaw faith, it is suggested through this department that we make jest of their idiosyncrasies no more.

AN ICY PATH TO VICTORY

Temple proved a thorn in the side of our football team in their gridiron battle by ruining our hopes to the extent of 41-0. Just why Temple had to be so decisive about the scoring has not been ascertained, but scouts have been appointed to investigate Temple's domineering attitude to determine exactly if her dislike for Providence College prompted her to run up so large a score.