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The ABC's of Yourself

Victor Gabriele, '29

IF YOU have not seen "Eric Robot," the mechanical wonder of the age, do not miss the first opportunity to visit "him." You will reap no little benefit from doing so. "Eric" is made entirely out of metal excepting the two electric bulbs that serve for eyes. He can sit and stand, lift both arms, and turn this way and that as he is commanded. His power comes from currents of electricity. But Eric cannot walk; and some human ear has to listen for him, and some human voice in some secret way does his speaking for him. Also, some human being has to turn on the power; he cannot start himself into motion. This, of course, is to be expected, for Robot is a man without a soul. As you watch this amazing automaton go through 'his' mechanical accomplishments, you suddenly awake to the fact that you have come to admire something infinitely inferior to yourself. You came to witness a marvel, and behold, a greater marvel is yourself. You reflect upon the powers and faculties you have, and your mind rises in gratitude to your Omnipotent Maker. With Hamlet you exclaim:

".....What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In comprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!" Ham. Act II Scene 2.) Yes, we come away from Robot realizing that we are truly the kings of creation. If we derive no other benefit from our visit to the metal man, we are at least inspired to consider what noble powers we possess and how we can use them to our highest advantage and perfection.

Man is blessed with many faculties, but two in particular are his highest endowment and most precious possession. We refer to his *intellect* and *will*. It is the nature of the intellect to seek truth, while that of the will is to pursue what the intellect points out as good. Man is so created that he is bound to strive for happiness: Happiness is a universal and necessary desire of the human will which is free to

choose the means towards this end. When the will prefers evil to good, it does so from an imperfection, and in reality violates its very nature. Therefore, the will acts in accord with its nature when it selects the good, just as the intellect acts naturally when it clings to truth. These two—the truth and the good—as the only things that can satisfy man's thirst for happiness, which happiness will be absolutely complete only when he has reached the Eternal Truth and the Eternal Good. Our strivings in this life are stepping stones to the final goal. They are reached through the efforts of the intellect and will. These, however, are helped in their aims by certain qualities called habits. Now the soul is the remote principle of all of man's activities; the faculties are the proximate connatural principles superadded by nature to the soul; habits are proximate principles superadded, not by nature, but by personal endeavor to the faculties. Hence, the soul helps the man, the faculties help the soul, the habits help the faculties.

But what do we mean by habits? Habits are certain qualities which perfect the intellect and will. Mercier defines habit as "*a permanent disposition which furthers or hinders the movement of a being towards his natural end.*" Aristotle describes it as a quality superadded to a faculty, rendering it well or ill disposed toward itself or something else. It is a quality hard to remove and meant primarily to assist the faculty to act with ease and facility. Strictly speaking, only a spiritual nature and its immaterial faculties of understanding and will are the subjects of habits. Adaptations of the material faculties go rather by the name of dispositions rather than of habits. There are certain habits which are called infused or supernatural. They are communicated to the faculty by God, e. g., *faith, hope and charity*. Natural or acquired habits result from repeated acts of some one kind and they confer the power to act with ease and readiness. They may be intellectual or moral, the former perfecting the intellect and the latter the will.

The intellectual habits or virtues are five in number, namely, *understanding, wisdom, science, art and prudence*. Understanding is a habit which assists and perfects the intellect in perceiving first principles. Wisdom perfects the intellect with regard to the consideration of truth in its highest and deepest causes. Science or the habit of conclusions perfects the intellect by habituating it to deduce conclusions logically from their premises. Art perfects the intellect with respect to all operations upon external matter, and is defined as the

right ordering of things to be made. Prudence is the right order of conduct or things to be done. Prudence is classed under the intellectual virtues because it resides in the intellect. In that it directs our morals, prudence is a moral habit or virtue.

If there are habits or virtues which direct the intellect toward truth and perfection, there are also certain habits which perfect the human will and so control our conduct and moral life. These are principally four in number: *Prudence, justice, fortitude* and *temperance*. They are virtues, for, after all, a virtue is nothing but a good habit. Aristotle says that virtue is a habit that makes its owner good and his work good. Prudence is the right decision in things to be done, the habit of practical reason helping in the proper decision in questions of moral conduct; it is the art of deciding what is to be done as good and what is to be avoided as evil here and now. Wisdom is the counselor that guides in the choice of conduct. Justice is a prompt and ready habit of the will to give everyone what is due to him. This habit of justice is most important since it establishes equality in relations in force between man and man, community and individual, nation and nation. Fortitude is the habit or virtue that regulates what is called irascible appetite: It helps the will to manage the aversions of the appetites. Cicero thus defines fortitude: "The judicious encounter with danger, and sufferance of trouble, or endurance of effort." It keeps the passions of fear and courage within the bounds of reason so that fear may not become timidity and courage rashness. Fear is the dread of an evil conceived as unavoidable; courage is the dread of an evil avoidable only under great difficulty. Fortitude represses fear more than it excites courage. Since we encounter so many trials and troubles and obstacles in life's pathway, and so many enemies to our striving after virtue, it is clear how indispensable is fortitude. While fortitude assists the will as shown above, temperance helps that faculty to manage the desires of the appetites. Therefore temperance is said to regulate the concupiscible passions. Fortitude controls the irascible passions in their avoidance of evil, and temperance regulates the concupiscible passions in their pursuit of good. Temperance helps to control the pleasures of the flesh and the pleasures of food and drink. It requires no highly developed intelligence to see what a host of evils is attendant upon vicious habits of this kind. How admirable is temperance, then, which moderates the uses of food and drink and controls the pleasures of the flesh!

The beauty and serviceability of these virtues cannot be over-estimated. Man possesses four faculties that have a share in his moral acts: *Intellect, will, appetite of desire and appetite of aversion*. The four cardinal virtues keep these faculties functioning properly. They are called cardinal because they are the hinges (Lat. *cardines*) upon which revolves our entire moral life. All the numerous other virtues are connected in some way with these four. Without the others no moral virtue is complete and perfect. It is clear that all our mistakes, every duty we neglect, every law we break, betokens the absence of one or more of these qualities or habits or virtues. When we pay no heed to the promptings of prudence, when we disregard good habits and allow bad habits or vices to dominate us merely for the sake of personal convenience or pleasure, we are seeking the lesser things in life and abandoning the greater and nobler. What can be truer than the words of the Wise Man in the Scriptures: "And if a man love justice (wisdom), her labours have great virtues; for she teacheth temperance and prudence, and justice, and fortitude which are such things as men can have nothing more profitable in life"? (Wisdom, Chap. VIII, V. 7.)

II

Habits, then, play an important part in the formation of character. Indeed, character is nothing but the sum-total of all the qualities or habits that have been engrained upon the soul and become part of an individual. *The kind of character we have depends upon the kind of habits we have allowed to work their way into our makeup.* And the kind of habits that have taken possession of us depends upon the choice of our wills. Will, therefore, is everything. As our wills are, so shall we be in character. If our wills are weak and indecisive, our characters cannot be otherwise. A strong character is a group of good habits that revolve upon the axis of the will, and these habits are achieved only by repetition as commanded by the will. Character is not inborn like temperament. It is made; it is the fruit of human wisdom or human folly. It is the result of the way of life, and the will is responsible for the path we choose. Will, therefore, is supreme. It can call forth the industry that will give us intellectual and personal habits and accomplishments. More than this: It can fashion and mold our characters and enrich us with a wealth far superior than any the world can give. Rightly does Father Vaughan say: "Nothing matters but character. In social life you are a visiting card; in political

life you are only a vote; when you travel you are a ticket; in a hotel you are a number. But before God you are a character."

Such are the habits and such is their activity. They do not force the will to act, but once the will has habituated itself to act in this or that way, it does so promptly and easily. But—and this is the chief point of interest for us here—the will decides upon the habits. The will is master or slave of the situation according as it stirs itself to right action or falls into the sleep of indifference and follows the path of least resistance. It is a peculiar power of the will that it can command itself. It can become strong or weak as it chooses. It is capable of resolves and volitions which, translated, bring man to the height of accomplishment and virtue, or, on the other hand, drag him down to the depths of ignorance, folly and vice. What a powerful faculty this human will! A power for good or for evil, and easily trained to do either! It rests entirely with us, therefore, to make it a workshop of the noblest desires and volitions—volitions which will not remain merely such but grow into realization. Habit is a second nature; and habit springs from repeating. Apply this process of repetition to our volitions and their acts, and soon it will be as a second nature for us to will and to do the best things in life. Just as continuity of training makes the nervous system act infallibly right, so continuity of training will make the will act right with the greatest facility. If we could only fully realize how soon we shall be walking bundles of habits, I am sure we would give far more heed to the matter of intellectual and moral attainment during the period of formation. We would apply ourselves to the acquisition of all good qualities so that they might become second nature.

In his "Psychology" Professor William James has some practical maxims regarding the acquisition of a new habit and the abandoning of an old one. The first is: "We must take care to launch ourselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible." In other words, we are to seek all the circumstances that will tend to encourage the new habit. Secondly: "Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life." Each departure is like letting fall a ball of string which one is carefully winding up. Another maxim is this: "Seize the very first possible opportunity to act in every resolution you make and in every emotional prompting you may experience the direction of the habits you aspire to acquire." The last maxim is as follows: "Keep the faculty of effort alive in you

by a little gratuitous exercise every day." We are advised here to practice systematically self-denial in little unnecessary acts every day. The man who follows these very practical directions "will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast."

We thank our Creator, therefore, again and again, that we are not Robots but rational creatures. We are endowed with a wonderful body, a more wonderful soul that operates through God-given faculties. To grow, to feel, to know, to reason and to will—these are our glorious powers. For these we should be thankful. The best and only way to show our gratitude to our Maker is to use them to our advantage. What better way to do this than to increase our good thoughts, our good desires and good deeds? Our success and learning and character lies in multiplying our upright volitions. When the intelligence points the way to the true and the good, our wills must say as Hamlet said to his father's ghost:

"Go on, I'll follow thee." (Ham. Act 1, Sc. 4.)



Poets and Poets

Long murmurs roll along the shore,

And sea birds scream in the sunshine white:

There is never an ebb of the ocean's roar,

But the gulls take flight.

Carroll Hickey, '30

The Benefactor

John C. Hanley, '29

MR. CUTTLE thrust his railway ticket into his pocket, left the waiting-room and walked out onto the platform to buy a newspaper. The little man in the kiask handed him the paper and stepped aside to make change. Mr. Cuttle was waiting for him when someone touched his shoulder. When he turned he confronted a shabby man who might have been sixty years old. Soap and water and better clothing might have made him look ten years younger. Mr. Cuttle recognized him and flushed.

"Do you remember me, Mr. Cuttle?" the shabby man asked.

"Yes." Then with slow deliberation, "I very seldom forget faces and I have a very special reason for remembering yours."

"I know," the other said simply.

They had not seen each other for fifteen years and in so long a period it might be imagined that each should forget the other. But an incident that had claimed only fifteen minutes of Mr. Cuttle's time had caused him to remember the shabby man for fifteen years.

The incident had occurred when the shabby man was proprietor of a tobacco shop and Mr. Cuttle one of his customers. The two had never been friendly. Such a course had been incompatible with young Mr. Cuttle's notion of dignified compartment. He considered it undignified to welcome the obtrusive familiarities with which the tobacconist favored his more esteemed clients. Mr. Cuttle had never been rude, merely distantly civil. He was armed with the same sensitive dignity on the night he entered the shop for the last time.

Three men were lounging near the counter as Mr. Cuttle approached. He asked for a cigar, selected one from the proffered box and placing the money on the counter turned to light the cigar at a small gas-burner. He puffed slowly, then examining the lighted end critically he resumed puffing and walked toward the door.

"Hey! How about paying for that cigar?" the shop-keeper called.

Cuttle blushed. "I've already paid for it," he said sternly.

"Yeh? Where is it? Show me the money."

Cuttle walked back to the counter. His coin was no longer there.

"I put it here," he said.

"Well, if you put it here there ain't no reason why it oughtn't to be here now, is there?"

"Not unless you've already taken it," returned the young man angrily.

"None of that! I won't have it. I'm honest. See? I had my back turned ever since you took that cigar. No chance for me to take the money, was there, fellows?" He appealed to the loungers.

They corroborated his testimony with solemn nods.

"I don't care who took it." Cuttle said, "I put it there."

"Well, I guess you'd better put it there again before I call a cop."

When he had said this, the tobacconist noticed the missing coin. Cuttle had evidently pushed it with his elbow when he had turned to leave the counter for it was hidden now behind a tiny pyramid of match-boxes. In his confusion Cuttle did not notice that the other had made this discovery. But he perceived that the shop-keeper spoke in an altered tone.

"I guess it's foolish to call a cop, anyway. I ain't goin' to squabble over a couple of cents. Either you pay the money or get out of here quick."

"I've paid you the money and I'm going now," Cuttle said with embarrassment.

Then he left the store.

And because he had been so egregiously offended, because the indignity that wounded him more deeply than any he had suffered before or since, Mr. Cuttle had never reverted to the incident without suffering at the same time the same warm embarrassment and the same ardent wish to see the perfidy of the tobacconist exposed. For weeks after the incident Mr. Cuttle, to mollify his injured pride, had delighted in conjuring up scenes wherein the shop-keeper was made to admit his crime and was left to endure the horror and loathing of an honest-minded public. As the incident became more a part of the past Mr. Cuttle ceased to indulge these imaginations. Still after fifteen years he remembered the incident and he was annoyed to discover how the

recollection irritated him. He was sorry that the tobacconist had the satisfaction of knowing the memory of it had stayed with Mr. Cuttle for so long a time.

The tobacconist himself had no especial reason for remembering it. Accusations and recriminations of a far more vehement character had always been a daily part of his life. He remembered dimly that Mr. Cuttle had once been his customer. So, when Mr. Cuttle had told him he remembered him for a special reason the tobacconist had said "I know," he imagined as he did so that the other was referring only to those happier days when the tobacconist had enjoyed a more exalted position in the world of society.

"I guess you've forgotten my name, Mr. Cuttle," he said when Mr. Cuttle made no offer to continue the conversation.

"If I ever knew it, I have forgotten it," Mr. Cuttle said gruffly.

Thereupon the shabby man drew a shabby card from his pocket. Age and fingerprints had done much to disguise this relic of the man's better times but the name it bore was still legible: Mr. Albert Mendies.

"Would you mind giving it to me when you've read it, sir? It's the only one I've got left and I can't afford any others."

Cuttle returned the card gravely, then he said, "You have something to say to me evidently."

"Yes, sir. I got a favor to ask you."

"A favor!" exclaimed Cuttle with emphatic surprise.

"Would you like to do me a favor, sir?"

Cuttle was nonplussed at this boldness. The importunate man left no quarter for that tart. Without answering he turned to take his change from the little man behind the newspapers. He held the money in his hand and glanced at it significantly. Mr. Mendies took no cognizance of the look. He continued to talk.

"You see, sir, I lost the tobacco store. Too many bills. I've been doin' hard work ever since. In a factory, you know. Can't stand it. Doctor said I got to find some other work. Now, I got a chance to buy back the store. Make it go this time. Won't make the same mistakes." He stopped for breath.

"Well," murmured Cuttle.

Well, sir, I need money. I got some of my own. If I had another four hundred dollars I could buy back the store."

"And you think I should give it to you!"

"Oh, no. I thought maybe you'd lend it to me. Everybody knows you'd never miss the money.

"There are others you might have gone to. Why did you choose me?"

"Well, I don't know any others that could spare it as easy as you, sir; and I don't know any others as generous as folks say you are."

Mr. Cuttle's train was approaching now.

"Hm," he said, "you seem to know a great deal about me."

"I've heard a lot about you, sir. I hope you won't refuse me."

"I've got to get aboard this train," said Mr. Cuttle evasively. He walked towards the train as he spoke.

Mr. Mendies walked at his side. His voice was beseeching when he said, "Well, can I see you at your office?"

Cuttle temporized, "If you must."

"Tomorrow?"

"Very well."

"About two o'clock?"

Cuttle nodded and leaped aboard the train.

In his office the following afternoon Mr. Cuttle handed Albert Mendies a check for four hundred dollars. He eyed Mr. Mendies searchingly as the check changed hands. Let anyone be under obligation to you and whenever you are in his company and the conversation veers around to a subject anyway relevant to that obligation you will find yourself staring at him in the same intense manner Mr. Cuttle stared at Mendies. Mr. Mendies was profuse in his thanks and earnest in his protestations that the money would be returned, but these did not seem to satisfy Cuttle. He appeared disappointed when he was left alone. "He didn't even seem to be embarrassed," Mr. Cuttle murmured.

Two months later he had to advance two hundred dollars to Mr. Mendies, "to tide him over till he got on his feet." Mr. Cuttle seemed again disappointed after this transaction. Then came two loans to pay tobacco bills and another to help Mr. Mendies renew his lease. "He's an unfeeling beast," he said to himself after he'd helped Mr. Mendies to pay his rent.

Mr. Mendies had been in business a little more than a year when at three o'clock on a Monday afternoon a boy dashed into Mr. Cuttle's office. Mr. Mendies was ill at home, he said. He wished very much to see Mr. Cuttle. Would Mr. Cuttle come? Mr. Cuttle hesitated.

Then, "Where does he live?" he asked. The boy told him. Very much annoyed, Mr. Cuttle left his office and directed a cab-driver to the address the boy had given him.

"I'm Mr. Cuttle," he said.

"Yes, sir. You are so good to come, Albert's in here."

As she conducted him through the house he saw that there were tears in her eyes.

Mr. Mendies was in bed and his room was dark. He tried to raise himself when his wife opened the door.

"Albert," she called, "here is Mr. Cuttle." Then to the latter, "Go right in, sir."

"Hope you don't mind comin', sir, but I'm dyin' and I got somethin' to ask you."

Cuttle said nothing.

"You always said you never cared about the money—" Cuttle's eyes opened expectantly but the expectation died as Mendies continued—"but I always meant to pay it. If I ever get better I will. But I ain't goin' to get better and I hope you won't press Mrs. Mendies too hard for the money."

"I'll forget about that. She won't be worried."

"And somethin' else," gasped Mr. Mendies, "I got to talk fast 'cause I won't be able to, soon. I got some bills here Mrs. Mendies don't know about. Will you take care of them until she's on her feet again." Here he drew forth a small sheaf of papers from beneath his pillow. Mr. Cuttle took them.

"I'll attend to these," he said. "There's nothing else you want to say," he added and his voice was hopeful.

Mr. Mendies had almost lost his voice. It was a whisper when he said, "No; only I'd like to have someone keep an eye on Mrs. Mendies."

He died then; and Cuttle who guessed he was dead stared at him and at the bills Mendies had given him. He reflected upon how important a role he himself had so curiously played in the dead man's history. He knew he could not quit the role now. Then he considered that Mendies was dead and he tried to think of something more decorous than his own disappointment. He stayed at the house for another hour. The men who are the professional attendants of death came in and out with professional coolness. Cuttle had sought to comfort Mrs. Mendies. At last he rose to leave.

"You'll leave the funeral arrangements to me now, Mrs. Mendies," he said.

She sobbed in reply.

"You're not to worry, not to worry again for the rest of your life. You're to leave all your troubles to me after this. Understand?"

But Mrs. Mendies was weeping and wringing his hand. "Why are you so kind to us?" she cried.

"Why?" repeated Cuttle bewilderedly. He pondered the question as though it had never occurred to him before; then he answered abstractedly, "I don't know, I don't know."

Lebanon Valley

Here let us build in this low-lying valley
Temples and palaces never to crumble;
Here for a lifetime and more we may linger
Under the hands of the amethyst mountains.

This is the tryst that the searchers are seeking;
Eden is here in this vale of refreshment.
Here we can drink of the diamond-clear waters,
Here we can sleep in the bosom of heaven.

Carroll Hickey, '30

Our Patron

Angelo Murchelano, '29

ALITTLE over a month ago at the impressive dedicatory exercises of our new auditorium at Harkins Hall, we were privileged to hear the Reverend Father Ripple, O. P., give an address very eloquent and most suited to the occasion. The speaker chose for his text the words addressed by the psalmist to the Lord: "Teach Me Goodness, and Discipline, and Knowledge; For I Have Believed Thy Commandments." Ps. 118, v. 66. As this inspired prayer of David fell from the speaker's lips and sounded through the spacious hall, my imagination soared aloft for the moment to dwell upon the saints and scholars, chief among them, St. Thomas Aquinas. Our saint often recited that beautiful prayer, and his life and works certainly show it. How else could he have reached the exalted heights of holiness and learning? His was an extraordinary intellectual genius at which men have never ceased to marvel. It enabled him not only to discuss with clearness and accuracy the most profound problems of human knowledge and to reconcile the dogmas of faith with the teachings of reason but also to elucidate to a degree the nature of God and His attributes.

To natural talents of a very high order he added an astounding application and the habitual practice of humble prayer to the Father of light and truth. Indeed, Thomas never lost his habits of study and piety. They clung to him throughout life. It does one good to read how in the midst of riotous and dissipated living rampant in the University of Naples in those days, he betook himself to his prayers and his books. He thirsted for truth and knowledge, and he left nothing undone to quench that thirst. To the pursuit and elucidation of truth he dedicated all his energies; therefore we find him spending his years with books either studying them or writing them.

As for the holiness of the Angelic Doctor, suffice it to say that all his numerous biographers, as well as many pontiffs and the Church herself, are unanimous in rendering testimony to his eminent personal sanctity, and to his constant practice of that virtue which the Divine Lord tells us is the natural prerogative of the angels in Heaven.

“Teach me goodness, and discipline and knowledge.” This was his continual supplication, and these valuable things he was taught. He asked fervently of Him who is Truth and Goodness, and he received abundantly for the asking.

Such a one, in fine, is our noble model, a saint and student of the highest degree. What an inspiration and example to us! But are we striving in any degree to follow in his footsteps? How many of us are stealing precious time from our books and from our tasks? How many of us are not flinging away opportunities that will never come in our path again? If St. Thomas were to come among us today, what would he think of us? Would he smile on us with approval? We wonder.



The Conqueror of Tara

Joseph Watterson, '29

ONE Easter, almost 1500 years ago, an event happened of momentous import. When that day dawned upon the world Druidism lay forever dead in the land of the Irish people. For it was on that occasion that St. Patrick, inspired with a consuming zeal to spread the truth of Christ, shattered the altars of paganism. In its place he implanted the supreme faith of Christianity. This victory was accomplished not by the force of arms or by the military display of a worldly conqueror. Rather it was by the grace of a Spiritual King Who gave inspiration and assistance to the efforts of the saintly Apostle.

A native of Gaul, St. Patrick in his sixteenth year was carried into captivity by invading barbarians. They took him to Ireland where for seven years he was obliged to tend the flocks on the mountains and in the forests. He finally escaped and with the aid of God returned to his home in Gaul.

The youthful captive, however, was destined to return to the scene of his former bondage not as a slave but as a conqueror of souls. After his escape his parents placed him under the tutelage of his uncle, the Bishop of Tours. St. Patrick had become greatly attached to the Irish people during his captivity and when he had completed his education the desire grew within him to return to the land of his former captivity to spread the gospel of God. St. Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, who had ordained him to the priesthood, and who had had him as a missionary companion for some years in Britain, recommended Patrick to Pope St. Celestine I. The Pope accordingly consecrated him Bishop and sent him to Christianize the island.

The Apostle arrived in Wicklow in 433 A. D. Repulsed by the hostility of the clan living there, he was forced to return to his vessel. Undaunted by this failure he made a second and more successful attempt, landing farther north on the island. At the mouth of the River Boyne St. Patrick worked the first miracle in Erin. He was on the way to Slemish, when a chieftain named Dichu encountered him and

tried to prevent his advance. Dichu attempted to strike Patrick with his sword but his arm became rigid. Only when the chieftain promised obedience did his arm return to normalcy. Dichu was converted and gave Patrick a large barn (Sabhall) where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered. This was the first sanctuary that graced the land. A monastery and church were later built there and the site is called Saul to this day. It is interesting to note that St. Patrick died here on March 17, 493.

At Saul, Dichu informed St. Patrick that the chieftains of Erin had been summoned by the Supreme Monarch to celebrate a great feast at Tara. Here was an opportunity not to be missed. He would appear before the assembly and deal the death blow to Druidism.

The assembly was to meet at Tara on March 25, Easter Sunday, 433, and the leaders gave the command that from the day preceding all the fires in the land were to be extinguished until the appearance of the signal blaze at the royal mansion. The chieftains and priests had learned of the coming of the messenger of Christ so they came in large numbers and were well prepared. On Easter Eve St. Patrick arrived at the hill of Slane on the opposite side of the valley from Tara, and on the top of the hill, he lit the Paschal fire according to the custom of the early Christians. When the Druids saw it they set up a cry of alarm. They said to the King, ".....this fire, which has been lighted in defiance of the royal edict, will blaze forever in this land unless it be this very night extinguished." Immediately the King commanded and the Druids tried again and again to put out the flame and kill the Apostle, but all to no avail. The fire burned and Patrick lived.

On the following day, Easter Sunday, the missionary band followed by St. Patrick in full episcopal robes, walked in procession to Tara. As they marched they slowly and solemnly chanted the prayers and litanies which called down to their aid the miraculous power that resulted in the conversion of Ireland. The Druids immediately set to work. By their magic they caused a cloud of Stygian darkness to hover over the hill and valley. When St. Patrick challenged them to dispel the cloud, they could not. Then he prayed and immediately the sun shone forth and the cloud was gone. Again, Lochru, the Arch-Druid and magician, raised himself aloft into the air. St. Patrick again prayed with the result that the magician dropped from his flight and was dashed to pieces on a rock. These miracles sounded the death-

knell to Druidism. The Druids had employed every diabolical agency, but Patrick emerged victorious. Religion that day triumphed at Tara, for the Supreme Monarch gave Patrick permission to preach the faith throughout Erin.

He preached several times to the assembled Druids and chieftains. They were impressed and converted by the noble speech and gentle dignity of this spiritual warrior. It was at this time that St. Patrick looking for a means to explain the doctrine of the Holy Trinity spied the graceful Shamrock. Stooping he plucked it and raising it aloft, pointed to the three parts growing on one stem and forming one leaf, yet with each part distinct in itself. And the sons of nature listening to him were taught to believe in the Creator of all nature. From that time on St. Patrick assiduously labored and preached until the entire island was blessed with the Christian faith.

The Bishop loved the Irish people and he prayed continually that God would bestow favours upon them. His prayers were answered, for after the Apostolic times, there never were more devoted or more successful missionaries than those who preached the gospel in Ireland. There never was a people who received the Faith more readily than the Irish or who practised it more earnestly.

This faith became the object of their love as well as of their devotion. A love which persisted in spite of persecution and increased because of it. It is the fulfillment of the prophecy of the Druids that the light of St. Patrick would burn forever in Ireland. The light of the Christian Faith has burned, sometimes brilliantly, sometimes low, but always steadily in the hearts of the Irish people. We may rest assured that the entire Catholic world is at one with the children of St. Patrick in the hope and prayer that the beautiful light of Christian faith, enkindled by the slave who returned a conqueror, will never cease in the land of the Irish.



The Mardian Murder

James Coffey, '31

THE MURKY fog which hung like a pall over Willow street certainly added to my comfort, in so far as it gave me that snug sense of security that comes at such times, if one has a cozy room with a cozy fireplace and a warm glowing fire.

I sat in the big chair before the fire, meditating on the dire results of the recent World War. Suddenly, Helock Jones, my eccentric fellow lodger, who had been apparently absorbed in a book, broke in upon my thoughts. "I quite agree with you Clancy," said he, "War is a terrible thing."

"My dear fellow," said I, to whom Jones' methods were ever new, "that is just what I was thinking, but since I said nothing of my meditations, I am at a loss to know how you read my thoughts so easily."

"My good man," responded my elongated friend, "your honest face is a perfect mirror of your mind. First, you impatiently lay aside your paper. That action is what drew my attention to you. Then, you turned your eyes to that picture of General Pershing over the mantle; that started your train of thought. After gazing on that for some time, you turned your eyes to that helmet and gas mask of your nephew, and it was while you were sorrowfully contemplating these that I interrupted. Hark! If I mistake not, from these steps which I hear on the stairs we are going to receive a visit from an elderly man, stout, and of commanding appearance."

He had hardly spoken when the door of our room burst open and an elderly man, tall and stout and with the air of one used to command, came into our room.

"You'll pardon my neglecting to knock, Mr. Jones," said he. "I'm so upset that I fancy I've lost my manners as well as my mind. I'm in a terrible fix. My name in Mardian, Col. Anthony Mardian, I'm a big butter and egg man from Boston. This morning at 4.30 o'clock, I was awakened from my sleep by an awful cry. I arose and

dressed hurriedly, rushed to my brother's room to awaken him, found the room locked, and after calling him for some time, I summoned my valet and together we broke in the door. Imagine my surprise when I found my poor brother's room empty. The darkness of the night forbade outdoor search, but with the coming of daylight we scoured the grounds. You may realize my horror, when I found my dead brother's body pierced with an arrow and hanging from an elm tree in the garden. There Mr. Jones is the case in toto."

"Very good, Colonel," said Jones, and now a question. "Was this an older or a younger brother? Did you come here on your own initiative?"

"This one, Mr. Jones, was my older brother Charles. I came here at the direction of Inspector O'Brien of the Boston Police."

"Very well, Colonel, I will be with you presently; we will visit your ancestral estate, Coventry Moor, (to which, by the way, you are now heir) so that I may look the ground over personally."

We arrived at Coventry Moor at 2:30 P. M. and found O'Brien, the self-sufficient Boston Inspector, already on the ground, rushing around with his usual hustle-bustle.

"Ah! welcome my dear Jones," cried the individual, I sent my client, Colonel Anthony, to bring you, but I hardly think that we'll need your aid, as I already have a suspect under arrest and am fast forming a chain of damning evidence."

"Well, well" said Jones, "allow me to congratulate you O'Brien, whom, may I ask, have you arrested?"

"In view of the fact that the murder was committed with a bow and arrow, I have placed under arrest Chief Sit-Me-Down, a full-blooded American Indian, who was traveling with a Wild West Show."

"Interesting, if true," said Jones, "but now where is the dead man; I want to see him, personally."

"We carried him to his room, Mr. Jones," answered the Colonel, "come this way, sir"; whereupon Colonel Anthony and O'Brien conducted us to the dead man's room. Jones looked over the body from which a feathered arrow still protruded; then whipping out his magnifying glass, he got down on his hands and knees, and with his hawk-like face close to the floor, he inspected, so it seemed, every inch of the floor, wainscotting and windowsill. Finally, with an almost hungry look on his face he arose. I knew then, that the case

was solved. My long association with Jones taught me that when he wore this look an arrest soon followed.

"Clancy," said he, "you and Mr. O'Brien will stay here, allow no one to leave the house, I will be back in less than an hour."

True to his word, Jones returned in less than an hour, but he was not alone. In his arms, handcuffed and bound, he carried, what to all appearances, was a little black boy. When the Colonel saw Jones and his captive, he made a beeline for the window. I apprehended him, however, with a flying tackle, the kind that won football fame for me at Harvard. After a fierce struggle, we succeeded in handcuffing him.

"Mr. Mardian," said Jones, "I arrest you for the murder of your elder brother, Judge Charles Mardian. Now, gentlemen, let me present exhibit 'B.' Mr. O'Brien, this little brown fellow is Zeb, the wild man from Borneo, so called and billed by the circus with which he is traveling. In reality, though, Zeb is not from Borneo. He is of the pigmy Mata-Mata tribe which is indigenous of Ceylon. Some years ago when Colonel Mardian here was a young captain serving with the British Army in India, he saved this little fellow from death, and thereby won his lifelong gratitude. In fact, Zeb loved the white man so much that he followed him to America. The Colonel got him a job with a circus, where the little fellow has been ever since, receiving, now and then a visit from his white god. Naturally, when Colonel Mardian, financially embarrassed, sought to get control of his ancestral estate, then held by his brother, the judge, he thought that the job could be neatly done by his little chocolate friend. How completely he did it, we can well see. O'Brien, these are your prisoners, Clancy and I will depart."

"A question, Jones," cried O'Brien, "What, may I ask, were your clues?"

"My only clues," said Jones smiling, "were these. The slight impress of a small, bare muddy foot on the window sill, the arrow, and that fact that an already dead man was hung to a tree. Not only was he hung there, but to hang him put the killer to no little inconvenience. However, this hanging of dead bodies is also peculiar to the Mata-Mata tribe. Gentlemen, good-day."

..Exchange..

Ambrose V. Aylward, '30

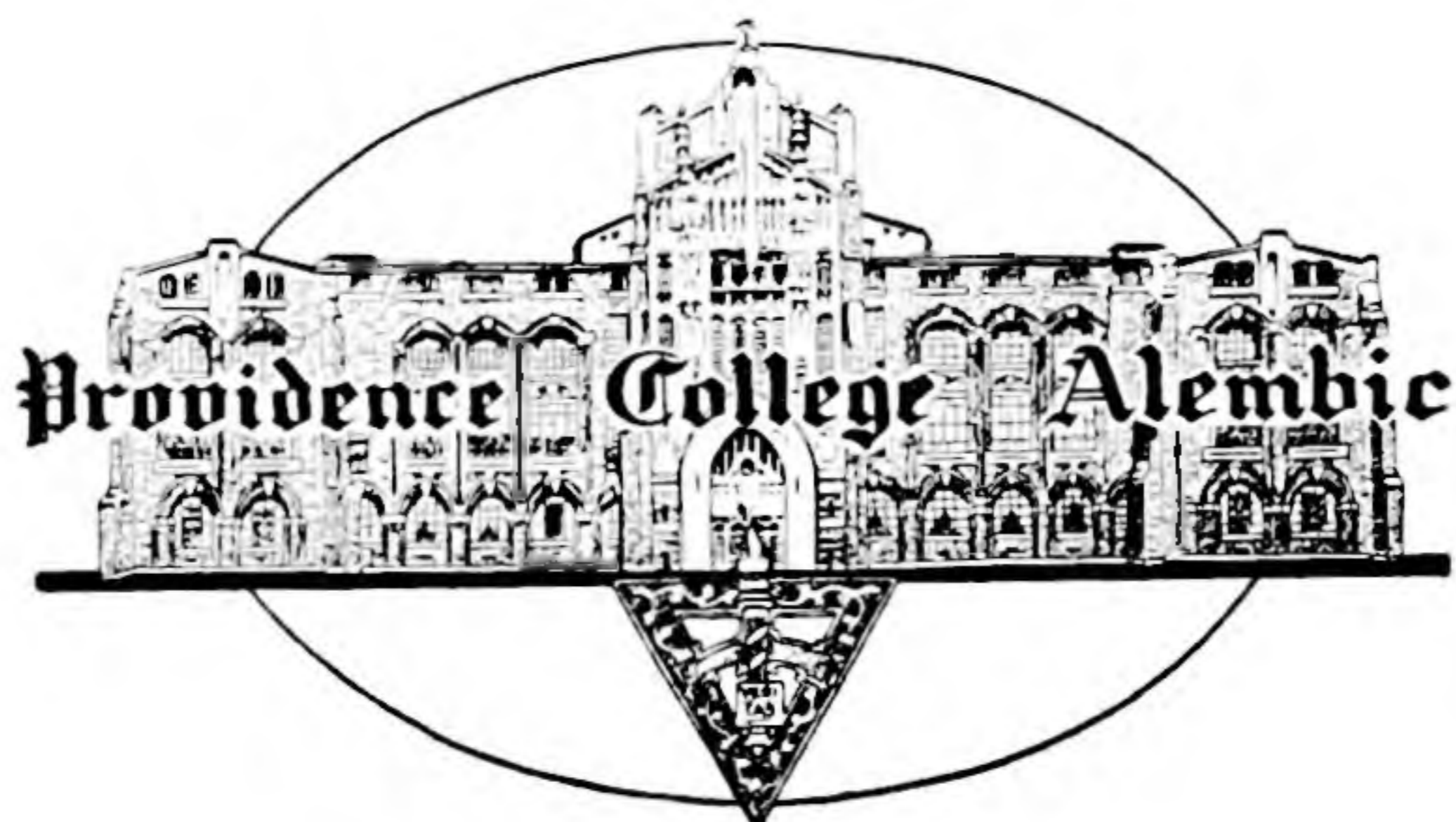
The *Saint Vincent College Journal* is always a welcome visitor, for we are ever certain to find within its covers something new, something different. We admire the idea of placing the editorials first in the table of contents. Usually, editorials are placed somewhere in the middle of the college magazine, as if the editors were timorous about placing their views prominently. The editorials in the *Saint Vincent College Journal* well merit their position, being well written considerations of timely subjects. "Catholic Leaders" gave us another viewpoint of the past election and surprised us in that it appears to be directed against the Catholic himself, rather than against his poor, unfortunate, prejudiced brother. The essay was decidedly well handled, but we feel that the author was a bit radical in stating, in substance, that the cure for intolerance and subjection of Catholicism, is to be found in the education of Catholic manhood with a view to their future leadership. Catholic colleges and universities have for years been doing just this thing, yet the catastrophe of last November remains. We are of the opinion that the author, in attempting to offer a remedy for the situation would have done better to consider the functions more briefly of Catholic colleges and universities, in order that he might devote more space to the functions of the youth who is the product of these halls of learning. The only true remedy for the situation made evident by the election lies in the education of those who do not understand Catholicism, and this task is clearly the duty of the man who has best adapted himself. We found "On College Roommates" very entertaining. "History and Literature" treated these two subjects jointly in a manner which does full justice to both. We believe that the author proved adequately his contention that the two are closely interwoven, and that, "Literature, is nothing more than a very deep

study of history, a study that is not satisfied with colorless facts, but delves far down into human nature."

The Germantown Academy Philomathean Society sent us from Germantown, Pa., their February issue of "*The Academy Monthly*." Here again we find the editorial department right out in front, taking full advantage of the fact that the editors had something to say and placed their work where they might reasonably conclude that it would be read. The editorials were really worth while, interesting to us, and undoubtedly of much greater interest to the student body for whom they were written. This is a particularly slim little monthly, and for this reason we received the impression that it is slightly out of balance by reason of the predominance of humor. The existence of a humorous department is always a matter of editorial discretion, but a decision favorable to this department should not be construed to mean that humor is the main objective. "More Mystery" was interesting reading.

The *Canisius Monthly* is one of the most dependable exchanges we receive,—dependable in that it is regularly found in our mail sack, and dependable in that its contents are ever up to the high standards of the publication. To criticize unjustly "A Criticism of Criticism" would be decidedly unfair and would leave us open to merited criticism, for the essay is splendidly done. "The Song of the Wandering Scholars" is a scholarly work, a work which has captivated us. Another appealing contribution to this issue of the *Canisius Monthly* is that study of studious endeavor titled "Midnight Oil." Cleverly did the author tell us "What the Fool Hath Said."





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Editorials

Thomas J. Curley '29

A GREETING TO MR. HOOVER

We have a new President. This month ushered in his term of office, and it is quite proper that we welcome our new Chief Executive. By so doing we are only conforming to the precepts of Christianity and true American principles. Much more, a Catholic who fails to salute Mr. Hoover as President, who does not recognize in him lawful authority, fails in his obligation to country and fails in his obligation to his God. We hold that God is the source of all lawfully constituted authority. Therefore, we owe to Mr. Hoover obedience and loyalty. He is our sovereign ruler chosen by the people, the depository of God's authority in matters political.

We know that the candidate of the Republican party automatically opposed the choice of the Democratic forces. As Mr. Smith was a Catholic, the unwritten law, that a Catholic could never be President, was put to a test. The majority of the electorate elected Mr. Hoover, who by chance was a non-Catholic. The election itself proves to the Catholic that ignorance of the Church outside its pale is exceedingly rampant. It gives us, therefore, a new angle of education, not only for the younger, but also for the elder members of our Faith.

We can still cherish the hope that some day a Catholic will sit in the chair of the Presidents. But let us pray that he will not be there merely because he is a Catholic. May he be elected because he is fitted for the honor, because he is a representative American and worthy of such recognition.

We have, then, to prepare for our future conquest against an un-written law. We have our educational project to develop. Meanwhile, let us extend to Mr. Hoover our good-will and best wishes that his administration will be God-fearing; let us breathe a prayer that he will prove an able servant of the greatest nation upon earth which recognizes but one Chieftain, God the King, Author of Liberty.

DO I KNOW YOU?

Do you really know your best friend? As a matter of fact, we really do not know each other.

There are those who know many of our evil traits; others who see only our good habits. I dare say there are those who know some of our good thoughts. There is, however, within every one of us a certain undescribable something which is concomitant with life itself. We conceal that within us, hide it, reveal it to but a few.

We often see an individual, a buoyant, carefree, happy-go-lucky child of pleasure. There is a smile on his face, there is a cheerful tone to his voice. But who know what fires of passion smoulder within him? Who knows what fear lurks in his heart, what unhappiness over-shadows his real self? Experience has taught us to be discreet in our judgment. We never know with whom we converse. Appearances are deceitful; the real self is found after long search in something so deep down in the inner being of an individual that nothing material or earthly ever comes to a knowledge of it.

The real self—which but a few chosen ever know—is that which we offer to God, in silence when all the world is at rest and all is peaceful within and without.

EASTER THOUGHTS

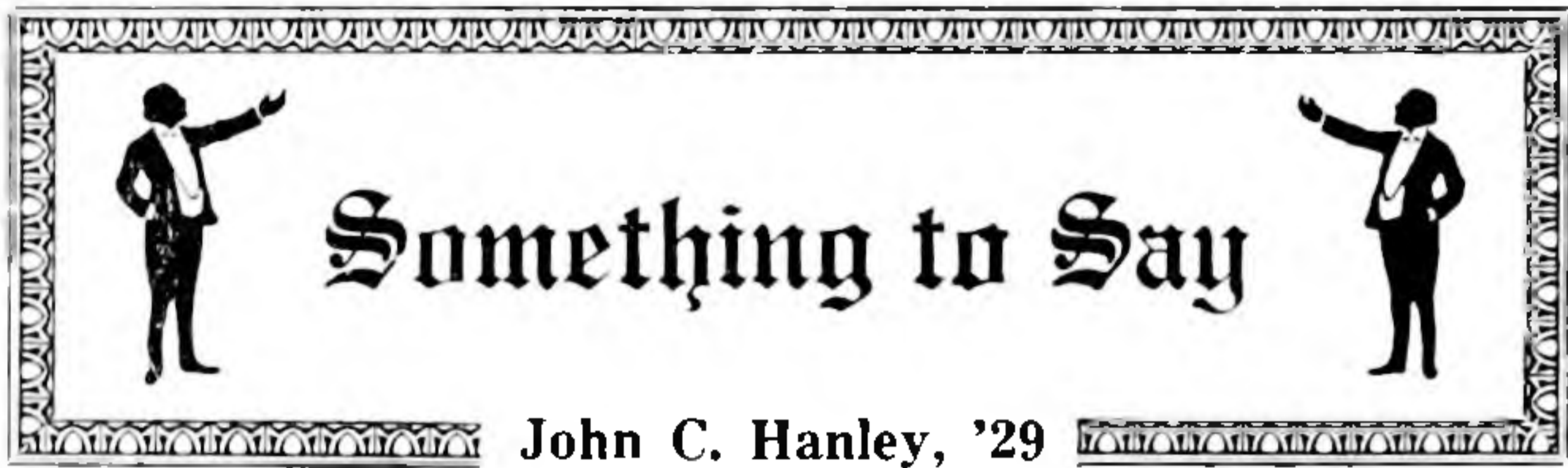
By most individuals the Easter-time is defined in terms of new wearing apparel. This tendency is to be deplored. The greatest Feast of the liturgical year should be marked by more than mundane characteristics. It must suggest to us not anything that is of the world, but something that is of the spirit; because we are commemorating on Easter-Day the confirmation of the long list of Christ's miracles—the Resurrection.

For many years we have had a commercialized Christmas. The germ of the dollar disease has been sown also in the Easter season. We Catholics are duty-bound to do all in our power to stop the spread of this danger. The Church admonishes us that 'if we be risen with Christ, we must seek the things above.' Seek, then, above the mere

material. Direct your thoughts to the real spirit of the occasion. Have a thought for the mystery which is the foundation of our faith. Full consideration and deep thought upon the Resurrection should give an enkindled faith and renewed hope.

Holy Mother Church prepares us for an appreciation of Easter and She expects us, Her children, to profit during the period of Lent. In the event that we use these few weeks to sanctify our souls, when Easter comes this year we will have a reason to rejoice for the faith that is in us, the faith that was sanctified on the first Easter morning. Then, the Alleluia of the Mass will fill our hearts with a spiritual peace and leave no room for an unwarranted pride in worldly goods.





CONCERNING JURIES.

In one of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's stories of Father Brown, a poet, is brought to court on a charge of murder. The crime had been committed at midnight and at that hour the poet had been seen walking up and down a gravel path in the murdered man's garden. Despite the fact that this garden adjoined the poet's own, the evidence was judged sufficient to indict him. In the course of the examination the prosecuting attorney asked the poet, "But why should you choose to walk in this man's garden at midnight?" The explanation that the poet vouchsafed did not satisfy the attorney and hardly convinced the jury.

Mr. Chesterton then establishes the point that the jury could not be expected to appreciate the poet's testimony. Only a poet, he claims, could know why a man who wrote poetry should find pleasure in a garden at midnight. The reader is then asked to consider that the men who accept an accused man's testimony are not always a "jury of his peers." The jury, in the case of the indicted poet, numbered professional men, tradesmen and others equally removed from the poet's sphere of activity. In justice to him, Mr. Chesterton argues, the jury should have been composed of twelve poets for only such men could be presumed to understand the vagary that had prompted the poet to walk in a garden at midnight.

Legal phraseology is and perhaps will be always a cumbrous machinery. This is because it is supposed to aim at exactness. Perhaps the title, "a jury of his peers" is not intended as a piece of redundancy. It should not be so intended and the phrase itself should be given a strictly literal interpretation. It is true, as Thomas Hardy has said, that "there have been many triumphs of justice which were

mockeries of law," but the converse is likewise true. Triumph of justice in spite of law is an accident and a fortunate one but mockery of law without the attending justice is an accident that cannot be called fortunate and cannot be called infrequent.

Even as this is being written a very apposite example of this deficiency in the jury system is to be witnessed in a New York court. Sir Joseph Duveen, an art dealer, is being sued by Mrs. Harry Halin for slander of title against her painting "La Belle Ferroniere." Sir Joseph has insisted even in court that the painting is not a Da Vinci; and he has talked at length of tone, feeling, color, spirit, light and shade in an attempt to justify his judgment. The painting has been in court throughout the trial. "La Belle Ferroniere" has said nothing and presumably has thought nothing; yet she is withal as capable of rendering a judicious verdict as any of the twelve good men and true who peer at her daily in purblind wonderment. For the men of the jury have been taken from all walks of life save the one station that can supply men qualified to sit in judgment at this peculiar trial. All men are not trained to cultivate a critical taste for art. Not everyone is a connoisseur. Most men are not. But if they are not and if they are asked for an honest opinion regarding a genuine or a spurious painting, their opinion can be nothing more than honest. Yet the opinion that is demanded needs to be very much more than honest; it need to be expert also. Any man can give the first and not many can give the second. But those who can give it are assuredly the only ones who should give it. And these men can be found only with care. They should be selected scientifically and not, as cigarettes are selected, by a blindfold test.





Chronicle

Francis E. Greene, '29

THE DEDICATION

The dream of many years came true on Thursday, February 7, 1929, when the beautiful addition to Harkins Hall was formally opened with the most solemn and joyous dignity. The ceremony commenced with the dedication and blessing by Rt. Rev. William A. Hickey, D.D., Bishop of Providence; and was followed by a Solemn High Mass at which Very Rev. Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., President of Providence College, was celebrant; Rev. Pius P. Heasley, O.P., deacon; Rev. Francis A. Howley, O.P., sub-deacon; Rev. Peter Foley, rector of SS. Peter and Paul Cathedral, and Rev. Thomas C. Collins, masters of ceremony; Rev. Martin C. Welsh, O.P., and Rev. Paul E. Rogers, O.P., deacons to the Bishop. Very Rev. Raymond Meagher, O.P., Provincial of the Dominican Order, and thirty-five members of religious orders were present. Prominent state and city officials and citizens, including Lieut-Gov. James G. Connolly, Mayor and Mrs. James Dunn, Associate Justice John W. Sweeney of Superior Court, and Charles Carroll, Ph.D., Assistant Commissioner of Education in Rhode Island, Dr. and Mrs. John B. McKenna, and Dr. and Mrs. John E. O'Meara, were among the distinguished guests representing Rhode Island. Besides these, seven hundred students and several hundred friends were seated in the auditorium. Flags, national, state, and college, surrounded the platform which had been transformed into an altar of God.

Escorted by ten seniors in strictly formal morning dress, the colorful procession proceeded from the beautiful Gothic arch in the Rotunda of Harkins Hall, down the center aisle of the auditorium. Many of the clergy took places on the right side of the altar, while the Bishop and his attendants occupied the throne and surrounding

chairs on the left. The huge gathering taxed the seating capacity of the immense hall. Music, under the direction of Father Jordan Baeszler, O.P., was beautifully inspiring and conducive to an appreciation of the solemnity of the occasion.

Rev. M. J. Ripple, O.P., National Director of the Holy Name Society was, the speaker; his words were a revelation, a striking indictment of "loose thinking which," he said, "is masquerading under the disguise of free thought." He exhorted the students to emancipate themselves from the slavery of ignorance. "I do not mean that truth is not our master, for it is. It is the tyrant which commands the assent of all. It will not tolerate diversions of the unthinking, but will leave them drowning in a sea of ignorance." With a final plea for an open, scientific, and religious viewpoint of life and truth, and a word of hearty congratulation to the corporation and faculty, Father Ripple concluded one of the finest speeches ever delivered in our college.

Bishop Hickey who spoke at the end of Mass, thanked and congratulated those who have assisted Providence College, recalled the hope of the late Bishop Harkins, for whom our first hall was named, and expressed his confidence that Providence College, with the co-operation of its friends, would continue to grow and prosper. He pointed to the almost unbelievable strides made during the past ten years and predicted an even greater expansion during the next ten years. Addressing himself strictly to the students, he informed them of the seriousness of the task confronting them in order that they maintain past and establish new traditions, so that Providence College retain and ever increase her prestige among the institutions of higher learning throughout the land. He pleaded with them to "understand life. Your task is here on earth, not in the clouds. Make every moment count, and do not forget the invaluable training you have received from these chosen men of God."

After the exercises, a luncheon was served the guests in the faculty quarters on the fourth floor of the addition.

In a blaze of glory and torrent of brilliantly colored balloons the Sophomore Hop of the Class of 1931 passed into history as one of the finest informal dances ever held by a Providence College group. A huge basketball, inscribed with the class numeral and a greeting to all, occupied the center of the floor until the gathering

SOPHOMORE
HOP

grew so great that the space was needed for dancing. Decorations in the White and Black college colors streamed across the hall in all directions. Occupying the brilliantly decorated stage at the east end of the corridor, the Providence College Orchestra, under the direction of Frank Capelli, '30, furnished soothing and often tantalizing music.

At the door the ladies were presented with pink and white carnations which were quite appropriately appropriated by the escorts—and speedily. A prize waltz was won by Justin McCormick, '32, and thereafter “ladies-choice” was tabooed by request of some members of the dancing Freshman's party.

Coming as it did on February 11th, two days before Lent, the affair attracted every one within a radius of several hundred miles. The Sophomore Class and its moderator, Rev. F. E. Georges, O.P., are to be congratulated for the fine manner in which the dance was held, and special appreciation must be expressed to the committee, composed of: John Notte, Jr., chairman; Francis Callahan, James Iraggi, William Lyons, Joseph Sharkey, and Irving Scheffer.

**FRESHMAN-
JUNIOR
BASKETBALL** In a contest preliminary to the Providence College-Lowell Textile game at La Salle Academy gymnasium on February 12th, the Class of 1930 defeated the Class of 1931 in what was termed an excellent basketball game. Because of a late start, only 13 seconds rest could be allowed every ten minutes, but at the close of the first half, Coach McClellan, who acted as referee, allowed the teams a full half-minute in which to recuperate.

Both teams played hard, and it was nip and tuck, or rip and luck, from start to finish. The many changes in both lineups (the respective coaches were using all their strategy), made it difficult to determine just who was playing. At any rate, Marty Gibbons, '30, Frank Lobdell, '32, John McGuire, '32, and Joe Murphy, '30, drew round after round of applause from the spectators.

Of course, the Juniors won; we think the score was about 28-21, at least it was when we stopped counting. Immediately after the game the Juniors challenged the other classes. The Seniors went so far as to hold a rehearsal, or rather a practice. Perhaps that's why a Senior-Junior game has not been held: either the Seniors found that they could not compete or the Juniors have too much charity—but nevertheless the Juniors are waiting for a game.

We believe that inter-class basketball season is over, even ere its prime.

DEBATING CLUBS After looking in vain for announcements of debates by the Providence College and Lacordaire Debating Societies, we sent a query to the respective presidents.

The following, highly pleasing replies were received:

(1) From Ralph Daniels, '30, President of the P. C. Society: "The apparent inactivity of the Providence College Debating Society is misleading not only the Chronicle editor of the ALEMBIC but also the student-body in general. No, we have not ceased to function. On the contrary, we are working diligently on internal improvement, which, as you know, includes the completion of our \$15,000 drive. The remarkable success of our operation thus far in the current year has convinced us that an extension of our field of conquest is already warranted. We have therefore been occupying ourselves with the tremendous task of insuring the success of our drive and arranging a schedule worthy of our abilities. Completion of arrangements for debates at home and away is the matter of only a week or so. With the financial assistance, so essential to our well-being, we are certain that we shall bring further honors to our beloved Alma Mater. So far the returns from the drive are highly encouraging, and, as in the past, our high expectation, seem certain of fulfillment. Many well-known friends of the college have contributed large sums, and judging by present indication, we should 'go over the top' long before the close of the drive.

"For the present, we can say or do no more. We can simply continue in our work and hope, with all confidence, that by the next issue of the ALEMBIC, we can announce the definite arrangement of a complete schedule and a victory in our drive for funds."

(Signed) *Ralph Daniels, '30.*

The ALEMBIC heartily recommends support of the society and we, as much as they, shall hope and expect the success, financial and oratorical, that is most surely due its members and Moderator, Rev. B. F. McLoughlin, O.P.

(2) From Richard O'Kane, '31, President of the Lacordaire Debating Society, we received the following brief but informative note:—

"We are fast overcoming the difficulties necessarily incumbent

upon the officials of a Freshman-Sophomore Society, but it has occurred to us that private drill, at least for a month or so, would be a profitable as well as pleasurable change from the strain of weekly public debate. Consequently, Father McLaughlin, our moderator, has been working with us privately, assisting those who need it and further perfecting those who have passed successfully the elementary stage.

"Although this society is still in its infancy, it has an enviable record among the undergraduate societies of eastern colleges. We have arranged for debates with teams from Brown University, Holy Cross College, and Boston College, and we can promise a creditable showing against all our opponents."

(Signed) *Richard O'Kane, '31.*

As we had the pleasure of hearing Lacordaire teams on several occasions (we recall distinctly the unanimous verdict it received over Brown), we can scarcely wait until they swing into action once more. Certainly nothing would be more pleasing than victories over Brown, Holy Cross, and Boston College. We wish the society all kinds of success and we are sure that Father McLaughlin and "Dick" O'Kane will lead the Society to the top of the inter-collegiate world of underclassmen's debating societies.

PYRAMID PLAYERS The cast for the "Merchant of Venice," to be presented sometime in May, is being chosen, and rehearsals will begin sometime in March. Previous success with Shakesperian dramas warrants us to predict a splendid interpretation. No selection for parts has yet been made, but we believe we could pick the man who will be the successful candidate for Shylock; and those who recall the "Helen Joy" of musical comedy fame will probably know Portia.

However, we await eagerly any forth coming announcement; meanwhile (for the benefit of those who missed "Hamlet" and "Julius Caesar"), we suggest that tickets be ordered early, lest they be gone late.

AQUINO LITERARY SOCIETY At a recent meeting of the Aquino Literary Club, it was decided that an Italian play would be presented immediately after Lent in the College auditorium. Members of the club's entertainment committee are arranging for a dance which will be held directly after the fall of the curtain. Neither the title of the play nor the date of the performance has been announced, but President

Gabriele promises that both will be such as to insure a large attendance. The sincerity with which the society has undertaken its work makes us very anxious to view the results of its labors.

MUSIC CLUBS The Providence College Orchestra is filling its many engagements both faithfully and satisfactorily. A complete account of engagements would resemble a diary. The weekly radio concerts have won recognition for the team from those who no longer trip the light fantastic in college or club ballrooms. The demand for the services of the team is steadily increasing, but so far it has managed to accept all major offers.

President Leo Dugas of the Providence College Glee Club informs us that there is at present a lull in the activities of the club. "However," he adds, "consideration has been given to the possibility of holding a concert and dance in the college auditorium sometime in April. We are considering also offers from outside towns for concerts in Westerly, Uxbridge, and Pawtucket, but as yet we have nothing definite to say. The club is holding its weekly raffle as a means of securing funds for the smaller items, such as decorations, tickets, and the like."

Well, that seems to be a complete account of the Glee Club, but we wish to remind that society that the concert and dance held last year in the La Salle auditorium was one of the most popular events of the year, and we are disappointed in the failure of the club to stage several such concerts and dances this year. Surely, the size, enthusiasm, and desires of that gathering warranted a repetition long before this. At any rate, we shall wait as patiently as possible for that night "sometime in April."

SENIOR BANQUET After anxious days of uncertainty, due to the careful selection of a place in which to hold their banquet, the Seniors, through their committee chairman, James F. Hanaway, announce Thursday, March 7th, as the time and Woodstock Inn as the place of the annual banquet. Assisting Mr. Hanaway are Angelo Murchelano, Francis T. Flynn, Edward B. Downs, Frederick J. Motte. As usual, the program of entertainment is kept secret, but it is promised to be one long to be remembered. Rev. L. C. McCarthy, O.P., President, and Rev. D. W. Galliher, O.P., Dean, as well as members of the faculty of instruction, have accepted invitations and will be present to lend dignity to the occasion.

One of the most startling and pleasing facts we have learned is that every member of the class will be present. Mr. Murchelano, who has been arranging the entertainment schedules, promises that the various musical comedy, vaudeville, and classroom entertainers have donated their services. Speeches, songs, and perhaps a dance or two will find a place, but as we have said we know not where, or how—in fact, it is difficult to say why. However, since it is our happy duty as well as pleasure to be present, we shall report a round by round account of the affair in the April issue of the ALEMBIC.

And speaking of Seniors, perhaps it is well to announce that the Class of 1929 will print no Year Book. While the committee appointed to investigate such an enterprise fails to give precise reasons to the ALEMBIC for its submission of an unfavorable report, we infer that expense, inconvenience, and a hearty distaste for the types of personals used caused them to frown on a class book. Upon the recommendation of the committee, a picture committee was appointed to investigate conditions in the world of photographs. Since their favorable report has been accepted, there remains only the selection of a photographer to do the work. The work of selection and arrangement of sittings is in the hands of the following group: John C. Hanley, chairman, George F. McClellan, and Gerard A. Dillon. The students are busying making long and impressive lists of "exchanges."

JUNIOR

PROMENADE

Armed with their newly received and beautiful class rings, the Juniors are fearlessly awaiting the great test of their extra-curricular ability which is fast approaching in its usual form—the Junior-Promenade. Fully aware, but undaunted by the magnificence of previous proms, the Juniors are optimistically predicting the finest in the history of the college.

The Narragansett Hotel, in the heart of downtown Providence, has once more been selected as the scene of the climaxing event of Junior week. A nationally known orchestra, whose name is withheld to add to the suspense, has been engaged, an excellent supper has been arranged, and everything points to a gala night. It is customary to keep all details, such as favors, menu, etc., secret; so we can only judge by the past activities of the class and conclude that the entire affair should equal or even surpass all proms of the past. Under the direction of Rev. R. E. Kavanah, O.P., Moderator, the following

committee is completing arrangements for the event: James V. McGovern, chairman, John L. Baeszler, Ralph S. Daniels, Philip McNamara, James J. O'Leary, Edward Melucci, William J. Cotter, Francis Coleman, and George Foley.

EDDIE WINEAPPLE For the first time in the history of Providence College, a White and Black athlete has been made first place selection on an All-American athletic team; the honor was conferred upon Eddie Wineapple, husky guard of the Dominican basket-tossers. Eddie needs no introduction to followers of Providence College baseball and basketball teams, or to those who scan sports pages during the winter, spring, and summer, for he is not only a leader on the court but is easily as capable in the pitcher's box.

Eddie came to Providence in 1927 from Salem High School, where he had established an enviable reputation during four years on the diamond, court, and gridiron. A knee injury prevented him from engaging in football at Providence, but during his Freshman year he became a first string pitcher on the championship baseball team. Listed among the many victims of his curve and fast ball were Georgetown, Notre Dame, and Yale.

Now a Sophomore, Eddie has attracted sufficient attention to receive the votes of a majority of coaches who were polled in the national survey made by College Humor magazine. At the present writing, he is the second highest scorer in basketball in the east, despite the fact that he is placed in a guard position.

We expect great things from Eddie on the diamond this year, and millions of eyes will be centered upon the work of this athletic marvel.

END OF BASKETBALL As we go to press, but one game remains in the basketball season. Truly, it has been a successful winter for Providence; 16 games have been won (and Brown should be very easy) and only 3 games have been lost. Of course, we could explain away the three defeats, e.g., Connecticut State beat us by two points at Storrs, Conn. Holy Cross defeated Connecticut State decisively twice, while we defeated Holy Cross even more decisively, both in Providence and Worcester. But what's the use? Our team is acknowledged by all to be one of the best in the country. Like our championship baseball team of 1928 it has no peer in the East. What more can be expected of a ten

year old college? Answer: Nothing like this was expected by even the most optimistic. Many have been pleasantly surprised—others (our opponents) horribly shocked.

BEGINNING OF BASEBALL

Seeing Jack Flynn, our baseball coach, at the college the other day, we were reminded that season opens on April 9th. An excellent schedule of twenty-six games, eighteen of which will be played in Providence, has been arranged. Many new names appear on the list along with many of our old friendly rivals. The Athletic department very probably will contain a complete account of the schedule. Let us remark a peculiar fact, however. When our team is unusually successful (that isn't exactly accurate, for to be unusually successful is very usual for our teams), the ALEMBIC is rewarded by receiving many new exchanges. Consequently, the staff and students can perform a duty by enjoying a pleasure, viz., advertise the ALEMBIC by supporting whole-heartedly the teams.

Moderator of Athletics Rev. F. Jordan Baeszler, O.P., Coach Archie Golembeski of football, Coach Jack Flynn of baseball, Coach Al McClellan of basketball, and Graduate Manager John E. Farrell, as well as the faculty of government, will live immortally in the history of Providence College as the founders and builders of one of the finest and strongest groups of athletic teams in the country. May the fine work continue!

For some time, the need for representation on track and field has been felt at Providence College. It is true that we have engaged occasionally in these sports, but no organization has been working. Today we received word that George Saxon, Tech High and Boston University star, has been engaged to work with likely candidates in order that promising material may be scientifically developed. A suitable schedule is being arranged, and followers of dashes, runs, shot-puts, etc., will soon find an outlet for their enthusiasm.

George Saxon is no stranger to many upper-classmen and alumni. He entered Providence in 1923, later transferring to Boston University Law School. Since then he has coached track and field teams at his Alma Mater, Technical High, Classical High, and La Salle Academy. He is heartily welcome to our fold, and we have every reason to be confident that Providence athletes will make great strides under his direction.



John E. Krieger, '31.

PROVIDENCE VS. HOLY CROSS

at Providence, Jan. 19, 1929

A Case of Too Much Bill McCue

Aided and abetted by the left handed workings of Bill McCue, Providence scored its second victory of the season at the expense of Holy Cross, this time by a score of 35-31. McCue, slender right forward, ran up a total of eleven points against the backfield aces of the Crusaders before he called it an evening's work.

The win was the tenth in eleven starts for Captain Larry Wheeler and his black and white garbed speedsters. Captain Wheeler, in addition to contributing his steady floor game, also hooked in a couple of very much needed baskets at critical stages. Eddie Wineapple and Stan Szydla, Dominican guards, held the opposing Cross forwards well in check throughout the entire game. Wineapple managed to garner seven points for the Providence cause.

The score of the game follows:

PROVIDENCE				HOLY CROSS			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
McCue, r. f.....	4	3	11	Connors, r. f.....	2	1	5
Derivan, r. f.....	0	0	0	Morris, l. f.....	0	0	0
Krieger, l. f.....	3	3	9	Desautels, l. f.....	1	0	2
Wheeler, c.....	1	1	3	Sullivan, c., r. f...	3	2	3
Szydla, r. g.....	2	1	5	Fitzgerald, c.....	1	0	2
Cooley, r. g.....	0	0	0	Clancy, r. g.....	1	2	4
Wineapple, l. g....	3	1	7	Farrell, r. g.....	0	0	0
Gainor, l. f., c....	0	0	0	Brady, l. f.....	0	0	0
				Maffeo, l. g.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—		—	—	—
Total	13	9	35	Totals	8	5	21

Referee—Parker. Time—20 minute periods.

PROVIDENCE VS. CONNECTICUT STATE

at Connecticut, Feb. 6, 1929

Dominican Machine Suffers Engine Trouble

An otherwise perfectly functioning basketball quintet suffered a momentary relapse here tonight, and as a result Al McClellan's ribbed courtiers suffered their second defeat of the season. The final score read 35-33.

The Providence colors rose to heights at intermittent periods, but sagged woefully in the pinches. The game, as the score indicates, was a furiously fought one throughout, but that customary Dominican flashiness was of a negative quantity. Easy shots were missed, the passwork was poor, and the team looked decidedly off color in general.

The loss was the second setback of the year for Captain Wheeler's band of noble performers. Eddie Wineapple managed to accumulate ten points to push his scoring average among the eastern collegiate leaders.

The score of the game follows:

CONNECTICUT				PROVIDENCE			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
Ryan, l. f.....	4	0	8	Krieger, l. f.....	5	4	14
Matzkin, r. f.....	3	3	9	McCue, r. f.....	3	2	8
Lamoureaux	0	0	0	Wheeler, c.....	0	1	1
Chubbuck, c.....	3	7	13	Gainor	0	0	0
Schildgren, l. g....	1	0	2	Wineapple, l. g....	4	2	10
Duffy	0	1	1	Welsh	0	0	0
Dall, l. g.....	1	0	2	Szydla, r. g.....	0	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>		<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	12	11	25	Total	12	9	33

Referee—Dillon. Time of halves—20 minutes.

PROVIDENCE VS. NEW HAMPSHIRE

in New Hampshire, Feb. 9, 1929

Back Into the Winning Channel

Playing as though inspired, Captain Wheeler and his White and Black tornado climbed another notch in their quest for eastern collegiate honors by smothering New Hampshire, 41-24. Stung to the quick by the beating sustained at the hands of the Connecticut Aggies, the scrappy Dominican crew of inflated spheroid shooters opened up a dazzling attack on the up-country team.

Toward the close of the struggle Coach McClellan injected all his second string material into the fray. Suffice it to say the rookies handled their assignments splendidly.

Eddie Wineapple with thirteen points led in point scoring for the evening. The burly left-hander's uncanny one hand shots bordered on the sensational from mid court. Stan Szydla, as usual, played a brilliant defensive game.

The score of the game follows:

PROVIDENCE				NEW HAMPSHIRE			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
Krleger, l. f.....	5	2	12	Tilton, l. f.....	0	1	1
Welch, l. f.....	0	0	0	Stolvosky, l. f.....	1	0	2
McCue, r. f.....	3	1	7	Foster, r. f.....	2	1	5
Forrest, r. f.....	0	0	7	Patch, r. f.....	1	0	2
Wheeler, c.....	3	0	6	Small, c.....	3	0	6
Cooley, c.....	0	0	0	Jablonowski, c....	0	0	0
Wineapple, l. g....	6	1	13	Hagstrim, l. g.....	0	2	2
Galnor, l. g.....	0	0	0	Gaunt, r. g.....	2	2	6
Szydla, r. g.....	1	0	2				
Derivan, r. g.....	0	1	1				
Total	18	5	41	Total	9	6	24

PROVIDENCE VS. LOWELL TEXTILE

at Providence, Feb. 12, 1929

Weaving a Spell Over the Weavers

Flashing a mediocre exhibition, the varsity eked out a 31-21 win over Lowell Textile in the La Salle gym. Coach McClellan's hireling lacked the finesse that is usually concurrent with their team-play, and, as a result, outstripped the future weavers by a meagre ten points. It was freely predicted before the start of the game that those who garb themselves in the habiliments of the black and white would coast through to an easy victory.

Eddie Wineapple proved the big noise in the scoring column with a net collection of fifteen points. The garnering of fifteen points by Wineapple placed him in third place in eastern collegiae basketball reckonings. His performance was spectacular.

Despite the fact that he was held scoreless, Bill McCue, who disclaims any connection whatsoever with the Stacomb Hair Company, played a brilliant game. The lean left-hander's hook passes, and clever exhibition of floorwork, was a feature in itself.

The score of the game follows

PROVIDENCE				LOWELL			
	FB	FP	Total		FB	FP	Total
Krieger, l. f.....	4	0	8	Qulgley, l. f.....	1	3	5
Welch, l. f.....	1	0	2	Ketover, l. f.....	0	0	0
Forrest, l. f.....	0	0	0	Jarek, r. f.....	2	0	4
McCue, r. f.....	0	0	0	Savard, c.....	4	0	8
Cooley, r. f.....	0	0	0	Hardman, l. g.....	0	2	2

Wheeler, c.....	2	0	4	Farrell, l. g.....	0	0	0
Gainor, c.....	1	0	2	Allard, r. g.....	1	0	2
Wineapple, l. g....	6	3	15	McGee, r. g.....	0	0	0
Derivan, l. g.....	0	0	0				
McCormac, l. g....	0	0	0				
Szydla, r. g.....	0	0	0				
Cody, r. g.....	0	0	0				
Total	8	5	21	Total	14	3	31

KRIEGER KRACKS

MORE ABOUT OUR BASKETBALL TEAM

At this writing those who flaunt the colors of Providence College on the ribbed court have been successful in twelve of fourteen efforts against some of the best competition in the East. Especially noteworthy, and a sweet morsel to the teeth in the bargain, was our second victory over Holy Cross. It was the second time that a Holy Cross machine attempted to throttle our varsity straight eight down to a whisper, and, incidentally, it was the second time that the Crusaders went home with a flat tire, and motor trouble in general. The purple clad clan was mystified, nonpulsed, or what have you, by the actions of our basketeers.

THE SOPHOMORE-FROSH FEUD

Those who persist in accusing themselves of being sophomores, and their friendly rivals, those who are supposed to be tainted with distinct tingles of emerald green, and generally known and recognized as freshmen, battled through forty minutes of gruelling basketball prior to the Providence-Lowell Textile game. For those who are not yet acquainted with the harrowing details of the massacre, let it be said briefly that the Frosh again triumphed. Their success was in no small measure due to the efforts of Leo Lobdell and his bosom companion, "Kitty" Kittridge. Lest we bring the wrath of the sophs down on our head let us bring this account to a sudden close.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

Jerry Dillon and Louie Imbriano, manager and assistant manager, respectively, of our victorious basketball team, have vowed to walk on the back of their knees if our varsity team does not beat Brown by twenty points. It would be interesting to see the performance, in that the writer has yet to see anyone walking on the back of his knees. In fact he cannot even see a mental picture of the scene, regardless of

the strength of his imagination. While the fulfillment of the vow would be extremely interesting perhaps it would be better if our team won by a margin of twenty points. Let's direct our wishes, then, toward a twenty point margin of victory.

BASEBALL LOOMS ON THE HORIZON

Peeking from behind its barrier rather coyly and timidly, Mr. Baseball, well known and well established in Providence College, was observed the other day casting a hurried glance over Hendricken Field. A biting wind dampened his ardor somewhat, and he skipped, and danced back to his hibernation confines. The appearance, brief though it was, immediately brought memories of Jack Flynn and his unseparable brown overcoat and morning edition of the Providence Journal. Jack, for the benefit of those who are not in on the so-called know, is our coach. In his years as mentor of the Providence varsity, the team has consistently finished with eastern honors. With Joe Duffy, veteran first baseman as the captain, and with the wily Flynn again handling the coaching reins, there is no reason to suppose that our collection of willow wielders will not again blast through a most successful season.

DROPPING THE CURTAIN

The Underwood is speaking loudly, revolting, as it were, against overwork on athletical achievements. Perhaps it would be best then to humor its whims, idiosyncrasies, eccentricities, or something like that, and ask you to get next month's ALEMBIC for further athletic triumphs and also a list of our potential baseball victims.





Football Schedule FOR 1929

- Sept. 28—Rutgers University at New Brunswick, N. J.
Oct. 5—Holy Cross College at Worcester, Mass.
Oct. 12—Canisius College at Providence, R. I.
Oct. 19—Open
Oct. 26—Colgate University at Hamilton, N. Y.
Nov. 2—Middlebury College at Providence, R. I.
Nov. 9—Coast Guard Academy . . at New London, Conn.
Nov. 16—St. John's College at Providence, R. I.
Nov. 23—Lowell Textile Institute . at Lowell Textile