

Providence College Alembic

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Dedication

The students of the college are very happy to dedicate this issue of literary endeavors to

God's Greatest Gift—Mother

Mother's Day

W. F. Flanagan, '32

THERE is a smile that steals the sigh from anguished lips and luminesces the wearied brow of motherhood. In it are the beams of patience, which shine out, from cheek and eye of Rachel and of Niobe. They do not make the heartache less apparent, the shining teardrop more invisible, but into both there is projected the beauty that is understanding. Infinitely more aesthetic is this understanding, more lovely, more glorious, than all the art of undraped sorrow, pain and disappointment, pictured in the poet's rhyme, sung in the voiceless minstrelsy of canvas, or welling forth upon the breath of many an old philosophy.

The newer age is quick to look, without reflection, upon the throb of an emotion and glad to call all sentimental utterances the note of mouldered, maudlin strings. Still they hesitate so to designate the category wherein the sentiment of Mother's Day belongs. They must and do remember how long this ideal has been cherished and how strong it lives in our hearts today. Certainly once again the ideal has outlived, outworn the mantle of reality. And the actuality now is cloaked in the gorgeous hues of some admiring songster's praise which, hackneyed tomorrow, will be cast aside, like a fair wrap worn by a lovely lady for an evening and thrown away for another, less expressionable perhaps, but having round about it the atmosphere of the novel. I think we find in looking over some such half-forgotten raiment, beauty sublime like the following poem of Montgomery's:

"A Mother's love—how sweet the name
What is a Mother's love?
A noble, pure and tender flame
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould
The warmest love that can grow cold
This is a Mother's love."

When then spring comes back, when it makes green the little patch of turf, struggling to glimpse the sun, in the backyard of the roaring city as well as when it unfolds the lilac which blooms before the deserted New England farmhouse in lavish loveliness, isn't it natural for us to set aside a day for Mother? This is a Holy-day and not a holiday. Holy in that the greatest realization of Motherhood comes from sanctity and thru that sanctity we always turn to the epitome of all Motherhood, with the whispered reverence on our lips of "Ave Maria."

So the sign you wear is a symbol and the symbol may be a rose but the heart has a blossom of memory which endures when these flowery petals fall from your lapel and mingle with the other leaves of life's peculiar book. Make, then, the bloom within your heart undying and your love the sunlight of affection which will give it greater warmth and deeper dye down each succeeding season.

This day is one of those few in which all our people unite to pay respected homage. The cotter and the mansion owner offer their words of blessing together to hearts which love as well the violet as the orchid. There is no caste, no prejudice whatsoever on this day. Horizons vanish and the sons of men bow down, like prairie grass before the winds, in humble gratitude. The palatial drawing room and the simple flowering dooryard become each a temple of praise. The silken cord, the golden memory, the hush of self-conscious silence and the softened light of day are all around. Into the temple the sun rays come and trace upon the incense-laden air in gold: "Et nomini tui da gloriam.' '

Nor do we honour this day, alone the living but in the hour of a national tribute we turn to the lovely ones who sleep. For each, please God, some heart wafts up a prayer to the Son of Holy Mother, some mind looks back and offers thanks for the sacrifice unstintingly made, murmuring the while with the blind poet, Hawks:

"And if Christ's crown shines not above her cross
Then all is loss—immeasurable loss."



Authors I Have Read

Christopher R. Mitchell, '31

IT SEEMS to be a universal truth that the majority of students regard the classic authors, especially the ancient ones, with very great antipathy. This is most likely caused by a very human dislike for anything that we are forced to do. Students look upon their texts as merely so many hours more work, consequently they fail to appreciate the real value of the author and the lesson taught by him. They are rather engaged in finding out the tense of this word, and the derivation of that word. At least, these have been my feelings concerning our venerable scholars, and from personal contact with my classmates I find that they almost invariably take the same attitude.

The books that I have really liked, as is the case with most other students, have been perused outside the classroom, or sometimes in the classroom, while supposedly listening to some long, drawn-out explanation of the relative values of x and y . In my younger days (I have doubts about my right to use that expression) my favorites were the dime novels and Western thrillers that delight every urchin's heart. As I advanced in age and wisdom (?), however, these companions of boyhood disappeared and a more refined type of reading took their place. But these later books still contained the germ of adventure and romance, for I have always been deeply interested in stories of this kind. Thus I became acquainted with Wren, Conrad, Twain, Scott, Dickens. Lengthy dissertation and voluminous philosophical books were not, and still are not, to my liking, and I left these to the more studiously inclined of my brethren. The quick action of fiction impresses me more favorably than the methodical and calculating style of scientific books.

I have often heard discussions concerning an author's personality being felt in his works; but, when I take a book in hand, the writer fades into the background, and only the characters in the story remain before my eyes. Criticism of any book rarely enters into my thoughts; instead I, as it were, live again in the time and setting recounted by the

narrative. For this kind of reading I have developed such a partiality that I read even at meals, a very bad habit, to be sure, but a pleasant one, nevertheless. Though one could not exactly call me a bookworm, yet my appetite for literature is voracious enough to exceed any normal man's. However, I cannot very well interest myself in the kind of reading turned out in thousands of volumes by our modern magazines. This type just doesn't seem to "click" with me, and though all right for love-sick, sentimental individuals, it is far surpassed by the virile, clean-cut adventure and romance stories of our past novelists. Give me the kind that makes the blood tingle in one's veins, and carries one away from the sordidness, congestion, and deafening clatter of the metropolis. It is good to leave the mad rush of the city sometimes and to withdraw to the country for a breath of fresh air; it is just as good a sensation to read a good novel.



I Was Mad

Francis C. Skalko, '31

IT WAS strange, all strange. Yes, and as I recall it now, it was very strange; nothing like it had ever happened to me before. I was tired, for I had retired rather late the previous night, and I walked as one in a stupor. I hardly heard the weary professors as they intoned their daily office; I had a wild notion of their presence. The day dragged dimly for me, who half-asleep as I was, was hardly aware of what went on around me; while I was pushed by students keen on racing from class to class as the bell announced the close of the period, and jostled to my accustomed seat; whence I was pulled out again when that session was over. I was very tired.

Classes over for the day, I walked down the stone flights to my locker for my clothes. How I got them on I do not know, nor was I aware that I wore them until I had reached the open air when I unconsciously put my collar up and then I felt myself adjusting my hat as a precaution against the wind, which blew very fiercely. Thus I walked out of the grounds and into the street, where bound I knew not. I know I must have walked a long time, for I was panting heavily and my heart beat very fast and my legs ached and the soles of my feet burned as I paused to recover breath before proceeding any farther. I stopped and stared about me in an endeavor to ascertain where I was, and as I looked I saw before me the grey State House, with its dome superimposed, flanked by others in miniature, each one in one of the four corners of its base. I remember this very well.

But *this* I do not remember, and even now I do not know how I came, or what led me hither, or why I was here. I awoke as if startled by some loud, piercing noise and looked around me. I could hear the soft strains of music coming from a pit below; around the edge of the pit I could see classic columns, above the dim skylight. It was semi-dark, and as I tried to recall a resemblance, a memory of the place so I could know where I was, a mighty roar from a manythroated instru-

ment came upon my ears, and I jumped, horrified, as I stared down upon the weird spectacle before me. For there was assembled in the seats below, for I knew I was in a large chamber, a great orchestra, reeling and swaying to the rhythm of the music which it produced; and at the speaker's chair there stood a figure with a baton in his hand conducting this vari-toned assemblage, and he was transparent; I could see through him, and as I looked around in the wildest terror so were the others (all were like shadows, enveloping, coagulating each other.) I could see the bottoms of the seats upon which they sat, I could see the red carpet, now darkly purple in that twilight, through their instruments. But they played, they kept on playing, they did not stop; they swayed, and they moved, they actually stirred. And the melody? Shall I call it that. Yes, there was a harmonious noise, a distinct blending of sounds; yes, it was music they were playing, music which I never heard on this earth before: the piccolos screamed, the violins shrieked their shrill notes, the horns emitted a wondrous, thundering blare, the roar of the bass was terrific. I could feel my eyes widely distorted as if they reached around my head, my mouth was wide open in amazement and horror, my hair stood upright; I could feel cold sensations play around my spine, my hands were like ice gripping the rail before me, my nether limbs were shaking, and I was conscious of a nervous quiver throughout my whole frame. The sight was awful. If I knew not terror before, I knew it then.

The orchestra played, and its conductor was now sweeping it into a howling crescendo, and with one final wave of his glassy baton, the noise ceased. A sudden quiet, an ominous quiet, a quiet as awful as the frightful noise preceding, pervaded the whole chamber. I, stricken with such a sense of fear, dared not move, nor to breathe, as I saw these ghoulish figures below me take their leave, one by one, into the atmosphere, until it came to the transparent figure, the ghostly image of the conductor—his turn it was to leave. But he stayed, and I felt an overwhelming anxiety for myself, aye, for my very soul, for I was beside myself with mortal terror. I began to pray loudly and to shout my sins, asking God above to forgive my omissions, and to have mercy on me,—when suddenly a cry, like a human command, echoed and rechoed throughout the whole chamber.

“Order, gentlemen,” it said. I looked forward, for I had gazed wildly around at the sound, in time to see the conductor's shadow disappear. Why it had spoken these two words in parting, I can hardly

imagine. The inappropriateness of the phrase was mystifying in the extreme, for the demoniacal concert had adjourned.

I stood as if in a trance for fully an hour in the same position as I assumed when I heard the first weird chord of the spirit orchestra. As I came slowly to my senses, I discerned the arrangement of the whole chamber, and as I recollected I was cognizant of my surroundings, for I was here but a few days before. I was in the western gallery of the House of Representatives. Very exhausted, I turned and left for home.

As I repeated this incident to one of my friends, he remarked, "You were mad." "I must have been," I replied.

Green Mountains

Mountains strike me dumb:
Sealèd lips, but open eyes;
Numb and mum
From surprise.
Beauty's lightnings paralyze:
Silences come—
I am all eyes!

Carroll Hickey, '30

An Appreciation of a Poet-Priest

John W. McDonald, '31

IN THE rapid output of modern poetry, the only distinguishing feature of which seems to be its unlimited quantity, we are fortunate in having a few poets who have actually experienced and ingeniously reflected in their writings the loftier or nobler emotions of the soul. In this select category we proudly place the poet-priest, Rev. T. L. Crowley, O.P., whose worthy achievements in the sphere of poetry we shall briefly sketch below.

This brilliant son of the Church was born in Boston in 1879. He enjoyed the disciplined education of the parochial schools and, in due time, that of Boston College. With the prospects of a brilliant career before him, he chivalrously turned his back on the world and joined the Order of Saint Dominic.

"To praise, to bless with clemency,
To preach with holy fire."

He was ordained to the priesthood in 1906 and his first assignment was to a professorship at Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio. This offered Father Crowley an excellent field for the cultivation of his poetic talent, which had become manifest during his student days.

In all the productions of his pen the motivating theme is Religion; yet nowhere in his works does he become didactic or betray the slightest pose or affectation. The mission of his songs is to express the emotions of Religion, which are found only in the peace of spiritual life.

As befitted one whose spiritual father was the promulgator of the Rosary, Father Crowley always showed great veneration for the psalter of Mary. He thus respectfully refers to it:

Gentle lyre of consolation,
Solace in my desolation,
Friend in hours of exultation,
My Rosary.

To the religious man all things are sacramental and even the most insignificant objects of nature manifest the Hands of the Divine Artist. Let us note the lesson which Father Crowley draws from a sea-shell:

I picked a tinted sea-shell from the shore
 One day, and while I held its orifice
 Unto my ear, I heard the zephyrs kiss
 The deep,—the rustling sails of ships which bore
 Across the crested main their laden store,—
 The quick and whirring wings of birds whose bliss
 Sweet-cadenced sped along above the hiss
 Of angry surf that on the sea-rocks tore.

A softer music from the pearl-gemmed shell
 Of faith enchants my heart. Across God's hill
 A golden symphony awakes of song
 And angel minstrelsy. Sweet anthems swell
 And voice and heart and lute my soul so thrill,
 That winged with love it seeks the blessed throng.

Nature and Religion are so interwoven in the songs of Father Crowley that they seem almost as one. He thus muses upon Autumn:

The autumn fields are limned with gold
 And ruby-stained are trees;
 The Sun-God pours a molten mould
 Upon the emerald seas.

Father Crowley left Aquinas when elected to the priorship in Louisville. In this capacity he served twelve years and displayed remarkable administrative qualities. The last years of his life were given to the missions, where he proved himself to be a most worthy member of the Order of Preachers.

The words of holy utterance
 Which Christ spoke on the mount,
 We preach as our inheritance
 And sacredly recount.

Our fire-touched lips exultingly
 Preach Jesus crucified;
 And grace leads men triumphantly
 Where ransomed souls abide.

The soul of this gallant knight of Our Lady was recently called to its eternal rest. He died in his convent home in Philadelphia January,, 1929, a tired but a happy man.

As a tribute to Father Crowley we may apply, not unappropriately one of his own sonnets which he dedicated to the former provincial, Father L. F. Kearney, O.P., S.T.M.

Bright shone the star on Dominic's brow in old
 Castile, and brighter burned the quenchless flame
 Of love throughout his life for Christ. His name,
 A solace to the poor within the fold,
 Cast fear and dread in hellish hearts whose cold
 And sensate teaching were their country's shame.
 Deep etched upon the golden scroll of fame
 His blessed life and works are aureoled.

Well hast thou trod the footsteps of thy sire.
 And noble are the triumphs of thy reign.
 Sweet visaged Truth, our heritage, 'mid tears
 Of love thou taught to men and quick thy ire
 Struck erring hearts who Truth assailed. Christ deign
 A blessing on thy silver sheaf of years.



What Price Deforestation?

Daniel M. Lilly, '31

ALTHOUGH we Americans take credit for being the most progressive people in the world and pride ourselves upon our advancement in science, there is at least one industry in our country in which a lack of scientific methods is woefully apparent. The peculiarity of this industry is that it concerns not only employers and employees, but many people who think they have no connection with it. I refer to the industry of lumbering, especially as it is practised by most companies today. By scientific methods I do not mean power-driven saws and gasoline tractors—anyone can see they have advanced far enough in implements of destruction—but rather reforestation and conservation, the planting of young trees to take the place of the old ones that have been cut down and the sparing of young trees until they have reached mature size. Such methods insure material for the industry in the future and thus tend to make it more profitable and more stable, financially.

“What of it?” the average person will say. “If lumber concerns do not use scientific methods, that is *their* loss, not ours.”

Unfortunately, this is the very attitude which has been taken by the American people on this important question. Even as I write this article thousands are homeless through the devastation of floods, thousands of others have been left without means of making a livelihood because their farms have been ruined by previous floods, conditions which are due, in a great measure, to deforestation. Now, perhaps, some of these victims realize that it *was their loss* if scientific methods were not employed; they have learned in the school of experience, but the price of tuition has financially crippled them.

It is not my purpose, however, to describe graphically the disasters which follow in the train of deforestation—the newspaper accounts are sufficiently vivid to impress anyone—rather may it be my object to point out the relationship of forests to the economic welfare of the nation. This relationship has been often pointed out by experts on

the subject and has been eagerly seized by politicians as the basis for election campaigns; but after public interest had flared up in a sudden flame of enthusiasm, fanned by the breeze of some timely reminder, it once more died down, leaving but a few sparks to preserve life until some new occurrence should cause it to burst forth once more. Thus it is that, while the experts in forestry have not only made known their ideas but have carried them through to fulfillment, and the politicians have not only used these ideas in their oratory but have also followed them with appropriate legislation, the people as a whole, armed with the mighty weapon of public opinion, have stood idly by and have neglected even so much as to look upon the efforts of these men with favor, and interest themselves in the work of conservation.

With the advancement of material science have come many new uses for wood, and hence an increased demand. Furniture, pencils, matches, paper, rayon, are only a few of the articles in common use manufactured from wood. No wonder, then, that the demand for lumber far exceeds the source of supply, especially when very little is being done, on the part of those whose living depends on meeting this demand, to increase this supply or at least replenish it as fast as it is used. Picture to yourselves a tank containing water stored up over a considerable period of time from the output of a small spring, and then visualize a syphon suddenly plunged into the tank draining the water three times as fast as the spring supplies it. With definite figures it would be merely a matter of mathematics to determine how long it will be before the tank is empty. The situation in the lumber industry is the same. There exists today in various parts of the country vast forests which have grown up in the course of years by the process of natural reproduction. The lumber concerns are cutting down these forests three times as fast as they grow. Already the results are apparent, and at the present ratio it is merely a question of time when American lumber users will have to turn their eyes to foreign lands, from the shores of the country whose forests were once without equal, both in utility and beauty.

Gloomy as the picture may seem, there is yet another in this regard which is more tragic. I have mentioned before, the misery of floods and the troubles which follow in their wake, for in recent years we have had far too many reminders of our negligence not to consider this of greatest importance. Rivers are merely the paths by which rain water is returned to the sea. Men live beside rivers because of the obvi-

ous advantages it affords them. They note the habitual course of the river and utilize all the land which is not required by its waters. Now if abnormal conditions are created, the river may require this property to take care of an increased amount of water. This is what happens when families are driven from their homes penniless by floods. The abnormal conditions causing the increased flow are a direct result, in many cases, of deforestation. Trees, as the biologist will tell you, are living organisms and therefore require, among other things, a certain quantity of water, which is absorbed through the roots. In a forest these roots are so interwoven through the soil, that the forest floor together with the accumulation of dead leaves is virtually an enormous sponge, ready to absorb heavy rainfall during the wet season, and retain it until the drier season. Then the water trickles through the ground to the springs that feed the rivers and keep them at a usable level the entire year. By this method trees regulate the flow of water in the streams and prevent extremes of flood and drought. Where trees have been cut down the torrential downpours and melting snows rush over the treeless land, carrying off the best part of the soil, flooding the river banks for miles below, and leaving a thick coat of sterile gravel over the fertile fields. After the rainy season is past, the subterranean springs, upon which the river depends, soon become dry, for the spongelike property of the soil has been lost. Consequently, the water-level sinks, shoals appear, and soon the river is no longer navigable, while the demands for water where the effects of drought have been felt must go unanswered, for the river itself is on the verge of evaporation. Such is the most tragic result of deforestation. Realizing this, the Federal, State, and City Governments have established forest reserves in strategic spots and are replanting much deforested land for this purpose. So far, however, few lumber companies have replanted trees on deforested land independently of the Government, but those few, that have, will find themselves the leaders of the industry later on, for they have not only safeguarded the public welfare but have also established a greater supply from which they may derive future incomes.

But one more reason shall I mention why public interest should be aroused to force these companies to take up the work of reforestation as well as the Government, and that is the usefulness of forests as a cover for birds and wild animals of economic importance. Birds and animals valuable to agriculture cannot be treated at length at this time,

but may it suffice to say that without their help our struggles against insect pests would be in vain and agriculture virtually impossible. Here again we find forests involved in matters of great economic importance and yet, through lack of thought, we are allowing one of our natural resources to be depleted when it has such tremendous bearing upon the future welfare and prosperity of our nation.

Perhaps some have wondered why I have stressed deforestation by lumber-cutting so much and have neglected, so to speak, the important subject of forest fires. Forest fires are important but greater preparation has been made against them and much has been written concerning them so that anything I might add would be a repetition either of some eminent writer or of my own statements. Furthermore, whether deforestation is caused by deliberate cutting or by forest fires the resultant evils are the same for both; the difference lies chiefly in the motives behind each, for in back of one lies Selfishness or Lack of Foresight, and the other, Carelessness.

Let us, therefore, as Americans denounce any attempt to rob our country of her resources, especially by such unscientific methods as would merit the ridicule of the whole world. Let us encourage, instead, the imitation of the Government policy of setting aside vast tracts of woodland for the perpetual benefit and pleasure of the people.



The Christ-Like Dominic

(After the Latin)

This stalwart athlete of the Lord,
So Lord-like both in heart and name,
The nations praise with one accord,
And all his virtues we proclaim.

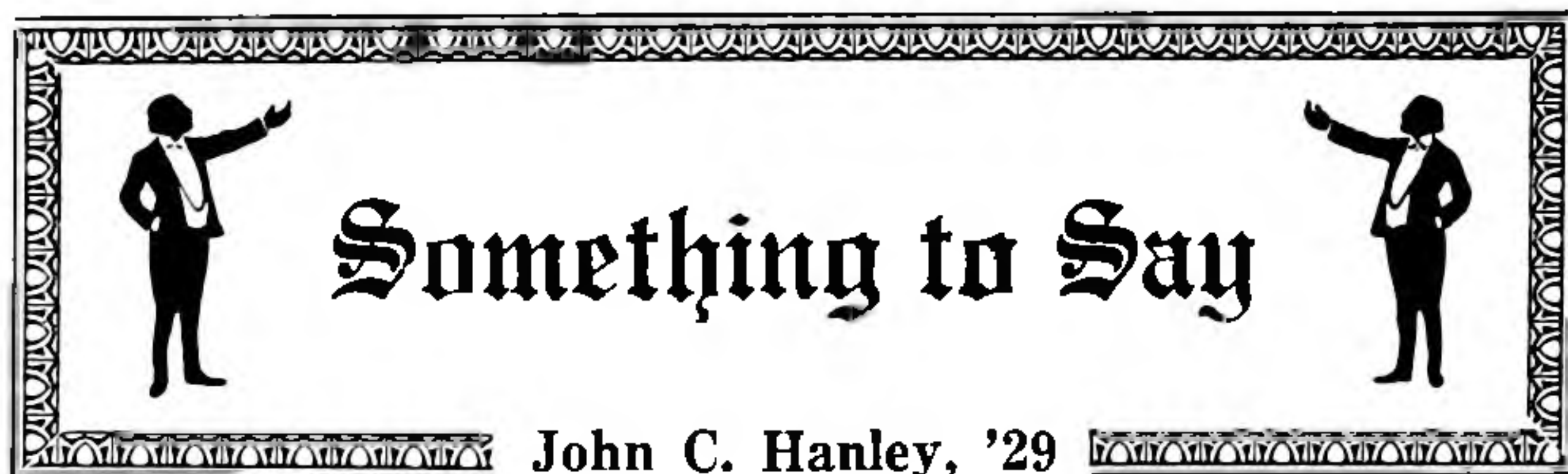
As chaste as is the mountain snow
His heart remained all undefiled,
And like a fire all aglow,
He burned to save each erring child.

All earthly joys and fears he spurned,
Giving his heart to higher things:
To bring all men to Christ he yearned,
Confiding in the King of kings.

By words and wonders manifold,
By prayers and fastings night and day,
The story of God's love he told,
And led us up the thorny way.

To God both One and yet still Trine
Be honor, glory, praise and might,
Who, granting to our Saint a sign,
May grant our eyes Eternal Light!

Francis Skalko. '31



SEARCHING FOR A CHEMISTRY BOOK

Are you a baseball player? Golfer? Do you play tennis? No! Then what will the springtime mean to you; how will you answer spring's invitation to play, to revel in the sunshine? You do not know and you are ashamed to admit it. There is a reason for your ignorance it is true, but no reason for your shame. Like yourself, unwilling reader, others whose inclinations do not turn them to athletics have been faced with this same perplexing problem with every recurrence of the spring season. Note, please, what has been written: they have been faced. That embarrassment is of the past and thanks to the discovery of another means of diversion it need never become a part of the future. The introduction of a simple sport answers your problem. Now it is no longer necessary to be an athlete if you desire to enjoy the springtime. But you are, by this time, at the end of your patience. You are literally clamoring to be told the name of this new sport. Well, it is called "Searching for a Chemistry Book."

It is here brought to the attention of the student-body for the first time. You, doubtful reader, will be among the first to acclaim it. When you are told that no equipment is necessary for this sport your deepest doubt must vanish. Only a lost chemistry text-book is required, and here at Providence College we already have that lost text-book. (Or rather, we have not. Here is an example of how deep a muddle one can be led into by words.) Concerning the book, had or not had, depending on your point of view, it should be described before instructions for the game are presented.

The book is of the regular edition of Foster's "Elements of Chemistry," tastefully bound in green cloth. The binding of the book in question has suffered occasional invasions upon its pristine beauty, having been several times showered with ink and once dropped in snow. But—and this is an important clue—although the book has suffered much, only a few blemishes remain to make the fact evident. The pages of the book bear eloquent testimony of the studious character of its owner. Symbols and formulae chase one another through the pages with supercilious disregard for the curiosity of the uninitiated. You would be amazed to see them. "Here, surely," you might reflect, "is something that must have a connection with the Black Art." But no; these esoteric characters have a meaning quite innocent of any untoward connection, albeit their author is willing to aver that if they were connected with the Black Art they could not be more inexplicable. There is a strong temptation to digress even further at this point for the sake of unburdening a treasury of thought gained by lucubrations upon the subject of positive science. But that is a service not consonant with our purpose and you, tried reader, are anxious to learn more of this fascinating game.

The object of the game is, of course, to find the book. That is not so easy as it sounds. The book can be brought to light only after a thorough search. And it is the search, with its expectations, hopes, and disappointments that gives the game such exquisite zest. The searchers will find it a most exhilarating sport that answers the body's most strenuous demands for exercise. Consider what magnificent proportions this sport might reach at Providence College. The four classes could vie with each other in their efforts to apprehend the truant. Captains might be appointed to direct the activities of their fellow classmates. How the days would be enlivened! This would be a supreme battle of wits, a contest that would give a keen edge to little-tried powers of deduction and induction. Imagine, too, the daring of a Freshman spy who dares to stalk a Senior exploration party, or the intrepidity of a Junior lieutenant who, with a mere handful of men, advances boldly to check a Sophomore sortie. The possibilities, as motion-picture executives say, are limitless.

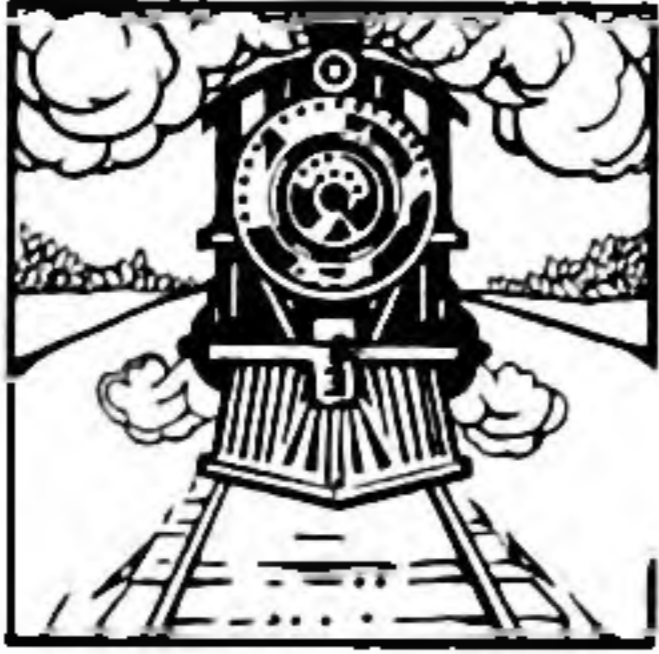
This is the merest exiguous outline, but that it should fail to lead the student body to the adoption of this sport is unconceivable. It is no work of excessive sanguinity to predict that the game will win instant approbation. This prediction and the probability of its fulfilment may

discourage the reader. "Among so many," he may say, "what chance have I?" Your chance is as strong as any, perturbed reader. You have only to remember these few precepts: First, your greatest asset is your power of observation. Secondly, you will find the book when and where you least expect.

Now go in and win.

N. B. Should anyone find the book, he is respectfully requested to bring it to the ALEMBIC office where he will find the owner waiting for it.





Exchange

Ambrose V. Aylward, '30

Since the time is not far distant when the well-dressed college man will be attired in cap and gown, we consider this an opportune moment to consider the criticisms which fellow-editors have graciously offered us through their exchange departments. We know that our contributors will be interested in the comments which have been passed upon their endeavors.

Perhaps the briefest consideration which the *ALEMBIC* received this year, came from St. John's College, Brooklyn. We read in *The Torch*, an example of collegiately compressed criticism:

"Among the monthly periodicals, we note the Providence College *ALEMBIC* which possesses real literary merit."

Our November issue was well treated in *St. Benedict's Quarterly*. The exchange editor characterizes the *ALEMBIC* a "thoughtful, slim little Monthly"; and then continues, "There are not, of course, the diversified selections of a quarterly magazine; on the other hand, one rarely finds a magazine as uniformly excellent as the *ALEMBIC*." In addition, "It is unusual to read a mystery story with the originality and the human appeal of 'It May Be So.'" The editor then considers favorably, "Song of Judgment" and "College Men as Trades-men" and concludes, "There is a maturity and restraint apparent in the book-review section of the *ALEMBIC*, that is unusual in student publications. We believe the innovation of this department shows good judgments."

The *Chimes*, Cathedral College, New York, also gave our November issue a gratifying reception. The exchange editor says:

"The November issue of the Providence College *ALEMBIC* is especially commendatory for two very good articles. 'The Song of Judgment' by Edward Carlson wins our unstinted praise." And later,

"In 'College Men as Trades-men' Charles Quirk suggests a way to solve the problem of college graduates—Mr. Quirk would have some of us become carpenters and plumbers—not a bad idea at all, Charles!"

A sincere and constructive criticism of the ALEMBIC is found again in *St. Benedict's Quarterly*. We deem it of sufficient worth to be reprinted in full:

"Many of the individual offerings of this magazine do their school honor; nevertheless, we cannot but feel that the addition of articles in each department would stimulate the interest of readers and, at the same time, improve the ALEMBIC as a whole.

"The short story, 'Retired,' tells of a docile old man who allows himself to be domineered by a very efficient daughter. Mr. Manbold exhibits an unbelievable lack of self-assertion. We feel that if the conclusion were modified so that the father manfully declared his independence, we would have a far more realistic and a stronger story.

"The salient factors in the education of the ancient Greeks are truthfully given in 'The Romans Go to School.' We wish that the subject had been more fully expanded; for, in a general treatment of that sort, one misses intimate details that make an essay distinctive.

"We were not left with an entirely clear conception of just what the author wished to stress in 'Literature—What Is It?' He has, in our opinion, packed too many examples in the limited space he has allowed himself.

"The book review section is most worth-while. Very seldom does one find in a student publication the mature judgment and the broad-minded attitude evinced in this department."



My Robin

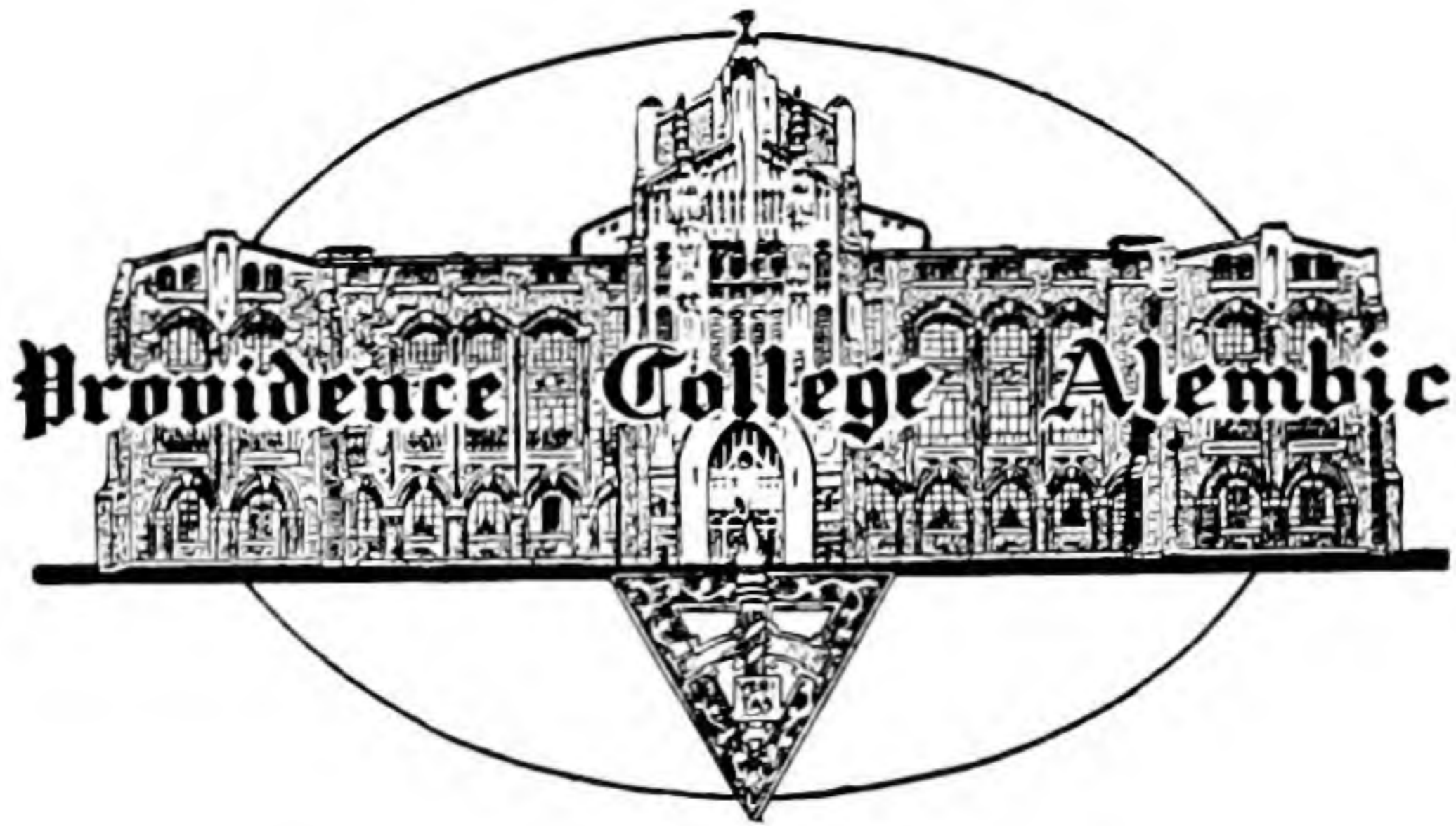
What huntsman hops
To the velvet green
From the lilac tops
In their purple mien?

He bows to the rose
That stares and stares,
But onward he goes
On important affairs.

The grasses nod
At the tread of his feet,
But he searches the sod
For things to eat.

What a hunter rare
In his vest of red
That finds his fare
In worms, not bread!

Christopher Mitchell, '31



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Editorial

Thomas J. Curley '29

MOTHER

If there is a word in our language which penetrates into the deep recess of any man's heart, it is the word, "Mother." "Mother" to everyone means a smile that brings delight, a face aglow with tenderness. Tell me, if there be any one of my readers who has not a yearning for that vision of a creature always kind, the incarnation of a love the like of which no other earthly love can equal?

Those of us who have lost our mothers know and appreciate her worth. If we could have her with us in our triumphs, if we could hear her voice advising and consoling us when defeat is in our path, how happy and grateful we would be! She is with us now only in memory. The time that we could go to Mother, tease her a little and then tell her of some glorious change in our fortune; or perhaps, dejected and down-hearted because of some failure go to her for comfort and solace, that time is passed. For Mother has laid down her burdens and gone on into Eternity to her God. There she waits for us with the same interest, praying that we may be made worthy to join her. Because our earthly Mother has left this valley of tears and sighs we should have more recourse to Mary, our Heavenly Mother. From her can we expect guidance, protection, and the benediction of a Mother-heart.

Then, there are those of you have never felt the pang, the anguish, the awful sorrow attached to a mother's death. I care not how broad and extensive may be your education, how deep and fertile may be your mind, if God has not yet so tried you, you cannot understand or evaluate what agony the human heart experiences at the death of Mother. At her death the scales drop from your eyes and the beauty

in her heart gives you a true appreciation of her. While she lives you may be kind, thoughtful, devoted, and considerate of her. For being so, God will bless not only with his graces but also with a certain in-explainable satisfaction and contentment which fills your soul when she has gone. But, woe-be-tide the man who is ashamed of his mother, who finds himself making excuses for her, who is selfish, hard-hearted, and cruel to mother. Heaven alone does not punish him but the world rises up in disdain of a man who belittles or deceives the greatest of all—Mother-love.

Those of you who have your Mothers—love her tenderly. Let no one lead you away from her. Respect all other Mothers, for no matter whether she be of the most despicable caste or whether she be like the gentle creature of Whistler's portrait, remember, she has received God's greatest gift to woman—Motherhood. "A Mother is a Mother still, the holiest thing alive." She is somebody's Mother who has gone into the valley of death by virtue of God's holy will. Be near and dear to your Mother, you fortunate ones, for although this world offers to you other jewels that promise peace and comfort, you will never find a jewel in this world's busy mart like the one you have left behind you in your Mother-heart.



* * *

"This world would be a Paradise if we were but what our Mothers think us to be."



Chronicle

Francis E. Greene, '29

COLLEGE ASSEMBLY

The Chronicle humbly asks forgiveness for failing to mention, in the April issue, the Student Assembly on March 5th. Our only explanation is that we were so overwhelmed with work that our memory failed; our only promise is that such a thing shall not happen again.

Taking his place on the platform of the auditorium, on which had been constructed a temporary altar, Very Reverend L. C. McCarthy, O.P., Ph.D., addressed the student body. He took for his text three passages from the Alma Mater song, and showed how the keeping of one pledge led to the keeping of another, so that the whole formed a Credo, for which all true sons of Providence should be willing even to die. "When you are out in life," he said, "do not forget that your life reflects the value of your training here. Remember the words, 'May we never in life cause thee tears; rather add to the glory and fame that is thine, while vanish the fleeting years.' And, 'Dear Alma, thy name we will ever uphold, and cherish the gifts thou bestowed.'" After stressing the fact that a college is judged by the quality of the men it produces, he said, "Confidence in your fellow-man, trust in your neighbor, and action directed by a right conscience, these are the qualities that make for real success."

Father McCarthy's speech was followed by Benediction, during which the hymns were sung by the students.

We understood that it is the plan of the faculty of government to hold these assemblies each month. Surely the enthusiasm and appreciation with which this assembly was received warrants such action; we regret that the plan is for a monthly and not weekly schedule.

EASTER
RETREAT

The annual Easter Retreat was held in the chapel arranged in the auditorium on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of Holy Week. Very Reverend E. A. Baxter, O.P., of St. Mary's Priory, New Haven, Conn., was Retreat Master, and his scholarly eloquence carried an encouraging and inspiring message. The fact that most of Father Baxter's experience as Retreat Master has been confined to missions for men of the world and fellow-priests did not detract one iota from the excellence of his Holy Week sermons.

The services each day consisted of Mass, Communion, Confession, three sermons, and Benediction. Rev. D. M. Della Penta, O.P., of the college faculty, officiated at Mass, and he was served by William A. Dillon, '29, and Charles Carroll, Jr., '31. Rev. D. M. Galliher, O.P., Dean of the college and Moderator of the Retreat, lead the Rosary and Papal Indulgence prayers, and assisted in the distribution of the Sacred Host. Rev. L. C. McCarthy, O.P., President of the college, gave Benediction, the music of which was under the direction of Rev. F. Jordan Baeszler, O.P., of the college Faculty. John P. Robshaw, '29, and Joseph Watterson, '29, were in charge of the eighteen ushers recruited from the Senior class.

On Monday, Father Baxter explained the nature and purpose of the Retreat, its importance and universality as an annual function of Catholic colleges, and the three qualities of a life well-spent. These he designated as Perspective, Power, and Peace. (The alliteration recalled the "Don't be disobedient; don't be disrespectful; don't be dishonest," which were the keynotes of the Retreat of 1928, at which Rev. Thomas F. Conlon, O.P., of St. Raymond's, Pawtucket, was Master.) "By perspective," Father Baxter said, "I mean the correct point of view, the vision which sees health and sickness, wealth and poverty, education and unavoidable ignorance, equi-valuable as steps any group of which lead to the realization of Man's last end. By power I mean the ability to rise above the present seemingly dire conditions of life; the capacity to meet bravely fortune and misfortune and to rise above them. By peace I mean that tranquility of soul which will come from the exercise of perspective and power; that charity which crowns the faith in our endowments and the hope that we will rise. Thus may we substitute for perspective, power, and peace the three cardinal virtues, on which all hinges, faith, hope, and charity."

Sin, Hell, and Judgment were the subjects of Tuesday's sermons. Father Baxter pictured the physical and intellectual as well as the moral consequences of the practice of evil. Of Hell, he said, "There is a growing tendency among men to reject the fact of eternal damnation; but those who deny it, deny Christ and the Scriptures, for nothing is stated more explicitly and often in the Holy Words than the existence of an Eternal Hell." Among the several passages that he quoted were the words of Our Saviour in which He speaks of the General Judgment, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

After explaining the facts of Particular and General Judgment, Father Baxter, who served as chaplain in France during the World War, described the drive of the Argonne Forrest. The recital was brilliant, dramatic, indescribable; his words painted vivid pictures on an immense canvas of silence. We felt the horrible agony, heard the awful roar, lived the whole fearful struggle. "That," he said, "was the judgment of one nation against another. What will be the judgment of an eternally powerful and just God against those who have opposed Him?"

On Wednesday, Father Baxter spoke on Faith, the Sacraments, and the necessity of Prayer. After discussing the necessity of some kind of Baptism as a means to Salvation, he spoke at length on the Sacrament of Penance; describing its temporal as well as its eternal value. He urged the students to frequent the Sacraments of Penance and Communion, and promised them that such a practice piously performed would preserve them from sin. He advised prayer for those seeking confirmation in their Faith. Mentioning the names of many famous converts to Catholicism, among them Gilbert K. Chesterton, Cardinal Newman, Robert Lord, and many prominent scientists, professors, and men of all walks of life, he asked, "How do we account for these conversions? Why do men with backgrounds much more favorable to conversion remain outside the true Church? I cannot answer, nor can any man; but we know that prayer and the Sacraments help." He cited the piety of great Catholics, describing at length the late Marshal Foch's devotion to Mass and other great figures' special devotions. He told of war experiences in which prayer brought many to Confession and to Faith." Prayer and Confession and Communion may not bring a man to the true Faith immediately," he said, "but without them the true Faith will never come."

By virtue of the faculties granted to Retreat Masters on such an

occasion, Father Baxter bestowed the Papal Blessing, to which is attached a plenary indulgence, and for which the entire student-body had been prepared by early morning Communion.

The value of these Retreats cannot be over-estimated; they come in excellent time; they are conducted by leaders in missionary work; and they have an immeasurably soothing and inspiring effect upon the student-body.

Never again shall we question the saying, "Still waters run deep"; for the falsity of our inference, based on the silence of the committee, that this year's Prom would be merely another glorious night, was demonstrated most impressively at the Narragansett Hotel on the night of April 9th. Despite our intimate connection with last year's affair, we concede readily the fact that that of the class of 1930 marks a step even higher toward the apex of social accomplishment. Continuing the figure, we must confess ignorance of just what that apex is; so, perhaps, it has been reached or even surpassed.

Dancing commenced promptly at 9:00 p. m. and continued uninterruptedly until 2:00 a. m. At 9:30, the General Grand March was organized and the guests were presented to the patronesses and guests of honor. At 10:30, luncheon was served to the guests and patrons in the hotel dining room. The menu contained fruit cocktail, chicken patties, ice cream and cake, and demi-tasse. At 12:15 the Juniors and their guests retired to luncheon. At 1:00 a. m., the Juniors and their guests, led by Thomas Dodd, Junior Class President, assembled and executed a colorful promenade around the great ball room to the strains of Benny Conn's Hotel Bancroft Orchestra of Worcester, Mass.

The entire mezzanine floor of the hotel, including three parlors and the ball room, was decorated attractively in Providence College White and Black colors. Seasonal flowering decorations adorned the walls and the space reserved for patronesses and honored guests.

The favors, which were somewhat different from anything ever before offered, were pen-knives for the gentlemen and pendants, to which were attached guards containing the college seal, for the ladies.

Rev. L. C. McCarthy, O.P., Ph.D., President of Providence College, and Rev. D. M. Galliher, O.P., Dean, were guests of the class and representatives of the faculty. Honorable James E. Dunne, Mayor of Providence, and Mrs. Dunne, also were present. Dr. and

Mrs. Charles Carroll, Dr. and Mrs. John B. McKenna, Judge and Mrs. J. W. Sweeney, Mr. and Mrs. P. St. Aubin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Atteridge, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. McGarry, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. O'Connell, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Coffey, Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McGovern, Mr. and Mrs. M. Dooley, Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Hogan, 2nd, Mr. and Mrs. Fergus McOsker, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fred Russell, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hurley, Miss Alice F. McEntee, Mrs. Alfred Baeszler, Mrs. Catherine Baeszler, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Donnelly were patrons of the affair.

The committee was composed of James V. McGovern, chairman; James J. O'Leary, Ralph Daniels, Edward J. Melucci, Philip McNamara, John L. Baeszler, William J. Cotter, Francis Coleman, and George Foley. Rev. R. E. Kavanah, O.P., was Moderator, and directed the activities of the committee in arranging the affair.

MUSIC CLUB The absence of Frank Cappalli, who was with
DANCE the baseball team in New York, caused Rev. F.
 Jordan Baeszler, Moderator of the Music Clubs,
 to secure the services of Joseph McNamara, popu-
lar leader of the Night Club Band, to conduct the White and Black
Orchestra at the annual concert and dance, held in the auditorium on
the night of April 20th. Many students and guests were present and
enjoyed an evening of varied entertainment. Solos, Glee Club En-
sembles, and specialties featured the occasion. The hall was arrayed
in pennants, and the stage attractively clothed in brilliance. The
evening was fully as enjoyable as the Music Club night in 1928.

John Notte, manager of the clubs, was chairman of the affair, and was assisted by club officers and members. Paul Roddy led the Glee Club songs.

Refreshments were served and the general attitude of those present insures the truth of the assertion that a good time was had by all.

FRESHMAN We have waited for some time to hear of some
BANQUET Freshman activity. At last we have been informed
 that B. F. Cleary, F. Shevlin, J. Conway, and F.
 Buckley have been appointed to investigate the ad-
visability of holding a banquet. The committee will return a favorable
decision, so we await anxiously the selection of a time and place.

JUNIOR BANQUET The annual Junior Banquet will be held about the middle of May at a place to be selected in the near future. Chairman J. V. McGovern and Ralph Daniels are leading the search for the best place in which to hold it. After such a successful Prom, we hesitate to speak as to the quality of the success of the banquet, for we fear to sin by reason of defect.

SOPHOMORE BANQUET Charles Carroll, Jr., Edward Hetherman, and Warren Fletcher have been selected by the Sophomore class to arrange their annual banquet, to be held on Thursday night, May 11. A place has been selected, but Father Georges, Class Moderator, is withholding the name, presumably awaiting the sanction of higher authority. The high calibre of previous affairs held by this class warrants us to suggest that it will be worth one's time to read a blow-by-blow account in next month's issue of the ALEMBIC.

JOHNNY KRIEGER If we were asked to choose the most versatile man in Providence College, since Heck Allen has retired from sport, we should unhesitatingly name John E. Krieger of Paterson, N. J. Being athletic editor of the ALEMBIC and an unusually modest chap, Johnny has labored under a two-fold difficulty. It is our purpose to replace modesty with justice. A full account of Johnny's life would make an excellent biography. Here, limited by space, we must summarize some of his more outstanding accomplishments.

In September, 1923, Johnny entered Paterson, N. J., High School (at the same time that Ed Ricardo, and Bill McCue his inseparable friend, entered). Almost immediately he attracted attention for his basketball and baseball ability. During his entire course at Paterson Johnny starred in both these sports; he was captain of both teams, a forward in basketball, and a pitcher and outfielder in baseball. In his Senior year, he was chosen All-New Jersey outfielder, and ranked as one of the best pitchers.

Coming to Providence in 1927, Johnny was the highest point scorer in the East in basketball in the season 1927-28. He was a substitute outfielder on the baseball team, and when called into play in the Yale game at New Haven, he proceeded to break up the game with a hit over second, and Providence won, 3 to 2. During the past basketball season, he worked with Eddie Wineapple, the East's high-

est point scorer, very coöperatively, at the same time keeping his own standing up to Number six. He was chosen All-American forward by several selectors, including the Boston Transcript. At present, he is the regular left fielder on the baseball team, hitting and fielding with the best in the country.

Besides athletic ability Johnny is blessed other ways. He is Sophomore Class President, a debater, a member of the Pyramid Players, winner of the Providence News short-story contest, and athletic director of the ALEMBIC.

Bear in mind that Johnny is still a "young'un," and try to go that one better.

The following committees have been appointed to take care of the various activities attendant upon Commencement. General

COMMENCEMENT
COMMITTEES

Committee: John D. Coughlan, Jr., P. E. Bulger, J. M. Dormer, Joseph Watterson, V. P. Colavecchio; Cap and Gown Day Committee: G. P. Earnshaw, A. L. Dimeo, H. P. Nelson, F. T. Flynn, F. J. Burns, S. Nawrocki; Baccalaureate Sunday: R. F. McAteer, L. D. Testa, C. A. Lyons, J. C. Ryan, J. M. Powers, J. J. Murphy; Class Day Committee: J. F. Hanaway, G. F. Treanor, T. F. McElroy, E. J. Higgins, J. F. Breen, D. W. Gorman; Alumni Day: G. W. Steffy, L. G. Goggin, S. S. Farago, J. A. Fay, A. C. Conte; Parents' Reception: J. P. Robshaw, C. J. Reilly, J. A. Quirk, C. L. Rosmond, J. B. Kenny, P. S. Brescia; Commencement Day: J. J. Martin, J. F. Fausta, J. H. Sullivan, T. J. Harkins, A. F. Melucci, E. F. Smith; Music Committee: L. O. Dugas, G. LaBrosse; H. J. Allen, G. D. Brazil, A. Balzofiore, A. Murchelano; E. J. Rinaldi; Commencement Ball: F. G. Carr, J. F. Keough, T. S. Clyne, W. B. Dugan, F. Mullen.

As we go to press, the Pyramid Players are about to put on the "Merchant of Venice" at the Empire Theatre, New Bedford, Mass. After a trip to Woonsocket and, possibly, Westerly, the play will be presented in the Modern Theatre, Providence, on May 3rd.

MERCHANT
OF VENICE

The rehearsals have been very satisfactory, and at this time the entire cast is in "mid-season" form. Our immense auditorium was considered too small for the play; so "a word to the wise—"



John E. Krieger, '31.

PROVIDENCE VS. NORTHEASTERN

At Providence, April 9

A Sequel to Last Year's Record

Mixing a baffling assortment of pitching puzzlers with veteran-like precision, Tommy McElroy hurled Providence to her first baseball victory of the year in the initial tilt of the season. Northeastern University was the victim, the place was Hendricken Field, and the score was 7-5.

Coach Flynn's slender little right hander, hurling under the handicap of a stiff arm, let the opposition down with nine widely scattered hits. Seven potential hitters were sent trudging to the bench via the strikeout route. Not a bad day's work for any pitcher.

Captain Joe Duffy led our 'Varsity in the hitting assault. Three hits in four trips to the plate were the results of Duffy's labors for the day. In addition to hitting most opportunely, Captain Joe fielded his position faultlessly.

Frankie Cappalli provided the fielding sensation of the game by converting a sure hit into a forceout at second base. Cappalli dashed far in back of second base on a viciously hit ground ball, clutched it with a one-handed spear, and then almost turned a somersault to throw the advancing runner out at second base.

The score was deadlocked in the eighth when the Flynn-coached crew came to bat. With two men on the sacks, Bobbie Dion, new third baseman, drove out a sharp single to the outfield, scoring both men.

Joe Harraghy, veteran catcher; Harry Main, 'Varsity infielder of last year, and Leo Lobdell contributed fielding gems during the course of the game. Charlie McVarish also turned in a sparkling exhibition.

The box score of the game follows:

PROVIDENCE						NORTHEASTERN							
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e		
Dion, 3	5	1	0	1	0	Carter, s.	5	1	0	2	1		
Krieger, 3	5	1	0	1	0	Tiffany, r.	4	1	1	0	0		
McVarish, r.	3	1	4	0	1	Ranney, m.	4	1	1	0	0		
Duffy, 1	4	3	6	0	1	Mahoney, c.	4	0	5	0	1		
Uobdell, m.	3	1	0	0	0	Richardson, 1	4	2	5	0	1		
Harraghy, c.	4	1	9	0	1	Symancyk, r.	4	1	1	0	0		
Main, 2	3	1	3	3	1	Cok, c.	3	0	5	1	1		
Cappalli, s.	3	1	3	3	1	Goodwin, 2	4	2	6	2	0		
McElroy, p.	3	0	2	4	0	Somerville, p.	3	1	0	3	0		
Totals	33	9	27	10	4	Totals	35	9	24	8	4		
Innings					1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Providence					0	0	0	2	2	0	0	3	x—7
Northeastern					0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	1—5

Runs—Dion, Krieger 2, McVarish, Duffy, Main, Cappalli, Tiffany, Ranney, Mahoney, Symncyk, Cook. Stolen bases—Dion, Lobdell, Main, Cappalli, Mahoney, Goodwin. Two-base hits—Duffy, McVarish. Sacrifice hits—McVarish, Tiffany, Ranney, Symancyk. Double plays—Main to Cappalli; Dion to Main to Duffy. Struck out—By McElroy 7; by Somerville 4. First base on balls—Off McElroy 4; off Somerville 4. First base on errors—Providence 1; Northeastern 3. Left on bases—Providence 7; Northeastern 10. Time of game—2h. 5m. Umpires—Meehan and Jansen.

PROVIDENCE VS. C. C. N. Y.

Victim No. 2

Scoring three runs in the first inning and then playing heads-up baseball all behind the superb left-handed twirling of Eddie Wineapple, proved sufficient to give the diamond representatives their second win in as many starts. The final score was 4-0. Jack Flynn's willow wielders scored the fourth run on a series of passed balls in the seventh inning.

Eddie Wineapple, in turning in his first win of the year, pitched a beautiful brand of ball. The invaders were limited to three hits and fourteen waved frantic gestures in the ether as they attempted to comb Wineapple's delivery for hits. Judging from his first exhibition, Wineapple can be depended upon to turn in many winning exhibitions for the wearers of the black and white.

The 'Varsity has as yet to show hitting form. While the opposition was limited to three hits, so, too, was the Veritas entry able to gather a like number. Joe Harraghy was responsible for two and Leo

Lobdell the other. Unless the team starts more prolific hitting in the immediate future chances for a championship year are dubious.

The game was played in a combination of snow storms, tornadoes, and several different kinds of New England's variable climatic changes. Inclement weather has wrought havoc with Coach Flynn's intentions for practices. The team leaves on the annual New York invasion next week with scarcely two weeks of practice under their belts.

Providence scored their three runs in the first inning on a walk, a hit, a passed ball, and two wild pitches. Joe Harraghy contributed the bingle. Fleurent scored the final run in the seventh on a pass, a stolen base, and a score on a passed ball.

The box score of the game follows:

PROVIDENCE						C. C. N. Y.					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
Kittredge 3.	3	0	1	1	0	Garelick, 3.	3	0	1	3	2
Krieger, l.	3	0	2	0	0	Liftin, m.	3	0	1	0	0
Fleurent, r.	2	0	0	0	0	Blum, 2.	2	0	1	2	0
Duffy, 1.	3	0	4	0	1	Musicant, l.	3	0	4	0	0
Lobdell, m.	4	1	1	0	0	McMahon, 1.	3	2	9	0	0
Harraghy, c.	3	2	13	3	0	DePhillips, s.	3	0	0	4	0
Main, 2.	3	0	3	2	0	Fute'rman, r.	3	1	0	0	0
Cappalli, s.	2	0	0	2	0	Schwartz, c.	3	0	4	0	1
Wineapple, p.	2	0	0	2	2	Tenzer, p.	2	0	1	1	1
						*Timiansky.	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	25	3	24	10	3	Totals	26	3	21	10	4

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Providence College	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	x-4

Runs—Krieger, Fleurent 2, Duffy—4. Stolen bases—Fleurent, Harraghy, Garelick, Blum, McMahon. Double play—DePhillips to Blum, to McMahon. Struck out—By Wineapple 14; by Tenzer 4. First base on balls—Off Wineapple 1; off Tenzer 7. Wild pitches—Tenzer 2. Passed balls—Harraghy, Schwartz. Hit by pitched ball—By Wineapple—Garelick. First base on errors—Providence 2, C. C. N. Y. 1. Left on bases—Providence 7, C. C. N. Y. 5. Umpire—Meehan and Jansen. Time—2h.

*Batted for Tenzer in 8th.

KRIEGER KRACKS

HAVE YOU STOPPED TO REALIZE?

The inroads that our athletic teams are making into the Eastern collegiate reckonings? Last year it was the fortune of the baseball team to win the mythical Eastern title by virtue of victories over Notre Dame, Yale, Northeastern, Georgetown, Manhattan, and Brown twice. The basketball team just closed a glorious season of conquests

by winning seventeen games in twenty starts. The fact that two of our athletic representatives have carried our flag of Veritas high into collegiate ratings should cause us to lift our heads just a trifle and point with pride to the records created, established, and smashed by our title-seeking athletes.

DIAMOND STALWARTS NICK FIRST VICTIM

Plenty of baseball ability, plenty of enthusiasm by loyal backers, and several little horseshoes tied prettily on Dominican bats were features in the first win of the season over Northeastern. The Flynnmen did not display the form that they are capable of demonstrating, yet they proved that things can be expected from them. The score was deadlocked in the eighth inning, when with two runners on base, the opposing catcher threw wildly, opening an avenue for two scores. The lucky break, coming as it did, sent the large crowd into spasms of delight as the Dominicans made certain of their first win of the year.

INTRODUCING CAPTAIN JOE DUFFY

A timely hitter, a faultless fielder, a good-looking fellow, and a lover of ice cream, are the constituents of our diamond leader. Notwithstanding the fact that Joe loses prestige because of the last two characteristics, it is generally admitted that he is one of the finest first basemen in the East. It is expected that the diamond aspirants under Captain Joe's supervision will carve the Providence indentation in college baseball annals.

THE EVIL EFFECTS OF SMOKING

Recently just prior to the start of a baseball game Eddie Wineapple, our infant athlete, who weighs only in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds and stands over six feet, decided to dissipate. Accordingly, he accepted a proffered Lucky Strike and went through the motions of a confirmed cigarette fiend. Ere half the coffin nail was consumed Eddie was sitting in a corner, violently ill. It seems that the two-hundred-pound infant never smoked before, and the thought of appearing on billboards as other athletes do, advocating Luckies, appealed to him. Two inhales of the smoke, however, laid our Edward on his back, coughing like a porpoise and feeling sick in the tummy region. No more Luckies, avers he.

JOHN E. FARRELL SENDS OUT AN S. O. S.

It is very seldom, indeed, that our graduate manager sends out entreaties to the students for aid. Of late, however, J. E. has been sorely puzzled, perplexed, nonplused, and lots of other trouble adjectives. It seems that his hair is thinning out most remarkably, in fact remarkably alarming. The prospects of appearing in his social regalia sans his auburn sprouts has succeeded in frightening him. To date, he has applied Lucky Tiger, Mulsified Oil Shampoo, Olive Oil, Mange Cure, Wildroot, and Laco Shampoo with negative results. One cannot be a social celebrity unless one has a full growth of hair, avers Johnny. He adds, moreover, that girls are positively averse to associating with bald-headed college grads. Those who can suggest treatments for loss of hair are asked to call at the graduate manager's office as soon as possible.

THE SAD CASE OF MARTY GIBBONS

Seemingly just on the threshold of stardom, Marty Gibbons ended last baseball season in a blaze of glory. This year, with the highest of expectations held out for him, Mr. Jinx intervened and laid him down for the count with a hernia.

Marty was operated upon and, fortunately, is quite recovered. The team physician, Doctor Brothers, stated that the plucky left hander will be out for the season. The blow, coming at a time when Marty was expected to be a prominent figure in Providence's fight for baseball recognition, was a bitter one to Jack Flynn, the baseball team, and the supporters of the team.

It is expected that he will be in condition to lead the football team of next year. Marty was the choice for captaincy by the letter men of last year.

