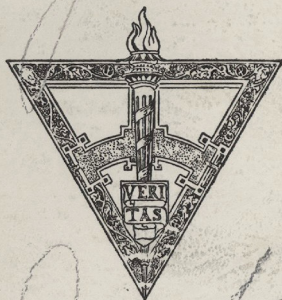


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VOLUME X. OCTOBER, 1929. Number 1.

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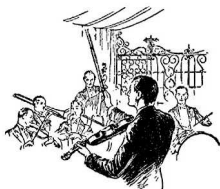
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Providence College Alembic

VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1929

No. 1



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Nocturne for Late October

Now the rains have come and gone:
But the sad sighing winds flow through the night,
Flow like the rush of seas,
Pouring a monotone
On the helpless hearts of the trees—
A requiem for the living dead,
For the ghosts unsped
From the clutching of life's disease
And the fright.

Now the rains have come and gone:
But the frost will whiten the graves tonight,
And the flowers of the dead will die
When the seeds of death are sown
By the frozen hands of the sky—
A harvest the crosses and cold headstones
And the buried bones
Will be reaping out where they lie
In the blight.

C. H., '30

Rhode Island's Worst Enemy

Daniel M. Lilly, '31

MOST of our New England cities have developed from little villages, not according to any predetermined plan, but rather in haphazard fashion, solving the problems of city management as best they could. Under such circumstances it was not to be expected that every problem should have been dealt with wisely, and thus it occurred, in the cities of Rhode Island, that the disposal of waste materials and sewage were not given proper consideration. Although almost every other municipal function has undergone vast changes, the primitive method of sewage disposal in vogue to-day is no more improved than when the cities were first founded. In recent years the situation caused by this antiquated method had become so acute in the rivers of Northern Rhode Island, particularly in the Blackstone (or the Seekonk, as it is known in its tidal portion) and in the Moshassuck, as well as in Narragansett Bay into which these two rivers flow, that not only is public health endangered and several industries threatened with extinction, but the general reputation of Rhode Island is suffering from continued neglect of this important feature of sanitation.

The pollution of rivers is demanding serious consideration the country over, but in no section of the United States are conditions much worse than those which confront the people of Rhode Island. Nor is that the worst that can be said concerning local conditions, for in some quarters there is a spirit of indifference, or sometimes open opposition, to such measures as have been taken by State authorities to remedy the present lamentable situation. The most difficult feature of any plan to remove systematically the causes of pollution is that a concerted action is necessary on the part of all the cities along the river in order that any appreciable improvement may result. Naturally enough no city or town wishes to take the initiative and spend its money on such a project until others have done so. On account of this general laxity, the State Board of Purification of Waters has been created

to compel the offending municipalities to co-operate. During the last two years several cities have been called before this State Board and have been given an opportunity to state their side of the case. Needless to say, it was merely a sham battle in most instances, for the facts of pollution were too apparent to be easily confuted. The result of the hearings was that the guilty municipalities were ordered to build plants either for the treatment of raw sewage before dumping it into the rivers or for the disposal of it by some other means. These orders are now pending, a specified length of time having been allotted to each city or town for the completion of the plant. Of course the offending cities have promised to comply, but actually very little has been done to secure funds with which to build the plant. Meanwhile the expiration date draws nearer and no improvement in the condition of the rivers of Northern Rhode Island is apparent. The half-hearted excuse for this delay is that money is needed for more important things and consequently the State Board must await the city's pleasure.

All the blame for this laxity cannot be laid upon city and town governments; for there is little interest among the individual citizens, and as politicians in general aim to secure re-election by giving to the public what they desire most, they subordinate all other things, good or bad, if they hold no public interest. The prevalent idea in the public mind is that the rivers emptying into the upper end of Narragansett Bay are so polluted that, although a sewage treatment or disposal plant would be a step in the right direction, it would but slightly improve the rivers as long as other sources of pollution were still in operation. There is much truth in this statement, inasmuch as most of the pollution is due to factories along the banks of rivers, but in any event the city and town governments should point the way that others might be led into following their example. The logical method of procedure would be to compel first the cities and towns to stop polluting the rivers, then the factories and finally individuals.

In some rivers and streams, however, all of the pollution can be traced directly to factories. Dyeing and bleaching plants, which are fairly numerous in Northern Rhode Island are among the worst offenders, since they not only use the waters of the streams in their washing processes, but also dump their waste chemicals into the streams because it is the most convenient method. Indeed, in the very heart of the textile manufacturing district, one may stand upon a convenient bridge and count several colors in the stream, each color indicating the

presence of a different dyeing compound. Even miles from the source of such pollution whenever the water is agitated, as at a waterfall, an odor strongly reminiscent of the dyehouse arises from the river. Amid such conditions, a chemical analysis is hardly necessary to prove that the river is polluted; nevertheless several tests have been made in which it was found that chemicals are present in the waters of the Seekonk and Providence rivers in such large quantities that a nationally prominent manufacturer was reported as contemplating the establishment of a plant to recover some of the more valuable chemicals. The worst feature of this source of pollution is that no attempts have yet been made to check it. Cities and individuals have been placed on trial and found guilty of polluting waterways, but it still remains for private corporations to be brought to justice.

An instance of this peculiar policy is evident along the Ten Mile River, a stream which originates in Massachusetts, crosses into Rhode Island, runs almost parallel to the Eastern border and finally empties into the Seekonk river. This river, although it is considerably polluted with industrial waste both in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, still serves as the water supply for the town of East Providence. Recently the State Board of health posted signs forbidding bathing in the waters of the Ten Mile. Police officers were sent to the "swimming holes" to enforce the law and consequently the youth of the neighborhood were forced to seek more secluded places, where the long arm of the law could not reach. Not all of the boys, however, would willingly take the risk of bathing in the Ten Mile, as cases of sore-eyes and partial blindness are all too common among those who bathe habitually in "swimming holes" immediately below the dyeing plants. The State, nevertheless, has deemed it best to begin by removing the minor and almost inconsequential forms of pollution first, while the dye mills dump their refuse indiscriminately into the same stream.

Of course, there is considerable economy for the factories under the present system, although there would be perhaps more economy if the waste chemicals would be reconverted to usable form. The reason that no method has been evolved for such an operation is that there has been no necessity for its development as rivers have provided an excellent dumping ground at no expense, at least to the manufacturers themselves. At present, therefore, it would be a decided loss to the manufacturers if the state compelled them to build their own plants for the disposal of waste as the cities must do. Accordingly they are

determined not to allow anything to interfere with the present system. Some propaganda has already been spread in favor of the manufacturers. This is the gist of their arguments: Most factories are operating on a small margin of profit due to a general depression in the textile industry. If operating costs are increased, the factories must close down or remove to a state where industries are encouraged rather than hampered. Then they ask this question of the factory help, who comprise the majority of the voters of many localities, "Which is more important to you, your river or your employment?" Of course, these are not the exact words of any manufacturer, but it approximates their meaning. A lawyer, appearing for one of the cities before the State Board of Purification of Waters, stated bluntly that the industries of Rhode Island were of much more importance than the lobster fisheries. Perhaps the manufacturers would add that nothing in Rhode Island counts excepting the industries which support a part of the population. Perhaps the factory owners think that because many of the people of Rhode Island are dependent upon the industries for their livelihood, they are willing to sacrifice all the beauties of Nature, in order to save the manufacturer the cost of finding another method to dispose of his waste materials. Consider the condition of our cities if private citizens demanded and received the same privileges. As private citizens we could dump our ashes upon our neighbor's sidewalk and, if called to account, we would merely reply, "I cannot afford to pay an ashman to remove them." If our neighbor threatened to prosecute us, we would tell him that it was too costly for us to live in such a neighborhood, and if we were not more important than his sidewalk, we would be forced to move to some locality where we could dump our ashes at our pleasure. The injustice of such conduct is immediately apparent, but if it were put into practice, it would be no more unjust than the present action of the manufacturers, who pollute the rivers which are supposedly public property. No amount of profit can justify an injustice and how can it be anything but an injustice to dump refuse upon the property of another to such an extent that not only that particular piece of property becomes worthless, but the value of adjacent property is impaired. Yet that is the situation in industrial Rhode Island to-day. The manufacturers not only destroy the value of rivers and streams for every public purpose, but also detract from the value of riverside property and in addition take away the means of livelihood from hundreds engaged in fishing, lobstering, and kindred industries

in Narragansett Bay. The case against the manufacturers is conclusive; they are bound in justice not to pollute the waterways of Rhode Island in exactly the same sense and to the same degree as are cities and towns and private individuals.

The people of Rhode Island have seen the streams, that once sparkled on their way to the sea, change from crystal-clear waters, that tempted the traveler to drink, to the repugnant, chemical-laden refuse-carriers that they are to-day. Likewise they have seen the beaches along Upper Narragansett Bay undergo such a complete change that were those who once bathed there asked to do so now, they would consider the request ridiculous. In the same way the people of Rhode Island have seen the places, that once teemed with fish, poisoned to such an extent, that a fisherman who today would drop a line over the bridge at Market Square would be considered as one suffering from some mental disease. Some of the traditions, that are handed down to us from the early settlers of Rhode Island, seem doubly strange to us when we compare them with present conditions. For instance, the site of the Providence Post Office was once under water and provided an excellent fishing ground for anglers of a century ago. Indians used to catch salmon in the Seekonk River when the white man first came, while it was never necessary to travel far down the bay to procure a day's supply of clams, quahogs and other shellfish. Very recently the Federal Government threatened to close almost all of Upper Narragansett Bay to shell fishermen until pollution was stopped. Although this danger has been temporarily avoided, it serves to remind the people of Rhode Island how serious the situation has become. The time for awakening has come, or rather it is long overdue. If Rhode Island is to hold a respectable position among her sister states, if she is to be of service to her citizens, if she is to continue to lead the shellfish trade, if she is to make a bid for the new vacation industry, capitalizing her natural resources for bathing, yachting and fishing, she must compel every city and town, every factory and corporation and every individual citizen to stop polluting her waterways and to assist in a general campaign to make them purer, cleaner and healthier for her citizens now and in the future. Then, and then only, shall Rhode Island become the Rhode Island of Roger Williams and the other early settlers who saw in this locality the natural gifts of the Creator to be cherished as priceless possessions, and not to be abused as a common dumping ground.

Do Ball Players Have Hearts?

Robert L. Smith '30

WHEN "Hal" Bowman vowed that "he'd get that first base job by hook or by crook," he didn't mean it literally. Yet, in the light of subsequent happenings, where was his defense?

As he stood at bat on that final day at Memphis, before the trip North to open the league season, he knew that his ticket for Topeka had probably been bought. He knew that the roster had to be cut to twenty-five, that "Hank" Dale was a more capable athlete than himself, and he further knew that "Bill" McCarron, able manager of the Hornets, was no such fool as to retain two first basemen. But whether he knew that his rival was in the direct path of the shining black bat which he flung disgustedly from his hands after a flourishing, if futile, attempt, to avoid an ignominious strike-out, will always be a matter of conjecture among the suspicious Hornets of that season.

"Bill" McCarron's rage was like a suddenly awakened volcano when he realized that his heavy-hitting first sacker had suffered a broken ankle through the angry act of a crazy rookie two days before the opening of the championship race. The incensed manager was divided between an instinctive impulse to break the offending rookie in two and the immediate desire to communicate with the club president and start pulling the strings for a hasty but judicious trade.

In the clubhouse a few minutes later, it was readily apparent to all present that the miserable Bowman was as sorry as McCarron over the unfortunate affair. The reason for his sudden and sincere sorrow was also apparent, even though it was a small reason—three feet high, to be exact. "Flossie" Dale, little golden-haired darling of the outfit, had broken away from her mother's hand and run to the stretcher upon which her daddy was awaiting the ministrations of the club trainer.

For the first time since he had left college, "Hal" Bowman was moved to make a speech. It was not a long speech, nor was it oratorical—he found it in his heart, not in a large volume in the library—

but its results were far-reaching. It enabled him to remain with the Hornets; it caused him to work without pay, for that item was to be given to the wife of a certain crippled fellow member of the team; it was the reason why he walked out to the initial hassock and made his first big league appearance when the gong sounded at Chicago two days later. Incidentally, it was this appearance, and his daily work thereafter which was greatly responsible for the fact that on July fourth, the proverbial dead-line for pennant-winning aspirations, the Hornets looked down upon the other seven struggling sister ships in the bunting flight much as an eagle looks down upon a family of tired sparrows.

To say that "Hal" Bowman was a sensation would be grossly inadequate. The official compilers informed the startled baseball world that the Hornet first baseman was not only in the thick of the struggle for the batting lead and the most proficient exponent of the noble art of stealing bases, but that his uncanny ability to "hit 'em where they ain't" placed him far in advance of the veteran campaigners in the matter of pounding out both doubles and triples. Add to this the undeniable fact that his dashing spirit was a great factor in the teamwork and élan of his fellows, and what have you got? Well, McCarron thought he had a gold mine.

It was little wonder, therefore, that the happy manager was only mildly interested when "Hank" Dale returned to the wars. The latter, however, was more than mildly disappointed, for he read the handwriting on the wall. In fact, he could almost see that fatal ticket to Topeka, with its attendant oblivion, for he was no longer a youngster. Furthermore, he had not forgotten the reason that led up to his present predicament.

At this point, Fate, once more in the role of a little child, entered upon the scene. Little "Flossie" Dale innocently repeated to her friend, "Hal," a conversation between her mother and father in which the cause of "Hank's" worries was revealed.

It may have been only a coincidence, but the next day the Hornet guardian of the first cushion not only failed to connect in five trips to the plate, but also held the ball in his right hand while a speedy stalwart of the fighting Blue Sox streaked across the platter with the winning run. It was not a coincidence, however, when the veteran Dale returned to his former position a few days later while the rookie Bowman, appar-

out the window; no means of climbing down here. "Not this way," I said. "Is there a back way out?"

"No. There's only the main entrance."

"Let's see the clerk," I said, and we walked downstairs.

We found no one when we reached the desk.

"Strange," I said. "Are you really sure that was your father's voice?"

"Why, it sounded just like him," she replied.

"What have we outside?" But the porch was deserted. The girl was very agitated. As I turned to look at her I glanced through the door and saw the back of a man bent over; I saw his head as he rose behind the desk.

"Look! There's our missing clerk now."

As we approached the desk again, the man got up with a jerk. He was a short, thin faced chap, who wore thick spectacles. He looked rather confused and his hands were trembling. I saw that the safe was partly opened.

"I say, did you hear a noise a moment ago?" I asked.

He tried to be calm, but I noticed the quiver in his voice. "No, sir."

"Sure?"

"Positive." And then he turned around and went to the back of his cage. I wondered what he was up to. We then heard voices coming from the porch and presently the other guests came in one by one, all in a hilarious mood. To our surprise the sea captain walked in after the others, talking and laughing with the professor.

"Why, father!" exclaimed the girl and ran toward him.

"Oh, hello, Natalie," he laughed. "We've had the most delightful game of croquet. The Professor has a wonderful eye, you bet." And he took his daughter's hand.

I was indeed puzzled. It was his voice, I did not question that, but how? After the guests had retired into the lounge room, Natalie came to me.

"They've been out in the rear playing croquet, all of them," she said.

"But, —."

"He says it was our imagination. He said he might have roared, but he never called for me."

"Well, Miss Swanger, we did hear the noise, and that clerk was up to something."

"Please let's have no more about it. My nerves can't stand any more." She smiled. "You were saying your name was——."

"Oh," I laughed. "David Lockwood."

"Is that your real name?"

"Why, of course. I——."

Very well, Mr. Lockwood," she said mockingly, "I hope to see you after supper."

But I did not see her after supper. I didn't want to. My mind was entirely in a maze and I could not understand anything. I had come here for rest and quiet away from entangling influences, and I had not been here twenty-four hours when the machinery of fate is upon me and working again. Why must I be tormented in this way? Peace I have always sought, and peace I cannot get. What right had she to ask me if my name were real? Of what crime does she secretly accuse me? And then again what is the explanation of that ridiculous noise we heard early in the evening? I don't want any of it. I want quiet. I came for quiet, and I have nothing but turmoil. Why must I have turmoil?

Tuesday, June 4.—They found a man dead on the beach today. No one knows who he is or where he came from. He appears to have been drowned, but no one can explain the odd sea shell he held tightly clutched in his right hand. He was dressed in the best of clothing. Since no knowledge of the man exists, and the strange way in which he was found, the deep gash in the back of his head, it is inferred he met death in an unnatural way. But where and by whom and when?

This afternoon officials were working on the case, interviewing everybody. The clerk seems to have an aversion to the detective's questionings. The professor's wife looked at me very suspiciously when I was answering questions; all others seemed to satisfy the police.

This evening the clerk underwent a very stiff examination at the hands of the officers. He is the only suspect.

I spoke to Natalie at dinner. She seems quite perturbed about the whole thing. I caught her looking at me strangely once.

Wednesday, June 5.—The clerk has been arrested. The whole sea side has been aroused over the peculiar way in which the body was found. It was lying at right angle to the water, face downward, his

head resting on his left arm and his right stretched out above it. If he were washed up the man would lie parallel to the water. The shell cannot be explained.

Natalie's spirit is very low. She confessed she felt something strange coming on. I don't like women when they're in this mood.

Thursday, June 6.—Officers came to my room this morning and asked me if I had been out late Monday night. I was in the hotel all evening, I told them. I went to bed before midnight. They appeared to be unsatisfied with what I told them. I was not permitted to leave the room all day.

This evening about eight o'clock they informed me I was under arrest. There seems to be some doubt about my actions Monday night. Coming down the stairs I met Natalie, but she would not answer my greeting. I admit now I was in a daze. I still can't grasp the meaning of these strange events. I can see no connection between me and the murdered man.

My cell in the county jail adjoins that of the suspected clerk. He doesn't say a word.

Friday, June 7.—I was cross-examined this morning. The police claim I was seen at midnight walking along the beach. The man was found five hours later by the captain. The tide adds further mystery to the whole affair. It was low at two o'clock Tuesday morning and had not reached its high mark until after the man was found.

The only explanation I have for walking the beach is that I was perhaps somnambulating. I was released early in the afternoon. The clerk was allowed to go in the evening. He later packed his bags at the hotel and left.

Saturday, June 8.—The hotel manager, who had not arrived until this morning, found that \$1500 had been stolen from the safe. A search for the clerk was immediately begun.

I heard that Natalie returned home yesterday. The place has become very monotonous. The shell in the dead man's hand has been given much publicity in the newspapers. The beach was thronged this afternoon by a very curious crowd.

My nerves are shattered. I think I'll go home tomorrow.

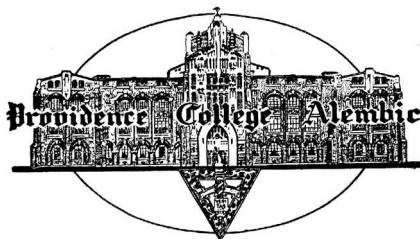
Sunday, June 9.—The clerk has been arrested, I read in this morning's paper. He admitted the robbery. He also explained the strange cry, which we supposed was Natalie's father. He was an expert mimic. My advent almost wrecked his plans, but since I fol-

lowed Natalie that difficulty was overcome. It was his intention to leave immediately, but circumstances were against him. He could not make a get-away until the police released him. This eases my mind somewhat.

The detectives have run up a cul-de-sac. There is no clue but the shell, and they can't connect this in any way. I'm leaving tonight.

Monday, June 10.—Reached New York this morning. Read an account of a capture of yacht by coast guards on which was found a number of curious shells of the same type which the murdered man had. Further inspection of the boat yielded valuable clues which established the murder as being perpetrated on this vessel. The boat had left Cobh loaded with Irish whiskey unknown to the owner. On his discovery of the fact near the American shore, he ordered the vessel either turned about or the cargo thrown overboard. The mate objected and assaulted him. The man was struck while bending over his desk toward the mate, holding the curious sea shell in his hand. The blow knocked his head up against the corner of a case in back and he was killed. Since the owner was unknown in these parts, he was thrown overboard. The position of the body on the beach can be accounted for in a hundred ways. Maybe I found it while walking in my sleep.

Well, that ends the shell mystery, but I'm out to find that "sweet mystery of life," which tenors sing over the radio and I'm headed toward Natalie's home town.



VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1929

No. 1

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Editorial

Ralph S. Daniels, '30

With this edition of the ALEMBIC, we inaugurate the 10th year of its existence. As we set about the business of performing our editorial duties for the coming year, we are inclined to look back with a distinct air of satisfaction to the first nine years devoted to the upbuilding of this publication, realizing that they have been productive of exceptional results. We are mindful that the ALEMBIC has come into our hands as a favorably recognized collegiate magazine which does credit to the institution which it represents. Through the untiring efforts of those who have previously directed its destinies, the ALEMBIC has gradually attained to a degree of success which should by no means be overlooked. We, who are now privileged to control these same destinies, realize how fortunate we are in being assigned to a work which has been so remarkably executed in the past. The ALEMBIC has already taken its place among the leading student publications. We recognize this fact and because we recognize it, we feel a certain sense of appreciation and gratitude towards those who have been instrumental in its realization. It seems only fitting, therefore, that we should present here a brief account of the progress which has been registered by the ALEMBIC from the time of its inception till now.

A word of praise is deserved, first of all, by those who were responsible for the introduction of the ALEMBIC as an official representative of the student body of Providence. In those early days, when Providence College itself was in its infancy, it must have taken a courageous and highly spirited group to enter upon what was at best nothing more than a promising undertaking. It is not difficult for us to imagine the problems which may have beset them as they entered upon a project which up until that time had not been attempted. Those problems were of such a nature that they might have proved a source of discouragement. Such, however, was not the case. Despite the obstacles which arose, the prospects of a Providence literary organ were realized in the first edition of the ALEMBIC in December, 1920. The sponsors of this first literary movement laid a firm foundation upon which the

ALEMBIC was to be built, and thus simplified the task of its perpetuation for those who were to succeed them. They are deserving, then, of the first expression of appreciation from us, who at the present time are benefiting by their foresight.

It is not wholly through the genius of its founders, however, that the ALEMBIC has prospered. Others have been instrumental, and materially so, in its elevation to the position which it now enjoys. Year after year the work of editing the ALEMBIC has been enthusiastically continued, and the enthusiasm has increased rather than diminished. The past editors of our publication have been motivated by the same zeal and the same spirit of determination that characterized the first of their number: each in turn has strengthened the foundation upon which the ALEMBIC was built and has substantially improved its organization. They have all done their part in upholding the standard originally set and have done more than their part in contributing to its betterment and consequently to the glory of Providence which it represents.

So it is that for nine years the ALEMBIC has been commended on all sides as something more than an ordinary literary endeavor. It has thus far proved itself and may be modestly termed a success in every sense of the word. It now remains for us to continue the good work which our predecessors have accomplished and to do what we can to further its progress.

In our effort to maintain for the ALEMBIC the position it now holds, we shall be guided by the successful experience of those who have preceded us. We shall embrace the same spirit, uphold the same principles and seek the same ideals as they. In a word we shall strive to make the ALEMBIC as they have made it—all that its name implies. That will be our policy for the coming year. We may or may not succeed; in any case, our best efforts will be expended toward that end.

Chronicle

Charles C. Quirk, '30

Commencement Week was ushered in by the
BACCALAUREATE Baccalaureate Sunday exercises on June 9th,
SUNDAY 1929. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in
the college auditorium by the Reverend
Lorenzo McCarthy, O.P., assisted by the Reverend P. P. Heasley,
O.P., as deacon, and the Reverend F. A. Howley, O.P., as
subdeacon.

The Reverend Ignatius Smith, O.P., professor of philosophy at
the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., delivered the Baccalaureate sermon to the assembled Seniors and their relatives and friends.

Father Smith admonished the graduates "to play fair with Providence—Divine Providence and Providence College."

The members of the Baccalaureate Sunday Committee were Raymond F. McAleer, John J. Murphy, Louis D. Testa and John M. Powers.

On Monday evening, June 9th, 1929, the annual Class Day
CLASS exercises were brought to a close in the college auditorium
DAY at the Junior and Senior Reception. Thomas J. Curley,
former editor of the ALEMBIC, spoke upon the subject of
Providence College graduates in the community and parish. Mr. Curley
exhorted the Class of '29 to be "calm, determined, and courageous, to
have a definite aim in life, to fulfill it in accordance with the code laid
down by their Dominican teachers."

The Class Oration was read by John F. Sullivan, the Class History by Frederick J. Motte, the Class Prophecy by Francis E. Greene, the Last Will and Testament by John E. Mulholland, the Class Poem by Vincent E. Cummings, and the Class Ode by John C. Hanley.

Earlier in the day the class had received the felicitations of their relatives and friends.

The committee in charge were James F. Hanaway, Thomas F. McElroy, Joseph F. Breen, Edward J. Higgins, Daniel W. Gorman.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

June 13th, 1929.

All the forces of nature seemed to smile upon the graduating class of 1929 as the seventh Commencement exercises were held under the elms on the south campus, Thursday, June 13th, 1929.

The Right Reverend William A. Hickey, Bishop of the Diocese of Providence, who had just returned from Rome, conferred degrees upon 68 graduates in the three academic schools as well as Pre-Medical certificates upon those students who had completed the two-year course.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Associate Justice John W. Sweeney of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island.

Dr. Charles Carroll, deputy director of vocational training in Rhode Island, delivered the principal address. "A college education is not an assurance of wealth, but it ought to be an assurance of service," was the plea urged by this eminent educator.

George McClellan spoke on "Modern Sociology versus the Christian Faith." Philip E. Bulger treated the subject, "Modern Physics versus the Christian Faith." John D. Coughlin, "Modern Psychology versus the Christian Faith."

On the platform were the Very Reverend Raymond Meagher, O.P.; His Honor, Mayor James E. Dunne; His Excellency, Governor Norman Case; Dean Daniel Galilher, and the entire Supreme Court bench, including Chief Justice Stearns, and Associate Justices Rathbun, Barrows, Sweeney and Murdock.

OPENING OF COLLEGE

Providence College inaugurated her 11th academic year at the gathering of the Sophomores and Freshmen in the college auditorium for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, Tuesday morning, Sept. 1st, 1929. The incoming class of Freshmen numbers 316, while the Sophomores return 240 strong.

The Rev. Father Lorenzo McCarthy, O.P., President of the college, in addressing the assembled students told them that the supreme purpose and aim of education is to introduce the student into the world in which he lives, by revealing the secrets of nature as expressed in the positive sciences, and by explaining the thoughts and sentiments of the truly great thinkers of the past as expressed in literature and philosophy.

FACULTY CHANGES The new members have been appointed to the faculty for the present scholastic year. The Rev. James B. McGwin, O.P., an alumnus of Providence College, Class of '22, has been appointed to the Sociology Department. Father McGwin has pursued graduate studies at Catholic University and holds the degree of Master of Arts.

The Rev. Adrian T. English, O.P., has been appointed to the History Department. Father English has been doing graduate work for five years at both Catholic University and Columbia University in New York. He is also a Master of Arts.

Father Thornton, O.P., past moderator of the ALEMBIC, has been transferred to Chicago, where he will take up his duties as Dean of the Dominican High School there.

Father Shea, O.P., past moderator of the Friars Club and the college daily, the *Tie-Up*, has been assigned to the Dominican House of Philosophy in Chicago, where he will teach in the English Department.

THE TIE-UP The *Tie-Up*, the college daily, is again busy informing us of the news past, present, and future. Father Irving Georges, O.P., has been appointed its new moderator, taking the place of Father Shea, who has been transferred to Chicago. Assisting Father Georges in editing the *Tie-Up* are William J. Keenan, '31; Francis C. Skalko, '31, and Charles C. Quirk, '30.

This little paper is a valuable asset to our college life and is a constant source of information to all students. It should have the whole-hearted support of the student body.

We of the ALEMBIC extend our best wishes to Father Georges and his assistants.

FOOTBALL Autumn ushers in another football season and again Hendricken Field echoes and re-echoes to the calling of signals, the impact of moleskinned bodies, and the long "Fri-yahs" of the cheering section.

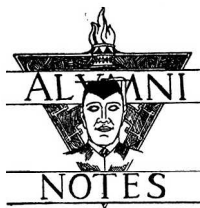
"Archie" Golembeskie is handling the destiny of the Dominicans and with such men as Captain "Marty" Gibbons, "Freddie" Dagata, Mark McGovern, "Dixie" Matthews, Stan Szydla, "Eddie" Derivan, "Len" Sweeney and a host of other veterans back in harness, everything points to a very successful year on the gridiron.

Already we have held the powerful Rutgers team, conquerors of

Princeton, to a close score as well as forcing the Purple to their utmost in order to emerge the victors.

The caliber of our team to date insures us of a place high up in the collegiate rating of New England.





John P. Gorman, '30

FOREWORD

As the passing years bring an ever increasing number of alumni, the task of recording the achievements of these men and of keeping in touch with them personally, becomes more complicated for this department. Since this is the only way in which the doings of the various graduates can be brought to the attention of the alumni at large and to the undergraduate body, it is our aim and purpose to give a comprehensive and accurate account of the activities of the members of the Alumni Association of Providence College.

With this, the first issue of the ALEMBIC for the year 1929-1930, we beg your support in the matter of subscription to your college paper. During recent years, there has been a noticeable decrease in the number of subscriptions from the members of the alumni body, due, no doubt, to the fact that many of you have dropped away from things collegiate. This situation should be remedied at once. It is your duty to know what is going on within the sanctums of your Alma Mater, regardless of where your present occupation calls you. It is certainly unnecessary to say that the ALEMBIC needs your support—every college publication needs the support of its alumni. The ALEMBIC is the medium through which you may know of the activities of your college, and through this medium, we hope that during this year and the years to come, there will be a closer connection established between Providence College and her men.

We exhort you, therefore, men of the alumni, to take a generous and whole-hearted interest in this department of the ALEMBIC, since it is really your department. We ask you to send us a card telling us what you and your classmates are doing and anything of interest which has occurred. We hope that this year the response to this appeal will meet with unparalleled success, and that your interest manifested in this column will tend to bring you into a closer connection with the affairs of your Alma Mater.

ALUMNI DAY

Alumni Day, June 11, 1928, opened with the annual memorial Mass celebrated in the college auditorium, for the deceased members of the Alumni Association. A small gathering of Alumni assisted, together with the relatives and friends of the deceased members. The sermon was delivered by the Reverend Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., Ph.D., President of the College.

At six o'clock in the evening the annual meeting was held. Plans for the coming year were discussed and new officers were installed. The officers for the year 1929-1930 are: James H. Lynch, Jr., '25, President; Joseph P. McGee, '24, Vice-President; and Daniel J. O'Neill, '24, Secretary-Treasurer.

At the conclusion of the meeting, the annual banquet was held in the college auditorium. Addresses were delivered by Edwin Milton Royle, playwright and author; Reverend Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., Ph.D., and Dr. Francis A. Holland, retiring President of the Alumni Association. The large attendance at the banquet manifests the spirit which is prevalent among the members of the alumni, and is a source of inspiration to the members of the undergraduate body.

The ALEMBIC takes this opportunity to congratulate the new officers of the association, and to express the hope that the Alumni Association of Providence College will meet the greatest success during the present year.



John E. Krieger, '31

Baseball

PROVIDENCE VS. VILLA NOVA

At Providence, 1929

This is What Happened to Villa Nova

Coming from behind with a magnificent display of fighting spirit to tie the score after two were out in the ninth inning, and then proceeding along into the 12th to exhibit another flash of that same spirit, Providence scored a thrilling 5-4 victory over our Quaker City rivals. Coach Flynn's spangle-bearers were trailing by two runs in the ninth when they came to bat, but successive hits by Wineapple, Dion and Szydla were instrumental in knotting the score. Cappalli's hard smash to center field in the 12th sealed the decision.

Eddie Wineapple assumed mound duty and after a ragged start settled down and pitched airtight ball. He limited the visitors to nine hits and fanned nine. Hanzik and Henzel, opposing boxmen, had their deliveries combed for 11 blows.

To go into details about the game would necessitate more space than is available here. Suffice it to say the battle was one of the most thrilling exhibitions played on Hendricken Field this year.

To Stan Szydla goes the bulk of credit for winning the game. Coming to bat in the ninth inning with two out and two strikes on him, the rugged outfielder slashed a sharp single into right field, sending two runners over the plate and tying the score.

PROVIDENCE VS. MIDDLEBURY

At Providence, 1929

The Demoralizing Mr. Moran

Holding his opposition to eight scattered hits, fanning seven aspirants for hitting honors, and then capping the climax by pushing out two blows at opportune times, Frankie Moran was an individual figure in Providence's 7-3 win over Middlebury. The snake-like forks of Moran caused the invaders no end of trouble, and it was evident from the start that our 'Varsity was destined to hang up their 12th win of the year.

Two walks, an error, and a three-base hit by Moran gave us four runs in the second inning. Two more runs in the third and one in the sixth finished the scoring.

Leo Lobdell exemplified sensational outfielding by dragging down a labeled home run in the eighth inning. Leo plodded his way in the path of the onrushing pellet and with a one-hand stab plucked the ball from its home-run course. Nap Fleurent had a similar stunt pulled on him, when he was robbed of an extra-base blow by the opposing left fielder.

PROVIDENCE VS. GEORGETOWN

At Providence, June, 1929

Wineapple Whips Washington Invaders

Rendered quite helpless before the southside assortment of Eddie Wineapple, Georgetown, with the indifferent tolerance of a philanthropist, offered little resistance to Providence's efforts to wrest the ball game from their hands. On the other hand the Friars were good enough wrestlers to wrest a 4-2 verdict from the visitors.

Wineapple's fast one was plenty fast, his hook was sharp, and the remaining personnel offered assistance to the extent of gathering four runs. Four runs isn't supposed to show exceptional assistance, but it sufficed in view that Georgetown was rather meek in attempting to collect runs for themselves. Mayhaps if they hadn't adopted their subser-vient attitude towards Wineapple and his repertoire, the Flynnmen would have concentrated more energy and more runs.

The victory was our second in successive years at the expense of Georgetown.

PROVIDENCE VS. BROWN

At Aldrich Field, 1929

The Brown Bear Cuffs Us

Apparently on the verge of their second successful baseball win over Brown within a week's time, Providence faltered badly in the sixth inning of their very interesting little "world series game" and Brown eked out a 5-3 win. A combination of bases on balls and a long double to left field chased three runners over the plate in the eventful inning, permitting Brown to shade the black and white.

Tommy McElroy, will-o-the-wisp righthander, started on the mound for Providence and hurled excellent ball for six frames. A temporary loss of control, however, soon filled the bases and paved the way for his first setback of the year. Moulton, aggressive little Brunonian second sacker, strode to the plate with the bases loaded in the sixth and promptly laced out a long two bagger. The blow caught the entire Providence team amidships and they were never able to recover sufficiently to start a rally.

Art Sondheim, starting Brown twirler, was ineffective and Pete Rawlings was called on to relieve him. Rawlings, in his four-inning stay on the mound allowed one hit, and fanned five men. His fast-breaking curve ball completely baffled the Dominicans.

For Providence Fleurent and Lobdell hit well. Nap annexed two safeties, both singles, and Lobdell crashed out a three-base knock. Both men also played well afield. Eddie Crane, Brown initial sacker, was the scintillating light for his team by virtue of several nifty bits of fielding. His catch of a liner by Lobdell with his gloved hand was a feature.

PROVIDENCE VS. BROWN

At Aldrich Field, 1929

The City Title Again

Playing their best game of the year behind the erratic hurling of Eddie Wineapple, Providence snatched a thrilling 1-0 victory from Brown in the third and deciding game of the annual titular series. Stan Szydla's long single to right field drove Wineapple over the plate with the necessary run.

Were it not for the fact that Wineapple gave no less than 11 bases on balls, the game would have been the best hurling duel in New England during the college season. Pete Rawlings, Brown hurler, held

Providence hitless for six innings before the Dominicans could even approach a scoring position. Rawlings limited the Dominicans to four scattered hits while Brown collected seven from Wineapple's assortment. Eddie's performance was marred somewhat, however, by his wildness.

Four double plays took whatever hope Brown had right on wings of fancy. Cappalli and Main were especially brilliant. Wright, captain of Brown, scintillated for his team.

PROVIDENCE VS. MEIJI UNIVERSITY

At Providence, 1929

Jujutsu Exponents Down Providence

Inability to come through in crucial moments and plenty of that selfsame ability on the part of Meiji University were factors in the fifth reverse of the year. The final score was 8-6.

Our ship of hope was trailing by six runs in the beginning of the ninth with the bases loaded and with Leo Lobdell at bat. Picking out a fast inside shoot, Lobdell rode the ball far over the right field fence for a home run. The hit was the longest ever drilled out by a college ballplayer on Hendricken Field.

Frank Buckley started on the mound for Providence but gave way to Frankie Moran in the late innings. Moran twirled creditably while he toiled on the mound. The star of the game, however, was little Tabe, the acrobatic shortstop for the Japs.

PROVIDENCE VS. ST. JOHNS

At Providence, 1929

Slipup Number Six

Combing three pitchers for a total of 17 base hits, St. John's smothered Providence, 12-6. Earlier in the season our color bearers nicked the Brooklyn outfit in a contest held in Brooklyn.

Tommy McElroy started mound proceedings, but the heavy hitting visitors pounded him unmercifully. Hal Bradley replaced him and was in turn relieved by Frankie Moran. Posnack, burly right fielder of the invaders, found Providence pitching to his liking and celebrated his affection by pounding out three hits, two triples and a double.

Joe Harraghy was the only Flynnman to solve Fernandez consistently. Harraghy pushed out three hits in four appearances.

PROVIDENCE VS. BOSTON COLLEGE

At Providence, June, 1929

A Manifestation of the Old Jinx

Unable to shake off the mystic charm of supremacy that Boston College seems to hold over Providence, our baseball team hit the chutes of defeat for the third successive time, this by a score of 3-0. The heavy-hitting invaders pounded out nine safeties from the assortment of Eddie Wineapple.

Wineapple twirled an article of ball that was deserving of a better fate, but lack of hitting on the part of his teammates led to his downfall. Five blows were all the Dominicans could gather from "Shaker" O'Connor, B. C.'s left-handed ace.

Joe Duffy and Frankie Cappalli provided fielding gems, the former by his clever work around first base, and the latter with a fanciful exhibition of shortstopping.

PROVIDENCE VS. YALE

At New Haven, June, 1929

Backward Progress

Failing to hit in the pinches and inability to give Frank Buckley proper support cost the Dominicans a game with Yale in the annual meeting of the rival clubs. Yale outdistanced Providence, 4-1.

Buckley permitted the Eli aggregation but five hits, two of them clean, but indifferent infielding swayed the course of victory. Six errors by the infielders comprised the weakness of the defensive play and thereby hangs the tale. The setback was the fourth straight, an almost unheard of "feat" in Providence College baseball history.

HOLY CROSS VS. PROVIDENCE

At Providence, June, 1929

On the Chin Again

Playing smart baseball behind the baffling repertoire of Gene Hebert, Holy Cross experienced no trouble in subduing the Dominicans for the second time this season. The score of 8-1 attests to the superiority of the Purple.

Eddie Wineapple did the throwing for the Flynnmen and with a better brand of support might have held the invaders to a lower score. Loose support at critical stages, however, unnerved the big lefthander, and the Cross batsmiths combed his delivery for 14 blows.

Joe Harraghy, veteran catcher, continued his consistent brilliant backstopping by turning in another brilliant exhibition.

PROVIDENCE VS. IOWA STATE

At Providence, June, 1929

Pall Drapes P. C. Efforts in Final Game

Sidewheeling a series of shoots and straight fast ones with much skill and considerably more caution, Mr. David, an asset to the Iowa State pitching staff, but a thorn in the side of Providence College, hurled his western teammates to a 2-1 win in the final game of the season.

Tommy McElroy, graduated at the Commencement exercises held in the morning, essayed to impress Iowa batsmen with senior-like dignity and Olneyville curves. The dignity did its work for four innings, but the Olneyville curves did not carry through for the remaining four. Which is a simple way of saying that Iowa tallied one run in the eighth and ninth cantos, enough for a margin of victory.

Providence scored its run in the fourth, when Krieger, returning to the line-up after an absence of three weeks, singled, was pushed to second by Harraghy, sneaked to third on an infield out, and scampered home on Cappalli's single. The scoring was our last feeble gesture to close the year with a win.

The visitors scored one in the eighth and one in the ninth to clinch the game.

CONCERNING A BASEBALL RESUME

A perusal of semi-successful endeavors is not the most pleasant thing in the world, but it's one of those prevalent necessary nuisances. The point at issue, tolerant reader, concerns the past baseball year. Off to a good start, the Flynn-coached machine slipped badly after it had reached the 10th milestone of games. From thence until the terminus of the schedule the Black and White crew barely managed to keep ahead of the reverses. As it was we finished with a record of slightly more wins than losses. Most of the lettermen, however, will be available for next year and there is every reason to expect bigger and better things. Throw those records aside, Office Boy, and move on to matters of interest.

GRID CANDIDATES ANSWER CALL

That zealous, persevering, titian-haired efficiency expert, who answers to the sobriquet of John E. Farrell and assumes athletic re-

sponsibilities for our fair college under the title of Graduate Manager, has arranged eight football contests for the 'Varsity. Coach Archie Golembeski has again been re-engaged and Marty Gibbons, squat of stature, but gigantic in football acumen, will captain the Friars. Some 60 odd aspirants answered the first call, and that selfsame night some 60 odd aspirants limped home with aching muscles and wounded pride, but happy in the thought that we are headed for football recognition.

WINEAPPLE JOINS THE SENATORS

Our baseball and basketball teams for the ensuing years will suffer considerably by the loss of the left-handish Mr. Edward Wineapple. The aforesaid Mr. W., star guard on the quintet and a leader of the hurling corps, has forsaken his erstwhile Smith Hill schooling station for the spangles of the Washington Senators. Edward of the left-handed propensities was a riot on the ribbed court last year, being the recipient of All-American honors for his splendid all around work. That his absence will be felt is unquestioned. May his forky slants in the big circuit bring him the successful awards that were his at Providence.

Pick Out the Wins

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



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