

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOLUME X. NOVEMBER, 1929. Number 2.

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DICK CHAPMAN—RENT WALDORF TUXEDOS—DICK O'KANE

Providence College Alembic

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1929

No. 2



THIS MONTH

The New Master General of the Order of Preachers.....	Edward Carlson	32
Mr. Aeiou.....	Francis C. Skalko	35
Miseremini Mei		37
November Shadows (verse).....	Carroll Hickey	39
Impressions of the World War.....	Charles C. Quirk	40
Wings Not Given to Men.....	Daniel M. Lilly	43
Alumni Notes.....	John P. Gorman	47
Editorial	Ralph S. Daniels	51
Exchange.....	Carroll Hickey	53
Chronicle.....	Charles C. Quirk	55
Athletics.....	John E. Krieger	59

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The New Master General of the Order of Preachers

Edward Carlson, '32

IN THE 14th day of December, 1875, in Louppy-sur-Loison, a village of the Meuse Department and the Verdun Diocese of France, there was born to the poor and pious family of Gillet a child who, grown to manhood, was elected on Sept. 21st, 1929, as the Dominican Order's 79th Master General. At baptism the boy's parents gave him the name Stanislas, and, in accordance with a beautiful French custom, prefixed to this his mother's name, Marie. "He grew up charming in nature, docile of character, a page of Piety." After completing his classical studies, he entered the secular seminary of Verdun. There he remained only a year, for he had heard God's summons to an estate of higher perfection.

That estate was Dominican life. The years passed swiftly for Brother Martin from 1897, when he joined the Novitiate, until 1901, when he was studying theology and philosophy at Flavigny. Then there came a change. Laws of Expulsion, enacted by the Third Republic against religious communities, forced the students to disperse. But the House was set up temporarily at Ghent, and here Brother Martin finished the theological course, and in 1903 became a priest. He completed his scientific training at Fribourg in Switzerland, and received there, in 1905, *summa cum laude*, the Doctorate of Philosophy. His thesis, "The Intellectual Basis of Morals according to Aristotle," shows both the bent of his mind, and those principles he was zealous to develop and promote throughout his life.

Summoned soon after to Louvain in Belgium, his home for the ensuing four years, he instructed the students of Saint Rose's Province on the moral part of the Angelic Doctor's Summa. From 1909 to 1914 he was at Saulchoir, teaching Dogmatic Theology. From that time until 1919, lectures were discontinued on account of the war.

The year 1923 marks the beginning of a new season of his life: a season when there sprang from the hitherto undivided stem a multitude

of branches, each serving in its own good way to increase the shade that refreshed so many pilgrims of Life, resting beneath. Reverend Father Gillet's main duty was to teach morals and sociology at the Catholic Institute of Paris; but, on the side, he had sermons and conferences, gave weekly lectures to women on theology and the spiritual life, organized Catholic clubs, and composed numerous profound works. At the request of his Province he was honored with a Master's degree in Sacred Theology.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-six saw him the director of the periodical "*Revue des Jeunes*." But only for a short time was he destined to hold that office; for the next year, on the 22nd of July, the Fathers of the French Province elected him their leader. During the two years of his primacy, he manifested himself a remarkable speaker, a well-proved writer; he surpassed the fairest hopes of those who had cast their ballots for him; he won the praise and esteem of all with whom his duties brought him in contact. "He shows that his concept of Dominican life accords with the norm of our traditions, and that his wish is religiously to preserve or restore . . . the primitive morale of our predecessors."

Having learned a little of his life and deeds, let us turn to his works; for it is through them that he has fulfilled the mission of his priesthood, and to them he has devoted his greatest labors and mental endowments. In France, few are ignorant of his eminence in oratorical and literary fields; but here in America, where a good number of us are too busy to read even a newspaper editorial, not many know of his spheres of action.

"His manner of speaking is easy and ample, foreign to vain ornament and redundancy, strong, and, on occasion, zealously energetic." The germ of such ability put forth its first roots at Louvain, where, besides teaching theology, Father Gillet spoke from the pulpit; and so great were his powers even there, that they drew from the vice-rector of the University a request to address the student-body weekly. Since that time he has moved not only French audiences, but also people of countries far from his native soil.

The kinds of sermon that appear quite to fit his nature are public disputations, and "conferences" delivered before a body of erudite hearers. On that account, he is a popular figure and prominent leader during the "*Semaines Sociales*"; annually in the largest cities of France

he speaks as a "*preacher*" or "*orator to the people*" or "*professor*." This season he opened the "*Semaines Sociales*" at Besançon.

Although we omit many of his apostolic activities, we must mention his chaplainship of a Parisian society, "The Association of the Christian Theatre," instituted to "preach the gospel of Jesus Christ to those authors and artists who compose plays in a Christian fashion."

So much for his speaking. Having read the review of a book by Father Gillet, we feel that a long, thoughtful examination into his literary merits would be insufficient for rendering justice. We need say nothing further; yet, firmly to establish the fact of his worth as a writer, let us mention this: his "*Le Credo des Artistes*" rests among those works that have refuted—unintentionally—Euripides' ancient claim of no man's having discovered how to allay, by writing, those mental sufferings whose outcome is wreckage of homes by murder and appalling crimes.

We append the following incomplete list of Father Gillet's works, some of which have been translated into English:

L'Eglise et la famille

(The Church and the Family)

L'Education du caractere

(The Education of Character)

La Virilité chrétienne

(Christian Manhood)

L'Education de la conscience

(The Education of the Conscience)

L'Education du cœur

(The Education of the Heart)

Innocence et ignorance

(Innocence and Ignorance)

Religion et pédagogie

(Religion and Pedagogics)

Les Harmonies eucharistiques

(Eucharistic Harmonies)

Du Fondement intellectuel de la morale d'après Aristote

(The Intellectual Basis of Morals according to Aristotle)

La Peur de l'effort intellectuel

(The Fear of Intellectual Effort)

La Valeur éducative de la morale catholique

(The Educational Value of Catholic Morals)

“Mr. Aeiou”

Francis C. Skalko, '31

MY DISEASED brain remains to-day an organ bereft of intellectuality and numb to nervous stimulation. I do not hesitate to name as the cause of my troubles a feral and an uncontrolled imagination. In taking into consideration all the factors which have influenced my conduct, I cannot mention a single quality which would redeem in a measure a sadly misspent existence, unless I regard an undulating faith in my destiny as a principle of hope in living.

In my youth I was disillusioned, disheartened, and saddened so forcefully that even to this day I am in the constant fear of losing my mind. The depravity, treachery, and fickleness of human beings I learned, alas, too early for a mind which was not fortified with Christian teachings. In view of this I pursued my studies at Oxford with a sort of detached personality, and I was easily moved and ruled by those things that directly, or less so, appeal to the emotions. Consequently, I concluded my researches as one who learned much, yet knew little: I was conscious of one thing—fear.

Though my wanderings did not actually begin on my leaving the university, I made no effort to adapt myself to a state in life nor to settle in some locality; I drifted. My attitude permitted of no initiative, no action, save lethargy, if that may be called action. I continued living thus in England until I had spent my entire patrimony, and one day I found myself penniless. Unused to any forms of labor, I knew it would be difficult to earn a living, especially when I had no incentive to preserve my own existence. I walked the dingy streets intermittently, going from town to town, eating when I could and sleeping where night and exhaustion overtook me. In this manner I reached London.

It was on the eve of Britain's entry into the Great War. I was literally swallowed in the din of the noisy populace, frenzied and excited in anticipation of Armageddon. As I walked, I passed recruiting stations thronged with men, some noisy and hysterical, others quiet and moody. Their faces, I confess, interested me. The psychology of a nation under arms overwhelmed me and my imagination created con-

torted visions of carnage and utter despoliation, intrigues and great plans. I say the idea possessed me, and carried me into such hysteria that I laughed with tears in my eyes. I looked about, while choking sobs further accentuated my depression. But this was momentary; its effects soon passed off.

Suddenly things seemed to change and I felt a great fear slowly creeping over me, entering into every organ of my body, nauseating, choking, stifling. A vacant sensation passed through my stomach, and momentarily snuffed out my faculties and made everything blank. Then I ran, giving a wild scream of terror. I ran like a demon. My cheeks were hot from the air beating against my face, my ears roared with the echo of the passing wind, I felt sharp pains in my lungs, and my chin wet with fluid from my mouth. My head was bare, yet I ran on. I ran, for spectres loomed everywhere, there were legs to trip me, there were hands to grab me; yet all of these I eluded. I dodged and jumped, and struck out with my arms. Terror gripped my soul, squeezing the very essence of motivation out of it, rendering my reason powerless beneath the pale face, the grey teeth, and the hollow, roomy eyes of this horrible monster. I ran till I fell in a field.

When I regained consciousness, it was morning, foggy and wet. My head pained me terribly from a bruise; my whole body ached whenever I tried to move. I lay on my stomach for a long time, until an old lady passing through the field found me. She helped me to rise, and brought me to her home some distance away, calling to assist her some boys who chanced that way. Here I lived as an invalid throughout the whole war, feeling nothing, wishing nothing, knowing nothing—carefully tended by my rescuer and provider.

To-day, as I write, I walk about an old man, and—thanks to my deliverer—I am known to everyone as "Mr. Aeiou," from nowhere. The little children regard me with curious wonder, while the older people are satisfied to let me alone, recognizing in me an unfathomable something which they dread to probe. I am content.

“Miseremini Mei”

NOVEMBER, with its darkening, somber days and its feast dedicated to a remembrance of All Souls that have passed the portals of the grave, must give us pause to reflect on the departure of those whose happy cheer and boyish laughter once echoed in our academic halls. They have had their rendezvous with death and we see no more their innocent mirth and brave endeavours; but Providence does not forget her sons, nor do we, her present sons, fail to remember those of our comrades who have gone before.

During the present year three former students and a former member of the Providence Faculty passed to their eternal reward. On Feb. 21st, Brother Gerald Keenan, O.P., of the Class of 1930, died while a novice at St. Rose's Priory, Springfield, Ky. His valiant spirit had, in the flower of his youth, chosen a path of sacrifice, but his brave soul was spared the trials of Golgotha. On Aug. 20th, Thomas J. Delaney of the Class of 1927—big, cheerful, athletic Tom—passed to his eternal reward. It came as a sudden blow to those who knew him and made us feel very deeply that “in the midst of life, we are in death.” Those quiet, sincere little visits to the Blessed Sacrament in our college chapel were, we feel sure, not forgotten by the recording Angel. On Oct. 27th, Roy M. Mahoney of the Class of 1930 died suddenly while a student at the University of Virginia. To his bereaved relatives we offer our sincere sympathy and assure them that his classmates will not forget him in their prayers.

The death of the Reverend Joseph Cyprian Brady, which occurred on Sunday, June 23, 1929, came as a shock to the members of the Dominican Order in the United States.

Father Brady was born on April 30, 1884, in Danbury, Conn. Having determined to become a priest, he entered the Dominican Order as a novice at St. Joseph's Priory, Somerset, O., on Jan. 12, 1906, receiving in religion the name of Brother Cyprian. In the following year on Jan. 13, he made his profession and was sent to the Dominican House of Studies in Washington to pursue his philosophical and theo-

logical studies. He was ordained there to the priesthood on June 20th, 1912.

Father Brady's first assignment was to Aquinas College, Columbus, O., where he was head of the department of English for 14 years. In 1922 he was transferred to the English department of Providence College, Providence, R. I. During the same year he was elected prior of St. Joseph's Convent, Somerset, O., then the novitiate of the Province. By his exemplary life and his Christlike charity he endeared himself to the hearts, not only of his subjects, but to all those who came in contact with him. At the expiration of his term of office Father Brady was again appointed, in 1926, to the faculty of Aquinas College, serving also as its vice-president. On account of ill health it seemed advisable to his superiors to lighten his too heavy duties and he was sent to the College of St. Mary of the Springs, East Columbus, O., where he filled the chair of English until his death.

For these recently deceased and for all the other members of the alumni who have passed to the great beyond, we are sure our readers will say a heartfelt prayer. May eternal light shine upon them!

Deceased Alumni of Providence College

Name	Class	Died
Allen, Thomas P.	1923	January 7, 1926
Beale, Brother Felix, O.P.	1925	April, 1924
Brady, Rev. J. C., O.P.	1922-23	June 23, 1929
Brickley, Arthur W.	1926	August 6, 1926
Broady, Cornelius J.	1928	October 12, 1928
Carney, Edward R.	1923	July 1, 1920
Clark, William G.	1923	March 18, 1926
Coleman, Harry V.	1926	April 4, 1923
Connors, Cornelius V.	1928	July 22, 1928
Delaney, Thomas J.	1927	August 20, 1929
Donahue, Daniel F.	1928	June 28, 1928
Gannon, Arthur E.	1925	April 8, 1924
Holland, John R.	1925	December 31, 1925
Holland, Brother William, O.P.	1928	November 2, 1926
Holland, Leo L.	1930	November, 1928
Keenan, Brother Gerald, O.P.	1930	February 21, 1929
Kelly, Daniel M.	1929	August 27, 1927
Lee, George H.	1930	April 4, 1927
Mahoney, Roy M.	1930	October 27, 1929
Malloy, James B.	1926	March 8, 1927
Murphy, William L.	1925	November 14, 1924

Rocks, Brother Alexander, O.P.	1924	October 1, 1922
Searles, John G.	1928	June 24, 1925
Shanley, Edward T.	1926	April 6, 1927
Turbitt, Brother Gabriel, O.P.	1923	August 18, 1924
Walsh, John F.	1924	April 8, 1924
Walsh, Joseph B.	1926	April 8, 1924
Waters, George H.	1925	January 5, 1927

November Shadows

In the dark of November dusk,
 Ere the light was lit in the hall,
 My mother and I would watch
 Strange shadows upon the wall.

The sputtering corner arc
 Cast silhouettes odd and queer,
 But, with her in the rocking-chair,
 I felt not a finger of fear.

She was dreaming and praying then
 Of what I can only guess,
 And she taught me to love the calm
 Of that quiet loneliness.

Alone in the whispered dark
 Of the old-time sitting room,
 We would wait for my father's step
 In the shadows and the gloom.

Carroll Hickey, '30

Impressions of the World War

Charles C. Quirk, '30

THE WORLD War to most of us is but a memory. The Allied Countries who suffered as a result of its horrors have become rehabilitated. The battlefields, once stark and barren save for the presence of the opposing forces and the quaint towns which 10 years ago were but sceptre-like ruins, to-day manifest a spirit of prosperity. France has taken great strides in her reconstruction work and from the bloody fields and obliterated cities and towns has risen to new and greater heights of glory. The once-hated Germany, upon whom all iniquity was heaped, has regained much of her prestige and stands to-day a wise and prosperous nation. Indeed, the world seems to have forgotten not only the horrors occasioned by that terrible cataclysm but also the glory of its heroes, for it is only on the annual observance of that signature which brought the cessation of hostilities that we pay formal respect to those who offered their lives in an effort to make the world safe from Imperialism. It is only in the heart of the gold-star mother that the war is a living presence. It is only when we read or hear of some poor victim of its toll that vivid and gruesome incidents, long-forgotten, flood our minds.

Recently as I listened to an ex-doughboy relate some of his war experiences, I, too, was taken back in spirit to those horrible days of 1917-1918. I lived again the anxiety and suspense, the sorrow and unquenchable grief which permeated the very atmosphere during that eventful period. I have often read books, for the most part censored, concerning the activities of our doughboys, and I have seen pictures which tried to describe the spirit of the battlefield, but never have I received such vivid impressions of the World War as those given to me by the simple narration of that ex-soldier.

My friend, an American of Irish extraction and possessed of that impetuosity characteristic of the Irish, enlisted in the infantry as soon as the call to colors was issued. Assigned to a division of the regular army from Pennsylvania, he was schooled in the art of soldiery at Camp Meade and after a few weeks of preliminary training embarked

with the first American troops to go across. Evidently the German naval unit was unaware of Uncle Sam's versatility for the trip across was without event and the first consignment of American troops was landed on the stricken shores of France. There, under the tutelage of French officers, the Americans received a practical and more finished training for their "big job" up front. The second battle of the Marne was raging at the completion of their course in the etiquette of war and the German war-lord, Hindenburg, predicted that he would enjoy his Christmas dinner in Paris. From the manner in which his relentless offensive had swept all Allied resistance aside, his prediction seemed perfectly logical. However, he had not reckoned with the new factor which had come upon the war horizon, for if he had, his blissful dreams of conquest would have been greatly disturbed.

I had always been under the delusion that the Marines were the first to break the highly touted Hindenburg offensive in the woods of Chateau Thierry, but my doughboy friend claims that his division, fighting under the famous French general, Petain, was the first to stop the Teuton forces in the great second battle of the Marne. The graphic description he gave me of that struggle, and the all-important role played by his division in its dramatic climax incline me to give much credence to his claim. Three days the Germans poured a merciless ram of death into the Allied lines while they massed their troops to the front preparatory to the final drive on Paris. The Americans occupying the center of the line suffered heavily in casualties, but this did not intimidate them in the least. Yankee ingenuity was preparing a bitter pill for Fritz. All during the cannonade the Americans were bringing up their heavy artillery to a position directly in the rear of the front line. These were so cleverly camouflaged that the Germans were unaware of their presence. On the morning of the third day, the gray-clad troops prepared to cross the Marne en masse. As they moved forward, they presented a formidable array in the hazy light of the early morning. Confidence marked their every move. At a signal, the American guns opened up with a veritable avalanche of shot and shell, pouring a ram of death into the German lines. Pandemonium broke loose and at the crucial moment, the German offensive faltered and broke. The morale of the German army was shattered. The impossible had happened. The Hindenburg line was broken. American engineers, under a retaliating German fire, threw pontoon bridges across the bloody Marne,

adding their blood to the crimson stream. Over the swaying supports poured the khaki-clad doughboys to put the Kaiser's crack troops to rout and, in so doing, to make the first dent in the hitherto impregnable German offensive.

I could go on indefinitely, if time and space permitted, for this simple soldier's story contained a wealth of material, but I must content myself with but a few of the many incidents he described so vividly. As he is of a somewhat reticent nature, I was obliged to prod him with questions. In the course of my interrogation I asked him if the Catholic chaplains always went over the top with the boys. His answer, though brief, contained a wealth of thought: "Yes," he said, "our padre went over with us and we found his mangled body later in a shell hole." He told me that aill through the fighting he had carried his Rosary close to his heart; and he maintained that his miraculous escape from death was due to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin.

I am glad that I had an opportunity of listening to such a description of the World War from one who went through that hell on earth. It left me with a greater respect for the man who wore the tin hat and slept in the mud, a greater pity for those who fill the wards of our military hospitals, and a greater love for a peace which only the adoption of Christian ethics can assure.

"Wings Not Given to Men"

Daniel M. Lilly, '31

Expertus vacuum Daedalus aera,
Pinnis non homini datis.

* * * *

Nil mortalibus ardui est;
Caelum ipsum petimus stultitia, neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

Horace, Odes i. 3

ONE OF the essential qualities of a classic is that it be applicable not only to the era in which it was written, but also to subsequent ages. In this sense the above lines are certainly classic; for, even though based upon false reasoning, they still find an echo in the hearts of many to-day. This age-old prejudice against flying was at first directed against the dreamers, for the myth of Daedalus and Icarus, while it fascinates the reader, has little or no foundation—except in the imagination of some ancient dreamer. And many a dreamer there was in ancient days who gazed sometimes at an eagle, a mere speck in an azure sky soaring far above the dwellings of men, at other times at a swallow darting over the tree tops in graceful flight, and he, impractical man that he was, pictured himself, borne aloft upon wings of his own making, sharing the skies with the envied birds. For every dreamer, however, there were 10,000 cynics who deemed it sacrilegious for such idiots to attempt things for which Nature had obviously unfitted them. For 25 centuries men were born to dream of "wings not given to man" without the joy of seeing their dreams come true; and for 25 centuries the cynics jeered. The dreamers were not all of the same race, nor of the same occupation. Many were unknown and poor, while others were noted for their achievements such as Roger Bacon, an English friar and the father of modern science, and the great Leonardo da Vinci. Roger Bacon even enunciated the principles of mechanical flight, and yet he lived during the 13th century, in the so-called "Dark Ages."

Still the cynics had their day. Inventions sprang up on every side to do the impossible, but the human race was still anchored to the ground—and the cynics had their day. Then came another dreamer with bird-like wings which he claimed would bear him upward though he should cast himself from a hilltop. The cynics gathered to that hilltop in Germany to watch the dreamer, Otto Lilienthal, who thus presumed to alter Nature. How astonished were the cynics when the pioneer of birdmen glided downward upon a cushion of air, then taking advantage of an upward current gained altitude, soared overhead for a few brief moments and finally glided earthward to complete the first flight in history. A dreamer had made his dreams come true. The cynics were losing ground. They were forced to adopt a new attitude,—that such flights, though possible, were of no practical advantage and were decidedly dangerous. This view gained added force when Lilienthal was killed in a crash. His experiments, however, led others to enter the field and brought about the aeroplane as we have it to-day. Two Americans, Orville and Wilbur Wright, not only succeeded in making longer flights in bird-like gliders, but finally, after much labor and experimentation, produced a successful motor-driven model, more or less independent of air conditions. The first motor-driven aeroplane flew at Kitty Hawk, N. C., Dec. 17th, 1903. Since that time it has been a losing battle for the cynics for with the passing years many have recognized the vast development in aviation. To-day, man-made birds wing their way over the Eternal City and cast their shadows over the grave of the classic Roman who decried the folly through which men seek the skies.

The cynics are still with us even though aviation has become a great peace-time industry. To-day the cynics feed on news of accidents, gleaned from the daily press. They digest the facts of each accident and quote them when and where they will do the most good, (or harm). Their activities, though prompted only by a desire to imbue others with their own convictions, are certainly not conducive to progress in the aeroplane industry or in any other industry where they exercise an influence. Their arguments are substantially the same as those of the ancients, that since Nature had intended man for life on the ground, it is unnatural and therefore wrong for him to fly, and secondly, the machines with which he takes to the air are fragile and unreliable and hence decidedly impracticable and dangerous.

As regards the fitness of man to fly,—if men had always waited until they were absolutely capable of doing things before they attempted them, they would have progressed little. If the experienced swimmer had never ventured into water until he was able to swim, he would never have become a swimmer, especially if he had stopped to consider how Nature had unfitted him for the water. Likewise the aviator's flying instincts develop with experience. Anyone with normal faculties can become a pilot, if he has the requisite training; for the equivalent of a high school education is now considered essential as a basis for the special studies in aerodynamics and meteorology. With proper training there is no reason why men cannot learn to fly as they have learned to sail the seas and speed over land. Of course, if the training is not adequate, there will be disastrous results in future years, but according to present indications there need be no fear that the pilots of the future will not be equipped to cope with every aeronautical situation.

The aeroplanes themselves have already been perfected to such an extent that they are just as reliable as other forms of transportation. Most modern aeroplanes actually fly themselves. They have what is termed inherent stability, a quality of design which keeps the aeroplane in normal flight without the assistance of the pilot. This has been proven in many demonstrations in which the pilot has left the controls to walk out on the wing or change seats. Motors have also been developed until they are even more reliable than the best automobile engines. They have dual ignition and carburetion systems insuring perfect operation of the motor even if one set should fail to function. Forced lubrication of all moving parts has resulted in longer and smoother operation without overhauling. Air-cooled motors have gained considerable prominence because of the elimination of the risk of overheating. All these developments have made the modern aeroplane engine capable of continuous operation for weeks at a time, as was proven in numerous endurance flights. Instruments, too, are advancing rapidly so that soon aeroplanes will be able to fly entirely by instruments, a practical necessity if they are to navigate through fogs. With all these new perfections the aeroplane of to-day is a safe means of transportation. There is still room for new improvements, but it cannot be said that the present-day ships are unreliable.

The whole purpose of aviation is, of course, to speed up transportation. One hundred miles an hour is an easy pace with the large trans-

ports, and usually the speed is in excess of this figure. The present tendency seems to be toward large, multi-motored air liners since they are not only more reliable, but also more economical in operation. One of the latest models, a huge flying boat, has a capacity of 52 tons. In a test flight 169 people were carried on this ship at a speed of 105 miles per hour. In the future trans-Atlantic air liners will be, perhaps, as large as the sea-going ships of today, with just as many accommodations and luxuries. Men are going up to the skies in ships in ever-increasing numbers, despite the cynics. Although wings were not given to them, they have added them to their long line of possessions and have completed the conquest of another one of the stubborn forces of Nature, the air.



John P. Gorman, '30

1929

Tom Curley, who it will be remembered guided the destinies of the ALEMBIC successfully during 1928-1929, as the Editor-in-chief, has now a position with the First National Stores of Boston.

Frank Greene, who was Literary Editor of the ALEMBIC, has put his news-getting ability to practice, and is now associated with the *Pawtucket Times*.

George Earnshaw, our predecessor in this department, is now connected with the A. & P. Tea Company here in Providence.

George McClellan, the other Alumni Editor during 1928-1929, has matriculated at the Georgetown Medical School.

We hear regularly from Frank Carr, who is the recipient of a Knights of Columbus scholarship in Boyology. Frank is now studying for a Master's degree at Notre Dame University.

Al. Dimeo has sailed for Rome where he will continue his studies preparatory to entering the priesthood.

Dan Gorman, our namesake, informed us, when he met him at the *Tie-Up* social, that he had entered business with his father in East Greenwich.

John Hanley, estwhile member of the ALEMBIC staff, is now an instructor of Latin and Greek at De La Salle Academy of Newport.

Ed Higgins, former baseball manager, is connected with the General Electric Company of Lynn, Mass.

J. F. "Zev" Keough, he of oratorical fame, is an instructor at Central Falls High School.

Guy LaBrosse is connected with the Ford Company Branch Sales in Pawtucket. All prospective purchasers of "Henry's Tin Vehicle" should see Guy, for we know he will "do you good."

Angelo Murchelano is studying business administration at Boston University.

Harry Nelson is in Springfield, having accepted a position with the General Electric Company of that city.

Charlie Riley, whom we saw at the Canisius game, informs us that he is an instructor of Latin and Greek at St. Raphael's Academy in Pawtucket. Quite strange that such a lively young man as our "Cholly" should be teaching a dead Language.

Jack Robshaw came down from Buffalo, where he is manager of a Waldorf Clothing store, and spent a week-end in Providence. Jack attended the Canisius game and dance.

Although "Heck" Allen is situated quite a ways up in New York State where he has a position with the Amsterdam Mills Company, he nevertheless manages to lend his moral support to the football team. "Heck" came down for the Canisius game and also helped out the boys by cheering them on at Colgate.

Al Conte, former lieutenant in General John Donnelly's army of "Chiselers," is now pursuing a course at Brown University. Al is working for a Master's degree.

Jack Coughlin, "Skipper" of the 1929 class, was a recent visitor at the college. Jack is football coach and instructor of history at the Millis High School, Millis, Mass. Jack informs up that the majority of his pupils are Cliquot Club Eskimos.

Jerry Dillon came up from New York to help cheer the team at a recent football game. Jerry has entered the firm of E. J. Dillon, tailors, of Fifth Avenue, New York.

Leo Dugas has entered upon a medical career, having matriculated at the Boston University Medical School.

Sam Farago is studying at the Hahnemann Medical School in Philadelphia.

Joe Fay should be well qualified to fill the position of Athletic Director at Central Falls High School, after his four years of training with the Friars.

Frank Flynn is rooming with Frank Carr at Notre Dame, having received a Boyology Scholarship from Rhode Island. Both Franks are

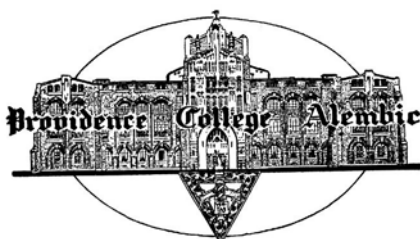
coaching inter-dormitory football teams, under the guidance of the famous Knute Rockne. Frank says that "Knute is a pretty good coach."

Jim Hanaway is connected with the American Telephone Company of Boston. Jim will be remembered for his dramatic ability while at Providence.

Joe Watterson, star center for three years with the Friars, is now an instructor and football coach at the Seton Hall Prep School.

Phil Bulger is now associated with the Southern New England Telephone Company in New Haven. Phil's scientific ability should earn him rapid promotion in his chosen field.

Steve Nawrocki, captain of the 1928 football team, is now an instructor and coach of football at Durfee High School in Fall River. The Durfee team is enjoying unusually great success this year, due in no little part to Steve's football knowledge acquired from four years as a regular with the Friars.



VOL. X.

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No. 2

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Editorial

The Spirit of Providence

Ralph S. Daniels, '30

There are many things about a college and its collegians which seem to attract a considerable amount of attention. Some of these things simply satisfy the natural element of curiosity in an observer; others are a source of amusement for him; but there are a limited few that prove of real interest and serve as a standard in settling a much-talked-of problem. After all, nobody judges of the merits or demerits of our present system of education by the peculiarities of dress so characteristic of the college man nor by any such unimportant detail of his make-up; but every serious-minded individual is influenced in his judgment by the spirit which a college is able to make manifest in its students.

It is not without profit, then, for us to call to mind just what type of spirit is truly representative of Providence College, and to what extent it is characteristic of her sons. A college man, as we wish to conceive him here at Providence, is one who is concerned principally with getting an education. The primary purpose of an institution of learning is to impart knowledge to those who seek it; and naturally enough, anyone who allies himself with such an institution should be none other than one whose primary object is the acquisition of that knowledge. Regardless of the many misconceptions of the modern collegian which would classify him as anything from a social celebrity to a good judge of liquor, Providence College has her own opinion in the matter, by which she prefers to look upon him as a student, before anything else. Earnestness and endeavor and sincerity in the business of education are laid down as the first requisites of a worthy exemplar of the spirit of Providence. But they are only the first. A son of Providence is by no means limited to these; as a matter of fact, his credentials must include more than these. The others, however, are of many and diverse natures, and vary with the individual.

They depend largely upon and are proportionate to his capabilities, his natural tendencies, and the attending circumstances to which he must make his educational life conform. In a general way, however, they demand the same thing of everybody—that he devote all the time and energy he can reasonably spare to whatever bears the name of Providence; that he put his heart and soul, body and spirit, behind his college to the end. He must be a rooter, in every sense of the word. It is not of much consequence whether he wins the football game by a timely score, or whether he only yells for the victory. He is a loyal and spirited son as long as he is giving the best that is in him, and is giving it in the best way he can.

This, then, is the kind of a spirit that Providence College tries to instill within her men. Of course, she, no more than any other institution of her kind, has met with perfect success in her attempt. We are not so foolish as to believe that such an ideal spirit characterizes all within her fold. We do feel justified, however, in asserting that it enjoys more than mere prevalence. Experience and observation have taught us that the past has been founded upon this praiseworthy spirit; and faith and hope convince us that the future shall glorify the past—and that this same spirit shall persist as long as anyone is privileged to call himself a son of Providence.

Exchange

Carroll Hickey, '30

"Yesterday I came upon a rose,
Yesterday I roamed through books of fancy,
Rare old tomes and musty folios,
And there amid the shrivelled leaves of romance—
Yesterday I came upon a rose.

Petals sere and old and crumbled,
In your dust of long-lost years,
Can you speak and sing with laughter?
Or must you weep? sad pearls of tears. . .

Tell us not of sweethearts' quarrels,
Broken hearts and bitter, burning scorn!
Rather say they kissed forgiving—
Perhaps your stem has never borne the thorn?

I thought that I could never hold my course
On this mad stream of life, as on it flows;
But yesterday we met and as we parted—
Yesterday I came upon a rose."

—John P. Farricy

THE STYLUS

Whoever desires to read a collegiate publication of unusual standard should seek a copy of *The Stylus* published by the students of Boston College. Therein is contained all that we like to see in a magazine. Unquestionably the most praiseworthy feature is the poetry. We have quoted above some lines by Mr. Farricy, which indicate considerable promise, and equally commendable are the other metrical contributions.

While we were a bit disappointed at the paucity of essays and short-stories, we realize the difficulty involved in publishing an early Fall number. Our congratulations to *The Stylus*! Hold fast to your high standard—there are those who appreciate your fine efforts!

THE CATHEDRAL CHIMES

In the Summer issue of *The Cathedral Chimes*, we discovered an essay that won our attention—"Archbishop John Ireland." With deft touch this essay escapes from the brinks of the encyclopaedic and is turned into a work of art. "An Appreciation of Shelley" is well written, but much too brief. "Status Quo," a one act play, meets with our hearty approval. It is rare indeed that we have the opportunity of reviewing a play in a college publication. Very good, Mr. Price! Pen your name again in *The Chimes*!

Too much praise cannot be given the editors of the department styled "*The Chatterbox*." Humorous departments of the type usually found in college publications are decidedly out of place. However, we strongly recommend the continuance of "*The Chatterbox*." It is entertaining and unique and deserves a special commendation.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

A handsome cover, an enviable format, and a high grade quality of contents epitomize our concept of *The Purple of Holy Cross*. Of all the exchanges we have noticed, perhaps *The Purple* leads in the quality of its pure prose. The poetry, too, follows a strict standard of form.

We deem "*The Negro in American Literature*" a well chosen topic and presented originally. May we offer a suggestion to other writers? Why such a brief treatment in your essays and stories? *Brevi esse laboro*. . .

THE ST. VINCENT JOURNAL

From Latrobe, Pennsylvania, comes *The Saint Vincent College Journal*, clamoring for attention. However, this issue proved to be a disappointment. The literary matter is decidedly limited. The *Journal* would be (and we are confident will be) greatly improved if more articles and stories were inserted. While the literary tone might be improved with the aid of the alumni, nevertheless the real purpose of a college periodical is for student initiative and improvement. We anxiously await your future issues and hope for copies that will be similar to those that have characterized your true worth in the past.

Chronicle

C. C. Quirk, '30

LACORDAIRE DEBATING SOCIETY

Under the direction of the Rev. Bernard A. McLaughlin, O.P., the Lacordaire Debating Society has gathered its forces for another active year upon the rostrum. This society, which is open to Freshmen and Sophomores alone, has gained an enviable reputation by its scholarly presentations. Although the Lacordaire Society does not represent the college in 'Varsity competition, a schedule is in the process of formation which will enable a representative team to engage various college debating societies in the art of disputation.

The first in a series of weekly debates between members of the organization is to be held on the evening of Nov. 6th in the college auditorium.

The officers for the year 1929-30 are as follows: President, Joseph Meister; Vice-President, Russell Burns; Secretary, John Cleary.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Providence College Debating Society, representatives of the college in 'Varsity competition, is again actively preparing briefs which it will use in its future encounters with the colleges throughout the East. The society includes among its members such men as Ambrose Aylward, prize winner in the recent oratorical contest held at Holy Cross; Ralph Daniels, another veteran in the field; Leo Hafey, Richard O'Kane, and a host of others who have proven their worth upon the rostrum in years past. Although a very difficult schedule faces the organization, carrying them to all parts of the East, we feel certain that they will uphold the honor of Providence College as they have so ably done in past years.

On the evening of Oct. 21st, the question, "Resolved, That the United States should enter the League of Nations," was debated by members of the society in the college auditorium. Messrs. Arnold, Lough, and Canario, upholding the affirmative, carried off the verdict both of the judges and the large crowd which was in attendance.

The officers of the society for the present scholastic year are: President, Ambrose Aylward; Vice-President, Ralph Daniels; Secretary, Leo Hafey. The Rev. Bernard A. McLaughlin is Moderator.

THE
AQUINO CLUB The Aquino Club has organized for the year and elected the following men to office: President, Pasquale Indeglia; Vice-President, John Capobianco; Secretary, Mario Conte; Treasurer, Anthony Bellino. The Rev. Daniel M. Della Penta has been re-appointed Moderator.

A "smoker" was held in the college gymnasium on the evening of Oct. 25th for the purpose of enabling the new members to become acquainted with their brother Aquinians. The members are looking forward to a resumption of the monthly meetings which in previous years have been so productive of intellectual development and general good-fellowship. We extend to the Aquino Club our best wishes for a happy and successful year.

BAND
ORGANIZES In the past our athletic contests have been particularly devoid of that added touch which the presence of blaring trumpets, bleating saxophones, and booming drums gives to them. Often we have lamented the fact and our dignity has suffered not a little when we were forced to match our bandless cheering section against those of our more fortunate adversaries, spurred on as they were by the tuneful accompaniment of their smartly uniformed musicians. All this is now in the past for upon the morning of Oct. 20th the combined musical clubs met in the college auditorium and laid plans which would find their fruition in a fine brass band. Under the direction of Wilfred Roberts, '30, the organization is making great strides forward and we have fond hopes that in the near future we shall see our bandsmen forming the beloved letter P in front of the cheering section.

We take this occasion to offer our condolences
IN MEMORIAM to the Rev. Bernard A. McLaughlin, O.P., upon the demise of his father who passed to his eternal reward Sunday, Oct. 13th, 1929.

We also extend our most sincere sympathy to all those among us who have lost those near and dear to them.

TIE-UP SOCIAL The *Tie-Up*, the college daily, had the honor of inaugurating the social season of the present scholastic year with a dance and general "mixer" on the evening of Oct. 12th.

In the afternoon the Dominicans had held the highly-touted Canisius team from Buffalo to a scoreless tie and the large crowd, which filled the college auditorium to capacity, was in a festive mood. The members of both elevens were the honored guests of the evening. The college orchestra, under the direction of Frank Cappalli, '30, playing for the first time as a unit, provided the necessary musical stimulus to make the event an outstanding success.

The chaperons of the evening were Doctor and Mrs. Charles Carroll.

The committee in charge were William J. Keenan, '31; Francis J. Skalko, '31; Thomas A. Dodd, '30; Ralph S. Daniels, '30, and Charles C. Quirk, '30. The Friars Club also assisted the committee.

FRIARS CLUB The Friars Club is again active in extending the hospitality of Providence to visiting teams. Like the Friars of old, this society is ever solicitous for the weary travellers. A delegation is always present upon the arrival of the Dominican adversaries in Providence and this same group of Friars attends to all the necessities of the visiting athletes. It is very seldom that our opponents fail to express grateful acknowledgment of the cordial manner in which they are received. With this in mind we cannot help from wishing these Friars the best kind of luck in their future activities.

The newly elected officers are: President, Francis Coleman; Vice-President, John Krieger; Secretary, Thomas O'Brien. The Rev. Jordan Baeszler, O.P., is the Moderator.

PROFESSORS ON THE AIR The Fathers of the College are on the air every Tuesday evening at 6:45 at Station WLWL of New York. Father McCarthy, our devoted President, and Father Baeszler also gave instructive talks over WJAR in connection with the splendid program of the K. of C.

GUZMAN HALL During the past month, God commanded His angels to bring home the near relatives of three of our number. On Oct. 14th, Edward E. Carlson, '32 George Donahue's grandmother went to her

rest; on the 15th, Thomas Nagel's father,
and on the 17th, Benjamin Arend's mother.

Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.

At the first meeting of the Philomusian Society, a fraternity that has for its object the promotion of good-fellowship among members of Guzman Hall, the officers elected last May, viz.: Hugh McGinley, President; Clinton Gillis, Vice-President; Thomas Cain, Treasurer; Francis Schneider, Secretary, came into power—quod felix faustum-que sit!

Proving to supercilious Freshmen that the rules of some institutions serve a better purpose than affording lawmakers occupation, the Guzman Sophomore Court, on the evening of Oct. 18th, invoking Minos and Rhadamanthus, gave more than two hours to ascertain the innocence or guilt of the accused, and meted menial labor to those convicted.

Oct. 13th, the Freshman Banquet (i.e., given to the Freshmen by the Sophomores). James Quinn addressed the Freshmen; Lawrence Gaynor addressed the Sophomores. Father Level addressed all.

A little while ago, in the Gehennic pit at the rear of Guzman Hall, there raged a fire greater than usual. When Brother Piché, our cook, saw it was getting too large, he tried to extinguish it with his apron, which caught on fire. He called up the college to ask for boys to come put it out, but Brother Francis, who answered the telephone, was so excited he couldn't talk, and turned in a fire-alarm instead. The wagons dashed up, only to find the fire had died down. More than prayers and sweet words would have been said, had not Brother Piché asked the firemen in to enjoy beans and coffee. Their repast finished, they asked him to turn in another false alarm at four o'clock.



PROVIDENCE VS. RUTGERS

at New Brunswick, Sept. 28th, 1929

"On the Banks of the Old Raritan"

Outweighed ten pounds to a man, but never for a moment outgamed, our gridiron Friars succumbed before the withering attack of the powerful Jersey eleven in the second and third quarters, just long enough to permit the tallying of seventeen points and a victory. Rutgers exemplified the theory that a good big man can always defeat a good little man. Providence, playing brilliant football in spots, proved by its exhibition that Coach Golembeski and his charges seem destined to get somewhere in football reckonings. Prior to the start of the game Rutgers was favored to win by at least five touchdowns.

Providence received a bad break early in the game when Da Gata was forced to retire because of illness. The kicking vacancy was then filled by "Chick" Bleiler, who incidentally, played a great game. Bleiler brought the stands cheering when he skirted end for a run of twelve yards back from the Providence goal line.

Captain "Marty" Gibbons played a brilliant game, both defensively and offensively. A fifteen yard aerial from Gibbons to Mosca, late in the last quarter, was one of the features of the Providence play. "Dixie" Matthews, ebony-tinted end, was another Friar luminary.

To enumerate all the good phases of the Providence play would occupy more space than is available. Suffice it to say that every member of the team played splendid football. The new comers were unveiled in the persons of Charlie Mosca and Eddie Derivan, the

former from Paterson, N. J., and the latter from Pittsfield. Both men showed to advantage.

The lineup and summary of the game:

RUTGERS (17)	PROVIDENCE (0)			
Coursen, l. e.....	l. e., Matthews			
Knauss, l. t.....	l. t., McGovern			
Harris, l. g.....	l. g., Sweeney			
Crowl, c.....	c., Derivan			
Fischer, r. g.....	r. g., M. Zande			
Smoyer, r. t.....	r. t., J. Zande			
Julien, r. e.....	r. e., Jorn			
Greenberg, q. b.....	q. b., Bleiler			
J. Cronin, l. h.....	l. h., Szydla			
Stager, r. h.....	r. h., Gibbons			
Crossman, f. b.....	f. b., Da Gata			
Score by periods.....	1	2	3	4
Rutgers	0	10	7	0—17

Touchdowns: Rutgers—Greenberg 2. Points after touchdown: Rutgers—Harris 2. Field goal: Rutgers—Harris. Substitutions: Providence — Baeszler for J. Zande, Kalishes for McGovern, Foster for Da Gata, Minella for Sweeney, Ritter for M. Zande, Nawrocki for Derivan, Sweeney for Minella, Halloran for Jorn, Mosca for Szydla, Turco for M. Zande, Wheeler for Matthews, Sharkey for Bleiler; Rutgers—Latimer for Stager, Krafchik for Coursen, Digney for Julien, VonGlahn for Smoyer, Anderson for Knauss; Kiarkas for Harris, Hundfeldon for Fisher, G. Cronin for Grossman. Referee—Ed Thorp. Umpire—W. R. Crowley. Field Judge—A. W. Palmer. Linesman—C. A. Brumbaugh. Time of periods—Two 12-minute and two 15-minute.

PROVIDENCE VS. HOLY CROSS

at Worcester, Oct. 5th, 1929

"Anything But a Walkaway"

Urged on as though inspired, Providence caused considerable dissension in the functions of New England's wheel of football on the sunny afternoon of Saturday, October 5th, before the mechanism of the aforesaid wheel could be adjusted to the liking of the authorities who earn their currency coupons by picking football winners. Holy Cross managed to eke out a 14-6 decision, but only after four periods of brilliant football by both teams. For a time the possibility of a Friar victory held a crowd of 15,000 spellbound, as our gridders stupified the onlookers by an exhibition that bordered on the sensational.

Our well wishing Worcester rivals tallied first in the second quarter on a series of line plunges and end runs by O'Connell. Instead of the usual demoralizing effect coincident with a score, the touchdown only added fuel to Providence's kindling spark for honorable recognition.

By dint of a clever aerial attack the Black and White realized their first score of the year in the third quarter. Captain Marty Gibbons snatched a pass from center, retreated five yards, and then wheeled around to get a twenty yard pass off to Fred Da Gata. The latter, shaking off a couple of potential tacklers, streaked across the line for the score. It was a beautiful play.

To hand out praise is to mention the whole team. We must pause a second, however, to doff hats to the Zande brothers. Both played remarkable football. Bleiler, Da Gata, Jorn, McGovern, Foster, Derivan, Shea, Matthews, Sweeney, Mosca, Halloran, Wheeler, and in fact every member of the caste was a vital cog in a well spent afternoon. Before we forget, our Purple rivals scored the decisive touchdown in the final quarter. O'Connell was again the scorer.

Some four hundred Clinton admirers of Marty Gibbons paid tribute to the diminutive captain before the start of the game by presenting him with a check and a traveling bag. By way of expressing a token of appreciation our leader performed in brilliant fashion throughout the game.

The score and lineup:

HOLY CROSS (14)	PROVIDENCE (6)			
Kucharski, l. e.....	r. e., Jorn			
Fitzgerald, l. t.....	r. t., Shea			
Gannon, l. g.....	r. g., M. Zande			
Farrell, c.....	c., Derivan			
Weiss, r. g.....	l. g., J. Zande			
Pyne, r. t.....	l. t., McGovern			
Alzerini, r. e.....	l. e., Matthews			
Finn, q. b.....	q. b., Bleiler			
O'Connell, l. h.....	r. h., Gibbons			
Baker, r. h.....	l. h., Foster			
Griffin, f. b.....	f. b., Da Gata			
Score by periods	1	2	3	4
Holy Cross	0	7	0	7—14
Providence	0	6	0	0—6

Touchdowns, O'Connell 2, Da Gata. Points after touchdowns, Baker (placement); Miller (rushing). Substitutions, Holy Cross: Himmelberg for Weiss, Byrne for Finn, Sweeney for Fitzgerald, Miller for Griffin, Dougherty for Baker, Clark for Pyne, Fitzgerald for Sweeney, Baker for Dougherty, Colluci for Kucharski, Weiss for Himmelberg, Dougherty for Baker, Pyne for Clark, Manfreda for Dougherty, Nolan for Gannon, Fraser for Alzerini, Cavaleri for Fraser, Meegan for O'Connell, Brosnan for Weiss, Bergin for Farrell, Blaum for Pyne.

Providence: Tomassi for Derivan, Mosca for Gibbons, L. Sweeney for M. Zande, Kalishes for Shea, Gibbons for Mosca, Szydla for Foster, Drivan for Tomassi, Mardosa

for McGovern, Minella for Mardosa, Gallagher for Da-Gata, Sharkey for Bleiler, Turco for L. Sweeney, Ritter for J. Zande, Halloran for Jorn.

Officials: Referee, A. R. Dorman, Columbia. Umpire, H. R. Bankart, Dartmouth. Head linesman, George T. White, Boston College. Field judge, J. W. Lewis, Tufts.

PROVIDENCE VS. CANISIUS

at Providence, Oct. 12, 1929

Wanted: A Touchdown Punch

Always lacking that certain indefinable something that makes for a winning team, Providence virtually handed Canisius a scoreless tie game in their battle with the Buffalo eleven. Coach Golembeski's Grenadiers threatened the opposing goal line time and again, yet just when the final dash was needed to drive over the line for a score, something in the mechanism of the Friar speedboat would go amiss and with it would die our hopes for a win. As we see it Canisius should compliment herself on a moral victory.

Micky Foster, squirming, streaking, scintillating little backfield ace, gained a total of more than one hundred yards as his contribution for our cause. His work, showing typical football instinct, was brilliant. The Zande brothers were other towers of strength for the Veritas gridsters.

Captain Marty Gibbons glimpsed activities from the sidelines. A wounded ankle kept him from starting and "Chick" Bleiler handled the leadership reins.

Providence was in scoring position early in the first quarter by dint of some effective line plunges by Foster, Mosca, and Da Gata. A fumble, however, put a poisoned dart in our bubble of hope. In the second and third periods our team was in other positions to score, but the lack of a final drive again deprived our team of a chance for our first win of the year.

The lineup:

PROVIDENCE (0)	CANISIUS (0)
Matthews, l. e.....	l. e., Gallagher
McCormack, l. t.....	l. t., Delva
J. Zande, l. g.....	l. g., Reidman
Nawrocki, c.....	c., Connors
M. Zande, r. g.....	r. g., Norman
Kalishes, r. t.....	r. t., Goyette
Jorn, r. e.....	r. e., McNamara
Bleiler, q. b.....	q. b., Haskell
Foster, l. h.....	l. h., Bukaty
Mosca, r. h.....	r. h., Fischer

DaGata, f. b. f. b., Fitzpatrick
 Providence—Galligan for DaGata, Halloran for Jorn,
 Gibbons for Mosca, Sweeney for M. Zande, Derivan for
 Nawrocki, Szydla for Gibbons, Ritter for J. Zande, Turco
 for Sweeney, Sharkey for Bleiler.

Canisius—L. Connors for C. Connors, Quill for Has-
 kell, Guarnieri for Mistretta, Susty for Fitzpatrick, Ma-
 zuca for Norman, Mistretta for Delva.

Referee—J. F. Farrell. Umpire—J. S. Norton. Lines-
 man—W. E. Jameson. Time of periods—Four 13-minute
 periods.

PROVIDENCE VS. COLGATE

at New York, Oct. 28th, 1929

Colgate's Alma Mater Song, The Touchdown March

Writing accounts of losing struggles isn't the most agreeable thing in the world, so perhaps it would be best to shorten this account as much as possible. Look! Colgate 52, Providence 0.

The big red team blasted fanciful dreams of a Providence win in the first two periods by scoring five touchdowns. Then, just by way of exhibiting some more fanciful gestures at scoring, they continued in the second half to pile up the lopsided total of fifty-two points.

In justice to Providence it must be said that the team played well against a superfine opponent. While it is true that the Golembeski Dreadnaught looked rather sorry at times, it must be said that the fighting spirit in face of superior forces was commendable.

Those ever-trying, never-say-die Zande brothers, James, of the pachydermic proportions, and Manley, were the luminaries of the Providence attack. Our offense and defense suffered considerably by the absence of Fred Da Gata and Mark McGovern. Both men are laid low by injuries, *hors du combat*, as it were.

The summary:

COLGATE (52)	PROVIDENCE (0)			
Stromeillo, l. e.	l. e., Matthews			
Huntington, l. t.	l. t., Kalishes			
Doyle, l. g.	l. g., J. Zande			
Cox, c.	c., Derivan			
Gillison, r. g.	r. g., M. Zande			
Haines, r. t.	r. t., Shea			
Orsi, r. e.	r. e., Jorn			
Yablock, q. b.	q. b., Bleiler			
Hart, l. h.	l. h., Foster			
Dowler, r. h.	r. h., Capt. Gibbons			
Litser, f. b.	f. b., Szydla			
Score by periods.	1	2	3	4
Colgate	12	21	12	7—52
Touchdowns: Colgate—Litser 2, Reynolds 2, Malu-				

so 2, Abbruzzino, Duguid. Points after touchdowns—Lisser, Stromiello 3 (by placement). Officials—Young, Adams, referee; Walters, Williams, umpire; Drayer, Williams, linesman. Time of quarters—12 minutes.

* * *

A BULL'S EYE VIEW OF THE FOOTBALL SITUATION

We note with regret that our Black and White pigskin chasers have as yet to click off a win in the first four starts of the year. The first two games with Holy Cross and Rutgers gave every reason to hope for a victory indentation in subsequent games, but unfortunately fond dreams can be dispelled as easily as getting wires crossed in a Logic class. Once our flag carriers met those of Canisius, the flashy performances of the first two games were sadly missing. The Buffalo contingent was mediocre at the best, yet Golembeski's Grenadiers failed to impress. Several times was the ball in scoring position and several times did our team falter, waver, and then finally blow chances for a tally. Not so very good, we admit, but maybe better later on.

* * *

INTRODUCING THE SWISH ADHERENTS

Ere this book has been placed in the files as the best seller of Providence College, our basketball team will have made first moves for the current year. Coach McClellan, long by length and wide by breadth, plans to get the courtiers in the La Salle basketball sanctum by the middle of November. In the event that the appositives immediately after Coach McClellan serve to puzzle, let it be understood that the computations refer to six feet four inches of height, and breadth in proportion. We presume, of course, that the Frosh are the only ones who looked askance as they read the sentence. As far as can be learned from the B.A., booking agent, Johnny Farrell, some twenty games will be played. Five letter men from last year are available: Captain Stan Szydla, Larry Wheeler, Bill McCue, Chick Gainor, and Johnny Krieger.



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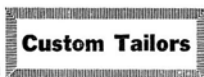


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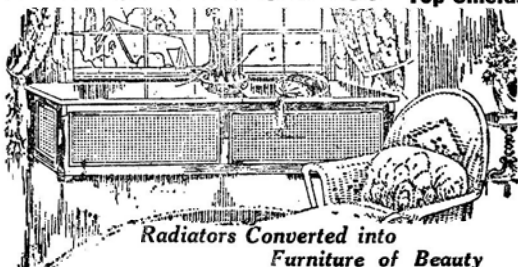
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