PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC

As the ALEMBIC enters upon this, the nineteen hundred and thirtieth year of Our Lord and the tenth of its existence, we take extreme pleasure in extending the greetings of the season to all our readers. You may be sure that our every wish for you is that the New Year will bring to you unlimited joys and blessings.

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Epiphany

Ad Partum Virginis adorandum Magi ab Oriente venerunt. Magnum sacramentum!

The splendor of the Godhead seeks
Theophany in infant eyes;
The Word of God eternal speaks
In childish cries!

Carroll Hickey, '30
The region in the vicinity of Old Cedar Swamp was, for the most part, deserted farmland with scarcely any human inhabitants. It was once an important part of the town of Morseville whose central village was situated some five miles to the northward, but as the industrial cities of the State had lured the farmers, one by one, from their unproductive lands, the district began, with the silent encroachment of the forests, to take on once more its pristine appearance. Through the heart of Old Cedar Swamp ran an old railroad track, its rails still intact, although years had passed since the echoes of the last locomotive had rung through the dismal marshes. The company had not removed the rails because the track through the swamp offered an emergency route in case of trouble on the main line. An exigency, such as had been anticipated, came in the middle of winter, when a blizzard sweeping snow and sleet before it, had wrought havoc with telegraph lines and unprotected trees, blowing them down, burdened with ice, across thoroughfares, and paralyzing traffic in general. Railroad service, too, was impeded by the storm, but finally a single track was opened up for passenger traffic, while the freight service was transferred to the Cedar Swamp route.

The storm had not fully subsided when the 8:20 freight crept cautiously through the swamp hauling a string of empty box cars. There was one car that was not quite empty; for it sheltered the person of Peter Larchmont, one of the ubiquitous fraternity, known euphemistically as "gentlemen of the road." Peter was tired, cold and dissatisfied with his position in life, yet he had no intention of quitting the box car. Every calling has its disadvantages, however, and the chief worry of a "hobo" is a car inspection, particularly on a cold and stormy night miles from civilization. Accordingly, the screeching of the brakes as the long train came to a stop was no welcome sound to Peter, even though the glaring headlight of the engine revealed a tree across the tracks.
Already, through the crack in the door, he could see the brake-man ploughing through the snow alongside the cars, lantern in hand. In the light of the lantern, the face of the brakeman did not seem particularly benign, and the meticulous manner in which he examined the interior of each car was far from reassuring. There was little time for delay, thought Peter, as he prepared to leave the car. Suddenly a beam from a flashlight struck him squarely in the face. There was another man coming from the other direction. Caught between the two, Peter jumped from the car and plunged, half-running, half-falling down the embankment to the swamp.

An hour later Peter was still plodding through the frozen marshes of the swamp, but by the rarest good fortune he had stumbled upon a long forgotten trail which, he surmised, would lead to some place of refuge. His feet were numb with the cold and his tattered clothes offered little protection from the penetrating wind. The trail finally led him up a hill at the top of which he could distinguish through the gloom the silhouette of a large farmhouse. Spurred on by the hope of shelter he hastened toward the building. As he approached he saw that the place was unoccupied. The old barn was falling into ruins while the other buildings were in various stages of decay. The house, however, was well built and had withstood the ravages of time far better than the other structures. The rear door was not bolted and it yielded easily to his touch, revealing a short stairway leading up to a large room. By the flickering light of a match the wayfarer discovered that the room was a kitchen of the old Colonial style with an open fireplace. Here was a better place than he had even hoped for, a house to himself and a fireplace in the bargain. Gathering wood and kindling a fire was but the work of a few minutes. Yes, even Peter could work in an emergency, particularly when the effort was all that prevented him from enjoying a night of comfort.

Peter’s newly acquired dwelling must have been comfortable indeed, for a month later he was still there, more prosperous than ever, earning a living (wonder of wonders) by trapping in Old Cedar Swamp. He was accustomed to living frugally, so that the income from the pelts, which, incidentally, were exceptionally good, was more than sufficient. The remaining months of the winter witnessed a metamorphosis of the erstwhile tramp to the bona fide resident of the district. He was a squatter, it was true; but as long as no one molested
him, what did it matter? In the spring he even planted a few crops and invested in a dozen chickens with the money he had saved from his trapping. He spent the rest of the season tending to his property, an entirely new experience with him and one that seemed to arouse within him a spark of latent energy. He had acquired a new viewpoint on life and he became imbued with a new ambition—to become the actual owner of the property; for he felt sure that the place could be bought at a low price. He worked harder than he would previously have believed was possible, in order to realize this ambition; and with the luck that is characteristic of the inexperienced he succeeded where so many had failed.

Two years after his first entrance to his domicile he walked into a realtor’s office, clean-shaven and neatly attired to inquire casually concerning the purchase of certain land adjacent to Old Cedar Swamp. The realtor could hardly conceal his joy at the sight of this prospective customer as the almost worthless piece of property had been on his files so long that he had despaired of ever selling it. The agent was quick to see an opportunity, however, and consequently negotiations were soon completed for the transfer not only of the farm itself but also of a certain portion of the swamp. Mr. Peter Larchmont was not disappointed in this bargain, however, for he had contracted a mania for possessing property even if it was more moist than necessary. Meanwhile he had also developed his poultry business to a great extent so that he was assured of a steady income throughout the year.

If he had been a soldier of Fortune before, he was indeed a favorite of the fickle goddess, in his new occupation. Scarcely six months had passed since he had purchased his farm, when, plans were made public for a new State road, which would cut through Peter’s land. The object of the new road was to replace the old post road by a more direct route. When the road became an actuality Peter was quick to see the possibilities of a roadside diner. He mortgaged his farm to raise the requisite capital, but the venture proved so profitable that he was able not only to discharge his obligations but also to invest in more real estate.

Perhaps he had some inkling of what was to follow for when it was rumored around that a great Power Development Corporation was interested in Old Cedar Swamp, Mr. Peter Larchmont was found to be practically the sole owner. Shortly afterwards the newspapers car-
ried the story of an obscure farmer who had recently acquired wealth by the sale of his lands, long considered worthless, for the new water power development. The reporters missed the most important feature, however, for little did they suspect that the obscure farmer a few years previously carried all his possessions on his person and traveled as an unwelcome guest of the railroad companies, and why should Mr. Larchmont tell them.

To-day perhaps you may drive past the country home of the Honorable Peter Larchmont (yes, he is a State Senator now), a magnificent villa overlooking the picturesque Cedar Lake. Yet few there are who can trace the rise of the soldier of Fortune to his present position of wealth and power.

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**Flight**

When Eris Iris to my study sends
To tear away the veil of time and space,
Unto ethereal heights my mind ascends,
And there I meet immortals face to face
And at ambrosial banquets take my place.

But soon my earthly corpse calls up to me,
Checking my fancy in its wildest race:
Then no more golden table do I see—
Instead, a textbook winks at me in fiendish glee!

*Joseph Meister, '32*
On Millet’s Painting "The Angelus"

The light departs; the day’s rough work is done;
   And from the distant dusky tower tolls
The Angelus: two humble peasant souls
On feet of faith far down the ages run
To greet the Mother and her hidden Son.
   Millet’s rough brush the rush of time controls,
   And gathers visions of the higher goals—
For man and wife in wooden shoon begun.

Roll back the curtain on this lowly scene
   To find the noble drama acted there:
Digging potatoes is no longer mean;
   Pushing a barrow makes the angels stare;
The sacks, the fork, the basket, all have been
   Transfigured by the alchemy of prayer.

Carroll Hickey, ’30
Alumni Notes

John P. Gorman, '30

The Alumni Ball, held in the beautiful new auditorium on the evening of Dec. 26, was a happy foregathering of loyal Providentians. Nearly two hundred and fifty were in attendance, and the committee deserves hearty congratulations.

1923

Father McGwin, O.P., is now professor in the sociology department at Providence.

1924

J. F. Colgan recently announced the opening of an office for the practice of dentistry. He is located at 59 Taunton avenue.

William Hoban is connected with the Chevrolet Company of Hartford, Conn. Will is the most enthusiastic supporter of the ALEMBIC from among the Alumni, having been the first subscriber to the publication each year since his graduation.

Frank McCabe is a prominent attorney in town, with offices in the Hospital Trust building, besides being City Sergeant of Providence.

Joe McGee, who was the Friar third-baseman back in the days of the infancy of the college, is now manager of the Biltmore Garage.

1925

James P. Clune is now engaged in the practice of medicine with an office at 664 Broad street.

John “Bun” Grourke was a recent visitor at the college. John attended the Canisius dance after the game.

Frank Holland, ex-president of the Alumni Association, is one of the most prominent dentists in town, with an office on Cranston street.

James Lynch, president of the Alumni Association, was married last June, and is now living on River avenue.
ALUMNI NOTES

1926

The famous Friar battery of Reynolds and Halloran, have chosen new mates. They have joined the ranks of the benedicts. Charlie is living on Tydnall avenue and Jack is living across from the campus on Eaton street.

Tom Cullen is connected with the Grinnell Sprinkler Corporation. William F. O'Connor is on the reportorial staff of the Pawtucket Times.

1927

Reggie Allen is pursuing his study of medicine at the Jefferson Medical School in Philadelphia.

June Bride is studying law at the Harvard Law School.

Tom Graham is the manager of a branch office of the Koppers Koke Company in New Haven.

Bill McCabe is maintaining his scholastic reputation at the Harvard Law School.

Joe McKenna, extraordinary impersonator of “Dad” Meehan, is the manager of a Kresge store in the city of gunmen and murders. Joe says that bullets are the big sellers out there, but it’s awfully hard to get girls who can remember the prices.

1928

We take this opportunity to extend our condolences to H. C. Cooney on the recent death of his father.

Jim Flaherty is teaching English at the Cumberland High School.

Bill Flynn is studying dentistry at the Harvard Dental School.

Jim McDonald is studying in the school of science at the Catholic University, having been the recipient of the annual scholarship.

Fred McIsaac is preparing for the priesthood. Fred is studying at St. Mary’s Seminary at Baltimore.

Frank Maloney has entered the second year of medicine at the Jefferson Medical School.

1929

We extend our sympathy to Joseph Tausta on the recent death of his mother, and to Frank Carr on the death of his father.
There can be no doubt that examinations, of one kind or another, are of extreme value to everyone. They are capable of being most efficacious, insofar as they confer to some extent the deserved reward of honest effort, or they serve as a censure where sufficient effort has not been expended in the proper direction. And yet, it very frequently happens that the thought of an examination provokes a disturbance of mind which is so disconcerting that its true worth is not appreciated. Perhaps it is because, ever since that first instance in which man was put to a test, the merits of which would decide his reward or punishment, there has been a constant realization of the restraining force that examinations exercise over us; or it may be due to the fact that that first instance and ever so many subsequent ones have proved too difficult for the weaknesses and frailties of human nature to survive. But, whatever the cause, the fact is that the knowledge of an impending test of their fitness to be or not to be is a source of perpetual fear to many.

This fear under which those to be tested so frequently labor may be either praiseworthy or reproachful. Under the one aspect, if it assumes such proportions that the evil consequences which might ensue, if the examination proves too severe, are despairingly anticipated, then it is by no means to be condened. For, in that case, the opportunity for timely application, from which strength and courage would accrue, is rejected; and failure is practically assured, before the emergency even arises. Under the other aspect, however, a reasonable degree of fear is to be desired. Here a moderately fearful concern for the consequences which will inevitably follow, unless certain precautions are taken, is one which stimulates to action, and is wholly productive. The difference between the two kinds of fear is that the former is discouraging and leads to an attitude of despair, from which no good can
follow; while the latter in the restraint which it imposes serves as a safeguard against presumption, and in the stimulus which it affords excites to purposeful action.

Of the two, it is evident that the second alone is to be embraced. For the purpose of elucidation, however, and for the sake of a practical application, it might be well to cite an example. Since we are here engaged in a distinctly collegiate activity, we can conceive of no better way in which to demonstrate our meaning than by connecting the thoughts of examinations and fear with the thought of college (which is not an extremely arduous task, especially at this time of year).

The danger is imminent. The semi-annual slaughter is about to take place. Those of us who have been privileged to witness one, two, or three of these momentous occasions, need little to remind us of their severity; those who have yet to experience their first “thrill of a college midyear” are soon to become aware of the fact that so-called examinations are sometimes scrutinizations.

Yes, we of that favored people, sometimes known as collegians, are truly faced with a situation that will try men’s hearts, as well as their intelligence. Why is this not the ideal opportunity, then, for us to exercise that wholesome fear with which the thoughts of the Ides of January should fill us? Let that fear so actuate us as to meet the exigency; but at the same time let us not forsake our optimism (those of us who are optimistic). Then we shall reach the medium of a happy, though not carefree, outlook, and examinations will be merely examinations.
"The mind too tired to think
Aches and swirls
With the clacking rhythm of wheels
On rails,
Frosty white.
And the swaying lights in the aisle
Work a gargoyle on the wall,
Grotesque, ludicrous,
Eating flame-food with quivering, gaping mouth.
In sleety slants, ice pellicles
Prick at the window pane,
Breaking the iron rime of the raucous wheels
That thump and bump within the brain.
Flashes of life in city or town
Whizz by.
Here and there
Thin threads of light, pale gold,
Seam together the big, black patches of the night.
Glaring lights, flame-color, hurtle meteor-like across the pane;
A switchman's face, splotchy with red and black is seen
Aside a swinging lantern.
Then darkness—
Fathomless—
Nothing but the sharp glide of steel wheels grasping steel rails,
Crunching the miles and crooning the ditty:
Clickety-clackety-clack,
Click,
Clack!"
We may neglect other magazines, but we invariably read avidly each issue of *St. Benedict's Quarterly*. The extensive and well-balanced contributors’ department is enticing and delightfully varied. It is difficult to decide the relative merits of the prose and the poetry. The poetic gem of the semi-semester we have quoted above. A *senatus consultum* of the *Alembic* precludes a too encomiastic citation of impressionistic *vers libre*, but these lines certainly are effective. In “Dreamwise,” Miss Pangborn proves herself to be a true linguist, and the pure quality of her theme is praiseworthy. “Across the lake, St. Croix, up the hill called Houlton, and one has come to my land. The road through it is a brown road that understands. It runs laughingly to find the highest hills and the deepest valleys; it gossips teasingly to nodding goldenrod and scrambling grapevines. The sky above the road is a blue sky that is steadfast. It coins lavishly a million stars and wraps itself in the flame of sunsets. The fields along the road are quiet fields that are promise-filling; they are green and a frosted corn-color. And the trees that watch the road are friendly trees. They fling protectingly their tangle of leaves and branches. Then there is shade on the road, and there is the lace of the wind in the trees. All this belongs to my land.” It is rarely that we find a periodical as pleasing as the Quarterly.

From the distant Philippines comes a stately periodical called *The Green and White*. In it we find much that is instructive, much that is entertaining, but —*flens dico*—much that is superfluous. The exterior appearance of *The Green and White* far surpasses in that respect many of our contemporaries. The first article that we read is entitled: “A Few Things About Love.” This is a philosophic analysis intended to be serious, but we hazard the guess that to some of higher estate in age and experience it may appear humorous. The author claims to be speaking *a posteriori*, but some might accuse him of an *a priori* method. Perhaps the best articles in this copy are “Plagiarism” and “The State of Catholicism in the Philippine Islands.” The former is a philippic against a present day evil; the latter, a clear and logical survey of the Catholic situation in the Islands. Taken *en suite*, *The Green and White* ranks with the best of our exchanges. While this issue seemed to fall a little below the usual high standard, we believe it is but a momentary lapse. (We might note for our friends in Manila that we hope they win all their games—except against Santo Tomás.)
The Purple and Gold of St. Michael’s in the latest copy at hand is far from universal in its appeal. We join in congratulating St. Michael’s and the Fathers of St. Edmund on the golden grain that has been garnered in the fields of education, but we feel that collegiate publication should be for student endeavours. The short-story, “If,” is an artless piece of work, and the poetry also in this overburdened issue is of an inferior calibre. We do not enjoy being critical, but candidly we found little to praise except, possibly, the Alumni Departments. May we suggest an Exchange column? We anxiously await your forthcoming number and the improvement which we feel sure will be effected.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following publications: Abbey Student, St. Benedict’s College; Anchor, R. I. C. E.; Beehive, St. Ann’s Academy; Birdseye, Birdboro High School; Blue and White, St. George’s College; Canisius Monthly, Canisius College; Chimes, Cathedral College; St. Joseph’s Chronicle, St. Joseph’s High School; Cord and Cowl, St. Joseph’s College; Dove, Mt. St. Scholastica College; Durfee Hilltop, Durfee High School; Ethos, Emmanuel College; Fordham Monthly, Fordham University; St. Joseph’s Gleaner, St. Joseph’s College; Green and White, De La Salle College; Gothic, Seminary of the Sacred Heart; Labarum, Clarke College; Laurel, St. Bonaventure’s College; Loyolan, Loyola College; Loria, St. Joseph’s College for Women; Maroon and White, La Salle Academy; Nazarene, Nazareth College; Northeastern News, Northeastern University; Ozanam, St. John’s College; Holy Cross Purple, Holy Cross College; Purple and Gold, St. Michael’s College; St. Benedict’s Quarterly, St. Benedict’s College; Rosary College Eagle, Rosary College; St. John’s Record, St. John’s University; Trinity College Record, Trinity College; Setonian, Seton Hall College; Setonian, Seton Hill College; Boston College Stylus, Boston College; St. Francis Voice, St. Francis College; St. Vincent College Journal, St. Vincent’s College; Text, Lowell Textile School; Torch, St. John’s College; Tower, Catholic University; Viatorian, St. Viator’s College; Villanovan, Villanova College; Xaverian Weekly, St. Francis Xavier’s College.
It was with distinct pleasure that we learned from the Reverend Bernard A. McLaughlin, O.P., that the Pyramid players are again organized and ready to begin work on three plays which they will present in the near future.

Harking back to previous years, we re-live the delightful moments spent in watching the work of the members of this Society. It seems but yesterday that we were thrilled by Nick Serror's Hamlet, Leo Hafey's Polonius, or Victor Gabriel's Shylock. The ability of these men as well as that of the other members of the society was attested by all who witnessed their character interpretations, and we feel sure that under the tutelage of Father McLaughlin we will soon be treated to another season of the fine type of entertainment which characterizes the performances of this organization.

Shakespeare has temporarily given away to more modern works in the plans of the Society. "The Little Stone House," "Fennel" and "The Bishop's Candlesticks," three one-act plays, have been selected for the first presentation of the Society. The following men have been chosen for parts:

"The Little Stone House"—Messrs. Conaty, LaCroix, McCarthy, Murphy, McGovern, McCormack, and O'Connor.

"Fennel"—Messrs. Hafey, Boule, O'Kane, Gaines.

"The Bishop's Candlesticks"—Messrs. Daniels, McGuire, Pendegast, Hackett, Dunne.

The Providence Club held its election in the auditorium on the morning of Dec. 11. The meeting was opened by Mr. Timothy Murphy of the Senior class who, acting in the capacity of temporary chairman, requested the students to contribute their best efforts in making the newly formed society a success. After his brief address Mr. Murphy called for nominations and the election of the various officers followed.

The organization selected the following men to guide its destinies...
during the coming year: President, Timothy Murphy, '30; Vice-President, Francis Flynn, '31; Treasurer, Robert Schiffman, '32; Secretary, William Carroll, '33.

Plans were discussed for future social activities and the enthusiasm manifested by the members presages a successful year.

We take this opportunity of extending our sincere sympathy to the Reverend Father J. C. Kearns, O. P., Moderator of the Alembic, upon the death of his sister. We also offer our condolences to William J. Keenan, '31, and James E. Mournighan, '32. Both gentlemen suffered the loss of dear ones during the Christmas Vacation. Mr. Keenan's mother passed to her eternal reward Sunday, December 29, 1929, while the demise of Mr. Mournighan's father occurred Friday, December 27, 1929. Requiescant in pace!

The Reverend Bernard A. McLaughlin, O. P., Moderator of the Varsity Debating Society has announced the completed schedule of debates to be engaged in by the Society.

The season will be auspiciously opened in the college auditorium on the evening of February 7 with Holy Cross College of Worcester, Mass., as the first opponent. Clark University, also of Worcester, will be met two weeks later at home. On March 5th, the Dominican debaters will journey to East Orange, N. J., to oppose Upsala on the latter's rostrum. The following evening Rutgers University will be met at New Brunswick. Springfield College of Springfield, Mass., will appear in the college auditorium March 14th. After a brief respite the team journeys to Worcester for a return engagement with Holy Cross. The final debate of the season will be held April 11th in the college auditorium with Colorado College offering the opposition.

We cannot help but grow enthusiastic over the delightful intellectual treats in store for us, and we take this opportunity of complimenting Father McLaughlin upon his fine selection of opponents and his equally commendable choice of subjects. With the wealth of excellent material available we feel sure that the Society will equal, if not surpass, its success of previous campaigns.

The schedule in detail follows:

Holy Cross College—Resolved: That the Principle of the Chain Store is Economically Sound.

Providence will uphold the Affirmative and the following men
will comprise the team: Messrs. Dodd, Daniels, and Aylward.

Clark University—Resolved: That the United States Should Recognize the Present Government of Soviet Russia.

Again the Society will uphold the Affirmative with Messrs. Canario, J. J. Egan, and Lough composing the team.

Springfield College—Resolved: That the Emergence of Women from the Home is a Regrettable Feature of Modern Life.

Providence will defend the Negative side of this question with Messrs. McGovern, Hafey, and Arnold advancing reasons for the return of the fair sex to their rightful domain.

Colorado College—Resolved: That the Nations Should Adopt a Plan of Complete Disarmament, Excepting Such Forces as are Needed for Police Protection.

Again we take the Negative and Messrs. Egan or Dodd, Daniels, and Aylward will endeavor to add more reasons to those already offered at Washington, London, and Geneva, telling why true peace depends upon an adequate defense.

The same question will be debated and the same side defended against both Upsala and Rutgers, on the road trip in March.

In the return engagement with Holy Cross Messrs. Cleary, Dugan, and Meister will defend the Negative side of the question, Resolved: That the Tendency toward Centralization in Government is to be Deplored.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

During the Christmas holidays many of the Providence College Clubs held their annual dances.

In the City of Mills, the Fall River Club provided its contribution to the season’s festivities with its social and dance at the Anawan Hall in the downtown section of the Massachusetts city. The affair was semi-formal and very well attended by the local collegians. Frank Cappalli, '30, our Guy Lombardo, with his Black and White band, provided the music.

The men of Providence residing in New Haven held their Christmas dance at the New Haven Women’s Club on the outskirts of the Connecticut city. As usual the affair was well arranged and proved a social success, with the native contingent of Providentians exhibiting the Friar spirit of friendliness and good-fellowship.

In the city made famous by the whaling boats which once crowded its harbors, the New Bedford delegation held its first social. Although this group was but recently organized, the manner in which they con-
ducted their initial affair bodes well for the future of the organization. The dance was informal and the number of students in attendance was augmented by Alumni and many supporters of Providence who reside in the town of Moby Dick.

GUZMAN HALL

Edward Carlson, '32

The Philomusian Club wishes to express its regrets and sympathy to Edward Lyons and Philip McGuire, who were visited this past month with the death of their grandmothers.

The evening of Friday the thirteenth, before an audience of Fathers Level and Smith, several Sisters, and those members of Guzman Hall not membered among the actors, the entertainment committee presented a vaudeville skit, "Christmas Gambols," composed by E. Fred Kelly, and a short drama, "Christmas at the Front," written by John "Vin" Larnen. The former made a well-balanced display of the musical talent in the Hall; the latter portrayed the psychological effect of Christmastide on three men of different characters. The efforts of the authors and those of their troupes were rewarded by warm applause, and the expressed commendation of Father Level.

To placate us for the loss of Andrew "Patrick" O'Bunyac, last year's polyglot, the fixed course of events has given us Edward Balla, who speaks fluently Bohemian, Polish, and Slovenian. Sorry to say, his mouth is copious enough to extend about the queer sounds of the English tongue, so that we never hear now any reminiscence of Patrick's "If I only knoo who vas id."

Through McGowan's skill as custodian of the radio, we are able to enjoy again whatever music and entertainment the East can afford. Thank you, Mac.

As yet Messrs. Lillie and Curran have publicly announced no decision of their most recent arguments, "Whether a person completely insane may truthfully be classed as 'man' ", and "Whether an inspired poet himself understands that about which he writes."

We regret that we have failed to mention that the victors in the handball tournament which was fought during November were: first place, John McMahon and Joseph Madden; second place, Michael Goldrick and Bernard Schneider. The lack of a smooth floor and wall, making it difficult to gauge beforehand the rebound of the ball, made the matches so much the more exciting for the players and spectators.
PROVIDENCE VS. NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
at Providence, Dec. 11th, 1929
Concerning a Basketball Debut

Basketball of the better type was ushered in auspiciously enough in the opening game of the year with Northeastern University. The Friars, passing, cutting, and showing skill in shooting, smothered the invaders 48-21 before a capacity crowd in Infantry Hall.

Coach McClellan’s quintet started off with a rush to grab an eight point lead. They maintained the margin at the end of the first half. In the second half after a slow start the Friars picked up until they virtually ran Northeastern to the boards. Passing that was electrifying to see, floorwork that sent a crowd into spasms of delight, and an exhibition of fanciful shooting were a few of the things which the well-trained Black and White quintet showed to vantage.

Bill McCue, rangy, left-handed forward ace, found the counting station for fifteen points. McCue was all over the floor flashing fine exhibitions of shooting and floor work. Larry Wheeler, captain of last year’s champions, also shone both on the offense and defense. Wheeler collected twelve points. Captain Stan Szydla, as usual, was the works of the defense. Chick Gainor, Smolensky, Welch, Cody, Burns, and Derivan, a host of newcomers, played well.

Herb Tiffany, high scoring invading forward, was the leading light for Northeastern. Several of his shots were of a high order.

The score of the game:

PROVIDENCE—48

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<tr>
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NORTHEASTERN—21

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<tr>
<td>McDonald, If</td>
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ATHLETICS

McCue, rf .......... 7 1 15  Tiffany, rf .......... 4 1 9
Derivan, rf .......... 0 0 0  Schrier, rf .......... 0 0 0
Wheeler, c .......... 6 0 12  Ransford, c .......... 0 0 0
Burns, c .......... 0 0 0  Fletcher, c .......... 0 0 0
Gainor, lg .......... 0 1 1  Calderara, lg .......... 1 0 2
Cody, lg .......... 0 0 0  Coughlin, lg .......... 0 0 0
Szydla, rg .......... 1 0 2  Rymph, rg .......... 1 2 4
Welch, rg .......... 1 0 2  Hassell, rg .......... 0 1 1

Total ............ 22 4 48  Total ............ 8 5 21

Referee—Parker. Time—20-minute halves.

PROVIDENCE VS. YALE
at New Haven, Dec. 17th, 1929

Just a Bad Spark Plug We Hope

Yale needled our varsity into submission in our second game of the year. The Elis, perfectly conditioned and well coached, outscored the Black and White speedsters 30-21. Despite the apparent closeness of the score the game was not interesting to watch.

Whether it was the long trip by automobile or not that affected the Friars we do not know. We do know, though, that McClellan's team failed to flash their usual flashy form. The floor work was poor, the shooting worse, and the condition of the players something to be deplored. Yale, on the other hand, was in perfect physical shape and fairly accurate in the shooting department. It would hardly look like an alibi if the opinion were advanced that a hundred and twenty mile trip by automobile never did any team any good.

Yale assumed an early lead by collecting six points before Providence touched the counting station. They clung to the slender lead throughout. Providence threatened momentarily in the second half but the gesture was impotent. Horwitz, opponent left forward, and Captain Nanry, were the stars for Yale.

Captain Szydla played well for our cause.

The box score:

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PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE VS. ST. JOHN'S
at Brooklyn, Dec. 20th, 1929
St. John's Five Subdues Friars

Providence was first to score on a pretty toss from the side of the court. This lone field goal was the only scoring for the first 13 minutes of play, when Schuckman evened the count on a toss from under the hoop.

Play was nip and tuck for the remainder of the period, with St. John's finally pulling away to a 11 to 9 lead at the half-time mark. Following the intermission the play became harder and as the Friars weakened from the rugged play St. John's surged to the front. The Rhode Islanders rallied in the latter half of the period, but were never able to overcome the lead St. John's had piled up.

The summary:

ST. JOHN'S—27 PROVIDENCE—20

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PROVIDENCE VS. COLUMBIA COLLEGE
OF PHARMACY
at New York, Dec. 21st, 1929
Friars Win Over Pharmacists 43-12

Providence started scoring before the game was a minute old, with McCue doing the honors on a pretty shot from the side of the court. Then followed a barrage of shots which left the Columbia outfit in a daze as the Rhode Islanders' point total mounted up. At half-time the Friars were enjoying a 26 to 4 lead. The only points made by Columbia in this half resulted from tries from the free-throw line.

Coach McClellan gave his subs a chance in the second half, with Derivan and Cody playing the guards, and Welch pairing with Smolensky in the forward court. This team, aided by the fine work of Wheeler at centre, ran the score to 30 in five minutes of play, and then the regulars went back into action to roll up the wide margin.
While all the Providence squad turned in fine work in all departments, particularly in defensive tactics, the performance of Cody was outstanding. He broke up every assault on the Friar hoop, and contributed one of the most spectacular field goals of the fray with a back-hand shot from the side of the court.

The summary:

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JUST AMONG OURSELVES

While it is yet too early to see or foresee our basketball team as an Eastern leader, we have every reason to expect great things from Coach McClellan’s proteges. Prior to the writing of this article the writer questioned Coach McClellan, Johnny Farrell, and Louie Imbriano, as to the prospects of victory in the majority of games. The trio, with the blandness of self-satisfied financiers, feel that at least fifteen of the battles should be won. Hence the news is broadcast through these columns that the students of our school will not be guilty of the sin of presumption if they spread the tidings that fifteen games are reasonably certain “wins.”

GAINOR JOINS REGULAR RANKS

In the opening games of the current basketball season, it was noted that Chick Gainor had been promoted to Eddie Wineapple’s former post at left guard. Gainor broke into enough games last year to win a coveted P, but served for the most part in a substitute’s role. This year he has been handed the assignment of holding down the other guard assignment with Captain Stan Szydla.

In reference to Gainor, let it be said that he is a very capable performer. Records show that he is regarded as a model citizen by his townsfolk in Troy, New York, and records also show that he is some
pumpkins as a pugilist. Chick occasionally enters amateur bouts. Let us hope that he will continue to please the citizenry at our basketball games.

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL OUR GRIDIRON WARRIORS!

In his fifth season as coach of the Dominican gridders, Archie Golembeski developed a strong eleven which was faced with the difficult task of opening its campaign against Rutgers and Holy Cross. Aside from the St. John's contest, the fine work against Holy Cross was the outstanding performance of the season. Defeated the week previous by Rutgers, the Friars fought Holy Cross to a standstill, and proved strong enough to score on the Crusaders. With the count 7 to 6, Holy Cross opened a running attack in the final minutes of play to smash through for its second score. Fred DaGata's score for the Dominicans in this game, resulting from a forward pass from Captain Gibbons, marked the first time that a Providence College eleven had ever scored a touchdown on Holy Cross.

Friars Finish Well

Weakened by injuries the Friars failed to uncork a scoring punch in the Canisius game and as a result had to be content with a scoreless verdict. Colgate, with one of the finest teams in the country, had no trouble in rolling up a high score on the locals.

In spite of these reverses, the Friars courageously faced the second half of their schedule and proceeded to hand out defeats to St. John's, Middlebury, and the Coast Guard Academy. In all three contests the Dominicans proved far superior to their opponents compiling 84 points to six for their rivals.

In the final contest of the year Lowell Textile showed unexpected strength to hold the Friars to a 12 to 12 decision.

The season's record:

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<th>Rutgers</th>
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<td>O'Shaunessy &amp; Cannon, 821 Hospital Trust Bldg.</td>
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<td>Joseph M. Tally, 506-512 Westminster St.</td>
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<td>O'Donnell and Co., Inc. 48 Custom House St.</td>
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<tr>
<td>KNITWEAR</td>
<td>Champion Knitwear Mills, Andrews and Water Sts., Rochester, N. Y.</td>
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<tr>
<td>LABORATORY EQUIPMENT</td>
<td>George L. Claflin Co., 72 North Main St.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Eastern Scientific Co., 51 Bassett St.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MARKETS</td>
<td>E. C. Lamberton, 302 Smith St., Providence, R. I.</td>
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<tr>
<td>MEN'S FURNISHINGS</td>
<td>Charlie O'Donnell, 60 Washington St.</td>
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</table>
Gibson's
CHOCOLATES AND BON BONS
Providence Made—Fresh Daily
PROVIDENCE    PAWTUCKET    WOONSOCKET

Bickford Engraving and Electrotype Company
20 Mathewson Street
Providence - - - - Rhode Island

College Hall Clothes
in Providence, here exclusively in our Men's Store. They are the authentic models for College Men.

Two Pant Suits
specially priced for extra value,

$32.50

The finer qualities of College Hall Two Pant Suits and Overcoats,
# Alembic Directory of Advertisers
## (FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS</th>
<th>Wright and Ditson, Providence</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M. Steinert &amp; Sons, 495 Westminster St.</td>
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<tr>
<th>NEWSPAPERS</th>
<th>STATIONERY</th>
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<tr>
<td>The Providence News</td>
<td>Weiss Stationery Co., 492 Westminster St., Prov.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Providence Tribune</td>
<td>Freeman’s, 79 Westminster St.</td>
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<tr>
<th>PLUMBERS</th>
<th>TAILORS</th>
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<tr>
<td>Macomber Bros., 28 No. Union St., Pawtucket, R. I.</td>
<td>A. Gilstein, 6 Pinehurst Ave.</td>
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<tr>
<th>PHOTOGRAPHERS</th>
<th>TUXEDOS</th>
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<tr>
<td>Mahr &amp; Melikian Studio, Jackson Bldg., 511 Westminster St.</td>
<td>Read and White, 210 Woolworth Building</td>
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<tr>
<th>PRINTERS</th>
<th>Waldorf Clothing Co., 212 Union St.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Providence Visitor Press.</td>
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<tr>
<th>RESTAURANTS</th>
<th>TYPEWRITERS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>St. Regis, 129 Weybosset St., Providence</td>
<td>Nellan Typewriter Exchange, 43 Weybosset St.</td>
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<tr>
<th>SHOE REPAIRING</th>
<th>VICTROLAS</th>
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<th>SLATE AND MARBLE</th>
<th>WHOLESALE GROCERS</th>
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<tr>
<td>Providence Marble &amp; Slate Works, 470 West Exchange St.</td>
<td>Brownell, Field Co., Providence</td>
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<th>SPORTING GOODS</th>
<th>WHOLESALE MEATS</th>
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<tr>
<td>Belcher &amp; Loomis, 122-130 West Exchange Street.</td>
<td>J. J. Rourke &amp; Son, 261 Canal St.</td>
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Providence and Pawtucket, R. I.

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PUBLISHERS OF The Providence Visitor
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Eastern Scientific Company
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Providence, R. I.

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NO FANCIES
NO FOL-DE-ROLS

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"Just Values"

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