

**THE  
ALEMBIC  
PROVIDENCE  
COLLEGE**

---

**Vol. XIII No. 6**

**March, 1933**

---

OFFICIALLY AUTHORIZED

# HOLY YEAR PILGRIMAGE

TO

# LOURDES—ROME

AND ST. DOMINIC'S COUNTRY  
 UNDER AUSPICES OF

## THE DONIMICAN FATHERS

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC  
 THE ROSARY MISSION SOCIETY

The Holy Father Urges All Catholics to Visit Rome and Other Holy Places in 1933-34—Decreed Holy Year.  
 Enjoy restful voyage at sea. Visit Paris, Bologna, Siena, Florence, Switzerland, and tour in St. Dominic's Country, the birthplace of The Rosary. Extension Tours arranged to Ireland, England, Germany.

**24 DAYS' TOUR**  
 TO LOURDES

**\$275** UP

**38 DAYS' TOUR**  
 TO LOURDES, ROME AND SWITZERLAND

**\$395** UP

ALL EXPENSE TOUR

## Sailing July 5, S. S. Aquitania

Make reservations at once. \$25.00 deposit secures choice accommodations.

FOR PARTICULARS SEND POSTAL CARD TO EITHER

**REV. EDWARD L. HUGHES, O.P.**

114 East 65th Street

Tel. RHInelander 4-4500

New York

OR

**INTER-CONTINENT TRAVEL CO., Inc.**

Tel. LExington 2-022 Open evenings until 9 p. m.

274 Madison Avenue

New York

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page		Page
The Making of a Mate.....	3	Alumni Corner .....	15
By Francis J. Sullivan, '34		By Edward J. Lyons, '33	
It's Fun To Be Fooled.....	4	Who's Who Herein.....	19
By Paul F. Connolly, '34			
What Do You Think?—Two Papers.....	5		
The Locket—A Playlet.....	6		
By Charles E. Mulhearn, '33			
Editorial .....	8		
Merely Players.....	9		
By Daniel J. Higgins, '33			
Checkerboard .....	10	Subscription, \$2.00 the year.	
Athletics .....	12		
By Francis J. Skenyon, '33			
George R. Tebbetts, '34			

*Published monthly, from October to June, by the students of Providence College, Providence, R. I. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Providence, R. I., December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879.*

*"Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized April 9, 1932."*



## Youthful and Stylish

# SUITS AND TOPCOATS

... that smarten up a man's appearance and will win the approval of the most discriminating observer. Carefully tailored and developed from fine fabrics.

**MIDDISHADE SUITS**  
Blues—Browns—Grays

**SAXON-WEAVE**  
Two Pant Suits

Outstanding Values At

# \$25

## The Outlet Company

MEN'S STORE

## The Making of a Chief Mate

By  
Francis J. Sullivan, '34

OUT of a cold north-east wind came the heralds of the approaching storm, first, as an occasional drop that had to be flecked from his weather-seasoned face, then as little rivulets of moisture that had to be decanted from his cap, and finally, when the wind freshened, as a deluge of water that drove him below for his weather clothes.

He had a feeling, a sort of an ominous premonition, that much work was in store for him that night, and he, Jack Monahan, was glad in a sense. As long as he had been First Officer of the sturdy, iron-plated hulk that had been so flagrantly misnamed "The Pride of Tacoma", he had never been called upon to exhibit the latent strength of leadership and courage so essential in an efficient ships' officer. Life had been kind to him these past three years since he had been graduated from Nautical School. He had been fortunate from the start, he was the first of his class to leave the beach, even though it was only as third officer of a coast-wise freighter. Then by a succession of "lucky breaks", he had been promoted to chief mate of the same ship. Things went on very serenely, too serenely for him, for being young he was naturally adventurous, and thus his secret glee at the change of the weather.

He had never had a chance to prove himself as a capable officer, worthy of the title conferred upon him by the owners of the ship, as a man to be entrusted with all the responsibilities that are entailed by the duties of mate, and he was anxiously awaiting the opportunity to convince himself and his employers that he was worthy of the trust that they had placed in him.

Upon resuming his post, he rang out the time, and went into the pilot house to get an idea as to the ship's position. On examining the charts, and the last bearing that had been taken, he was surprised and rather dismayed to find that they were less than thirteen miles from that notorious graveyard of ships, Diamond Shoals. This treacherous body of water lies off the coast of North Carolina and takes more than its share of ships in its cruel and relentless toils.

Cautioning his able subordinate, a hardy Swedish lad, to call him if anything of importance turned

on the starboard side was a ship evidently out of control, for she was listing heavily. Momentarily stunned, Monahan stood rooted to the spot. When he realized what he had seen he dashed into the pilot house and bolted down the companionway to the Captain's room. Rushing into the room, he rudely aroused his superior by yelling that a ship was in distress and was already in grave danger of sinking.

The skipper dressed hurriedly and was in no jovial mood when he raced up the companionway to the bridge. Taking command immediately, he ordered Jack to gather volunteers to go to the disabled ship. Picking his men from the group that swarmed out in answer to his call, Jack bawled out orders for the lifeboat to be made ready. In a few seconds, which must have been hours to the crew of the disabled ship, straining ropes were released from their pulleys and the men clambered in.

Smash! They were in the water and the real battle had just begun. The cross currents of the toppling seas almost drove them against the heaving side of "The Pride of Tacoma". It seemed minutes before they were certain that danger was avoided, and

then the business of driving their bobbing shell to the stricken vessel required not only all their physical strength but constant alertness. Time and again they were all but buried in a rush of water; time and again rose to the top of perilously steep wave and poised as if in mid-air. The men needed no coaxing to look sharp and make all speed. Finally they approached the ship. In an eerie

(Continued on Page 16)



up, he left the pilot house and proceeded to his mess-room to bring up coffee and sandwiches for his lunch. As he was returning to the bridge, he noticed that the ship was rolling more than it had been, and thus he reasoned that they were nearing shallow water. Then, in an instant, while he was fighting his way across the bridge a blinding flash of lightning revealed an appalling spectacle.

Less than a quarter mile away

## It's Fun to Be Fooled

By  
Paul F. Connolly, '34

THE art of magic possesses a peculiar fascination which makes it appeal to everyone from university professors to African bushmen. This universal appeal is not based upon merely the clever execution of tricks, but on the romance of magic—that glamor, that mystery, which surrounds not only the legerdemain but also the great magicians themselves.

From Cagliostro down to our modern Merlin, the lives of leading necromancers have been characterized by strange accidents and almost unbelievable coincidences. Back in the year 1817, a young French lad, Jean Robert-Houdin, was working as an apprentice to a watchmaker in Tours, when he suddenly fell sick with a fever. His longing for his home in Blois grew so intense that he could no longer resist it, so he left Tours and boarded an old coach bound for Blois. The road was rough and the long journey taxed the boy's strength so severely that his fever was heightened. He grew dizzy, groped to the door for air, and losing his balance, fell to the roadside, unconscious.

He regained his senses to find himself in the arms of a tall, gaunt, old man who proved to be the Count of Grisy, known in some circles as Torrini, the magician. Torrini was touring Europe with his "theatre-on-wheels". He took young Robert-Houdin to his wagon, cured him of his fever and in the years which followed taught him what he knew of the theory and methods of conjuring. Years later, after Torrini's death, Robert-Houdin made his long-delayed return to Blois, where he built a theatre and became the father of modern stage magic.

Such was the romantic history of Robert-Houdin—a history which finds many parallels among the lives of other leading figures in the world of manufactured mystery. And they have been charming raconteurs, too; they have left behind them many entertaining anecdotes of their adventures.

Harry Keller writes of an incident which occurred when he was assistant to the Fakir of Uva: "We were doing the watch trick—taking a time-piece from someone in the audience, passing it upon the stage in a platter, destroying both the platter and the watch in plain view of the spectators, loading the fragments into a pistol, firing the weapon at a target and bringing the watch, whole and sound, to life again upon the face of the mark. But on that particular day the target decided not to go through with its share of the performance. No watch would it produce. The machine was out of order. We had to work hard to save face.

"Disguised as an usher of the house I went down into the audience with the timepiece, hoping to be able to slip it unobserved into the pocket of the owner. He was sitting at a distance from the aisle; I found it impossible. I did the next best thing—slipped it into the waist-coat of a man who sat next to the aisle on the same row with the owner. Then I returned to the stage.

"The Fakir in the meantime was discoursing learnedly upon some subject. When I returned, the question of the whereabouts of the watch was brought up and a bell on the stage was summoned to answer questions; one ring for Yes, two for No.

"Is the watch on the stage?"

"No," replied the bell.

"Is it in the audience?"



"Yes."

"Is it in the first row?"

"No."

"The second—the third—the fourth—the fifth?"

"To each question came a 'No.'

"Is it in the sixth row?"

"Yes."

"Is it in the pocket of the first man in the row?"

"Yes."

"The eyes of the audience focused upon the unfortunate occupant of the seat.

"Look in your pocket, sir," said the Fakir of Uva, in his most polite, most persuasive tones.

"Go on with your show and let me alone," shouted the enraged seat-holder.

"But I pray you, look in your pocket," said the Fakir.

"The man obeyed and produced the watch. The trick, called in stage vernacular a 'life-saver', made a vastly greater impression than the one originally planned."

Every magician who has practiced his art in public can relate incidents similar to the foregoing. The success of many tricks depends upon the apparatus used and there are many instances to show how frequently the apparatus fails. The conjurer must always be on the alert for if a mistake should occur only his wits can save him.

The great Houdini was one of the most quick-witted of all magicians. An ordinary-sized man with a broad forehead, a small straight nose and a long mobile upper lip, he had no Mephistophelean mustache and goatee to attract attention; but the character, the intelligence, the great strength that was written in his face commanded attention. And yet this remarkable man was once outwitted by a little Irish turnkey.

Houdini had agreed to escape from a jail in Dublin. He was stripped and searched. Then the mild little turnkey led him to the cell, where in the grey-walled prison they made a strange pair—

(Continued on Page 16)

## What Do You Think?

### AUTONOMY OF ART

FROM the definition of the term Art, "the expression of the beautiful", it is evident that the artist does not create beauty but merely re-forms it. All art is copied from the pattern of Nature and is the individual artist's reaction to his contemplation of the universe, his attempt to portray a particular phase of the order and harmony therein.

Thus the purpose of the artist, whatever the medium of his art, is to induce pleasure in the mind of the beholder or auditor through his peculiar presentation of a harmonious combination of color or sound. It goes without saying that the creator or, in the stricter sense, the imitator, must keep always in mind the fact that the object of his creation is to induce and arouse noble emotions. The physical symmetry of the object portrayed will not permit its classification as artistic if the result of its contemplation is evil or immorality.

The discordant, ragged tempo of a jungle song calculated to excite and sharpen the animal passion may not be placed in the same category as a soul-stirring symphony because of the complete divergence of purpose. The former is unnatural, erotic, degrading; the latter noble, uplifting and true. The composer who, through manipulation of instruments, reduces to sound the sweep of the hurricane and the roar of the tempest, portrays to his auditors the majesty of Nature and its Creator. This conception is sublime, noble and true and is art in its proper sense, essentially moral.

The lewd and the erotic, as offered in many cases in literature and in painting, have found many defenders under the standard of that time worn shibboleth, "Art for Art's sake". The spokesmen of this school defend it on the ground that that which is real is true and that which is true is art. Their logic is unanswerable until we come to a definition of terms and, in the light of the established notions of true are here treated, the

speciousness of their argument is apparent.

The best example of the difference between the true and the false, in this particular, to my way of thinking, lies in the distinction between a reason and an excuse. The one that is true has as its *raison d'être* the ennoblement and uplifting of the human race, the other serves as an excuse for being lascivious.

To the woman who was guilty of the cliché, "I don't know anything about art but I know what I like", Whistler is credited with making the classic retort, "So does a cow". While we may deplore the viciousness of the rebuke, the principle must be sustained, namely, that appreciation of art must be intellectual. The subject is too abstruse to warrant the laying down of definite rules, and the application of the general rules must await the particular case, but the difference between the classic symmetry of an ancient Greek statue

### LETTERS

*Letters of business, letters writ in pain;  
Letters writ of passion, in a purple vein;  
Letters when the shade of death is on the plain  
Come and fill my desktop, day and day  
again.*

*Letters writ in folly, letters but to borrow,  
Letters always asking something for  
tomorrow;*

*Live letters, cold letters, letters of  
employ,*

*Long letters, short letters, letters crammed  
with joy;*

*Letters with a black mark, margin dark  
with fears,*

*Message of the grieving, ink o'erwashed  
in tears;*

*Pink letters, blue letters, love letters  
these,*

*Ardent thoughts beclouded by the whim  
to tease;*

*Letters—foolish letters from the marts of  
men;*

*Letters that congratulate, more that  
condemn;*

*But there is a letter welcome end to end,  
Just the glowing scribble of a favored  
friend!*

JOHN L. LACROIX, '33

## Two Papers

of Minerva, the messenger of the gods, and a recently exhibited bronze labelled *Bacchante*, depicting a naked wanton and drunken maiden, is sufficiently well drawn for me.

Walter J. Shunney, '33

### BORES

"A nuisance or infliction"—thus the ever-helpful Mr. Webster characterizes that type of individual generally referred to as the "bore". Who dares challenge that celebrated and practically infallible authority in matters of good usage and precision in matters grammatical? Surely not I, who finds difficulty enough in selecting even the most mediocre of words to express my equally mediocre thoughts. However, I am one of those extremely liberal and broad-minded persons who believe that there is some good in everything, widespread opinion to the contrary. To illustrate, I confess that there is, in my opinion, some good in even my contributions to the field of essay writing. How I justify this questionable bravado is irrelevant. The purpose of this effort is to show why I am convinced that there is a side to every proposition which can be interpreted as bearing some good. To be more specific, I shall show that even a bore is an essential factor in present world welfare.

Bores may be catalogued in two ways: according to the reactions of their targets, and according to the manners in which they dispose of their subjects.

With reference to the first division, let us consider some of the effects produced when the bore sets earnestly to pursue his vocation. Some of these individuals will induce the yawning state, when the hearers will apparently lend an attentive ear, all the while gazing idly about, looking for some object, no matter how trivial, upon which to center his conscious mind. Others will precipitate an almost uncontrollable impulse to flee pell-mell in quite hysterical effort to

(Continued on Page 16)

# The Locket---A Playlet

By  
Charles E. Mulhearn, '33

## CHARACTERS

A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER  
HIS SON  
HIS DAUGHTER  
AN OLD FISHERMAN  
APPARITION

SCENE—*The interior of a lighthouse situated on the edge of the shore just outside the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina; a gray-looking room with very common furnishings.*

*It is a moonlit summer's night in the early eighties.*

*A door at the back leads down to the beach; a large window on each side. Another door, left, opens into an inner room. A third door, right, leads to the lower stairway. A few feet below the left entrance is a straight-back chair; besides this, a small table supporting an oil lamp, match-container, etc., beside a table a writing desk. There is a couch in the lower left-hand corner; three or four books lying about on the couch, a sofa pillow is at one end. Directly above hangs an unframed painting of a clipper ship. A few feet to right of the couch is a book-case. On either side of the right entrance are nautical maps. To the left of this doorway is a chest, on top of which is a model of a sailing vessel. On a table to the left of the chest is an oil lamp; a rocking chair beside it. In the right-hand corner of the room stand three pairs of oars. A number of clothes' hooks are on the back wall of this section supporting oil-skins, hats, etc.*

*When the curtain rises the room is in darkness. JOAN, a plainly dressed girl, is seated on the door-step, silhouetted against the moonlight that finds its way through the windows and floods the doorway with its silvery whiteness. Directly ahead one may catch a glimpse on the moonlit sea. The sound of waves as they break unceasingly upon the shore is always apparent during the passage of the action. JOAN sits there for nearly a minute with a gaze fixed upon the sea; soon, voices can be heard as her father and brother approach the entrance, the brother speaks.*

PAUL—(jestingly)—Look, father, it is our lady of the moonlight!

THE FATHER—(surprised)—Why, Joan, have you been sitting here all this time?

JOAN—(languidly)—Yes . . . ever since you left. (She comes into the room, followed by her father and brother. Both

men wear grey shirts and black trousers. The father wears a seaman's cap)—There was nothing else to do so I thought I'd watch the moon rise. (She lights the lamp at right-forward.)

PAUL—I suppose you'd sit there all night if we didn't come home.

JOAN—I like it so much I think I would. You must both be hungry. . . . I'll have supper ready shortly—(she crosses the room and lights the other lamp.)

THE FATHER—We've had ours, Joan. We stopped into Jed Larkin's house on our way from the village. . . . his wife teased us so we just had to sit down and eat something.

PAUL—Jed said he might take a walk up there to-night, he hasn't been up this way for over a year.

JOAN—I'll be glad to see him . . . if you don't mind I think I'll eat, I thought I'd wait until you came home.

THE FATHER—(as JOAN leaves the room at the left)—Go right ahead, child. If we get hungry in the meantime we'll join you.

PAUL—(becoming very serious)—Father, have you noticed any change in Joan?

THE FATHER—(not quite understanding)—Change?

PAUL—Yes. I mean, do you think Joan has been herself lately?

THE FATHER—(walking to chair at right and seating himself)—Well, son, it's hard to say . . . some women's can't just help being like that.

PAUL—Like what?

THE FATHER—Oh, brooding all the time . . . worrying all the time.

PAUL—But I don't think she is worrying.

THE FATHER—What do you think?

PAUL—I've watched her many times . . . she acts as though she's waiting for someone. She wasn't sitting out there a

few moments ago just to look at the moon on the water . . . she was waiting.

THE FATHER—But whom could she be waiting for?

PAUL—Father . . . you have a pretty good memory. . . . How long ago is it since Len Kent's clipper-ship stopped off here before it sailed for the Indies?

THE FATHER—(uncertainly)—Why, I'm not sure, but I think it was about two years ago to-night.

PAUL—He always stopped whenever he passed . . . do you remember him rowing to the shore to say good-bye to Joan?

THE FATHER—Yes. . . .

PAUL—Wasn't his ship wrecked just off the Indies?

THE FATHER—That was the news in Charleston.

PAUL—And Len . . . wasn't he supposed to have drowned?

THE FATHER—That's what they said . . . This ship went off it's course a few miles from the Indies, struck a reef I believe—Len and all his men were drowned—his body washed ashore three weeks later.

PAUL—Yes . . . I remember . . . but after three weeks in the ocean it would be impossible for a body to be recognized.

THE FATHER—(solemnly)—Len was identified.

PAUL—But how? . . . you never told me. . . . Who was in the Indies at that time who even know him?

THE FATHER—A man you know very well. (Pauses for a moment)—Don't you remember that Jed was in the Indies two years ago?

PAUL—(dubiously)—Yes. . . .

THE FATHER—He looked through a number of pieces in a small pocketbook found hanging around Len's neck. There was a locket with a picture of Joan in it . . . I think Jed still has it.

PAUL—(amazed)—That's something I've never known. . . . Father, have you ever told this to Joan?

THE FATHER—I thought it best not to. I've only told her that Len is dead.

PAUL—Did she believe you?

THE FATHER—She seemed to. . . .

PAUL—(convinced)—And she does . . . but I think she is pretending he isn't dead . . . hoping that sometime he'll come back. That's what I mean when I say she isn't herself . . . she has forced

## LENTEN THOUGHTS

*Another God-given chance is ours  
To avail ourselves of His holy powers;  
To humbly approach His sacred throne.  
And to say, "Dear Jesus, Jesus, my own,  
I beg Thy forgiveness, ask Thy grace;  
Strengthen and bless the Christian race;  
Take my heart in Thy holy hands—  
I will ever obey Thy sacred commands."*

HERBERT F. MURRAY, JR., '35

herself into believing that he's still alive . . . don't you understand?

PAUL — You haven't heard from him—

JOAN — He was a poor writer . . . (turning to PAUL) — Tell me that you think he's alive.

PAUL — But he isn't . . . he would have come back long ago.

JOAN — (encouragingly) — He's just delayed. I know he's coming back . . . I know he's alive . . . he's got to be!

PAUL — Why . . . Joan!

JOAN — I love him Paul . . . you know I do. He promised to bring back a ring . . . we're going to be married!

PAUL — (looking at her for a moment sympathetically) — Joan . . . father is going to Charleston to-morrow, and—

JOAN — No . . . no! I shan't leave . . . I can't until I see Len. . . . He said to wait for him. . . . I won't go!

PAUL — But you would feel so much better if you went away for a while . . . the monotony of the place is turning your mind.

JOAN — I love it here, Paul . . . it's so peaceful and quiet—(pointing at the sea)—the rhythm of the waves is the only song I know. . . . To sit on the steps of a dark night and see the faint glow of a will-o'-the-wisp or the lights of a passing ship is all so wonderful. . . . so mysterious. All this gives me more consolation than all the kinds words a human being could offer. . . . Can't you understand, Paul?

PAUL — I do . . . (insistently) — But why don't you believe me when I say Len is dead?

JOAN — (fearful of the word) — Don't say he's dead! I want you to hope as I do . . . believe as I do, because I know he will come back.

PAUL — But if I proved to you that he died?

JOAN — You can't! . . . you have no way of proving (footsteps can be heard outside)—and even if you did I wouldn't believe you. . . . I couldn't.—(A knock on the door—JED LARKIN walks into the room—he is a white-haired old man; he wears a grey shirt, dark blue coat and trousers.)

JED — It was my hardest walk in a long while.

PAUL — Oh, hello, Jed.

JOAN — Good-evening, Jed.

PAUL — (starting for lower entrance) I'll tell father you're here.

JED — Don't bother him, Paul . . . he'll be too busy.—(PAUL leaves through right entrance—JED seats himself on the chest. JOAN sits in the rock-

ing chair)—I haven't been up this far, Joan, in over a year.

JOAN — I hardly ever leave the house.

JED — I suppose you miss Len stopping off here and saying good-bye as he always did.

JOAN — Why yes . . . I do.

THE FATHER — (slowly) — I do now. . . .

PAUL — She won't leave this place she's gone to the village only twice in the last year, and to-night, when you asked her to come with us she quietly refused. She's waiting for Len, father . . . he'll never come, and we can't let her go on like this. She'll go insane . . . what shall we do?

THE FATHER — (lost for words) — I . . . don't know.

PAUL — You're going to Charleston to-morrow, take Joan with you—let her stay with your sister awhile . . . she'll forget everything in a week.

THE FATHER — I think I might, Paul — (rises)—but don't act so worried yourself . . . life is full of mystery . . . youth looks upon the lesser things of life as great troubles.

PAUL — But it is something serious!

THE FATHER — Joan will be all right in a while. . . .

PAUL — But she's getting worse all the time . . . she speaks more about him every day!

THE FATHER — Speaks? . . . Why, she has never mentioned his name to me!

PAUL — She has to me. . . .

THE FATHER — Then I'll take her to Charleston—(Walks towards lower entrance)—I'm going up to the tower to see if everything's all right. . . . Are you coming?

PAUL — (dolefully) — I might as well. (As soon as THE FATHER and PAUL

have left, JOAN walks into the room as though expecting to see them. . . . Realizing she is alone she walks hurriedly to the outer door and stands there looking out on the sea. She is still watching when PAUL enters the room. He takes one of the nautical maps off the wall, and is about to go through the doorway when she moves . . . he sees her.)

PAUL — (calling to her) — Joan!— (she turns about slowly, but doesn't answer. PAUL walks towards her)—Why, Joan . . . what's the matter? . . . Tell me! — (JOAN doesn't speak) — You're . . . waiting for someone?

JOAN — (rather hopelessly) — I'm waiting for Len.

PAUL — But you know that Len is dead.

JOAN — Dead?

PAUL — Why, yes . . . he's been dead for two years . . . father and I have told you many times.

JOAN — I know . . . but the news of his death was only a report . . . no one ever proved it?

JED — I've been intending to get up here for a long while—(takes the lockset from his pocket)—you see, I wanted to give you this . . . (hands JOAN the lockset) . . . I thought you'd want to keep it.

JOAN — (surprised, as she opens the lockset)—This is the lockset I gave Len. Where did you get it? Why did he give it to you?

JED — Give it to me . . . why Len is—(suddenly re-realizes her state of mind) He gave it to me in the Indies . . . He wanted me to give it to you . . . he was afraid of losing it.

JOAN — Oh . . . what is he doing now? Is he still in the Indies?

JED — Why . . . yes.

JOAN — What did he say? . . . When will he be back?

JED — He was very busy. . . . He expected to leave for home in a short while.

JOAN — (fastening the lockset around her neck)—Paul said he heard he was dead . . . did you ever hear anything like that?

JED — Well, no . . . of course I was there a long time ago . . . he might have died since—(PAUL enters.)

PAUL — Dad's very busy fixing one of the lamps, Jed. He said he'd stop in and say hello on his way to Charleston to-morrow. (JOAN draws back at this.)

JED — I'm well rested now anyway . . . (he rises) . . . I'd better start

## DREAM FOR MARCH

*I dreamed last night of an emerald isle,  
Where the hardy shamrock grows;  
And rugged fields rolled through my  
thoughts,*

*And I saw the humble rows  
Of simple homes where good folk live,  
And the roads where good folk walk,  
And I heard the softness of pleasant  
words*

*Such as rise when good folk talk,  
Though the dream soon fled, I can never  
shed*

*The memories which entered my sleepy  
head.*

HERBERT F. MURRAY, JR., '35

(Continued on Page 17)





# EDITORIALS

## STAFF

Editor.....	Walter J. Shunney, '33
Asso. Editors. {	Henry F. Jason, Jr., '33
	Paul F. Connolly, '34
Advertising Mgr.	Gordon F. Harrison, '35
Asst. Advertising Mgrs.,	Francis X. Farrell, '35
	Michael J. McGarry, '36
Drama.....	Daniel J. Higgins, '33
Campus Chronicle,	William D. Haylon, '34
Athletics..... {	Francis J. Skenyon, '33
	George R. Tebbetts, '34
Circulation Mgr.,	Charles E. Mulhearn, '33
Business Mgr.....	Edward J. Lyons, '33

### A FRIENDLY DISPUTE

For centuries philosophers have been airing their opinions for the encouragement and enlightenment of interested students. Carrying on a worthwhile tradition in true fashion, our philosophy department is presenting a disputation which we know we are going to enjoy. With the doctrines of pre-eminent thinkers lighting the way to truth, and with our students maintaining all the intent and purpose of true philosophers this group will consider the question: Is everything that exists good? Knowing the men engaged to take part in and realizing the possibilities of the dispute, we can prepare for a thoughtful morning, March sixth.

In spirit we can go back to those dramatic occasions when the fate of a great faith, and the mental peace of countless people depended upon the brilliance of some besieged philosopher. Attacks at the heart of faith, by men of evil genius,

summoned all the courage and mental resources to the defense of an inviolable doctrine. St. Thomas and other Christian thinkers answered all pertinent philosophical questions of their age, and such was the solidity of their tenets that they stand before the world as the true and lasting philosophy which must live in the hearts of men for all time.

Experience has taught mankind to accept truth, but even today mental pride prompts men to refute theories and truths which sound education and thought make evident. This unfortunate circumstance is the result of divergent training and illicit philosophical speculation. Confusion will arise from unwise speculation, and out of the hodge-podge of misconstrued theories will ever emerge doctrines which cannot live in the light of truth.

Great joy accompanies the realization of truth. Although the disputation will introduce old principles, we will still feel the thrill of something fundamental being brought to an open mind. We wish the disputers the best of luck. May wily questions not deceive or confuse the defender, and may the objectors, in failing, know that they are attacking a doctrine which is unassailable, and through that realization attain a mental comfort which will serve them in good stead.

### MARCH

#### *Daffodils*

*That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets  
dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath.*

Wailing winds that moan through the swaying, passionately embraced trees. Fantastic figures in the skies and dawning light which give promise of brighter shadows and warmer days. March is a month of turmoil and confusion when

Nature breaks from a dull lethargy, which is at once marvelous and devastating, into a transitional period alive with swirling winds and rampant rain.

Poets have long striven to catch the mood of early spring with dashing metre and deft phrase:

*The stormy March has come at last  
With winds and clouds and changing  
skies*

*I hear the rushing of the blast  
That through the snowy valley flies.*

In spring there is something of revived hope and returning spirit which makes for greater appreciation in life. It is well that there is that renewed manifestation of activity in depressed times. For there is little doubt that the rigors of winter add a burden to repressed and saddened souls.

Nature is going to give us better days. It is our fond hope that the man-made world will react to such fundamental example and look to a greater peace and prosperity than has been known in the very dismal days of the immediate past.

### A GREAT TRUST

The eyes of the world will be on the new national administration this month. In trying times like these it is not an enviable position for any political party. The economic chaos, having demoralized millions of people, has occasioned a loss of courage which will retard many restorative measures. Able leadership and sound policies are necessary to restore the American esprit de corps which has been lost through inability and indecision.

This country should profit by bitter experience. Too long have we maintained an unjustifiable national pride. We have been forced to realize that as a nation we are not above and apart; that we are not free from economic cycles; and that our financial structure is not impregnable.

We are approaching the eve of a "new deal." It is our hope that this reshuffle will be in keeping with the American ideal and tradition of playing the game. As college men we, with the rest of American youth, are vitally interested in the sanctity and solidity of American life. It is to our advantage to have a stable, progressive country, the home of contentment and enterprise. We have no desire to be involved in the throes of an economic crisis which discolours our present and jeopardizes our future.

The new administration can well be-

(Continued on Page 18)

## MERELY PLAYERS

*"All the world's a stage.  
And all the men and women merely players"*

By Daniel J. Higgins, '33.



On March 7th the students of this college and, for the first time, their friends, will have an opportunity to attend a scholastic disputation, to be given in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas, the undisputed leader of scholastic thought. Perhaps the reader will wonder what this announcement is doing in the dramatic department of the Alembic and will seek to establish a connection between this event and the drama. The answer is that while we cannot, in a strict sense, consider this disputation to be drama, it is of a dramatic nature.

We are all aware that every play, due to its plot seeks to solve some sort of problem. In most instances these problems are associated with some human emotion. Like the drama, the disputation is concerned with a problem but it is not emotional; rather it transcends the emotions and enters the pure realm of abstract thought. The argument of the drama is informal and is submerged in the story portrayed by the characters, while in the disputation it is clear cut and is not subservient to any other feature.

This analogy, I hope, will suffice to show the connection between the scholastic circle and the legitimate drama. In addition to the features pointed out, this event will contain all the suspense, intensity and eloquence so necessary to things of a theatrical nature and in the last analysis will differ only in its formal method of presentation.

It is our sincere hope that this function will be well patronized and we guarantee that the barrage of arguments provided by the objectors and defenders on the subject of Good and Evil will produce intellectual pleasure which is second to none.

### Pyramid Players

Through various channels the news has trickled into this department that the Pyramid Players will attempt the production of Bulwer Lytton's "Richlieu" (it does not rhyme with Waterloo). This drama, whose central figure is the French cardinal more famous in general fame for his political prowess than his ecclesiastical activities, was included in Walter Hampden's repertoire two seasons ago. In it Hampden achieved a distinct success and his characterization of Richlieu was but little short of perfection. Mr. Hampden, however, did not use the original version of the play, but one prepared for him by Arthur Goodrich, who successfully eliminated the stilted phrases and florid lines of Lord Lytton and rendered them more practical for a modern dramatic presentation. The Goodrich version, according to authorities on good drama, did not sacrifice any of the play's lyric beauty and further succeeded in

clarifying the main theme of the play.

Whatever version the Pyramid Players chose, we feel confident that their presentation will be comparable to their successful efforts in "Macbeth", although we hope, that for the pleasure of the audience and for the benefit of the players themselves, that the Goodrich version will be used. In its original form the play is hardly a departure from Shakespearean drama but with the use of the modern version such a departure will be achieved and should be gratefully received by the audience.

We are naturally interested in the success of our own group of players, and a recent experience has convinced us that every effort must be used to keep our own theatrical work in the van.

During a temporary lull in the local professional drama I witnessed the presentation of the Sil-Vara play "Caprice". This production was sponsored by the Paravent Players and presented at their playhouse. Never having seen this group, but knowing them by reputation I anticipated an enjoyable evening of amateur drama. Nor was I disappointed; in fact I was agreeably surprised at every aspect of the entire production.

The cast was well chosen and acted with such precision that had I not known the nature of this organization I would scarcely have suspected them of amateurism. Generally a cast, whether amateur or professional, is afflicted with one or more stars whose superior abilities, by way of contrast, draw the approbation of the audience and somehow destroy the balance of the entire production. But not so in this instance. Here I could not honestly point to any one actor and say that he was alone responsible for the play's perfection but rath-

(Continued on Page 18)



# CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34



How do you do-o-o-o. Here we are back to our old style . . . it seems good for a change . . . one doesn't have to be so careful about the words he uses and the things he says . . . and we should have plenty of things to say . . . thanks to those who arranged the Alumni Ball in such a clever manner . . . Coaches Bride and McGee and Professors O'Neill and Dillon seemed to be just the boys for the jobs . . . Of course, they weren't the only ones but we just knew that they would fix things up in great shape . . . It was worth bringing your girl all the way from Fall River or New Bedford or wherever you did bring her from, wasn't it? . . . Joe Maguire thought it was even better to attend alone . . . We wished that he had brought his little "Mickey" and then he would have concentrated his attack on someone else . . . not that that anyone was jealous of him but he was an annoyance . . .

We do not intend to trouble you with news about the ball but it was a great affair . . . Maybe all we should say was that it came and it has gone . . . but the trouble is that it took a long time for it to go for some of the boys . . . We mean that they couldn't stop talking about it . . .

Johnny Glennon was right in his glory and why shouldn't he be . . . the only thing that we hold against Johnny was that remark he made to a poor soul who pretty near fell in a mud puddle . . . Kit was all right though, John . . . she's a good

kid and we like her . . . Your roommate, Matthew, says he had a nice looking girl on his arm for the night, too . . . For some unknown reason, we met so many of them, we don't seem to recall her any too well . . . but we thank her anyway for asking to be remembered to us in her letter . . . We will remember you the next time, that is a certainty . . . that's making a date for you, O'Malley . . .

"Drooler" Riley was there also . . . by "Drooler" we mean good old Tom of La Salle fame . . . we have called him that ever since he drooled all over Roberge one night out at Hillsgrove . . . Anyway he was there doing the five hundred and thirty-six all evening . . . and poor Murphy could only get up to three ninety-eight . . .

Speaking of the four hundred we were astounded to see Frank Delaney jumping around as he did . . . One would expect to see him serene and unbothered by all the fun, but you may take it from us he had plenty of fun that night . . . we say we were astounded to see him do the four hundred but when we saw him walk in the basketball game that was too much . . . Let's take a half a dollar, will you, Frank? . . .

Now that we are on the subject of basketball would it be too rude to let everyone know that only one hundred and twenty-seven students saw that game? That is authentic, from the A. A. office, and after taking an hour or so to figure it out, we get the result that that is possibly one seventh of the enrollment of the student body . . . if Mr. Donovan (who aided us greatly in learning the correct English that we use) will permit us for once, to say that the showing was pediculous . . . Now, of course, there were some of the boys who knew

that the school was going to go in the hole so they figured they would help out . . . Ralph Brennan trotted along . . . then Tommy Griffin, who not so many years ago would blush if he walked in the hall as he did last night, did the loyal thing . . . Then Teddy LeBlanc and Brud Calahan came along closely following two playmates . . . and then the crowd went into hysterics for beauty as it was never seen before entered the portals of the gym . . . one of the most beautiful girls we have ever seen all wrapped up in her new fur coat entered the hall . . . the eyes of the crowd were focused not upon the girl, for they were all waiting to see who was the lucky man . . . Who could be so fortunate to have a girl such as that and when he came the crowd was still for a moment, it seemed as though they were saving for what came afterwards . . . It was none other than good old MOON TEBBETTS . . . and then the crowd roared . . . After this we suppose he will be around telling everyone that somebody owes him two bucks . . . Well, we'll beat you to it . . . we'll tell everybody and what's more we'll tell you that it probably will be a long time before you will see it again . . .

And that brings to our mind that for the first time we can recall we are forced to criticize our colleagues . . . In last month's issue of this magazine a most serious mistake was made . . . We don't know who is too blame but by now he probably realizes his mistake . . . Why in the world the editor put pictures of the three homeliest men in the school on the same page we can not understand . . . It certainly did not add to the attractiveness of the issue to open up the sporting page and see staring you in the face, Reilly, Tebbetts and Skenyon . . . the last named was bad enough . . .

Cranston was also well represented at the late ball . . . We expected Gould but "Swede" Ohren surprised us . . . the red head is a good hearted chap too . . . John Murphy will vouch for that . . .

Oc Perrin was also very nice . . . that is, he was very kind to us . . . just a true friend . . . Many times

we looked at him and he was about to scream, but then he would say, "Oh, what does it matter"...and after all, you with the funny name, what does it matter?...

And now we have a sad, sad story to tell you...it starts 'way back when O'Malley and Maguire were Freshmen...three long years ago and they have always been pals until just the other day when they parted...Matt told us all about it and it brought tears to our eyes to think that one who had been so good to another had to get the worst of it after all... We hope that it is not too late for him to begin anew...Three years ago Matt met Joe...both are singers and the youngster Maguire had ideas of being a stage performer...he begged his newly made pal to aid him in getting into the theatrical world and so Matt tried and for three years O'Malley has been holding himself back in an effort to make something out of the young fellow...Matt said that for a while Joe seemed to be pro-

gressing but the pay off came when they sang on the radio...They did pretty well at the ball but when we turned on the radio we discovered why Matt was sore...we don't blame Matt a bit now for planning to go off by himself and perform...for all we could hear Maguire yelling was oo-oo-oo...and then he would shout something about an echo and then he couldn't continue and would just holler as though he was in pain oo-oo-oo... You did your best, Matt, but you certainly were not rewarded...

We were introduced to Jack O'Brien the other day...he happens to be the gentleman who has charge of Healy and Adamick... we asked him for some dope and he let us in on a little secret...he said that Mutt and Jeff (as he calls the two of them) were on the outs...He said that Joe was always complaining and when he inquired the reason all he could get out of him was that every time Joe gets to bed and sound sleep he is disturbed when Healy comes in

with that swish-swish-swish noise that he makes with a shirt he wears that comes down to about his ankles...We were wondering what that white cloth was that was showing below his trouser leg the other day...Paul "Shirt" Healy it's got to be from now on...It is a good thing that he didn't go to the ball or he would probably have been "Stiff Shirt"...

"Chief" Marsella has pulled a lot of fast ones around this institution in the past few years so really anything he does out of the ordinary doesn't bother us much anymore...we did get quite a kick though when we saw the Burrillville bus stop down on Smith Street...for out jumped the slugger running to beat the band and the conductor yelling his head off for him to stop...the Chief was putting the fare on the cuff...Smart boy...He didn't even get the consent of the conductor...You should always be polite anyway, Chief...

(Continued on Page 18)

## Providence Visitor Press

PRINTERS OF

College Publications

PUBLISHERS OF

The  
Providence Visitor

AMERICA'S LARGEST and BEST

CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER

## O'DONNELL & CO., Inc.

THOMAS E. O'DONNELL  
President

JOHN F. O'DONNELL  
Treasurer

## INSURANCE

OF ALL KINDS

1419 INDUSTRIAL TRUST BUILDING  
111 WESTMINSTER STREET

Providence, R. I.

ESTABLISHED BY THOMAS E. O'DONNELL IN 1894

# ATHLETICS

George R. Tebbetts, '34

Francis J. Skenyon, '33



With the basketball season slowly drawing to a close, we feel that at this time we are quite justified in commenting upon the splendid record achieved by the varsity quintet. After a rather discouraging start, which saw the team suffer three defeats at the hands of Dartmouth, Yale, and St. Johns of Brooklyn, the club showed a complete reversal of form. Following the disastrous debut, which seriously threatened our prestige among the elite of Eastern basketball clubs, the Friar five started a winning stride which carried them through eight straight games, climaxing their victories with a decisive triumph over St. John's to avenge the defeat administered earlier in the season. Included in these triumphs were victories over the strong Manhattan College five, the Massachusetts State quintet, New Hampshire State and other equally strong rivals.

Such a record deserves not only more than passing mention, but it merits the support of those who are interested in perpetuating college athletics. Somewhere along the line this support, especially from the student body, has become dormant. It seems to be a fact, strange but true, that the student body of Providence no longer desire to have the college represented by a basketball club in inter-collegiate activities. No other conclusion can be drawn from the attendance at the basketball games

played on the home court this season. Out of a student body of over seven hundred young men, we venture to say that less than one half have given their support to the Friars during this basketball season. The recent St. John's-

Providence game gives more than adequate proof of this statement. Having heard it heralded as one of the finest of court attractions in the East, we are amazed to learn that but a mere handful of the student body was present to watch our Friars score their greatest victory of the season.

An incident such as this is not to be treated lightly. Truly, it marks a crisis in athletic activities at Providence. We dislike to view the future from a pessimistic attitude, but unless there is a change of interest among the students, we predict that the present season may mark the culmination of basketball activities at Providence as far as Varsity athletics are concerned. Major college athletic activities at the present time are indeed a most expensive proposition. The maintenance of an extensive schedule, together with funds spent for equipment, salary of one of the best of coaches in the East, and guarantees of visiting clubs, have caused a drain on the athletic treasury for which there has been no adequate return. While the primary purpose of college athletics is to further relations between the different schools, the fact still re-



## SMITH HILL Hardware Store

**OJACO PAINTS**

**SHELLAC  
VARNISHES  
WINDOW GLASS**

STCP IN ON YOUR  
WAY HOME

*Nearest Agents for  
National Mazda Lamps*

**J. F. McGlinchey**  
420 SMITH STREET

DExter 5874

## McCarthy's

**Woonsocket's**

**Greatest**

**Department Store**

*Always More for Less*

*Here*

## McCarthy's

mains that it costs money. Unlike other large universities, where the financial return from other sports more than overcomes the deficit incurred from certain athletic programs, Providence has no such means of squaring losses. The college depends upon the return from each particular sport in order to insure its continuance.

Unless conditions change the inevitable must occur. We are quite sure that the students would dislike the discontinuation of basketball as a major sport, and it is the hope of this department that the entire student body will keep this thought in mind and give it the consideration which it deserves. The decision as to whether or not Providence continues to field a basketball club rests with them.

Going to press we find that there are but three remaining games on the schedule. Two of these games will be played on foreign territory making it impossible for most of the students to witness the contests, but the final game of the season finds the annual contest with our friendly rival on the hill. The Brown-Providence court games of years gone by have been productive of sparkling exhibitions on the part of both clubs. This contest has come to be an event to which not only the students but the general sporting public looks forward with interest. This year's meeting gives every promise of being the best in many seasons. The Brown club has gone through a heavy schedule, coming through most of its major contests victorious. There seems to be no valid reason why the gymnasium should not be packed to overflowing when the two teams meet in the feature clash of the year. The future of basketball at Providence depends upon the attendance at the Brown game, and we are confident the student body will turn out en masse. The date, March 11; the place, the Brown gym; our hope, another victory over the Bruin.

*Providence 53, Lowell Textile 37*

Providence easily defeated Lowell Textile at Harkins Hall, 53-37, in a poorly attended, uninteresting game. The feature of the game was the consistency with which

Athanas, Lowell left forward, tallied points in the face of such strong opposition. Athanas, a high scorer in New England circles scored 16 points, nearly half of his team's total.

Starting slowly, the Friars picked up speed and led 31 to 21 at half time. Brachen, Kutniewski and Shapiro with 16, 15 and 10 points, respectively, were outstanding among the regulars. Bostick, Perin, Feit, Roberge and Dromgoole, Friar second team, outplayed the opposition in their allotted time of play and upheld their reputation as a group equally capable, but less experienced than the Varsity. With such players reporting next year the Gen need have no worry about upholding past records.

*Providence 46, Mass. State 40*

The Friars after leading the Massachusetts State quintet by 17 points early in the second half were

hard pressed to earn a 46 to 40 victory at Amherst. Lou Bush, around whose stellar play the State has built their offense, was easily the star of the game, accounting for 20 of his team's total.

Hard pressed and puzzled by the speed of the Massachusetts State offense the Dominican quintet started slowly and was held on almost even terms until the waning minutes of the first half when Capt. Brachen scored two quick baskets to place the Friars ahead by 11 points when the period ended.

After running the lead up to 17 points, McClellan's players were almost swept off their feet by a speedy, point-gaining attack, aided by spectacular shooting by Bush, and the never-say-die spirit of the Massachusetts State players.

Brachen with 17 points, Shapiro and Koslowski led the offence for the Dominicans while Reilly and

## THE ST. PIUS DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Present

### "CLIMBING ROSES"

A COMEDY

MARCH 17TH, 8 P. M.

ST. PIUS AUDITORIUM

## Ryan Catering Co.

Buffet Lunches—Banquets—Suppers

*Wedding Breakfasts a Specialty*  
*Operators of Providence College Cafeteria*

14 GREENE STREET

Class Banquets

Fraternity Lunches



Kutniewski were responsible for many points because of their accurate passing and clever floor work.

*Providence 35, New Hampshire 27*

The Wildcat of New Hampshire University was tamed 35-27 by the mighty Friar in a feature activity of the New Hampshire's Winter Carnival. Presenting a zone defense, the Wildcats stubbornly fought a losing battle against the sensational scoring of Capt. Brachen and his cohort. Stung into a revengeful spirit by their crushing defeat of last year and led by the diminutive Capt. Conway, the New Hampshire team harrassed the passing game of the Friars and it was not until the second half of the game that they succumbed to the brilliance of Reilly's passing and his mates' accuracy in tallying from scrimmage.

The first half, unusually fast, found the score in favor of the Friars with Koslowski and Conway dominating play. New Hamp-

shire's star center was forced to withdraw from the game because of a cut over the eye, and his absence from the Wildcat lineup seriously hampered their chances for victory as the Friars lengthened their lead early in the second half. Roberge, Feit, Perrin, Dromgoole and James Bostick performed creditably as substitutes.

*Providence 47, St. John's College 38*

In a game replete with thrills and brilliant basketball, the Friar quintet downed St. John's College of Brooklyn, recent conquerors of the C. C. N. Y. championship team, 47 to 38, thereby establishing a claim to the mythical Eastern title.

Suffering unexpected reversals at the hand of Dartmouth, Yale and St. John's in the early stages of their schedule, the McClellan machine has completely subdued their remaining opponents and to date have run up nine straight victories of which the St. John's

victory is by far the most impressive.

St. John's Redmen, led by the clever shooting and passing McGuinness and Lazar, were very much in evidence leaving the floor ahead, 18 to 16 at half, but sensational shooting by Brachen, Shapiro and Koslowski offset this slight advantage and gave the Friars a safe margin of victory.

Capt. Brachen, who was heard to say, "I've waited three years for a decisive victory" clearly demonstrated his capabilities by tallying 18 points for the high score of the contest. Shapiro and Koslowski accounted for 12 each. McGuinness with 12 and Lazar with 11 were high scorers for the Redmen.

*Providence 43, Springfield 29*

A 43-25 victory over Springfield at Harkins Hall, Feb. 4, was nearly duplicated when in a return game at Springfield, the Friars defeated the Gymnasts 43 to 29 for their ninth straight win of the season.

Playing before a record crowd, the Friars demonstrated their superiority in all departments of play, and with Capt. Brachen, high scorer with 17 points, Sam Shapiro and Ed Koslowski leading the way, Coach McClellan substituted freely.

Bostick, Feit, Roberge, Perrin, and Madden, our mighty second line of offense, upheld the record of the Varsity by displaying a passing attack which many observers feel to be superior to that of the Varsity. With two such teams, the outcome of the Springfield contest was never in doubt, although early in the second period, the Gymnasts, led by Wells and Meade, flashy forwards, came to within 3 points of the Friars' total. A rally headed by Shapiro and Brachen, however, pushed the Friar total to a safe margin, and accounted for the tenth win in 13 games.

CUTS IN THIS BOOK MADE BY



A Great Store in a Great City

**CITY HALL HARDWARE CO.**

WASHINGTON and SNOW STS.

Visit Our New and Enlarged Sporting Goods Department  
Incidentally Everything is Priced Extremely Low



# ALUMNI CORNER

By EDWARD J. LYONS, '33

At Georgetown Dental School we find the following Alumni registered: Louis Testa, '33; E. J. Riley and Michael J. O'Brien, '34; Thomas Corradino, Fred Cassidy and Ernest Copobianco, '35. William DeVita and John Baeszler are members of the Frosh class.

John Moakler, P. C., '32, is enrolled as a Freshman at Harvard Law School.

George Scally, P. C., '31, is now authorized to sell insurance in Hartford and Nautauguck, Conn.

Frank Cashell, P. C., '32, is pursuing a course in business administration at Columbia University. John Doyle, a fellow classmate of Cashell's, is in the same town with him, but Doyle is in business.

Thomas Robinson, P. C., '31, is a student at Long Island Medical School, and James Irraggi, of the same class, is following a similar course at the University of Bologna, Italy.

Otto Novakowski, P. C., '31, has established himself in the oil business in Meriden, Conn., and Thomas Graham, P. C., '27, has a place with Koppers Company's New Haven branch.

Fred McGarry, P. C., '27, is teaching school down in the Virgin Islands.

Martin Tracy and Joseph Dzioib, both P. C., '32, are students of medicine at Jefferson Medical School in Philadelphia.

In Pittsfield, Mass., John C. Hickey and Robert McCarthy, both of the class of '30, are engaged in teaching high school.

Gerald Dillon, P. C., '29, may be found in New York. He is employed in a Fifth Avenue tailor shop.

Joseph Waterson, P. C., '29, who played professional football for the Paterson Bulldogs last fall, has been engaged as a coach and a teacher at Seton Hall Prep.

The P. C. students now attending Georgetown Medical School include Richard Dowling, Richard Buckley, William Schwab, John Mellone, George McClellan, A. L. Mangara—all members of the class of '33 there; John Indeglia, Thomas Dolan, Alfred Conte,

Frank Coleman, Anthony Bellino, John Capobianco, Frank Cannito, John Ward and S. P. Turco—members of the class of '34; Thomas Sheridan, Ralph Sullivan, Vincent Rossingoli, John Pelosi, Edward Heffernan and Peter Harrington—members of the Sophomore class; Charles Conway, George Cody, Paul Rozzera, Clarence Kelly and Edmund Sydowski—members of the Freshman class.

Edward Hetherman, P. C., '31, is teaching at Central High, here in Providence.

John M. O'Connell, P. C., '32, has been appointed assistant secretary to the Congressman-elect from the Second Rhode Island District, Dr. O'Connell.

Michael A. Monti, P. C., '30, a graduate of Cornell Law School, has opened up an office at 49 Westminster street, Providence.

The annual Alumni ball, usually held during the Christmas holidays, was held over till February fourteenth this year and the attendance, some three hundred and fifty couples, attests the popularity of the change in date. The committee in charge of this year's ball consisted of Joseph McCee, '24, chairman; John Halloran, '25, Dr. Daniel J. O'Neill, '26, Thomas H. Bride, '27, Joseph V. Tally, '26, Raymond Doyle, '27, and William Dillon, '29.

## PROGRAM OF THE Scholastic Disputation In Honor of St. Thomas Aquinas Presented By

### THE SENIOR CLASS of PROVIDENCE COLLEGE HARKINS HALL

Tuesday Evening, March 7th, 1933

Musical Selection.....Orchestra  
ADDRESS

An Appreciation of St. Thomas—  
Francis J. Gosse, '33

#### RECITATION

The Angel of the Schools—  
John L. LaCroix, '33

#### VOCAL SELECTION

Panis Angelicus (Franck)—  
George E. Charon, '35

Accompanist—Felix F. Gallogly, Jr. '33  
ADDRESS

The Authority of St. Thomas—  
Henry F. Jason, '33

#### VIOLIN SOLO

In a Monastery Garden (Kettelby)—  
Joseph E. Deventish, Jr., '36

#### ADDRESS

Explanation of a Disputation—  
Joseph L. McAndrew, '33

#### VOCAL TRIO

Ave Maria (Roswieg)  
Matthew J. O'Malley  
Joseph W. Maguire  
Thomas A. Griffin

#### DISPUTATION

Thesis: Everything that exists is  
ontologically good.  
Defender.....Arthur A. Sullivan

Objectors—  
Nunzio F. Basso, '33  
Peter J. Mcguire, '33  
William F. Kaylor, '33  
Peter J. Gilligan, '33

### TWO ONE-ACT PLAYLETS AND SUPPLEMENTARY PROGRAM

## “Don't Tell A Soul” “The Widow's Mite”

ST. RAYMOND'S PARISH HALL

March 17th



## The Making of a Chief Mate

(Continued from Page 3)

light cast by his own ship's searchlights and the calcium flares thrown into the water by the anxious seamen of the sinking ship, Jack saw the full effects of the storm.

The ship was the "Gulf Coast" and she labored in the seas at an angle of forty-five degrees, her after deck was already a foot under water. The seamen and the Captain were perched along the flying bridge running from the aft deck to amidships. As soon as the rescuers approached within throwing distance, lines were cast from all directions. They were made fast as quickly and as efficiently as conditions permitted, and the crew of the "Gulf Coast" clambered down the ropes, followed at last by the Captain.

Jack never recalled entirely the passage back to his own vessel. It was as dangerous as the journey over which they had come so

shortly before, more dangerous, in fact, because they carried more men than their craft should have taken in such a sea; but there had broken in upon the young officer's mind, the idea that this was somehow his baptism of fire and he felt no doubt about his ability to carry to safety the men whom he had reached so opportunely. To the sailormen who worked their way back through a tigerish sea, it was a long hard pull, but to the boy who was winning his spurs it was no time at all before they were being hoisted to the deck via block and tackle and the lifeboat, a proven angel of mercy, was back again on its davits.

The captain of the helpless vessel was tearful in his thanks, profusely thanking his rescuers over and over again, until he was dragged away from the rail after he had seen his last command sink into the hungry maw of the sea. Jack never knew he needed the stimulant he was given until he took his weary body to bed. And even then he was full of a feeling that he had found himself and was worthy of his title as Chief Officer.

at the lock feverishly, frantically, but to no avail. Three quarters of an hour had passed! He sighed hopelessly and stretched his tired arms. He leaned against the door and it swung open easily. The turnkey had not locked it at all!

They are fascinating people, these makers of mysteries; they tell tall tales and spin interesting yarns, stories fully as interesting as the seeming magic which they practice. They lead adventurous lives, and those lives constitute much of the romance of the world of magic.

## What Do You Think?

(Continued from Page 5)

find solitude. Still another class of bores run the risk of being victimized in brutal and bloody assault by their listeners.

Classified according to the content matter of their discourses, one discovers a wide differentiation, just as one finds a variety of types of inflections, to employ Mr. Webster's synonym. One class will dwell upon the technical and mechanical structure of the topic. Another attempts to clarify the point under discussion by recounting seemingly endless numbers of his personal experiences, be they or be they not related to the subject. The third type may be termed the "analytical type". Those falling under this general heading will deliberately and with commendable discrimination seek out all the details which are merely incidental to the subject, and expound them with untiring zeal.

Have you ever been discussing, let us say, dogs, in a comfortable and satisfied manner, after a good meal, when the very atmosphere is conducive to languor and easy, light conversation? I was situated in just such a delightful position once, when one of the bores of which I was speaking came hurtling into the quiet and refined conversation like a meteor smashing into a placid lake. "I had a dog once! We called it 'Chuckles'. A

Joseph M. Tally

Joseph V. Tally, P. C. 1926

## CATHOLIC BOOKS

Prayer Books

Devotional Books

Church Goods

RELIGIOUS ARTICLES

Candles—Sanctuary Supplies

## Joseph M. Tally

Books and Church Goods

NEW LOCATION

505 WESTMINSTER ST.  
Steinert Building

Providence, R. I.

## It's Fun to Be Fooled

(Continued from Page 4)

Houdini, the master showman, with his clear, grey, dominating eyes, throwing glances back and forth, complete confidence written in every muscle of his finely conditioned body; the little keeper giving him admiring looks, but with a twinkle in his eyes. A peculiar twinkle it was, and it should have warned Houdini. Without a word the little man turned and left the great "king of escape" alone. Houdini heard him fumble with the lock. He stood listening until the patter of the jailor's feet died away along the corridor and he knew he was alone. Then he set to work. Seconds turned into minutes, but Houdini could not turn the lock. As the minutes rolled on he grew desperate. He summoned to his aid all the knowledge he had acquired in his long years of lock-picking. But the stubborn tumblers refused to turn. He clawed

half collie and half airdale...very affectionate...great watchdog...cute...did tricks...loved lamb chops..." So he continued, far into the evening, extolling respectively and at great length the markings, the traits, and all the other characteristics possessed by his canine pal. Meanwhile the others of the group had to remain statuesque, inclining their auditory appendages in his direction, now and then issuing an assenting grunt when the inflection of his voice would indicate that an affirmative or confirming remark was expected. This torture continued for two and a half hours, until he wound up on that subject and paused momentarily to start another. That halt, however, was his undoing. We of his audience made a concerted movement to the door and left him there gaping. No word had passed among us. Motivated by a common instinct, we left his painful presence forever. Gathered on the sidewalk out in front, we vowed lifelong friendship much in the manner of comrades in a doomed battalion who have heard the flutter of Death's ghoulish wings. Were it not for that persistent bore and his dissertation on 'Chuckles', we would still be just acquaintances, instead of friends bound together by an indissoluble link.

I cite this rather isolated example to demonstrate the verity of my statement that even bores serve some good end in this world. I am so convinced that I am justified in my adherence to my point that I could go on interminably, narrating equally unhappy experiences which have fallen to my lot concerning the subject. I could show how the bores who induce the semi-conscious yawning state are an advantage from the point of view of affording relaxation to the facial nerves. With the same facility I could demonstrate the remarkable self-control which can be exercised in the company of one of the "precipitation-to-flight" type, as well as in the case of those who induce contemplation of homicide. As for expounding the usefulness of that class which dwells upon the technicalities of any topic, let me mention the need for exact knowl-

edge prevalent in the world today. How I could dwell on the biographical interest that could be aroused by those who persist in relating intimate disclosures of their past life! As for the "analytical type", volumes could be filled setting forth its virtues.

Yes, I could go on and on, telling why I believe that bores should be permitted to exist unmolested—I probably would go on and on, had I not glanced further along in the eminent Mr. Webster's definition, and learned that he mentions a bore as "one who wearies by tediousness on a subject". All right, I'll take the hint. But let me tell you sometime all I know about bores.

James F. McGowan, '35.

### The Locket—A Playlet

(Continued from Page 7)

home . . . it's pretty late and it's a long walk for an old salt like me.

PAUL and JOAN—Good-night, Jed.

JED—Good-night.

JOAN—(immediately after JED has gone she displays the locket)—See, Paul . . . Len is alive.

PAUL—(as though stunned)—The locket! What did Jed say about it?

JOAN—He said Len was afraid he would lose it . . . he wants me to keep it for him.

PAUL—Didn't Jed say he was dead?

JOAN—Why, no . . . he said Len expects to leave the Indies anytime.

PAUL (offering to take the locket)—Will you let me keep the locket for you?

JOAN—(pulling away)—Please don't . . . I'll wear it until he comes.

PAUL—But you're supposed to keep it . . . he was the one to wear it . . . not you.

JOAN—(hopefully)—But he'll come to me all the sooner if I wear it . . . I know he will.

PAUL—(discouraged)—I can't do anything—you won't believe me . . . you won't do as I say—(JOAN walks to the open doorway. PAUL turns and walks slowly toward the lower door—suddenly JOAN calls to him.)

JOAN—(staring at the sea)—Paul!—

(PAUL turns about)—Paul . . . look! (PAUL runs to the doorway looking in the direction in which she is point.)

PAUL—Where? What?

JOAN—Far out on the horizon . . . away out!

PAUL—I see nothing. Why do you stare like that, Joan?

JOAN—There is a white ship sailing this way . . . it sails fast . . . it is coming nearer and nearer! I think it is . . . Len's clipper-ship!

PAUL—All I see is the moonlight on the water.

JOAN—(unheeding)—It sails without a breeze . . . Look! . . . it is crossing the path of the moon.—(They both are silent for a moment. JOAN speaks)—See! It is about to anchor!

PAUL—I see nothing but waves and moonbeams.

JOAN—Now it lies at anchor. See . . . there's Len at the bow. Paul! he is looking at us! . . . men are lowering a boat for him—(she is about to run down to the water)—I must go and greet him!

GET BACK OF A

Peter Schuyler

COSTELLO  
BROTHERS

PROVIDENCE and  
PAWTUCKET

PAUL—(pulling her back)—No! are you mad, Joan?

JOAN—(looking out on the water again)—See now . . . he is rowing toward the shore!—(runs towards left entrance)—I must look my best for him!

PAUL—(looking at the sea once again, then hurrying to the doorway)—Father! . . . Father! . . . come down here . . . something has happened to Joan—(THE FATHER can be heard as he comes down the stairway—in a moment the two enter the room)—Joan has seen Len's clipper-ship . . . she says he is rowing to the shore now . . . (taking THE FATHER'S arm)—Come . . . see if you see anything.

THE FATHER—Where is Joan now?

PAUL—In her room (points toward the sea)—Do you see anything?

THE FATHER—It is her imagination—I see nothing—(turning about)—Come . . . she might leave through a window—(they are half way across the room when JOAN enters, dressed in white. Her eyes are glued on the doorway . . . the Apparition of Len comes through the entrance . . . he is deathly white, wearing a black shirt and trousers. JOAN'S eyes are fastened on the Apparition . . .

they never waver until the end of the scene. Neither THE FATHER nor PAUL is aware of its presence—horrificed, they just gaze at JOAN—she walks toward the Apparition who stands only a few feet from the doorway.)

JOAN—Len! . . . you're back again . . . I'm wearing the locket . . . I've been keeping it for you . . . See!—(shows the locket to the Apparition—a sudden fear grows within her and she stops walking)—Why don't you smile? Why don't you speak?—(she walks a few more steps, offering him the locket)—Here . . . take the locket—(looking down at his hands . . . they are empty) The ring! . . . you didn't bring the ring!—(looks at him steadfastly for a moment and then speaks in almost a whisper)—Why . . . you're so pale-looking . . . you are . . . dead!—(At this the Apparition turns and disappears slowly through the doorway . . . JOAN follows, standing at the entrance . . . THE FATHER and PAUL are motionless. She stands there, as though watching him now as he rows back to his ship . . . the locket drops to the floor . . . all is silent. In the distance the constant pounding of the waves, breaking eternally on the beach, can be heard as—

(The Curtain Falls)

### Editorial

(Continued from Page 8)

lieve that the hopes of all of us go with it. Party policy and petty politics should not interfere with measures employed to bring this country back to a safe leverage in the scheme of world balance. May conditions a year from today prove that our faith and hope have not been given in vain.

### Merely Players

(Continued from Page 9)

er that every member of the cast performed an equally important and essential part in this success. It was this perfectly balanced cast, who gave more evidence of co-operation than individualism, that was the outstanding factor in the whole production.

Without showing any favoritism I mention the individual performances of John Rawdon and Ardis Alling, not because of any superior dramatic abilities but because of their leading roles in the play. Mr.

Rawdon, by vocation an artist, cleverly demonstrated that artistic expression is not confined to one form of art. His performance, in a few instances marred by apparent nervousness, was a keen characterization of the erratic lawyer. Miss Alling gave a splendid interpretation of Ilsa, one of the women contesting for the counsellor's heart. Her work was as fine an exhibition of vivacity and quick-witted acting as one could desire.

Ingenuity was displayed in the staging of the play. Confronted with the problem of a very small stage, the task of furnishing it was undoubtedly a hard one. Yet it was done with such efficiency, and each nook and corner utilized so effectively, that not the slightest sign of overcrowding or disproportion was evident.

The play itself seemed too ordinary. It was the age-old triangle with two women and one man, and a child thrown in for good measure. But in spite of the ordinary and stereotyped plot, the play did provide good lines. There was never any cessation of action and for this reason, if for no other, a delightful evening was the result.

### Checker-Board

(Continued from Page 11)

We don't know anything about this but we were asked to make a line about George Boyle and his red hot pajamas. . . there must be something to it for we got it from authentic sources. . . maybe we'll find out about it later. . .

"Little Will" McCarthy ("Brute" to you) is getting to be something fierce. . . Many a time have we seen him sort of doze off in class, but the other day was the first time that we ever heard him snore. . . And what a job he does of it. . . We would hate to be your roommate. . .

F. Xavier Reilly, who just recently relinquished his job to J. J. McCarthy as driver of the Taunton Express (for very good reasons) is a funny chap. . . Instead of buying cigarettes as he used to, he is borrowing them all the time. . . He is saving his dough to bring

**It Is To Your Advantage**

**To Always**

**CONSULT YOUR**

**Gas Company's**

**EXPERTS**

**Their Experience is Extensive**

**Their Counsel is Valuable**

**You'll Find Them Courteous,**

**Informed and Obliging**

Joan to the Junior Prom... he has been to a couple of games though... we laughed when we saw him at the first one but we roared when we saw little "Marblehead" McKenna sitting right beside him, just as unconcerned as ever... Jimmy is eighteen years old and doesn't know that three is a crowd.

You know it must be awful for Billy Bowes coming and going from school... You know Billy drives his car from Woonsocket and is kind enough to bring some of the boys in with him... Maybe a couple of them are all right but for ourselves we wouldn't go much for bringing Hart and Keough in... We can just imagine the two of them... Diminutive Danny would be telling what he did and what this was and that was... and then Jimmy would want to know what constituted this and what constituted that... We pity you, Bill... It is very funny that Jimmy doesn't know any more about Jurisprudence than he does for he does study a lot and as we say when he wants to know what everything consists of then he ought to be good in that... Fortunately you have aid...

We started to tell you about Joe Lee three times now and each time we have stopped... for the funny part of it is we don't know if we are being kidded or not... Joe has a career planned from all reports. We won't say anything about it but we will just give him a little advice... and that is, DON'T BRING PERRIN WITH YOU...

Vin Carr asked us to tell you that the theme song of the Pre-Meds has become "Night and Day"... Lucy wanted us to tell you his theme song too but we won't do it... It looks as though the Science men will be singing the same thing as Carr with that Astronomy class in the afternoon...

Paul Connolly tells us that they had a Fall River Club banquet the other night... And who do you think was there, but good ole Tommy Phelan... and he fell out of his high chair according to Paul... It must have been after nine o'clock and he was getting rather tired... it must have been a good banquet... It would be if Phelan was in at-

tendance... to say nothing of Connolly... only we say that in a different way...

In reference to that paragraph which was contained in the front part of the Alembic last month we have little to say... for the simple reason that we have nothing to fear... We are assured that nothing but the truth will be contained in it and the truth cannot hurt us... although the truth that we have put in our column has made some of the boys blush...

Jerry Flynn... what shall we say about him?... Shall we tell what he said in the heat of the St. John's game... We would like to but it wouldn't be nice... we were shocked and amazed... Shall we tell where he goes nights... or shall we leave him alone?... Be a good boy, Jeremiah, and we will leave you alone but don't try cutting up too much or we will call you Ann, or what ever it is Barney calls you...

WHO'S WHO HEREIN

We present an incident of the sea in this issue, authored by Francis J. Sullivan, '34. The account of the rescue of a ship's crew is here offered as fiction, but the fact is that it is substantially an experience of which Sullivan was an eye-witness. The story is unfolded as fiction, but the simplicity of it and the careful attention to technical details give evidence of its foundation in fact.

The playlet, *The Locket*, by Charles E. Mulhearn, '33, also touches upon the sea, but the mise-en-scene is a lighthouse on a point of land somewhere on the Carolina coast. We believe this tiny drama is one of the best bits of creative work that has been presented to the Alembic in the past year and a half. It shows originality, deft handling of situations and some good characterizations. It is certainly worth your reading and perhaps it might be suitable for presentation upon the stage, although that was not the author's purpose in composing it.

A reflection of some of the truths unearthed with so much effort on the part of students in Philosophy is found in *Autonomy of Art*, a short paper by Walter J. Shunney, Editor of the Alembic. There is nothing heavily philosophical about it, but it is serious, as must every paper be which discusses a subject of this nature. You may find some clear expression of what you have never untangled in your own mind in the exposition of the Editor's views on Art.

The poetry of the Alembic is neglected

entirely too much and we feel some twinge of conscience ourselves when we remember that we have yet to give credit to the work of our poetasters in this column. Herbert J. Murray, Jr., who has done heroic work in providing verses for us, presents two fine pieces in this issue. John L. LaCroix, '33, has been visited recently by an exceptionally pleasant Muse as his *Letters* gives proof. Various collegiate periodicals have mentioned, in paragraphs of praise, the poetry we publish from time to time. Their general criticism is that we use too little of it. We throw the blame on the student body who offer us too little to publish.

Paul Connolly, '34, one of the associate Editors of this magazine, who has baffled us time and again with his sleight of hand work, has agreed to put in writing two articles on some of the interesting sidelights of the art of magic. Read the first installment in this issue and we feel sure you will think the subject and the author worth as much space again in some future issue. Wisely and loyally, Connolly refuses to expose the means by which showmen gull the public, but he will not be less entertaining if he keeps in the same vein next time.



Gibson's Chocolates

Are the Same

Prices Have Been Reduced

- Gaspee Chocolates Formerly 60c the lb. NOW **50c**
- Gaspee Milk Chocolates Formerly 60c the lb. NOW **50c**
- Violet Package Formerly \$1 the lb. NOW **80c**
- Gibsons Bonbons Formerly \$1 the lb. NOW **80c**
- Nut Milk Chocolates Formerly \$1 the lb. NOW **80c**
- Supreme Chocolates Formerly \$1.50 the lb. NOW **\$1.25**
- Buttered Almond Crunch Formerly 80c the lb. NOW **60c**

*Gibson's*  
Providence Mads. Fresh Daily

# *The Alembic*

*Is Your Official Magazine*

*You Can Support It*


*By Reading It*

*By Suggesting Im-  
provements*

*By Contributing to It*

*By Patronizing Its Ad-  
vertisers*





*Out yonder*—

While we stop to rest and  
admire the beautiful 'out yonder'  
let's enjoy a Chesterfield

*they Satisfy*

