

The **ALEMBIC**
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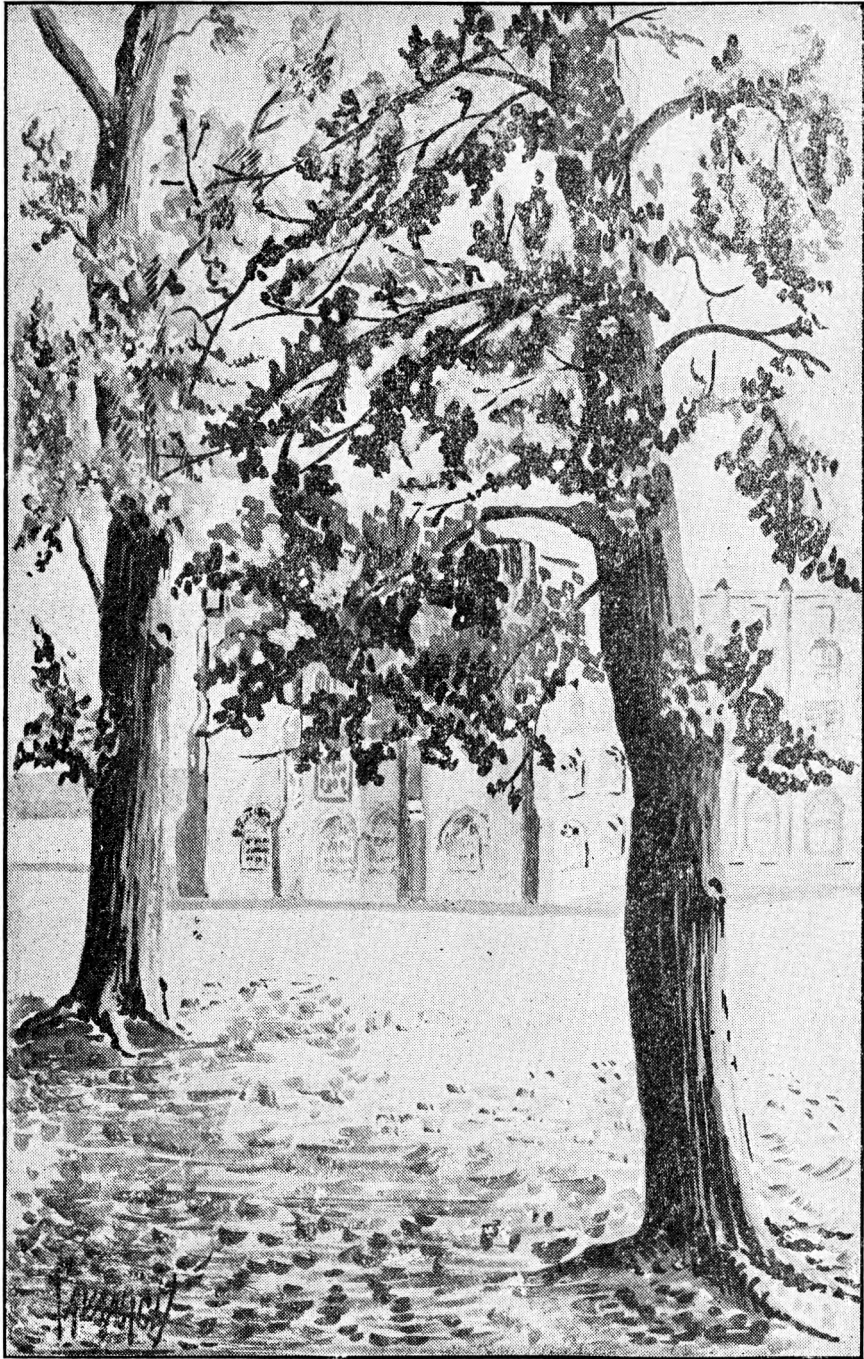
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The Alembic
Providence College



Published Quarterly
by the
Students of
Providence College
Providence, R. I.



A timely article with particular local interest; singularly significant since the rebirth of the Little Theatre movement by the Pyramid Players.

The Little Theatre

By Edward F. Hanson, Jr., '35



UNTIL recent years the artistic drama had small chance of being either staged or read in America. Suddenly appeared the so-called Little Theatre (1911) and the response showed that many had been waiting for better plays than producers had thus far given them. The first aim of the Little Theatre was to free the drama from commercialism; the second, to give any dramatist of ability an audience and a fair hearing. The new impulse spread rapidly, powerfully, until within the space of ten years the Provincetown Players, the Washington Square Players, the Wisconsin Players, and fifty other organized groups as far south as New Orleans and as far West as Los Angeles offered our dramatists not only the chance but the encouragement to do original and artistic work.

It is not insinuated above that our "regular" theatres deliberately discourage good work; on the contrary, they are most eager for original plays, taking the best they can get and making them over in face of the stern alternative of pleasing an audience or losing money. The fact is, according to a dramatic critic who has been acquainted with the New York theatre for twenty-odd years, that most playwrights have been quite as commercial as producers or managers in that they copy any trashy or sentimental model with a hopeful eye on the financial returns. Then came the Little Theatre, saying: "The play's the thing!" and frankly inviting good work for

the work's sake. Whether this is but another fad or whether it will bring the American stage nearer to the European stage, with its more artistic plays and better acting, remains for the future to say.

We here in Rhode Island are indeed fortunate at having such a splendid Little Theatre movement as is represented at Newport, Kingston and Matunuck. The Kingston and Matunuck Little Theatre groups accomplished the "parfait" this summer; they presented dramas of the finest type that were enthusiastically received by the large summer colony. Devon Wistor, the author of "The Virginian," a summer resident of Saunderstown, describes the hopes and aspirations of this group when he says, "They present the best in plays that will appeal to all classes of people; they enact our everyday whims of life in a truly American fashion; they present clean and wholesome drama that will live as long as morality itself; they endeavor to inculcate social and cultural perfection that is so lacking in our life today."

Miss Rosamond Pinchot, niece of Gov. Pinchot of Pennsylvania, was seen this summer at Kingston in "An Amazing Career," a play in which Ethel Barrymore appeared a few years ago at the Carlton. Miss Pinchot's performance was enthusiastically appreciated, as was her charming personality. She has done many notable and interesting things for the Little Theatre. In 1930 she conceived the idea of forming theatre groups in important summer resorts along Narragansett Bay for the prime purpose of acquainting the public with plays representative of American ideals. Her plan was successful in Connecticut, as well as Rhode Island. Within three years Mrs. Pinchot and her followers had established the Little Theatre in the most important summer colonies of each state. In this manner were the Kingston and Matunuck

Theatre groups conceived, and today many other summer colonies in Maine and New York are giving the Little Theatre movement careful scrutiny. The popularity of these Theatre groups was recognized throughout our state by the manner in which the plays were received by the large audiences that attended.

Rhode Island may have her Newport, Matunuck, and Kingston groups, but Massachusetts "outshines" them all with her Provincetown Players, who presented some of the first "social satires" on American life on any American stage; they were sparkling, witty, clever and exceptionally well acted, but not overdone. This Theatre group may well be proud of one of its members, Eugene O'Neill, who is associated with the Little Theatre movement. He has originality, force, imagination, and above all, sincerity. His "Emperor Jones" will endure as long as civilization. I should like to treat more in detail on this interesting subject, but time does not permit. However, it is well to remember that the Little Theatre movement is growing rapidly in this country because its aims and objects appeal to all Americans who wish to witness artistic entertainment performed in a manner representative of our heterogeneous American life.

It is to be hoped that the Little Theatre Movement will, in the near future, become a popular reality at Providence College.

"Nothing is impossible to achieve if it has cooperation, spirit and enthusiasm."



The author of the accompanying missile was a Freshman when a Senior named Frank Shea, ('32), wrote the original hilarious Open Letter. He has since cherished an ambition that he might—some day—be on the writing end of such a message. The dream has been realized; we present herewith—

An Open Letter to a Freshman

DRAW NIGH, ye wearers of the green (bow ties) and hearken to Experience speaking in your hour of deepest distress. Being, as you are, rank—oh, very rank—amateurs in the role of College Hero, it will behoove you to listen attentively while I outline for you hints which represent, collectively, the panacea for all your college ills:

Disgustingly enough, yet typically, you wore a woeful forlorn expression on your first visit to the campus. Harried rabbits would have looked like impressarios beside you and your fellows. Doubtless this was due to your (hold on tight!) nescience. But you were all wrong at the outset, my friends.

Even a Freshman should try to look as if he amounted to at least something in the scheme of things, before he becomes painfully aware of his truly low estate. That's confidence. A swagger gets you into the best of places—sometimes it's a stagger that gets you out. Henceforth, swagger (not stagger) up the driveway on the campus. (Time enough for the stagger when you become a lofty Senior, overburdened with knowledge.)

As to your facial expression: The brother-can-you-spare-a-penny mien is now being replaced by complete vacuity. Don't

let that worry you; remember even Gloomy Dean Inge had to start with nothing—and look at him today! We can't all be George Arlisses, you know.

How about your clothes: Who do you think you are, a ladies' hosiery clerk? Don't you realize that clothes make the man? Just dash down cellar or up in the attic and rustle up a disreputable pair of trousers. Color is no object. White flannels, slightly spotted and torn will do admirably. And by all means—no press in the pants, please. Even the profs would resent that. If you must have a crease, wear it a la King George. If you can find a coat in your wardrobe or somebody else's, and if it is entirely different in hue, material, and design from the trousers, you have a complete outfit.

You may fit your own personality into the shirts you wear, but for the love of Bob Lucey, don't wear black! Just who Bob Lucey is may not be revealed until you're of age.

Your shoes must be Erstwhile Whites. That is, they must serve a double purpose: First, black and white are the college colors and as such should get you around in the world. Secondly, each spot tells a story—"That's where the dizzy blonde tried to Carioca; and that's where Aunt Kitty's d-d-darling little ruffian played carpenter on my toes; and that, (proudly), is where I landed the night I fell in the coal bin while trying to get into the house unobserved." And so forth. You'll be amazed at the conversational value embodied in topics so closely associated with the gutter.

A few "Don'ts" would not be amiss—Don't let anybody ever tell you anything. Don't buy chapel tickets from upperclassmen. Don't ask Mal Brown to spell anything. Don't shave before an exam—a note in the beard is worth two in the pocket. Don't fail to attend Soph Court whether

you're summoned or not. They have a funny way of calling your name unexpectedly. Don't try to buy Ballyhoo at the bookstore. Don't ever wear a hat. Don't ever say the words "logical distinction"—unless you can't think of any other way of leaving here in a hurry. Don't ever break the Collegiate Code by being on time for a date or leaving a girl's home before cake and cocoa is served. Don't fail to attend everything the College sponsors, or you'll get the terrible title of "slacker" attached to your name. Don't be seen at the Modern by a TIE-UP reporter.

Space grows small. I entreat you to take heed of the few bits of advice in these columns. The chances are that you'll never survive this year, from what is apparent to the naked eye. But if you do, try to enjoy yourself. Refer frequently to Rule 8: "Never take yourself too seriously." If you stumble, (and who doesn't?) we'll hear about it when Joe Dyer puts you *On the Friar Pan*. If you are too good, nobody will ever hear of you.

Be good to your Soph brethren. Remember, they're only second-hand Freshmen, and the second-hand article is always a trifle cracked. The Juniors will never bother with you; they're too busy upholding the social reputation of the College. The Seniors won't deign to look upon you henceforth. They feel that you should be able to blow your own noses by now. By the time you're Seniors, you'll look at the Freshies even as we do and silently sigh: "Both Barnum and Darwin were right!"

Sympathetically yours,

James G. Fairbrother, '35.

Detective Scott evolves a theory of murder—and proves his hunches are still clicking.

The Case of Sir Henry

By George T. Scowcroft, '37

THE HOUR was late when the powerful black limousine of Sir Henry Whitman swung into the driveway of the Whitman Estate. A tedious journey to the Dog Show at the Arlington Kennels, and a six hour exhibition of the nervous contestants had completely fatigued that bespectacled and bewhiskered old gentleman.

Having emerged from the car, Sir Henry proceeded to the Rustic Portal—an arched gateway of typical English style which ushered him into the quiet and repose of his little garden. A delightful walk it was; for the night was pleasant and his way lay through a deep and shady wood, cooled by the light wind which gently rustled the thick foliage, and enlivened by the occasional sleepy chirp of a bird perched upon the boughs. The ivy and moss crept in thick clusters over the old trees, and the soft green turf overspread the ground like a silken mat. A stream, hurdled by bridges, twisted its way through the heart of the garden and gurgled over protruding stones with a clear and liquid sound. On one of these bridges Sir Henry stopped. The scene was indeed one which might well have charmed a mind far less responsive than that to which it was presented. As he leaned over the balustrades, his wearied body and anxious mind submitted to the somniferous influence of the profound silence and the heavy odor of flowers.

In this position he had perhaps dozed for a few minutes, when suddenly he uttered a cry of pain; his head

snapped upright, his arms and legs stiffened and his entire body became rigid. The old man's face bespoke a terrible agony. His jaws were locked and the muscles quivered nervously; his eyes bulged like those of a wild man. Releasing his hold on the balustrade, he staggered forward a few steps; his body swayed, his knees sagged, and he slumped to the ground. On the following morning at an early hour he was found lying on the bridge. Sir Henry Whitman was dead.

* * * * *

Upon the morning ensuing the death of Sir Henry, many people were present at the Whitman home. Tommy Whitman, Medical Examiner Hamlin, Detective Scott and the late Sir Henry's lawyer were gathered in a small room. The Medical Examiner was speaking:

"The examination of Sir Henry's body has disclosed that he died from the bite of a poisonous snake."

"Did the examination reveal any mark from the bite?" inquired Detective Scott.

"The imprint of the fangs and a sizeable swelling on the neck and below the left ear were easily discerned.

"But," Scott protested, "there are no poisonous snakes in the vicinity of London."

"As I understand it," interposed the lawyer, "Sir Henry had quite a collection of snakes in a room downstairs. Is that true, Tommy?"

"Yes sir," replied young Whitman. "Dad and I captured them when we hunted in Africa."

"In that case," continued the lawyer, "the solution is simple. One of these serpents escaped from the room, found its way to the garden and attacked Sir Henry while he stood on the bridge, unaware of danger."

Detective Scott turned to the lawyer. "Your theory is rather leaky," he said. "You see, although all of Sir Henry's collection are deadly poisonous, none of them are large. So I hardly think that a snake would consider it feasible to climb a tree so that it might attack Sir Henry's neck when it might just as easily remain on the ground and strike at the leg."

Either the solemnity of the occasion or the sarcasm of Scott's remark momentarily upset the lawyer. "You seem to be a very clever man," he snapped. "Perhaps you can give us a solution."

For a moment Detective Scott remained silent, and then: "My explanation is a short one," he said, "Sir Henry Whitman was murdered."

* * * * *

On the following evening numerous friends and admirers of the late Sir Henry gathered at the wake in the Whitman home. At the far end of the room sat Tommy Whitman, the only son of the dead man. For the better part of an hour he was engaged in conversation with a tall, white-haired gentleman. At length the elderly man rose, shook hands with Tommy and made his departure. A moment later young Whitman was joined by Detective Scott, who motioned Tommy to follow him.

"Who was he, Tommy?"

"Who was who?" asked Whitman in surprise.

"That man you were talking to."

"Why, that was Jerry Melton. You know him; he's dad's step-brother.

"Look here, Tommy, isn't he the old buzzard who claimed to have been swindled by your dad?"

"Sure," replied young Whitman, "he's the one."

"And didn't he then threaten your dad?"

"Say, what are you trying to get at?"

"Just this," said Scott. "You remember that Melton left London and went to Paris shortly after that run-in with your dad?"

"Yes?"

"And he hasn't been to London since then?" continued the detective.

"Yes?"

"Then what is he doing here now?"

"He came here on business," answered Tommy.

"On what kind of business?"

"I don't know. Surely you don't believe——"

Scott picked up his hat and proceeded toward the door.

"I'm going to follow Melton and find out his business," replied Scott. "You can come along if you wish."

* * * * *

For some time Scott and Whitman followed their man in silence. Finally Tommy grew impatient.

"I say, Scott, I see no sense whatever in this chase. We've followed this man to the very center of London without even a well grounded suspicion."

Finding his complaints ignored, young Whitman heaved a sigh and resumed silence.

At that moment Jerry Melton slackened his pace and finally came to a halt before an elaborate restaurant. Nervously glancing about, he adjusted his tie and entered quietly. A few seconds later he was followed by the detective while Tommy remained outside.

Tommy Whitman had waited but a short time when to his great amazement the door of the restaurant opened and out walked Melton, hand-cuffed to Scott. A patrol wagon

drew up at the curb and two burly officers relieved the detective of his prisoner.

Detective Scott called a taxi and motioned Tommy to get in. Inside the car young Whitman burst into tears. The loss of his dad combined with the quick succession of events had unnerved and bewildered him completely. The detective gently put his arm around Tommy's shoulders and spoke a few soothing words. When he had quieted, Scott told his story:

"When I entered the restaurant, Melton was at the check-room. He left his hat, but seemed reluctant to check his cane. After he had gone to the dining room I went to the girl and asked to see the cane. It was, as I thought, hollow. On its handle there was a button which released a metal cap at the foot of the cane: an old stunt. This cane, Tommy, was an essential factor in the murder of your dad—and my friend."

Jerry Melton's confession was obtained on the following day: "Sir Henry was leaning over the balustrades of a bridge in his garden. I crept up behind him and held my cane close to his neck. In that cane I had secreted a Puff Adder, a small snake whose bite is deadly. When I pressed a button at the handle, a covering at the foot of the cane was opened, allowing the snake to slip out. A few seconds later Sir Henry was dead."



INKLINGS*

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THEM?



SMOULDERING
FIRE



DON JUAN



EFFERVESCENT



DAINTY

*'Thus we endure, harassed
by a multitude of ills, and
even thrive—' You'll find
many of your own senti-
ments strikingly mirrored in
this genial discourse .*

The Ills We Have

By Richard J. Condon, '35

I WILL NOT say that the knowledge of how to make good coffee could be esteemed a mark of refinement in a person. Nor will I say it is a breach of hospitality to serve innocently a cup of some undistinguished brew which only our vanity could make us believe to be coffee. But I will say that all the charlatans in the business who think their patrons should be satisfied with any nondescript slum-gullion they choose to percolate should be exposed horribly in the tabloids. This perversion of the bean is a grievance which has been neglected too long. I propose nothing less than a devastating reform.

It was only the other day that I happened upon a few recipes for making coffee, advocated, I suspect, by certain misguided newlyweds. And what villainous suggestions for adding flavor to the beverage! What lamentable ignorance of the congruous! What blithe indifference to the dogmas of gastronomy! I affirm that it is nothing but preposterous affectation and the height of bad taste to use anything in making coffee but coffee. This business of throwing in everything from salt to lemon rinds is a sign of depravity. Let us hope that the acids of modernity will eat away these errors, and that the future will hold an enlightened cup of coffee.

Now, while we are pondering the coffee outrage I might take occasion to insert an *obiter dictum* on that tradition, still

vigorous I know, which dictates that even the casual caller must be regaled as though he had not set eyes on a square meal for weeks. I have been monstrously put upon in this respect. My appetite has been immolated on the range of home economics. Just the other night I visited a strange kitchen and did heroic work in getting away with the quantity of food-stuffs severally thrust upon me. The ordeal began with some cakes which the daughter of the house had tried to bake and failed. Then out of the refrigerator came the remnants of a ham, and forthwith the manufacture of sandwiches was under way. Association of ideas led somebody to propose coffee. This, I felt, was the crisis, and there was mutiny in my heart. But the end was not yet. A bowl of fruit was introduced and I was commanded to fill my pockets. I left the premises with a jawful of candy and a fear of gastric retribution.

All of which leads me, somewhat deviously, to a few remarks upon the character of weather reports. Weather prognostications can be very exasperating when they turn out to be wrong. Coming away from the experience which I have related, I walked home in a heavy rain. Now the official weather report had been positive in its prediction of fair weather, and with complete faith, although the heavens were lowering, I had ventured out *sans* umbrella or other protection. And with absolute disregard for an official weather report, the skies poured water all over me. But it is an old complaint—this about the treachery of weather prophecies. Mark Twain long ago spoke eloquently of the vicissitudes of New England, and pictured humorously the bewilderment of the weather observer in these parts. So I will not go into detail on the irresponsible manner in which my trust in the official weather predictions has been disturbed. Suffice it

to say that my excursions lately have been remarkably ill-starred. For my belief in meteorology I have risked double pneumonia and have incurred an enormous bill for pressing.

Well, we all have our little ills. There is none more distressing, I think, than that we suffer at the hands of punsters. I do not say that the inveterate punster is frequently met with. Indeed, he is not. But when you do meet him your peace of mind is gone. Can there be anything more provoking to a man when he is exposing his most cherished convictions than to be bludgeoned with a miserable pun, to be stultified by an unscrupulous juggling of words, to be reduced to impotence by a heartless wretch? In the company of a punster your conversation is never safe. He will follow your words like a hound on the scent, seize upon some hapless expression, and rend you gleefully.

There is one punishment I can think of that would be entirely suitable for these knaves. If they were made to read Lyly's *Anatomy of Wit* once a week for a year, it is very likely that the obnoxious habit of making puns upon other people's words would be speedily overcome.

There is another amiable personality who is perhaps more common than the last-mentioned ne'er do well, and who also, I think, may be justly vilified. We are all acquainted with that paternal stranger whose arm is ever on your shoulder and whose mouth is ever whispering at your ear. He has all kinds of advice to offer, insinuates that he has far more than the ordinary attainment of wisdom, and yet appears singularly down at the heels himself. An extraordinary number of executives are importuning his services, he has eminent ability, has held important positions and knows influential people, yet seemingly has no ambition and is content to remain in the same groove year after year, earning the same

small wages. He will bore you for an hour talking about the corruption of government and the deviations of public servants, but if there is an oblique penny to be made he has no qualms about clutching it. He is the most independent of creatures, thinks his superior an incompetent, knows the job much better than his superior, and has no fear of speaking his mind to that person. Yet we never hear of his doing it. But we must listen to him, and therein lies the woe.

Thus we endure, harassed by a multitude of ills, and even thrive. The experience might be cold, but the memory is sure to bring laughter. So let us dry those tears and feel that the world is well-ordered after all. It is an excellent thing to be impervious to "the slings and arrows of courageous fortune," to be able to select the cakes and ale judiciously, and not to fret about the wherewithal for next year's taxes.



*Do you blush? Ten to
one you do—and twenty to
one you'll enjoy this clever
essay on—*

The Art of Blushing

By John V. Doyle, '35

BLUSHING," says Webster, "is a suffusion of the face with red." How cold and impersonal this definition! How utterly devoid of warmth and feeling! Can it be that the eminent lexicographer never experienced a blush? High time, then, for a qualified authority to commit himself on the subject at length.

Some individuals appear to be anemic. They never blush, occasionally indulging a confused blinking spell or suddenly breaking into violent cough due to imaginary impedimenta in the throat. I find myself, however, and many of my acquaintances far from anemic—my blush is the real thing, with all the color effects thrown in. Hark to my first experience with this sort of physiognomic phenomenon since I entered College—

During the summer of 1931, I elected to follow the A.B. course upon entering P. C. At the end of the tenth day, I had to admit that Greek was really Greek to me, due to my lack of background in the subject. Subsequently, I decided to follow the Ph.B. course. In Freshman-like deference to rules and regulations I made the necessary arrangements and presented myself at the office of the Registrar for a transfer.

Enter a certain Latin prof: "Explain!" shouted the expression on his handsome face. Explain I tried to do, but to no avail. I reddened. I stammered. In humiliation I left his presence with his accusation ringing in my extremely

pink ears: "So you dropped out of the A.B. course to avoid Latin with me!" What could I do? I felt I had committed the unpardonable. . . .

However, we poor students have a way of shedding the rain of unjust abuse that falls on our stooped shoulders. "Ah well," I consoled myself: "Let him hold his grudge. At least I won't have him in class." With this I dismissed the matter and settled down to the routine of my new schedule.

My first class was in Room 21, and there I repaired next morning with a song in my heart. Gone were the cares of days past: here's to a new life! Joyfully I mingled with new associates, and was soon engaged in animated conversation with new-found friend in back of me. Sudden silence betokened the entrance of the professor. I looked up, and the smile withered on my lips and died. It was the same prof! I was recognized; nay I was introduced to the class as the rogue he believed me to be! Oh, blessed unconsciousness, where were you in my hour of need?

Was my face red? Every ounce of blood in my body rushed to my cheeks. The wave spread to my entire face, my neck, and finally to my ears. How I lived through that ordeal will ever be a mystery to me.

Of course, this total suffusion, which is the technical name for an honest-to-goodness-died-in-the-wool blush, is comparatively uncommon. There are other types of blushes that are worth passing mention, such as the semi-toto blush. It is usually induced by one's being the butt of a joke. Its intensity varies with the loudness and quantity of the guffaws directed at the victim. In its early stage, the ears show a tinge of red that may be accurately described as garnet. The cheeks fade to a lighter hue—almost a wine color—and the cheekbones resemble balls of crimson fire.

The weaker counterpart of the Semi-toto blush is the Demi-Semi-toto type: pastel shades delicately blended with solids. A very artistic effect, to say the least.

Commonest of all, however, is the Slight Blush, familiarly known as the Tinge. This variety is characteristic of those who vehemently champion causes, worthwhile or otherwise. It begins in the cheekbone and branches out to include the nose. Usually agitation will produce the Tinge, but this is not infallible. I have witnessed it as an effect of heated rooms and even over-exposure in a rumble seat. With some it is permanent. Others make futile efforts to wipe it away with the handkerchief but the odds are too strong against them, as they soon discover.

Oh, there are infinite varieties of blushes, but the ones I have cited are the common or garden type. There is even an Inward Blush, which you must have noted at some time or other—perhaps even experienced. It is characterized by enlargement of the eyes, extreme paleness, contraction of the facial muscles, and a temperature of approximately 103 degrees. Oftentimes the mouth fairly gapes in an effort to cool the palate which appears to be burning to a crisp.

There is only one mental accompaniment to a blush, and it is common to all: a sincere and hearty desire to be some place else.

If you are not a member of the Order of the Scarlet Cheek, thank your lucky stars, and don't tamper round trying to blush voluntarily. If you are already in the Maroon majority, accept the sympathy of a fellow-sufferer. It is not the yellow peril that concerns us, nor the black mence—we'll concentrate all our worrying on the red face. "Blushed are the meek, for they . . ."

We think you'll appreciate this innovation, wherein a qualified reviewer presents his condensed but intelligent views on current literature; you owe it to yourself to read—

How Tomes Have Changed!

By E. Riley Hughes, '37

ONE OF THE most exciting things about this book business is the happy fact that it is full of pleasant surprises. One never knows from one moment to the next whether some new writer, hitherto undiscovered or relegated to the comparative obscurity of a limited public, will flash for a time at least across the literary horizon. Then, too, books need not go in cycles. A season replete with novels of the direst realism and contemporary depiction may, and did, produce an Anthony Adverse. True, this did promote a goodly flood of two-tomed romantic and pseudo-romantic fiction, but it did not prevent the widespread popularity of a simple and homey tale such as "Lamb In His Bosom" or a stern saga of the soil such as "The Earth Turns." Popular books, for the most part, have the faculty of not being turned out by schools of the craft, for a "school" in writing usually connotes a pack of sterile imitators of one genuine craftsman, but one by one, as the writer's individual effort so directs him.

One of the most refreshingly individual of recent stories is *Good-bye, Mr. Chips!* by James Hilton (Scribner's), a slight and delicately sensitive story of an old English school-master so unassuming that he seems to fade into the pages

instead of coming out of them. Here is the typical soft spoken English master, full of quotations from the Latin masters, eternally drinking tea, reminding boys he taught their fathers, living so quietly that most people wondered if old Chips lived at all outside of the classroom. Mr. Chips progresses from the classroom to his armchair and has treacle by the fire; he talks about the war with dignity and restraint; he lives with the utmost deference; he dies as quietly as can be and with the most possible consideration for everyone. The author's style is whimsically tender and in the proper nostalgic mood, saying good-bye not only to the schoolmaster, but good-bye to quiet people serving treacle, good-bye to slow and easy graces of fine living, good-bye to things stubbornly simple, good-bye to stolid, pre-war England. One can imagine the American reader laying down his book and starting at the vision of today's schoolmaster, and sighing longingly for Mr. Chips with his vague handclasping, his quiet and orderly mind.

I think I shall call Alexander Woolcott the American Chesterton. I do this merely because I am not aware that he has been called that before. Avoiding the subject of their common rotundity, I shall attempt nothing other than the flat statement that I do not believe them at all alike. Mr. Chesterton likes paradox; Mr. Woolcott, unusual and Dickensy names; I give them each to each. It is futile to wonder whether G. K. might have written *While Rome Burns* (Viking Press) because, after all, he didn't. That sort of thing, a favorite dodge of reviewers, never gets you anywhere.

The fact remains that *While Rome Burns* was written, and that everybody is or has been reading it. The divers selections in the book were written at one time or another pretty much at random and are of two kinds, first, A. W. himself

in the act of being clever, second, somebody else being almost as clever as Mr. Woolcott, but he has all the fun. He gads, he fidgets, he gambols, and lo! there is a requisite number of pages for a book.

He devotes one section to murders. After all, this is quite proper. De Quincey considered murder a fine art and who is Mr. Woolcott to arch his back against the known inclination of De Quincey? The bloodthirsty will like this part of the book best. It reeks blood, it oozes it; nicely of course, but the corpuscles are there.

Then there is the matter of the Dickensy names. Alexander is in fine fettle here and has a perfect dither of a time reporting curiously alliterative cognomens. It makes us suspicious. He may come out next with a telephone book. Be that as it may it would seem dead certain that Mr. Woolcott will come out of ambush with another book just as soon as he can think of another clever title.

Mr. Peter Fleming, who sat himself down to write *One's Company*, (Scribner's) before he shook the dust of the Orient off his person, owes it all to reading the Agony Column in *The London Times*. Without having done that, he would never have traveled, and, presumably, never have written travel books. Indeed, a vicious circle.

When Mr. Fleming first read that particular section of the paper devoted to anonymous and initialed notes of forgiveness to the errant spouse, frantic rewards for wandering lap dogs of fabulously wealthy Countesses and the like, the upshot of it all was that Mr. Fleming hied himself to Brazil. What's more, he wrote a book about it.

That book came out last spring and took three hundred plump pages to tell the avid world that Mr. Fleming was a pretty poor explorer, that although supposed to organize a

party to effect the discovery of the whereabouts of a long missing explorer, he spent his time getting lost. The author glibly debunked traveling, travel books and himself with startling impartiality. The book was a best seller in England and America.

After that it was easy to see that it would be difficult if not impossible to keep Mr. Fleming's roving eye away from the Agony Column. It was. A hurried glance sufficed to send this intrepid man of action on a frenzied trip through Russia, Manchukuo and China. These countries may still be at loggerheads despite his good-will tour, if indeed it was one, but Mr. Fleming and we are richer by "One's Company," which describes what he did not do and sometimes, when he really wants to be disarming, even why. The book is not profound in its observations, neither can it be called shallow. It is bright and alert, and that is what most travel books precisely are not. Furthermore, it is never coy or cute. Mr. Fleming never permits himself to be photographed in tribal costume, he never fondles native children, and he admits he could probably have written a better book about the Orient if he had stayed home. Would there were more like him.

* * * * *

GATHERING VOLUME

A reader's check-list of some of the best read of the current book offerings:

Fiction

SO RED THE ROSE, by Stark Young (Scribner's).
The Old South, suh, as it will never be again; pictured in mellow, nostalgic prose.

MARY PETERS, by Mary Ellen Chase. (Macmillan). Finely wrought in rhythmic style this story of a woman who sailed before the mast retells the age-old conflict between land and sea.

BRINKLEY MANOR, by P. G. Wodehouse. (Little, Brown). Jeeves and Bertie Wooster again, utterly mad and hopelessly entangled in other people's business. Required reading for practically everybody.

ANTHONY ADVERSE, by Hervey Allen. (Farrar & Rinehart). Called both "superb" and "a bore," but read and discussed widely these many months.

THE CASINO MURDER CASE, by S. S. Van Dine. (Scribner's). Vance, the master mind, back with his monocle and accent, in a more vividly and directly told tale of gore, his best to date.

Non-Fiction

ENGLISH JOURNEY, by J. B. Priestly. (Harper). Very English and very intriguing countryside rambling through trim hedges and Yorkshire pudding.

ROMAN SPRING, by Mrs. Winthrop Chandler. (Little, Brown). Memoirs of a prominent convert with a Washington society and Eternal City background.

FORTY-TWO YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE, by Irwin H. (Ike) Hoover. (Houghton, Mifflin). The idiosyncrasies of the White House great and near-great as reported by a ground observer.

RETREAT FROM GLORY, by Bruce Lockhart, (Putnam). The author of the popular "British Agent" continues his reminiscences with less of government plotting and more personal experiences, but equally as absorbing.

TO THE NORTH, by Jeanette Mirsky. (Viking

Press). A stirring and comprehensive account of arctic exploration and explorers from Lief Eriksson to Admiral Byrd.

The Providence College Library wishes to express its gratitude to the following persons for gifts of books since the opening of the scholastic year:

Dr. Charles Carroll.

Mr. Charles C. Brown, President of Temple Beth-El.



The Providence College Alembic

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VOL. XVII

NOVEMBER, 1934

No. 1

This being our first issue of the current year, it is meet that
that we pause momentarily for a nod
We Take a Bow of greeting and a few friendly words.

The Literary Quarterly form
adopted last year has been retained because we consider it
the most appropriate and popular type of college publication.
The transition had not for its purpose—nor its effect—an
approach to the highbrow or pseudo-ultra-modern trend in
literary magazines.

We believe we are modern; herein you will find a
varied content: topics of weight to enlighten; human familiar
essays to interest; gossip to inform; poetry to elevate; works
of cultural value to enrich; humor to amuse.

Of course we have been and will be criticised. Such comments will be accorded the recognition due their spirit and tone.

We are dedicated to your pleasure. We are pledged to progress. We are entitled to your interest.

Coincidence often attaches significance to what is ordinarily commonplace. A unique analogy may be drawn from the fact that the cold November winds usher in two of our oldest national institutions: elections and Thanksgiving.

Talking Turkey

We poor mortals are prone to lose sight of the true significance of these events. How many of us, in feast and frolic, forget to pause for a prayer of thanks to the Divine Benevolence on the Day of Gratitude? Why do we voice our petty prejudices on the occasion when we should be measuring our convictions by the norm of capability?

It is trite to dwell on the degeneration of an institution from its principle to its practice. But somehow we cannot escape the thought that if we would return to the tradition, we would benefit. Perhaps in hitching our wagon to a star we ignored the black clouds we would encounter in transit. Now is a most opportune time to elect according to conscience and to give thanks proportionate to our blessings. Then, we hope, the analogy between elections and Thanksgiving will be one of cause and effect, rather than a purely chronological one.



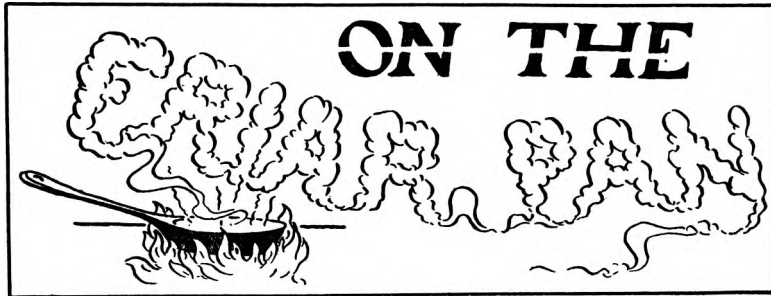
THE MOON

O Moon, you taunting goddess,
Fair shining queen of night,
Begone! fair creature; I need not
Your mocking light.

Sadly you recall
My youth—far happy boyhood—
When I knew not the vanity
Of it all.

For men are strutting puppets,
And you a strutting star,
You seem so very wise; I wonder
If you are.

William J. Sullivan, '36.



By Joe Dyer, '36

Yes, the lads are about to take their place upon the pan. . . . Let's hope they can stand it when we turn on the heat. . . . But if they can't, pooh! pooh! I have a room mate renowned far and wide for his smack-'em-down exploits. But hold—enough of that dribble about room mates or I'll be getting Will Haylonish—Will's my predecessor—and talk about his flambuoyantly colored shirts. The fire is warm. Bring on the goose.

Little Jackie Reilly, the Friar chief, took a night off to play party cake one not so distant eve. What with sweet cookies and sweet music and sweet heaven!—such elbow exercise!—he didn't leave until the wee hours of the next yawning. Anyway, the Staten Island party goer finally arrived at his resting place, and of course the key just refused to allow itself to be squeezed into the tiny hole in the door. Irked, Jack barges over under Paddy Morrison's window, but only to find that his sleep-loving room mate is hitting Snore road on all four and cannot be awakend by screamings from the yard below. In emulation of our friend of flying trapeze fame, up the trellis goes Jack, not unlike the manner of his beanstalk-conquering namesake. Jack rattles the window with might and main and finally Paddy wakes up. . . . And stuffs a couple of pieces of paper into the window frame to stop the wind (as he thought) from disturbing his slumbers! Attracted by what sounded like a bleating sheep,

he again goes to the window, looks out—and behold!—there was poor Jack, buried under the remains of what had once been a nice decorative (but weak) trellis. . . . The next A. M. he had sixty (count them) stitches taken in his coat but you'd never notice them when he's wearing his other gray suit.

Gus Hagstrom, the Gloucesterite, bet a certain Professor that he (the prof) couldn't find out his middle name. Well, he found it out and after it was dragged into the light we don't blame Gus one bit (he bet two) for hiding it. The name bestowed upon this youngster at the font was Alfred UHRO Hagstrom. . . . Speaking of middle cognomens, we learned that Charlie Verdi—our football manager—is burdened with the name of CIRO (pronounced "cheero"). After that one, how's about us all partaking of one large beero?

Joe Devenish and Tom Reddington, the crooning-swooning twins—Joe does the crooning and Tom the other—proved to be dismal failures as tree pruners out in John Donnelly's vineyard so they were transplanted inside to aid Mal Brown with his toe-nail cutting activities.

The second in the series of "Coffee-pot(ies)" is to be held at a rival undertaker's in Pawtucket. If the Rhodes scholars, (so that our readers in East Tincan can understand this I must add that Rhodes is a jig-me-around (dance hall) in these parts, "Big Ben" Smith and Ed Banahan, are willing to turn traitors for the evening, they are cordially invited. . . . Hallowe'en is almost here. To George McGuire it means pumpkins, goblins, and Touisset (If that reader in East T is still with us he'd better quit because I don't know where that place is myself).

Many of the lads go weekly to the dances at Georgia-ville. Now that cold weather is here we don't see how any of the boys will be able to keep their standing as it is impossible to obtain a dancing partner when one is attired in anything more formal than shirt sleeves. . . . Some of the steadiest (?) customers are Quentin (my pop's the Alderman)

Geary, Bill Sullivan, and the two Metropolitanites, Abe Feit and Milt Bleiden.

Speaking of dances calls to mind that grand and glorious Bridge and Dance which was held in the college auditorium by the Junior Class. The eye-catcher of the evening was the garden pool, seven feet in diameter, which was occupied by a numerous gold-finned denizens of the quiet deep, and almost Gus Motta as well. 'Lofty' waitresses served the refreshments and five St. Xavier high school students were enrolled as candy girls, which fact nearly caused Dave Powers and Frank Conway to stay at home. . . . Eddie Hanson and a coterie of Wickfordonians blew in rather late but Eddie succeeded in telling twenty of the lads that their partners were just "ducky." His most frequent remarks were: "You're a birrrd" and "Isn't he a peach?" . . . Irv Rossi's La Cucaracha antics were noble to say the least, but we weren't the least bit surprised when he wound up amongst the potted palms at the conclusion of a torrid chorus of "Alexander's Ragtime Band." . . . The Bridge players forgot their cards after a while and sat watching the merry whirl until the majority of them, although much older, arose and joined in the fun. . . . Here's to more of such affairs in the college. . . . It conclusively proved that we can have a whale of a good time within the confines of dear old Harkins. . . . The college orchestra proved to be exceedingly better than most of the local jig-timers. . . . Certainly, Providence College seems to be headed for heaps of fun this year and that without a lot of gaudy rah-rah antics. . . . After all, gentlemen do enjoy themselves.

Radio has the Boswell sisters and the Mills brothers but we have with us the 'romper boys.' In case you don't know them they are Bill Lawler, Leo Ploski, Bill Moge and Uhro (Don't you love it?) Hagstrom. . . . Every afternoon after football practice they go home to Ma Finnegan's and just romp and romp throughout the house. They throw pillows, crawl under tables and run through the rooms in endless games of tag. . . . We would suggest that some organization in

the college run a 'romper dance' so that suitable apparel could be acquired for them while they are capering. . . . Brendon McMullen has finally removed that scraggly growth of hair from atop his upper lip. He claims he removed it because of parental persuasion but the inside story is that his East Side heart flutter caused its disappearance. She told him to banish it or else. . . . Jim (U-Drive-It) Donnelly, formerly of the Ocean House, Watch Hill, is now giving "Champy" all his attention. . . . Frank Donahue, the innocent looking Bostonian, takes nocturnal walks along the Pleasant Valley Parkway. . . . We don't know who *she* is but we are certain that *he* hasn't gone Peter Panish on us and is watching the brook. . . . Johnny Shields has been Randall Squaring it for oh, so long! Nowadays, he has that "I'm getting serious" look in his twinkling orbs. . . . We would advise Messrs. Walter Doolin and Nick DeFeo to change over to the Narragansett 'where the guest is king' and thus thwart any attempts that might be made to 'Crown' them.

We have heard so many stories concerning Joe Curnane that we were all of a fluffer as to which one to give him the works with but we decided to print the following which we know positively happened. It seems that one night (for some unknown reason) Bob Lucy decided to remain in. He enlisted the services of his friend Mary and they spent the evening making plans and fudge and carrying them out. Joe wandered in and it being none too early he decided to go to bed. He grabbed his one and only pair of pajamas but to his surprise found that both the arms and legs had been neatly sewed together. Nonplussed, he clambered into bed and nestled down into a nice batch of crispy bran flakes. Try as he would, he couldn't remove half of them and despite numerous attempts, he couldn't get to sleep. After thinking it over he decided that Lucey was just a little too big to be thrown out of bed so he donned his topcoat and sat out the night hurling crusty epithets at his room mate who was smilingly entrusted in the arms of Morpheus. . . .

A salvo of applause to that Freshman Jerseyite, Vic Lynch, who wasted no time in learning about P. C. . . . We mean, Pembroke College. . . . We have our troubles, however, in deciding whether Jim Bostick is really a Jerseyonian or a claimant of Mary (land) or Georgia. . . . Carlo Lepre caused quite a bit of laugh anguish on the Worcester football trip. He heard someone remark that some sort of a beef sandwich was to be served. After a few minutes he looked over at the head waiter and remarked in all seriousness: "Hey, Spud, hurry up with that *beef-stew* sandwich." And that, friends, took place in the Hotel Bancroft Crystal Room. . . . Jack Maguire is being 'bothered' by some agitated blonde who accompanied him on a scavenger hunt. . . . Usually, these hunts are over when the time limit expires but in this case we have hopes for a glorious future.

We heard a good one that happened up in Portland, Maine, just one year ago. Joe McGee was coaching the Frosh then and they were playing an Armistice Day game up there. It seems that Joe brought the Mrs. along. The funny part is that Ray Belliveau and Leo Davin started flirting with her in the hotel lobby. She had quite a bit of difficulty in keeping a straight face but she did nobly. Can you see their faces when Joe purposely introduced them to her the next A. M. at breakfast? . . . George Cusack received a semi-black eye during football practice one afternoon but he imparted to me personally that the girls went big for it at that dusk-to-dawn party in South Providence. George always gets the breaks. He said that if we printed it we should say at least that it was a Friday night but as everything in here must be the truth we must say that it happened on a Wednesday night as it really did.

Tom (Pierre) Coffey is brushing up on his French so that he can become articulate with that 'artiste extraordinaire,' Yvonne. He is planning a trip to Gay Paree in the later on. . . . We had a grand chuckle the other after-dinner when we happened upon Jim and Art (the ex-Holycrossite) St. Germain and Tom Hazell playing golf on the municipal

links with some fair damozel and one set of clubs. . . . Pete Gobis, late of the Killarney, has been found in the vicinity of Academy avenue on numerous occasions recently, but as yet we have failed to glean from him what number he is stopping at. . . . Pete (he likes to be called Graham Mc-Namee) Lekakos journeys cross-town every week end P. M. to sofa with his high school giggler. . . . Charlie Gaffney still meets his embryonic school teacher at the foot of Capitol Hill when the daily closing gong is chiming. This is his fourth year of youthful palaver and he continues to drop a nickel every night just to hear her voice. . . . Bart Skipp, of Pressbox fame, is chairman of the entertainment committee at a closeby pharmacy. Imagine his embarrassment when he was interrupted in his impersonation of Mr. Bagoda for the fair Fanny from the L. I. Hospital by two of the college faculty. . . . Paul (Little man, what now?) Healy volunteered to release a window shade that was caught high up near the ceiling and he had to chin himself to get to the top of a radiator. . . . Leo Lanigan has been looking sort of dumpy during the past fortnight and we found out that he was in this state because his last year's Prom partner went aisle walking not so long ago. . . . Ray O'Mara and a few other New Yorkites have been spending a goodly portion of their nights out at the Minerva. What's the attraction? Maybe it's Minerva. . . .

FLASH—There's more to that Lanigan story. Leo was at the riveting party and after it was all over someone came up to him and grabbed his arm and said: "I always thought it would be you, Leo." . . . Red (the Macker) McCabe is planning to write a book entitled *Memoirs of a Bell Hop*. In it, emphasis will be placed upon incident and not upon character study. We might also add that Joe Clair insists that there is something to the story that the Macker writes a lot of those letters he (supposedly) receives from girl friends, himself! . . . At last we have found a place for E. Rhubarb Hughes. When they wish to send a man to his political grave they elect him Vice President, (or at least

that is what we “*garner*” from it) and our editors have got rid of Edward by having him write unreadable reviews of books that he hasn’t read himself. In case you don’t know him he’s the lad that likes to use every morsel he gets hold of as a pun. . . . Our Orchid Dep’t. is supplying bunches to the great new P. C. Band and Philharmonic—a good bunch of lads who are sounding out real harmony history as the first permanent musical units in black and white uniforms. . . .

So until the next time, (watch your step!) WE’LL BE SEEING YOU. . . .



Press Box

By Mike McGarry, '36

The New Deal in football at Providence College is under way. As a result of agitation on the part of Alumni, Joe McGee, coach of last year's freshman aggregation was secured as head varsity coach. Phil Couhig, former Boston College luminary, and Ollie Roberge, star end of last year's squad, were engaged as his assistants. Junie Bride retained his position as backfield coach.

The task of whipping a fairly representative team into shape assumed gigantic proportions as Fall neared, and the havoc wreaked by graduation and scholastic difficulties became more evident. But three first string men remained to form the nucleus around which the club must be built. Capt. Kutneski at guard, Abe Feit at center, and Omer Landry at quarterback. It was soon recognized that a great deal would depend on the men who formed last year's freshman squad. The coaching staff thrust themselves energetically into the task of preparing them for varsity competition.

The efforts thus expended resulted in a fair showing against Holy Cross when Providence bowed to a vastly superior foe.

The summary, lineup and substitutions follow:

PROV. COLLEGE (0)	HOLY CROSS (25)
Banahan, l. e.	l. e., Riccardi
Adamick, l. t.	l. t., Harvey
Kutneski, l. g.	l. g., Flanagan
Feit, c.	c., Ryan
Lepre, r. g.	r. g., Moran
Davin, r. t.	r. t., 'Moncewicz
Lawler, r. e.	r. e., Brogan
Landry, q. b.	q. b., Kidd
Soar, r. h. b.	r. h. b., Kuziora
Belliveau, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Hobin
Vitullo, f. b.	f. b., Yablonski

Score by periods	1	2	3	4
Providence College	0	0	0	0—0
Holy Cross	6	0	7	12—25

Touchdowns: Holy Cross—Yablonski, J. O'Connor, Janiak, Hanifan. Points after touchdown: Holy Cross—Harvey.

Substitutions: Holy Cross—J. O'Connor for Yablonski, Javin for Harvey, Janiak for Kusiora, Canini for Kidd, Lingua for Moncewicz, Curran for O'Connon, McCann for Riccardi, O'Donnell for Brogan, Cienkiewicz for Moran, Renz for Flannagan, Hanifan for Hobin, Daughters for O'Donnell, Sullivan for Daughters.

Providence College—Skipp for Lawler, Boboras for Lepre, Lawler for Skipp, Lepre for Boboras, Skipp for Lawler, Lawler for Adamick, Abrams for Feit, Lekakos for Lepre, Morrison for Lekakos, Healy for Vitullo, Gill for Banahan, Vitullo for Healy, Balzanelli for Soar, Sloan for Belliveau, Morrison for Abrams.

Referee—J. E. Keegan, Umpire—J. E. Burke, Field Judge—J. N. Young, Linesman—T. D. Scanlon. Time of periods—15 min.

The feature of the game was the end play of Ed Banahan, New Haven Sophomore, who time and again broke up the Purple interference and successfully brought down the ball carrier for no gain.

Providence Versus C. C. N. Y.

Following their setback by Holy Cross the Friar Squad assiduously practiced pass defense for their coming game with City College of New York. The latter team had engaged Benny Friedman, a former college and professional grid star noted for his accurate passes, as head coach in an effort to turn out a team worthy of note. It was expected that the New York air attack would provide plenty of trouble for Providence.

The summary, lineup, and substitutions, follow:

PROV. COLLEGE (19)	C. C. N. Y. (6)
Banahan, l. e.,	l. e., Mauer
Bouzan, l. t.	l. t., Ilowit
Borboras, l. g.	l. g., Weiss
Feit, c.	c., Luongo
Kutneski, r. g.	r. g., Tolces
Davin, r. t.	r. t., Berkowitz
Lawler, r. e.	r. e., Dwyer
Landry, q. b.	q. b., Cooper
Soar, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Rockwell
Belliveau, r. h. b.	r. h. b., Gonzales
Vitullo, f. b.	f. b., Levin

Score by periods	1	2	3	4
Providence College	0	6	0	13—19
City College of N. Y.	0	0	0	6—6

Touchdowns: Providence College—Soar, Hagstrom, Belliveau. City College—Cooper. Points after touchdown: Providence College—Hagstrom (Soar).

Substitutions: Providence College—Sloan for Landry, Skipp for Banahan, Gill for Lawler, Hagstrom for Skipp, Lepre for Borboras, Abrams for Feit, Morrison for Lepre, Smith for Gill, Adamick for Bouzan, Balzanelli for Soar, Healy for Vitullo, Lekakos for Kutneski.

City College—Schwartz for Rockwell, Lubo for Luongo, Sidrer for Gonzales, Rosner for Swartz, Greenwald for Sidrer, Gonzales for Rosner, Notarius for Lubo, Blom for Mauer, Goldbeg for Tolces, Gillis for Levin, Levin for Greenwald, Mauer for Ilowit.

Referee—W. J. Volk. Umpire—S. H. Waughtel. Linesman—W. E. Jamieson. Time of periods: 15 minutes.

The feature of the game was the passing attack which Providence launched. Hank Soar did most of the throwing and his amazing accuracy gave Providence their margin of victory.

Fresh from their victory over C. C. N. Y. the Friars settled down to intensive work preparatory to the annual game with Springfield. Although a small college this institution has turned out fine teams year after year. Coach McGee realized that his team would have to be at its best to eke out a win and it was with this thought in mind that Providence entered the game.

The summary, lineups and substitutions:

PROVIDENCE (13)	SPRINGFIELD (14)
Lawler, l. e.	l. e., Dresser
Adamick, l. t.,	l. t., L'Hommedieu
Lepre, l. g.	l. g., Kodis
Abrams, c.	c., McNiven
Kutneski, r. g.	r. g., Cooper
Davin, r. t.	r. t., Kosiba
Gill, r. e.	r. e., Rogers
Landry, q. b.	q. b., Thompson
Balzanelli, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Huston
Belliveau, r. h. b.	r. h. b., Brown
Sokolowski, f. b.	f. b. Govoni

Score by periods	1	2	3	4
Providence College	0	7	0	6—13
Springfield College	7	0	7	0—14

Touchdowns: Springfield—Rogers, Huston (Brown). Providence—Vitullo 2. Points after touchdon: Springfield—Huston 2 (placements). Providence—Belliveau.

Substitutions: Springfield—Keith for Thompson, Allen for Govoni, Nieland for Keith, Jackson for Huston, Govoni for Allen, Colburn for Cooper, Huston for Jackson, Buscall for Rogers, McNeil for Kosiba, Handy for Buscall, Facitelli for L'Hommedieu, Kosiba for McNeil, Powers for Kosiba, Raymond for Powers, Rosengren for Raymond, Bradford for Buscall, Readell for Huston.

Providence—Vitullo for Sokolowski, Banahan for Gill, Hagstrom for Lawler, Sloan for Landry, Borboras for Lepre, Soar for Balzanelli, Feit for Abrams, Lepre for Borboras, Bouzan for Adamick, Adamick for Bouzan, Bouzan for Davin, Landry for Belliveau, Lawler for Hagstrom.

Referee—S. H. Mahoney (Boston). Field Judge—J. A. Chalmers (Middlebury). Linesman—W. E. Jameson (East Providence). Umpire—J. L. Duffy (Boston). Time of periods—15 min.

For the second consecutive Saturday Soar stood out in the Providence offensive. His running and passing contributed no little to the showing made by the Friars.

The opening week of school found aspirants for the Freshman Football Team working out under the careful tutelage of Coaches O'Keefe and McCormack. The general run of candidates did not appear up to the 1933 standard but nevertheless they rapidly rounded into shape and were soon ready for their opening game with the Holy Cross Frosh.

Providence College Frosh vs. Holy Cross Frosh

PROV. COLLEGE	HOLY CROSS
FRESHMEN (12)	FRESHMEN (13)
Ryan, l. e.	l. e., Amereau
Eichner, l. t.	l. t., Brady
Arlia, l. g.	l. g., Carr
Lapierre, c.	c., Mautner
Gorman, r. g.	r. g., Curran
Snyder, r. t.	r. t., Shields
Marion, r. e.	r. e., Osborne
Minicucci, q. b.	q. b., Bartolomeo

Ploski, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Brucato
Lengyel, r. h. b.	r. h. b., Gautreau
Moge, f. b.	f. b., Tassinari
Score by periods	1 2 3 4
Holy Cross Freshmen	0 0 0 13—13
P. C. Freshmen	6 0 0 6—12

Touchdowns: Holy Cross Freshmen—Dzierzak, Villhauer. Providence College Freshmen—Ploski, Ryan. Points after touchdown: Holy Cross Freshmen—Mautner.

Substitutions: Providence College Freshmen—Jordan for Marion, Blaney for Lapierre, Polak for Lengyel, Guilette for Snyder, Gaffney for Minicucci, Shaw for Gorman, Bruno for Lengyel, Robinson for Shaw.

Holy Cross Freshmen—Villhauer for Gautreau, Hurley for Bartolomeo, McNulty for Villhauer, Celeste for Nelson, Gallogly for McNulty, Brucato for Gallogly, Mautner for Howard, Dzierzak for Osborne, McNulty for Hurley, Mulvey for McNulty.

Referee—Bill Halloran. Umpire—Ned Barry. Linesman—Fred Hufgins. Time of periods: 15 minutes.

The last quarter of the game was replete with thrills. All three scores in this period were scored by means of passes. Moge and Ploski were outstanding for the P. C. Freshmen, the former for his punting and the latter for his passing.

Providence College Frosh vs. Boston College Frosh

The summary, lineup and substitutions follow:

PROV. COLLEGE	BOSTON COLLEGE
FRESHMEN (0)	FRESHMEN (6)
Ryan, l. e.	l. e., Mahoney
Eichner, l. t.	l. t., Koslowski
Arlia, l. g.	l. g., Martin
Gorman, c.	c., Blandiori
Robinson, r. g.	r. g., Craig
Trayer, r. t.	r. t., Pereault
Jordan, r. e.	r. e., Cahill
Ploski, q. b.	q. b., Farwell
Gaffney, l. h. b.	l. h. b., Laronde
Moge, f. b.	f. b., Bryan
P. C. Freshmen	0 0 0 0— 0
Score by periods	1 2 3 4
Boston College Freshmen	0 6 0 0— 6

Touchdown: Boston College Freshmen—Guinea.

Substitutions: Providence College Freshmen—Snyder for Trayer, Lengyl for Gaffney, Borges for Jordan, Blaney for Gorman, Spinnler for Robinson, Gaffney for Minicucci.

Boston College Freshmen—Forestall for Farwell, Bonin for Forestall, Farwell for Bryan, Donatelli for Guinea, Charini for Kale, Cohan for Martin.

Referee—Ned Barry. Umpire—Fred Foley. Linesman—W. A. Jamieson. Time of periods—15 minutes.

The ball carrying of Dom Minicucci and the passing of Leo Ploski were the outstanding features of the game. The Frosh passed up a good many scoring chances.

Although neither the Varsity nor the Freshmen Teams have showed a great deal of power in their games to date they have improved with each game. Their defense is much better than their offense. We expect this fault to be rectified by constant practice. Both squads have proficient passers and equally proficient receivers which fact will serve them in good stead until their running attack is tuned up. We extend our felicitations to Paul Ryan, recently elected Frosh Captain. For both teams we wish great luck in the remainder of their respective schedules.



Exchange Department

To our Exchanges:

It has long been the custom of scholastic publications throughout the world to sponsor an Exchange Department. We are confident that the functions of such a department have aided your publication and ours in the realization of increased popularity.

During late years, however, the primary purpose and true significance of Exchange departments have become obscured through a gradual decline in interest and enthusiasm. It has been brought to our attention, and perhaps to yours, that the present-day systems of interchange have so far decayed that "social contact" remains the sole benefit of the well-intentioned efforts of such departments. This should not be; for as you know, the ultimate objective of exchange is stimulation of interest in literary and educational achievement.

Therefore, the ALEMBIC has deemed it expedient that its Exchange Department undergo a definite revision. A conscientious effort will be made, by the functionary of this department, to read and interpret your publications and to recognize those noteworthy ideas which distinguish your magazine from others. A careful record of such analysis will be kept. The final issue of the year will contain a pro and con discussion of the general trend of thought and style in the field of college publications.

We shall be pleased to continue exchanging our magazine with you, and trust that this outline of our new policy will explain the absence of our regular Exchange column. We invite continuance of our pleasant relations.


George T. Scowcroft, '37,
Librarian.

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