

WINTER NUMBER

The **ALEMBIC**
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

THE SINO-JAPANESE QUESTION

AN UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

THE ROYAL PRISONER

POETICALLY SPEAKING

SMOKE RINGS

TEN FRESHMEN

PRESSBOX

ROTUNDA GALLERY

RESIDUE

VOL. XVI.

JANUARY, 1934

No. 2

The Alembic

VOL. XIV.

JANUARY, 1934

No. 2

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. The Sino-Japanese Question	<i>Frank H. P. Conway</i>	5
2. The Royal Prisoner	<i>George Popkin</i>	12
3. Man of the Hour (verse)	<i>H. Murray</i>	19
4. Harping—An Unfinished Symphony	<i>L. Fitzgerald</i>	20
5. Unknown (verse)	<i>Edward Hughes</i>	24
6. Smoke Rings	<i>Nathan Crossman</i>	25
7. Futurity (verse)	<i>Frank McLean</i>	26
8. Poetically Speaking	<i>Herbert F. Murray</i>	27
9. Ten Freshmen (verse)	<i>Edwin Lynch</i>	29
EDITORIAL		30
ROTUNDA GALLERY		32
PRESS BOX		40
RESIDUE		46
NITWIT NOTES AND CAUSTIC COMMENT		52

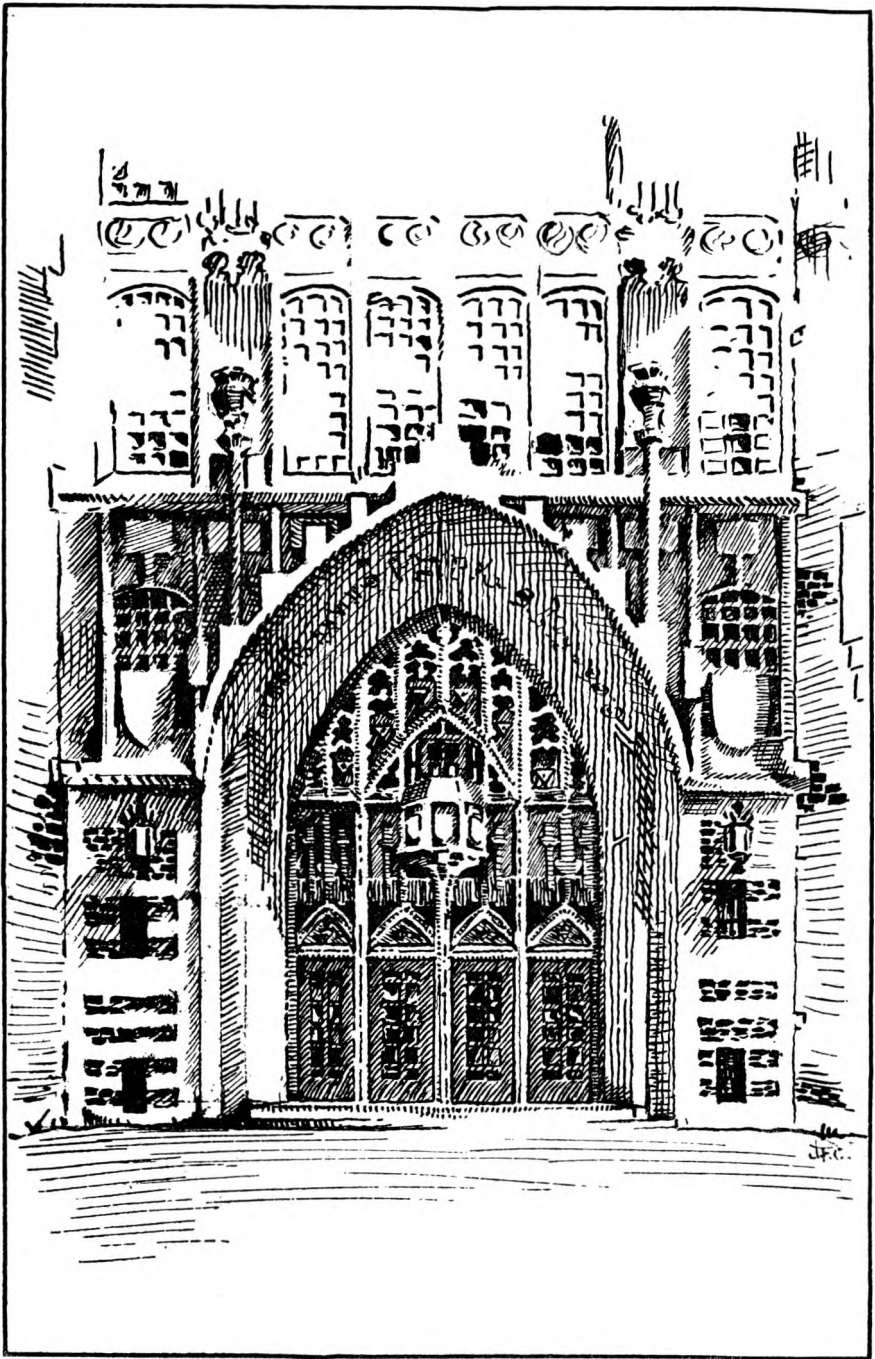
The Providence College Alembic is published bi-monthly from November to May, by the students of Providence College, Providence, R. I. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Providence, R. I., December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription, \$2.00 the year. "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized April 9, 1932."




The Alembic
Providence College



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



The Sino-Japanese Question

HE Sino-Japanese affair which roused the entire world some time ago with its implications of treaty violations and the fear that a great power had indeed perpetrated the unforgivable by conducting an offensive against a seemingly innocent minor power, is interesting to study. At the time the press all over the civilized nations was predominantly against the Japanese stand. Indeed, they were almost unanimous in censuring Japan's conduct. However, since the Lytton Report has been published, and with the rather belated Japanese defence, it is wise for us now to review the entire affair once again and perhaps appreciate the old axiom that "there are two sides to every question." While not condoning Japan's stand we must realize that there was some justification for the action which she took at the time.

Although we are much too near this vital question to understand the numerous intricacies of government and statecraft which are doubtless involved, and which will remain to be revealed to later generations, we may still, by considering the contentions advanced by both sides, realize to a fuller significance the drastic realities which complicate this problem. Future events may serve to repudiate the entire Japanese defense and perhaps justify those statements which many bold defenders of China have made concerning the imperialistic views of Japan. Yet such assertions must be rightfully regarded as only surmises which cannot be accepted without definite proof of their validity.

The New York Times, speaking on the Sino-Japanese

situation, made the following editorial expression on January 30, 1932:

“No impartial person who has followed the Japanese course in China since the sudden seizure of Mukden last autumn can fail to conclude that Japan has lacked what is called ‘good publicity.’ She had in many respects, a good case. She was entitled to stand upon her treaty rights. She had, undoubtedly, suffered extreme provocation from irresponsible Chinese officials. She had apparently long foreseen the need of military action to defend her lawful privileges in Manchuria, and to enhance her national prestige, so that when the moment came the blow was delivered suddenly and effectively. But apparently, the Japanese Government did not have that ‘decent respect for the opinion of mankind’ which would have led her to explain and justify her position in the face of hostile criticism. Even at Geneva, when the League of Nations was taking up the matter, the Japanese argument was late in being produced. For a time, the Chinese there had all the better of the controversy, and indeed, led the League of Nations too hastily to take a position favorable to the Chinese contention, from which it afterward had to retreat. All this offered a great opportunity to Japan to inform the League and the world of her intentions and her procedure, but she was tardy and inconclusive in taking advantage of it.”

As the Times has stated the Japanese stand has indeed been lacking in the proper publicity. The reason for this seeming disregard for the opinion of mankind is not clear. Yet, on the last moment Japan did rush one of her ablest spokesmen to Geneva in a final attempt to present her cause clearly and forcefully to the League assembled there. That Yosuke Matsuoka failed at Geneva cannot be assigned as the reason that the cause which he embraced was futile. There

must be considered the enormous disadvantage under which that able statesman labored. Previously formed opinions and notions already firmly fixed in the minds of the members by those upholding the Chinese cause were not to be dislodged by this last minute attempt to justify Japan's action. Japan's subsequent withdrawal from the League only served to emphasize the one really worthwhile point brought out by this case, the ineffectiveness of the League itself.

In the address which he delivered to the Seventeenth Plenary Meeting of the Special Assembly of the League of Nations on February 24, 1933, urging the rejection of the Draft Report prepared by the Committee of Nineteen, Yosuke Matsuoka, the Chief Japanese Delegate, pointed out those features of the Report wherein he felt it had failed to comprehend the situation. "The Report showed," contended Mr. Matsuoka, "that the Committee of Nineteen had failed to realize the actual situation in the Far East, and the difficulties of Japan's position in the midst of unparalleled and appalling circumstances, and the ultimate aim that is impelling Japan in her action." By "realizing the actual situation in the Far East" Matsuoka was once again referring to a point which had been previously stressed numerous times by several of the delegates present including those from the United Kingdom, namely, the terrible realities which made this problem entirely different from any other of the same nature which might arise. It was these "unparalleled and appalling circumstances" which, aside from the many violations of her treaties, really made Japan's case. Due to the chaos reigning in China from internecine warfare, tyranny, banditry, famine and flood, and from the armies of communists which range over a wider territory than the Nanking Government controls, it has been virtually impossible for China to recognize her obligations

toward her neighbors. As a result, Japan, her nearest neighbor, has been the greatest sufferer. The lawless condition of China forced Japan, insisted Mr. Matsuoka, to adopt her present policies to meet the crisis. The ultimate aim which is impelling Japan in her action and which the Committee of Nineteen has failed to realize, continued the Japanese, is peace in the Far East. He concluded his speech by eloquently pleading "for the sake of peace in the Far East and for the sake of peace throughout the world, I ask you not to adopt this Report." The Assembly subsequently adopted the Report and Japan with many regrets withdrew from the League.

In asserting that conditions in China have been misrepresented the Chinese point out that Foreign exploiting interests which were more concerned in their own gain than in China's welfare have greatly added to her difficulties. Again, they contend that many unsatisfactory conditions and disturbances in China have been the result of Japanese obstructions and incitements. Japan, they claim, does not wish to see a unified and peaceful China. She has consistently maintained a policy which has been an incitement to the boycotts of which she complains and which have increased the banditry which is so rampant in China. Clarifying this latter argument they explain that many recent bandits are only citizens which have been made homeless and deprived of means of livelihood by changed political conditions. The inference to be gathered is that these changed political conditions are in part the result of Japanese activities within China and, consequently, that Japan herself is indirectly responsible for the banditry which she deplors in China.

Insisting that Japan has no claim to Manchuria the Chinese support their argument by observing that the popula-

tion of Manchuria is predominantly Chinese while most of the "Japanese" colonists have come from Korea. Southern Manchuria holds a predominating position over northern and central China and, consequently, is of vital import to the security of China, they maintain, and furthermore, being the only region open for colonization to China's surplus population, it is of still more importance for Chinese expansion and development. Claiming that the recognition of Manchoukuo was not justified, they say, that the forming of the new state was not a genuine independence movement but was made possible by Japanese troops and by the activities of Japanese officers, and that as a result, the government of Manchoukuo is merely an instrument of Japan.

These arguments have been advanced by those upholding the Chinese side of the question. As such, they are worthy of much merit but they cannot be taken too literally for in that case they present perhaps a bit too harsh a picture of Japan's activities. They give no quarter and allow the Japanese no loophole by which they may escape an apparently justified condemnation. To see the picture clearly then it is essential that we consider also, the defense offered by the Japanese.

In defending its policy in regard to the Sino-Japanese crisis Japan maintains that its action was justified by existing conditions. China has violated, they declare, both treaty obligations and agreements. As proof of this statement they cite the following occasions of violations:

In Manchuria, by the construction of railway lines directly in violation of existing treaties; by refusal to repay loans and interest for Japanese-constructed railways; and again, by the interference in Manchuria with the rights of Japanese in regard to liberties of residence and the leasing of land.

Japan's spokesmen have consistently asserted that their military forces at all times have acted only in self-defense. The right of self-defense is inherent in every sovereign state and implicit in every treaty and consequently they claim that their military policy has always been legally justified. This right may involve military measures outside territorial boundaries of the state, and consequently Japan, they say, has violated no treaties, perpetrated no war, but only followed Western procedure. Here they give the example of the United States policy in Nicaragua, Panama, Cuba, and Mexico.

From this we may gather that there was indeed some justification for the Japanese policy. On the surface, at least, they appear to be legally correct but heeding the Chinese contentions we ponder on the possibility of an Imperial Japan. Supporting this latter conclusion there appeared in the Providence Journal the following Associated Press dispatch from Rome dated January 2nd, 1934:

"A cry of alarm against the 'menace' of Japanese naval activities and recent policies was raised today in the Italian budget committee's report on navy expenditures distributed in the Chamber of Deputies.

"'Japan today invades China—inspired by race hatred, she will plan tomorrow against white men,' said the Marquis Giacomo Del Vascello, the committee reporter, in revealing Italy's naval budget for 1934-1935. Referring to Japan's naval activities, the Marquis declared that the 'groundwork' for this future danger from the East is perhaps being laid.

"'It was revealed in Japan's recent policies and diplomacy, including her withdrawal from the League of Nations. This gesture is of great importance and is highly significant and menacing. She quit the League in 1933 because of the very clauses in the covenant which she once accepted, and

in 1935—a time of still graver decisions—she will have full and unconditional freedom of action.’ ”

This cry of alarm by a noted Italian statesman is indicative of the attitude assumed by the Major Capitals of the world towards the unrest in the East. Japan by her policy in the Sino-Japanese crisis has weakened peace machinery and the League of Nations. The result is that a major problem, the reconstruction of the League of Nations, is before the present members. Following Premier Mussolini's demand for the reform of the League there were two theories advanced. The first favors a complete reformation from within conducted by the League members in secret at Geneva. France approves of this method. The second holds preference for a reformation from without. That is, by inviting Japan, Russia, and the United States to participate in the discussions it is believed that the final decision would be more acceptable to these nations. This second theory is the Italian-British viewpoint.

However, regardless of the machinations of the League in its reform we come to the inescapable conclusion that Japan has added nothing to the cause of world peace which she insists is her ultimate aim. Her action, notwithstanding its partial justification, has seriously impaired the workings of international law. Refusing to accept the recommendations of the Assembly at Geneva after the publication of the Lytton Report placed her in a serious light. Today she stands in a crucial position. Whether or not Japan will reject those militarists who are guiding the state in its present policies, and perhaps allow a few of those fine statesmen of the old school of which Mr. Debuchi, the former Japanese Ambassador to the United States was a member, once again to take the reins of government in hand, is a problem which remains for the future to answer.

Frank H. P. Conway.

The Royal Prisoner



THE MOON seemed a living thing and close at hand that night forty centuries ago, even as now at times. Twinkling in the clearness of the evening sky multitudes of stars looked down upon ancient Egypt. In the palace gardens swept by the Nile's soft breezes a small greyish figure could be spied looking skyward. One might not associate this short statured meanly clad man with royalty, but the light of serenity shone in his face. Pharoah was at the work which gave him the greatest pleasure in life—his astronomical observations. Dropping one queer shaped instrument suddenly, he seized a triangular object lying on a small table beside him.

"Good, good," he muttered, "very good."

Pointing his instrument at a certain bright star, he gazed intently and with great satisfaction. After several moments he sat down, sighed, and commented to himself. "Sometimes I wonder." Then he again resumed his observations, muttering to himself.

But as so often occurs, the happiest moments are interrupted. Pharoah was not destined to finish his study of the heavens that night. The voice of Tii, his queen, startled him.

"What again, you old fool, your throne is tottering and you spend your time gaping at the moon."

"Have you no sense of duty—Cephtou will be at our gates before the week is out and instead of acting, instead of gathering. . . ."

"Please, Tii," Pharoah interposed a little timidly, for he feared his wife greatly, or rather her tongue.

"Please, is that what you are going to say to Cephtou, 'please'? 'Please, dear Cephtou, I must study the stars tonight, kill me tomorrow.' Bah, by Ammon, what sort of Pharoah have we anyway, why I believe Cephtou has grounds for revolt. He at least has red blood—he wants the throne, and he's doing something about it." Pharoah stood by somewhat cowed, during this railing, finally getting in a word.

"I cannot believe all Amenes would have me think Cephtou is no enemy of mine. Why he was here only three days ago, smiling, good-natured as usual. I've known him for years before we were married; he is incapable of treason."

Pharoah looked about him uneasily and continued—"Amenes means well but he is so suspicious of everyone and a bit of an intriguer I'm afraid." He was your choice as Prime Minister," Tii interrupted.

"I don't think Amenes likes me, perhaps I'm not warrior enough."

"Perhaps—" the queen rejoined with sarcasm.

"Who calls my name?"—

At this phrase both monarch and consort turned around surprised. It was Amenes, tall, sleek, and very inquisitive. Tii came to the rescue.

"Tell my husband all, Amenes, I was telling him you had all the details of Cephtou's plot."

"Why, yes, your highness—Cephtou plans to attack the palace on Ka's Feast Day. His men are to be concentrated at five places—Roban, Syr, Lepes, Anamis, and Luxor. At most he has not more than five hundred bowmen and twenty chariots."

"How do you know so much?" Pharoah challenged.

Your majesty, we have not spies for nothing."

Amenes resumed his account, relating the most minute

details of the proposed revolt. There could be no mistake—Cephtou was the leader of an organized rebellion.

“But, why, why?” Pharoah now agitated and hurt, deeply hurt, asked. “What has he against me—does he simply seek power?”

“No, my lord—he says you are not fit to rule Egypt.” There was ill concealed dislike in the Prime Ministers voice. “Cephtou says you dream in your gardens and neglect your state.”

“Enough, enough,” Pharoah gasped. “Leave me alone now.”

Amenes hesitated, while Tii cast a look of surprise upon her husband. There was a strange glint in the monarch’s eyes, his voice had a hardness unusual for him. Naturally both visitors concluded Pharoah was in anger against Cephtou and feeling their mission accomplished Tii and Amenes withdrew in silence.

But Pharoah was not angry with Cephtou. He pushed his instruments aside and sat down upon his favorite chair with a sigh.

“Oh, Ammon Ra, why was I destined to be king,” he mumbled.

Pharoah sat pensively in the semi-darkness gazing off into space as if some drama were unfolding before him. Sometimes his face lit up with a gentle smile, yet he sighed also, and often. He was reviewing his life’s history.

His father who ruled Egypt before him had died while Pharoah was yet a small boy. From earliest days he had been restricted by the convention and pomp of the court. He knew few boyhood pleasures, his time was spent listening to the lengthy reports of councillors. As he grew older and control passed to him from the regent and his dowager mother, he

attempted to gain some independence. But he could not—affairs of the state always kept him shackled. Wars, famines, riots—how he longed to spend his time in study and reflection instead. Pharoah was never meant to be a warrior and ruler. After his marriage to a Nubian princess and the birth of an heir he felt more encompassed than ever. Some evenings he would slip away with stealth akin to that of a thief to his private gardens to study the stars and forget. In time astronomy became his passion. Meanwhile there had been rumblings of discontent from the nobles but he had disregarded them. And now—a revolt—led by Cephtou, Cephtou, too, was against him. Cephtou whom he had befriended.

The king, his reverie finished, arose and, casting a farewell glance at the heavens left the garden. It was late, enough of this for tonight he thought and sought sleep and rest.

Morning found Pharoah moody and alone in an ante-chamber of his palace. The mingled odors of incense and burnt flesh made their way into the room from the monarch's private chapel below. Pharoah had ordered sacrifices to Ammon Ra while the sun was yet young in the heavens. For he had been awake early debating what measures to take against Cephtou.

He was a troubled man, this ruler, when most men in his position might have given a few commands and turned unhesitatingly to the day's work.

"I have half a mind to surrender it all," he mumbled. "Why not, what gladness have the royal robes ever brought to my heart? Condemned by all as a weakling too weak to rule by iron measures— and too weak to follow my own inclinations. Torn here and urged there by schemers and those more ambitious than worthy. Intrigue, plots behind my back

by those who call themselves my friends, berated—Oh, Ammon, show me the way out.”

“Can I then be strong enough to forsake everything, to give myself wholly to study and peace? Many will think me coward—but that is the braver way. I could not forever endure being Egypt’s prisoner and Tii’s scape-goat.”

Pharoah turned toward the sunlight streaming through the ornate windows.

“Out there,” he pointed, “out there is life, and I mean to find it.”

He sat down before a writing desk excitedly like a child planning some prank. Pharoah meant to give up all to Cephtou. Cephtou wanted his throne and he wanted Cephtou’s freedom—it was a fair exchange. Cephtou would make a good ruler, heroic in his people’s eyes, popular both with the army and the nobles. As for himself—a villa in the country near the Nile, leisure, the stars. Pharoah was decided, he would send word to Cephtou by messenger, Tii could return to Nubia and he himself would return out of a situation which for years had given him no rest.

Tii meanwhile had gone about her duties as queen that morning considering the Cephtou affair as a thing of the past. She was in a happier frame of mind, a sense of security and peace pervaded her being. But as time went by and Pharoah was nowhere to be seen Tii became uneasy. She inquired of Amenes concerning her husband’s whereabouts—but that worthy occupied by his breakfast smiled blandly and professed his ignorance. Next Tii climbed the royal stairs leading to the ambassador’s chambers, but no Pharoah. The queen’s womanly intuition which had begun to warn her all was not quite well felt concerned. Tii became uneasy, the former

and at the same time concerning the crowd (we really should not say crowd) that attended we cannot say too much. Those who failed to put in an appearance were justly punished for they missed one of the best shows of the year.

A snappy program that was distributed before the performance assured everyone that this was to be a well worthwhile affair. The decorations in the rotunda also helped the parents to realize that school is just like home. But, when the show began was when the fun started. The speech of welcome, in our minds, was the highlight of the evening but Paul Connolly also did very well by himself. Our distinguished president, editor and trickster proved to all why he has attained such a high mark around this institution. His stories, his imitations, his wit and his bluff kept us all in a state of joy. He had a different line for each performer, making a ball player out of Devenish in one sentence and an awful sap out of him in the next.

Big Smitty in "Teacher, may I leave the room" was enormous. He is an actor of no mean ability. Red Hazel lived up to his name, if you fathom that, but he was right in his glory, he was talking all the time. It was a wonder that he didn't tell us that his brother was All Scholastic Center at English or someplace. That still makes you a Freshman, Thomas. Perchance you will now be more considerate of us in your remarks.

Maybe we had better start to tell you some of the things about our boys before we delve any farther into the records of events. That which comes to our mind first was an incident which brought a bit of emotion to our hearts as we were walking along Smith Street one fine afternoon. It happened to be the day that most of the boys were setting sail for home for the Christmas holidays. Joe Carew happened to be on the sidewalk and it seemed as though he was the only one who missed the party. Having seen this lad Charlie Gallagher perform on the basketball court although not knowing him personally we were interested in what he was up to. Well, anyway, here is the story. Charles and his roommate, we

believe his name is Joyce, were leaving their place of abode with bag and baggage in their hands when a beautiful lady whom we later found out to be their landlady arrived at the door all frustrated. She called the two boys back and we thought that they were skipping without paying board but, alas! it was very different for when they went back to find out what the trouble was, she placed her arms around them and presented them with a great big kiss. Lucky Pierres! Carew had to be satisfied with one thrown at him. Maybe he saw us looking.

It has been a long time since we called Eddie Reilly "Shirts." For the past few months he did as we suggested and threw away those awful looking pieces of paraphernalia but he has broken out again and once more we must take him to task. The only good thing that there is about the shirts is the person who gave them to him. He had done so well, making himself look so decent and inconspicuous looking, and then much to everyones dismay he starts to wear one of those checkered affairs. There is a certain part of your anatomy that makes you conspicuous enough looking, my dear Edward, without wearing those kind of shirts. Well, we got a splendid box of candy out of it anyway, so we won't kick. And by the way did you get a piece?

We might insert here that the Metropolitaners had an "Evening in New York" during the vacation and did they do well by themselves? It was Providence College's debut at the Hotel Pennsylvania and we understand that New York is now extremely proud of Providence College. It is said that one of the boys was imported from Connecticut to attend the dance too. Speaking of the Connecticut boys, maybe they enjoyed themselves at least one night during the vacation too. Why Charlie Gaffney spent nine dollars at the Connecticut Club dance, and if that is any criterion of what the others did, then a pretty fair time was had there too.

Johnny Shields and Bartholomew Skipp are now working in cahoots according to the latest report. It happens that the latter has a girl friend in New York City and had planned to

go to the Met dance only to have financial conditions overcome him. So the good Samaritan told Shields what number to call when he got to New York and consequently John walks in to the dance with one of the best looking girls in the hall. We are quite anxious to know if Esther will still be the Host at Easter time to Shields or to Skippy.

We forgot to mention when we told of Charlie Gaffney spending the nine bucks that he broke into a broker's room in the Hotel Taft during the evening. Maybe he doesn't get along. At any rate, you were true to Providence by taking your sister to the dance.

We thought it was very nice of Tom Coffey and Jim Donnelly to send a telegram to one of their closest friends wishing him a happy and prosperous New Year. It shows that they are not tight at any rate but they got a chance to work at Emma's fire sale during the vacation.

We refuse to say anything about "Zipper" Burque as we were accused of picking on him too much in the last issue.

Jimmy Bostick tells us that Tebby finally found out something about his beloved roommate, E. Riley Hughes. Teb had been trying to find it out all year long and finally he became bold enough and when he discovered it, you ought to hear him yell upstairs. We think that it kind of eased Jimmy's mind a little also.

Ray Hines and Bud Kirby have been chumming around with Tom Coffey of late. We couldn't understand it until authentic sources revealed that the boys like their Coffey weak. There are others in your family aren't there, Thomas?

The Friars Club put on a luncheon at the Old France one noon time and the wit flew back and forth from one end of the table to the other. President Rockerfellow Reavey presided and did a fine job. The speakers were excellent although it was quite peculiar to see Doctor O'Neill in the role of a "common substitute."

If by any chance, you notice a decline in this column you can blame it on our former leading man. One Oscar Perrin has failed to live up to expectations this year for he

has become just a quiet, sedate, little college boy. Oscar, we sure do miss your pranks. The only time we have seen you at your best is when you and your chauffeur had that contest coming down from Albany. Tell us that one about the flower pot again will you, Turk?

We have discovered that John F. Brown reigns supreme over "Parky" in the battle of wits (half wits) at 64 Sharon. Congratulations are in order for you didn't keep yelling "come on you pretty little thing," as Park was wont to do.

It wasn't really fair for Bingo Doyle to frighten all the women and children the way he did when he walked into the game at Yale with the big bear skin coat on. We thought it was just another Yale boy until we saw that moon appear from behind the bush. It was nice of father to stay home so you could brave the cold.

Far be it from us to tell about boys from our home town. We immediately refused when someone told us to put it in *The Alembic* about Johnny Reed and Gene Archey going for a long walk around the Lying-In Hospital with a couple of dills not so long ago. No, sir, we will leave Pittsfield out of this all together.

Nick Kuzma certainly was told something when he was asked to pass the bread at the table a few days ago. He was told in no uncertain terms but we don't believe a word that Honey says. We want you to know just how we stand.

We had to break into laughter when we saw Boyle, Schott and Skipp running to beat the band (or maybe it was the girl's father) to get to a hardware store to buy a pane of glass and some putty after they broke a window. We are thinking seriously of assigning one of our representatives to these three for they have been up to some mischief of late, we fear.

The visitors at the Met dance want to express their thanks to Johnny Reilly and Edna for the kind way that they treated them during their stay in New York. Leave it to "Smiling Jack."

Paul Healy tells us a funny one about Joe Adamick.

He will probably tell us something else when he sees his name mentioned but we will let the two of them fight it out. It appears as though "Sport" Adamick got a letter from a girl friend in Southbridge. All that it contained was that she went here and there and did this and that. Joe read it and finally said "Gee, Shirt, I wish she would write something so that I would get a tickle out of it."

Poor old Scootch Lucey is in the hospital minus something after an operation. If you are going to run that pool you were talking about we hoped that you would send us a few chances.

We even tried to bribe Tom Hazel about Eddie Moran to get some information about all his doings but Tom couldn't or wouldn't think of a thing. "You know the Conservator is a pretty cozy guy," said the red headed flash.

Charlie Slattery, we understand, is interested in the medical profession. At any rate he is keeping track of all the nurses or one at least. Keep it up, Charles, we are very, very proud of you. Vinny Whalen was telling us that she had a great sense of humor and that is the kind of a girl to get. Any girl that can sit in a car when you run out of gas and have to walk a mile for it is O.K.

Some of the boys were telling us that Freddy Gorman was the host at a "falling out party" that lasted almost all of the vacation. We never thought that anything you undertook would not be finished, Fred, but maybe it will all come out in the wash.

They tell us that "Butch" Sullivan is a terror with the troopers. When anyone stands up to a trooper (who by the way was not in uniform fortunately) and tells him what he thinks of him, you have got to hand it to him. You must be the white haired boy with Annie now, Frank.

Oc revealed that Dick Brachen has taken to eating "green trees" this year. Whatever the expression means we do not know but Dick must be a great man at any rate to accomplish anything as great as that.

The Boston Club of which "Hocker" Corbett is the

president put on a smoker well worth seeing a few weeks ago. The late Ernie Schaaf's brother fought and showed up well. Jimmy Cusick was also imported to tangle with Will McMullen. Both said that they enjoyed each other's company but both knew how to handle their dukes. The General McClellan was the principal speaker.

Joie Wright was a knockout as Mae West at Parents' Night. He had a lot of pips but the best one that he pulled all night was when he said "Agatha, peel me a grape." We are now even up, Joseph.

Gerry Goyette and Maurice Davignon have been breaking into the social world lately. The former thought nothing of spending eight dollars on a girl in Boston to take her out and it is said that Chevalier goes "steady."

Frank Holden tells us that George Westfield Cusick has lost much of his reputation around the school and that he is taking it quite seriously. You may have lost your reputation, George, but you certainly put on a lot of beef.

Probably the funniest thing that has happened so far this year is attributed to Oscar Perrin. He the lover of fun, was told to write an autobiography of some phase of his life. If you know Perrin like we know him you would most assuredly roar when you saw him get up in front of the class and read all about his career as an altar boy.

Kos and Rile looked very cute on Eaton Street, one night when they stopped to adore a beautiful baby in a carriage. Something makes me think that Rile was adoring she who was pushing the baby carriage, but Kos' eyes were on the child. It has been said that they cut out paper dolls at home nights.

This seems to take care of the extra smart boys for a while but we will be back soon. Come on, boys, loosen up and so something so we can write a page or two.

GUZMAN HALL

Another semester begins to fade into dim memory. It's twilight and shadows portray that Guzman Hall students have

not been neglecting opportunities. By far the crowning achievement was the pre-Christmas entertainment sponsored by the Freshman group in the Hall. This group headed by their three committee-men staged an excellent minstrel show. At any rate, the "hidden lights" were revealed. These were the interlocutor, Ed McSweeney; the four "colored" endmen: Frank Zielenbach, Michael Harvey, William Owens, Andy Geary, Vin Fallon and John O'Connell. Brendan McAloon also scored a hit with a comical prose selection. The Glee Club, the young organization in the Hall, directed by Martin Garry, climaxed the entertainment with a presentation of Christmas selections. Taken in all the evening was a very enjoyable one.

The Parents' Night saw a great display of talent. And right in accord with the true spirit of the occasion, the Guzman Hall Glee Club co-operated in helping to put over the Sophomore Class contribution to the program.

In the true spirit of the Dominican student's life, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, twelve Guzmanites were professed and nineteen received into the Third Order of St. Dominic. Father V. C. Dore, O.P., conducted the ceremonies of Profession and Reception.

Plans for the future hold great promise. Immediately after the session of the semester examinations the Entertainment Committee will sponsor a Card Tournament. Prizes will be awarded in Pinochle, Bridge, and Whist. There is also a probability of a "Kelley Nite." As far as prospects for the Debating Committee go, there is a possibility of either a debate or a mock trial. And the Glee Club, although just a budding organization in the hall, is considering the staging of a classical musical for about the end of February. At present the Athletic Committee is busily engaged in an Intro-Guzman Hall Basketball League. Six teams have been chosen, and thus far, competition has been keen.

All in all, activity is the keynote of fellowship. It keeps alive the student; in fact, it is the creation of spirit. New spirit, New deal and Happy New Year are the order of the day.



Press Box

Resembling the Friar teams of old this season's basketball quintet is living up to expectations and is displaying the high calibre form and class which is so necessary for a championship club to possess. The present time is much too early to predict either success or failure in regards to acquiring their much cherished desire—the New England Basketball crown, or more especially, the Eastern Collegiate court title. However, they took a long stride in that direction when they defeated the highly touted Yale five, who, if you recall, were the Eastern Collegiate Champs of last season.

One of the outstanding features of the season so far has been the rapid development of "Jake" Ziment into a first string guard. Last year Ziment played as a regular on the Freshman five and showed tremendous possibilities. "Gen" McClellan has succeeded in moulding this diminutive Metropolitanite into one of the classiest players on the squad. In the first game of the year he proved his worth by demonstrating a passing ability that stunned the basketeers from East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, and it was his last minute scoring throw that turned the tide against the valiant sons of Eli. We look to see Ziment an even more finished player toward the close of the season and we feel that the veterans will be forced to look to their laurels if such is the case.

At the present time Dick Bracken is the leading scorer of the hoopsters and one of the leaders in the East. In his initial appearance he scored 24 points to turn defeat into victory. We believe that Bracken should not be overlooked when the All-American eligibles are being listed.

Inasmuch as it is impossible for everyone or even a majority of you to witness the games, we will offer a brief resume of each game and our interpretations of each contest as it

appeared to us in the Pressbox, borrowing from time to time pertinent remarks made by various sports reviewers.

The Friars opened the season of 1933-34 on the Harkins Hall court as hosts to the brilliant five representing East Stroudsburg Teachers College of Pennsylvania. This club had compiled an enviable record during the previous season, having won eighteen out of nineteen games contested. A fairly large crowd was in attendance to watch the McClellan coached machine renew its operations. The play of the Pennsylvanians bewildered the Providence team throughout the entire first half. So much so, in fact, that at half time the visitors were leading by a score of 19-9. The hopes for a Providence victory at this point were very low. With the start of the second half a new spirit seemed to permeate the seemingly beaten Dominicans and the crowd was in an uproar as the leather sphere dropped time and again through the hoop for another and still another Providence score. And then, in a dramatic whirlwind finish that had the stands in a frenzied state, they so outplayed the visitors that the final score was Providence 47, East Stroudsburg 35. When the whistle signaled the end of play the spectators sank back into their seats to the accompaniment of mingled "ohs" and "ahs."

Yale's 1932-33 Eastern Intercollegiate League basketball champions were defeated by the Providence veteran five in the Payne Whitney gymnasium by a score of 35-32. With eight minutes left to play in the last half the Elis staged a thrilling rally, to run up 11 points in the ensuing six minutes, while the Friars went scoreless. Two minutes remained to play as the Blues forged into a 32-29 lead. But here the tension broke, as Captain Ed Koslowski made a beautiful one-hand shot, to bring the Dominicans up to within one point. A few seconds later, "Jake" Ziment took a short pass under the basket to score and Dick Bracken deposited the game in the old ice-chest by nonchalantly dropping in two foul shots to make it 35-32.

In the first half Yale lead most of the way but toward its close Bracken and Koslowski teamed up to bring the

Dominicans total steadily upwards until at half time, after a hectic few minutes of rallying by both sides, the score stood 19-19.

The inspiring finishing spurt made by Providence warranted tremendous applause from the large gallery of fans and made the "Gen" the happiest of the happy. For the past few years this game had proved a stumbling block to all P.C. basketball teams but at last the jinx or what have you has been overcome. The members of the team returned with words of praise for the sportsmanship and clean playing of the Eli quintet and for the fine brand of ball that they played.

Fondling a fourteen game winning streak the Friar cage luminaries arrived at the Pennsylvania Station in New York crying for action. St. John's College evidently heard their plea for they so actionized the game that the Providence boys thought they were running on treadmills as the Redmen ran them ragged up and down the floor. The defeat of the team was mainly attributed to its failure to sink foul shots. They had twenty chances from the penalty line and converted only seven. St. John's converted the same number and they received only ten tries.

Coach McClellan is bemoaning the fact that his charges will not again meet the St. John hoopsters as has been the case in past years. Last year the Friars lost in a similar manner to "Buck" Freeman's team but reversed the score in a second contest.

The defeat was entirely unexpected even to the most loyal rooters of St. John's. "Rip" Kaplinski and Dave Gotkin formed a forward passing combination that actually awed the wilting Friars. At the half the Providence tossers were behind by a score of 24-17, but as the team is noted for its stirring comebacks, the aggregation was not in the least bit disturbed. But this time they forgot to come back and the second half was merely a repetition of what had gone before.

The "Gen" assured us, one and all, that such wholesale missing of foul shots will never happen again and we sincerely hope that his words are well founded. One defeat does not

make the season a failure and from events that have followed we believe that the team representing Providence College on the courts is about the best in New England.

Chagrined by their defeat at the hands of the St. John's troupe the P.C. sphere tossers spent the following night overwhelming the crack amateur team of the Columbus Club of Brooklyn. Once again their old form returned and they set back their hosts by a surprisingly large margin. The score being 40-27, in favor of the journeying Providenceites. Throughout the game their superiority was evident and they were never in danger of being vanquished.

Because they were unable to hold in check Dartmouth's ace, Bonniwell, the Friars suffered their second defeat of the season. Bonniwell scored 22 points out of a total of 35 scored by the Dartmouth team, while the PC veterans netted themselves but 25 points. Ed Koslowski was the only one who retained his form, scoring five baskets from the floor.

The starting line-up for the games that have already been played has been composed of the five veteran players of previous years. Captain Ed Koslowski, at center, Ed Reilly and Bill Kutniewski, at guard positions, and Dick Bracken and Sam Shapiro holding down forward posts, were the ones who received the starting nod from Coach McClellan. However, their replacements are almost their equals and the starting team may be shifted without affecting either the defensive power or the scoring punch of the club. This list includes Jake Ziment, Oliver Roberge, Abe Feit, Oscar Perrin, Jim Bostick, John Madden, and the Morrison brothers, John and Pat.

In the next issue, which will appear at the close of the season, we will endeavor to give a record of the individual scoring of the players as well as a compilation of the points scored by the Varsity as a whole and the points netted by their opponents.

With an eye to the future Coach McClellan is spending quite a bit of his time teaching the Yearling courtsters a few things about basketball. So far the results of his efforts have

been exceedingly encouraging, as they have been going at a point-a-minute clip in their first three games.

Al Hagstrom, who hails from Gloucester, Mass., was named as Captain of the team prior to the opening of the season as it was easily seen in the early practice sessions that he was not only an excellent basketball player but a youth that possessed a quality of leadership and sticktoitiveness that was inspiring to his teammates. As the season progressed this became all the more evident.

The Freshman schedule is made up of 21 games, and if they continue to play as they have played in the first few games one would have to be a pessimist of the first water to predict defeat for them in even one encounter.

Playing the first game of the season with Bryant & Stratton as a preliminary game they treated the assembled crowd to some real good basketball. Unleashed by the "Gen" they immediately swarmed out onto the court and were presently swarming all over the potential business men. They could not be held in check by the Indians and piled up a large lead before the final whistle blew and the referee untangled them from the Bryant ball tossers. The final score was 42-29 in favor of the Friarettes.

Playing two games on successive nights the Freshman five continued to keep the losing side of their ledger clean. The Holy Cross Freshmen proved to be easy victims for PC stalwarts and were taken into camp by a score of 36-20. The game was played on the Harkins Hall court and a preliminary contest was staged between Guzman Hall and a makeshift team coached by Irv Rossi. The Guzmanites won easily by a 40-20 margin.

The following night the team paid a visit to the New Bedford Textile School in New Bedford and returned home with another scalp dangling from their belts. They garnered 56 points to their opponents 27.

The following night they ran circles around an Oxford Prep school quintet who were very sadly outclassed, but who proved they could take it even though they were hopelessly

behind in the scoring. The scoreboard, at the finish of the game, showed that the young Friars had won by a score of 69-25.

Scoring at will the young Friar five swamped the "Y" Collegians, 81-21, at the Providence Y.M.C.A. court. At the halfway mark the Friar youngsters had chalked up 45 points to the homesters 7. The Frosh played a steady game during the first half but were inclined to be wild throughout the second session. The final tally showed that the Freshmen had won by an 81-21 score.

The following are the men who have seen duty during the early part of the current season: Captain Hagstrom, Ray Belliveau, Harry Andrews, Joe Carew, Leo Davin, Charliee Gallagher, Walter Garbecki, Carl Angelica, Milt Bleiden, Fred Collins, Jack Smith, Fairbrother, Smith and Pelchat.

Much credit is due Coach Al McClellan for the splendid showing of both basketball teams. He has so established this splendid indoor game here, and his teams have compiled such enviable records, that when one speaks of Collegiate basketball one must speak of Providence College.

We wish him continued success and assure him that both the student body and the Alumni, along with the Faculty, appreciate his efforts and extend to him their congratulations.

Waxing didactic, we advise the student body to lend greater support to the efforts of both the "Gen" and the Athletic Office by attending all home games. This is imperative if the sport is to be continued.

FOOTBALL POST-MORTEMS

By way of bidding adieu to the national fall pastime the P.C. eleven topped the Lowell-Textile team, 18-13. Captain Joe Wright marked the hanging-up of his cleats and mole-skins by crossing his opponents goal line twice, thereby netting his team the vitally necessary sum of twelve points. In this same game chunky Paul Healy succeeded in having his name

placed on the list of touchdown-makers by romping forty-five yards for the other six points.

"Bill" Kutniewski was unanimously elected Captain of the football squad for next season. Bill is a resident of Providence and this marks the first time in nine years that this honor has been conferred on a resident of this city. The last local boy to receive this position was Henry Reall, '25. Kutniewski is a guard and his playing this past year marked him as outstanding in all of the games. We are sure that he is indeed a capable and efficient leader and offer him our congratulations and felicitations.

Though we know nothing as baseless as student rumors one more still persists to the effect that there is going to be dealt a much desired New Deal by way of a reorganization of the coaching staff.

At this time we deem it apropos to render an orchid or two to those persevering and loyal spirited players who practiced long and hard but who were unable to come up to first string standards. To these "forgotten men" we offer our wholehearted praise and hope that next year they will have progressed and improved their play so much that we will find them on the Varsity eleven.



Residue

THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE

Accepts an Invitation to Tea

Extended to him by his very good friend, Malcolm Hollins Christopher Brown, Ph.B., '33. . . .Mal's teas in the

cafeteria are delightful informal affairs, at which only those with mellow memories are welcome. . . . No subject save football signals (the host must always be spared humiliation) is barred from conversation. . . . Inevitably the repartee swerves from metaphysical individuation to physical individuals. . . . Mal and the O.L.G. are reminiscent. . . . Recollections that pierce through the years. . . . Remember, Mal, the brilliant opening of the new auditorium with the Alumni Ball in 1928 Mal muses. . . . Recall the elaborate production in the same year of "Yes, Indeed" in which you—or are you trying to forget it, my lad? Mal mutters, "Why bring that up?" Will you ever forget the day when you presented yourself for the first time to the Dean after having been on the athletic field for more than a week? Mal chuckles (for five minutes or longer) in his own inimitable way. . . . Remember that night in the dark, my friend, when you identified me with that husky of huskies, Spenser Sullivan, thereby making me a football player for at least a phantom moment. . . . Mal chuckles and chuckles. . . . Recall the time when the Athletic Association, of which I (proudly) was Secretary, met for four hours to choose a new baseball coach. . . . Mal assumes a quizzical look. . . . What year was that? 1922, I believe Mal frowns as he says, "After all" Tea time is over The O.L.G. has gone too far.

Goes to Town

Richard Shirinian Arlen, M.D., '27, Charles P. Earley, M.D., ex-'30, Francis M. Hackett, D.D.S., ex-'30 recently announce the opening of new offices. . . . The Francis X. Suttons, '31, have called their first born, David Payne. . . . Mrs. Sutton is the J. G. P. of that interesting and clever "A Number of Things" in *The Providence Visitor*. . . . The West Barrington McGeoughs, James P., '26, have a son, Jude Peter. . . . Jim is instructing and coaching at Warren High School. . . . The roster of staff assistants at Saint Joseph's Hospital for the year 1934 includes: Dr. Lloyd C. Wilson, ex-'23 and Dr. Jeremiah Dailey, ex-'27, assistant physicians; Dr. James P. Clune, ex-'25, assistant gynecologist; Dr. John A. Gorm-

ley, ex-'25, assistant obstetrician; Dr. John F. Streker, ex-'28, assistant urologist; Dr. Vincent J. Ryan, ex-'25, dermatologist; Dr. Thomas Clune, ex-'28, Dr. Edmund K. Reilly, ex-'28, Dr. Francis A. Holland, ex-'25, assistant dental surgeons; Dr. William H. Hodgson, ex-'25, surgeon in outpatient department. . . . The staff includes others who shall be mentioned in another column. . . . J. Austin Quirk, '29, is a prominent member of the firm of Read and White, local tailoring establishment. . . . The principal assistant to Percival De St. Aubin, LL.D., '33, who is directing the work of the Federal Re-employment Service in Rhode Island, is Thomas H. Bride, Jr., '27, President of the Providence College Alumni Association. . . . Among those assisting Mr. Bride in Providence are: Raymond J. Doyle, '27, Walter T. Dromgoole, '28, and Vincent E. Cummings, '29. . . . The manager of the Pawtucket office of the Service is William J. Bannon, '26. . . . James E. McDonald, A.M., '28, and John M. Dormer, A.M., '29, have been added to the Faculty of Providence College in the departments of Drawing and Physics respectively. . . . Both Mr. McDonald and Mr. Dormer pursued their post-graduate work at The Catholic University of America. . . . John W. Moakler, '32, and Albert J. Hoban, '32, are registered at Harvard Law School. . . . At the beginning of the present scholastic year Mr. Moakler was the recipient of an academic scholarship. . . . Daniel J. Higgins, '33, is a student at Yale Law School. . . . A banquet tendered to him by friends celebrated the introduction of Dr. Vincent Mattera, '27, to the medical profession. . . . Reverend Daniel M. Galliher, O.P., J.C.D., was the principal speaker at the dinner. . . . Reverend Matthew L. Carolan, O.P., '23, is now a member of the Latin department at the College. . . . It is interesting to note the Dominican Fathers of the Faculty, who themselves were students at Providence College. . . . These include: Reverend James B. McGwin, O.P., Reverend Vincent C. Dore, O.P., Reverend Jordan M. Dillon, O.P., Reverend Dominic L. Ross, O.P., and Reverend Charles H. McKenna, O.P.

Smoke Rings

Before The Play



MY HEART constricts with terror. In five minutes the curtain will rise. I have forgotten my lines. My mind is a blank. My make-up is melting. My hands and feet have become clumsy lumps of flesh. There is a strange sensation in my abdomen. My body is fairly quaking.

As I step from the wings and make my first speech, my voice sounds good to my ears. My fear has suddenly vanished.

In The Country

I walk along the narrow road, searching for the beauties of the country landscape. The sky is a sullen grey; the clouds hover low in somber threat. A few flakes of snow hang in midair, shuddering as if in doubt as to where to turn. The moaning wind sounds as though it were complaining of a bitter grievance.

Nature, like humans, is often caught without her party dress.

In A Hurry

The sidewalk is icy as I carefully make my way down to the car stop. Suddenly a figure leaps off a porch, down three stairs, like a bounding stag, nearly colliding with me. The trolley for which she is headed is already in motion, and there is no possibility of her catching it.

"Theres no use running, Madame," I venture.

"Hold your tongue!" she cries, and rushes down the street.

College Life

When I was a little boy, I had my college career all planned out. I was going to wear a crew-neck sweater and wrinkled corduroy pants. I would learn to play the ukelele, and be immensely popular. I would be invited to the homes of professors for tea, and engage in warm discussions before an open fire.

Then I grew up and went to college.

Nathan Grossman.


Futurity

Enshrouded in times misty scheme
 On peaks of dignity supreme,
 Your veiled face
 I cannot trace:
 You now elude me as a dream.
 Your sacred realm do I invade
 In search of what for me is made.
 Too cold or wise
 For mortal eyes,
 These things before me to parade!

What wonders have you in your store:
 What sorrows also, I implore?
 What smiles, what tears
 Pervade the years
 Unto the everlasting shore?
 Raise not for me the awful screen
 Revealing life's all changing scene.
 Oh, rather hold
 Thy secrets old,
 Thy mask of destiny serene.

Frank McLean, '34.

Poetically Speaking

OU ARE a poet; but you have neglected to make a permanent record of your creative work. Poetry of your own making has skipped through your thoughts and continued on into the limbo of lost things. However, on some occasion when you have lost control and a verse or two has escaped your lips, have you not beamed proudly when some friend has used that white-haired expression, "You're a poet and you don't know it?" You are a poet; what more proof is needed?

Some people read poetry to laugh; others to enjoy it. But both types are curious about the method a poet uses to create his products. We might observe here that a poet usually is satisfied with small-scale production. He could work on a large scale but the resultant product would be inferior. Many readers of the measured line have the idea, stored in one of their remote, and no doubt dusty, brain cells, that a poet suddenly receives an inspiration as a sleepy radio operator suddenly receives an inspiration when an S.O.S. call greets his drowsy ears and immediately stirs into action and writes and writes and writes until he and the inspiration expire, totally exhausted. Such a method would without a doubt leave the reader of such hastily penned verse equally exhausted and no doubt bewildered and disgusted.

In the first place, to give a lucid explanation of the more or less uniform procedure adopted by poets, an inspiration has not the shock of arrival possessed by the distress signal. In the second place, the poet may be wide awake or sleepy; if the inspiration is headed his way it will strike, come what may. The poet is generally not suddenly inspired to create a poem.

Robert Burns spoke a pertinent sentence or two about writing verse: "My work is the result of easy composition and laborious correction."

It is the laborious correction that takes all the fun out of trying to create poetry. Again, an inspiration may seem a gift from Heaven one moment, and a mere conglomeration of harsh words the next. Usually during the Winter time marvelous themes for Summer poems fill the mind and during the Summer every poetic thought is coated with ice. Inspirations come at times and in places which might be called—should we say queer? To illustrate, one poet might receive an inspiration while slipping on an icy sidewalk and might compose an ode on the virtues of sand. Another poet falling from an aeroplane unaided by parachute might hastily throw together either a sonnet on happy landings or a quatrain on a jolly haystack in a field directly below.

To become more practical, a poet visiting a restaurant (for no poet makes enough money to do more than that) might be reminded of six appropriate lines on the roar of Niagara Falls if inspired by the sound coming from the next table where soup has just been served. And again a bill in the mail, or for student-poets a low mark in Egyptian Civilization, might produce a volume entitled "Thunder Amid Dark Clouds." So it is readily seen what a queer thing inspiration is. No taste for the appropriate whatsoever.

Poets may take trips to faraway lands or next door locations without stirring from their easy-chairs; if they are fortunate enough to possess such a luxury. With eyes closed they can travel from a camp amid the majestic snows of Mount Everest to a barber's chair in Kokomo.

Herbert F. Murray, Jr.

Ten Freshmen

Ten little Freshmen boys
Whistling a new rhyme,
Assistant Dean caught one:
Now there are nine.

Nine little Freshmen boys
Insist on being late—
One was too constant:
Now there are eight.

Eight little Freshmen boys
Sent to room eleven.
One tried to "cut" a class:
Now there are seven.

Seven little Freshmen boys
In the "lab" tried tricks;
One was too successful:
Now there are six.

Six little Sophomores
Very much alive—
One tried to jolly "Mal":
Now there are five.

Five little Sophomores
Playing on our floor,
One forgot his gym sneaks:
Now there are four.

Four little Sophomores
Noisy as could be,
A pity they "suppressed" one:
Now there's only three.

Three little Junior boys,
A day that one will rue,
Violated "boarding rules":
Now there are two.

Two little Junior boys
Journeyed home for fun;
Left college two days early:
Now there is one.

One sedate Senior
Thought his work was done;
He crammed too much for finals:
Now there are none.

Edwin A. Lynch

The Providence College Alembic

Editor

PAUL F. CONNOLLY '34

Associate Editors

FREDERICK J. POOLE '34 - - - FRANK H. P. CONWAY '35
EDWARD R. HUGHES '37

Circulation and Exchanges

JAMES E. COFFEY '35 - - - FRANCIS X. FARRELL '35

Advertising

EDWARD J. KEEGAN '34 - - - GORDON F. HARRISON '34

Athletics

BART. J. SKIPP '35 - - - JOSEPH P. DYER '36

Business

J. WM. MCGOVERN '36 - - - WILLIAM D. HAYLON '34

Campus Chronicle

VOL. XIV.

JANUARY, 1934

No. 2

There is a long-established tradition to the effect that every January issue of *The Alembic* must contain an editorial dealing with the mid-year examinations. Hence we hold forth the shield of custom to those who would attack us for discussing such a time-worn, over-written subject.

For years we have listened to modernistic-minded youths shouting of the futility of examinations as a principle of the educational system; yet it must be admitted that life itself is but a series of examinations. This is evident in both domestic and world affairs. Prohibition has just failed a thirteen year test; the longevity of governments themselves is based upon the success which they enjoy in solving the problems of life; for a more familiar example, the salesman who fails to show the required number of sales "flunks" himself out of his job.

Modernists though we claim to be, we must admit that examinations have a definite place as a principle of the college educational system; that they are of a very practical importance in college life is only too evident to those of us who have seen scores of students mushroom up in September only to reach a premature harvest in January.

Take heed, ye who would under-rate the mid-years; there are times when parting is not such sweet sorrow.

Apropos of the above-mentioned mid-years, we speak now to those who, with quaking hearts, await the impending doom. If you have neglected the work assigned, then you are wanting a virtue which is the foundation of happiness and success in life; for you who are unprepared have been disloyal to yourselves and your families.

Life holds for man a three-fold cycle of activities, comprising religious, political, and social activities. Religion is founded on loyalty to God; politics, under which we consider the home, the city, the state, and the country, is firmly wedded to loyalty, for without it there would be no love for parents, no business ethics, no patriotism; and the primary requisite for social life, friendships, is absolutely dependent upon loyalty.

Considered in its ultimate analysis, loyalty itself is but a species of charity. Uncharitable philosophies, both economic and social, have created sufficient chaos in our world already; it is not for us to add to the present misery but rather to seek to remedy the existing conditions by spreading the doctrine of charity.

Negligence in academic work is a stepping stone to selfishness in world affairs, for the absence of loyalty is the cause of both; the difference is simply of degree. Should the mid-

years expose you as being negligent, accept the warning; take heart, and begin life anew with the resolution to practice loyalty, lest some day more flagrant errors will be exposed by the most Final Examination of them all.



Rotunda Gallery

Two of the most pleasing entertainments that have been presented at our school in the past few years took place since the last publication of *The Alembic*. The managed turnout for *The Loud Speaker* which was given to us by the talented Pyramid Players was very creditable, the auditorium was filled to capacity and everyone seemed to greatly enjoy the performance. On the other hand, the number of students who put in an appearance at "Parents Night," a program which the members of the Sophomore and Freshmen classes conducted, was extremely disappointing to those who labored so tirelessly for the success of the affair.

To those very clever dramatists who exhibited their wares on the platform of the Harkins Hall auditorium during the production of *The Loud Speaker*, we offer our congratulations. The show was typical of all performances put on by the Pyramid Players. It was a worthwhile entertainment that was fully appreciated by all who attended. Of outstanding importance was the fact that the play itself was first class although the facilities for putting it on were noticeable absent especially in the final scene.

Concerning the show put on by the Sophomores and Freshmen in honor of their parents, we cannot say too much

feeling of satisfaction fled entirely and uneasiness crept into her soul.

“Who can guess what he may be up to?—he did look so strange last night.”

The queen continued her search somewhat alarmed, visiting one room and then another. She was in a nervous state of mind when she came upon Pharoah sitting before a writing tablet. The sight he presented—chuckling, glancing about, gay, and yet apprehensive—confused Tii.

“What are you doing?” she called out in a voice which sounded strange to the ear.

Pharoah was very much startled by this and turned around like a lad caught denuding an apple tree.

“Why, er——” Pharoah’s resolution wavered, “I am writing a letter,” he blurted.

“A letter, a letter—to whom?” Tii asked sharply, she was herself again.

Pharoah realized it was now or never and shifting about unsteadily he began explaining.

“My dear, it is going to be hard to make you understand. You have never tried to understand me——.”

“Out with it, come on, out with it, what is it now,” Tii charged?

Pharoah knew there could be neither explaining nor understanding as he looked into his wife’s searching eyes, and he simply spoke five timid little words.

“I am going to abdicate.”

“What!” Tii appeared thunderstruck, “of all things! What is this a jest?”

“No, I’m going to leave—you can return home,” Pharoah’s courage came back slowly.

“Why, you, you can’t mean it; I won’t stand for it.”

Tii's anger was terrible. "It's madness, whoever heard of such a thing."

"For once I'm going to have my own way," Pharoah surprised himself with these words and Tii also.

"I'm through with all this, I'm through, I'll have no more of it, that's all!" he said with finality.

Tii's emotions, mingled surprise and anger, made her speechless for once.

Pharoah also was silent, he was uncertain as to what to do next. Tii eyed him, there was a curious expression upon her face. The king walked from one end of the room to the other and then back again. The old fear of his spouse was returning as Tii grasped his arm and said in choking tone, "You're selfish that's what you are, selfish, nothing else."

What's going to become of me—and your son and heir?" Tii continued. "Can I go back home to my brother and tell him you are tired of ruling and tired of me? I left Nubia fifteen years ago, a queen. I was happy then, do you remember? We were going to do great things together, for Egypt. I gave you an heir; I hoped and prayed for him—he was going to be the future ruler of a mighty nation. You were Pharoah then in fact as well as name. But now the stars, numerals, speculations, these hold your attention, the state is neglected. Egypt, bah, you are white livered, you vacillate, you are afraid, always afraid. If it were not for me you would never have kept your throne this long. I tell you I can't go back to Nubia now, I can't go back and face them all at home!"

Pharoah sat down before the writing table again, his elbows upon the dark wood, his hands under his chin. He made a pathetic figure, his shoulders hunched together, his eyes dim. He seemed crushed, hopelessly crushed.

"I don't know, Tii, maybe you are right, maybe I'm right, perhaps we are both right. We look at things so differently."

Tii approached her husband and placed her hand upon his shoulder.

"Come now," she said, "give the command to Rammnou, he will take several divisions and end this folly of Cephtou's. Then let's start over again, there are many years yet before us."

"Yes, many years," Pharoah replied sadly without turning his head.

Pharoah sat in silent contemplation all the while. At length he shook his head, seeming to imply consent or defeat.

"All right, send Rammnou to me. I will instruct him."

Tii hesitated, Pharoah had not moved yet, staring into space, the muscles on his face drawn, he seemed in a trance.

"Go, go," he said as he noticed his wife was still present.

The queen left. Still Pharoah sat like one under some magic spell. A tear glided down his cheek and sought his chin. Nodding, he spoke to himself.

"I'm destined to be always king, master of nothingness, Egypt's royal prisoner."

By George Popkin.

Man of the Hour

Everywhere his name is spoken.
Great acclaim and praise betoken
Sure success and vast rewards,
Envy of the cheering hoards—
But the one who drew attention
Soon is dropped from public mention;
And we hear capricious Fame
Echoing another name.

M. F. Murray, Jr., '35.

Harping—An Unfinished Symphony

CONSIDERABLY griped, if you will excuse the crudity but appropriateness of the expression, by an article in one of the current issues of "Forum," tending to prove that college education is to a greater or lesser degree a failure, I take my pen in hand to give vent to the venom and spleen that is pent up in me after some fifteen minutes perusal of the indictment of our American Colleges.

It is not my purpose to come into open debate with Robert E. Rogers, who, if I am not mistaken, is one of the professors of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and, therefore, despite the fact that he branded all whistlers as morons, can be considered an authority on the subject; nor yet is it my purpose to contend that all is perfect within the walls of every University; but I think it should be noted that we are not as bad as painted—we can't be—and that despite so much smoke, there is really very little fire.

To any collegiate—and hence these attackers of the educational system would maintain immature—mind, it seems that the antagonists have started off on a shaky premise. Like the interrogators who query "Where's Elmer?", they begin by supposing that there is an Elmer in the first place. When they begin to ponder "What's wrong with American Colleges?", they presuppose that the evils are so patent that they are evident to all—more especially to those without benefit of higher training.

Colleges are condemned on any number of a score of reasons. They have become country clubs; the graduates

often speak no better English than a mill worker; those with diplomas are unable to obtain positions; or worse, even, those who do manage to find gainful work are no better fitted than others who have not had the four years of loafing necessary to designate them as college bred.

A rather stupid and unlettered but entirely apropos answer to these condemnations can be summed up in the latest of jargon, "So What?". If they have become country clubs there is no disputing that they have become good, if slightly snobbish ones. That in itself probably can be considered an advantage, for there is some education, no matter how slight, thrown in on the side, and collegiate liquor is little worse than some of the "just off the boat stuff" that formerly was offered at the clubs. Occasionally, you will find uncouth and most, or almost, illiterate college men, but you surely cannot blame the group (the colleges as a whole) for the faults of an individual (the college which will graduate our friends of "deeses" and "dozes"). And what about the man possessing the more or less treasured sheepskin who is unable to locate a job—would you call that the fault of the college which they attended?—or would you logically look towards society, lame, blind, and halt, as it is admitted to be, but built up primarily by non-graduates of colleges. And finally, despite the fact that when a collegian is eventually able to land a job he is unable to demand any greater salary than the ordinary high school graduate at the beginning, it is generally conceded that if he apply the lessons in determination and acclimatization that were handed out at college, with but half a brain, he should prove more valuable in the long run to the concern for which he is working than the old faithful who knows all the ins and outs of the manufactory when the collegian enters.

James Truslow Adams, who, despite his aversion to

things New England, must be considered as knowing a thing or two, has the following quotation in one of the subsequent issues of the same magazine: "There is something basically wrong with our entire educational system. . .if I were to pick out the worst factor in the muddle, I would say complete confusion of mind on the part of both the educators and probably the public as to what education is and what an educational system really is supposed to aim at, and how its various parts should be co-ordinated to attain the best results."

He probably came nearer to hitting the nail on the head than the rest of the critics when he says there is no adequate norm of what an educational standard should be. Obviously, if one group thinks it is the purpose of the baseball team to turn in actual victories, and another thinks it imperative that the nine return from games with moral victories, the team is going to get it in the neck no matter which way it turns. The team resembles the college situation in this, that whereas it is only between two flames, the colleges are between innumerable blazes, the fires of varying opinions—some of the opinions being that the colleges have gone to blazes entirely.

How then are we going to reconcile the various purposes of colleges? Or cant you, in the long run, say that the purposes of college are so multiple that any one of a number of reasons is sufficient for attending college. You see, then, there is no fundament on which the colleges can be arraigned, for there is no agreed fundament for the purpose of going to college. Whatever they may finally develop into, the colleges have turned out creditable examples along all lines—even the lounge lizards have been some of the best; extraordinary positions have been obtained, in the past at least, because of the training men have received from collegiate life; many of the highest types of intellectuals have been graduated from

the result of four years of intensive work and increased facilities; and many and many a well rounded man has left the portals, more than satisfied with the greater knowledge and education that is his. When you are turning out men of all degrees who meet the standard of success in their own lines, you surely cannot blame the institution for failing to turn out graduates who fail to meet the criterion of success that is set up by every outsider—for criteria differ, and there is no disputing tastes.

May I conclude by seeing if I am able to lay the cause for the numerous repeated attacks on colleges? Without attempting to go so far as to label any critic of modern educational methods as insincere, I think, in all justification, it can be stated that the attacks on universities are written and spoken primarily for the benefit of those without college diplomas—just as the attacks on the rich are written for consumption by the poor, or the attacks on organized society delivered primarily for the adherents of chaotic, unorganized conditions. This however, does not mean that we should disregard all criticism as being high-powered propaganda, but I think it does indicate that perhaps to a very great extent reports are colored beforehand—tinted a bright crimson by the “bull” artists who are desirous that so many should see red.

As Homer P. Rainey, President of Bucknell University, writes, “Do the American Colleges have deficiencies and inherent weaknesses? Surely. But they are by no means beyond the hope of recovery.” Here is at last an oasis in the desert of criticism whose sands of slander and calumny have tired the eyes. Here is a welcome relief from the modern harpies,—here, a faint glimmer of hope that all is not lost. Buck up my collegians, renew your self-confidence, look the world straight in the eye (its good one) and do not be afraid

to say "I am a college man." There are others in need of a
shave, too. . . . *Louis C. Fitzgerald.*

Unknown

Nobody knew him;
He lived
Some fifty years,
And died.
Yet who can remember?
Ask Bill who lived near him,
He only remembers
That he disliked oysters
And once at the church picnic
Was sick from eating them.
Another remembers his father
A big man, six feet four in his stockings.
His cousin remembered him
As the tall, thin man
She met at Sabina's funeral.
He was so distinguished looking,
So sad,
It was a pity wasn't it?
His neighbors remember him—
He used to keep his fences painted.
None of them knew, though,
Why he ate his heart out in silence
Why his eyes were wild as hill-grasses
And his lips bitter as lemon rind.
None knew what hopes, what emotions
Were hidden within him.
He lived among men, worked with them,
Lived among them, fifty years—a moment,
Then with no murmur he left them;
He was gone. And
Nobody knew. *E. Riley Hughes.*

Goes Abroad

John B. McKenna, M.D., '24, is now practising in Watertown, Mass. . . . Dr. McKenna is a member of the staff at Waverly Hospital. . . . Joseph V. Mitchell, '24, is a very successful member of the firm of Associated Gas and Electric in Richmond, Virginia. . . . With the Southern New England Telephone Company in New Haven, Conn., are Philip E. Bulger, '29, and John P. Gorman, '30. . . . Francis J. Carr, '29, is an instructor at the New Haven High School. . . . Thomas J. O'Brien, '32, also of New Haven, is employed by Winchester Arms Company as ballistics expert. . . . William H. Flynn, '28, has a successful dental practice in New Haven. . . . John F. Waring is now located with a New York business concern. . . . John P. Leahy, '26, is a member of the Faculty of the Pittsfield (Mass.) High School. . . . Joseph W. Maguire, '33, another Pittsfield son, recently married, is with the Standard Oil Company in Washington, D. C. . . . Philip B. Hearn, '28, with his brother composes the firm of F. W. Montsie Company, distributors of the Howard and Park Square cigars in Boston, Mass. . . . Members of the latest class who are engaged in post-graduate work are: Edward C. Lyons, '33, of New Haven, at Yale Graduate School; Patsy Piccolo, '33, of New Haven, at Maryland Medical School; Alphonse Caccavale, also of New Haven, at Boston University Law School. . . . Mark L. McGovern, '31, has a very responsible position with the Chevrolet Motor Company in his home town, Flint, Michigan. . . . Despite the great distance, we hear from Mark very frequently.

Goes Dancing

At the first annual post-Christmas Dance, held under the auspices of that newly organized group of Alumni, the Blackstone Valley Club. . . . The time, December 28. . . . the place, Pawtucket Golf Club. . . . The committee: John E. Duffy, '26, Chairman; Newman T. Forestal, ex-'23; Thomas E. Harding, '28; Eugene J. Moreau, '30; John J. McKenna,

'33, . . . The affair was a brilliant social success. . . Our most sincere congratulations and best wishes of success are given to this admirable organization, and especially to its very active officers: William C. O'Neill, Jr., '26, President; Daniel J. Norton, '27, Vice-President; Henry J. Main, '31, Secretary; John F. Keough, '29, Treasurer; William J. Bannon, '26, Financial Secretary.

Anticipates The Pleasure

Of meeting each of his fellow Alumni at the crowning event of any social season. . . The Annual Alumni Ball. . . This year to be held on the evening of Monday, February the Fifth. . . Biltmore Hotel. . . Dinner Dance. . . Music by Billy Lossez. . . The Committee: Charles F. Reynolds, '26, Chairman; Mortimer W. Newton, '24; Edward Doherty, ex-'24; William C. O'Neill, '26; Eugene J. Sullivan, '27; Charles A. Murphy, '28; John F. Sullivan, '29; Matthew J. O'Malley, '33; the O.L.G. himself. . . To Alumni all we give assurance of a genuinely cordial welcome to an affair better than ever.

Says Happy New Year

To every Providence College alumnus and alumna. . . We have alumnae, you know. . . We intend to devote this column to them sometime. . . May the Providence spirit lead you to greater spiritual and material heights during the year 1934.

Daniel J. O'Neil, Ph.D.

PC ALUMNI CLUB OF CONNECTICUT

The initial meeting of the Providence College Alumni Club of Connecticut was held on December 21, 1933, in St. Mary's Hall, New Haven, Connecticut.

The meeting was opened with the introduction of the Undergraduates to the Alumni. This was followed by the

selection of officers. Frank Carr, '29, was elected President; Paul Cashman, '26, Vice-President; Edward C. Lyons, '33, Secretary, and Dr. William H. Flynn, '28, Treasurer. John McGarry of Hartford was named Associate-Secretary to assist in the up-state contacts. Rev. D. B. McCarthy, O.P., an alumnus and professor of English Literature at the College who is now doing graduate work at Yale, was appointed Moderator.

Rev. Thomas Kinsella, O.P., discussed the plans of the numerous Alumni groups in New England cities. He extolled the spirit and growth of the Connecticut Undergraduate Club at the College of which he is the Moderator. He expressed a desire that the newly formed Alumni Club might supplement the activities of the undergraduates. Following this Rev. Paul Redmond, O.P., Ph.D., an alumnus and member of the Providence College Faculty, delivered a brief address. His theme was fellowship and a hope for greater fraternal spirit on the part of all PC men.

Bart Skipp, '35, chairman of the undergraduate dance committee, solicited aid in support of the mid-winter dance held at Taft Hotel on December 27. President Carr assured him that the Alumni Club would help the younger men in this and every undertaking that they might propose. A committee was appointed to arrange for a smoker to be held during the mid-term recess at the end of January. An invitation is extended to our friends and well-wishers to attend this function and meet their former classmates.

For their kind gestures and manifest interest in all PC organizations honorary membership was awarded to Very Rev. E. A. Baxter, O.P., and John E. Farrell, '26, graduate manager of athletics at the College. In keeping with the usual custom it was decided that the annual Mass for the deceased alumni should be celebrated on January 2 in St. Mary's Church. The meeting was concluded with a stirring address by President Carr who asked for the continued action and support of the members in every activity.

Nitwit Notes and Caustic Comment

Now that it's all over we'll cheerfully admit that the "Alembic" in the throes of publication is pretty nearly a hapless thing. The rigors of the editorial life began to tell on all and sundry long before the grand finale.

Contributions have been pouring in of late at a furious clip, and we have been swamped by the effusions of those benighted individuals with a yen for the wooing of the prosaic Muse. The poetry in this issue, we rise to remark, is as flagrantly lyrical as any we've been subjected to in many a moon.

Weightier than ever, our political essayist, Frank H. P. Conway, writes what we think to be and certainly hope is the last word on the Sino-Japanese question. He has delved deep and far into recent political lore for our mutual elucidation.

Popkin stars popping off in great style about a phlock of phoney Pharoahs (notice the alliteration). The stargazing king did what we knew he'd do all along, worse luck. The original manuscript, they would lead you to believe, was first found in the bottom of a plate of Egyptian alphabet soup and was translated into English by mistake.

Poet Herbert Murray, in what we would term a tripping and airy style, takes us on a fanciful journey: where, we do not remember, but we got back.

L. Fitzgerald attempted a "Daniel in the Lions Den" act in his symphony. As a combatant of those notably ferocious beasts we fear for his welfare.

Nathan Grossman, who has tripped our boards behind the footlights and a closely clipped moustache, goes up in smoke under the appropriate title of "Smoke Rings." Some very pointed trivia is the result; but we still think that he'd better change his brand.

The boys in the Press Box pulled a "Westbrook Pegler" in their colorful review of sport events, but we still ask the question: "What's the Shanghai Gesture?" Joe Dyer and Burt Skipp are the perpetrators.

Frontispiece by Cavanaugh. And surprising to say we guessed it right the first time, too. Ye Olde College entrance appears very well under the skillful hand of Mr. Cavanaugh.

That jaunty series of escapades by those ten mischievous little freshmen remind us of but one thing—"Be a man." The elusive moral which Edwin Lynch conveys in his vehicle of verse, we believe, will be finally grasped by all.

After being immune from personal criticism for some three years due to the formidable weapon which he wielded in the guise of first, the Checkerboard, and now the Rotunda Gallery, the editors cannot resist the opportunity offered to inform the public that our local Winchell has Winchelled himself through some nine pages only to land where the estimable Walter did, in the "snoops." And as was heard recently: "Look out! Don't step on that cat. It may be Haylon."

And now let us pause in our efforts. Our purely personal piffle has helped, we feel sure, to make lighter some of our heavier endeavors, and in the words of one of our more noted columnists, "so to Press."

Patronize

Alembic

Advertisers

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

WILLIAM E. McCABE
 '27
Attorney at Law
 1204 New Industrial Trust
 Bldg.

ROBERT P. BEAGAN
 '24
Attorney at Law
 1108 Turk's Head Bldg.

JAMES P. CLUNE
 M. D.

JOHN A. GORMLEY
 M. D.

JAMES A. HIGGINS
 '23
Attorney at Law
 1204 New Industrial Trust
 Bldg.

FRANCIS J. McCABE
 '24
Assistant City Solicitor
 City Hall

JAMES H. COX
 M. D.

J. CLIFDEN
 O'REILLY, '24

**FRANCIS W.
 CONLAN, '26**
Attorney
 929 Hospital Trust Bldg.

EDMUND J. KELLY
 '23
Attorney
 301 Grosvenor Bldg.

**MORTIMER W.
 NEWTON, '24**
Attorney at Law
 909 Hospital Trust Bldg.

**FRANCIS V.
 REYNOLDS, '26**
Attorney at Law
 1211 Turks Head Bldg.

"COLLEGE HALL"

*Authentic Styles for Young Men
in Business or at College*

Suits and Overcoats

*Now Marked Down . . .
for late Winter Clearance*

The Outlet Company

Don't Let Your Success In Life Depend on LUCK!

MAYBE you possess a four-leaf clover, a rabbit's foot or a horseshoe—BUT don't risk depending for tomorrow's success on these tokens. Old Colony's systematic saving plans provide a tried and practical method for attaining the things in life which seem most worthwhile to you. They are flexible enough to be easily adapted to any desired rate of saving.

Come in or call GAspee 3138 for the booklet titled "Old Colony Ways to Make and Save Money." It will be interesting and profitable reading.



MEMBER, FEDERAL HOME LOAN BANK SYSTEM

COMPLIMENTS OF

Shepard

Shop At!

Belcher & Loomis

130 W. Exchange St.

135 Weybosset St.

*For Dependable Merchandise
At Reasonable Prices*

HARDWARE

Electrical Appliances

SPORTING GOODS

CAMERAS

**STATE LUMBER
COMPANY, Inc.**

*Building
Materials*

**403 CHARLES STREET
PROVIDENCE, R. I.**

Telephones: DE. 1480-1481

DANCING

TO E. D. QUINTON'S ORCHESTRA

AT

FROEBEL

"THE STUDENTS' RENDEZVOUS"

Cor. BROWN AND ANGELL STREETS

PATRONIZE ALEMBIC ADVERTISERS

In the Beautiful Princess Room

Every
Saturday
Night

DANCING

9 P. M.
to
Midnight

PIETRO D'ALFONSO AND HIS SUPERB MUSIC
COVER CHARGE FIFTY CENTS

A Great Variety of
IMPORTED LIQUORS, WINES AND COCKTAILS
Served in the Princess Room and Tap Room every day, including
Sunday, from 9 A. M. until closing.

NEW CROWN HOTEL

Telephone GAspee 6611

JOHN F. MURPHY
OPTICIAN

ROOM 410
HOWARD BUILDING
171 WESTMINSTER STREET
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

Union Station
Transfer Co.

A Good Morning Cup-

AUTOCRAT
Sold by
Most Grocers
COFFEE
Brownell & Field Co. Providence, R.I.

Saturday



Tea Dances

WITH Billy Lossez
music in the charming
Venetian Room at 4
o'clock every Saturday
afternoon.

Fifty Cents
per person



*Providence
Biltmore*

Costello Brothers INC.

Providence Pawtucket

DISTRIBUTORS FOR

SCHRAFFT CANDIES

BAYUK "PHILLIES"

CREMO CIGARS

Charlie O'Donnell

Men's Furnishings

HATS

60 WASHINGTON STREET

La Salle Custom Tailor

Cleaning and Pressing

1001 SMITH STREET

COMPLIMENTS OF

WRIGHT & DITSON, Inc.

Official Outfitters

FOR

ALL PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

ATHLETIC TEAMS

LOUIS OLIVER

PHOTOGRAPHER

1933

CLASS PHOTOGRAPHER

Invites

THE CLASS OF 1934

333 WESTMINSTER STREET
PROVIDENCE

BARBER SHOP

LEO VENAGRO & SON

Hair Dressing Parlor

426 SMITH STREET

**TAILORS TO THE CLERGY FOR
MORE THAN 30 YEARS**

The finest fabrics from leading New England Mills, and tailored to your individual style and requirements.

A complete stock of Woolens, consisting of Worsteds, Unfinished Worsteds, Baratheas, Herringbones, Serges, and Chevlots—\$30 to \$40.

E. B. BRADY COMPANY

211 WEYBOSSET STREET

PATRONIZE ALEMbic ADVERTISERS

McCARTHY'S

Woonsocket's Greatest Department Store

ALWAYS MORE FOR LESS HERE

McCARTHY'S

**SMITH HILL
Hardware
Store**

OJACO PAINTS

SHELLAC

VARNISHES

WINDOW GLASS

STOP IN ON YOUR
WAY HOME

*Nearest Agents for
National Mazda Lamps*

J. F. McGlinchey

420 SMITH STREET

DExter 5674

WALDORF

Tuxedos — Dress Suits
TO HIRE — FOR SALE



WALDORF Clothing Co.

Men's Formal Wear—EXCLUSIVELY

212 Union St.

LA SALLE

SHOE REPAIRING

YOU WEAR 'EM: WE REPAIR 'EM

Expert Workmanship

999 SMITH STREET

WASHING

SIMONIZING

Narragansett Hotel Garage

(Opposite Narragansett Hotel)

POLISHING

STORAGE

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

HASKIN'S DRUG STORE

FAMOUS ICE CREAM SODAS

One Block Down From the College

895 SMITH STREET AT RIVER AVENUE

DRESS CLOTHES RENTING



*Dress
Suits
Tuxedos
Cutaways*

READ & WHITE
Quality Always
214 WOOLWORTH BUILDING
Opp. CITY HALL

P. C. STUDENTS
Should Patronize
the Reliable Firms
Advertised in These Pages

Providence Visitor Press

Printers of College Publications

PUBLISHERS OF

The Providence Visitor

AMERICA'S LARGEST and BEST CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER

ALUMNI
DINNER DANCE

BILTMORE HOTEL

*Monday Evening,
February 5, 1934*

Billy Lossez and His Orchestra

9:00 to 2:00

Subscription \$5.00



*Chesterfield -
I enjoy them a lot*



*...to me they're Milder
...to me they TASTE BETTER*

They Satisfy