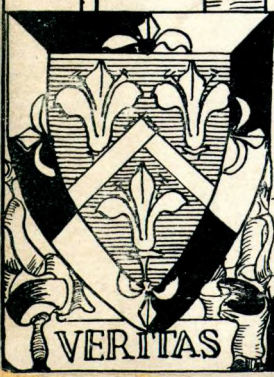
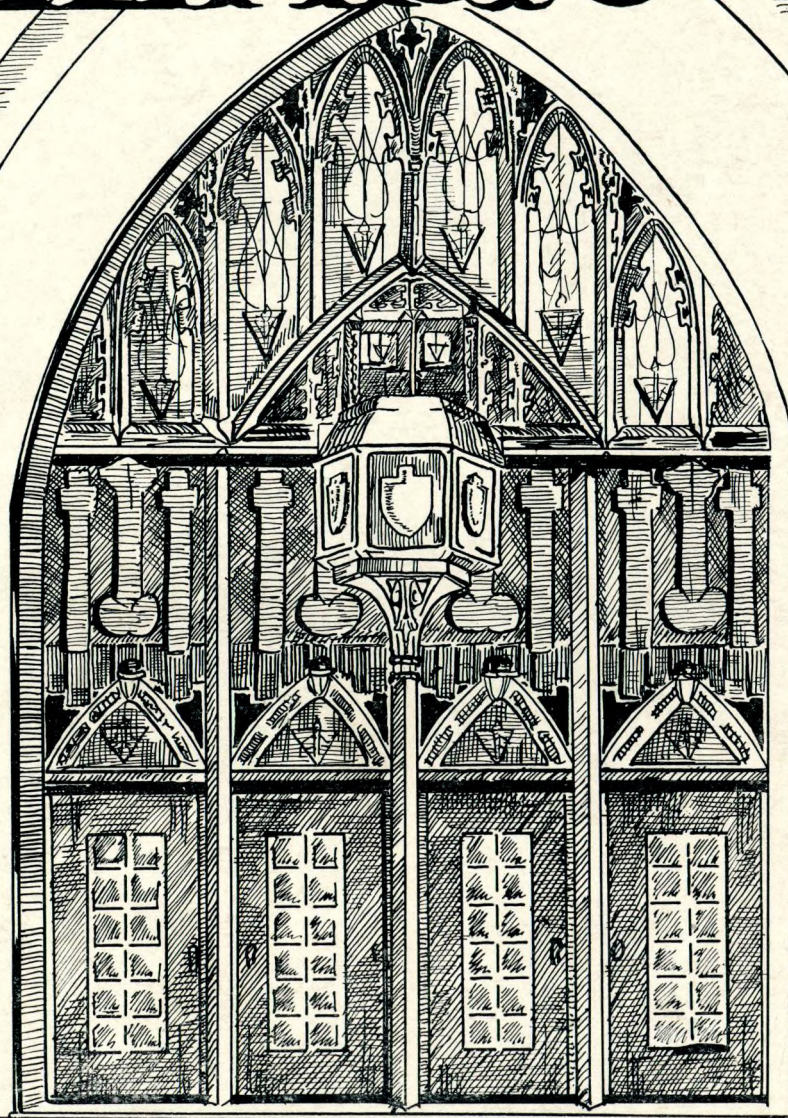
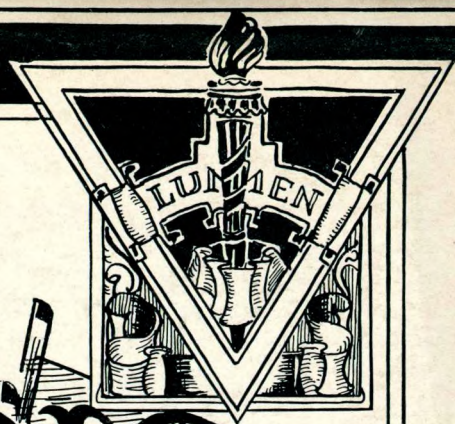


# The ALEMBIC

November  
1935

VOLUME  
XVIII

No. 1



PROVIDENCE COLLEGE



*Heraldic Shield  
of the  
Order of Preachers*

# The Alembic

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The Alembic  
Providence College

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by the  
Students of  
Providence College  
Providence R.I.





THE DIVINE TEACHER

*Wherein we take up the cudgels for the poor  
ridiculed little heroine who had the courage to  
tell the villain, No! No!*

## A THOUSAND TIMES NO!

WILLIAM SULLIVAN, '37

The constant change of style in our clothing is quite normal and proper. The benefit of greater comfort and convenience to meet the tasks of life, a more exalted aesthetic taste, and the need of variety, are ample reasons to warrant new modes of dress. It is but a physical problem and not *per se* a moral one. We change our diet, change our furniture, change our architecture. We have even changed the *Alembic's* cover. All these things are in good order.

Now, a change in the moral order is quite a different story. Morality is founded on an eternal, immutable law, namely the conformity of an act to the Divine Essence. If an act be good in principle today, it was good in ages past, and will continue to be good for all time. The question transcends time and it transcends any human opinion on the matter.

It is regrettable to note that many sophisticated moderns have not been able to distinguish clearly on this point. Having acquired the habit of changing the style of their clothing, their diet, their furniture and their architecture, they have at the same time allowed themselves to fall easily into the frame of mind that it is just as proper to alter their views on morality. For them the morals of a past age are as *passé* as the hoop-skirt, the bustle, the knee-

breeches, the cameos, and the oil-lamps of our ancestors. This trend is quite apparent among the set that considers itself very smart and modern. In this set, unfortunately, may be numbered many persons of college breeding, whose training in any sound philosophy should forbid a compliance with such loose reasoning.

This sophisticated set heaps ridicule on the styles of the past and on the morals of the past. A striking exemplification of this is the derision levelled against the heroine of the ballad, *No! No! A thousand times No!* The verses are sung in mockery at her old-fashioned ideas of modesty and fidelity to her true love. The heroine was a Victorian, and Victorianism for them represents something to be disdained; like Medievalism.

And so they go, laughing at anything Victorian and Medieval. They are amused at the manners of Prince Albert and the chivalry of the knight of the Middle Ages. Terms once held in reverence by these eras are now joked about. Saint for them means a religious fanatic; a parson, a scrawny bigot with a pious face; king, a dressed-up dummy allowed to conduct affairs only with mistresses; and virgin, which even to the pagans was a title of veneration, is an insulting or comical name to be given to a backward, unattractive girl

who "never had a chance." Say virgin, and you get a laugh. Where the Victorian Charles Kingsley urged, "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," modern sophistication has a snappy retort with, "Be clever, kid, and you can skip the sweet."

Some of our very modern maids—I'm afraid of the word virgin—are becoming too clever. A professor in one of our largest colleges for women reported a short time ago that a certain bright young lassie under her care laughed merrily over Wordsworth's ode on Duty. "Why," cooed she, "everyone knows that there is no such thing as duty: there are only stimuli and reactions."

So the Ten Commandments are as old-fashioned as the dodo, and the Christian attitude on marriage and virtue belongs to a gone-and-not-regretted, sentimental, silly past.

And all this in the name of higher education!

We accept no partisan brief for the past. We recognize that there were many deficiencies in the glamorous Middle Ages, and that the Victorian period was honeycombed with smugness, snobbishness, prudery, heartless discipline, false piety, commercial greed and hypocrisy. Modern sanity has liberated us from many wretched evils that existed in the society of the days of our fathers; we have made wondrous progress in sociological, economic, and moral matters, and can really boast of an advance in the general sphere of culture.

But this advance is had only by retaining and improving upon the virtues which, for all their shortcomings, the Victorian and Medieval periods steadily championed. We can disregard the styles of the Mauve Decade, but not

the fundamental morality it inculcated. Everything Medieval and Victorian should not be jettisoned simply because we find a few objectionable features. A brief analysis will reveal to us that those ages stood for many principles which cannot be subverted at any time without incurring a chaotic condition in society. For one thing those ages gave religion its proper place in the scheme of politics, sociability and education: God was God, not merely a flippant schoolroom question mark as to possibility of existence. There was a reverence for authority, a consciousness of proper place, a gentleness of manners, and a courtliness of speech that are quite superior to the modern attitude. They were sentimental, idealistic, romantic, while we aim to be as matter-of-fact as a typewriter. They appreciated better music, better poetry, better art, and if you will, even better liquor. A father then was a father, the master of the house, and the home itself was not merely a place to change one's clothes. Womanhood was held in higher regard, because the maid kept herself maidenly and the matron did not cheat. Some of them did "run away" with the ice man or boarder, yet even in this there was more principle than in remaining home but continuing secretly to enjoy the embraces of a paramour. The having of children was not avoided because of any possible detriment to figure or to a comfortable living, and the woman knew how to blush when an intimate detail of her toilet had to be discussed. A marriage vow did have a meaning then, and so did modesty. If the Victorians shied away from any frank discussion of some of the problems of life, at least they did not treat them with that brutal and disgusting nakedness that characterizes

some of our class-rooms and drug-store windows. The extreme of liberality is as unjustifiable as the extreme of prudery.

To this real villain of modern sophistication, with the little heroine of the ballad, we say No! No! A thousand times, No! We want to retain our love

and appreciation of those things that were fine in Victorianism: we want to preserve a loyalty to those spiritual values which the Middle Ages represented. The little heroine was right. Virtue, sentiment, honesty, decorum, honor, better a thousand times than all the riches glibly promised by a materially-minded, soulless "efficient" world.



### A TEST ON SHAKESPEARE

1. Who were the lovers? ROMEO AND JULIET.
2. What was this courtship like? MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
3. What was her answer to his proposal? AS YOU LIKE IT.
4. At what time of the month were they married? TWELFTH NIGHT.
5. Of whom did they buy the ring? THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
6. Who were the best man and maid of honor? ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.
7. Who were the ushers? TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.
8. Who gave the reception? MERRY WIVES OF WINSOR.
9. In what place did they live? HAMLET.
10. What was her disposition like? THE TEMPEST.
11. What was his chief occupation after marriage? TAMING OF THE SHREW.
12. What caused their first quarrel? MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
13. What did their courtship prove to be? LOVE'S LABOR LOST.
14. What did their marriage life resemble? COMEDY OF ERRORS.
15. What did they give each other? MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
16. What Roman brought about a reconciliation? JULIUS CAESAR.
17. What did their friends say? ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



*We sing with the Bard of the immortal Aeneid,  
but we place more of an accent on Man than on  
Arms.*

## ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO

JOHN B. MCCARTHY, '36

Two thousand years ago Virgil sang of men and arms and the valiant deeds of the warriors of Greece and Troy. Homer, first and greatest of the bards, did the same a thousand years before Virgil was born. Through the ages, the feats of men in arms have been an inspiration for every national literature. In most languages the earliest epics concern great soldiers and their triumphs. Antiquity was frank in its admiration for physical strength and courage.

Bravery and brawn are worthy of praise, yet civilization is coming to realize that a better servant of humanity is not he who fights a war, but who fights war. Particularly here in America there is growing an earnest desire for peace. The awful horrors of the last war, portrayed so forcibly in such books as *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and *The Road Back*, to mention only two, have done much to engender and spread this feeling. They do not picture war as a glorious undertaking in which it is a signal honor to give one's life for one's country. Rather, they portray a scene of horror, carnage and bloodshed, utterly devoid of anything that suggests true glory. Modern inventions have not only increased the horror of war, but have robbed it of what little glamor and romance it might have contained. People are beginning to realize that wars are not only futile in solving issues, but represent an in-

excusable violation of common humanity's sacred rights. The Christian and truly cultured world desires peace.

This cry for peace, however, is sounding somewhat raucously in many collegiate halls. Leagues have been formed whose members have pledged themselves to "Peace at any price." The campus publications, too, reflect in many instances this move which is rapidly gaining momentum. The editors, who a few years ago were clamoring for the de-emphasizing of football and the abolition of the high-salaried coach, have turned their attention to the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and are denouncing it in scorching editorials as a great obstacle in the path of international peace. This sentiment has reached an alarming degree, as can be seen in the results of many campus polls wherein a surprising number of students have stated that they would not take up arms, even to defend their native land against invasion by a belligerent power.

Now, while peace and international friendliness form the goal toward which all right-minded governments are constantly striving, reason puts certain limits on the length to which this may be pursued. In our estimation a refusal to defend one's own country against invasion is fully as great an evil as instigating a war with another nation. Anyone who refuses to lift a hand to drive the invader from his native shores

is unworthy to live in that land.

Let us consult some great authority.

The Catholic Church, founded by the Prince of Peace, is ever the world's staunchest advocate of peace. Yet under certain circumstances, she holds that it is not only the right but the duty of every citizen to take up arms in defense of his homeland. This she teaches, fully cognizant that her Founder counselled "turning the other cheek." Christ was a pacifist, but not a fatalist; a meek man, but not a coward. Wickedness must not be tolerated: justice must be defended and loved. A war may be just, and when it is, a good Christian may wage it.

When is a war just? Catholic theology lays down the following stern conditions. We cite McHugh and Callan's *Moral Theology* as our authority. Vol. I, pp. 545-563. New York, 1929.

1. It must be undertaken by the legitimate sovereignty of a country.
2. There must be a definite provocation of a grave wrong actually committed or about to be committed by another, such as a rebellion, an invasion, a continuing sacrilege, or usurpation of land, properties and sacred rights.
3. It is not possible to obtain redress by any other means than war.
4. The war must be undertaken with the proper intention, that is to say, with the sole motive of accomplishing the correc-

tion of the evil that necessitated the war.

5. The war must be waged as humanely as possible, no direct injury must be visited upon any non-combatants, and it must be finished as quickly as opportunity might afford.

Perhaps Christian nations have not always observed these conditions, but the Church herself is clear in her doctrine. A strict adherence to her principles and spirit would have obviated most of the wars of history.

This article is not to be construed as a justification of war in general, but rather as a vindication from right reason of war in times of necessity. We earnestly desire peace, but not peace at any price. Such a sentiment defeats its own purpose, for it invites war. Hysterical pacifism is as dangerous as a frenzy for war. Curiously, an extreme pacifist is the earth's fiercest warrior.

Antiquity sang of the man and of arms. Pacifism wants to sing neither of arms nor the man. Looking at the fearful question of war calmly, judiciously, as befits reasonable Christian men, we voice our horror for war for its very horror; we prefer not to wage it; we prefer to yield many advantages lest in waging it we lose the more, but if it is to be a decision between peace and the surrender of those things that give life its real meaning and savor—a faith, a home, freedom and a flag, we choose as men that higher peace that honorable conflict alone can bring. We want to sing not of arms, but we must not still the note on man.

*The word Progress is variously defined. It's an important word. Read our version of it in this*

## CRITIQUE ON PROGRESS

RAYMOND GREENE, '37

"What marvelous progress the twentieth century has witnessed!" observed a friend of mine. Yes, indeed; we have undoubtedly made great progress: so much so that our present civilization is a far cry from that of the last Century, or even from that of the last fifty years. The numerous inventions of time-saving devices, unknown, most of them, a few short years ago; the wealth of discoveries made in our scientific research laboratories; the seemingly endless paths of investigation, the reservoirs of knowledge, which have been brought to light by modern scholarship all give currency to the common belief that we of today have advanced far beyond our fellowmen of yesteryears.

In the scientific and intellectual fields, our advancement is pronounced and indubitable; in the field of morals, however, there is room for strong doubt, even denial. Under the aegis of the spirit of modernism, the trend in morals seems rather to be one of regression. We seem, as the years go by, to become less and less moral-conscious. If this is true,—and what intelligent observer will deny it—then we are confronted by a situation strangely paradoxical. Intellectual development would seem to insure a corresponding development in morals. That it has

not is certain; that it will not, if it continues along its present lines, is equally certain. But why?

The success enjoyed by the modern scientists and intellectuals has, so to speak, gone to their heads. It has increased and developed their belief in the omniscience of the human intellect; it has likewise made them delirious from the consciousness of a new found freedom. The obvious result, when applied to morals, is a sense of independence—an independence, which resents the restraints imposed by an older established order, which accepts as its standard of human conduct, not a higher law,—for moderns recognize no higher law,—not a Divine Will,—for if there be a divine will it is not at all concerned with happenings upon this earth,—but rather it looks upon convenience, utility, or mere vacillating convention, as the only sensible standard and measure of moral responsibility. And since standards of this sort vary with the individual, is it any wonder that the moral progress of the past ages has ceased to be of definite value? Is it any wonder that the intelligent observer fails to note progress in the moral order? Is it any wonder that the same observer views with apprehension the erection of the beacon of modern

power and freedom upon the smouldering ruins of the cumulative experience of mankind?

This spirit of modernism is an enigma of the most baffling kind; and it stands, if moderns but knew it, as a serious challenge to their very claim of progressive civilization.

In academic circles this modern spirit has given birth to a pseudo-superior sophistication. Students, naturally, have not been immune from this intellectual snobbery, since most of them, willy-nilly, play the assiduous ape to their professors. When, then, the professor, faced with the necessity of substantiating his own views, looks with a cynical eye upon the beliefs and practices of less enlightened individuals of other days, the students follow his lead with unquestioned docility.

After the manner of our leading moralists (Bertrand Russell, Freud, Havelock Ellis, to mention a few), it is not uncommon to learn from the lips of the student that modern times need new standards, that the old standards were very good for the past but are totally unsuited to the modern temperament. They smile a piteous smile at the poor wretch who still accepts the Ten Commandments, at the backward individual who values and protects the Medieval and Victorian virtue of chastity. He looks with disdain upon the husband and wife who accepts the indissolubility

of the marriage bond. "How absurd!" they cry, "They are truly modern Rip Van Winkles."

While we can not take issue with those who decry the smug complacency, the strict prudery, or artificial posing of a past generation, we can, and very justly, question the sincerity of these modern critics, for we realize, as well as they, that much of this criticizing of the moral standards, as understood and practiced in the ages of faith, is nothing more than the bringing forward of a defense mechanism. It is nothing more than an attempt to destroy by ridicule that which stands the accuser of their moral confusion; that which points unquestionably to the victory of matter over mind, of body over soul; that which challenges a denial of the victorious conquest of man's baser nature; that which offers proof positive that man's progress of the last hundred years has been decidedly a progress in matters of the body, not in matters of the soul.

If progressive civilization means an advancement in things material and spiritual, then our claim to a superior civilization has the chill ring of "some banquet hall deserted"; it has all of the qualities of the "better than thou" hypocrisy which wrung from the lips of the sorrowful Christ those meaningful words: "Hadst thou but known, O Jerusalem!"



*The best brains of the Homicide Squad were at a loss to solve the crime. Mild Professor Mull gives them the answer in one minute. Is he a genius? We tell you all about it in*

## THE CASE OF THE BLUE SEDAN

JOHN A. GRAHAM, '38

"Is the Professor in, Briggs?"

"Yes sir! The Professor is in the library, sir!"

Chief Inspector Blaine of the Homicide Squad entered the house and stepping quietly to the library door, peered in at his old friend, Professor Mull, the entymologist, who was seated at his desk in the center of a huge room, lined on all sides with cases of insects. The Professor, unaware of the policeman's presence, continued to gaze in rapture upon a huge purple butterfly that was pinned to a descriptive card.

"Ah, a perfect *Apatura iris*! Beautiful, beautiful!" murmured the old man. "The first perfect male of the species that I have ever seen—or anyone else for that matter."

"Hello, Professor!"

"Oh, it's you, Blaine! Splendid! Come in! I want to show you a most rare sight: I have a perfect *Apa*. . ."

"Yes, and I have a perfect murder to solve. That's why I'm here. Listen, Professor, please put your pretty butterflies away and concentrate your mind on as devilish a mystery as ever confronted the Police Department. The case must be solved, but I am at my wit's end even to know where to start."

"Hum, you do look worried at that, Blaine. Sit down and tell me. Frankly I do not see how I can help, for such matters are so foreign to me, but per-

haps in telling it to me, you might hit upon a phase of the case hitherto ignored."

"There is really nothing to tell, Professor: that's the whole trouble. Look, does this sound at all reasonable: Hawkins, the banker, left his office the afternoon of Tuesday, the nineteenth, driving his own car, a blue Plymouth sedan. That evening, he was found in his car in a neck of woods five miles out of town with a neat bullet-hole between the eyes."

"No clues at all?"

"Not one. Furthermore, he had no known enemies, his life was spotless, and he had no premonition of evil."

"Oh I am sure that you will be able to find the solution in time, Blaine. You policemen really never fail."

"Perhaps in time, yes, but we have no time. The case must be solved at once. The newspapers are clamoring for action, the mayor is pressing us hard because Hawkins was a personal friend, and the public in general is denouncing our inefficiency. If the case does not break in twenty-four hours, not only I but the Police Commissioner will have to resign."

"Hum, so it is that serious. Well, there never was a problem that could not be solved. Now, let us see. Here, fill your pipe with this good mixture, and relax. Let me think."

"Please do. You brain-trusters should produce sometimes. Here's your chance to demonstrate mind over matter."

A merry twinkle lit up Professor Mull's eyes. "We'll try, Blaine. Now tell me, were you able to trace the other car?"

"The other car? What other car?"

"Why the car that the murderer used in leaving the scene."

"I don't know of any. You're only guessing. Guessing is no good."

"Perhaps, but it might interest you to know that the car must have been a Buick coupe, painted a dark maroon, 1934 model."

"That's a good one. You figure it all out of your head, right here in this room, three days after it happened. Rattle the old gray matter a bit more, Professor, and give me the license number."

"Let me see: it ought to be 14-586, Massachusetts registration."

"Well, that finishes me. Back to your butterflies, Professor. Sorry to have disturbed you. I thought you might be able to suggest something. Here you're trying to grind out the solution through syllogisms, and all that. No go, old fellow. I'll have to rely on good old police methods. Good night!"

"But before you go, Blaine, look for a woman named Irene, living at the Auburn Arms in town. She drove away with the murderer."

Blaine looked hard at Professor Mull. He had too much respect for him to accuse him of leg-pulling. He caught a gleam in the Professor's eye that disturbed him profoundly.

"Are you sure of all this, Professor?"

"Blaine, you said you were baffled completely by the case. I'm offering you a direct lead. Would there be any harm in your following it?"

"Very well, I'll run up to the Auburn Arms, and if what you say is true, I'll go chasing butterflies for the rest of my life."

After Blaine had gone, Professor Mull again busied himself with his beloved butterflies. A particularly beautiful blue *Polyommatus* received his reverent care. Thus several hours passed.

Suddenly, the door bell rang. The immaculate Briggs hurried to answer it, but scarcely had he opened the door, when Blaine unceremoniously brushed him aside and stalked into the Professor's study.

"Well, old master, you 'called the shot' that time. I found that woman Irene in her apartment with a boy friend, and by the time my boys got through with a degree not strictly academic, the case was cracked. They did it all right. A simple story of a defaulting teller. Hawkins had discovered the pilfering and meant to seek an explanation at the first opportunity. By a curious coincidence, in driving along the pike that afternoon, he saw the teller riding with this Irene. Obeying an impulse, he ordered the teller to stop, and then and there charged him with the embezzlement. A bitter argument ensued. Finally, the teller took out a gun and fired point-blank at his superior. He then rolled the car with its gruesome load into a lane that led into the woods, and escaped in his own car. Simple as all that—once you know. And now, Mr. Entymologist, explain how you knew all this."

Old Professor Mull didn't blink an eye. "Have you no respect for professional secrets? Must a magician expose how the trick is done?"

"Oh it's that way, is it? All right, Mullsy, keep your secret, but to my dy-

ing day I'll doubt if a combination of butterflies and syllogisms could have given you the answer."

Blaine left. Professor Mull leaned back in his chair, lit his pipe, and relaxed. An amusing smile hovered over his scholarly face. He was communing with himself.

"I guess I am quite a conceited person at that. An arch deceiver. Shocking how atavistic traits crop up. Magic, hey? But I couldn't let Blaine know the exact truth. Professional dignity, and all that. I'll tell him later on and have him enjoy it better. Imagine my being in the woods that particular afternoon, chasing butterflies. I wondered why that man was rolling that blue sedan into the lane. And the horror of

that girl: I still hear her anguished cry, 'O Bob, what have you done: what will happen to us now? And how brutally he answered her: 'Shut up, Irene; I'll drive you back to the Auburn Arms, then I'll continue on home to establish an alibi in case I need one. I'll see you tonight.' Ah me, I wondered at it all, but then that gorgeous specimen of *Rhopalocera* flittered before me in the sunlight, and I forgot the blue sedan completely until Blaine told me his problem. Could I have confessed that I had seen it all and had forgotten it—a murder? These laymen do not know the fascination of the *Lepidoptera*. Blaine may disdain the power of syllogisms, but at least they can be my refuge in this case."

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## THE GOBLER, PHILOSOPHER

A monarch now am I  
That stalks with plumage spread  
The golden fields where lie  
The spoils of summer sped.

The shocks of corn like troops  
Attentive stand, while vines  
From yellow pumpkin groups  
A royal rug entwine  
For me, the king. How sweet  
To strut about this realm,  
Where autumn's craft so fleet  
Brings hues that overwhelm.

A gaudy lord am I  
Of barnyard, coop, and sty.

But, Oh! how sadly brief  
This moment mine of bliss.  
The season is a thief  
That filches all of this.  
An overlord called man  
Shall shortly take an ax,  
And with a fierce elan,  
Shall wield me mighty whacks!

My flesh shall be his meat  
To grace a festive board.  
Ah well, I guess it's meet—  
My strutting must have bored.

—FRANCIS THOMPSON, '38.

*In our schools we try to preserve a priceless heritage from the great Schoolmen of the past by conducting*

## SCHOLASTIC DISPUTATIONS

FRANCIS HALLIGAN, '38

The method employed at present by college men in formal debates is undoubtedly satisfactory on the whole, even though it might be open to some criticism. It is interesting, in this connection, to trace the development of the modern procedure in debating from the manner of the disputes in the academies of Greece, the forums of Rome, and particularly from the custom adopted by the medieval schoolmen. Each age contributed something to the building up of a more perfect modern method of presenting an argument. The Greek gave us his subtlety, the Roman his balance, the medieval Scholastic his penetrating logic, the modern scholar his broadness of mind, extensive research and facility of expression.

Here at Providence College, we have and encourage debating teams, which, following the norms laid down by the most exacting modern collegiate systems, conduct debates with the teams of many other institutions of learning, Catholic or otherwise. We are not behind the times.

Nevertheless, in our philosophy classes our professors seek to preserve that special and ancient method called Circles, developed by the medieval Schoolmen, because it is more adapted to insure exactitude in reasoning. Terms must first be clearly defined, the question at issue must be precisely stated,

arguments pro and con must be presented according to the most rigid laws of logical sequence. This, then, is the first and paramount advantage of Circles. Secondly, it preserves a rich heritage of a glorious past, when Dominican scholars graced the chairs of philosophy and theology in the great universities of the Middle Ages and of the early modern period. This heritage deserves to be preserved, not only on account of the sentiment involved, but because it continues to be a valuable, scientific mode of argumentation. Circles are not a mere pageantry depicting the past; they are a very effective method of discussion and can still serve the exact inquirer of the truth as adequately, if not better, than the most modern norms of inter-collegiate debating.

We subjoin the method as laid down in the old Latin manuals of the Schoolmen. It might be suspected that it imposes a dry, prosaic, stifling ritual. This likely criticism is not escaped by our modern procedure. The Scholastic Circles are conducted in a fine, dignified, intelligent manner, as befits the nobility of a philosophic question. They need not be dry: history records the medieval Circles to have been very lively and exciting, and the many I have attended here have not been soporific.

In giving the method, I am requested



to suggest to my fellow-students that we preserve it for reference in the future. Each student is expected to keep a copy for use in his philosophy course.

## A PRACTICAL METHOD OF CONDUCTING CIRCLES OR SCHOLASTIC DISPUTATIONS

### A PRELIMINARY

1. The Professor announces a thesis, e. g. *The Object of Logic is Directive Reason*, and names the day.

2. He then appoints a student to be the OBJECTOR. It is the duty of the OBJECTOR to study the matter well, in order to be able to formulate solid objections against the thesis. Whenever possible, the objections are to be grounded on statements which the Defender will probably make in his exposition, and every possible response of his must be met with a fresh objection. From four to seven objections are to be written down in clear, brief, syllogistic form, and must be handed in to the Professor for criticism at least two days before the date of the circle. The Professor will return the objections with his comments in due time.

3. The Professor may designate one individual student to be the DEFENDER of the thesis, or he may give the assignment to the whole class. In either case each individual of the class should study the question thoroughly, so that he will be able either to defend the thesis if called upon, or to follow it intelligently when it is conducted by others. Each student of the class should have ready one objection in form.

4. On the day appointed, the Professor announces the public disputation. He now names the DEFENDER of the thesis if one had not been previously designated.

### B THE DISPUTATION

1. The OBJECTOR remains in his place. The DEFENDER rises, goes to the platform and standing before the class, recites this formula: *The thesis to be defended today is entitled—*, (he states the particular thesis as given by the Professor for that day, e. g. "The Object of Logic is Directive Reason").

2. The DEFENDER then sits down and begins the exposition of the thesis, generally along these lines. (The exposition should never be more than twelve minutes):

a. Gives a definition of the terms used in the title of the thesis.

b. States the exact question to be answered: this and not that.

c. Cites the errors or opinions on the question, if any.

d. Exposes the correct doctrine in philosophic language, giving arguments in form, followed by a convincing explanation.

e. Quotes authorities and illustrates whenever possible.

3. When the DEFENDER has finished, he rises, saying: *Hence the thesis appears proved. If difficulties remain, in all likelihood a discussion will remove them.* He then sits down.

4. The OBJECTOR rises in his place and says: *You have ably exposed and proven your thesis, Mr. ———: yet I am opposed to your conclusion.* He then denies the thesis by placing a negative—in this case, e. g. "The Object of Logic is *not* directive reason." Therefore *your thesis is false.* He then sits down.

5. The DEFENDER rises and says: *My esteemed fellow-student, Mr. ———, is pleased to rise against my thesis, maintaining that* (he repeats the denial of the Objector, e. g. "The Object of Logic is not Directive Reason." *Would*

you be so good as to prove this statement. He then sits down. (Both now remain seated till the end.)

6. The OBJECTOR replies, *I will prove my statement*, and then he advances his first syllogism against the Defender.

7. The DEFENDER first repeats the syllogism of the Objector in its entirety. (If he forgets parts of it, he asks to be prompted by the Objector. It is important that the syllogism be memorized and visualized before an attempt is made to answer it). After repeating the whole syllogism, the DEFENDER repeats the major of the syllogism, and answers it separately as he sees fit, either admitting it or distinguishing it. (Majors are rarely denied, and then only by apologizing for it with an appropriate phrase, e. g. *Salva Reverentia, Salva auctoritate, With due respect*, etc.) He then repeats the minor premise, and disposes of it properly by admitting, denying, distinguishing, or letting it pass. In the manner which he treated the major and minor, he disposes of the conclusion and the whole syllogism.

8. The OBJECTOR thereupon takes exception to a statement made by the DEFENDER, e. g. the Defender has distinguished the previous objection thus, "in the order of intention, I admit; in the order of execution, I deny:" the OBJECTOR questions this distinction, saying, "But even in the order of execution directive reason is not the object of Logic. *Therefore your thesis is still false.*"

9. The Defender repeats the denial of the Objector and asks for proof thus: *Mr. ——— continues to object to the thesis, saying that*, e. g. "even in the order of execution directive reason is not the object of Logic."

*I deny this assertion. Will you please try to prove it.*

10. The OBJECTOR then gives his new syllogism to prove the denial in question. The DEFENDER answers it in form as before—and so on till the last objection is answered.

#### C FINALE

As soon as the DEFENDER has answered satisfactorily the last argument, the OBJECTOR rises to his feet and begins to laud the DEFENDER in a few chosen words, e. g. *I congratulate you, worthy colleague, on the splendid defence of your thesis. Your arguments were convincing, and my last remaining difficulties were solved by your apt and lucid responses. May you ever continue to expose good doctrine and sound philosophy to the end that the sacred cause of truth may constantly be advanced.*

2. The DEFENDER rises and expresses appropriate sentiments, e. g., *I feel greatly honored, fellow students, in having been chosen by our revered professor to defend this thesis. I am personally convinced of the truth of the question and I trust that I have been able at least in a small measure to implant the doctrine more firmly in your minds. I thank my opponent for his courteous manner, and I am grateful to all of you for your friendly attention.*

3. The Class applauds, while the Defender goes back to his seat.

4. The Professor makes his comments on the character of the defence and the objections.

This method obtains in the common class-room routine. On special occasions there is held a Solemn Disputation which is conducted along even more dignified lines, as on the eve here of the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas.

## OBSERVATION

John Stuart Mill criticized the syllogism as a *petitio principii*, maintaining that in its major it has to include the very fact that it professes to prove in the conclusion, and therefore that it is useless as a mode of inferring a new truth. Mill's objection was hailed as a great find by enemies of Scholastic philosophy, and since his day the syllogism has been practically outlawed in the schools. The outlawing of the syllogism in non-Catholic schools has had the natural result of inducing much illogical reasoning, for in spite of Mill's objection, the syllogism is valuable as a mode of inference. Mill was right only to extent of saying that the conclusion *in se* is not a new truth, but he was wrong in maintaining that it did not add to the content of our knowledge. The syllogism is a legitimate mode of inference and its consequent represents a specific "new find." Not only that, but the mode it follows ensures the greatest possible scientific accuracy in our thinking, so for this also is it valuable. As Dr. Gallihier has it in the Logic notes we are using at present (p. 63), "The syllogism is ordained to detect error and acquire truth, to make a perfect analysis of the human mind, to polish and strengthen our reason. It gives clearness, strength, and flexibility to the mind. By it the mind discerns more readily the value of an

argument and detects more easily the vices of a fallacy. As gymnastics strengthens the body and makes it supple, so the use of the syllogistic art gives solidity, flexibility, and precision to the mind. For if the errors that are rife today be stripped of their wordy covering and reduced to this severe form of reasoning, they will appear as the rankest sophisms."

The Scholastics are right in preserving this syllogistic art. It is too valuable, and too sorely needed to be discarded. We moderns have acquired the habit of thinking loosely. It is well to discipline our thinking. Logic may not be the aim of life, but it certainly is a means of acquiring the exact truth, without which life is meaningless. It is true, of course, that the syllogism can be, and often has been, abused. Some Scholastics have made it a fetish, with the result that it became at times so inane, so subtle, so stiff and so unwarranted, that it lost its appeal. But a fidelity to its rigorous laws obviates any legitimate criticism, for the syllogism truly stands today, as it did in the Middle Ages, the surest mode of straight, lucid thought. Its retention here at Providence College and in other Catholic schools is helpful to the student, and the good effects of its discipline are soon seen in a community peopled by graduates who have learned the ways of the old Scholastics in handling a discussion.



SONNET  
ON  
ALBERTUS MAGNUS



Great Mind! Transcendent Sun without a West  
Abyssmal worlds were mirrored to thy gaze,  
For lo! like fiery swords thy piercing rays  
The secret realms of yielding nature pressed.  
And 'neath thy heat effulgent, Heaven-blest,  
The tempting fruits of blooming Science fair  
Bent low their boughs in ripened burdens rare—  
A royal feast for each lore-seeking guest.

Shine on, great Sun, in Heav'n's Eternal Day!  
New glory gives thine Order and thy God!  
And teach our hearts by the supernal light  
"To praise, to teach, to bless," to tread thy way  
For Faith and Reason clasped at thy nod.  
Albertus Magnus! Christian Stagyrte!

—"AMATA," '35

*A great and universal American custom, the bath, is here given an artistic and sociological rub-down.*

## THE FREEDOM OF THE C'S

RICHARD P. LARCHER, '38

What mysterious urge is it that doth prompt us all to raise a bass voice or a tenor in song after settling comfortably in the bath? It is not to accompany the vigorous motion of the soap on the bare body, for then there would be irritating interruptions to accompany the slipping of the soap through the fingers. But then again, the vehemence, and sudden increase in tempo during a bathtub serenade may be caused by the seventh slipping of the elusive soap from the fingers. But that is beside the point.

If the song is of the mournful variety it is a safe bet that the singer had a difficult time in entering the tub. For there is a certain technique even to this. The man in his cups always falls in, head, feet or back first, disregarding consequences. The cautious individual usually goes in piece-meal, one limb at a time, testing the temperature of the water, retreating after the first shock of contact, and summoning up courage for a second attempt. The third try is usually dispensed with, since the fourth is usually successful. This tedious procedure is repeated until the entire body has been properly introduced to the water. The business man with his bulging abdomen first labors for a flow of perspiration, this being accomplished with the aid of a stationary rowing machine or wall-straps. Assured that enough poundage has been removed to prevent floating and assure touching

bottom, he sinks in gradually without further ceremony. The timid person—well, he does not dare sing. The correct method, of course, is to have the tub half-filled with water comfortably warm, and then to draw more hot water as the occasion demands. If this formula is rigidly adhered to, the song will automatically fall into the joyous strains of a wedding march, a college cheer, a peddler's yodel, a train starter's mouthings or a farmer's hog calling. Anything might burst forth—and often does, in high C.

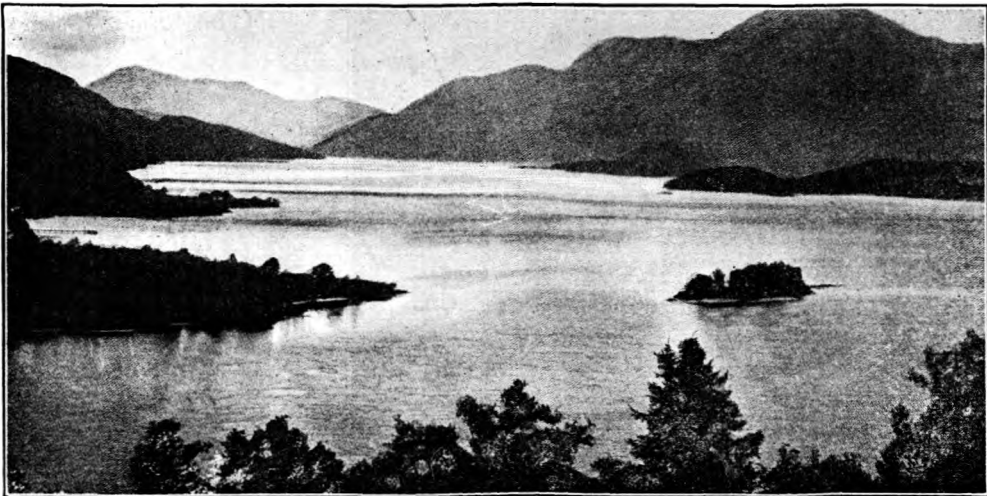
We have been speaking of tubs. The same philosophy applies in shower rooms. Only worse. *Genus homo erectus* commands a more resilient expansion of his diaphragm, the deeper filling of the pulmonary labyrinths, and the greatest flexibility of his larynx. The tonsils do the rest.

We shall assume that any inconvenience faced prior to the final and common posture in the tub has been safely and agreeably negotiated. We can now proceed to find the solution to this enigma—the why of the stimulus to sing. No doubt the feeling of cleanliness, the satisfaction of having overcome the dread of Saturday night, the pleasant sensation of warm water around the body, freedom from cumbrous clothing, from itching flannels and tight shoes, all play an important part in stimulating the song of the bath. Still these

are not what impress upon us that we are potential Tibbetts, Carusos or Grace Moores.

Say what you will, in the final analysis it all resolves to this: Man is undeniably self-conscious, vain and selfish. He dares not sing in public because he is self-conscious and shy. The quiet and serenity of the tub stir and assure him; he has no audience, and this is only fitting and propitious. In his solitude, his tenor is the best ever bestowed upon any man. He concludes thus because to him comparisons are odious, because there is not any one to dispute him, and because truth is foreign to vanity. Now, firmly convinced that his voice is so charming, so soothing and so

pleasant, the serenader sees no reason why he should sing for sweet charity and run the risk of straining a chord. Besides, audiences are so fickle and non-appreciative. Also, at times they have a naive custom of tossing aged eggs and frowsy cabbage. So, he contents himself with listening to *self*, the peer of vocalists, every Saturday night. What more or better reasons for singing in the bath? With an orchestra seat and an intelligent audience, what more can we singers request? And so the high Cs roll out, vibrant, melodious transcending, drowning the splash of the water, shaking the rafters - - - yet soothing the soul.





SAINTE ALBERT WINDOW CHURCH OF SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL, NEW YORK

Scholar  
 Anatomist  
 Inventor  
 Naturalist  
 Technician

Author  
 Lecturer  
 Bishop  
 Engineer  
 Rhetorician  
 Traumatologist

Thinker  
 Hagiologist  
 Encyclopedist

Geologist  
 Religious  
 Educator  
 Apostle  
 Theologian

Saint Albert was very recently canonized, and declared a Doctor of the Church. His feast was celebrated just a few days ago, November 15, by the whole Catholic world, while special commemorative exercises were held in his honor in many institutions of learning.

# EDITORIALS

S T U D Y

## THE ALEMBIC

**NAME.** The name ALEMBIC of this publication was proposed by Dr. L. C. McCarthy, O.P., now President. An alembic is a vessel—from the Greek *ambis*, a cup—used in chemistry for distilling. The title is a felicitous one, for the purpose of this publication is to distill from the data of life those pure truths that express the highest ideals of the academic world. Member of the Catholic School Press Association. Started in 1920.

### STAFF

#### *Editorial*

Editor—Joseph P. Dyer, '36.  
 Associates—E. Riley Hughes, '37, Thomas J. Hogan, '36, George Scowcroft, '37.  
 Campus Spotlight—Open.  
 Michael Donohue, '37 for the Alumni, and  
 and Walter A. Hughes, '39 for Guzman Hall.  
 Court of Sport—Open.  
 Art—Frank Del Deo, '38, William McGovern, '37.

#### *Business*

Manager—Erville Williams, '36.  
 Advertising—Brendan McMullen, '36, Arthur Costantino, '36, John Bucklin, '38, James McCabe, '38, John Mahoney, '39.  
 Circulation—John Fanning, '38.  
 Office Maintenance—Francis Croghan, '37.

Volume XVIII

November, 1935

No. 1

### JOURNALISM

We start another academic year under new direction. It shall be our endeavor to maintain the high standard that has characterized the ALEMBIC since its inception in 1920.

A classical publication is vital to the needs of a college as an organ for the expression of its spirit. In every field the press continues to play the dominant role in shaping public opinion. In instances, the power of the press is wielded for detriment. On news-stands there are found many wretched papers pandering to this or that human weakness, content more to please than to instruct. Such publications may grow



rich, but they are traitors to the cause of journalism.

A college magazine, particularly, should be free of every base motive and dedicated exclusively to the exposition of the highest ideals of life. The atmosphere of the academic sanctuary should pervade its pages. This does

not mean that it should be stuffy and solemn, priggish and pedantic. True scholarship is lively and progressive: it is the pursuit and defence of truth, life's most glorious adventure.

The Founder of the Catholic Church is The Truth. The Dominican Order which conducts this college has for its motto, Truth. This ALEMBIC, an ac-



tivity of Providence College, desires to remain faithful to this tradition of learning and printing the truth. The true art of journalism is to make this printed truth palatable.

#### THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving Day is one of our more beautiful and proper American customs. The sentiment behind its origin in Colonial New England and its perseverance to our present day is a lofty and laudable one. We detect in instances a spirit of commercialism and worldliness, but on the whole the American people following the spirit of the proclamation of the President, which gives the holiday its legal existence, do assemble in their places of worship to render thanks to the Being from whom all blessings flow. It is this and nothing else which constitutes the day. To regard it merely as a great football day, an occasion to gormandize, to visit friends or even to put up food baskets for the poor, is to lose sight of the essential feature.

#### HENDRICKEN FIELD

Our athletic field has never been impressive. This summer we started to give it a modest improvement in appearance and seating capacity. In comparison with other college fields, it remains unimpressive, but it is adequate to our needs and resources. We like sports, deeming them to be an integral, healthy phase of collegiate life, but we have no desire to exaggerate their importance. When a college begins to regard football as a business, a money-maker or a magnet for matriculation, it sells its birthright for a mess of porridge.

#### BRAIN TRUSTERS

The cartoonists and columnists of the nation have been ridiculing the college professors that have been appointed to direct certain phases of the New Deal administration. They are alleged to have muddled the situation and retarded recovery by their theories. We are told, for example, that millions of sows were slaughtered and potatoes made "hot" because of a scholar's brain-storm.

Perhaps the professors did make a mistake in devising all their alphabetical combinations, but we feel that the criticism of brains in the government is unjustified. After all, the depression came when the practical-minded, brass-hard business men were controlling things. The President did a most natural and proper thing in seeking the advice of persons so competent and disinterested as are professors. A professor with his idealism is safer than a hard-shelled industrialist with no ideals. If there is muddling, we are sure that all of it is not traceable to teachers. The politicians still command.

The problem of economic recovery is extremely involved. It requires a miracle or a war (with somebody else fighting it). In the absence of these factors, a good heart and a clear head are the next best things. Business sense failed to find the remedy: college brains are trying. We are glad that college talent was solicited and we are confident that the brain trusters, if they remain academic and do not devolve into ward-healers, will splendidly serve the nation in this emergency.

#### THE TEACHERS' OATH

Many of the pink-hued intelligentsia of Massachusetts and other States are

frothing because the legislatures have passed an act compelling teachers to take an oath of allegiance to the American Constitution. To them such an oath is an unwarranted restriction of their academic freedom. Indeed, such an objection is voiced even by people who are true-blue patriots and lovers of all things American, among them some leading Catholics.

Is such an oath a violation of academic freedom? We feel that in strict theory it may be so regarded, but in point of fact, it is not. Academic freedom is the right to search for truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Any attempt by any church, government or society, to restrict the search after truth is a violence to man's most inalienable right.

The oath in question has no such aim. It requires the defence of the American Constitution by the teacher in our schools. This does not mean that the teacher must regard the American Constitution as the last word in government: he is still free to pursue his researches for the real Utopia. But until that is found and proven, man must have as nearly perfect a government as he can design. It wouldn't do to have none at all simply because we have not as yet realized the best possible one. With us, the best actual government is insured by our American Constitution. Accordingly, we are expected to support it.

Why compel a professor in a private school through an oath? Because of a present necessity. Many teachers have been bitterly assailing our form of government, not in the exercise of academic freedom, for academic freedom has the sternest restriction in truth itself, but motivated by base partisanship, or by impractical, dangerous il-

lusions. Since teachers carry weight in any community, the unfair criticism of our government by many of our pedagogical crack-pots has been doing immense harm. They start people wondering: unrest ensues, a dangerous situation at a time like this. To keep the nation rallied to one ideal, important in the war against the depression and its distresses, the government imposes by oath the defence of the supreme law of the land. We see no cause for alarm: rather we are pleased that an effective method has been devised of checking the growth of Communism. We believe in the American Constitution, and any act intended to safeguard it the better for us, is good. The oath may have been advocated by the chain of Hearst newspapers, notoriously jingoistic, it may be a political gesture based on a private grudge, and it may be a habit-forming precedent, but *de facto* there is as yet no real restriction imposed on academic freedom. We are afraid that detrimental restrictions would ensue were the Constitution to be supplanted by a form of Fascism or Communism, hence an oath to support it is a teacher's best guarantee of liberty. Furthermore, we do not appreciate the logic of demanding freedom in the name of the Constitution, yet objecting to take an oath in support of it. It is not the abstract principle of academic freedom which makes us free, but a very definite factual document, the Constitution. Where is academic freedom in a land that is not protected by such a document?

Under the American Constitution we are enjoying the greatest exercise of freedom allotted to any educator on earth. The oath imposed and already taken has done no violence to true pedagogy.

Should a law ever be proposed that would do violence, the intellectual calibre of professors would be competent to argue convincingly its injustice and so prevent its enactment. Under our present system no law can be enacted unless it has public opinion behind it. Professors need yield no mastery in shaping public opinion to politicians if they ground their arguments, not on theories, but on solid truth.

#### TIME MAGAZINE

At the risk of flattering it by a notice and increasing its circulation through criticism, we wish to voice our objection to the tone which *Time* invariably has assumed when reporting activities of the Catholic Church and of her priests. All clergymen are entitled to be addressed and spoken of courteously, and all sacred things with reverence. *Time* takes a delight in belittling everything religious. Its editors may be clever in presenting vital news and in putting snap and strength in the King's English, but they reveal an ill-breeding that cannot be condoned. The ironic part of it is that a surprising number of their subscribers are teachers and clergymen. What salesmanship, but yet, what gall!

#### FOOTBALL

The season is over for us, though other colleges will continue for a few more Saturdays. We are exceedingly gratified by the record the team has made. The sport has kept the college buzzing with activity for two months,

put spirit into us. We shall long remember the pleasant rides to distant battlefields, and that memorable last battle with Rhode Island State. We've had a lot of fun and can now go back to our books with more enthusiasm.

The other day we overheard a conversation which reflects an aspiration nurtured here, the non-realization of which up to the present constitutes our one disappointment:

"Say, P. C. is stepping right along. It has met and contested creditably with some of the leading colleges in New England."

"Yes, but there is one neighboring college we did not meet."

"Brown?"

"Yes."

"Is the college anxious to engage Brown in football?"

"Decidedly."

"Then why does not Brown consent to an engagement?"

"I really don't know."

#### THE COWL

For many years the need was felt of having the ALEMBIC supplemented by a weekly news-organ for the presentation of current happenings and as a more adequate medium of expressing the lighter spirit of the college. On the occasion of the game with Rhode Island State a few days ago, the COWL made its first appearance. We earnestly hope that it will survive. It can only do this if it receives the support of the student body and the good will of business men expressed through advertisements.

# The Faculty



Father McCarthy, President of the College, has been elected Chairman of the State Committee for the Tercentenary Celebration of Rhode Island's founding. The Committee was appointed by Governor Green last summer to arrange a suitable program for 1936, the three-hundredth anniversary of the coming of Roger Williams.

Fathers Perrotta and Nagle have been named honorary members of the Committee selected by the City of Providence to commemorate the Tercentenary of the city's settlement.

Fathers Chandler, Herold and English have been named co-editors of the *Veritas*, a publication on Scholastic thought soon to be inaugurated by the Dominicans in the United States.

Doctor O'Neill's new book, *Latinity*, has been put on the market. Father Georges has published his notes on Ethics and Ontology.

Mr. Ambrose Aylward, '30, having just finished his post-graduate course at Yale, has now joined our faculty teaching American Constitutional Law.

Dr. McGrail is continuing his work for the United States Government. He is making an exacting study of inks and textures of paper to help determine the authenticity of some controversial World War documents.

The boarding students will be glad to learn that Father Heasley has been retained as Proctor-General.

The following appointments were made by the President:

Librarian—Father Welsh  
Publications—Fathers Perrotta and Precourt

## MODERATORS

Debating Club—Father Regan  
Dramatic—Father Nagle  
Orchestra—Father Georges  
Senior Class—Father Fitzgerald  
Junior Class—Father Reese  
Sophomore Class—Father Foley  
Freshman Class—Father Clark  
Aquino Club—Mr. Gabrielle  
Alumni—Doctor O'Neill  
Athletics and Friar Club—Father Schmidt.

Father McKenna has gone to Oxford and Father Skehan to Columbia for further studies. Father Carolyn has been temporarily loaned to the California Province and is at present teaching Canon Law in the Dominican Studium at Oakland, California.

Mr. William Dillon has left the faculty to become Brother Justin in the novitiate of the Dominican Order in Springfield, Ky.

Fathers McKinney, McGonagle, La More, Masterson, Precourt, Serror, McGregor, Clark and Reilly, have been added to the faculty following the completion of their studies at the Catholic University.

Father Aldridge has appointed Father Reese as Chaplain of the students.

## CAP, GOWN, AND HALO

*This begins a series of a one-page feature to demonstrate the claims of the Catholic Church that the best scholarship is not only compatible with saintliness, but that sanctity is the real complement of true learning. The academy is inseparable from the altar.*

### No. 1. DOCTOR ANGELICUS AND DOCTOR UNIVERSALIS

This month the Catholic world celebrates the feasts of Saint Thomas Aquinas as Patron of all Catholic Schools, and of Saint Albert the Great. These two men were at once intellectual giants who benefited the world by their vast erudition and edified it by the sanctity of their personal lives.

Saint Albert was the teacher of Saint Thomas. They lived in an age as critical as ours,—that historic thirteenth century which saw the rise of so many nations and institutions. Much work had to be done in evangelization, in culturing, in organizing schools, governments and guilds, in regulating business and other features of an orderly, progressive world. These two men dedicated themselves to religion and to education, achieving in both an immortal name. Saint Albert, the *Doctor Universalis*, following his bent for research in the field of thought and nature, contributed much in philosophy and in the sciences. Saint Thomas, the *Doctor Angelicus*, specialized in theology, giving to the world his imperishable *Summa*.



ST. ALBERT TEACHING ST. THOMAS

Thus did they exemplify the ideal of Catholic scholarship. Their lives are an inspiration to all of us striving for perfection of mind and heart.

## ALUMNI ALLUSIONS

*Time marches on! Men who were students here at one time are now out in the world seeking success. It is our purpose to report their experiences which come to our notice, and which might be inspirational to those of us still striving for the sheep-skin.*

The Alumni are collecting funds for a memorial donation to be given to the Athletic Department. EDWARD S. DOHERTY, JR., '24, President of the Alumni, sent out a circular letter appealing for contributions. Up to date the response has not been encouraging. It is a worthy cause. Address all communications to DR. FRANK HOLLAND, '24, Secretary for the fund.

CHARLIE REYNOLDS, ex '26, star twirler of that memorable twenty-inning game with Brown, was recently appointed head of the State Commission of Athletics by Governor Green. GEORGE TRAINOR, '29, was selected to be the new clerk of the Pawtucket District Court. In turn he selected Miss Mary Don Carlos to be his new Trainor. DANNY NORTON, '27, too, hied to Providence for a bride, and married the same day at the same church that saw DR. FRANCIS HACKETT, ex '30, a groom. BERNIE NORTON, '27, has recently been appointed Superintendent of Cumberland schools. ANDY TUCKER, '34, is serving under Superintendent Norton as teacher and athletic director in Cumberland High.

In Central Falls, we find DICK MCCAFFREY, '24, JOE MCKENNA, '33, JIMMIE DOGHERTY, '35, JIM MORGAN, '35, and TOM CURLEY, '29, on the faculty of the city's high school.

JOE WINTERS, '33, is pedagoguing in

Pawtucket, while BOB SMITH, '30, is helping the Brothers at Saint Raphael's.

On the eve of the game with R. I. State, the Alumni conducted a dance at the Naragansett Hotel. FRANK MCGEE, '25, was chairman. The good spirit of the occasion was carried to the game the next day, adding immensely to its color. Many other events are planned this year.

The Class of '30, had a jolly reunion at Chateau Dede in East Greenwich on November 17, the day following the R. I. game.

THOMAS DODD, '30, has served as a G-man in the Department of Justice, worked on Indian reservations for the Department of the Interior, has the commission of lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve, and now is Director of the National Youth Administration in Connecticut.

BILL KUTNESKI, '35, is now the basket-ball coach at La Salle, Providence.

JOHNNY KRIEGER, '31, the former holder of that berth—would you believe it—has shaken the dust not only of Smith Hill but of the world. He has joined the Franciscan Order and is now making his novitiate at Paterson, N. J.

DR. DI PIPPIO, '29, is one of the team's greatest supporters. He makes it a point to attend every varsity game in or out of Providence.

*The Editor welcomes notices about the Alumni either from the Alumni or from others possessing authentic information about them.*

Indians, the colleges are perhaps the only groups of individuals who still refer to the drama as something existing here and now. In Providence College we are up to our teeth in the little theatre movement, and this at a time when in all the New England barns stalls have been converted into stages. The Providence Chapter of the nationwide Blackfriars' Guild, which has its local headquarters at the college, very recently presented a religious play "Catherine the Valiant," written by its director, Father Nagle, O.P. Padraic Colum, Irish author and lecturer, featured the second presentation of the Guild with an address. And as we go to press the undergraduate group, the Pyramid Players, are planning their winter season of presentations. All of which seems to indicate the drama is not dead or even getting a chance to catch up on a little lost sleep.

A prominent short story magazine a short while back sponsored a contest for the best short stories submitted by college under-graduates. Amazingly enough, the magazine offices were flooded with tons of short stories, most of them superior to the sort of thing used in the official publications of the authors' respective colleges. And the answer? That the would-be writers were too abashed to appear in their home arenas? Hardly. The fact is that the undergraduate, if he writes at all well, does not bother to scribble the sugary and inane sort of sketch the college periodicals crave; he writes a pseudo-Hemingway, a Caldwellesque story or perhaps not a pseudo-anything, but one of his own hard-bitten observations on life, collegiate or otherwise. That is, when he is really writing, and not just entertaining the faculty with term papers. The day is not yet, and

perhaps we should be thankful, and perhaps we should not, that an undergraduate organ can call a spade a spade.

Perhaps a word or two about the cinema, or movies if you like, will not be amiss, as it cannot be denied for weal or woe college men form a persistent part of the movie audience. The movies are consistent in intriguing us and in being disappointing. Now that they are going in for classics, save the mark, hope springs eternal in our breast; we know the story and we see the picture. Usually no two things can be more dissimilar. An example of this is the not-so-recent "Becky Sharp," alleged to be the screen version of Thackeray's monumental criticism of society. It was vanity for fair. One critic says that the color technique made Becky look like "someone in the last stages of scarletina": we contend it made the story like something in the last stages of dropsy. Not the least of Hollywood's sins in a picture of this kind is the policy of creating additional characters or leaving the original ones out at will. Pictures are now "suggested by" the classic—so the movies can cash in on the title—and then off go directors, actors and all, to Never-Never Land. Result: the author turns over in his grave and the movie-goer is driven to his. Similarly, as though this were not enough, the creator of Mickey Mouse sentimentalized that good old nursery story of the death of Cock Robin to include Mae West, and then, horror of horrors, said Robin is not dead but sleeping. With moviedom's irrepressible yen for "improvements," we can't have even our nursery rhymes straight any more.

We wonder how the latest "wrinkle" will end of dramatizing Shakespeare's plays. The first presentation by the cinema was *A Midsummer*

*Night's Dream*. The critics spoke of it favorably which, cynically, leads us to suspect that it will not have much of a vogue. If vogue it have, it will be solely on account of the attraction of popular movie stars who can be bribed to commit such an atrocity. Joe E. Brown will draw the customers, not because he can *Flute*, but because of his oral expansiveness. Imagine James Cagney hitting *Bottom*. The poetry of the Bard will be lost at the expense of "color, lights—ACTION." Yet the endeavor may achieve the happy result of acquainting some of our tenement tenants and hill-billy aboriginals with the fact that a certain Bill Shakespeare was a poet and playwright. These good citizens only know him now as a great toe-dancer on the Notre Dame sward.

#### BOOKS

If you read anything this month, be sure to make it something from Mark Twain or one of the recent books about him, or better, both. His latest biographer (that is, up to noon yesterday), Edward Wagenknecht, comes nearer than either Paine or Van Wyck Brooks, or even De Voto in doing him full justice, not as a thwarted soul but as a great artist, who, shallow, inconsistent and petty in mind though he might have been, has written at least three of the greatest books in American literature. Then if you haven't read *Life With Father* by Clarence Day, by all means do. It is a minor classic of our time and we shall probably be studying it before many years in English 101 for its wit, intelligence and warm sympathy. Life without Day would be very dull indeed. Other new books that must be mentioned—in the hope that their titles or authors may appeal to you, are

G. K. Chesterton's book of essays, *The Wall and The Shallows*. *Green Hills of Africa*, by Ernest Hemingway, a post-humous collection of Galsworthy odds and ends, and as the last straw, three new books on Ethiopia.

#### RADIO

The air waves continue to emote a cacophonous medley of crooning, opera, cereal ditties, mystery tales, amateur-nighting, banquet speeches, political harangues—and above all, advertising. It's all quite necessary we suppose in our complex civilization, though we confess that the only one that truly pleases is honest Gracie Allen. We collegians try to pose as clever, but really are dumb, while Gracie is extraordinarily clever while posing as dumb. Let psychologists try to explain our attitude.

We are pleased to notice that WLWL has inaugurated a collegiate period, with the intention of expressing the viewpoint of the Catholic collegian on the outstanding questions of the day. It's a splendid idea, and we wish it success.

#### EXCHANGES

We confess that we have been somewhat negligent in this friendly activity. Perhaps most staffs are beginning to ignore this phase of college publication: it seems to smack too much of the courteous "you pat me and I'll pat you" High School type of mutual felicitations. Yet we recognize that the exchange of publications among colleges is not only useful but vital to progressive development. We are going to pay more attention to this department. We invite the colleges to send us their classical publications. Only a



small number is now being received by us, which we exceedingly regret. If it has been our fault, we are sorry. It shall be our endeavor hereafter to examine carefully, and to report critically anything we might find therein of exceptional nature. It is impractical and

tedious to comment on the commonplace.

We do like to mention in this instance the receipt of publications from Holy Cross and Fordham. We found both very pleasing for appearance and for substantiality of matter.



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#### WE BEGIN

As the final echoes of the valedictorian address in June went rattling down Smith Hill and into the valley of other years, the campus laid bare its exhausted brow and settled down for a sultry summer breathing-spell, quite in harmony with our national economy. Its lethargy was disturbed only by an occasional grass cutting ceremony until the coming of fall, which is, they tell us, the spring of the collegiate year.

Like omnipresent fate, faithful John Donnelly appeared one bright morning and hung out the "This Way To The Registrar's Office" shingle with great decorum and immediately thereafter, timid and meek-eyed embryonic first year students responded with their fond parents directing the way. Three hundred of them matriculated.

The college formally opened on September 17 with the Mass of the Holy Ghost, attended by Sophomores and Freshmen. Father President outlined the scope of Catholic education. There followed the usual academic antipasto by the disciplinarians, an old story to Sophomores, but impressive to the plebes. We settled down for work on September 19 when the last senior (yes, it was Jim "Little Caesar" St. Germain) straggled in.

#### WE ORGANIZE

Hardly had we finished shaking hands with our student friends when

we were at it again, but this time pledging our support to this or that candidate who was seeking some class office. When the campaign tumult had died away we found that the Seniors had elected John Maguire, Robert Murphy, Joseph Clair, and Brendan McMullen; the Juniors, Frank Fitzpatrick, Michael Donahue, E. Riley Hughes and Lawrence Walsh; the Sophomores, William Moge, Leo Ploski, Joseph Cavanaugh and Raymond Baker; and the Freshmen, John J. Mahoney, Robert C. Healy, Joseph King and Arthur Connors to the office of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, respectively.

We feel that all the classes are assured of capable leadership, splendid cooperation, and faithful service from these men.

#### CLUB LIFE

While fraternities are taboo here at P. C., and rightfully so, we do have our clubs which add considerable vitality to our extra-curricula schedule of events.

The Aquino Club, a group dedicated to a better appreciation of Italian literature, organized immediately following the opening of the college semester and has planned a series of literary discussions and social events that extends far into the new year.

Unusually active at this time of the year are the members of the Friars Club whose duty it is to extend a welcome to

all visiting athletic organizations that come here to contest with the various college athletic clubs. New members, drawn from the under classes, will be added to the club roster within a fortnight.

The Debating Society is presenting each week a series of intra-mural debates which are attracting the best exponents of the forensic art in the college. From the number who take the platform each week a college debating team will be chosen which will travel throughout New England to the various college campuses to contest the teams of other institutions.

The drama will be well taken care of this year by the members of the Pyramid Players who have already arranged an extended calendar of plays, both humorous and religious. This group last year made great strides under the direction of Father Nagle and we expect these advances to be furthered this season.

To date, nothing has been heard of the regional Clubs.

#### GUZMAN HALL NOTES

Extra-curricular activities at Guzman Hall, the ecclesiastical dormitory, have been carefully planned for the year with religious, social, athletic, educational, and dramatic affairs sharing the spotlight on appropriate occasions. Of particular interest is the organization of a Lacordaire Debating Society.

#### MUSIC IN THE AIR

Dressed in their natty uniforms of black and white, our band members have added new spirit and a dash of color to our gridiron contests this fall. Traveling throughout New England with the athletes, they have drawn con-

siderable attention to the college on Providence's Smith Hill. Their parade through the streets of Manchester, N. H. on October 5, before the game with St. Anselm's, inspired as much enthusiasm as the march of the American Legion through a bonus-bent metropolis.

The orchestra unit has progressed rapidly under able direction and our social and dramatic events have benefitted greatly from their renditions of classical and semi-classical numbers. The orchestra boasts of a membership of 40 experienced and talented players.

#### SHRAPNEL IN THE AIR—THE SOPH-FROSH BATTLEFRONT

While the world has been avidly reading of hostilities in Africa, we have been amusedly watching our Sophs and Frosh scampering hither and yon as they 'fought' their enthusiastic, unbloody battles. The Freshman felt so 'cocky' with their new caps—they make an attractive appearance—while the Sophomores were determined to impose upon them the ancient discipline. Result: war! An irresistible force had met an immovable body. A series of rushes, melees, ambushes and brawls ended negatively, but finally with the help of other powers, the Sophs were able to exact obedience to their rules. Culprits are still hailed into the Sophomore Court, whose motto through the ages has been, *Fiat Justitia, ruat Freshman*—Let Justice be done by soaking the Frosh.

As we go to press, Armageddon nears. The two foes are to engage in a fearful football duel, Nov. 26. The earth shudders at the impending impact. On the outcome of this battle hangs the fate of Sophomore imperialism.

## AUTUMNAL RHUMBAS

A medley of pleasing sounds wafted through the leaf covered windows of Harkins Hall stirred up by one hundred and sixty couples as they danced to the lilting strains of romantic music at the Junior Autumn Dance the eve of Halloween. It was the first dance of the year, the auspicious inauguration of the Providence College social calendar.

Bobbing in and out amongst the swirling couples could be seen wide-eyed Freshmen, distinctive with their tiny Frosh caps, as they introduced themselves and their comely partners to the collegiate dance floor. Laughter, brilliant smiles, attractive decorations, and gay talk, along with the usual collegiate decorum that marks all such events at P. C., made the entire program a fitting pattern for all subsequent entertainments this year.

## THE ASSEMBLIES

That free fourth period on Thursdays comes as a pleasant relief from the grind of studies. It is an opportunity for the classes or particular groups to meet and do business. On the first Thursdays when the whole college assembles a splendid and needed occasion is furnished to each student of becoming acquainted with all his fellows. Hitherto it happened that a man could become a senior here without knowing the names of all his classmen. This is understandable in very big colleges, but not here. The assembly makes the "day-hoppers" do a little more than rushing into class and rushing home again. Now at least they see new faces, hear the Alma Mater song, and participate in some social ceremony.

The meetings this year have been characterized by a marked spirit of gai-

ety. We recall the merriment that prevailed at the very first assembly on September 26, when the Freshmen were "solemnly" invested with the headgear of their breed. Archie of the *Providence Journal* with his usual eclat in taking photographs immortalized himself as well as the scene. The band has been furnishing us with stirring music and the cheer leaders do their bit in coaxing the yells out of us. How these venerable walls shake when we give that *sky rocket* and that *Fight! Team, Fight!*, from eight hundred lusty throats, not counting those in the balcony. Then someone might get up to address us, and unless he happens to be white-robed, we find it a nice occasion to try our abilities at imitating the cheers of Bronxshire. A trifle rude, don't you know, but as relieving (and really friendly) as the song of the tub. Altogether it is an hour pleasantly spent.

## EVEN SONG

There is something fascinating, something intriguing, about riding through the night on a bus with the football team as it goes rolling along to or from some contest. Or if not with the team, in a private car with a congenial group. Here we find a true manifestation of college spirit, finding its outlet through song. Someone down front starts it off with a bar or two of some well-known ballad. Others pick it up and it keeps swelling to the rear *crescendo, fortissimo*, until the entire vehicle reverberates with the melody. Surprising how male voices can harmonize, even without the traditional stimulus behind *Sweet Adeline*. The spirit is so catching that it envelopes even the hard-boiled driver. He pushes back his cap and joins in the refrain as lustily and as

loyally as any sophomore. What does it matter if he doesn't know the words? There's something about the whole thing that "gets" one—at least the bumps do in these New England roads.

"THERE'S A LITTLE LIGHT BURNING IN  
THE WINDOW"

The bridge club is assiduous in holding its sessions in that little old *Tie-Up* room. As one rolls up the college drive-way at any hour of the night the bridge-lamp gleaming from the window is often the only light showing on the campus. It's a comfort to see; it's getting to be as much a landmark as Point Judith light. The club represents the vague sort of organization; it has no particular aim, no one really belongs to it, no meeting time is ever determined, and yet it pans out to be the tightest, most exclusive circle on the campus. One would with temerity seek to invade its charmed precincts no matter how

hot the discussion on the Ethiopian problem might be.

#### QUAFFING IN THE CAFF

Most college humor abides and is to be found in the cafeteria. Here are given out collegiate thoughts on world events, the latest jokes, and embryonic theories concerning all fields of endeavor. The radio blares away. To otherwise occupied ears it makes only noise. The smoke is heavy. Amidst all the hub-bub some try to do some sandwiched studying. Hardly anyone eats. Nearly all are drinking coffee.

#### ADIEU

Our spotlight is growing dim, its slinking beams are no longer adequate to our avaricious eyes. It is the first time it has functioned. Its bulbs shall be more potent—or watt have you; its reflectors brighter and its lenses more polished at the next twirl.





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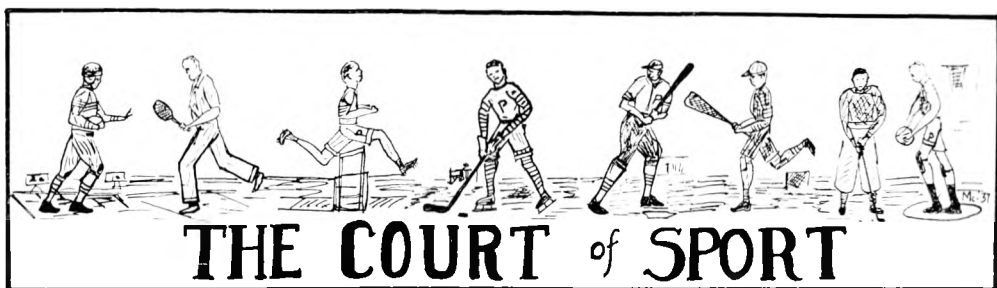
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### WE REPORT

The New Deal in football at Providence College, inaugurated so successfully last year by Coach McGee, continued to produce agreeable results, irrespective of the record of the New Deal in national affairs. For the resources at our command here, in equipment, accommodation, funds and reserve of talent, so insignificant in comparison with other colleges, we generally manage to turn out a creditable team and put on a corking show for the customers. This is due in large part to able, faithful direction, and to the splendid spirit that is able to be injected into the players through the support given them by the faculty, alumni, student-body and friends of the College.

In the languid days of early September some twenty-seven members of the Friar football squad wended their way back to the cloistral-calm precincts of the college from the hurly-burly of a jobless world, and after an hour or two of welcome-back chatter, were handed their football impedimenta. To their surprise they were then whisked to a waiting bus, and ere night had fallen, were safely encamped in the Grinnell Cottages at Narragansett Pier, on the shore of the roaring Atlantic, forty miles away.

### WE PRACTICE

Sending the team to the Pier was a wise, agreeable innovation in training.

Hitherto the boys had been scattered in private dwellings near the College where it was impossible to have a common table, proper recreational and sleeping facilities, and adequate concentration on the task of learning the fine points of the game.


At the Pier, the magnificent Polo Field was placed at the disposal of the team through the generosity of Mr. P. S. Randolph. Here the boys underwent a gruelling regimen of training. They breathed in the pure ozone, soaked in the sun, and swam away the sweat in the stinging brine. They returned in time for the opening of classes well tanned, hard as nails, and enthusiastic to give Alma Mater her most successful season.

Practice was continued on the home field. Only minor injuries developed, so that when September 28 rolled around, the squad was as fit as we could reasonably expect to do battle with its first and greatest of foemen.

### WE PLAY

#### PURPLE PATCHES

While murky skies poured out their *humor*, the purple-clad Crusaders of Worcester concentrated their manpower in a mighty punch to wrest an early and decisive victory. They secured the victory, but it was neither early nor decisive. They found the Smith Hillmen giving them a very stub-



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born resistance throughout. Holy Cross had the superior team: its line was firm, its backfield swift as reindeers, its quarter-backing superb. With all that, we held it to two touch-downs, a surprisingly low score for so vaunted an aggregation. It was considered a moral victory for the Friars by many sport writers. Certainly we emerged from that fray undaunted and with a new-born consciousness of power.

Our band was at the game and during half-time it sloshed its way across the rain-soaked stadium, the white pantlegs hanging limply underneath raincoated forms. It was a brave and glorious spectacle, symbolizing the spirit of a great game and a game college.

#### TOED TO VICTORY

Plugging up the glaring deficiencies revealed in the Cross contest by faithful practice during the week, the team found itself in good form for the game with Saint Anselm's in the granite hills of New Hampshire. Brisk, frosty weather greeted them as they jaunted onto the unturfed gridiron in Manchester. Hardly had the echoes of the kick-off whistle faded in the distance when the team scored. Soar and Moge running behind a hard-charging line had contributed to the first score of the season. Undramatically, Belliveau dropped back and kicked the point. That kick meant victory, for the now self-satisfied youths proceeded to rest on their laurels, allowing their own goal to be crossed once by the speedy blue-jacketed Anselmians. Stung by the blow, the Friar linemen heaved forward to smack the ball and the kicker to the ground, thus preventing the tying score.

#### NO SEE-SAW AT C.C.N.Y.

Hank Soar, whose number 15 jersey has been eagerly watched for the past two years, gave the Benny Friedman lads in the big town a lesson in the art of football tossing by zooming fireball passes down the field snug into the paws of eager ends. Two touchdowns resulted from this attack, while Belliveau kept his toe behaving by spiralling two more points through the uprights. The line, admittedly much heavier than that of the Gothamites, easily repulsed the enemy rushes, so that the cloisters of the Friars were never violated. Flashy Dom Minicucci and the ponderously proportioned Dick Vitullo gave the seven-thousand fans in the coliseum-like Lewisohn Stadium many thrills and chills on that gala Columbus Day.

#### STREAMLINED VICTORY

Safely eluding the dangers of the wicked city, the Friar band next pushed its way up the rocky coast of Maine, thence westward into its woody interior to Waterville, to engage an undefeated Colby eleven. The quaint Colby stadium was harboring a gay crowd when the McGeemen lined up against their flamboyantly-garbed hosts. The pleasant voices of excited co-eds added much to the bedlam that rang out as Eichner sent the ball scurrying through the air on the sound of the opening whistle.

Soar bombarded the enemy with passes that found lodging in the caressing arms of Banahan, Hagstrom and Ryan. Bill Moge had the Colby safety man befuddled with high soaring kicks that gave the ambling ends plenty of time to act johnnies-on-the-spot when the ball contacted *terra firma*. The thrill of the game came when Paul Ryan, Sophomore end, who has been

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playing practically every minute of every game (and in grand style), snared a lusty heave and then did an adagio dance as he scampered out of the reach of several would-be tacklers, at the same time gayly throwing lateral passes to himself. The Friar juggernaut scored twenty-six points, while keeping their own goal line inviolable.

Following the game the jolly Friars boarded the Flying Yankee, the streamlined metallic horse, easing their unscarred frames into the luxuriously-upholstered seats of plutocracy. It was just the way they felt. They were sitting on top of the world. The team was clicking at last, and going places.

#### GINNING THE GYMNASTS

With three successive laurel wreaths cockily gracing their victorious brows, the Blackfriar Brobdignagians pranced into Springfield to break a mighty jinx. Providence had never beaten Springfield in seven years of war, so that the battle-cry of the Smith Hill Billies was a roar of hunger and revenge.

Pratt stadium was packed with touch-down-fevered fans as Captain Landry and the Springfield leader conferred with the officials in mid-field. The tireless Hank Soar unwinged himself for the afternoon to do some plunging. Twice frenzied enemy tacklers chased him over the goal line, while the stands roared their approval. The powerful Springfield offensive was thwarted by the mighty line. Leo Bouzan at his tackle post and seventeen-year old Benny Polak at guard were outstanding in their play.

Springfield filled the air with "do or die" tosses in the final few minutes of play, but the game ended with the ball in the possession of the P. C. stalwarts.

#### BOSTON EAGLES DO FLY HIGH

Al Smith, honorary night superintendent of the New York zoo, is still hunting for an eagle to add to his park's collection. The Friar nimrods had nobly promised to provide him with a huge Boston eagle that inhabits the tower of Boston College. They had plucked the Eagle the previous year, so why shouldn't they give Al the whole bird this season.

The heavenly spillway was overflowing again, even to a greater extent than it had in Worcester, and the heavy-booted youths slid and sloshed about in the shadow the cloud-wreathed Boston College aerie.

The Friars never came close to possessing the monarch of the air after the hectic first period which gave them the initial tally. Through an illegal interference on the part of Boston in a long Friar pass, Providence obtained a 6-0 lead in the first few minutes of play. Thereafter, the injured eagle took to the air and clawed the forward-pass defenseless Friars to bits.

No defeat was more stunning, no disappointment more keen. We had built high hopes on that game. Victory would have been exceptionally sweet.

Providence has no alibis; it was beaten by a better team. However, it has a right to say that its line, coached by the likeable Boston College grad, Phil Couhig, was superior for three quarters of the game, that Hank Soar was the best backfield man on the field, that the officials were not impartial, that Boston was excessively rough, and that if we had clicked as we did in other games, we would have dropped the eagle and given him to the man with the brown derby. It just wasn't our day.

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## THE FALL OF NIAGARA

Rapidly recovering both their physical and moral health after being terribly clawed by the Boston Eagles, the Friars found themselves on sunny Saturday afternoon, November 9, in good form to do battle with the Vincentian invaders from Niagara. It was the first home game of the season, inaugurating new Henricken Field. The men of Niagara were big and fast, so that few gains could be secured by line plunges. A combination of clever thinking, good punting and successful passes netted the Friars three touchdowns in four minutes of play in the first quarter. While the Friars rested, the visitors rallied their strength and not only held our team scoreless for the remainder of the game, but kept it on the defensive, and even succeeded in putting over one touchdown in the last quarter. The Friars were glad to hear the horn blow while the score stood 20 to 6 in their favor.

## RAMMING IT HOME

The last game of the season was a gala affair. A lively crowd was on hand for the "natural" with R. I. State, and while we had been conceded to be the stronger, everyone looked forward to a good game, and good it was. Mr. Albert Soar was allowed to have much his own way, and his way was to romp over the goal-line twice. The Rams made valiant efforts to butt their way for one touchdown, but our line held and our backs were alert to break up the tricky plays of the Keaney men. There were flashes of brilliant performance and moments of glaring incompetence by both sides. A good part of the game dragged on uninterestingly, a cold wind kept us shivering in our seats, while the officials annoyed us with their mud-

dling. Yet, we would not have missed it for the world. It was the last game of a successful season, on our own home field, with a rival, neighboring college, for the football crown of Rhode Island State. Was that not enough attraction for any lover of sport and supporter of his College?

## THE FRESHMEN

Charlie Burdge, assisted by Mal Brown, whipped into splendid shape a raw lot of yearlings. The team has done remarkably well this season, and from its ranks the varsity coach is confident of securing much needed talent to make of the Friar organization a formidable contender for regional honors next year.

## HENRICKEN FIELD

It became apparent last spring that the old stands could not possibly accommodate the crowds that could be expected to witness our major baseball games. Accordingly, plans were made to increase the seating capacity, and incidentally to permit the playing of football games on our home field, instead of having to hire some field in the city. Work on the new stands started early in August. A husky crew of bronzed toilers began digging holes, pouring concrete, setting stanchions, fitting planks. The work was completed in due time to permit the formal inauguration on the occasion of the first home game, with Niagara, on November 9. The stands can accommodate about seven thousand. A very fine and roomy press-box crowns the northern side. And another thing, besides the useful "hot-dog" stand—you don't have to run to the college building any longer in the interest of hygiene.

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## BASEBALL IN THE FALL

Coach Jack Egan issued a call for the baseball men shortly after the opening of the college semester and directed them in a three weeks practice workout. He was quite satisfied with his experiment and believes that he has been able to gather invaluable data that will aid him in the task of selecting a winning nine in the Spring.

Coach Egan, successor to our beloved Jack Flynn, did a splendid job in his first year at the sorrowing Friar helm and it is expected that he will do much to alleviate the chaos that we felt would develop in our baseball ranks after our affable barrister coach had three strikes called on him by Father Time.

## THE GENIAL GENERAL

Genial General McClellan, varsity basketball coach is on the job once more and every afternoon his heavy voice sounds booming tones through the narrow corridors of Harkins Hall. The "Gen" has a large group of veterans working out on the court and he expects to produce a quintet that will go undefeated through the season.

Coach McClellan has compiled an enviable record on the basketball court and has boosted the Providence banner to the heights of the collegiate basketball world. We have faith in his statement that he expects to produce a winner.



ENGELBERG IN CENTRAL SWITZERLAND WITH THE MAJESTIC TITLIS  
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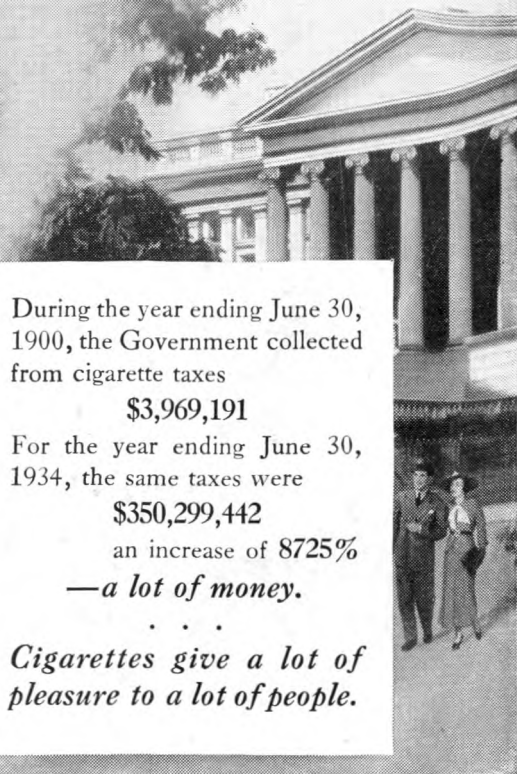
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an increase of 2392%

...

*It takes mild ripe tobacco  
to make a good cigarette.*

During the year ending June 30, 1900, the Government collected from cigarette taxes

\$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30, 1934, the same taxes were

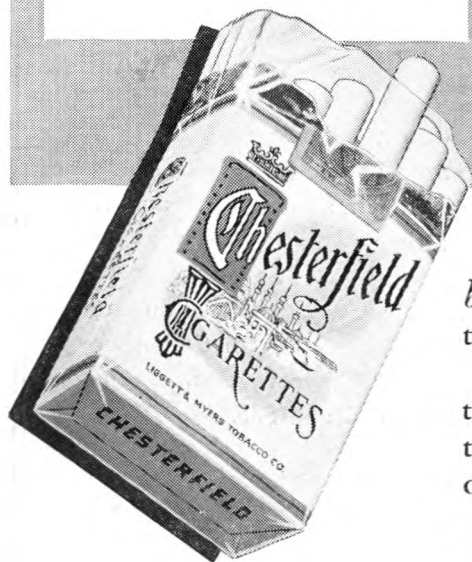
\$350,299,442

an increase of 8725%

—a lot of money.

...

*Cigarettes give a lot of  
pleasure to a lot of people.*



*More cigarettes are smoked today  
because more people know about them—  
they are better advertised.*

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

*Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos.  
Everything that science knows about is used in  
making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.*

We believe you will enjoy them.