

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

VOL. XVIII No. 4

MAY, 1936



The Alembic

VOLUME XVIII

MAY, 1936

No. 4

TABLE OF CONTENTS

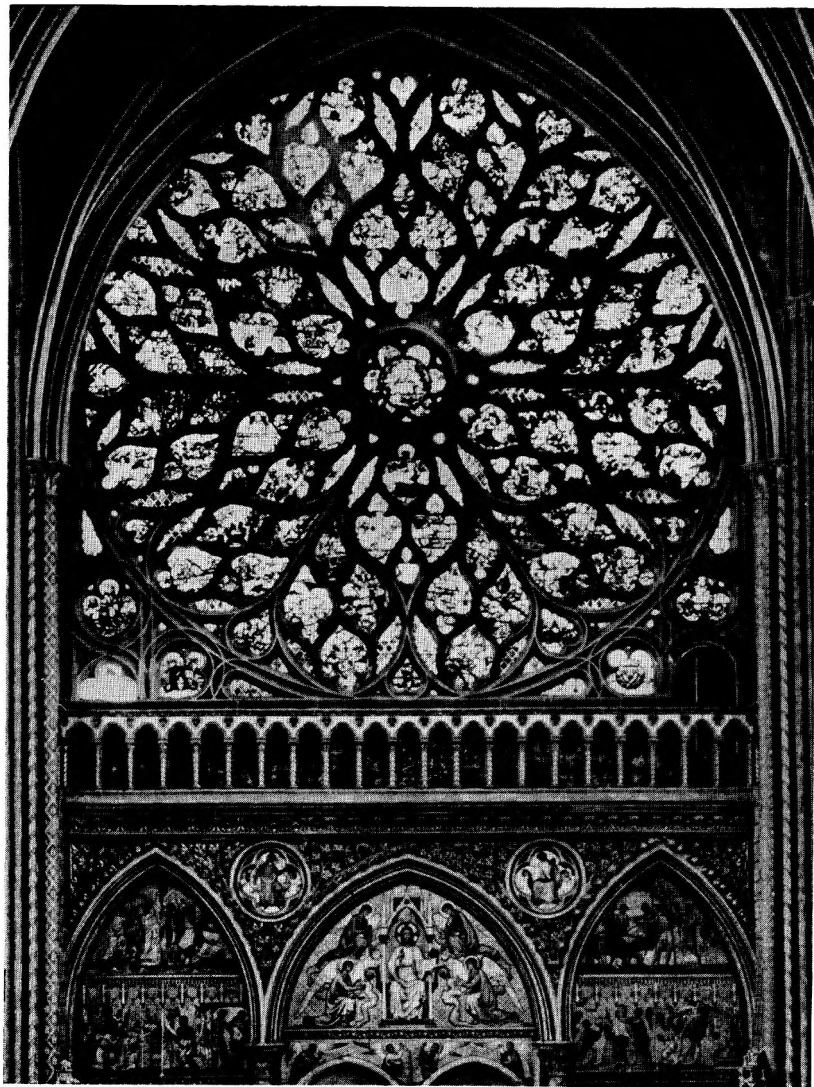
FRONTISPIECE: THE LA CHAPELLE ROSE WINDOW	4
WE, THE CLASS OF '36 <i>William J. Sullivan, Jr., '36</i>	5
SHIPS PASSING BY <i>E. Riley Hughes, '37</i>	8
TRUTH WITH EXTRAVAGANCE <i>Richard P. Larcher, '38</i>	11
DARLING DONALD DUCK <i>Donald C. Schriever, '36</i>	15
MUSIC HATH CHARMS <i>Robert Healy, '39</i>	17
HUMMIN' WIRES—A PLAYLET <i>Joseph P. Dyer, '36</i>	20
HEX AND SEX <i>Leo Duprey, '36</i>	22
CAP, GOWN AND HALO — ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM <i>Thomas Hogan, '36</i>	24
EDITORIALS	25
THESE CAPS AND GOWNS <i>John Fanning, '38</i>	31
COMMENCEMENT SUPPLEMENT — SENIOR BIOGRAPHIES	35
BAGATELLE	61
THE REVIEWING STAND	67
THE CAMPUS SPOTLIGHT	70
THE COURT OF SPORT	76

The ALEMBIC is published quarterly by the students of Providence College, Providence, R. I. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Providence, R. I., December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription, \$2.00 the year. "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized April 9, 1932." Printed by The Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio.

The Alembic



PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY
By the Students Of
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
PROVIDENCE, R. I.



THE ROSE WINDOW OF SAINTE-CHAPELLE

*Through myriad moons of tinted glass
The mystic light of dawn invades;
Harmoniously the colors leap in flaming mass,
And ah! a sense of God the soul pervades.*

We, the Class of '36

William J. Sullivan, Jr., '86

Shortly, the colleges and universities of this country will be spewing forth their latest crop of full-fledged graduates into a world bewildered by the exigencies of economic chaos. Mr. Sullivan paints a vivid picture of what will take place and philosophizes on the situation so near at hand.

Within a few short weeks, a hundred thousand or so of us will step forth into the world as full-fledged college graduates. Into a world bewildered by the exigencies of economic chaos, into a nation befuddled by abortive attempts to stabilize our political and economic foundations, into a land slowly shaking off the headache that followed the Hoover debacle, into this, we the 1936 crop of our universities and colleges expectantly enter.

In the golden era preceding the famous crash of twenty-nine, a college degree was supposed to be the magic key to wealth and prosperity. Every Ph. B. whether *summa cum laude* or a member of the lowest fifth of the class firmly believed that the millennium had been reached and that by virtue of his cap and gown, he was entitled to a plethora of material success. Life was real, if not earnest, and life meant taking time off from golf at the country-club and from innumerable cock-tails at Toni's to sell some wealthy

patron or friend stocks, bonds, or insurance. In those days, the poor goof who went on for a profession either did so because he desired to become a corporation lawyer or because somehow he had become interested in biology and chemistry. Then of course some unfortunates just had to teach. A great many of the Ante Depression college graduates were sensible young men and women, but many too were mere worldlings to whom the criteria of success were caviar and chicken on the table and a deluxe sedan in the garage. Nor was the fault entirely with the students; more often than not they merely reflected the opinions of faculty members and the world in general. The picture may seem extreme, but the days before 1929 were extreme days. The ancient philosophy of hedonism reached such a new high in popular opinion and practice as to make Epicurus seem, in comparison with many moderns, like a cloistered monk.

Then, as the subtitles used to read, came the crash and with it the sickening realization that the luxury of the late twenties was founded on a false philosophic principle. Drove of college graduates found their way into the bread-line. Others more fortunate either went on relief or ended up in blind-alley jobs. The trend of the times is aptly shown by the statement of the personnel manager of a New York concern, "We cut overhead by letting out employees drawing eighteen to twenty-five dollars a week and taking on unexperienced college graduates at eight to twelve." In many instances college graduates continued to seek refuge within the halls of learning by remaining on for graduate study. Dean Cristian Gauss of Princeton reports an increase of from 35 per cent previous to 1930 to 55 per cent in 1932 of those graduates who entered graduate or professional schools.

Nor has the picture greatly changed. The writer of this article was talking to a recent graduate of Providence College; one who achieved *cum laude* distinction. The best job he was able to secure was that of a clerk two days a week in a large downtown market. "But," he remarked, "things are not so tough. I expect to get a steady job driving one of the trucks soon. You see they've got a Brown man and a Georgetown grad. on them now, so there ought to be room for a P.C. man."

Examples like the above could be cited *ad infinitum* but they could serve but one purpose and that is today a college diploma is no certain guarantee of personal prosperity. We then, unlike our predecessors, hold no illusion.

After sixteen to twenty years in school and college, we of the class of

thirty-six have become more than slightly fed up with "the sheltered life." A great many of us have come to the belief that a job, is far better than the prospect of becoming an educated idler. The thought of quoting Horace or expounding the economic doctrine of Adam Smith while waiting for a bowl of soup at the Salvation Army is, to say the least, disheartening. If the outlook is not too bright at least our chances are better than those who had their tinsel world swept from under them in twenty-nine. A depression is the best time to get into business and into business we will go, even if we must begin as filling-station attendants, elevator boys or truck drivers.

Of course some will still study for the professions but now these will be they who sincerely believe that in a profession lies their best chance of achievement. No longer will this number be swelled by graduates marking time waiting for a suitable opening.

A field hitherto more or less neglected by the college graduate is that of politics, and more and more of us will turn to the political arena as the ideal outlet for our energies. The major parties are beginning to realize the importance of the young voter and already the 1936 presidential campaign has begun with appeals to Young Democrats and Young Republicans. Radicals are among us, but the vast majority believes that social and political reforms can best be wrought in the democratic form of government as it is today. Conscious that it was the young Italians who in 1922 gave Mussolini, the impetus that made him dictator and the young Germans who gave Hitler more power than Louis XIV ever dreamed of, we reaffirm our faith in democracy and believe that our form of

government is the most suitable vehicle for the broad idealistic principles of social justice.

The lessons that the depression should have taught all mankind have been forcefully and vividly presented before our eyes. Some of us will profit by them and seek happiness not in material but in spiritual things. In honesty, sincerity, generosity, character, friendship, and love, in these lie man's

happiness. Others will carry on blindly, materialistic, essentially selfish in all their activities. These "have ears but they hear not, have eyes but they see not" and by them the gold standard is more easily understood than the golden rule. Time will be the judge of which group has the sounder philosophy of life. So, as Alice Faye used to say, "Vale."

REALIZATION

Full years - - - -

A harvest wisely reaped.

Athena's son can face the world

A man.

His eyes inured to gazing,

Find the light

Elusive wisdom offers.

And though his heart has learned to weep

Presently he feels the throb

Of nature's strident heartbeat

'Neath the brackish fertile mound

Wherein lies fortune—

His to share

With these who've gone before, who've served

To make it hallowed ground.

—WILLIAM D. GEARY, '39.

Ships Passing By

A STORY

E. Riley Hughes, '37

My Uncle Jerry and Aunt Effie (she hates to have you call her "Effie," but it's her real name, all right, only her second one) were taking me and my brother who is four going on five, for a ride in their Ford which Uncle Jerry got in 1928 when things were good.

I remember the first time Uncle Jerry got the Ford. He took my brother Bobby and me all over Badgers Park in it. He was feeling so good he bought us both strawberry ice cream cones, too. Which is going good for Uncle Jerry because he is tight and won't spend money for anything but beer. I overheard mother saying he got drunk last Tuesday and they took him home in a taxi, and the driver had to help carry him in and he got a nickle for doing it. This was all I could think of as I sat in the back seat with Bobby who was going asleep on my lap.

We were going along about forty and I was wishing we would go faster because there was nothing to watch but chicken fences and gasoline signs where we were, when my aunt said:

"Let's stop off and see Irene a minute, Pick. It's not far from here and we'll only stay a minute."

"Sure."

"It's near the bridge. You turn off the state road and go to your right a little."

"I know where it is. That's where we went to the party and left our buggy," said Uncle Pick laughing.

My uncle (I hate to hear my aunt call him "Pick," but she does it nearly always), has a sloshy kind of laugh, something like the noise you make when you're spitting hard, only dry-like. Whenever he laughs he laughs over again right away.

When he mentioned the buggy, though, I had to laugh myself, but not loud enough for them to hear me. I remember mother telling me about the time my uncle and aunt went out to this Irene's house for a party and how they were all pretty drunk. Well, anyway, when they got ready to go their car that they had before this wouldn't move an inch. They had it parked in a lot because this was in the country. So what did they do but leave it there and go back by bus. Their car was there two years when some junk man hauled it away.

It was only five minutes, I guess, before my uncle said:

"This is the bridge, ain't it?"

"M-mm. Turn to your right. That's it down there. The yellow house on this side."

It wasn't much of a house as far as I could see. There were two sides to it, that is one family lived on one side all the way up to the top, and another family did the same on the other side. There was a barn next to the house and an old woman in a yellow dress was pumping water alongside it.

Uncle Jerry honked the horn.

"That's Irene's mother," said my aunt. "Yoo hoo!"

The old woman stopped pumping, and put her hand up to her eyes as though she was trying to see far off. Then she came over to us.

"Lookin' for Mrs. Kemble? Why, hello. I wondered if it was you. I recognized your husband, sort of."

Uncle Jerry laughed that laugh of his and shook hands with her.

By this time, after all the honking and everything, Mrs. Kemble, who I knew better as Irene from hearing my mother talk of her, came out with a baby in her arms. Two little boys came out after her and slam-bang went the door.

"Here's Effie and her husband," said her mother in a high, thin voice.

Irene smiled at us. Her smile seemed to get to us before she did.

"How's everybody!" she said.

I kept watching her face as she was talking to Aunt Effie. Her face was not pretty even if she had a nice nose, because her skin was brown and rough like sandpaper. Her hands were thin and dead white. She had lively eyes, brown, I think, with little pouches under them.

She looked over at me and said something silly about a fine red-cheeked little fellow.

"My brother's two boys," said my aunt, meaning Bobby (who was asleep) and me.

"The oldest one's in the fifth grade. Ain't ya?" She turned to me.

"Sixth."

Irene had to laugh at that. I felt funny, but I knew she wasn't laughing at me. Then she handed my aunt the baby and said:

"These are the two toughnecks."

Then the two little boys said "How de do" kind of solemn-like, which was funny because they were farmers and in old clothes and everything. Their names were Robert and Ernest, and Robert was only a year older than his brother.

"Robert looks a lot like his father," said my aunt.

The old woman snorted at that, and you could see two gold teeth, one on each side. I didn't like that old woman much. She was stringy-looking and she had funny looking gums. I thought the way her mouth looked when she opened it would make me vomit.

"Where's Jack?" asked my uncle. "Workin'? Or did he run away with Joan Crawford or something?" He laughed.

The old woman (I don't like to call her the mother because she looked so stringy) was going to say something but Irene beat her to it.

"Didn't they tell you about Jack?"

"No. What?"

"He's been gone two years. Left me with a three months old baby."

"No!"

My uncle fumbled with the dashboard and then took a long look at the windshield, and I could see my aunt didn't know what to say.

"Yes. It's been hard for mother and I to get along at times."

Her mother shook her head angry-like and the ends of her hair stuck around her mouth and she said:

"I always knew he was a bad one. Couldn't leave the women alone. Why the way he treated Irene! He was a hell of a husband, I'm here to tell you."

Irene, or maybe I should say Mrs. Kemble, only that sounds funny seeing her husband left her, gave her mother a look.

"I get along pretty well," she said.

"Isn't it lonely out here?" my aunt asked.

I could see she wanted to change the subject.

"Not so very. Sometimes somebody comes along like you and stops. Like ships passing by in the night."

I wondered where she could have heard that because that was poetry.

The talk changed from one thing to another and my aunt started to talk about shopping and the way she was fixing over her curtains—which didn't interest the old woman because she went back to pumping water.

Finally Aunt Effie noticed my uncle was fooling with the steering wheel, which meant he was tired of waiting. So she said:

"Well, I'll see you again, Irene. If you ever come to the city—"

Uncle Jerry worked the self-starter.

"I'll keep my eye peeled for a husband for you," he hollered above the noise of the motor. Aunt Effie kicked his ankle for that.

We all said "Good-bye" and "See you again" which woke Bobby up, while Irene stood there and smiled the way people do when they're expected to smile but don't feel very much like it.

I couldn't help thinking how terrible things were for her and how funny it was to drive up and then come away knowing everything about her husband and all that. I was glad Bobby wasn't awake to hear it, but anyway he wouldn't know what it was all about.

We had a lot of fun that afternoon because we went to the beach afterwards. We went in swimming and saw a parachute jumper and drank soda pop. But even when I was eating my hot dog and Bobby was sticking the soda straws and bottles in the sand to be in the city he was building, I kept thinking about Irene and was being sorry for her. But the only time either my aunt or uncle mentioned her was when we were going home and my aunt wished we hadn't stopped to see her because then we would have had an extra hour to enjoy the sunshine.

Truth With Extravagance

Richard Larcher, '38

The road to heaven is a way of sorrows passing through a vale of tears; a way of thorns that turns into a rose at the end; a way of peace that passes understanding; a way of faith forseeing the unseen; a way of hope piercing death's dread portals.

MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND years separate us from ancient Greece, Greece with its paganism, Greece with its culture, Greece with its temper born of an anthropomorphic deity and religion, Greece with its lack of real sense of sin, Greece with its conflicting views of happiness. While Time was grinding out this bimillennium, Christianity came to liberate man from darkness and ignorance and to help him progress toward a definite end under the banner of Truth. Step by step he drew away from paganism, and despite a number of obstacles, the journey was pleasant. At length the caravan arrived at a cross road and an unexpected parting of the ways. One road was a continuation of the difficult path of progress, the other was a broad avenue leading back to long-forgotten Greece.

What an adventurous journey it must have been returning to Paganism! The absence of conflict and rigid discipline, the silencing of conscience, the abandonment of reason the enjoyment of various pleasures, the encouragement and persuasions of the leaders, all con-

spired to make the journey exciting. What if they had fallen into error, these neo-Pagans had become broad-minded and openminded, they had freed themselves from the obnoxious yoke of Catholic dogma, and besides, were not the glories of Greece theirs for the taking?

We who are on the other road can not but feel some concern for our old comrades and indeed, much more solicitude for their well-being. As anxious spectators we have a better vision and insight into their actions than they. We see them enter into an atmosphere filthy with the germ of paganism, a deadly and blindly bacillus, that quickly takes hold. They examine the starved philosophies of the dead Greeks and by feeding restore their vigor. Now they are at strife with Greek thought. While we are at peace, let us observe and compare.

The Grecian pagans regarded their offences as shortcomings and termed them "bad shots"; the Modern pagans regard their "bad shots" as natural processes, as normal reactions to a

stimulus. With their theory of Behaviorism, they propose that a person placed in a certain environment or impelled by a certain desire will react according to rules fixed by nature.

The life of the Greeks was determined by political and religious considerations; the life of the Moderns is determined by scientific considerations. With their emphasis on nature and science—the knowledge collected by scientists—the Moderns credit Nature with being the independent cause of every event, claiming that one of the ends of man is to discover and unravel the secrets and mysteries of Nature.

Every impulse, aspiration, passion and caprice of the Greek became his god; every impulse, aspiration, passion and caprice of the Modern becomes the god Satisfaction. Militating against Behaviorism, the Moderns admit that man has a choice of two alternatives, provided that he can see the advantage of indulging his passions and his whims.

Absence of a Bible, an instinct for rationalism fostered Greek freedom of speech and thought; ignorance of the Bible, an instinct for emotion, sentimentalism and humanitarianism foster Modern freedom of speech and thought. The Moderns disregard the Bible on the plea that it disagrees with scientific knowledge; private interpretation is an invaluable ally to their apology that religion conflicts with science. The use of appeal to emotion and half-truths is their opium paralyzing the reason of people who have become gullible in their quest for knowledge and their admiration for scientific wisdom.

Moderns agree with the Greek directness and openness about sexual matters, but where the Greeks were open on courage and cowardice, Mod-

erns become reticent. There is no room for warfare in the ideal state of the moderns; strife shall be intellectual, the contestants vying with each other only in the subtlety with which they can coat their half-truths and bad logic.

Whereas the Greeks regarded marriage as a purely natural affection for the first consort, the sweetheart of childhood, the Moderns regard marriage not as a mystical, sacramental, supersensual thing, but as a physical, sensual, temporary union capable of dissolution whenever caprice dictates. Marriage is contracted with the tacit agreement that it shall last for a short time, that is, until the parties find that they are incompatible and agree to disagree. The divorce court has become industrial, the divorce lawyer instead of trying to patch up difficulties, encourages the break.

Greeks had learned to think, to trust their brains, to recognize that mere imagination could not warrant what reason would revolt against; Moderns have forgotten how to think, they discredit their brains, they embrace what imagination guarantees at the expense of reason. The former kept their feet on the ground when they were in the clouds, the latter soar into O altitudo and all. Our Positivists bare the theory that there is nothing but what can be seen, that abstract notions are false, that cause and effect are merely words.

The pagan philosophy of the Moderns, based as it is, on adjusting its principles to the present mode of living has been accepted by persons who seek an excuse for continuing in a life that eventually will weaken them not only mentally but physically as well. It is an underhanded attack on any and every religion that considers God as the Supreme Ruler. Clever writers with warped intellects, hampered by a dis-

dain for reason but aided by an appealing style and a diabolically unlogical method of logic, reap the monetary fruits of propagating this paganism at the expense of "broadminded" readers. Allowing emotion to triumph over reason has become the vogue of the Moderns.

As Plato would expel poets from his ideal state, these men would expel the notion of God from their and the people's hearts. Men are told to be open-minded, that men are moving away from the superstition of the medievalists, that science is making great and rapid strides. The popular broadcast is that man is self-sufficient, in spite of the fact that he is held up as a reactionary being and, therefore, dependent on a proper stimulus. The relief would be instilled that man is nothing more than a composition of chemical elements that God is cruel and must be destroyed. For those who want to forget hell, science makes a space-time philosophy. Mathematicians, chemists, doctors, psychology and philosophy professors, physicists give their views on religion, and the mass of hero-worshippers who admire them for their skill in their respective line, accept their dictums on religion.

The Greeks had their humanism two thousand years ago and the Moderns have their humanitarianism today. Let us see to what view of life both believers in this religion commit themselves. The former regarded the body as supreme happiness, sensual bodily good being the good thing. The latter improved on that with their attempt to glorify the body, practicing eugenics, and killing off the physically unfit. The Greeks humanized their gods, their emotions, any natural event, vices and virtues, and whenever they wished to commit a "bad shot" they prayed to a

god who was an adept in committing this bad shot. The Moderns would deify man adoring their great being—humanity; God created men in His own image and likeness, now man would make God in man's image and likeness because science has found that the greater comes from the lesser. The Greeks accepted pain as a form of the wrath of the gods. Humanitarians hope to do away with all pain and evil and do good for the sake of altruism. The reward for doing good to others is to be the feeling of happiness that must follow an act of altruism. In fine, their happiness shall consist in making others happy, even at the expense of killing of a disabled fellow man. The motive power behind altruism shall be instinct, and the prize shall be glory and advantage.

Either religion would be a bad religion when a man becomes old. They are a better gospel for the young, vigorous and prosperous than for the aged, ill and unfortunate, and it would do well to remember when reading the pages of the books advocating Humanitarianism, that in those pages none hears the call "come to me all ye that labor and are burdened." Suppose we all became humanitarians. What could induce us to make another happy, to commit nothing wrong; what would prevent us from following out our nature?

In the comparisons drawn between Grecian and Modern paganism, wherever there is a radical difference tending toward something worse, the palm for being extreme must be handed to the Moderns. At least the Greeks can be excused on the ground that they had no true religion to show them their error. The Moderns refuse to give ear to the voice of Truth. The "improvements on" Greece show that instead of

becoming better Christians, the Moderns have become worse pagans.

As soon as the Moderns embrace the precepts of Christianity, the caravan that once proceeded together will again

be united. As soon as Emotion is distinguished from Reason, the caravan shall be reunited. As soon as Christianity shall prevail—but Christianity *shall* prevail.

BENEATH THE CROSSES

*Oh, someone take that pulseless hand,
And still your breath.
Oh, someone close those sightless eyes
So stern in death.*

*Let friendship lift that lifeless form
From where it lies
And bury it with wordless prayer
Beneath these skies.*

*Why should life from him have fled
Who lived so well?
Do not the muted crosses shout
That war is Hell?*

—ALAN SMITH, '37.

Darling Donald Duck

Donald C. Schriever, '86

Moved to articulateness by our recent paen of praise, or what have you, concerning Mickey Mouse, Mr. Schriever was stirred to the defense of his namesake. It is hoped that after this effusion the question will forever rest.

IN RESPONSE TO THE QUESTION, whither Mickey Mouse? I am here to assert that Mickey Mouse is going nowhere. It so happens that I am particularly averse to movies, but am afflicted with that dreaded disease of being a "shoulder-looker-over" comic strip reader. To me, if there were no comic strips, life would be a dingy, dreary series of unfortunate events.

Of utmost interest to me was the Mickey Mouse cartoon. Day in and day out I scabbled to the nearest heap of papers in search of this particular comic. But alas, alack, and awoe, Mickey has gone highbrow and is of diminishing interest. In his stead is a very interesting individual, Donald Duck.

Donald, it seems to me, is on the road to reap even greater rewards than is his animated cartoon predecessor, the lovable Mickey, due to the fact that Donald appears more like an everyday individual than his pal and counterpart.

Mickey Mouse, no longer, the happy-go-lucky individual that everyone tries to picture himself, has become

that doleful person who finds himself in dire straits day after day, but always overcomes outstanding odds to prove that virtue always triumphs. To think that an insignificant individual can defeat nature, man, beast, everything and everyone opposing him is not only preposterous but a tax on human intelligence and a lien on the faculties of imagination.

However, Donald is a product of the times. He is an integral part of day in which we live. Everyone is a Donald Duck in some stage of his life. He is the "victim of complete frustration." His life, his illusions, his very existence all, are based on frustration. Every attempt he makes is interwoven with opposition, opposition not of the fantastic variety but of the true, natural, everyday pattern.

Yes, Donald Duck has come to endear himself to the hearts of the comic-readers to the extent that he is the object of amusement that overshadows all others in that sphere. His attempts at practical jokes uproariously display the impracticability of being a practical

joker, for his antics always prove a boomerang and hit him instead of the person at whom they are aimed. If he places a bucket over a slightly opened entrance to soak a friendly enemy, he soon forgets his trick and entering by that very door inundates himself. However, he never surrenders to fate. He frowns at misfortune, and starts anew. Arising again and again to opportunity, only to find that he would be downed once more. However, at times he succeeds, more appropriately, does something worth the while, and proves that he has ability to cope with occasion, thus relieving the monotonous strain of ever being a failure.

But Donald Duck has not successfully evaded the advertisers. I have seen in rug advertisements, either he is riding in an aeroplane, driving an automobile, or the like. He has come to argue boys and girls who dislike eating bran for breakfast into partaking of this tasty morsel that they might at least get a Donald Duck dish, doll or baseball. Thus he has been a boon to

the health-consciousness of the child as well as amusing him.

In spite of the fact that our hero has succumbed to the ad-writers, he will never become monotonous in that occupation as he is not pictured as the type of individual who can fantastically conquer everything because of what he eats or wears. In spite of whatever may be said of him, he will ever remain the animation of frustration. He is ever that "gabby," chatty individual, always talking, always trying, seldom if ever achieving, but never completely defeated. I have been a Donald Duck, so, too, perhaps have you. Most of us know of several Donald Ducks.

So vale! Mickey Mouse. Your reign is at an end. Donald Duck has arrived and will remain. Where you have been the "man of the hour" like all men of the hour you have lasted just that. Your hour is over and Donald Duck has taken your place to scale even greater heights than you. Quo vadis, Donald Duck?

THE BIG QUESTION

Does it all depend who writes it;

Or are your feelings such

That you'll never like love-poetry

Very much?

—HERBERT MURRAY, JR., '35.

Music Hath Charms

Robert Healy, '39

This is an interpretive study of an "influential triumvirate," Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms in the light of present day values. Whether you really appreciate music, or whether you are just a "savage beast," we deem it worthy of your attention.

MUSIC HAS BEEN VARIOUSLY described as "the emotions in tones" or "thoughts in sound." But no matter how it is typed music in some form appeals to every person whose ears attune with any function of living. In its highest forms the art of music has transcended all boundaries of man and passed into a cultural sphere which is a bond between nations. Nowhere in the art is there found a more influential triumvirate than the three B's: Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. Under their hands, Bach in discovering, Beethoven in ripening, and Brahms in maturing, pure untrammelled melody has forsaken the days when primitive man beat drums for rhythm. The good, the true, and the beautiful of music has with them become the awakener and stimulant of man's emotions.

Significantly, all three were Germans. Italy has been called the birthplace of modern music. There did the first obscure melodists rise above the contrapuntals of Palestrina and the church masters. Freed from ecclesiastical motives, Italian opera developed

in the homes of the dilettanti of Florence and Rome. But the Italian nature was too romantic, too effusive for the truly strong and masculine in music. It remained for the Nordics of the North, especially of Germany, to take the rude beginnings of Italy and make of them virile and lasting melody.

Johann Sebastian Bach was the first genius in the history of music. His life was uneventful: it did not affect his work and needs no retelling. However, in the obscurity of organ-playing for the Margraves and Princes of Germany, Bach completed a technical mastery of the organ and of that ancestor of the piano, the clavichord. What he had learned he transmuted into melody, and during these years he poured forth preludes, chorales, suites, concertos, toccatas, and fugues, mostly for the organ and clavichord, but also for every instrument of the time.

Bach's influence on his contemporaries was considerable but his popular appeal was negligible. For years his works rested in the garrets of old music dealers or in the hands of the hopeless

hordes who in succeeding generations embarked on the seas of composition. Despite this lack of popular appeal, his was a complete triumph. He raised music to a dignity, ennobling its aims and methods and making it the instrument of the thoughts of genius. Pure music, music brought to the listener by preliminary program, rose to supreme heights under his pen. Succeeding composers revered the undiluted beauties of his works and even the Romantic composers turned to him, the stern Classicist, as young poets turned to Spenser and Milton.

The gap of almost a century between Bach and Beethoven is filled with a group of musicians who more and more bridled true emotions under the shackles of form. The more notable composers of the time, Haydn and Mozart, did not let this mania for form in favor of expression entirely chain them. Haydn, taking the old sonata form, moulded the symphony, while Mozart made it a vehicle of personal feeling. Both were fertile composers but Mozart's many symphonies have stood more gracefully the criticism of time.

Franz Joseph Haydn in his declining days of opulence was a teacher of note. The young Ludwig von Beethoven, one of his pupils, came to him with exercises for correction. They were returned without changes, and the impetuous Beethoven felt that he was improperly treated. Perhaps the shrewd Haydn realized even then that this Beethoven would far surpass his greatest works. More likely the overworked master was grasping for his guldern and could not bother to make corrections. This was the last Beethoven had to do with Haydn and the two thunderous opening chords of his First Symphony signaled the revolt which was

germinating in Beethoven's mind.

Nevertheless, the First Symphony did smack of the influence of Haydn and Mozart. Breaking completely however, the Second Symphony signaled the lines of the new movement which had as Credo the overwhelming *Eroica* Symphony, titanic in conception, brilliant in execution. Of Beethoven's nine symphonies the odd-numbered from the First to the Ninth Choral mirror the storms of Beethoven's life while the even-numbered, including the Pastoral and Dance Symphonies, are calm and tranquil.

These symphonies are the Titans of Beethoven's work but his *Masses*, songs, sonatas, concertos, quartets, trios, and his one opera, *Fidelio*, mark him as the giant of music. His later days were depressed by deafness and as he conducted his Choral Symphony he was silent to the applause of the throng which had so stormily assailed his earlier works. The master was defeated by Nature and his last days were piteous struggles against the shadows of another world.

Behind the funeral cortege of Beethoven there followed from afar Franz Schubert. Schubert, the lyricist, worshipped the great Master but his own melodies, diffusive and free, were unhampered by the strict rules of harmonic construction. This freedom, Romanticism it was called, so feelingly cultivated by Schubert in his *lieder* and symphonies was to be the chief tenet of musicians in the next few decades. Mendelssohn and Schumann would measure out their melodies not as pedants dictated but as the heart directed. As a reaction from Classicism, Romanticism in music was almost purely subjective, and in some cases as Tschai-kowsky, morbidly introspective. These two streams, Classicism and Romanti-

cism, which parted with Beethoven and flowed on the wings of emotion, finally coalesced in Johannes Brahms.

It has been difficult to classify the music of Brahms. His forms are almost rigidly classical while at times he shows an intensely lyric strain. Brahms' work is always polished. It is said that he once destroyed one complete symphony because he felt that it was not equal to his standards. This desire for technical completeness has sometimes earned for him criticism as a heartless pedant but examination of the slow movements of his symphonies and his piano Rhapsodies will show the lyric qualities of his work. Brahms, the poor son of a Hamburg entertainer, was neither lacrymose nor pedantic: his work is the straightforward sculpture of genius.

These three are great of music. Their work has ascended the heights and it seems foolish to suppose that they will ever be surpassed. Modern music is in a state of flux. Old forms are being abandoned and new treatments are sought. The work of such Moderns as Jan Sibelius and Richard Strauss dandles back and forth between the old and new. Revolutionists drag forth radical theories which are applauded for the moment but soon abandoned. Music as an art is destined either for destruction or perpetuation. Will complete technical upheaval replace the musical delineation of thoughts? The answer will not be revealed until the Moderns either return to the materials of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, or else adopt a comprehensive revolutionary program for themselves.

FULFILLMENT

*Death
Is but an oaken door
At the moss-grown end
Of a crumbling garden wall.
Some day
I shall walk
Down that garden path.
Perhaps my step will be firm—
I may be young;
I may not know
That I seek what I shall find
Until I find it.
Again, I may be old:
My steps may totter and grow slow,
But I will not fear—
I know that I shall reach that door,
I cannot fail in this.*

—E. RILEY HUGHES, '37.

Hummin' Wires

A Radio Playlet

Joseph P. Dyer, '86

CHARACTERS

Pa Pettigrew

Ma Pettigrew

Henry—Their Son

Fred—A Pilot

Jerry—Airport Attache

SCENE—THE PETTIGREW FARMHOUSE

"WELL, MA, I GUESS WE MIGHT as well shut off the radio and get to bed. These here wisecrackin' fellers don't have to get up like we do early in the mornin'. Like as not these radio joke-crackers ain't seen a good sunrise except in the movies for years. I got to take the milk to the crossroads tomorrow cuz Jed said he don't like to travel along this backroad now that the thaw's here for fear he'll get stuck in a rut with his heavy load and all. We'll be astirrin' a half hour earlier than usual."

"You fix the fire, Tom, and I'll put Bess in the cellar. Oh, lookit—it's asnowing ag'in. And hard, too. Gee, pa, I'll bet the storm will keep Henry from acomin' home from the airport for the week-end."

"Uh-huh. So 'tis. Well, this here winter seems to be makin' a last stand to hang on. I think Henry'll be able to make it, though."

"I hope—say Tom, do you hear that hummin' noise? P'rhaps a car's stuck down on the road. No, it's growin' fainter. Wonder what it can be?"

"It might be—Say, there it is again, louder. It's an airplane lost in the storm! See, its gettin' fainter. He must be lookin' for a place to land. Poor feller."

"What can we do, pa? Anythin'?"

"I'll call down to the airport and maybe Henry or one of the men can tell us what to do."

"Hello-hello-is this the airport at Landstown? . . . It's Henry, ma. Yes, son. Listen, there's an airplane acirclin' our house here and it 'pears as if he's lost 'cause we've been hearin' him for the past five minutes. What can we do? Un-huh. Alright, and if the noise stops we'll call you back."

SCENE—THE AIRPORT

"There's a ship lost up near my dad's place, Fred. I guess it's up to you and me to take the cabin plane and go out and lead him in. Go wake up Jerry and tell him to come in here and take care of the radio while we're gone. You'll have to take the controls since I can't do much with this banged up left hand of mine and I'll take care of the radio and keep in touch with Jerry."

SCENE—THE PETTIGREW FARMHOUSE

"It's fadin' again, ma. Shh. It's stopped altogether now. Guess the poor cuss crashed. I'll get dressed up and go out and see if I can locate him."

"Put yer big boots on and take the lantern. Hurry, pa, maybe somebody out there might be bleedin' ta death."

* * *

Ship XE312 calling Landstown airport. . . . Calling Landstown airport.

Hello XE312, Landstown airport answering. Are you alright. Did you find the lost ship? . . .

Hello Landstown. No, there's no signs of a plane in this whole area. We're starting back as our wings are becoming covered with ice. It's getting worse.

Hello XE312. Keep talking.

Hello Landstown. Ship XE312 calling. We're looking for a place to land. Can't see a thing though. We're trying to go back up high again but we

can't. We're going down fast. We're down to one thousand feet . . . eight hundred. . . We're going to crash . . . Three hun- - -

Hello XE312 . . . Hello XE312. Hello . . . Hello . . .

SCENE—THE PETTIGREW FARMHOUSE
AGAIN

"Hello, this you Henry? No—well this is his father. Yes, well you can call back that ship now 'cause I just went outside—just a minute—What's that, Martha? You see a light in the sky over near the stone quarry. It's probably a shootin' star—Hello there, Mr., Well, as I was sayin', I went outside and come to find out that hummin' noise my wife and I heard weren't any airplane at all. No, it was just a hummin' comin' from the telephone wires down on the road and every time the wind blew it sounded like an airplane was overhead. . . ."

WHY NOT?

*In the quiet, in the moonlight,
On great Narragansett's shore,
The tongues of laughing wavelets
Tell sweet tales of Redskin lore.*

*Here the manly Wannamoisett
Spoke his love to Mynomee;
In the clear, white, flooding moonlight
You're as beautiful as she.*

*Sturdy Wannamoisett courted
Under Rhody's moonlit sky—
You're more charming than his loved one—
So, my dear, why shouldn't I?*

—HERBERT MURRAY, JR., '35.

Hex and Sex

Leo Duprey, '36

Under this poetic title, the author deals poetic justice to the more unscientific of our scientists who, in his words, have succumbed to the Circean song of sex."

THIS PICTURESQUE TITLE MAY lead you to dismiss my contribution as a consciously artificial striving for an effect through a play on words; as trivial as its form (the ghost of previous crimes against hylomorphism still pursues me) is, its matter is of paramount interest and importance. These two formidable problems of superstition and sex have intrigued and fascinated investigators, particularly the modern social scientists.

Superstition covers a huge field, ranging from such trivia as knocking on wood to the orgiastic frenzy of devil worship. Fundamentally, all are the same; each is a perversion—an undeserved attribution of supernatural powers to either, inanimate or animate objects. Several so-called authorities have maintained that Christianity developed from various phases of idolatry to its present monotheism, citing examples of unprogressive cultures of today which still are devotees of animism.

The problem of sex has furnished a happy hunting ground for cultural anthropologists, many of whom have very unscientifically succumbed to the Circean song of sex; possibly, they are

striving to prove that humanity evolved from a primitive swine-herd. The Freudians, especially have "gone to town" on this question. These citations may give you the impression that the problem is purely academic—confined solely to wild-eyed doctors of philosophy. Yet upon analysis, this age in which we live, might well be termed sexological, even to the so-called man in the street, let alone the scientifically minded. For corroboration, let me call to witness the degrading state of our amusements. Our theatres glorify the strumpet; such "literary" monstrosities as *Tobacco Road* and *Dead End* are the reigning favorites of our "legitimate" theatres. One shudders to think what the illegitimate ones offer. The literary world accepts as classics such gutter glorifications as emanate from the pen of the Caldwells, the Dreisers, the Lawrences. Even contemporary religion is affected by this taint. Witness the disgraceful spectacle of the leading divines of the Fosdick type advocating birth-control and dissemination of contraceptive information. Even the scientific world is not immune. The blase sophistication of these our times has blandly dis-

missed with a cosmopolitan shrug a recent dictum of our "greatest living philosopher"—to the less-enlightened—Bertrand Russell. Under the platitudinous guise of "moral education," this "*princeps philosophorum*" has advocated sex promiscuity before marriage—for compatibility—says he! The general tenor of his remarks leaves the reader with the conclusion that this "step forward" is the sole solution for a "priest-ridden" world's problems. Instead of being roundly castigated for this stand, he was lauded for his modern perspective. The sight, however, is doubly pathetic. The good doctor may well deserve the plaudits of his confreres for his mathematical prowess, but he descends into the ludicrous when he abandons his symbols and attempts to prescribe remedies for a grave problem whose far-flung ramifications he either fails to visualize or his stand is a rationalization of his own behavior. The erudite Ph.D. met his match and clearly demonstrated that he had an Achillean heel. He "substantiated" his wild theory by introducing a medical expediency. His comments were challenged and refuted by an eminent medico—Doctor Logan Clendening. The medical data is too complex and technical to repeat here; the doctor, however, attacks Russell's sociological stand by writing in the *Forum*—"If I believed that any of his social ideas had the slightest chance of being put into practice, I would agree with those Roman Catholic papers which call him the 'most dangerous man living.'" Clendening says further that the case is one of either prudence or pruriency; sex, he admits, is fundamental, but it is not the radix of all human behavior, despite the naivete of Freudian sublimation, which in the name of empirical

science can interpret a dream of lost teeth as a castration complex.

The sang froid with which all this propaganda is received is a sad commentary on morality. In the philosophy of the savage hex went arm and arm with sex, each fostering the other. In our enlightened age, it is no better. Our sex beliefs are plunging us into a fetid sea of fallacies and superstitions which will make us filthier than the savage ever became.

To return to the first problem. This field of *curiosa* has been thoroughly investigated by cultural and social anthropologists. Such names as Calvertson, Briffault, Boas, Morgan, Freud, Frazer, and Westermarck are but an incomplete roll-call of the great. Many of these have taken a decidedly unscientific perspective. Incident upon incident, half-truths in exotic raiment, leave us with the conclusion that they wish us to believe we were once "aborial." Decadent civilizations and cultures hold the "missing-link." These investigators ask us to submit our highest faculties to the hypothesis that man evolved body and soul from primitive animal strata. We in turn ask them to abandon their rationalistic defiance and accept the Biblical account of original sin and the subsequent distortion of the primitive revelation. This is an admirable explanation of animism and totemism and is consonant with reason.

The presentation of these immature opinions is climaxed by the offering of an equally immature solution. A philosophy not founded upon common sense is sterile; wild theories may provide lurid entertainment yet they are hopelessly inadequate in guiding man home. In closing, I quote the Supreme Sociologist's solution to all problems—"Love of God, self, and neighbor."

CAP, GOWN, AND HALO

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

No. 4. SAINT JOHN CHRYSOSTOM

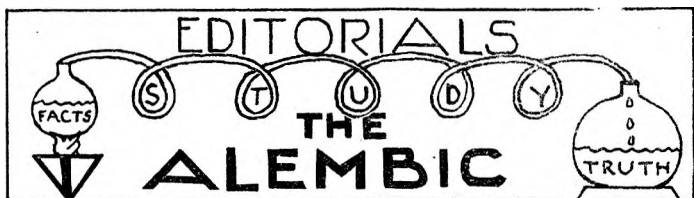
Saint John Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed orator of early Christianity, is generally considered to be the most prominent of the Greek doctors and the greatest orator to preach from a Christian pulpit.

At the time of his birth in Antioch that city was the seat of the turbid religious struggles within the empire. Anthusa, his mother, a woman of character and intelligence, personally supervised his education. He was instructed in the best schools of Antioch which were, at that time, of a very high order. She offset the decadent moral and religious teachings of the rampant heresiarchs with her own natural piety, so that John, while learning in wisdom, grew in the faith and love of Christ.

Chrysostom met Bishop Meletius just at the time that his life was beset by doubt. He immediately withdrew from profane studies to devote himself to the ascetic and religious life. Soon he adopted the hardships of an anchorite and dwelt in one of the caves near Antioch. His time was devoted to learning and to prayer.

He was called, because of his fame as a preacher, to fill the See of Constantinople. With his advent to the bishopric his ascetic nature did not change. He instituted a sweeping reform of the Church from within. He reformed first his clergy, then his flock. While deeply engrossed with the religious welfare of his flock he found time to provide for the material comforts of the poor and sick. Because of the rigor of his reforms and the jealousies inspired by his greatness, he was sent into exile. It was a blessing in disguise for once again he had time for his contemplation communion with God. That was all he asked.

St. John Chrysostom is the Catholic model for a preacher, teacher, and scholarly saint. His writings on Catholic doctrine evidence a clarity of doctrine and a mildness of expression never since equalled. The world respects him for his writings, the *Opuscula*, the *Homilies*, and his *Letters*. To Catholicity he is another example of that exalted dignity to which one can arrive when he joins in his person the virtues of religion with the lore of scholars.



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.

Associate Editors—E. Riley Hughes, '37,
George Scowcroft, '37, Thomas J. Hogan,
'36, Donald Schriever, '36.

Campus Spotlight—William G. Beaudro, '38.

Court of Sport—Francis McInnis, '38.

Art—Frank Del Deo, '38.

Business

Auditor—Erville Williams, '36.

Manager—Brendan McMullen, '36.

Advertising—Arthur Costantino, '36, John Mahoney, '39.

Circulation—John Fanning, '38.

Office Maintenance—Leonard Morry, '37.

Volume XVIII

May, 1936

No. 4

Old Age Security in Rhode Island

Last year the General Assembly of our state government passed a measure to provide for the protection, welfare, and assistance of aged persons in need and resident in the state of Rhode Island. Since private initiative had failed to provide proper care for a numerous section of the population consisting of the deserving aged who are in want, a concerted movement for social security realized its objective not only in the establishment of a national bureau to deal with this problem but also a state bureau as embodied in the old age security of the State of Rhode Island.

AGED NOT CULPABLE

One is very apt to presume that aged dependents today are personally at fault—that they lacked thrift and foresight in their halcyon days. However, this is indeed an erroneous conclusion. Today not only are the super-annuated the victims of a devastating economic depression, but as Mr. Abraham Epstein, an authority on this great social problem writes in his book "The Challenge of the Aged": "In the world of the machine, age and experience are no longer assets, but insurmountable handicaps. Concerned as modern industry is with efficiency and mass production, it finds little use for its worn-out workers. Remunerative employment suited to the capacities of old

people is constantly becoming rarer. Old workmen are discarded and replaced by industry in the same way as out-of-date and worn-out machinery. Many of these wage earners, unable to find employment in their accustomed tasks, and some of them with children dead or unable to support them, are merely left to tread the narrow path of old age dependency which leads "over the hills to the poor-house."

Thus it can be readily understood that the Rhode Island Legislators added another chapter to the history of progressive and protection legislation in this state.

WAGES DROP AT 45

Before considering the nature and scope of the old age security act and the results attained since its passage, one should first look at the background of old age dependency. Authorities on this subject point out that the span of life is increasing with each decade. Each census since 1880 has shown an increased proportion of the population who live 65 years or longer. It has been found that with the lengthening of life there has been an increased inability to provide for old age. It must be borne in mind that old age dependency among wage-earners stands out because the average wage-earners income is not sufficiently large to provide for social insurance by means of the establishment of a savings account and also that his income begins to fall off sharply when he reaches 45 years of age.

THREE GROUPS

All persons over 65 years of age are classified into three groups. The first group is a small quota of the well-to-

do who are financially and socially secure. The second group is much larger, embracing about one-third of all persons over 65 years. These individuals are nominally independent but in reality, as they lack the personal means of self-support, and are obliged to rely for their livelihood on children or other relations. If they are without kindred, these aged persons frequently endure great privation rather than either apply for public or private charity, or seek admission to a public almshouse. The third group includes those who are either receiving aid from public or privately maintained homes for the aged. The second and third groups constitute the problem of old age security. These groups are subdivided into those who are helpless and bedridden and those who are vigorous in mind and body. Manifestly, the first group requires hospitalization which in the absence of relatives, must be provided by the state. The needs of the second group can be met best through a system of old age pension. This system is regarded as more meritorious than any other plan of state assistance, both from the standpoint of the aged themselves, and that of the community.

It was on April 18, 1935 that the General Assembly enacted its old age security act as Chapter 2191 of the laws of the State of Rhode Island. According to the specifications of this act a Division of Old Age Security was created within which were a bureau of mother's aid and a bureau of children's care. The Director of Public Welfare was appointed, as Chief of this Division, Mr. Mortimer W. Newton, a graduate of Providence College and at the present time Vice-president of the Providence College Alumni. To him were entrusted the supervision and authority

over the expenditures of funds for the protection, welfare, assistance of aged persons in need and residing in the state of Rhode Island who have made application for the same in conforming with the law.

ACTUAL RESULTS

On July 1, 1935 the Division of old age security opened its office as a state agency in the State Capitol, Providence. From then on applications were received. At the end of December, according to Mr. Newton, 10,853 applications were received and placed on file. Of this number 1,541 were visited for the purpose of investigating and passing upon the applications as presented. The cost at the end of December was \$11,058. At that time 623 applicants were receiving pensions averaging between \$18.00 and \$20.00 a month. With population figures based on the 1930 census, statistics reveal that since the law has been in effect one per cent of the population in all the cities of Rhode Island with the exception of Warwick have applied. Two per cent of the population have applied in Warwick. In rural sections, towns such as Burrville, East Greenwich, Foster, Gloucester, Hopkinton, Jamestown and Richmond, two percent of the population have applied. And the largest in percentage of population that have applied are from New Shoreham and Block Island.

There is now before the Legislature for passage an amendment to its old age security act. The purpose of this amendment is to provide for the opening of offices in each city and town in the state in order to facilitate operations of the Division.

In presenting these facts and figures together with a background and the

causes of old age dependency, it is our purpose to reveal to you the need for a provision of old age security, why an old age security law was enacted in our own state, and what has been done since the enactment of this law. There is no experience more poignant or heart-rending than the dependence of the toiler in the sunset of his life. He deserves assistance; it is imperative that he receive it.

Woman's Independence

The advance of women into the labor market is one cause of the bewildering dis-equilibrium of modern life. Yet one must admire the millions of wage-earning girls in New York and other American cities. They face life with a gaiety, a courage, a sense of independence, and a quality of character which is wholly admirable. They are writing a new chapter of history never before entered on the records. But there is a tragic side to this advance.

The employment of women is increasing the unemployment of men, and that is creating a new and alarming phenomenon; because, by displacing men from wage-earning positions, the old order of social and family life is being thrown out of balance. This is the cause of a great deal of mental and moral distress now existing between the sexes. Although the men are the chief victims of a broken rhythm, the women may soon find that their victory of independence is not so desirable. Light-heartedly and passively they are destroying the balance of life, and perhaps in the long run, their own chance of happiness. They must beware of one tremendous snag in their economic independence.

They must compete with man's labor

on terms of economic equality, not accept less wages because they are women. The male wage-earner knows that if he wishes to fulfill his life by taking a mate and raising a family he must earn enough and save enough to support these obligations, and reckons his salary on that basis. But millions of girls now employed in offices and factories live at home and are only desirous of extra pocket-money, whereas the man is working for the upkeep of a home the right to mate, the price of fatherhood.

What social consequences can result from this? More young men than ever are unable to afford the responsibility of marriage and increasing numbers of young women remain single. They have their jobs, but miss marriage and motherhood. Having enjoyed independence and pocket money, they can't bring themselves to accept a lower standard of life by marrying boys whose earnings are less or not much more than their own.

Problems like these did not exist when men were providers and women housewives. They began when machines displaced human labor and international trade began to flourish. This is one of the diseases of the industrial and machine-made civilization which has destroyed the old natural bonds between manhood and womanhood.

There must be a remedy to this situation. It certainly is not in thrusting women back into their homes, for the simple reason that they wouldn't go. There is something very splendid in this liberation of women's lives and enlargement of opportunity. They have an absolute right to come out into the open market with their qualities of intelligence and character. They are an

age away from that early code of simpering femininity, blushful timidity and coy allurements that marked pre-modern females.

Labor and Organization

All through the ages the lower class has striven after freedom from oppression by the higher class. All through the ages there have been disputes between the big man and the little man. In the ancient civilization of Rome, the middle class was oppressed by the Patricians until they revolted. In the dark age of Feudalism, the serfs were dominated by the feudal lords. Then they were educated and fought for their rights. Now, during this period of business inactivity, the laboring serf is being educated to the grasping fingers of the Capitalist, and is coming to his own.

DEFINING DUTIES

The discussion of the labor problem is not easy, nor is it free from danger. It is not easy to define the relative duties of rich and poor, and of capital and labor. And the danger lies in this, that crafty agitators constantly make use of these disputes to pervert men's judgment and to stir up the people to sedition. But if men were to fall in the face of danger, nothing would be accomplished. The evils and abuses of the present day industrial system cannot be too strongly deplored. The aloofness of the employer from the worker, the oppression of the worker, are abuses, which, though not universal, are entirely too common. Greed and avarice must be checked whenever possible. When, however, Capital is obdurate in its ways, and abuses its

strength, there is only one refuge, and that refuge is Organization.

LABORS RIGHTS

The right to organize is a natural, unalienable right. Capital enjoys it and justly. Labor enjoys it and justly. It is manifestly unjust for Capital to vindicate its own right and deny it to workers. Nor can the state, which is founded to maintain and guard the interests of the individual and the family, invade these rights. In the Middle Ages guilds of workers flourished in Catholic Europe for centuries. These great individual trade unions were suppressed after the Reformation in England and France, and it is only within the last century that labor has forced its right to recognize upon the State. The modern State has been loathe to recognize the natural right of labor to organize, a right which no State can justly contravene, a right which the Catholic Church has always defended. The trade union, however, has its certain definite and considerable limitations. Chief among these is the fact that it does not adequately protect those interests which are common to employer, and the general public. It is essentially a fighting organization. Its function is to defend the interests of the employee against the aggressions of the employer. It struggles for higher wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions generally—all of which are, at least to a considerable extent, contrary to the interests of the employer.

NO POOR WORKERS

And, there is no need of poverty among those who work; we are rich enough now for all to have a living wage. Moreover, we have the natural

wealth, equipment, and knowledge to assure a high standard of general comfort to all. And there is nothing in the nature of things that forces us to let certain families have so much wealth that they can gorge themselves upon the material superfluities that dull the spirit of family happiness. We have come to our present pass through the distortion of one Christian quality and the denial of another. We have distorted personal freedom till it has become the right of every man to become as rich as he may from those who work for him and the persons with whom he buys and sells. This in itself is a denial of the brotherhood. In this process we have abused and twisted the institution of private ownership in productive poverty until some cry out for its abolition.

A HAPPY BLEND

Catholic social teaching aspires towards reviving again a happy blend of personal independence and brotherhood in occupation and private ownership. The individual is to be strong in his own right so that he may develop his talents and protect his individual family, and group rights against encroachment. Yet personal strength needs to be tempered. It needs to be tempered with brotherhood, for with everyone free to make as much money as he is able and desires, some are wrecked by fuller knowledge, intense desire, superiors, wider opportunities, or thievery.

We can attain the right blend of personal freedom and brotherhood by ourselves striving for it, and not by any gift of Government. The Government can help, but the change is largely to be accomplished by a voluntary upward struggle, walking one step

at a time. The final aim is the wide diffusion of poverty ownership, carrying with it a measure of control, and the joint, cooperative, collective action of brothers who can help the weak among them and restrain one another from using selfishly, to the wrong of others, the strength either of poverty, ownership or personal ability.

Speak Up, Student!

For too long a time it has been claimed that college authorities have taken steps to limit freedom of thought and discussion on the campuses. It is certainly true that they have taken precautions to prevent rabid and unsocial expression, both in the form of oral demonstration and written propaganda. But it is unfair to blame the college for the glaring lack of intelligent and wholesome expression. The fault lies with the student himself.

It is the function of the American College within its field of obligation

to society to foster initiative and independence in the student as well as to open his eyes to the opportunities of the world. Intelligent direction within the classroom is sufficient to produce an effective check upon the wild thinking of youth and therefore illiberal methods of suppression and prohibition are not required.

It is the work of the school administration authorities (in addition to its regular tasks) to quell any public exhibition, whether it be a group or an individual, which might prove detrimental to the college or any of the parties concerned. Seldom in this respect does the administration department overstep its bounds.

Unless he be un-American or directly disloyal to his college the student is free to say what he wishes. His opinions may receive formal expression in his college publication, almost without a check. To us, the very fact that the student is capable of telling the world that his opinions are suppressed, seems in itself to be a contradiction.

MORNING

*It is lovely in the morning,
When the golden sun is seen
Rising from behind some mountain,
Dying red each tinge of green;
Chasing back the mist or shadow,
That would dare its beam oppose,
Lighting all the hills and valleys,
Breaking up the Night's repose.*

at a time. The final aim is the wide diffusion of poverty ownership, carrying with it a measure of control, and the joint, cooperative, collective action of brothers who can help the weak among them and restrain one another from using selfishly, to the wrong of others, the strength either of poverty, ownership or personal ability.

Speak Up, Student!

For too long a time it has been claimed that college authorities have taken steps to limit freedom of thought and discussion on the campuses. It is certainly true that they have taken precautions to prevent rabid and unsocial expression, both in the form of oral demonstration and written propaganda. But it is unfair to blame the college for the glaring lack of intelligent and wholesome expression. The fault lies with the student himself.

It is the function of the American College within its field of obligation

to society to foster initiative and independence in the student as well as to open his eyes to the opportunities of the world. Intelligent direction within the classroom is sufficient to produce an effective check upon the wild thinking of youth and therefore illiberal methods of suppression and prohibition are not required.

It is the work of the school administration authorities (in addition to its regular tasks) to quell any public exhibition, whether it be a group or an individual, which might prove detrimental to the college or any of the parties concerned. Seldom in this respect does the administration department overstep its bounds.

Unless he be un-American or directly disloyal to his college the student is free to say what he wishes. His opinions may receive formal expression in his college publication, almost without a check. To us, the very fact that the student is capable of telling the world that his opinions are suppressed, seems in itself to be a contradiction.

MORNING

*It is lovely in the morning,
When the golden sun is seen
Rising from behind some mountain,
Dying red each tinge of green;
Chasing back the mist or shadow,
That would dare its beam oppose,
Lighting all the hills and valleys,
Breaking up the Night's repose.*

These Caps and Gowns

John Fanning, '38

To all and sundry, but especially to Seniors, to whom it is doubly significant, we recommend this timely and informative article on commencement regalia that they may look upon the ceremony of commencement with more than bated breath.

In the world of "men and mice" we seem to have with us always, uniforms. They seem to possess a fascination over all mankind, from Junior all toggled out ready for his Boy Scout meeting to Grandfather preparing for his Memorial Day parade with his Civil War buddies. All walks of life, all ages, soldier, sailor, policeman, lodge member, athlete, student, and a hundred others, each has his own distinct accoutrements. To a scholar, Cap and Gown is his uniform of success, of scholastic achievement. Although many uniforms are with us always, Cap and Gown for the most part predominates but once a year. Each June every college or university campus presents the same spectacle; the first sensation of summer's heat, the college buildings standing around a green campus, perhaps trees along the drives, and peering from behind one of the buildings perhaps an athletic stadium, but in one particular they are all similar, the predominance of Caps and Gowns. Entering the auditorium is the long line of graduates, with their varicolored

embellishments betokening their degrees, and crowding the auditorium and campus are the ex-graduates who wore their Cap and Gown for the first time at their own Commencement a few years before, for some, quite a few years before, and who once a year return, in dress, to their first assuming of the academic costume. And scattered here and there are members of the faculty, also "wearers of the cloth," and whose academic garb gives vivid evidence of their exalted positions. As a key to a lock, so is Cap and Gown to a graduate. Indeed it is his uniform of scholastic success, the uniform of a scholar. But why and how have these Caps and Gowns acquired such a distinction?

There is a resemblance between academic costume and judicial robes, and, like the latter, academic dress has been considered to be derived from ecclesiastical origin. But it is a question of how far academic costume is of ecclesiastical origin. Anthony Wood is of the opinion that it had its origin in the tunica talaris and cucullus of the

Benedictine Order; nevertheless, although many authors are desirous of placing the origin of each detail of the academic robes in some ecclesiastical vestment, Wood's view has little support today. In an investigation of the origin of academic robes several difficulties are apparent. Of course the Scholar of the Middle Ages was a clerk, and was obliged to wear the gown and tonsure of a clerk. As early as 1300 we find the statutes of certain colleges demanding of scholars the tonsure and a "decent habit" appropriate for a clerk. Such a fact only adds to the confusion and difficulty of discriminating between academic and ecclesiastical robes, especially when statutes of stone or brass, and other monuments of university graduates and "dignitaries," also priests, are the sources of information and objects of study. Some colleges used costumes prescribed by their founder, and written in their statutes, and the variety of names by which the various items of the academic robes are called in different college statutes and elsewhere provide another source of difficulty. A survival of this custom, of the college founder prescribing that college's academic robes, is the differences of color and shape of the undergraduate gowns of most of the colleges composing the University of Cambridge.

In the second half of the 14th century we find certain statutes showing that "excess in apparel" in scholars had already been rebuked; notable among these statutes were the Constitution of Archbishop Stratford, and the Statutes of Peterhouse, 1344. Some of these laws stipulated a long gown (*toga* or *tunica talaris*) which in some cases must be closed. The gown was worn by all degrees, as suitable to clerks. It

is difficult to decide whether, at first, there was any distinction between the gown of the higher degree, the *roba*, and that of the lower, the *toga* or *tunica talaris*. But Richard II in 1379, in an ordinance for King's Hall, Cambridge, fixed the dress of a scholar as the *roba talaris*, over which the wearer, if a bachelor, should wear a tabard suited to his degree. The gown was frequently fur-lined, although the use of more costly furs was prohibited to all below the degree of Master, except the sons of noblemen, or those who possessed a certain income. Bachelors, students, and even doctors in theology were limited to budge.

The cope was worn as part of the academic dress, over the gown. It probably originated from the everyday mantle of the clergy, the ordinary *cappa clericalis*, which the synods of 1223, 1232 and 1268 had introduced into general use in England. This cope, originally black in color, and closed in front, but sometimes having a narrow opening in front as a passage for the hands was generally known as *cappa clausa*. Although originally black in color, by the 16th century all copes were scarlet, and this scarlet *cappa clausa* has remained alive to the present day at Cambridge as the dress of the Vice-Chancellor and Regius Professors of Divinity, Medicine, and Law, when presenting for degrees. The so-called "cope" of Oxford is not in reality a cope, but is probably derived from the tabard, the clerical out-of-door dress, since by the beginning of the 16th century it had become habitual for Regent Masters to wear the tabard at lectures, because of its greater convenience over the cope.

The hood in the early days was worn by everybody as the ordinary head-cov-

ering of the times, and seems to have had no academic significance, but scholars gradually ceased to do so, and finally no one below the rank of bachelor might wear one. A cap was also sometimes worn, the hood being thrown back. The liripipe, or tail of the hood, has become somewhat lengthened, but by the end of the 16th century the undergraduate hood had gone out of use. There seems to have been two kinds of hoods for masters. Cambridge later made a distinction between the hoods of non-regent masters, which were lined with silk, and those of regents, which were lined with miniver. When the modern colorings arose has not been yet determined, but they probably followed those of the gowns of the faculties.

Originally three varieties of academic head-dress seem to have prevailed. One, the round cap of velvet for doctors, has survived to the present day as a part of their full dress. According to Robinson, the square cap was adopted by universities after 1520 in imitation of the University of Paris. At this point some mention should be made of the term "tuft-hunting." This was an attempt to thrust oneself into the society of one's social superiors. The term was derived from the gold tufts or tassel worn by noblemen or fellow commoners on their caps.

At the time of the Reformation, as was happening throughout all Europe, there was some inquiry and revision of academic dress. This distinction was chiefly in the direction of sobriety and uniformity. "Excess of apparel" was restrained as severely as ever, but not with much more effect. In 1585 Burleigh's letter to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge and Queen Elizabeth's statutes enforced the

wearing of the cap and gown by all, and hoods and habits by those entitled to wear them, and like regulations were made at Oxford in 1633. Since the 17th century there have been few far reaching changes.

At Oxford the sleeveless commoner's gown, though still by law *talaris*, now reaches a little below the waist, and the full-sleeved scholar's gown to the knees. Not yet abolished by statute are the tufted silk gown of the gentleman-commoner, and the nobleman's gold laced gown. Vice-Chancellors wear the habit of their degree, having no official costume. A black velvet cap with gold tassel or a doctor's velvet bonnet with gold cord is worn by the chancellors of the older universities, while those of the newer universities have robes "created" by the robe makers. They, the robe-makers, to a large extent are the present designers and arbiters of academic dress.

In the United States academic costume was not formulated until 1893. When an intercollegiate commission outlined a uniform code for academic caps, gowns, and hoods. This code has since been accepted by some two hundred colleges and universities in the United States. For bachelors, masters and doctors respectively three types of gowns and an equal number of hoods are provided. With the exception of the doctor's, which may be made of velvet and have a tassel of gold, the square caps have remained the same. The bachelor's gown, which is made of black worsted material, may be distinguished by its pointed sleeves hanging nearly to the knee, while the master's gown, made of silk, has closed sleeves, the arm coming through a narrow opening at the elbow, which are square at the end and extend well be-

low the knee. The doctor's gown, also made of silk, and resembling a judge's gown, has full, round, open sleeves, is faced with velvet, and has three bars of velvet on each sleeve. The hoods are lined in silk of the colors of the institution conferring the degree and trimmed with velvet of the color representing the department of learning in which the degree was given. The doctor's gown may also have its velvet

trimmings of the departmental color or, if preferred, it may be black. The more common departments of learning have for their colors; laws, purple; philosophy, blue; science, gold; arts and letters, white; theology and divinity, scarlet; medicine, green; engineering, orange. Some few institutions, notably Harvard, retain an individual code for their hoods.

O HEART DIVINE

*Heart of the month of June, of love untold,
Hush in our hearts all strife for earthly gain.
Make them thy spoil, establish there thy reign,
Command them as Thou didst the waves of old,
Bestow of heavenly-peace an hundredfold
More dear than ought of earth. They live in vain
Whose love for things of earth doth e'er remain.
Teach hearts from worthless ore to purge the gold*

*O Heart of hearts emerged in heart of June!
The sorrows, hopes and joys of life we lay,
Before Thy shrine; some gift of love impart.
Bless them and us. To Thine our life attune,
That we in love grow strong and some day
Find home in Thy sweet refuge, Divine Heart!*

Senior Biographies

*Here they are, the boys of the Class of '36. They pass in review before us
for the last time before the world claims them.*

IRVING BERNARD ANGER

37 Garside Street

Fall River, Mass.

"Irv", "Champ"

Irv gained recognition in our Freshman year as a member of the newly formed Tennis team. He joined the Varsity in his sophomore year to remain there for three years serving as co-captain when he became a senior. A fiend at ping-pong and addicted to checkers, a member of the Fall River Club. Intends to enter City College of New York.

JOSEPH BALZANELLI

15 Brook Street

Barre, Vermont

"Joe"

An earnest student and a determined individual, Joe has been a member of the football team for four years. Quiet and bashful, Joe neither smokes nor has any bad habits, to the extent that one wonders if he has any fun at all. Never offensive, Joe has found many friends among us.

SEYMOUR BEDRICK

11 Slater Avenue

Providence, R. I.

"Mike", "Trig"

Appreciated by classmates and officials alike, "Mike" has become one of the best known members of his class. Always prominent in class activities, and a firm supporter of all college functions, athletic and social, Seymour has demonstrated in addition to the benefits of his education the spirit of co-operation and willingness to do things. A character actor in the recent Musical Comedy, a contributor to the publication and to the humor of the college social life, he is assured of our confidence and hope in his success

CHARLES BERNSTEIN*113 State Street**Providence, R. I.***"Bernie"**

Probably the most serious minded and the most industrious worker in the class, Charlie was faced with the problem of working his way through college, which he accomplished most creditably. Though some have not had the opportunity to know Bernie as he is, those of us who have been associated with him these few years will vouch for his sincerity and friendliness. A keen follower of sports, he has found time to apply himself in amateur circles, as a football and baseball player.

WILLIAM JOHN BURDGE*781 South Main Street**Warren, R. I.***"Bill"**

Hailing from the farming district of Warren, Bill became known to us almost immediately due to the fact that he was "Charley's Brother." Bill was a rabid sport follower and was a manager of the baseball and basketball teams. Bill intends to return to the farm and put it on a paying basis.

CLAUDE L. CAMPELLONE*121 Ledge Street**Providence, R. I.*

Claude came to us from Rome, starting right in as a Freshie. He was an earnest student, overcoming extreme difficulties accompanying one new to this type of life. Modest and shy, he confined his activities to the Aquino Club. He intends to become a teacher.

PHILIP CARANCI*38 Atwood Avenue**North Providence, R. I.***"Phil"**

He is bashful Phil to all but the members of the Aquino Club. On several occasions Phil let himself go in a ranting way. He even went so far as to filibuster. He intends to study law at Boston U.

EDMUND J. CARBERRY*174 Gano Street**Providence, R. I.***"Mose"**

A truly reliable source of information on subjects, curricular, extra-curricular and especially the finished touches of social life, Ed has made a name

for himself as a firm believer in the better things. Though not a recipient of honors, he has maintained one of the highest averages in the class. Possessed of a consciously dry sense of humor, "Mose" has contributed much of the tradition that surrounds the class of "36". Smokes a pipe and is a master at shirt and tie combination. Personable as the "waltz queen" in "The Student Quint," his reputation was not even risked. We know Ed. He's regular.

ELMER HYMAN CHESTER

774 Broad Street

Central Falls, R. I.

"Chet"

Elmer's life has been one of disintegration. To explain. Chet was born in Providence, reared in New York, and now resides in Central Falls. He appointed himself to the presidency of the Biology Club and explained his action thusly; "I like blondes, brunettes, carrot-tops, and mixtures." Chet takes his likes and dislikes to Tufts next September.

JOSEPH LEO CLAIR

680 Prairie Avenue

Providence, R. I.

"Joe", "Red"

Recognized in his Freshman year because of literary talent, Joe was placed on the Snapper staff. He was active in class affairs, being a member of the first Frosh football team to defeat the Sophs, as well as being a member of the interclass basketball team for four years. In his Sophomore year, Joe was elected Secretary of his class, and was held in such esteem that he was re-elected to that position for three years. He was a member of the Debating Union for two years. He was ever an active class worker, and affiliated with every college affair. Joe was one of the charter members of the "Coffee and . . ." club, and as its Vice President, contributed much to the brighter side of our college life. In fact, that was one of Joe's great weaknesses; he never missed an opportunity to enrich the brighter side of our never dreary college life.

JOHN GILBERT CLIFFORD

76 Miller Avenue

Providence, R. I.

"Curly", "Harpo"

That curly-haired youth from Washington Park who volunteers to sit in at a bridge game and bids on anything just to make the game interesting—for the on-lookers—to the disgust of his partner. His pet hobby is art. He was a member of the Junior Tea dance committee, and a member of the Senior Picture committee. He intends to be an accountant.

JOHN WILLIAM CONATY*Providence, R. I.***"Big John"**

Here's Big John, the Mad Butcher, or simply Butch. Why or how John became Mad Butch no one knows for John has the most pleasant front of any member of his cheerful class. Carrying the "White" of Arts John came down the stretch as Vice President of the Sophomore class and Treasurer in his Junior year. He Galloped Gallantly around the gridiron in the successful Frosh-Soph Tilts and found himself a sought after member of various committees especially the Junior Dance Committee. He is the treasurer of the "Coffee and . . ." club and always occupies the Last Place at the Rail. That he says is an effort to let other chappies into the regular fellows outfit. John loves the horses but they usually disagree with him.

ARTHUR WILLIAM COSTANTINO*148 Beaufort Street**Providence, R. I.***"Art"**

Quiet, reserved, reticent, Arthur devoted most of his time to music and the study of literature. He was a member of the College orchestra and the Aquino Club. He gained notoriety in his senior year as a song-writer when he submitted several original songs for the "Student Quints." He was a member of the Cowl and Alembic business staffs and contributed much to the financial stability of these publications. Enjoyed punning while everyone else wanted to be serious.

JOSEPH EDWARD DEVENISH, JR.*26 Tyndall Avenue**Providence, R. I.***"Joe"**

Joe was appointed director of the college orchestra in his Freshman year, a unique honor in itself. Our curly-haired maestro has held this position for four years. However, in spite of his zeal for music, Mr. "Dev." was an active participant in class and collegiate affairs, being a member of the class football and basketball teams, and a ready patron of every social event. He was a member of the several class dance committees, a member of the Junior Prom committee, and Chairman of the Senior picture committee. He is fond of Sallies. When Joe joined the Friars Club in His Frosh year, he had a decided preference for Chesterfields, as its President in his Senior year, Joe smokes anything offered to him. Joe looks to business, and to get there, he'll have to "keep swingin' it."

LEO ARTHUR DUPREY*40 Amsterdam Street**Providence, R. I.***"Leo"**

Essentially a scholar and a philosopher, Leo has ever held the leading scholastic position of his class. Quiet, unassuming, and particularly conservative, Leo has garnered a reputation as being somewhat of a sitting-room comedian, often amusing the group with his ready wit. Smokes a pipe, constantly. Hopes to become a teacher and reorganize the entire school system.

JOSEPH PETER DYER*72 Mountain Avenue**New London, Conn.***"Joe"**

Joe "the old marathoner," ran all the way up here from the "sailor city" to run things for the class of '36. He was a main cog in the wheel of class and college activity, being a vice-president of the Connecticut Club and for two years editor of the Connecticut Club Crier. Recognized for his literary ability he was placed on the "Tie-Up" staff where he remained for three years, then became student founder and editor of the Cowl. In his senior year, after serving on the Alembic staff for two terms, he became editor-in-chief of the bimonthly magazine. Joe was also a member of the Friars club and Varsity Football manager in his senior year. One of the most active class workers, Joe was chairman of the Junior bridge and dance and a member of the several committees, among them, the Junior Prom committee and the Senior Picture committee. Joe never missed entering into the boxing bouts and always put on a good exhibition. Absolutely refuses to buy his own cigarettes, so smokes anything. His greatest hobby was working for the Cowl. Intends to remain a journalist.

VINCENT ANTHONY FIORILLO*352 Branch Avenue**Providence, R. I.***"Vin"**

An earnest student, Vin holds an honor place among the seniors. As a scholar, he was extremely fond of discussing philosophy, and was an objector at the annual Scholastic Disputation. He was a member of the Aquino Club, and was captain of the Tennis Team in his senior year.

DOMENICK D. FABRIZIO*1717 Cranston Street**Cranston, R. I.***"Don", "Red"**

The middle "D" might stand for Dennis, and if the first Dennis was a

successful teacher, it speaks well for Don. Don is a quiet sort of fellow, reserved up to one point,—the Junior Boxing Bouts. They have proven his Waterloo these few years, but they have contributed to his fame. They have made him the "Active Campaigner." Don was a serious minded fellow and an earnest student, completing his curriculum here with honors.

JOHN ANTHONY FEIFER

547 Broadway

Providence, R. I.

"Jack"

A reserved individual, Jack is a conscientious worker in the pre-med. division. Particularly interested with locomotives and photography, and an intense student of chemistry. Has attended every college dance, and with the same brunette. Smokes Chesterfields. Intends to further his work in the chemical field.

WILLIAM FRANCIS FLANAGAN

Walnut Grove

Apponaug, R. I.

"Bill"

Bill, hailing from the wilds of Apponaug, professes to be the sole member of P.C.'s "Misogynist" Club. He was a member of the Debating Club, and an eloquent speaker. Very fond of reciting poetry, a student of literature, a natural comedian. Bill hopes to become a teacher.

STANLEY JOSEPH GAJ

609 High Street

Central Falls, R. I.

"Stan"

Stan proved to be the best defender Central Falls ever had and he is still trying to prove to the rest of this class that it is a city. He was very active with the Pyramid Players, being a member of their technical staff for four years. Stan claimed to be some kind of a checker champ and is still trying to beat Ed Short, or anyone at all. Stan is an habitual pipe-smoker, an earnest student, looks to teaching as a career, and intends to get his "master's" at Columbia.

DANIEL PETER GALASSO

21 Cottage Street

Port Chester, N. Y.

"Danny"

After a year's absence from college, Dan joined us in our senior year and readily made friends. He was a main cog on the Golf team while here and

served as Captain in his Junior year. The following year Danny turned "pro" and acquitted himself admirably. Dan claims one advantage over Bobby Jones;—"Bobby never belonged to the Spanish Club nor the Aquino Literary Club." Then too, Danny, he didn't intend to study at Fordham Law.

JOHN DENNIS GANNON

62 Dover Street

Providence, R. I.

"Johnny"

If we said as much about Johnny as he's said in his four years we'd be finished. Johnny is a silent man. But prominent socially for he has never missed a single dance in his whole collegiate career. That perhaps wont help him as an English prof but his knowledge of education will. John looks to teaching.

AARON ALOYSIUS GERSHKOFF

519 Prospect Street

Woonsocket, R. I.

"Gersk"

Gersh is Gersh, not Rudy Vallee, but like Rudy, Gersh has been tooting the "sax" during his entire collegiate career. He claims he made history in forming the never to be forgotten "P" at Holy Cross. The band and orchestra took most of Aaron's time at Providence, although it has been rumored, that he is a member of good standing of the "High Irish Club" of Woonsocket High.

HENRY SIMON GOLDBERG

48 Chavenson Street

Fall River, Mass.

"Sammy", "'arry"

Coming here from the City College of New York, Henry soon let us know all about it. He was active in class affairs, serving as a member of a Junior dance committee, and as a member of the Picture committee in his Senior year. Likes to argue, smokes Marlboro's, and intends to enter business.

QUENTIN JOSEPH GEARY

102 Ardmore Avenue

Providence, R. I.

"Squint"

The rotundest of the rotunders, Quent, was the proud possessor of a cheery smile and hearty welcome for whomever he met. He was an ardent worker for all class and college activities. He was a member of the class foot-

ball team in his Freshman and Sophomore years, a member of the Junior Prom committee and on the Cap and Gown Dance committee, Quent acquitted himself to perfection. He served capably as manager of the Football and Tennis teams in his senior year. He also served in the production of the "Student Quints." His main interest were centered about the "girl next door." Plans to take up law.

THOMAS JOSEPH GRADY

600 South Main Street

Woonsocket, R. I.

"Tom"

Entering Providence as a timid Freshman, Tom was not long unknown due to his ability to be a consistent winner on the Frosh tennis team. He was a rabid ping-pong addict, and a great follower of the checker tournaments held in the cafeteria. He was rather active in class and interclass activities and a member of the varsity tennis team for three years. Intends to become a lawyer.

ANTHONY GROSSI

188 Obed Avenue

Pawtucket, R. I.

"Tony"

The phrase "You must distinguish" describes Tony to some extent but not sufficiently. Add that he and his "one and only" perambulate to all social functions; that he is the President of the Aquino Club; that he was a member of the Cap and Gown Dance Committee; and that he intends to make a career of teaching.

WALTER RICHARD HALPIN

100 Beaufoot Street

Providence, R. I.

"Toots"

Toots hails from Classical where the profs accredited his studious and sedate attitude to his interest in the ancient Greeks. If only Toots could get to class on time he'd be a model student. But he can't so will have to call him a late model. Moderately active class worker, a member of several Junior class committees. Looks to medicine.

SAUL HODOSH

137 Lenox Avenue

Providence, R. I.

"Toar"

Saul was that lumbering individual who lived up to his profession of being an individualist and insisted upon dining at Child's in a suit, the coat

and pants of which match and are well-pressed, and particularly averse to rolled cuffs-attention Brunonians! He was a member of our interclass football teams, and a member of the Junior Prom committee. Smokes Phillip-Morris', is not particularly preferential when it comes to the fairer-sex, and is vociferous in his opinion of cigarette requesters. Is certified for Harvard Law.

THOMAS JOSEPH HIGGINS, JR.

1335 Narragansett Boulevard

Edgewood, R. I.

"Tom", "Higgy", "Slim"

Tom on various occasions has walked a mile to borrow Ed Simmons fingernail file. He was a member of the Cap and Gown dance committee, ready patron of the dances, has a girl named "Flo", and intends to study law.

THOMAS JOHN HOGAN

5 Irving Street

Worcester, Mass.

"Tom"

Tom first gained our attention when he was elected vice-president of the Lacordaire debating society in his Freshman year, and he has been an active debater ever since. Although he was no admirer of William Jennings Bryan, Tom imitated him to perfection on several occasions. He was an active class worker and a shrewd politician. Witty and congenial, Tom commanded an incessant flow of English, entertaining those with whom he associated. In his Freshman and Sophomore years, Tom was a member of the Snapper staff and served capably as a member of the Alembic staff for four years, becoming an assistant Editor in his Senior year. Tom was also the volatile objector from the floor at the Scholastic Disputation. Ever interested in class and collegiate activity, Tom will climax his college life as a member of the Commencement Ball Committee, one of the coveted honors of the class. Tom intends to enter the field of Journalism.

J. O'R.

CHARLES NICHOLAS KALCOUNOS

7 Grant Street

Pawtucket, R. I.

"Cal"

Cal came to us with the reputation of being one of State's foremost social-lions. He readily made friends here, and was one of that notorious triumvirate of "Mihos, Plunkos, and Kalcounos." Like his co-triumvirs, Charlie was an habitual arguer. He'd argue on anything at anytime, for any reason. The only trouble with him was that he was so often misunderstood. But to those that knew him, Cal was a priceless friend when one needed aid. He smokes Chesterfields, partial to nurses, and looks to Law.

THOMAS JOSEPH KELLEY*313 East Locust Street**Scranton, Penn.***"Kel"**

Kel came to Providence from St. Thomas College with the burning ambition to be the first man graduating from Providence while residing at Guzman Hall. He brought Phi Nu Sigma honors with him and maintains a love of philosophy. But more than a philosopher at the Hall, Kel was elected chairman of the entertainment committee and was an active debater.

ROBERT HENRY LACHAPELLE*27 Capital Street**Pawtucket, R. I.***"Bob"**

Quiet and unassuming, Bob, though not an active participant, was a ready patron for every affair that was held at the college. A dance list rarely noted the absence of Bob's name. An earnest student, a sincere individual, Bob intends to study Law.

FRANCIS DONALD LAMB*West Warwick, R. I.***"Frank"**

Frank was probably the most reticent member of our class. He has gone about his work amid test tubes and alembics to prove his excellence as a pre-med. His acceptance to the School of Medicine at St. Louis University testifies that his work has not been in vain.

OMER HORACE LANDRY*136 Sumner Avenue**Central Falls, R. I.***"Horace"**

Despite his nickname, Omer was not a composer of Latin verses, but one of P.C.'s outstanding athletes. Gained immediate attention, when, as a Frosh, he played outstandingly against Rutgers and has been consistently in the headlines of the sporting pages ever since. Omer has played varsity football for four years, was a member of the Freshman basketball and baseball team, and has played varsity baseball for three years. His outstanding performance was the scoring of four touchdowns against City College. He received the utmost delight and reached the height of his ambition when he proved the instrumental player to aid in the defeat of B.C. in his Junior year. In his Senior year, "Horace" captained the Football and Baseball teams, a feat which was

duplicated only by the unforgettable "Joe" McGee. He was a fond admirer of the late "Jack" Flynn and has high hopes of emulating the great coach at a local High School. Like "Lefty" Grove, smokes those "big, black stogies."

HAROLD LEAVITT

129 *Evergreen Street*

Providence, R. I.

"Hal"

Hal first caught our eye, when as a Frosh he intercepted that forward pass and ran for a touchdown, thus defeating the Sophs in the annual Soph-Frosh gridiron classic. He has continued to be one of the staunchest supporters of our class and college activities. Conservative in dress and manner, he has led a quiet and reserved college life, maintaining a better-than-average scholastic standing, and making innumerable friends. We never remember of having seen Harold ruffled or excited. Always of the same disposition. He climaxed his college life by serving capably on the Cap and Gown Dance committee.

THOMAS R. LITTLETON

261 *Rhodes Street*

Providence, R. I.

"Tom"

Tom is that large red cheeked, good natured youth who may be seen for the better part of the day in the Chemistry Laboratory delving into the realms of science. His sincere aptitude for study is exceeded only by his humorous and affable manner. For four years this likeable local lad proceeded along the even tenor of his way acquiring knowledge and friends with a rare ease. The discerning eye will always note his impressive figure at the various collegiate social functions. As a member of the Cap and Gown committee, Tom utilized his knowledge of the chemistry of cloth to the advantage of the Senior Class. He smokes Camels, drives a Plymouth and is headed for Tufts Med.

GERALD FRANCIS LYNCH

Rowley Street

Providence, R. I.

"Jerry"

Jerry was another member of that "Checker, Ping-Pong, and Bowling" club of the cafeteria ensemble. But Jerry did not confine himself to merely playing, for he was an active class worker and an habitual attendant at all our functions. He was a member of the Junior Bridge and Dance committee, a member of the Tea Dance committee and a member of the Cap and Gown Dance committee, Jerry was a quiet, reticent sort of fellow, the only time we really heard of his being boisterous except when arguing with Frank McGarry. They never argued over anything of importance, just argued.

FRANCIS HENRY McCAFFREY*307 Newman Avenue**Rumford, R. I.***"Mac"**

Frank is the country lad who thought that Providence was the largest city in the world. Thus he considered his hop in here daily as a holiday so he always wore his best suit properly pressed. The possessor of a congenial disposition, Mac was never ired. He had an unlimitable supply of cigarettes passing them out in the manner of an advertiser. One of the more competent "medics" Frank intends to enter Med. school in the Fall.

JOHN BERNARD McCARTHY*62 Armington Avenue**Providence, R. I.***"Jack", "Mac"**

Coming to our immediate notice as a contributor to the Alembic, John has remained before the class ever since. Particularly active in class affairs, John was always present at social functions not only of the class but at every one in the college. Entering into class politics in his junior year, he was elected President. He also served as Chairman of the Cap and Gown Dance committee. John has a preference for Camels, an aversion to loud clothes, is a clever writer, and hopes to become a Ph.D.

JOHN JOSEPH McCLURG*295 Division Street**Pawtucket, R. I.***"Red"**

John did not join us until our senior year, coming here from Notre Dame. He was essentially a student, and was intensely interested in sociology and philosophy. All will remember his lectures in the cafeteria and of his contributions to the genetic psychology course. He intends to become a teacher.

WILLIAM ARTHUR McDONNELL*1099 Pontiac Avenue**Cranston, R. I.***"Bill"**

Bill came to Providence from Cranston High with the reputation of being an active class supporter. He has kept his record intact. Bill was a member of both the Frosh and Soph football aggregations; inserted humorous bits in the now historic Snapper; and served on various committees, one of which was the Senior Picture Committee. Bill enriched the social traditions of P.C. both at home and abroad. He took in all the dances at Harkins Hall and then accompanied his "one and only" to all the functions at R.I.C.E. Bill has one boast;

"I laughed louder than anyone else at the 'Student Quints'." He'll be laughing (not quite as loud however) at the Tuft's production of the "Country Doctor" next year.

FRANK THOMAS McGARRY

Madison Street

Wrentham, Mass.

"Frank", "Mac"

Came to notice in our Freshman year when he participated in the Junior Boxing bouts, capably taking care of himself. Was intensely interested in class affairs and a ready worker. He was mainly noted as an authority on turkeys, advancing a wealth of information in most any class when the subject arose. A ready booster of Wrentham, fond of playing checkers, a master at ping-pong, likes tangoes, smokes Phillip Morris, intends to enter the priesthood.

MICHAEL JOHN McGARRY

42 Tilley Street

New London, Conn.

"Mike"

Mike gained our attention in his Freshman year as President of the Lacordaire Debating Club, and as a member of the Snapper Tie-up and Alembic Staff where he remained for two years. Mike was a ready class supporter, being chairman of the Social Committee in his Sophomore year. He participated in inter-class athletics and was a member of the Friars Club for three years, serving as it's Vice-President when he was a Senior. Mike was manager of the Frosh baseball team when he was a Junior, and Varsity team this year. He prefers other peoples' cigarettes, follows big Jim St. Germaine everywhere and intends to be a lawyer.

BRENDAN J. McMULLEN

1237 Prospect Street

Far Rockaway, N. Y.

"Mac", "B.J."

Since his arrival from Aquinas High School, Mac has written his name high in the annals of '36. His unassuming personality plus an inexhaustible amount of energy, won for him fame and friends. For two depression-tinged years, this business-like fellow has held the forte as Advertising Manager of the Alembic, haunting Providence merchants until the desired ads were secured. In his Senior year, "B.J." was one of the student founders of the Cowl, and served as its Managing Editor. His flair for oratory ranked him as a mainstay of the Debating Union, where he served capably as its Vice-president. As a member of the Junior Prom and other dance committees, Mac has con-

tributed to the success of our various social functions. Selected as the Providence College representative to the International Relations Conference at Wellesley College, B.J. furthered the prestige of P.C. by way of his example. In his Senior year, he was elected Treasurer of the class. As a member of the Friars Club, and of the Metropolitan Club, Mac demonstrated his popularity in all fields of collegiate endeavor.

THOMAS McGRATH

12 Sefton Avenue

Edgewood, R. I.

"Tom"

Tom was one of P.C.'s sophisticates, who, because of his quiet, led us to believe that either he knew more than he cared to say, or didn't know but let us think he did. He was essentially a social lion and his daily treks to the Biltmore are worthy of note. His pet hobby is owning Ford V-8's, rather an expensive hobby to say the least, but then, that's Tom.

JOSEPH FRANCIS McHENRY

64 Peckham Avenue

Providence, R. I.

"Joe", "Smokey"

Introducing the man who needs no introduction, Smokey Joe of Weaver High. Joe came to Providence with the athletic honors which he maintained on our varsity football and baseball squads. And then too Joe is a literary lion. The Cowl and Snapper staffs had him as a member, he was connected with the Student Quints and the Cap and Gown Dance Committee. Smokey Joe says, "I've been around with the Taurus Club—Watch out Bill Cunningham."

FRANCIS JOSEPH McLAUGHLIN

1148 Globe Street

Fall River, Mass.

"Pat"

Frank was one of the better orators in the class, and because of this quality was very active in the Debating Union, of which he was a member for three years, serving capably as its secretary in his senior year. He was also active in class affairs serving as a member of our Junior Prom committee. His main duties were confined to the Fall River Club, in which organization he served as President when he was a senior. Prefers blonds to brunettes, though he never goes out with them, smokes Chesterfields, intends to be a radio announcer.

WILLIAM FRANCIS McKENNA*Providence, R. I.***"Red"**

Upon graduating from Classical High, Red won the K. of C. scholarship to P.C. We have always known Mac as a debater, orator, and a general objector to everything proposed in any class. He won the honor of delivering the dedicatory address at the Tree planting exercises on Cap and Gown day. Red has been certified and accepted for Law School.

ARCHIE JOSEPH MacDONALD*41 Prospect Street**Apponaug, R. I.***"Arch", "Mac"**

Archie joined us in our Junior year, after a year's absence from college, and gained immediate attention as an actor with the Pyramid Players. He was active as a debater and was affiliated in no small degree with every radio presentation of the college. In his Senior year he served capably as President of the Pyramid players and gained notoriety as being the "Flo Ziegfeld" of the "Student Quints." Arch intends to re-enter the radio field.

JOHN VICTOR MAGUIRE*87 Maplewood Avenue**Pittsfield, Mass.***"Jack"**

Joining us in our Sophomore year, Jack hastily became acquainted with everyone. He was Chairman of the Sports committee in his Soph year, and was captain of the Football to defeat the Frosh. He was an active participant in class activity throughout his college life. He was a member of the Prom committee in his junior year and was a leading member of the Friars Club. In his senior year, Jack was elected President of his class. He prefers Camels, likes to listen to Annette Henshaw, meticulous about his dress, and intends to enter government service.

JOHN EDWARD MARTIN*256 Pontiac Avenue**Cranston, R. I.***"John"**

That mild and congenial individual, seen and heard daily in the cafeteria discussing political science and ethics. John is essentially a science man and a lover of chemistry. A supporter of social activities of both the class and the college and also a member of the class basketball team. Particularly liked

to wear blue shirts with white collars because it gave him that "capitalistic appearance." Vied with Elmer Chester for the highest Religion marks. He intends to enter "Med" school in the Fall.

JOSEPH EDWARD MARTIN

Roger Williams Avenue

Phillipsdale, R. I.

"Joe"

Joe is one of Saint Raphael Academy's five illustrious contributions to the Class of '36" and Joe has kept up the good old tradition. In brief, the A in Edward stands for active. P. C. lost a promising fielder when Joe confined himself to the long musty afternoon labs that accompany a B.S. degree. He found time, however, to cheek to cheek it in Harkins Hall and always with the same young lady. Joe served on several dance committees and was one of the main reasons why the Senior Class received its Caps and Gowns on time. He intends to carry on in Civil Engineering.

DAVID SOLOMON MASSAD

22 Richard Street

New London, Conn.

"Dave"

Dave is the senior member of a secret bridge club known as the Wed., Thurs., and Friday Club. He's Friday. Furthermore when he joined us in our Sophomore year it was with Phi Eta Sigma honors from Catholic U. Dave is a quiet fellow with one threat: "Willie Fallon better watch out when I pass the bar."

JAMES LEO MAUDSLEY

Lincoln Avenue

West Barrington, R. I.

"Jim"

Jim was a quiet, sincere student, and an ever-present figure at all social functions. He was a staunch defender of the "New Deal," and held Jim Farley in high regard. Jim has taken a particular liking to law and intends to enter B.U. in the Fall.

GEORGE LOUIS MIHOS

28 Turner Street

Brockton, Mass.

"Murphy"

Belonging to that triumvirate of "Mihos, Plunkos, and Kalcounos," George has been moderately active in class activities, being a member of the Freshman debating club, the French Club, and the Aquino Club. Likes football and baseball, moderate in tastes, and intends to be a lawyer.

FLORIAN EUGENE MONDAY*2181 Acushnet Avenue**New Bedford, Mass.***"Flo"**

An earnest student, always trying, Flo was one of the most enthusiastic individuals of his class. He was a ready patron of every class function and was intensely fond of English literature. Intends to study for a master's, thence to enter government service.

EDWARD PATRICK MORAN*Nashua, N. H.***"Ed"**

Ed's first claim to fame was the fact that he hailed from the same city as did the memorable George Tebbets. But more than that, Ed was an active class worker being a member of the Friars Club for four years, a member of several Junior Dance committees, Chairman of the Junior Prom committee, and a member of the Senior Cap and Gown committee. Ed was an industrious student in the pre-med course and enters Tufts in the Fall.

PATRICK JOSEPH MORRISON*116 North Burgher Avenue**Staten Island, N. Y.***"Pat", "Paddy"**

Among the more popular members of his class, the inimitable "Paddy" will ever be remembered by his classmates as that happy-go-lucky individual who could cope with any occasion. Paddy was a lover of sports and was a member of the football squad his four years here, reaching the heights in being starting center his Senior year. He played on the Frosh basketball team and was a member of the varsity team his Sophomore and Junior years. Everyone remembers the "Long-tom" Pat, as a junior "sank" the closing minutes of the Brown game. Paddy was also a member of the baseball squad for two years. He served capably as treasurer of the Metropolitan Club and as chairman of their annual dance held in New York City. A member of the Pyramid players and of the Senior Cap and Gown Committee. Smokes Camels and enjoys perfect happiness when taking the boat to and from New York. Intends to be a lawyer.

ROBERT THOMAS MURPHY*190 Pleasant Street**Providence, R. I.***"Bob"**

No one in the class literally and figuratively plunged himself into class and college activity more than did Bob. He first came to our attention in our

Freshman year as Chairman of the Social committee. All will remember him as the capable toastmaster of our Frosh banquet. In his Sophomore year Bob continued to take an active part in class functions, serving capably as Chief Justice of Sophomore Court, as a member of the Soph Hop committee. Entering formally into class politics in his junior year, Bob was elected vice-president to which position he was re-elected in his senior year. Bob voluntarily contributes his services to every affair which the class sponsored, serving capably on practically every dance committee during that year. His obsession was the Debating Club, in which he served as vice-president in his Junior year, and President as a Senior. In spite of all the earnestness, sincerity, and seriousness Bob always found a brighter side. He proved his ability as an entertainer when he participated in the "Student Quints." Prefers Camels, intends to study law.

JOSEPH JOHN MYETTE

30 *Russel Avenue*

East Providence, R. I.

"Joe"

Being more serious than the most of us, Joe has been an earnest student, holding English courses as his favorite. He proved himself of inestimable value in our Frosh year when he ran the football which was the first to defeat the Sophs. He also served as a member of the Cap and Gown Dance committee. Being "out of circulation," Joe has but one choice. He intends to study law.

FRANCIS WILLIAM NEVITT

23 *Pleasant St.*

Raynham Center, Mass.

"Frank"

Frank is "Roseland's" contribution to the Prov. College social set. A politician, humorist, and member of the jovial cafeteria wits. A member of the Junior Prom Committee, Chairman of Cap and Gown Committee, delight of feminine eyes, etc. "Frank" enters Tufts Medical in September.

THOMAS PATRICK O'CONNOR

96 *Mansfield Street*

New Haven, Conn.

"Oakie", "The Master"

"Oakie" comes to Providence from Yale's backyard and upon graduation he intends to return there and study the love of Forestry. (If he is as successful there as he was here, they'll probably buy a forest for him to practice in.) A member of the Junior Prom Committee and the shining light of several minor dances, "Oakie" is something of a social lion. Then too, he is quite a hand at golf.

EDWARD JOSEPH O'NEILL*Providence, R. I.***"Ed"**

To those who knew him, Ed was a witty sort of individual, contributing much to one of our dreary classes to make it much more interesting. His hobby was attending baseball games, being a rabid fan and a noted critic of that sport. Being essentially reserved, he refuses to divulge his intention as to his later life, but those with whom he is intimate guess that the teaching profession will be enriched by his presence.

SANT PAUL*Federal Hill**Providence, R. I.***"Sant", "Paul"**

Freshman Debating was Sant's first love for it was in that field that he gained prominence. Four years of membership in the Aquino club have offered many opportunities for Paul to prove his worth as a man, *literateur*, and speaker, and he has fully availed himself on all occasions. Not only was he a prosecuting attorney of the Soph Court, but has been a frequent contributor to the Alembic. Scholastically it is enough to say that Santa has been accepted to Harvard Law School.

GUIDO EDWARD PIZZUTI*Federal Hill**Providence, R. I.***"Pizoote", "Eddy"**

Pizoote never discovered what Guido meant so he allowed his fellow classmates to call him George. No one ever saw Pizoote without a grin, not even in the four Aquino Club elections. The grin, however, assumed ultra-magnanimous proportions on that memorable night (and morning) of our Junior Prom. Pizoote wore the white carnation of the committee men.

EDWARD JOSEPH PLUNKETT*214 River Avenue**Providence, R. I.***"Ed"**

That outspoken individual who always wonders if he is "too presumptuous to presume," Ed was always ready to give his opinion (for what it was worth) on every occasion possible. Possessor of an acute sense of humor, and an active class worker, Ed's particular delight was arguing with anyone about anything whether it was of importance or not. Ed intends to enter Law school in the Fall.

LOUIS JOSEPH RAGNO*98 Tariff Street**Thompsonville, Conn.***"Lou", "Louie"**

Altogether too serious to cope with the times, Louie was sincere and loyal and an ardent worker in both class and college activities. Ever trying, ever a tireless worker, he was in interclass basketball and played on the Freshman baseball team. He was a member of the Spanish club and of the Aquino Literary Club. His main interest was the orchestra of which he was a member for four years. Achieved outstanding success in his Senior year when he wrote "College Road" for the "Student Quints." An habitual pipe-smoker, intends to become a teacher.

THOMAS J. REDDINGTON, JR.*206 Lafayette Street**Providence, R. I.***"Tom"**

A subtle humorist, Tom has been cussed and congratulated for a major percentage of the remarks that have become part of the history,—the more oft repeated chronicles of Providence College's unofficial affairs. Tom is among the leaders of his class and being respectful and considerate, he has entertained the reciprocal respect and consideration of all with whom he has associated. He starred on the class football and basketball teams; he went "social" these last couple of years (especially down "on the Farm"); he was unanimous choice for the Presidency of the "Coffee and . . ." Club. Tom is the possessor of an affable nature, real ability, and is pleasingly frank.

JOHN THOMAS REID*87 Lynox Avenue**Pittsfield, Mass.***"John"**

Here's "Big John," Pittsfield's contribution to four years of varsity baseball. Few of us ever knew John as a humorist, but he was one, par excellence. The rest of us never realized that that deep base voice was capable of such dry wit. But that homer in last year's Holy Cross game wasn't one of John's subtleties. According to Jack Flynn, Long John, or "Little Abner," was a keen baseball strategist, and Jack knew. John intends to become a teacher, but there is still a hope for "Big Time" baseball left in his heart.

GEORGE PAUL ROBILLARD*Providence, R. I.***"George"**

George, always the gentleman, has continuously manifested a rare scholastic ability and varied talents. His personality and interest in current ques-

tions stamped him as a competent member of the Debating Union. George has been actively interested in dramatics, particularly in the development of scenic effects. Served on the Cap and Gown committee, is fond of classical music, devoted to symphony concerts. An habitual pipe-smoker, preferring Briggs. His ambition is to follow in the footsteps of the Fathers.

JOHN JOSEPH REILLY

564 South Main Street

Fall River, Mass.

"Jack"

John was an active member of the Fall River Club, serving as its Treasurer and a member of its social committee. A veritable Lothario, finicky about clothes, doesn't smoke, and intends to become a teacher.

IRVIN FRANCIS ROSSI

516 West Street

Pittsfield, Mass.

"Irv"

May we present the Ambassador of "Hi-de-Ho," the man who made Minnie the Moocher famous. Irv sold dance bands, swung solos, and committed himself once. "You can have your opera; but give me jazzy, jazzy, jazz." Irv's name appeared on the Junior Prom Committee, and the Junior Boxing Bouts. Irv is an active member of the Friars Club, and was one of the stand-bys of the Class basketball teams. He intends to return to Pittsfield and rest.

JAMES ANTHONY RYAN

47 Chestnut Street

New Bedford, Mass.

"Jim", "Jimma"

Jim joined us in our sophomore year after a two year's absence from school life, and has been an inveterate "day hopper." His main activities were confined to the New Bedford Club in which organization he has served as Chairman of the dance committee, secretary in his Junior year, and president in his Senior year. Conservative in dress, a loyal friend, and lover of old books. Likes dancing. Intends to be a lawyer.

JAMES JOSEPH ST. GERMAINE

464 Montauk Avenue

New London, Conn.

"Jim", "Saint"

years as the Captain of that fighting eleven that downed the Sophs in the an-
Among the more noted members of his class, Jim was noted in his Frosh

nual soph-frosh football contest. Merited recognition of his literary talents, and was placed on the Tie-Up staff where he remained for three years. He was a member of the Freshman tennis team and the interclass basketball teams. He always participated in the annual Junior boxing bouts and was an active member of the Connecticut Club and the Friars Club to which he was elected in his Senior year. Jim also served capably as a member of the Junior Prom committee, and as a member of the "Student Quints" production. Smokes "stogies," and looks to law as a career.

HAROLD WHEELER SANDLER

181 Diman Street

Fall River, Mass.

Harold, because of his quiet and unassuming attitude, was more or less unnoticed until his Sophomore year when he made the Varsity Tennis team of which he was a member for three years, holding the distinction of being the only P.C. player to pass through an undefeated season. A fiend at ping-pong, an authority on biology among philosophers, Harold professes a fond patronage for opera.

DONALD CHESTER SCHRIEVER

162 Broad Street

North Attleboro, Mass.

"Don"

Don was that tall, dark complected youth from the "sticks," who passed a reserved Freshman year, being merely a member of the class football and basket-ball teams, but gained political prominence in his Sophomore year when he was elected class Treasurer. He was an active class supporter and was a tireless worker toward making class functions a success. He was a chairman of several Junior Dance committees. Don gained notoriety in his Senior year by writing "Dancing Cheek to Cheek" for the Alembic. His pet hobby was working on the Cowl staff, where he served as Assistant Editor. Don was an habitual critic, an inveterate punster, a fond admirer and staunch defender of Gov. "Jim" Curley. Smokes Chesterfields and is particularly partial to red heads. Don intends to become a teacher.

EDWARD JAMES SHORT

Providence, R. I.

"Ed"

Anyone who has ever had any occasion to visit the cafeteria must remember Ed. Ed is the fellow who bends his head over the checker board and ponders at the next move. Stanly Gaj once out-pondered him and Ed never forgave him for it. Furthermore his non-speaking Duels with Duprey are now

in the annals of "cafe" history. Ed intends to start a checker tournament and then cop first prize. Ed, the misogynist, acting as a rugged individualist, refuses to allow female contestants to take part.

DENNIS FRANCIS SHEA

269 Spring Street

Newport, R. I.

"Dinny"

Dinny entered Providence in the fall of '31, preceding us by a year. He was active in the affairs of the Class of '35, being elected vice-president of his class and a member of the Prom committee. He withdrew from school at the end of that year, and after a year's absence returned to join us in our Senior year and prove himself an outstanding student, being a participant in the Scholastic Disputation. Intends to teach.

EDWARD JOSEPH SIMMONS

Hope Street

Bristol, R. I.

"Ed"

Ed is a sincere individual who is ever trying—to play ping-pong. He also tries to play bridge, bowl, and tennis. Nevertheless, he tries, which can not be said of the most of us. A likeable chap, interested in class activities, attending most of the college dances and always could assume the attitude of having a good time. He dislikes cigarettes but has tried smoking a pipe, but in vain. Hopes to be a lawyer.

WALTER WILLIAM SIWICKI

146 Bowdoin Street

Providence, R. I.

"Walt"

A somewhat reserved youth, Walt spent most of his time and energy in swimming and studying sea-life. He was a member of the Aquino Literary Club and the class basketball team. His pet hobbies are art and fishing, and enjoys perfect happiness when near the sea.

JOSEPH FRANCIS SULLIVAN

186 Magnolia Street

Auburn, R. I.

"Joe"

Our Joe, the toast of Science, is a scholar of the medieval day. He loves problems and delights in finding square roots of nth degrees. Joe intends to get his M.S. shortly but we would rather prophesy a great future for him in the realm of chemical engineering.

JOSEPH JAMES WELCH*340 Whipple Street**Fall River, Mass.***"Joe"**

A quiet, reticent fellow with never much to say, Joe got along with all of us probably because of that. He was very active in the affairs of the Fall River Club, serving as a member of their social committee. Partial to blondes, doesn't smoke, intends to be a doctor.

EDMUND THOMAS WAY*130 Sterling Avenue**Providence, R. I.***"Ed"**

Ed was a reticent student who occupied himself particularly in debating and reading. A member of the senior debating team and an avid reader of current periodicals. He was intensely interested in editorial writing and an ardent admirer of the "New Deal." A rabid baseball fan and particularly fond of philosophy. Always obliging, never offending, Ed aspires to the "higher" life, hoping to become a missionary.

ERVILLE WILLIAM WILLIAMS*42 Atlantic Avenue**Providence, R. I.***"Erv"**

Earnestness in his studies, and outstanding in the business department merited for Erv a place on the managerial staff of the Alembic where he served for three years. In his senior year, Erv was made Treasurer of the Cowl. Serving as member of several dance committees, he acquitted himself admirably. He prefers blue suits and ties, partial to blondes, smokes Camels, and intends to be an accountant.

BAGATELLE

Here we present our clearing-house for personal effusions which by reason of their brevity and casual treatment of subject matter do not merit separate publication. It is the intention of this department to print brief familiar essays from two sources—those directly submitted to it, and those selected from the best and most representative effort of the classes in English Composition and the Essay.

Life's Funny That Way

It seems that most small towns in the Middle West have their rich old ladies. No matter the size of the town, there is always one large, red brick mansion which is set off from the rest of the residences by a certain aristocracy, an aristocracy which dates back to Civil War days. Western towns are peculiar that way, you know. Not to be an exception to the rule, Lancaster also had its rich old lady with her aristocratic mansion. "Aunt Sarah" Whittier was one of the oldest citizens, besides being one of the richest, in that fair town. She was greatly esteemed by all who came into contact with her and her large old-fashioned home was the only residence in the city—with the possible exception of the mayor's—that was exempt from the Halloween pranks of the children.

There was also a feeling of pity mingled with the love her acquaintances had for her, since Aunt Sarah could never hear the squealed delight of children or the homey chats of neighbors—yes, Aunt Sarah was deaf. She had lost her hearing as a result of a serious illness many years before. However, she did not seem to mind very much the affliction which aroused so much pity in the hearts of others. At times it seemed that she was quite content with the stillness forced upon her.

Aunt Sarah had never married and, consequently, had no children. All her love was spent on an orphan niece, Alice, who had lived with her since childhood. Alice had been given all that a girl would desire and after her marriage to Steve Martins, Aunt Sarah had insisted that they make their home with her. Steve was in no way in favor of it but he gave in to Alice's wish for reasons of his own. It was fortunate for the old lady that she could not hear the way in which Steve expressed his dissatisfaction. Of course, he always treated Aunt Sarah very lovingly for, after all, wasn't she a rich old lady with only one living relative—his wife?

Accordingly, the old woman was extremely happy because Alice and Steve—so she thought—were very contented. Joy was added to contentment when Alice told her aunt that there would soon be a Martins, Jr. Nothing could have pleased Aunt Sarah more. To think that now she could hold in her arms that prize for which she had always longed but which her deafness had always kept from her. She even had the optimism to visit Doctor Clark in an effort to find means of hearing again. She would enjoy the coming baby to her fullest extent. She didn't tell Alice or Steve of her plans; she had met too many disappointments before.

Doctor Clark managed to fit a new mechanical apparatus to her ear which enabled her to distinguish tones if spoken in a loud voice. Elated, she hurried home to tell Alice and Steve of the good news. Entering the house, she heard loud voices in the parlor. However, she did not go in, but waited to hear what they were saying so she could surprise them by repeating what she had heard.

A man's voice, which she felt must be Steve's, was raised in anger. "If you think I'm going to stay in this house and try to raise a child with that meddling old woman in the same house, you've another thought coming. I didn't want to come here in the first place. We don't have to stay here, you're sure of getting all her money when she dies."

"But, Steve," Alice was objecting, "Aunt Sarah has given me all that I have. Besides, I could never leave her in her condition and at her age."

"Well, I'm giving you your choice. You can pick between me and your aunt. I didn't marry her, I thought I married you."

Aunt Sarah didn't wait to hear more. A tear or two trickled down her wrinkled cheeks as she re-opened the door to the street. The device which she thought would bring her so much happiness and comfort in her old age dropped unheeded to the floor. Once more she was thrust into the silence which had claimed her for so many years and which she now regretted she had ever left.

Nothing mattered now that those she loved had turned against her. Alice and Steve had been the single bond that had enabled her to face the silence of her life cheerfully. What was left for her? Her mind was still centered on the event in the parlor and those biting words kept pounding through her brain. What matter silence, time, place?

A sudden screeching of brakes; the blowing of a policeman's whistle; and the old lady was violently knocked to the curb. After the policeman had picked her up, he silently removed his cap.

"I blew my horn about three times," ejaculated the truck driver. "I guess the old lady didn't hear me."

A Mother's Love

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Nowbray, it was all my fault. I shouldn't have allowed him to drink so—" He broke off suddenly, "No, I can't tell her that. She must never find out the truth," he reflected. "She was always saying that she never had any trouble with him."

He again picked up the paper from the small white table beside him and read:

'One Killed in Auto Accident.'

"At 11:30 P. M. last night, Seaside Turnpike was the scene of a fatal accident. The head-on crash of two cars resulted in the death of John Nowbray, 21, and the serious injury of Philip Weldon. The latter was brought to St. Raphael's Hospital and placed on the danger list. . . ."

He read no farther. The incident was all too clear in his mind. The peaceful ride in the cool night air; the sudden flash of lights; a swerve; then, that sickening crash.

He had awakened in this room. He didn't know how he reached here and cared less. Then the nurse had come in and told him about John. She had tried to make it easy for him, but to lose a companion in such a way was too much for him. It was necessary to call in the doctor to calm him. He was lucky, he thought, to come out of it alive; but his companion, he had paid dearly.

And now John's mother was coming to visit him. He had talked with her only yesterday, but now everything was so changed. What could he say to her? Or, what would she say to him? He couldn't put the blame on John. What was that phrase—*requiescat in pace*? Yes, no need of dragging Jack through it all. Let him rest in peace. Jack was faultless in his mother's eyes. Many were the times she had warned Phil not to be "leading her boy astray."

He couldn't tell her the truth,—that John was the cause of the accident. It was he who had insisted on speeding through the night so he wouldn't get home so late. Well, he would give some lame excuse—just say that he was sorry—that it was his fault and that—

The door of the small, white room opened. A woman entered—Mrs. Nowbray. She was dressed in black and the significance struck him keenly. She looked tired. There were dark circles under her eyes and strands of hair hung loosely below her hat. This was she with whom he had been joking just a short time ago.

Phil tried to sit up.

"Mrs. Nowbray, I'm—

"You poor boy," she interrupted, "I do hope you are not hurt badly. As soon as you are released I want you to come out to my home to rest up. I'll be awfully lonely now."

JOHN J. O'CONNELL, '37.

One O'clock Sunday Dinner

Congress can change a constitutional law by merely voting but even they cannot change an unwritten law. An unwritten law floats around in the ether and is continually bobbing up to bother us.

One of these unrepealable monstrosities is the precept that Sunday dinner must be eaten at one o'clock regardless of mood, convenience, inclination, or the all important appetite. Why? Because the omnipotent mother and wife dictated thus from some dim moment in the misty past.

Saturday morning mother awakens with a fiendish chuckle, wraps herself in a witchlike cloak and silently leaves the house. She rushes to the butcher's on her errand of infamy. She scrutinizes every turkey and chicken in the store and then she buys a nice, large, red three rib roast beef. Then she sidles across the sawdust laden floor where she engages an gentleman named Tony in earnest conversation. This Tony is the vice-president in charge of groceries. After asking him whether or not he thinks that her family would like broccoli, garlic or spinach; he replies that his suggestion would be buttered asparagus. Then mother thanks him and then she buys two cans of corn.

Mother then rushes home where she corners the cook. Together they spend the afternoon making a chocolate cake, a batch of nut cookies, a freezer of ice cream, and several apple pies of exquisite deliciousness. Thus, with these additions the larder is filled to the overflowing.

Ah, it is Sunday morning. Father returns home from late Mass informs her that he must play golf with good old Ned. So off he rushes with some muttered reply to her ultimatum of Dinner at one. Then in comes Junior who rushes about dressing up, for he has promised Bud that he will dine with him today. Mother protests but Junior is too skillful a fencer for he is at the door before she knows it. Mother asks him where his sister is with the family car and the answer is that she met eight of her friends after Mass and that they have all gone over to the Dew Drop One for dinner, a distance of some fifty miles.

Mother drops weakly in a chair full of grief, but suddenly she brightens for Father will be home. So she waits until two-fifteen for him. By this time the roast is so shriveled that it will not even make hash for Monday's dinner. Suddenly she hears a key in the door and it is Father looking fresh with a sprained muscle in his back, sand in his hair and six Old Fashions under his belt. Dropping weakly on the couch he mutters something about not being able to eat a thing as he ate eleven cheese and cracker sandwiches at the club (free).

Every Sunday this routine is little changed, and we, in this little billet doux, do homage to this great American institution and to those mothers who are loyal to roast beef through all these heaped up obstacles.

JOHN J. SHEA, '38.

Our Damns

Many, many years ago, when I was just a lad, I used to think that *damn* was a very naughty word. My memory is not quite clear on how I came to regard it as so very bad, but I distinctly remember how, one time, its use by a cleric telling a story greatly scandalized me. And as is usual in such cases, the story itself is forgotten, but that word, even though innocently used, yet remains most vividly impressed in my mind.

It seems that most children fashion on *damn* and *hell* as serious cursing. Fortunately, out of their mouths the really reprehensible words do not often issue. As they grow up they gradually learn that the use of "damn" is not wrong morally, but only very vulgar; then they go through the stage wherein it is "merely American slang," and finally, considering themselves the masters of their own minds, they choose to employ it regularly or to reject it.

In my own experience of this development, I can remember occasions when the rightness or wrongness of saying *damn* would be discussed among us. One of our group was a very bright sort of lad and usually had an opinion all his own on everything. We youngsters always listened to what he had to say and we held a high respect for his ideas. According to his definition, saying *damn* was "swearing" while saying anything worse was "cursing." Later on, a boy a little older than we said that in school they told him saying *damn* was not actually a sin, only it was not nice to use it; but that saying *damn* it or *you go to hell* was a sin of cursing. Moreover, with a bit of philosophy too profound for us at that age, he declared that even if we just said *damn* when we meant to curse, then we were guilty of cursing. However, this ended the matter for us, and I believe that from that time on if we became sufficiently angry we made sure to say *You go to hell!*

But now that I am a man (that is, a sophomore in Providence College) I have been finding that *damn* can be a most expressive word. For instance, when a very mild-spoken person should use it, or when it should come upon us very suddenly in a bit of strong, realistic dialogue, it has the shock of one of Joe Louis' quick lefts to the face. But there is even a better employment of the word, and that is the humorous one. Used thus strategically, sparingly and with vitality it can be marvellously effective. Let me illustrate with a few humorous *damn* examples.

Belloc gives us the following "original" definition of laughter in his "On Laughter":

"There is a better definition of laughter which I will now give you without looking up any book. I made it up entirely out of my own head for the advantage of my own fellow-beings. Note it carefully; indeed, you will do well to write it down. Generally, laughter is the physical effect produced in the rational being by what suddenly strikes his immortal soul as damned funny. This is a first-rate definition.

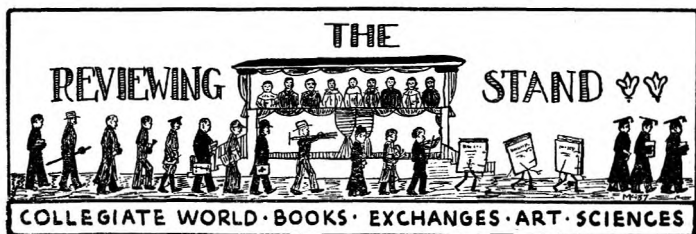
And those who were lucky enough to have seen "Big-Hearted Herbert" will

recall how the "revolt of mother" began with the ungent "I'll show him the damndest, plainest dinner he has ever had." Then, too, there is always the incident of the novice at typing—asdfgf "space" ;lkjhj "space"; but as the drill was not proceeding so well the rhythm changed to a asdfgg *damn* ;lkjhjn *damn* asf. . .

Chesterton is a writer who uses the word very effectively in his "psychologically" and sparingly placed "damn" for humorous effectiveness. There are others too, but they are unfortunately few. For as a matter of fact, there are not many who have mastered the art of its employment, which requires a little deeper stuff than just a clever sense of effect, timing and humor. True, there are a great number of writers, especially today, who use "damn" but who do so to an entirely different purpose. They are mainly our realistic (or naturalistic) writers who lay so much stress on the reporting of dialogue just as it is (or as they say it is) among us. Now it is not my intention here to discuss the esthetics of the employment of strictly realistic dialogue or the advisability of saying *damn* (or as it is more frequently written—"damn"). Should I do so I am certain that I would condemn it for I dislike this type of modern writing. When I go to literature I prefer something romantic, or if realistic, somewhat in the nicer tradition—but, here now, who cares about my prejudices?

What I would like to say though in closing this little paper is that the ultra-realistic school of "damners" represent to my mind so often an unhealthy trend in literature. I like to think of writers as people a little more gifted by God than the general run of us, and I look to them for entertainment and for glimpses of truth and beauty. When I happen unprepared upon a vulgar or a blasphemous *damn*, I am unpleasantly reminded of that keen disillusionment I suffered once before. But for those like G.K. and the others who can say a *damn* with an innocence of heart and a buoyancy of spirit,—i.e., are made of deeper stuff—I have nothing but praise and many a hearty chuckle. They uphold the healthful trends in modern literature. Perhaps I may seem to hang my thesis on too slight a ground, but I do think that something of a case like this may be drawn. And for those "wholesome" writers, I believe that the Angel who has the charge of these matters will inscribe their works on the Immortal Book List for the reading public of Heaven.

THOMAS F. SHEEHAN, '38.



G. T. Scowcroft, '37

Why Change the American College?

DURING THAT PERIOD WHICH educators refer to as "modern," and which includes the past twenty years, there has been a marked trend toward radicalism. The basis for this statement is the acknowledged desire of those in charge of public education to dump the 'old system' and set up one entirely new,—one that can adjust itself more efficiently to the complexities of modern life. Of particular note are the drastic changes which have been brought about in the lower branches of education. Under the influence of Spencer, Dewey, Morgan, Parkhurst, Morrison, Watson, and many others the American system of education has been so thoroughly revised that the very leaders of the movement, not having the faintest idea of what they want, must approach the matter experimentally. Today, however the mania for change has broken the bonds of elementary education and has injected its venom into the field of collegiate training. The situation as it exists is summed up very aptly by Henry M. Wriston, President of Lawrence Col-

lege: "In times of stress man is fain to find a scapegoat for his troubles. At such times the ancient doctrine to which Rousseau adhered is preached again. Man, by nature is good. He is corrupted by institutions. Therefore change the institutions—so that the true and beautiful nature of man may emerge. Today all institutions are under fire."

Many of the men, who are prominent in the field of education, have become disgusted with the advocates of intrinsic reforms, and have challenged the rights and the qualifications of haywire-theorists, who have dared to destroy, on a whim, a system of education built on years of intensive study and practical application.

Says Robert L. Kelly, Editor of the Bulletin of the Association of American Colleges, concerning this question: "The Association of American Colleges is interested in the fundamental adjustments, not in patent medicines, not in pulling rabbits out of the hat. The Association of American Colleges is interested in teaching students to

avoid immediacy and to cultivate continuity in their lives.

Again A. E. Morgan, Principal of the Canadian McGill University, in considering the modern trend toward specialization has this to say: "I am distinctly nervous of our tendency today to take boys and girls as they come from the schools and go up to the universities, and make them into inadequate, squinting little experts."

Let us take to heart the words of Herbert E. Hawks, Dean of Columbia College, at Columbia University, who in an address welcoming the Association of American Colleges to New York, said the following: "I say, therefore, that the only way to preserve the integrity of the college and that of the students whom the college serves is to prove all things in the hope that an informed and honest person will cling to that which is good."

Perhaps the above statements will give you some idea of the contempt in which the 'radical reformers' are held by many of our leaders in the educational field. For out-and-out disgust, however, the following passage taken from Henry A. Wriston's Presidential Address delivered before the Association of Colleges seems to be particularly forceful: "We do not understand man. So we talk about the things we understand. Institutions are conceived as structures; they approximate manufacturing plants. We feed in the raw freshman and take out the alumnus—or as it is called, the 'end-product.' Looking upon the end product we perceive that it is not good. So we tear

down the institutions, redesign the machinery and produce something else. Upon what we will produce, no one agrees—just so it be different from the past and present, and 'better', especially 'socially' better. We must remake society, a better whole out of worse parts. It's a wonder no one suggested it as a W. P. A. project!"

Whenever the educational field is dominated by a small group of anti-conservatists there is bound to be disaster. America today is flooded by the literature of such a group. Most of those within this fold have long since sighted the opportunities for acquiring fame and fortune which lay in the unethical practice of proposing false theories in the hope that they might appeal to an uninformed fast-living people. Such men are a disgrace to their profession. Generally they fall into three classifications: (1) Those who are yet obscure, and who seek prominence by knowingly formulated unsound, but enticing theories. (2) Those who have been acclaimed and who betray their profession by using their reputations to further their own ends. (3) Those sincere radicals who blunder continuously. Before America can take another step forward, she must rid herself of these educational parasites who thrive on her love for variety. They are attempting to batter down a system which has been erected by generations of sincere, loyal and intelligent men. They have already set us back twenty years in our educational endeavors.

New DRESS SUITS FOR SALE
TO HIRE **New TUXEDOS**

NEW WALDORF TUXEDOS
(INCLUDING VEST)

\$22.50

15 WEEKS TO PAY

FULL DRESS SUITS

WALDORF CLOTHING COMPANY

MEN'S FORMAL WEAR EXCLUSIVELY

212 UNION STREET

Cor. WEYBOSSET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.



Sports - back GABARDINE SUITS

If you are unacquainted with the qualities of Gabardine we'd like to show you why it wears so well, why it looks so smart, why it holds its shape. Then you, too will go for Gabardine this Spring and Summer. Now available in patterns and in many new shades, in new sports-back models.

\$21 to 27.50

and up to \$35

The **OUTLET** *Company*
RHODE ISLAND'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE

JOSEPH M. TALLY

JOSEPH V. TALLY, P.C., '26

**Religious Articles—Church
Goods—'Tourists' Agency**

505 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

WASHING

SIMONIZING

**NARRAGANSETT
HOTEL GARAGE**

(Opposite Narragansett Hotel)

POLISHING

STORAGE



THE LAST ROUND

LIFE BEGAN AGAIN AT 40; AT 40 minutes past seven of a Thursday morning after the Easter Ease when the first contingent began trooping up from River Avenue to be in good time for the 8:10 class. There was spring in the air and a spring to their gait, due no doubt to the sweet thought that it would be the last time they would return after an extended holiday for this scholastic year.

Huddles in the corridors, on the campus, and everywhere, each inquiring how the other had spent the furlough and eyeing the new spring finery of the fellow. There were continued comments on the fruitful retreat preached to them by Father Kelly, and anxieties expressed on how tough it would be to study—what with spring and baseball, 'Gansett and the Quints, class picnics and Junior Prom, ready to crowd out thoughts of books.

THE SOPHS ASTOUND

Within a week after the return, the Sophs staged their spring frolic, and a frolicsome affair it was. Harkins Hall was tastefully bedecked with black and white streamers; its walls paneled by pillars of black and white, while its

center became an enticing arbor of roses. About a hundred and seventy-five couples danced a la Schriever in the soft glow of revolving colors, to the music of Aldren Dooley's orchestra. An enjoyable feature was the floor show for which Joe Devenish, John McCabe, Howard Slavin and Daniel Roberts performed by rendering, among other things, numbers from the forthcoming musical comedy of the Student Quints. The dance was a decided social and financial success, which is all that one need expect from any dance.

THE JOURNALISTS POUND

It was with considerable trepidation that the COWL editors distributed the questions for their second poll of student sentiment on topics of the day, collegiate and otherwise. (Their fingers had somewhat been singed by the first.) Boldly they decided to ask whether or not the infant weekly met with student approval; they were like a French cabinet demanding a vote of confidence. The result was surprisingly gratifying. From the entire student body (three votes alone dissenting) there came warm expressions of approval. (Evidently the issue of April

TELEPHONE DEXTER 2351

JOHN J. ROURKE & SON

**BEEF AND PROVISIONS
BUTTER EGGS AND POULTRY**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

261-267 Canal Street

Edward F. C. McLaughlin & Co., Inc.

INSURANCE SPECIALISTS

New York Office

270 Madison Ave.

Scranton Office

Scranton Life Bldg.

MAIN OFFICE

ONE NEWARK STREET

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY

BROKERS FOR ALL TYPES OF INSURANCE

WILLIAM H. RYAN

. PRINTING .

CALENDARS FOR 1937

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

181 Canal St. : Providence, R. I.

THE CHARTERED COACH

**MODERN, COMFORTABLE,
AND REASONABLE**

**UNITED ELECTRIC
RAILWAYS CO.**

1—the COWL SLIP—had tickled their fancy). Only a few suggestions and criticisms of minor character were voiced. Thus stimulated, the editors are redoubling their efforts to develop the paper to a point far beyond its present excellence.

In addition the students approved the new COWL slogan—IT'S HERE BECAUSE IT'S TRUE, NOT TRUE BECAUSE IT'S HERE; they expressed their desires for weekly assemblies; accepted the New Deal and Father Coughlin; but voted a censure upon Japan, Italy, and Germany for disturbing world peace.

The question "Do you think the President justified in taking a vacation during the flood menace?" brought this brilliant answer, among the many affirmatives: "If he can afford it. Anyway, what does President McCarthy have to do with the flood?"

The COWL went to eight full pages in its edition of May 1. The infant is growing up fast—even if furiously.

THE QUINTS GLORY BOUND

A week of work for a night of play; hard, gruelling, wearisome work often till two in the morning. Did we say for a week? Two months ago the grind started for the directors, the musicians, the scrip writers (or should we be thoroughly honest and say THE scrip writer, our own E. Riley Hughes?), the costumers, the financiers, the set-makers, the chorus, the principals. It was a bedlam around here for a week before the show and it was more than bedlam when the ONE dress rehearsal was ATTEMPTED.

Came the curtain on the night of April 30. An unexpected overflowing audience (how good it was to see the auditorium really CROWDED for

once) was sufficient spark to ignite the smouldering fires of genius. The boys acted beyond themselves; the play was a riotous success, and it had to be repeated two other nights. Not in the memory of any present student could such an enthusiasm as that which prevailed around the precincts of the college those three days be recalled. P. C. had found itself again.

It is hard to signal out the names of the most deserving participants. There is Father Nagle with his skilful direction and abiding faith; Father Regan with his untiring assistance; Father Meehan with his helpful counsel; Father Georges with his faithful, competent orchestra; the Quints themselves, Stanley Loparto, William Lawler, James Boboras, John Smith and Leo Bouzan; the author, E. Riley Hughes, the treasurer, Laurence J. Walsh, the manager, Archie MacDonald, the stage manager, Paddy Morrison; together with a host of others who played a vital part, like John Cavanagh, Leo Davin, John Bucklin, Michael Massad, Leo Flynn, Arnold Giusti, Seymour Bedrick, Ralf Mendozzi, Ben Abrams, Edmund Carberry, Donald Banford, Daniel Roberts, Edward Gill, Arthur Costantino, Louis Ragno, Joseph Devinish, and particularly, Francis Moriarty, with his unpredictable antics.

The sentiment was freely expressed that the musical comedy should become an annual affair.

THE JUNIORS GO 'ROUND AND 'ROUND

May 14 saw the day of the Junior Prom. Dressed in their best bibs and tuckers, in the best ballroom of the best Hotel in town, with the best girl of each dressed in her best, the Juniors prominated from 9 to 2. It was a hugely enjoyable and successful affair.

GIBSON'S
Chocolates and Bon Bons



Providence Made—Fresh Daily
12 Convenient Locations

NEW STYLES

BY PEIRCE
IN SPORT SHOES
OR STREET SHOES
FROM \$5.00 UP

THOMAS F. PEIRCE & SON
Westminster and Dorrance Streets
Catering to college men since 1767

NOW—COMPLETE OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGE MAN

McCARTHY'S

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPT. - - - DAYLIGHT BASEMENT

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPT. - - MAIN FLOOR

McCARTHY'S

(WOONSOCKET'S GREATEST DEPARTMENT STORE)

McGLINCHEY
HARDWARE & PAINT CO.

Locksmithing	Garden Tools
Window Glass	Maze Lamps
Paint Supplies	Roofing Supplies
Household Supplies	Electrical Supplies

420 Smith St. DE 5674

ARROW SHIRTS
MALLORY HATS

FOR THE COLLEGE MAN
Complete Lines of
MEN'S FURNISHINGS

O'DONNELL'S
40 Washington Street

Danny Murphy and his "Skippers" gave the crowd some fancy music which called for some fancy dancing.

Excepting the formal Commencement Ball, the Prom was the last and likely the best of the social activities this year.

THE CAPPED AND GOWNED

May 5 dawned rosy and mild after a tempestuous R. I. Tercentenary Independence Day Fete. Ninety seniors marched up to the stage and received the robes of their academic station. They made a magnificent spectacle as they paraded out for the dedication of the Class Tree. William McKenna

gave the address of dedication. That night, still robed in the dignified raiment of the graded scholar, they danced and listened to honor student Dominic Fabrizio.

Except for the honor students, they are still held to class attendance, but obviously their hearts are not in them. They look to June 14—so near now—that day of days, when with sheepskin in hand, and with the plaudits of their relatives, friends and fellows ringing in their ears, they will step from the Halls of Alma Mater to face a world that, with all its troubles and tempests, still offers to the College Graduate a most fair promise of successful and honorable careers.

WORDS

*Words are often lightly spoken,
Light as e'en the breeze that stirs
Weakest blade of golden harvest—
Whispers softest 'mid the firs;
Think we then their worth, their value,
Ere we thoughtless give them life,
This may aid us soon to conquer
Faults that cause us daily strife.*

GILFORD G. NYE

ENGRAVED COLLEGE INVITATIONS
AND PERSONAL CARDS

290 Westminister St.
GASPEE 2337

**COMPLETE LINES FOR
SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES**

comprising

C.P. CHEMICALS
SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS
LABORATORY SUPPLIES

GEO. L. CLAFLIN COMPANY
150 Dorrance St., Providence, R. I.

You Said It, Brother,

BUICK'S the BUY!

PROVIDENCE BUICK CO.

25 Reservoir Ave.

24 HOURS SERVICE

DEXTER 2000

**INDEPENDENT TAXI
OWNERS ASS.**

35 c. TAXI

EAT AT

MARCONI'S

17 BRADFORD ST.

PATRONIZE

ALEMBIC

ADVERTISERS



Providence Men
FIND
"Quality Always"
AT

**READ & WHITE
TUXEDOS
FULL DRESS
CUTAWAYS
FOR HIRE
CAPS & GOWNS**

214 Woolworth Bld.
Providence Men



FRANCIS MCINNIS, '38

THE EGANITES

THE FIRST FEW GAMES OF the season have been a disappointment for Providence College fans. The Friars, highly touted in pre-season predictions, were thrust aside by the rush of Holy Cross and Yale in their quest of the championship. No small part of this failure was due to the bogging down of the supposedly high powered pitching staff and the failure of the team to hit in the pinches. However, the team seems to have hit its stride and the favorable showing made in the last few games is due mainly to improved pitching and the rapid development of some of the players. Unless form falls completely apart we have a growing suspicion that Providence College will be nip and tuck all the way in the scramble for the Eastern Goufalon. In recounting the success of the team to date generous praise is due to Tom Appleton, a steady and dependable member of the team. His contributions to the Providence College cause have been munificent. As substantial proof of the above allegation an example or two may suffice. In the first few games he was absent from the lineup and the team lost these games; upon his in-

clusion the team resumed its winning ways. The extent of this one player's responsibilities in the cited case, of course is largely conjectural, but his influence was apparent. There has also been a revival of Friar hitting power which has accounted for the success shown in recent games. This is, in no small way, due to the presence, in the lineup, of Ralph Coleman and Ray Belliveau, whose feats at bat and afield are causing the fans to hark back to the days of former Providence College baseball luminaries. The team is also fortunate in possessing the services of players whose skill and experience bids fair to help the team in its climb for top honors.

The batting slump into which some members of the team have been falling may be due to the fact that they are trying too hard to maintain reputations established last year, but it is to be hoped that individual reputations will be submerged in the realization that general teamwork is essential to the continuance of the glorious precedent established by Providence College teams of the latter seasons.

From our varied and widespread observations we would hazard a guess, which is much more than a guess, that

BERRY FARMS

PRODUCERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF
COLT FARM GRADE "A" MILK

Visitors Welcome at all Times

SEEKOOK, MASS.

E. A. 2020

Alumni Spring Program

FLYNN MEMORIAL GAME

JUNE 1

RED SOX vs. FRIARS

Reserved Seats.... \$1.00

Admission..... .75

ALUMNI DAY

METACOMET GOLF CLUB

JUNE 9

SPRING SUPPER DANCE

METACOMET GOLF CLUB

JUNE 19

DANCING 9-1

CARDS \$4

NOONAN BROS.

CUT FLOWERS

FLORAL DESIGNS

646 River Ave.

WE 6054

Pictures and Picture Framing

Over 40 Years in the Old Arcade

**Providence Picture
Frame Co.**

61 ARCADE BLDG. - 3rd FLOOR

the College is studded with star players, which fact, looms as a major problem for our coaches. Some of the younger players show a greater aptitude for the game than do the veterans. They do not fuss or fume as much; they do not resent criticism, and they would welcome the opportunity to play ball. This is quite what we expect, as new blood and new ideas must fight for its life in sports, as elsewhere. Ability must team with disposition for the team to make real headway along the uncertain path to pennantdom, and avoid the dolorous trip downward.

TENNIS

Further afield, the brilliant performances by the Providence College varsity tennis team seems to be the rule rather than the exception. The team has compiled an enviable record against major opposition and we predict that tennis will soon occupy a select "niche" in our athletic endeavors and bring added acclaim to the College. The netmen are to be congratulated for their splendid showing in a sport which heretofore has not received the same recognition in the College as the more highly publicized — so called — "dangerous" sports. Frankly, we have always been included in that category which considered tennis a "whoops" sport. But we have come to realize that sheer grit,

perseverance, and confidence such as indicated by our team is as necessary to tennis as to football—basketball—or baseball.

GOLF

There has been no formal team in this department, but the boys play it privately, and judging from the whims that sing in the upper reaches of the campus, they are doing it effectively and pleasurably. And that is how sport should be.

It is really a shame that a golf team cannot be organized and supported by the College. But it goes back to the old problem which troubles nearly every living person namely, finances. As in every other sport, the College has a wealth of material for a golf team, but lacks the money with which to establish and maintain such a team. Possibly there will be a rejuvenation of our State and National Governments in the November elections which would bring about a much needed change in our monetary system. Father Coughlin might even succeed in driving the money changers out of the temple, which fact might also help the financial status of the College. So with this thought in mind the Court of Sport leaves you until next year and hopes that a pleasant summer is enjoyed by all.

DEW DROPS

*When we look on waking Flowers,
Blushing in the rising sun;
Smiling, quaffing crystal dew drops,
Do we reckon up the sum,
That we owe to God for graces?
Countless, as the drops that glow,
Diamond-like, on weed and flower
Source of life to each we know!*

A Little Better

A little better skill in posing, a little better likeness and Boston's foremost imprint—and you have a much better photograph, much more satisfaction and far wider approval of the results. Then we add beautiful covers and scrupulous care in details of packing and, mark it—we deliver on time. No detail escapes our interested care.

P U R D Y

160 TREMONT STREET

BOSTON, MASS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

CLASS OF 1936

*Chesterfield writes
its own advertising*

