

The Alembic

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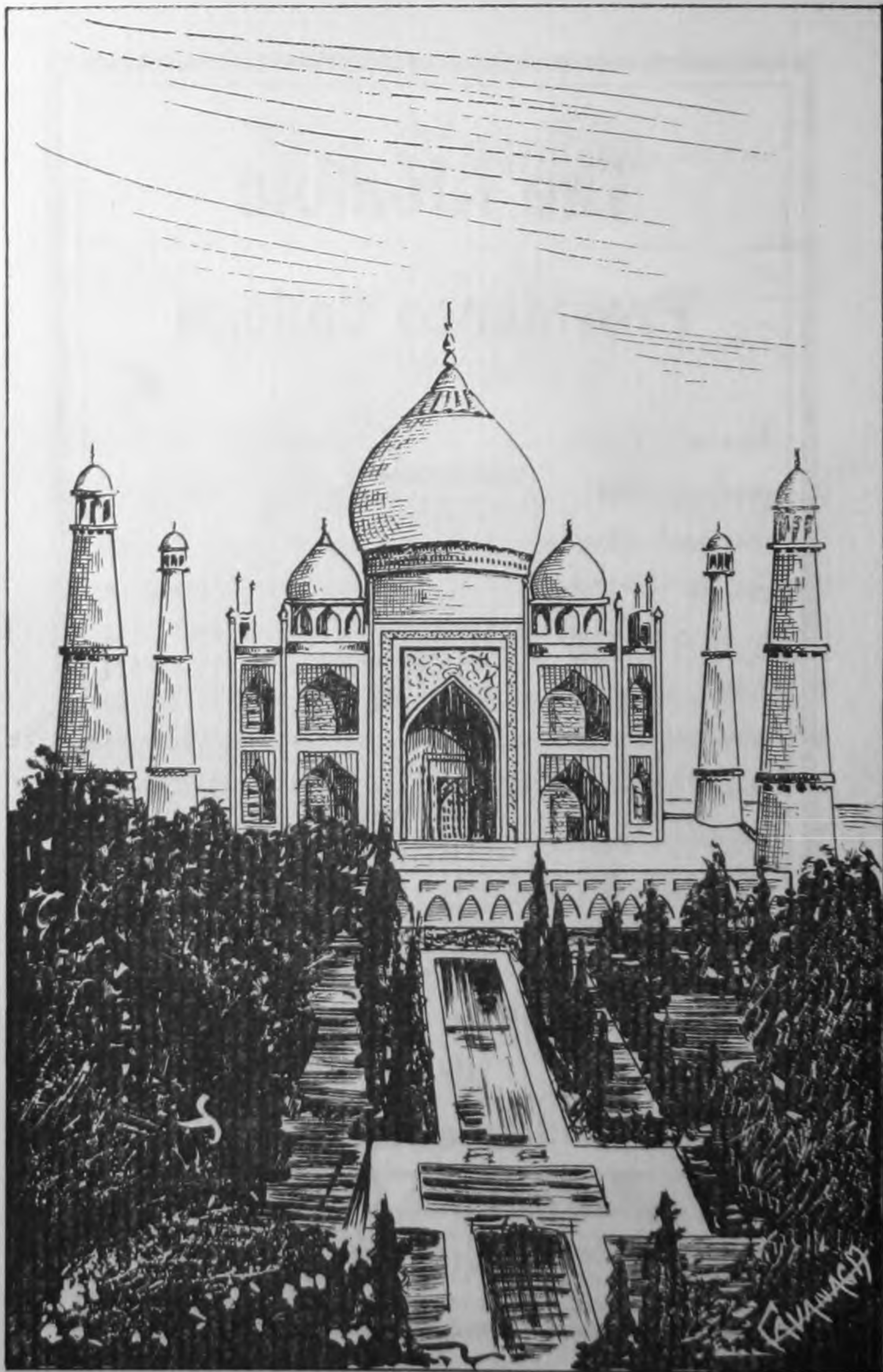
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The Alembic

Providence College




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



Suspicion, intrigue and murder . . . all the elements of a gripping Oriental tale well told.

The Course of the Twin Stars

By Daniel P. David, '37

HAMAD, the Sultan's astrologer, sat gazing into vacant space, thinking . . . thinking A wizened man, who asked only peace and solitude to peruse his maps and study the heavens, he had just been confronted with the most terrifying information he had ever faced in all his seventy years. A scheme was afoot to assassinate the reigning potentate and give to his pretender the sceptre. The plotters had just visited old Shamad to enlist his support. Now, alone he sat in his dimly lighted study, thinking thinking

"You will be released from your virtual imprisonment in the service of the Sultan; freedom will be yours. Join us!" They had tempted him thus. "Together we shall bring about the downfall of this tyrant, this murderer."

Shamad knew their cause was just, at least in one sense. Oppression had fomented rebellion in the hearts of this people until theirs was the doctrine of desperation. "Join us and be free!" The words rang in his ears; the thought racked his mind. He knew that any day even he might be led to execution at the slightest pretext—the fate of many others. He was tempted.

His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of

the Sultan himself. With a start, Shamad banished his thoughts and rose to greet his master. "I have come to have you consult the heavens for me," said the leader. "I wish you to unveil my destiny."

Obediently, as he had done frequently before, the old astrologer spread his maps before him. He studied them carefully. A cunning gleam filled his eyes; age and experience had made him crafty. If he could, in some way, link his own life with that of the Sultan, he would achieve a measure of safety. His clawlike fingers traced faded and faint lines on the parchment wrinkled with use and yellowed with age. Ah—here, in the sign of Pollox, the twin stars, lay his answer. His fingers followed the lines until they joined and ended abruptly after a long journey side by side.

The Sultan listened with narrowed eyes as Shamad slowly and softly read his horoscope. "The truth, old wretch—thou dost not lie to me?"

"There are the lines, Master. See for thyself."

"Then our fates are allied. Thy death will forbode mine. Shamad, thou art old, and a fool, but even fools have wise moments. Are our days drawing to an end?"

"Master, it is yet distant."

"Then I must see that thou art preserved, Shamad. Our lives must follow their courses together. Henceforth, when I am weary from intrigues and enemies, I shall find solace with you amid the maps and charts that guide us."

* * * *

It was two weeks later that the star-gazer was again interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of the Royal One, followed by his attendant and food-bearer. The latter was the the official food-taster to guard against poison being

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Here's a friendly little narrative essay that we are confident everyone will enjoy, by the author of the Open Letter to a Freshman. Don't let the title frighten you.

\$!

By James G. Fairbrother, '35

ORDINARILY, I'm not the sort of fellow who is disturbed by little things, but lately I've been suffering a grievance that seems to worm its clammy way into my consciousness with alarming frequency. Sometimes I wonder—are others afflicted with the same trouble, or am I alone in my grief, paying, as it were, the price of some misdemeanor in earlier life? Or am I a mystical sort, hypersensitive to little things, doomed to a life of futile worry and fretting while those about me go merrily about the happy business of living? It is, indeed, a trying question.

Here's how it all came about: Some time ago I was privileged to attend a banquet at which there were several notable speakers. In the course of the evening, the toastmaster rose to introduce the guest of honor. Flowery were his phrases, noble his words, commanding his gestures. I was captured by his eloquence, enthralled by his oratory. That is, until he uttered one of his concluding remarks: "A cultured, educated, brilliant man—a man bright as a dollar!" There my rapt attention was interrupted. There came the break

in the spell. "Bright as a dollar!" I repeated inwardly. "Bright as a dollar."—the thought revolved over and over again in my mind. The remainder of the evening's talks were lost to me. I was off on a tangent of musing.

Now I realize that it is a man's prerogative to choose whatever form of comparison he wants—especially a toast-master, who is forever consecrated to the use of superlatives. He may, if he wish, make his estimate in terms of whatever pops into his mind at the moment. But to call a man as bright as a dollar! I rankle at the memory.

Do you remember the last dollar you saw? I do. It was a piece of paper—green, dirty, crumpled. Doubtless it had been clutched in some grimy hand, baptised in sweat, and forced to live in a dark cave of a pocket amid sundry articles including a chewing plug, and (if the owner were one of the blessed few) a couple of its equally nondescript fellows. Not a very pleasant domicile, even though consoled with the thought that it was only a temporary resting place. At any rate, my point is that most dollars are extremely messy looking things. Why, therefore, allude to a poor chap as having anything in common with a dollar, unless you mean he is an untidy wretch, of dubious origin and undetermined future?

So ran my thoughts for days—until, just when I feared I was to be crazed by my cogitations, I found an apparent solution. The silver dollar! Sweet vintage of bygone days—clean, shiny, brilliant in the dancing sunbeams, you have solved my dilemma! It is you to whom my friend the toast-master referred in his simile. Blessed cartwheel, thing of beauty, sparkling goddess, you have led me out of the darkness that threatened to engulf me forever! Tho' I never shall

(Continued on Page 56)

EASTER

In the gray of Easter dawn
 When the stars begin to fade,
On the wings of coming morn
 Ride the angels bright arrayed.
And they gather up the flowers
 From the purple plains of morning
Far and wide in bloomy showers
 Graves of midnight woe adorning—
Saying, singing, "Christ is risen!"
 Watch no more the open prison:
From your sorrow look away
 To the fullness of this day."

Robert T. Murphy, '36.

"COME TO ME"

I walked in the great cathedral
Along the aisle to prayer;
The mighty bell in the tower
Had drawn my footsteps there.

The shadow of His Presence
Across the altar fell
"Oh, Lord, I am not worthy—"
Thrice rang the altar bell.


I left the great cathedral
At peace with self and God,
No more my life o'erburdened,
No more my labor hard.

Herbert F. Murray, Jr., '35.

A scholarly and sympathetic perspective of one of America's great authors, whose greatness was long obscured.

Poe

By Leo Duprey, '36

OME like to think of Edgar Allan Poe as the son of De Quincey's "Levana," a "tentless son of Shem," whose exotic quality strangely resembles the Byronic. I confess I belong to this group. His literary products were largely a chant to the bizarre and the morbid; his soul, like Milton's, was a "star that dwelt apart." The "organ-voice" must be turning over in his Westminster grave at this seemingly incongruous analogy; Poe, doubtless is emitting a mirthless, sardonic laugh at being compared to Puritanical John. But there is some basis for the comparison. Both were bitterly disappointed in life and in their fellowmen; both were chagrined by family indifference; both towered over all other figures of their epoch.

Sometimes, too, I like to think of him as an Ariel whose futile attempts to escape from the Caliban of viciousness excited too little sympathy and too much censure from his righteous and jealous contemporaries.

Modern biographers, however, have delved into the labyrinth of Poe legends and have analyzed both him and them under the inexorable microscope of fact and reality. The results are startling. Of all the lives written about this stormy petrel of the American literary scene, I like Hervey

Allen's *Israfel* the best. It is not only analytic but sympathetic and interpretative. I never realized before that early environment and thwarted affections could produce such devastating results. A parsimonious father, a doting mother, distraught by her sterility and the discovery of John Allan's numerous infidelities, made a permanent imprint on the fragile soul of Poe.

If the dictum, "Good people are seldom interesting," be true, its converse raises *Israfel* to the epitome of fascination. College students, particularly, should be interested in Poe, whose collegiate career was a series of disappointments and shattered ego. A spirit as proud and as aristocratic as his must have been broken and crushed by his guardian's refusal to honor his ward's debts. Poe, like many others, became a Collegiate pariah whose poverty closes the gates to the Elysian joys of the fraternalism which is the very core of collegiate life; he was forced to leave and thus continued the exodus that Spenser, Doctor Johnson, and Shelley were forced to make. The fact that so many of the truly great figures of the literary world endured the "slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune" impresses me as a potent indictment against those who tamper with college curricula. Why must the utilitarian be always confused with the abstract bounties of education and refinement?

Possibly, Divine Providence so arranged that these misfortunes should indelibly imprint his character and permeate his want for this special purpose: that posterity could raise its head in the presence of haughty English brethren and say "Here is one glory you cannot duplicate."

A short tale in verse.

By JOHN B. MCCARTHY, '36

A DREAM AND AN AWAKENING

She was, when I beheld her first,
A simple child of ten,
A smiling, dimpled bashful girl,
"Exquisite," I thought then.

I was a lad of equal age,
Tow headed, freckle faced;
As clumsy and as dull a child,
As ever school room graced.

'Twas in a class our eyes first met,
Beneath a teacher's frown.
I loved at once that blue eyed girl
Dressed in a gingham gown.

And when the classes were dismissed,
Braving the scornful looks
Of classmates less inclined to love,
I'd carry home her books.

As arm in arm we walked along,
Two carefree children then,
We talked, and planned our future lives.
'Twas all so simple then.

I would a brilliant lawyer be,
And she, my faithful wife.
With honor, riches, and domain
We'd share a happy life.

And often since, I've thought of her,
And wondered how she fared,
And if she ever thought of me,
And even if she cared.

I dreamed that we would meet some day,
Our love would still be true,
And sweethearts once again, we'd make
Our childhood dreams come true.

THE AWAKENING

Last night, it was, I met my love.

The shock was hard to bear.

If pretty as a child, she now

Was grand beyond compare.

A blending of Diana's grace

And Aphrodite's form

Made her a goddess fair, whose heart

All men tried hard to storm.

A throng was grouped about her chair,

Each waiting for her call,

Each hoping that he was the one

Admired over all.

She ruled her little flock of men

As herder does his kine.

I smiled and said, "How are you, May?

A kiss for auld lang syne?"

She blankly stared, then turned to ice

And said in frigid tones,

"I greatly fear, sir, that you're drunk.

Don't hit him too hard, Jones!"

A hand of iron grasped my arm

And spun me twice around.

A fist collided with my jaw.

I woke up on the ground.

My hat and coat lay close at hand,

My scarf and gloves near by.

It seemed she had forgotten me;

At least, so reasoned I.

Ah childhood, happy childhood dreams,

How false you were to me!


Altho my first love I have found,

My dreams are not to be.

*A writer who enters a plea
for better reading matter and
says just what he means with
engaging frankness.*

Novel Novels

By Thomas J. Hogan, '36

 THE WORD "novel" is used in a twofold sense: to designate a form of literature, and to signify that which is new, strange, unusual, or fascinating. In some way, the latter should be included in the former—a written novel has a solemn duty to fascinate, or at least interest the reader by presenting characters or situations that are new and unusual. Hence, a novel which falls short of its end must be branded mediocre. Do many of our writers recognize this? Do they work to avoid mediocrity and achieve a measure of perfection? I think not.

I would indict many modern authors on the ground that their works are but elaborated or falsified repetitions of past masterpieces. While realizing that there is nothing new under the sun, I hold that writers who treat only of those things under the sun that their predecessors have exhausted, are aiming at mediocrity—and will never overshoot their mark. They plagiarize ideas and plots, and are far more guilty than they who steal mere words. Yet, they are seldom criticised. Hence, this.

That a pupil should begin by following his master, I grant. But no author who aspires to greatness should adopt this procedure permanently, for is it not said that the pupil

should surpass the teacher? Let him, if he would rise to high estate, season the cauldron of genius with variety; not make it vapid with sameness.

I like western novels. Well written, they intrigue me with red-blooded action, open-air atmosphere, and sawed-off shotguns. But confound their similarity! Read one, and you've read them all. Permit me to present the cut-and-dried formula according to which our authors fashion their products:

In the first place, the hero is inevitably a poor struggling cowhand with steely eyes, perpetual smile, indomitable will, and the fastest draw on the border. The heroine, whom he eventually wins by conquering superhuman odds, is dainty and beautiful, and rides a horse like a jockey. Her father is a kindly soul, who sips mint juleps while the "consarned rustlers" make off with his precious beeves. Enter the villain: swaggering, boasting, oily, with a propensity to drink and gambling. He not only wants all the cattle he can rustle, but the hand of the beautiful maid as well. Finally, the setting must include a small town, several Mexicans, and plenty of hills and valleys which afford—somewhere—a cave used as hideout and locale for the villain's intended premature honeymoon. All this affords a complete summary for any Western novel of the past decade.

Or, if you would have a model for a tender romance, simply substitute an innocent maid, a worldly woman, two men and a miser, an illegitimate child—wrap them up with a mistaken identity, and presto! For example, if one were to change the names of the characters in "Silas Marner," retitling the story "Anna of the Five Towns," the result would be the book that caused Arnold Bennet to be considered one of the leading contemporary authors. Nor is it idle jesting to assert that the

poetical mastermind that is Enoch Arden has found reflection in at least a hundred prose romances, and appears monthly as a short story in some leading magazine. Recapitulation, you say?

I've often wondered just what novelists think of their readers. To judge by the stuff many turn out, the reading public is considered moronic—and that is where they err. The whispered plea for a rebirth of the novel has been taken up by thinking readers and now finds itself magnified into a universal demand. People are no longer content to see their bookshelves cluttered with stilted old plots and hackneyed characters. They want freshness, originality, brilliance—and will have it! The day of mass production and wholesale plot-thievery is waning fast. The thinking reading public is already demanding that the novels they read be worthy of the name—and will be satisfied.

Perhaps it is easier to criticise than congratulate, to lampoon than laureate, to devastate than develop. But our authors must be awakened to the fact that the day of literary reckoning is near at hand. Let them look to the nature of their work—it is to interest, to fascinate, in a word, to create. Then, and only then can they hope to erect monuments that will endure, rather than facsimiles that feebly totter under the gaze of critical evaluation.

*It seems the public never
tires of murder trials, so here's
one that will set you guessing.*

The Defense Rests

By George T. Scowcroft, '37

JOHAN CUMMINGS, attorney-at-law, folded the morning newspaper and tossed it into the lap of his apprentice.

"There's a reference to that Lancore Case on the editorial page," he said after stifling a yawn, "ever hear of it?"

"You mean that trial, about ten years ago, that was ruined by some crazy judge?"

"He wasn't exactly crazy," replied the lawyer, "although his ideas about privacy did mess things up a bit."

"It says here that the judge cleared the court and had the prisoner removed to his cell just before the charge to the jury. What's the idea?"

"Well, he was a nut on privacy. Thought it was a help to his concentration... maybe it was. Anyway, that's what started the fireworks... Got a cigarette? I'll tell you the whole story—"

* * *

In the little town of Colchester, a man named Lancore was being tried for murder. On the last day of the trial a great crowd had gathered outside the courthouse. It was a noisy and restless mob, as mobs usually are. No doubt the people would have been in a more jovial mood, had they been able to anticipate the outcome of the trial. However, that's neither here nor there.

Inside the courthouse Judge Thorndyke sat erect in his seat and listened attentively to the rebuttal of the State's Attorney. The courtroom was hot and stuffy, and many of the spectators were beginning to squirm uncomfortably. My place was in the jury-box and I also began to squirm. The attorney, seeming to realize the danger of oppressing the jury with a lengthy oration, hurried to his conclusion and finished his plea with a vigorous condemnation of the defendant. A buzz of excitement ran through the courtroom and the attorney took his seat. Judge Thorndyke rose to the occasion and banged his gavel on the table: "Order in the courtroom," he shouted, and then followed with, "Clear the court."

As the spectators filed out slowly and reluctantly, my gaze fell upon the imposing figure of the judge. He was a stocky man, with a great crop of soft white hair, a massive red face and a huge blubbery mouth. When court was in session, he wore rimless spectacles, the upper portions of which were concealed by a pair of extraordinary eyebrows. When the last of the spectators had left the courtroom, Judge Thorndyke resumed his instructions: "Those in charge of the prisoner will escort him to his cell," and then in a whisper to one of the courtroom guards: "Tell the custodian that no spectators are to be allowed inside the courthouse." When these orders had been fulfilled to the satisfaction of the judge, there remained in the courtroom only the attorneys, the jury, clerks and guards. Judge Thorndyke rose and addressed us:

"Now that we are alone, it is my duty to charge the jury. But primarily, and as an explanation for my action in clearing the court, let me say, that in a trial of this nature, for the benefit of all concerned, it is essential that I create an atmosphere of strict privacy, so that you might thereby recognize more easily

(Continued on Page 60)

*A famous homestead that
is mellow with tradition . . .
this writer takes you on a call
to—*

Gilbert Stuart House

By Edward F. Hanson, Jr., '35

ABOUT four miles to the southeast of the town of North Kingstown stands an unpretentious old dwelling-place that is annually visited by thousands who happen to be in the vicinity and who have a flair for that which is historic and rich in tradition value. It is the birthplace of Gilbert Stuart, the distinguished American artist and gentleman, who was awarded the signal honor of having the Father Of Our Country sit for him. It is interesting to dip into the background of the man, ever so slightly, to try to know him as a native son of Rhode Island.

Somewhere during the years 1746 and 1750, one Dr. Thomas Moffat, a Scotch physician who belonged to Boerhaven School, decided to emigrate from England, to the colonial settlements. He happened to make his abode in Rhode Island. Practice in the "Garden State" as the historian Colander terms it, was not all that he expected, however, and he turned to other fields to pursue. At the time, Glasgow was supplying most of the snuff to the colonies, and the good doctor bethought himself to cultivate tobacco in this country and produce from it enough snuff to command a decent livelihood. His notion seemed feasible enough, but it presented one difficulty: there seemed to be no man sufficiently skilled

at the trade in the whole colonial territory. He was forced to send to Scotland.

It was thus that Gilbert Stuart, a competent millwright, came to America, worked, prospered, and married. The girl of his choice was the handsome daughter of Captain John Anthony, a Welsh immigrant who operated a farm in Newport. The family affairs of this Stuart union seem to have been normal and happy, for history offers little comment on the tide of their domestic lives.

On April 11, 1756, the Narragansett Church record recorded the following:

"This day being Palm Sunday, Dr. McSparron read and preached. A child named Gilbert Stuart, son of Gilbert Stuart the snuffgrinder, was baptised."

This is the first written record we have of the life of a man who was to leave his name on works that would endure long after his generation had passed on. He occupies the first place among American artists, with the possible exception of Copley. His most famous work—the portrait of Washington—is now in the hands of the Boston Athenaeum, but replicas of it may be seen in practically any art library.

The first snuff factory in America was erected on "a proper stream in Narragansett" which we know as the Pettaquamscutt or Narrow River. The Stuart home still stands, a building of two stories on the south side, and one on the north. The snuff mill is gone and in its place is a grist mill. The house is in a delightful spot, secluded and picturesque, beside the stream. It has been somewhat transformed, although the room in which Gilbert first saw the light of day has been left unchanged. Today you can step over the worn threshold, through the door that still creaks on its original hinges, into

that room. The queer old furniture, the bare floor, the atmosphere of sacredness will impress you and you will want to talk in whispers or not at all. All the charm that mellowing age confers is found here.

In August of 1931, an opera based on the life of the great artist was presented on a raised dias overlooking the stream into which young Stuart used to stare and dream and perhaps even dip a bare foot when mother wasn't looking. Hundreds attended the production; probably the greatest crowd that ever assembled at Stuart House in all its 175 years. Included in the cast was Marjorie Peugnet of the Berlin and Paris Opera Companies. It is no exaggeration to say that "all roads led to Saunderstown" that afternoon.

In recent years the Gilbert Stuart Foundation was formed to restore and preserve the building. It received a measure of support from residents of this state, and the restoration was finally achieved. The endowment is not adequate for the upkeep of the old landmark, however, and the Foundation is forced to depend upon subscriptions and admission charges to maintain it. For those with a taste for the worthy past, a trip to Gilbert Stuart House is well worth the effort.



*We are pleased to present
the following, which was de-
livered at the Annual Scho-
lastic Disputation in honor of
our patron saint, by the author.*

St. Thomas Aquinas—An Ode

by Richard J. Condon, '35

No mortal nature can account for all,
Tempered by age and time and earthly aspiration.
Equate obscurity with doubt,—
But doubt that should enrich
And not annul the little that we glean.
Too slow to apprehend the depth of that we contemplate,
To heedless on our way
To obligate the soul against the urgent years,—
Escape the shifting purposes,
The short-lived tenure of a vagrant course;
The creed of progress,
Utopian palimpsest, ill-fitted to the state of man;
The mischievous philanthropy which fires the soul.
Prudence is the theme which must be learned,
They slight the mind who snatch at words.
Patience is heroic, but subtle in its ways,
And sure to arbitrate.

To-day, we solemnly commemorate the life
Of one whose life was truth,—
Of him alone we dare to call angelic,—

The illustrious name of Thomas, Saint and Patron of our
schools—

A princely man who knew the vanity of men,
The besetting snare of truth,
And willed against it,

Forming, with reverence congenial to the task,
The opulence of ancient thought,
Transmuted to our end.

The fallow word he delved to teach the majesty of heaven,
Disposing all in sinewy, classic lines that tauten with the
sternest stress.

He saw the plan,
And saw that part was that he should not know the whole,
Ordained to chain the links 'tween heaven and earth,
And find the solid worth of all that is and acts,—
Yet never knew dismaying doubt.

His words arraigned in cogent disputation,
Still gracious and serene he vanquished all,—
Intransigent when error militant
Shadowed the splendor of the spire,
He stood, and demonstrated truth—but more,
humility.

The Providence College Library wishes to express its
gratitude to the following persons for recent gifts of books:

Miss Mary Louise Doherty
Dr. Charles Carroll

The Providence College Alembic

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The collegian of ten, or let us say even six years ago enjoyed an era of reckless prosperity from which his tastes have had to decline sharply in his endeavor to adapt himself to present circumstances. His was the day of the raccoon and the roadster, when a generous budget invited carefree extravagances, and in the pinched existence of today he can spend idle moments in pleasant reverie over the "days that used to be."

The modern student does not follow the merry path of his predecessor. The need to get along on little or nothing has matured him, and taught him to be content to see a movie when he would like to attend the play; to appreciate the radio

and read about the concert. His pleasures are modest and his leisure limited. His memories of college days will not be colorful—but he refuses to allow them to be drab.

More than ever before, the collegian is interesting himself in current affairs. The press, newsreels and radio have made him acutely aware that he lives in a troubled time. He can discuss, with a measure of informed intelligence, what commentators say is transpiring in political circles. He holds few convictions, because he has only opinions to go by. So many conflicting reports reach him that he hardly knows what to retain and what to reject. Whose policies are right—or even better than the others? What are the facts, among the statements printed?


He learned back in grade school that you can't add horses and cows and get a total of either, and, remembering this principle, gives up the struggle to solve the world's problems to content himself with a humble appreciation of their magnitude.

He is somewhat apprehensive as to just where he will turn after commencement. The world offers little, demands much. He willingly admits being a bit abashed by the lack of prospects but realizes that he is not alone in his bewilderment. Perhaps what is most important of all, he bears no resentment toward those who left him his heritage and accepts the responsibility of trying to restore order without protest.

Nevertheless, the collegian of today is not daunted by what he finds about him. He has a life to lead and is determined to do the best he can with the materials at hand. His route may be confusing and tangled, but one thing is certain—if there is an objective to be achieved, he will achieve it, somehow.

How Tomes Have Changed!

by E. Riley Hughes, '37

 HERE is no more optimistic person alive than your writer of dust jackets. With a certain glib facility that cannot fail to excite appreciation he labels this novel "a classic of our day" and that "a literary landmark" that will not soon be forgotten. Jones—Jones, who has just written his first novel, is "the most important discovery of the decade"; Smith—Jones, who has published forty, is already assured of undying fame and is made one with Shakespeare. Poor chap, the dozens of books he proclaims and heralds to the very gates of Parnassus today are forgotten tomorrow morning.

Along with the writer of dust jackets, unkind persons, with a sort of literary distemper, classify that annoying person—who tastes something and then describes it as he licks the spoon—the book reviewer. The reviewer has been accused of a number of things. There are those who say he grossly misrepresents the book; twists it to conform to his preconceived notions. And, unkindest cut of all, he is even charged with reading the book. But to all such accusations this department will, as in the past, turn both the deaf ear and the other cheek—no mean accomplishment when you think it over.

Among the outstanding novels of the past few weeks we may mention Thornton Wilder's *Heaven's My Destination*, outstanding in itself and then, of course, because Wilder wrote it. Which criticism may or may not be profound. This

book is worlds different from anything he has done before, not only in tone and setting, but, stranger still, in its style. Who would believe that the author of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, which, as you perhaps recall, is deep-toned and humorless, would come out with a rollicking tale of the misadventures of a travelling salesman?

The book gets its title, in case you might have wondered, from the old rhyme boys and girls used to write in their school-books:

“George Brush is my name
Burlington’s my dwelling place
Heaven’s my destination.”

Another book worthy of your attention is that earlier work of James Hilton, (whose *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* was reviewed here), a novel entitled *Lost Horizons*. Then if you really feel like reading, you cannot safely ignore the Pearl S. Buck trilogy *House of Earth*, which combines her *The Good Earth*, *Sons* and her recent *A House Divided*. Here within two covers is the work which many critics believe to be one of the greatest prose works in recent years, one nearest akin to the Bible in its tone and style.

There are two very bulky novels on library tables these days which are really being read and discussed everywhere. The first is the monumental work of Franz Werfel *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* and the equally monumental *Of Time And the River* by Thomas Wolfe. Of the latter I can speak with more assurance and appreciation. If I must stand or fall with this verdict, all well and good, but I definitely align myself with those who say (and their name is not yet legion) that Thomas Wolfe is the most important American writing

today. Read the some nine hundred pages of his magic, melodious, flowing prose and you will know why.

In the next few weeks the Spring publishing season will be in full swing. This year the publishers will offer an astonishingly wide variety of books, both fiction and non-fiction. Among other things, they promise us novels from the pens of such distinguished craftsmen as Phillis Bently, William Faulkner, Elizabeth Maddox Roberts, Louis Adamic, James Boyd and Louis Bromfield. In the field of biography we can expect revelations on such diverse men as Milton, Stalin, George V, Michealangelo, and Hindenburg—a goodly company. The British Poet Laureate will publish his collected poems, and volumes of verse will be forthcoming from Archibald MacLeish, E. E. Cummings, and Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

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GATHERING VOLUME

A reader's reminder and check-list of the best read of recent books:

Fiction

ABRAHAM, PRINCE OF UR, by W. G. Hardy.

LEAN MEN, by Ralph Bates.

THE BIRTHDAY, by Samuel Rogers.

AMERICAN FAMILY, by Faith Baldwin.

COME AND GET IT, by Edna Ferber.

Non-Fiction

DANTE VIVO, by Giovanni Papini.

THINGS TO LIVE FOR, by Francis Stuart.

R. E. LEE, by Douglas S. Freeman

LEOPOLD, THE UNLOVED, by Ludwig Bauer.

FRANCIS THE FIRST, by Francis Hackett.



By Joe Dyer, '36

We had some very pretty words about spring, and flowers, and romance, but the thought of thundering presses and the cruel clanking of metal plates grinding over them made us cast them aside. Never let it be said, Hauchecone, that we clashed the gentle with the grim.

AS OTHERS SAW US

Of course we know everyone that was at the Prom would like to find out what they really did on that night of nights, but don't forget that we were also bordering on a state of euphoria and were more interested in whom we were dancing with than in what you were doing. However, spin that swivel chair, Hauche, and make us a bit dizzy so that we can view things again as we saw them then.

It was quite cold outside and a melancholy drizzle was sifting through murky skies. It made one shiver and give the newsboys in front of the hotels sympathetic glances. But this momentary pall seemed but to emphasize the conviviality prevalent in the Prom ballroom. You merely entered it and the outside was no more. The mellow blend of lights, mellow music, and the laughing eyes and lips of the various couples as they glided over the polished floor surface told even to the uninitiated that this was a Junior Prom.

Up close to the orchestra platform was Jim St. Germain

with his mouth agape and his eyes travelling from one musician to the next. First he was on one side of the platform and when we looked again he was on the other. Once in a while he danced but never did he pass the middle of the floor. He seemed to be waiting around so that in case a sour note should emit from one of the various instruments he could catch it and push it back before it reached ears other than his own. . . . Paddy Morrison, alone and with a disconsolate look flooding his hibernian physiognomy, was popping up in front of everyone. He seemed downcast while the rest of us seemed overjoyed and he left before most of us, excepting Joe Devenish, had called for more ice. . . . Harold Leavitt came to the dance unaccompanied but before it was over it looked to us as if Saul Hodosh was the one without a partner. . . . Florian Monday seemed to be doing a new kind of dance and we expected him and his Prom girl to execute a somersault. . . . Ed Moran, the Nashua chairman, was very flustered and slightly bewildered, what with his presence desired everywhere, but Peggy had somewhat of a soothing and calming influence over her limelighted escort. . . . Pete Lekakos and Aphrodite sat contentedly at their table for a greater part of the early evening. And why not? While the rest of their party was off dancing they were enjoying SEVERAL full course dinners. . . . Bill Sullivan had been working hard the afternoon of the affair and down on the fourteenth floor he eased into a chair to sort of rest himself. He fell asleep and several thoughtful friends deposited him on a nearby divan and he didn't awake until the majority of us had traded in our hat and coat checks.

Frank (peek-a-boo) Holden tried to make himself the life of the party but the party nearly took the life out of Frank. Mary (his g. f.) had a hard time keeping him in sight as he wanted to go around and murmur his peek-a-boo in the ears of all the girls. And when he did get back to the table he sat there and pursed his lips and pouted. . . . Joe (brother) Clair has certainly blossomed out these past few weeks, and at the

Prom he was hi-di-hoing all over the ballroom. To Tom Reddington goes the credit for socializing the carrot-topped Joe. . . . Eddie Hanson, as usual, made himself heard and seen and down in the lobby, when there was a sufficient crowd present to notice him. He went over to the telephone at the desk and called up several people in the hotel that he said he knew quite well. His conversation consisted mostly of "hello's," "goodbye's", and a few inane remarks. . . . Ford McGowan preserved his usual dignity for an hour or so, but after awhile he threw his decorum to Jack (Pres.) McCarthy and became just another reveler. . . . Vic Lynch, a much Pembroke'd Frosh, moved far from the swirling scufflers into a less ostentatious corner and there, with his eyes shut, he danced away the hours. . . . Brendan McMullen, with his upper lip well groomed, acted so reserved and dainty that many suspected him of being an Emily Post agent but the reason for this nicety lay in the fact that one of the family was in attendance.

AFTER THE BALL

Leo Lanigan and Paul (pigwidgeon)—you'll have to look that one up—Healy refused to be left out of the picture even though they didn't fit into it, so they elected themselves chairmen of the little Junior Prom and when we arrived at the sign of the torquoise blue moon they were there already and they were still there when we left, dining and whining away. . . . Squinty Geary, the campus-day student, with his plump face beaming and giggles emanating from somewhere in his nasal cavity was ample proof of the axiom that everybody likes a fat man. . . . Tom Reilly and Joe Devenish were playing a fascinating game of bottoms-up and Bill McIntyre, with the blankest look on his face that your orbs have ever been treated to, sat there with his head resting on his hands watching them. . . . Outside, Jim Bostick was having the goshawfullest time trying to find the car in which he came. Charlie Verdi finally came out and sneaking up in back of it, held it while Jim took a flying leap into its confines. . . . Bob Carroll, Irv Rossi and Co. were the first to leave and it then began to dawn on us that the fun was almost over. So we

all upped and we homed it shortly but first went downtown and bought the morning paper and everyone of us slyly glanced at it to see whether or not they had our name spelled correctly or to find out the name of that girl in the red dress who was with so and so. It is a night that most of us will remember for a long time, a night of memories, a night when we were Juniors.

FROM BETTER TO WORSTER

Pollie sent Red McCabe a penny postcard a week or so ago and we saw it lying on the ledge upstairs so we took a glance at it and here's the way it read: *Dear Red: Carrie bought tickets to the fair. Are you coming up? Please do. Saturday we might go to Worster!!*

BLOOMING

Joe McHenry, a reticent Junior, has been instilled for the first time with that spring feeling and is now linked up with some Douglas Ave deb. He has a bi-weekly rendezvous at her domicile.

HALL OF FAME

There are certain students here at P.C. who deserve recognition for the splendid work they have done in the line of extra curricula activities so we are establishing a *Friar Pan Hall of Fame* in which we will make mention of those to whom we think special credit is due.

John Cavanaugh: Senior Class President; Editor of the *Tie-Up* and Art Editor of this publication. "Cav" composes most of the placards which are used to advertise our numerous affairs and all of the decorative work for our many social functions is done either by him or under his direction.

"Archie" MacDonald: It is his voice that you hear announcing the Providence College programs over the air-ways. He also carried the leading role in the dramatic presentation, *The Risen Generation*. He is a member of the class of '36.

William Kutniewski: One of the immortals in P.C. athletic history, who this year was captain of both the varsity football and basketball teams. He also received the honor of being selected on the All-New-England Eleven and the All-

New-England Five. He is Vice President of the Senior Class and a member of the Friars Club.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE BROWN GAME

Besides the varsity thoroughly pummeling the Bear five our band seemed to out-toot the Brown aggregation. . . . Right in front of us was a proud parent with his young son. During the Frosh game pop was helping Junior write a jingle for a Bug-A-Boo insect spray contest. . . . Dr. Marvel, genial gray-haired director of the B.A.A., personally sought out a seat for a one-legged man on crutches. A member of the Brown band quickly arose and gave up his seat and the rest of the evening sat on the floor playing his sax. Dr. Marvel bent over and warmly shook the thoughtful young man's hand. . . . We thought it quite interesting when John Biggs, No. 10 of Brown, entered the game to play right forward against our own Gus Hagstrom. They both hail from Gloucester and have been friends since boyhood. They similingly shook hands and then entered the fray, each striving to thwart the other. . . . Carlo Lepre, and his "Toots" walked home after the game and we saw them along the avenue with their hands interlocked. Oh, for a wrestler's sentimental soul!. . . . Dr. O'Neill certainly must have had an earful of music when the game was over as he was seated directly in front of the band.

WILD ANIMAL STORIES

Jim Donnelly was out ambling at one A.M. and he saw a poor little kitten scampering across the road so he set chase after it. After climbing over several back fences he managed to ensnare it and then took it home. Jim's tender heart was nearly severed in twain when an angered parent ousted it. Jim wanted to provide it with a comfortable home even though it was almost entirely infected with the mange.

Brandon (he likes to be called Mike) Garvey boards in a home where a cute little bow-wow also resides. The folks there designated Brandon to go fetch another one so that they could have two little doggies. One evening (we

say evening to be polite) he saw one of that four-legged species, picked it up, and sticking it under his coat, laughingly made his way home. (Note: The dogs tail was tickling him.) This all happened months ago but the reason that we bring it up now is that Brandon or Brendan or Mike is now caretaker of two big doggies and nine little ones and instead of going down to the corner to chat for an hour or so he stays at the house all evening teaching the little bow-wows how to become dignified big bow-wows.

CALL TO ARMS

"Goon" Lantner will soon issue his call for the campus tractor squad. In the meantime he is to be found nightly in front of the Dreyfus hotel staring stupidly at the passers-by. Perhaps he is looking for likely looking talent.

CUTE KING CUSACK

At most of the larger universities it is customary periodically to select a queen of the Sophomore Hop, or of the winter carnival, or even queen of the daisy chain. But here at P.C. there is a paucity of the beskirted sex so the honor fell to one of the beshirted species. George Cusack, that preponderously proportioned Senior, was selected by a group of Frosh as King of Georgiaville. Every Friday eve George gathers round him all three of his admirers—Dom Minicucci, Jim Piccolo, and Red Ahearn—and they are off to the court of the king. George makes a majestic figure standing there between dances attired in his white sweater adorned with a P and one pencil stripe encircling his mighty muscle. Hail to the king! Long may he shiver.

NOTHING LOST—NOTHING GAINED

This story of two Juniors merely goes to show you what higher education will do for you and what a complacent attitude you gain from it. It seems that Art Costantino goes in a mammoth way for George Mihos' girl friend and George retaliates by going nerts in a colossal manner for Art's tidbit. Philosopher George sighfully consoles both of them by say-

ing that the grass always grows greener on the other side of the fence.

HISTORICAL NOTE

The winter months were hard on the frail and tender hearted Bob Lucey, who is better described as the Fugitive from College Road, but now that the warm pre-spring breezes have caressed him he is once again his old self. In fact he is thriving in his new off-the-road environment and for proof we need but state that for the first time in his four years of scholastic existence he escorted a girl some place other than into her own parlor. The Providence-Brown game was the occasion of his unprecedented action and even though he acted sort of out of place and ungainly we compliment him on his venture into the Rhode Island Social Stepping Out League.

TOLD UNDER THE ROSE

Louis Ragno is in the throes of another of his novel-writing spells. This time he is writing of the golden west but between times he is kept busy removing blonde hairs off of his suit coat shoulders. . . . Joe Adamick and Pete Gobis—the latest stage door Johnnies—are thinking seriously of writing Billie Burke to see if she can find a place for them in the next edition of the Follies. Joe, being the tallest of the duo, is stepping rather high. . . . Tom Higgins, a Junior who resembles greatly the portrait of Andrew Jackson, drops into the Granada every day on his way home from the college. We have been unable to find out whether it is the hat check attendant or the hostess that is the magnet. . . . Joe Curnane, would-be varsity first basemaniac, maintains that a person who chisels figures out of marble is a sculpturer. . . . Ray Perry, excitable Soph, can be found at the door of Central High any afterdinner.

SEEN WHILE DUNKING IN THE CAFETERIA

The radio blares away. Nobody seems interested in its tin-panish sounds. The only time a station is dialed out is

(Continued on Page 66)



In Memoriam

JOHN A. FLYNN—lawyer, athlete, coach and friend, who passed into eternal rest March 23rd, 1935. His passing leaves a void in the hearts of us who knew him that will never be filled.

May his soul rest in peace.

Press Box

By Bud Murphy, '38

VARSITY BASKETBALL

Providence College completed another successful season on the basketball court by vanquishing 17 out of 22 opponents. At the beginning of the season the material consisted of Sophomores for the greater part. They were untried material in varsity competition. Under the direction of the capable Albert McClellan, the Friars became stronger as the season progressed and were among the East's best when the curtain fell for the close of competition. The highlights of the season were two victories over R. I. State, two over Holy Cross, and single victories scored at the expense of Dartmouth, and Brown, the latter having the best team in its history of the sport. The team is expected to be stronger still next year since only three letter men will not be back in 1936, and excellent Freshmen material available.

Captain Bill Kutneski proved to be capable as basketball leader as he was on the gridiron last fall. His playing was flawless and his presence gave the players the confidence needed to carry them to the top. His achievements will long be remembered by the student body, since no finer athlete has ever represented the Dominican institution.

Ben Smith was unanimously chosen Captain for the 1936 campaign. He played center during the past season and proved himself a fine all around player. He clearly outplayed every opponent he faced during the year.

Providence versus Dartmouth

The Friars made their annual trip to Hanover, N. H., to encounter Dartmouth. In previous years, the Green have been

a jinx for P.C. by subduing our undefeated teams. This year, however, Providence righted itself and sank the Green five in a game that was thrilling and colorful.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (42)				DARTMOUTH (35)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Hagstrom, r. f.	2	0	4	Hubbell, l. g.	1	0	2
Belliveau, r. f.	1	0	2	Davis, r. g.	2	0	4
Carew, l. f.	3	0	6	McKernan, c.	2	1	5
Gallagher, l. f.	4	1	9	Cleveland, l. f.	0	0	0
Smith, c.	1	1	3	Bonniwell, r. f.	6	4	16
Kutneski, r. g.	6	3	15	Krivitsky, r. f.	4	0	8
Madden, l. g.	1	1	3	Ratajczak, r. f.	0	0	0
Bostick, l. g.	0	0	0	Conti, r. f.	0	0	0
Totals	18	6	42	Totals	15	5	35

Referee: Pat Kennedy (E. I. A.). Time: Two 20 minute periods.

Providence versus Holy Cross

Providence proved too powerful for Holy Cross and buried them 59 to 13. The Friars held the Purple to one point in the first half while running up twenty-four points for themselves.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (59)				HOLY CROSS (13)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Hagstrom, l. f.	3	0	6	Ostrowski, l. f.	0	2	2
Belliveau, l. f.	2	1	5	Kuzeora, r. f.	0	0	0
Gallagher, l. f.	1	2	4	Dowd, r. f.	1	1	3
Carew, r. f.	5	1	11	Cannon, c.	1	1	3
Bleiden, r. f.	0	0	0	McCartin, c.	0	1	1
Smith, c.	5	0	10	Riccardi, l. g.	0	0	0
Feit, c.	1	0	2	O'Donnell, l. g.	0	0	0
Bostick, l. g.	3	0	6	Herlihy, r. g.	1	2	4
Kutneski, l. g.	4	1	9				
Davin, r. g.	1	0	2				
Madden, l. g.	0	0	0				
Collins, c.	2	0	4				
Totals	27	5	59	Totals	3	7	13

Referees: Parker and McGuinness. Time: two 20 minute periods.

Providence College versus Springfield

Springfield with one of its best teams in years gave the Friars many anxious moments before going down to defeat in a game that had all those who attended on edge throughout.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (41)				SPRINGFIELD (29)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Hagstrom, l. f.	7	1	15	Cella, l. f.	1	0	2
Belliveau, l. f.	0	0	0	Nuttall, l. f.	0	0	0
Carew, r. f.	5	1	11	Hebard, r. f.	3	3	9
Bleiden, r. f.	0	0	0	Green, r. f.	2	2	6
Smith, c.	1	4	6	Dickerman, c.	1	0	2
Bostick, l. g.	1	0	2	Brown, l. g.	4	1	9
Feit, l. g.	0	0	0	Smith, l. g.	0	1	1
Gallagher, l. g.	0	0	0	Partel, r. g.	0	0	0
Kutneski, r. g.	2	3	7	Morris, r. g.	0	0	0
Madden, r. g.	0	0	0				
Totals	16	9	41	Totals	11	7	29

Referees: McGuinness and Boyle. Time: two 20 minute halves.

Providence College versus St. John's

The Redmen made their annual visit to Providence with one victory for the year already tucked away at the Friars' expense. However, in this game the tables were reversed and St. John's were defeated by a margin of 30 points.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (58)				ST. JOHN'S (28)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Hagstrom, l. f.	5	2	2	Kapinskky, l. f.	1	2	4
Bleiden, l. f.	0	0	0	Byrnes, l. f.	0	0	0
Angelica, l. f.	0	0	0	Gotkin, r. f.	0	0	0
Carew, r. f.	5	2	12	Leary, r. f.	0	0	0
Belliveau, r. f.	3	3	9	Olding, c.	2	3	7
Madden, r. f.	1	0	2	Shinley, c.	0	3	3
Chester, r. f.	0	0	0	Marchese, l. g.	2	1	5
Smith, c.	2	3	7	Joyce, l. g.	1	0	2
Collins, c.	2	0	4	McGuire, r. g.	1	4	6
Feit, l. g.	0	0	0	Murths, r. g.	0	1	1
Bostick, l. g.	1	2	4				
Gallagher, l. g.	1	0	2				

Morrison, l. g.	0	0	0
Kutneski, r. g.	2	2	6
Davin, r. g.	0	0	0

Totals	22	14	58	Totals	7	14	28
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Referees: Winters and Parker. Time: two 20 minute periods.

Providence College versus Pratt Institute

Pratt fell an easy prey to the fast attack displayed by the Dominicans, on their annual trip to Gotham. Speed and a deceptive passing attack were the factors which brought Providence College its success.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (40)				PRATT (19)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Carew, r. f.	2	1	5	Cookrish, r. f.	1	1	3
Hagstrom, l. f.	1	0	2	Reiser, l. f.	3	2	8
Belliveau, l. f.	5	1	11	Gilan, c.	1	0	2
Smith, c.	1	1	3	Havem'yer, r. g.	1	2	4
Gallagher, c.	0	1	1	Mandler, l. g.	0	2	2
Kutneski, r. g.	3	2	8				
Feit, r. g.	1	2	4				
Bostick, l. g.	1	2	4				
Davin, l. g.	1	0	2				
Totals	15	10	40	Totals	6	7	19

Time: two 20 minute halves.

Providence College versus Army

Providence gave the crack Army five its most severe test of the current season before losing a very close decision. It was necessary for the Cadets to come from behind to protect their fine record from being marred.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (24)				ARMY (28)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Hagstrom, l. f.	1	0	2	Dewalt, l. f.	2	0	4
Belliveau, l. f.	1	0	2	Meyer, r. f.	5	1	11
Gallagher, r. f.	0	0	0	Underwood, c.	2	1	5
Carew, r. f.	1	0	2	Stancook, l. g.	2	2	6
Smith, c.	2	0	4	Hialt, l. g.	0	0	0

Feit, l. g.	1	0	2	Finn, r. g.	0	2	0
Bostick, l. g.	1	0	2				
Collins, c.	0	2	2				
Kutneski, r. g.	1	6	8				

Totals	8	8	24	Totals	11	6	28
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Referee: Walsh, E. I. A. Umpire: Meehan, E. I. A. Time of halves 20 minutes.

Providence College versus R. I. State

The Friars continued just where they left off last fall in the renewal of athletic relations with R. I. State by outclassing the Ram five before a packed crowd in the Arena.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (53)

	G.	F.	P.
Hagstrom, l. f.	1	1	3
Collins, l. f.	1	1	3
Angelica, l. f.	2	0	4
Carew, r. f.	4	4	12
Gallagher, r. f.	0	0	0
Chester, r. f.	2	0	4
Belliveau, r. f.	5	0	10
Smith, c.	6	1	13
Feit, l. g.	0	0	0
Bostick, l. g.	0	0	0
Davin, l. g.	0	0	0
Morrison, r. g.	0	0	0
Kutneski, r. g.	1	2	4
Bleiden, r. g.	0	0	0

Totals	22	9	53
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R. I. STATE (28)

	G.	F.	P.
J. M. Martin, l. f.	1	1	3
Federico, l. f.	1	1	3
J. F. Martin, r. f.	5	0	10
Keaney, r. f.	0	0	0
Messina, r. f.	1	1	3
Applin, c.	2	0	4
Koch, c.	0	0	0
McCarthy, c.	0	1	1
Speckman, l. g.	0	0	0
Wright, r. g.	2	0	4
Burke, r. g.	0	0	0
Tietz, r. g.	0	0	0
Kogut, r. g.	0	0	0

Totals	12	4	28
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Referees: Feldman and Winters. Time: two 20 minute periods.

Providence College versus Lowell Textile

A strong Lowell Tech five looked weak against the flashy performance given by the home forces. Taking a commanding lead at the outset of the contest, the Friars glided to an easy victory.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (56)				LOWELL TEXTILE (38)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Hagstrom, l. f.	2	0	4	G'gacoules, l. f.	4	0	6
Belliveau, l. f.	3	0	6	Anthanas, r. f.	3	1	7
Angelica, l. f.	0	1	1	D'Kszewecz, c.	4	1	9
Morrison, l. f.	0	0	0	Fr'dman, c.	0	0	0
Carew, r. f.	5	0	10	Bogacy, l. g.	0	0	0
Davin, r. f.	0	0	0	Bassett, l. g.	1	0	2
Collins, r. f.	2	0	4	B'nowski, r. g.	3	2	8
Smith, c.	2	4	8	Kalakos, r. g.	1	0	2
Feit, c.	2	0	4				
Gallagher, l. g.	1	2	4				
Bostick, l. g.	0	0	0				
Chester, l. g.	1	0	2				
Kutneski, r. g.	3	3	9				
Bleiden, r. g.	2	0	4				
Totals	23	10	56	Totals	16	4	36

Referees: Hardy and Boyle. Time: two 20 minute periods.

Providence College versus Holy Cross

Visiting the Crusaders at Worcester for a return game, the Friars were far superior to their long standing rivals and rolled up a 52 to 24 score. The game lacked the thrills of previous encounters between the two schools because of the marked difference in class.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (52)				HOLY CROSS (24)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Hagstrom, l. f.	7	0	14	Ostrowski, l. f.	0	1	0
Collins, l. f.	0	0	0	Gavin, l. f.	1	0	2
Carew, r. f.	2	0	4	Kuziora, r. f.	1	1	3
Belliveau, r. f.	4	0	8	Dowd, r. f.	2	0	4
Bostick, r. f.	1	0	2	Moncewicz, c.	3	0	6
Smith, c.	2	0	4	Riccordi, l. g.	0	2	2
Angelica, c.	1	0	2	O'Gardy, l. g.	1	0	2
Kutneski, r. g.	3	4	10	McCartin, l. g.	0	1	1
Davin, r. g.	2	0	4	O'Donnell, r. g.	0	3	3
Feit, l. g.	0	0	0	Nichoson, r. g.	0	0	0
Bleiden, l. g.	1	0	0				
Gallagher, l. g.	1	0	2				
Totals	24	4	52	Totals	8	8	24

Referees: Roberts and Hardy. Time: two 20 minute halves.

Providence College versus Springfield

Visiting Springfield for a return engagement, the Friars met unexpected opposition from the Indians and lost a close decision of 35-30 in the last two minutes of play. This game closed the series for the year between the two teams, each having scored one victory.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (30)				SPRINGFIELD (35)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Kutnewski, r. g.	4	0	8	Cella, l. f.	3	2	8
Feit, l. g.	0	0	0	Partel, r. f.	2	3	7
Bleiden, l. g.	1	0	2	Nuttall, r. f.	1	2	4
Collins, l. g.	0	1	1	Hebard, c.	6	1	13
Belliveau, l. g.	0	0	0	Hunt, l. g.	0	0	0
Smith, c.	2	2	6	Rees, l. g.	0	0	0
Carew, r. f.	1	1	3	Morris, r. g.	1	1	3
Gallagher, r. f.	2	1	5	Smith, r. g.	0	0	0
Hagstrom, l. f.	0	0	0				
Belliveau, l. f.	2	1	5				
Totals	12	6	30	Totals	13	9	35

Referees: Jackson and Farrell. Time: two 20 minute halves.

Providence College versus St. Anselm's

Led by the brilliant Leo Connerton, St. Anselm's threw a scare into the Friar camp by matching point for point with our boys until the last five minutes of play.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (45)				ST. ANSELM'S (37)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Bostick, l. f.	1	0	2	Connerton, l. f.	10	1	21
Hagstrom, l. f.	6	2	14	Burke, r. f.	3	2	8
Collins, l. f.	0	0	0	Howe, r. f.	1	0	2
Bleiden, r. f.	1	0	2	Buch'ski, c.	0	1	1
Carew, r. f.	2	0	4	Butchka, l. g.	0	0	0
Belliveau, r. f.	3	0	6	Ktnney, l. g.	0	0	0
Davin, c.	0	2	2	Tinel, r. g.	2	1	5
Smith, c.	0	0	0				
Angelica, c.	3	0	6				
Feit, l. g.	1	1	3				

Gallagher, l. g.	1	1	3
Kutneski, l. g.	1	1	3

Totals	19	7	45	Totals	16	5	37
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Referees: Clark and Hardy. Time: two 20 minute periods.

Providence College versus R. I. State

Providence made a complete sweep of their two-game series with the Rams, and continued to show their superiority over them in athletic competition by overwhelming them on their home floor at Kingston before a packed gymnasium. The outcome was never in doubt as the Friars held the lead from the start.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (47)				R. I. STATE (43)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Carew, l. f.	0	0	0	J. Martin, l. f.	1	2	4
Belliveau, l. f.	3	2	8	Messina, r. f.	2	2	6
Chester, l. f.	0	0	0	Teitz, r. f.	1	2	4
Hagstrom, r. f.	3	3	9	J. F. Martin, c.	5	2	10
Collins, r. f.	0	0	0	Applin, c.	4	2	10
Smith, c.	3	1	7	Roch, c.	0	0	0
Gallagher, c.	0	1	1	Wright, l. g.	0	0	0
Kutneski, c.	1	5	7	Burke, l. g.	1	0	2
Bleiden, l. f.	0	0	0	McCarthy, l. g.	0	0	0
Feit, r. g.	1	2	4	Speckman, l. g.	1	3	5
Davin, r. g.	4	0	8				
Angelica, r. g.	0	1	1				
Bostick, r. g.	1	0	2				
Totals	16	15	47	Totals	15	13	43

Referees: Feldman and Day. Time: two 20 minute periods.

Providence College versus St. Anselm's

The Friars sank St. Anselm's for the second time within two weeks when they traveled to Manchester, N. H., and drew the long end of a 46 to 28 score.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (46)				ST. ANSELM'S (28)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Hagstrom, l. f.	5	0	10	Connerton, l. f.	3	3	9
Collins, l. f.	0	0	0	Murphy, r. f.	0	0	0

Carew, r. f.	6	1	13	Burke, l. f.	6	1	13
Belliveau, r. f.	0	0	0	Buchowski, c.	0	0	0
Smith, c.	3	2	8	Kenney, c.	0	0	0
Feit, l. g.	0	0	0	Butchwa, l. g.	1	2	4
Bostick, l. g.	1	1	3	Ammann, l. g.	0	0	0
Kutneski, r. g.	5	2	12	Zinel, r. g.	0	2	2
Davin, r. g.	0	0	0				

Totals	20	6	46	Totals	10	8	28
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Referees: Dunn and Kenneally. Time: two 20 minute periods.

Providence versus Lowell Textile

With Kutneski leading the scoring, the Friars defeated Lowell for the second time this season. It was a close game and the P.C. Quintet had to put on the pressure in the final minutes to pull the game out of the fire.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (48)				LOWELL TEXTILE (38)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Hagstrom, l. f.	4	0	8	Athanas, l. f.	7	5	19
Gallagher, l. f.	0	0	0	Dauk'wicz, r. f.	3	2	8
Carew, l. f.	5	1	11	Kelakos, c.	2	1	2
Belliveau, r. f.	0	1	1	Bassett, c.	1	0	2
Smith, c.	4	2	10	Bogacz, l. g.	0	1	1
Collins, c.	0	0	0	Geog'lis, l. g.	0	0	0
Feit, c.	0	0	0	Baranwski, r. g.	1	1	3
Davin, l. g.	0	8	8				
Kutneski, r. g.	5	0	10				
Angelica, r. g.	0	0	0				

Totals	18	12	48	Totals	14	10	38
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Referees: Clark and Boyle. Time of game: two 20 minute periods.

Providence versus Worcester Tech

Providence won its 16th game of the season at the expense of the Tech athletes. Hagstrom and Carew with their accurate shooting scored 31 points between them.

The summary, line-up and substitutions follow:

PROVIDENCE (55)				WORCESTER TECH (33)			
	G.	F.	P.		G.	F.	P.
Hagstrom, l. f.	9	0	18	Hend'kson, l. f.	2	0	4
Bostick, l. f.	2	0	4	Svenson, r. f.	5	1	11

Carew, r. f.	5	3	13	Dann, c.	0	0	0
Belliveau, r. f.	1	2	4	Manson, r. f.	6	0	12
Bleiden, r. f.	1	0	2	Bottcher, l. g.	0	0	0
Smith, c.	2	0	4	Smith, l. g.	0	0	0
Collins, c.	1	0	2	Sukaskas, r. g.	2	2	6
Feit, l. g.	2	0	4	Jenkins, r. g.	0	0	0
Davin, l. g.	1	0	2				
Kutneski, r. g.	0	1	1				
Gallagher, r. g.	0	1	1				
Totals	24	7	55	Totals	15	3	33

Referees: Tom Corrigan and Don Bennett. Time: two 20 minute periods.

Providence College versus Brown University

Playing before the largest crowd ever to witness a game at the Brown Gym, the Friars smothered a strong Brown five. At the half the score stood 26 to 25, but at the resumption of the second half, the P.C. boys took complete control and had the Brown boys at their mercy for the remainder of the game.

PROVIDENCE (63)

	G.	F.	P.
Hagstrom, l. f.	4	0	8
Collins, l. f.	0	1	1
Carew, r. f.	3	0	6
Gallagher, r. f.	0	0	0
Bostick, r. f.	2	2	6
Smith, c.	6	0	12
Feit, l. g.	0	0	0
Belliveau, l. g.	4	0	8
Angelica, l. g.	0	0	0
Kutneski, r. g.	7	1	15
Davin, r. g.	2	1	5
Bleiden, r. g.	0	0	0
Morrison, r. g.	1	0	2
Totals	29	5	63

BROWN U. (43)

	G.	F.	P.
Floren, l. f.	6	1	13
Burbank, l. f.	1	0	2
Noonan, r. f.	7	1	15
Morcom, r. f.	0	0	0
Kennedy, c.	2	0	4
Van Aken, l. g.	1	2	4
S'mdp'ril, l. g.	0	1	1
Karaban, r. g.	1	2	4
Armstr'g, r. g.	0	0	0
Biggs, r. g.	0	0	0
Totals	16	7	43

FRESHMAN BASKETBALL

The yearlings compiled a fine record of 17 straight victories, losing only the opening game to Bryant-Stratton. This upset was avenged later in the season.

Outstanding for the Frosh was Capt. Bobinski, ably assisted by Moge, Spinnler, Kelly and Ploski.

Providence College Freshmen 33—Bryant-Stratton 45

The Yearlings fell before a veteran Indian five in their first game of the season. The P.C. boys fought on even terms the first half of the game and it required a late rally by Bryant-Stratton to bring them the victory.

Providence Frosh 51—Bridgewater State Teachers 31

Showing a reversal of form after losing their opening game, the Friar Freshmen conquered the teachers. Ed Bobinski led the Frosh to victory.

Providence College Frosh 38—Holy Cross Frosh 33

In a game that was filled with thrills and not decided until the final minutes, the Frosh drew first blood in their two-game series.

Providence College Frosh 29—Durfee Textile 22

With Bobinski and Moge leading the attack, the Frosh downed a strong Durfee Textile five on its home floor in Fall River.

P. C. Freshmen 46—Springfield 35

Springfield threw a scare into the Frosh camp before finally weakening and allowing them to come out on top. Bobinski compiled 20 points for his evening's work.

P.C. Freshmen 74—R. I. College of Education 17

Scoring at will against a much weaker R.I.C.E. Quintet, the Friars compiled their largest total to date. The game lacked interest because of insufficient competition.

P.C. Freshmen 50—Becker College 36

Providence stopped a strong Becker team and thereby continued to increase its victory string to six straight games. Kelly was outstanding for the Friar Freshmen.

P.C. Freshmen 49—Bryant-Stratton 28

The Freshmen gave Bryant-Stratton its first defeat of the season and at the same time revenged the Indians for giving them their only defeat up to date. Kelly and Ploski were the best performers of the evening.

P.C. Freshmen 49—R.I. State Freshmen 46

In a very evenly matched contest, the Friars emerged victorious over the first year men from Kingston. Bobinski with 61 points and Spinnler with 14 points scored over one-half of the needed points between them.

P.C. Freshmen 35—Holy Cross Freshmen 28

The accurate shooting for Ploski and Kelly were the deciding factors as the Purple Yearlings fell again before a Frosh team which was winning its 10th straight game.

P.C. Freshmen 44—Becker College 35

The Frosh for the second time this season proved too powerful for the boys from Worcester. Bobinski and Spinnler between them scored over one-half of the needed points and kept the Frosh on the winning side.

P.C. Freshmen 44—Springfield Frosh 34

For the second time this season a Maroon Yearling five was the object of a fatal Friar attack. Bobinski found the Springfield basket for 17 points.

P.C. Freshmen 55—Worcester Boys Club 34

The undefeated Worcester Boys Club became Providences 12th victim of the season. Bill Moge and Ed Bobinski found the hoop frequently to raise havoc with the visitors.

P.C. Freshmen 43—R. I. State Freshmen 35

The Providence quintet made a clean sweep of their two-game series with the Ramlets, which was a renewal of basketball relations between the institutions. Bobinski and Spinnler led the scoring for the home forces.

P.C. Freshmen 30—Assumption College 29

The winning streak of the Friars received a scare before it continued on its upward climb when Assumption came with-

in two points of topping the Yearlings in the most thrilling game of the present Freshmen year. Bobinski and Spinnler divided scoring honors equally.

P.C. Freshmen 43—Worcester Poly Tech J.V. 25

It was victim number 15 for P.C. when Worcester Poly Tech J.V. lost to the Friar Frosh. Providence at no time was in danger of losing. Ploski and Moge stood out in the Frosh attack.

P. C. Freshmen 59—Bridgewater State Teachers 34

The teachers became Providence College Freshmen's 16th victim. Leo Ploski was the individual star of the contest with 22 points. It was the second time this season that the teachers bowed to our smooth working outfit.

P.C. Frosh 51—Brown Freshmen 29

Providence Yearlings easily defeated the Bruin Cubs at the Brown Gym. Leo Ploski and Ed Bobinski led the Friars in the point scoring. The second team was used for the greater part of the game.

VARSDITY BASEBALL

A varsity baseball schedule of twenty-one games including feature contests with the leading College nines of the East have been arranged for the Providence College nine. The Friars have had outstanding success in the last five baseball seasons, being crowned Eastern Champions in 1931 and 1932.

Resumption of baseball relations with Rhode Island State will result in a home and home series with the Rams this spring. Princeton is the other newcomer on the list. Feature Annual Contests are booked with Holy Cross, Yale, Dartmouth, Brown, Boston College, St. John's, City College of New York, Harvard, Springfield and Villanova.

The Friars will have to rebuild almost the entire team for the current season, as only four lettermen are left from

last year's strong aggregation. Much of the strength of the team will rest on the ability of the Sophomores who turned in a fine record of eight wins in eleven starts as Freshmen last year. The lettermen from 1934 are Ed Eldridge, Omer Landry, and Co-Captains Leo Marion and John Madden. The men who have had some varsity experience are Leo Lanigan, John Reed, John McCabe, Bill Fitzgerald, Paul Healy, Pete Gobis and Frank Keane. The Sophomore material includes such luminaries as Brooks, Collins, Sherry, Hammond, Donahue, Doolin, Hagstrom, Lekakos, Soar, Curname, Belliveau, Hazell, Banahan, Bleiden, Gallagher, Smith, Lefebvre, Fitzpatrick and Angelica.



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THE COURSE OF THE TWIN STARS

(Continued from Page 6)

served with the ruler's meals. This method had thwarted plotters in the past, who would see the tyrant writhe from the throne. Today, however, the Sultan was bold, confident of the trust he placed in old Shamad. He dismissed the servants and addressed him: "I have come to take my meal in the quiet and peace of your study, with you. But let me rest awhile on yonder couch before the meal." So saying, he reclined heavily on the couch and in a few minutes was dozing.

At his bench, hard at work to prepare the most recent horoscope, the old man did not at first see the hooded figure that crept through the door and stood watching him.

"Abou!" What do you—" His words were cut by a gesture.

"We must act swiftly, Shamad. The time has come to strike. We must not—shall not wait. Let me plunge my dagger to his black heart! Thus—!"

"No, no! I beg of thee, Abou. Do not spill the blood of the Master upon my home! Please! Await a more favorable time. . . . for my sake, Abou. The stars warn me. . . ."

The dagger poised in mid-air. The words of Shamad were not to be scoffed at. Everyone whispered that the old man was one to be heeded. Were he to know the identity of the murderer, what curses might he not invoke upon his head? Sly Abou thought quickly. He whispered, "For thy sake, Shamad. . . . for thy sake." The dagger was placed back in the folds of his garment.

With a quick glance at the sleeping Sultan, the sooth-sayer turned again to his work. His mind was troubled. He did not see the visitor sprinkle a powder on the food and an-

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other into the wine that rested on the large silver tray. The old man was trying to conquer the terror that had swept him at the thought of murder. Abou had gone. He had just frustrated the attempt that would have made him free. He had rejected his one opportunity to leave this place of confinement and take the long roads back to the place of his birth . . . the place he wished to hold his bones when at last his days drew into dusk and ended. That dream was now forever gone because he would not allow the murder of his master whom he faithfully served but at the same time deeply hated. With a sigh he turned at the bidding of the Sultan and together they ate in silence.

* * * *

It was morning when they who had schemed burst joyfully into his room to break the happy news. "Awake, Shamad—the day of freedom is here. The tyrant is dead! Dead, do you hear? You are free, Shamad—free!"

But the Shamad to whom they cried was no more. Last night, he, too, had feasted well.

"You are free, Shamad—free!"

The course of Pollox, the twin stars had ended abruptly.

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§ !

(Continued from Page 8)

possess you, (according to present prospects) you are mine in fancy. Bright as a dollar! To be sure—shiny, new, clean silver dollars! I faced life with the mien of a man who is at peace with himself and the world.

Thus revolved the good green earth on her happy axis for days. I relapsed into the joyful routine that is life.

One day, happening to pass a little shop which proclaimed to all that it dealt in old and rare coins, odd books, and the like, I bethought myself of my little friend the silver dollar. Why not exchange a wrinkled grizzly bill in my possession for one of those that had brought comfort to me, and carry it as a token of my devotion and appreciation? I would provide the sanctity of a clean vest pocket for my little comrade, my little ray of sunshine, wherein it might repose to the end of my earthly meanderings. The idea was attractive. I turned in and voiced my request, and was forthwith accommodated.

"Bright as a dollar," I whispered as the friendly little thing nestled in my palm, winking up at me with eyes of silver clarity. "Bright as a dollar!"

But skies are not always blue and clear. Again, the devils that inhabit human imagination set to work. "Appearances deceive," they whispered. "What is the true nature of your dollar?" Again I grew pensive. After all, what is a dollar but a medium of exchange, existing only for the sake of convenience. Is it stable? Yes, by agreement. But even so, it is a standard, none too firmly established, existing conditionally. The thought festered into pain. To refer to a

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man as one who owes his existence to the benevolence of financial wizards is not complimentary. To insinuate that he is often found to fluctuate is to insult him. "Bright as a dollar," indeed! Why, it's to malign a man! Again I grew fitful.

Moreover—haven't I heard the phrase, "filthy lucre?" And—oh, memory that tortures with acuteness!—has not the dollar been said to be the "root of all evil?" I wept bitter tears. Gone were the happy days, gone my smiles and benedictions—gone, gone. The dollar is tainted, no matter how broadly one try to interpret.

Sometimes it seems I shall be bereft of my senses, but of late I am encouraged. Those to whom I voiced my woes used to stare queerly and suddenly remember important business elsewhere. Now, however, they are friendly again. I am slowly becoming reconciled. Everyone pats my back consolingly, tells me to relax, inquires after my health, and manifests grave interest in my genealogy. Slowly, I am regaining my lost equilibrium. Life smiles. Soon I shall be well enough to organize my national party for the abolition of the despicable phrase that oozes from careless lips.

Last night I made more friends. Having recounted my tale as just now told to you, I concluded amid extravagant back-slapping and hearty laughter. Groups gathered out of earshot to whisper and point at me. I do not doubt that they were sparing me the pleasant embarrassment of hearing them extol me. I am nearly at peace. Nobody disagrees with me. They even wink among themselves when I explain the "Bright As Dollars" is abbreviated into "B-A-D."

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THE DEFENSE RESTS

(Continued from Page 18)

the full significance of the facts which I am about to present to you."

For a moment the presiding justice paused and gazed about the courtroom, as if expecting to hear some remark contradictory to his method of procedure. Hearing none, he cleared his throat lustily, and turned his attention to the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "a crime of insidious origin has lately disturbed the peace of the town of Colchester. For the past ten days you have been present in this courtroom listening to the evidence and testimony which have been presented for and against the accused man. From this evidence, and from this evidence alone, you are to draw your conclusions. If you think that the testimony which you have heard warrants a conviction, then duty and justice, under the jurisdiction of this court, demand that you return a verdict of 'guilty.' On the contrary, if you . . ."

But here he was interrupted by a deafening uproar from the spectators outside. There were cheers, jeers and screams, and occasionally the cries of hysterical women could be distinguished. Instinctively, the eyes of the courtroom were focussed on the window, despite the fact that the position of the window made it impossible for us to satisfy our curiosity. "Why in blazes can't that mob be quiet?" thundered the judge. "Officer, close the window! It shouldn't have been opened in the first place."

He stood for a moment watching the fulfillment of his order. Then quickly recollecting himself, he regained his dignity and turned his attention once more to the members of the jury. Scarcely had he recaptured the mood, when the door

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of the courtroom was flung open and a wiry gray-haired man charged up the aisle, shouting, "Your Honor! Your Honor! The defendant. . . ." But before he could disclose his information he was roughly accosted by an alert guard, and a burly hand was clapped on his mouth. Immediately I recognized the man as the care-taker of the courthouse. He had a thin bony face and eyes which—as he struggled to free himself—protruded like those of a mad man. At that time I thought that he was crazy.

The attitude of Judge Thorndyke, however, differed radically from mine. His body quivered with indignation as he glared at the struggling man.

"Sir," he bawled as he crashed his fist on the table, "you are employed to act as custodian of the building and not to disrupt the proceedings of the court. Your conduct postulates a severe reprimand which will be duly administered upon the completion of the business at hand." And to the guard, he said, "Lock him in my office and return to the courtroom immediately."

As soon as the guard had re-entered the courtroom, the judge rapped for order and the excited mumbles of the jury gradually subsided. And then came a period of quiet suspense. Instead of proceeding with the trial, the judge stood silently surveying the courtroom with a look of scorn and suspicion. Finally his eyes came to rest on the attorney for the defense. It was a dramatic moment.

Outside the courthouse the once enthusiastic spectators had deserted their post. Still the rambling of their voices in the distance served to sharpen the nervous silence which pervaded the little courtroom.

BARTER

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BARTER is the Passion Play which won the Longmans-Green Drama League national prize in 1928.

WRITTEN by the Reverend Urban Nagle, O.P., of the faculty of Providence College.

PRODUCED by the Providence Chapter of The Blackfriars' Guild under the personal direction of the author.

SETS by James E. McDonald.

COSTUMES by Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PLAYING are Richard Fleck of Boston who took part in the world premiere at Pittsburgh and had the same role with the Washington Chapter of The Blackfriars' Guild . . . and Malachy Kelly, well known in local dramatic circles . . . Alice Dwyer . . . Catherine A. McMahon . . . Francis J. Hanley . . . Mary Higgins . . . Joseph Feeley . . . Katherine T. Kiernan . . . Paul Connolly . . . etc.

AT Harkins Hall, Providence College—eight p. m. on
 Sunday, March 31 Thursday, April 4
 Monday, April 1 Sunday, April 7
 Sunday, April 14

ADMISSION—Fifty Cents

BARTER is facing its Providence premiere, although it has been played by more than a hundred companies in Europe and America.

The attorney withstood the glare of Judge Thorndyke as long as possible. Then suddenly he jumped to his feet and protested bitterly. "Your Honor, if you think the actions of that maniac was a trick of the defense, you are . . ."

"Silence," shouted the judge, "I have made no accusations. And now if you are ready, I will continue my address to the jury."

During the next thirty minutes we listened attentively to the instructions of the judge and a brief summary of the case.

"And now," he concluded, "you will retire to the jury-room and consider well the evidence which you have heard. The fate of the defendant rests with you."

Thus far, I have been able to relate the story to you as an eye-witness. For the remainder I am indebted to the State's Attorney, who recounted it to me as follows.

A short while after we of the jury had retired for deliberation, Judge Thorndyke ordered the care-taker of the building to be brought before him. As the guards led him into the courtroom the little man no longer struggled. He marched up the aisle with a slow and deliberate gait, and stood coolly facing the judge.

"Evidently, my good man," the judge began in a stern and solemn tone, "you do not realize the gravity of your act. You have disrupted the proceedings of Colchester's greatest trial: You are guilty of contempt of court; and moreover the folly of your act might have been cause for a mistrial. Have you anything to say, sir, which might lighten the penalty attached to such behavior?"

The care-taker shifted his weight to the other foot, and a cynical smile lurked about the corner of his mouth, "Your Honor," he replied meekly, "the prisoner has escaped."

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ON THE FRIAR PAN

(Continued from Page 35)

when a woman's voice is heard. Here and there you see some Freshman gobbling a sandwich and gulping coffee all the while ardently perusing a crumb-laden page. He must be going to have an exam next period. Johnnie Shields is over there reading a newspaper. Bart Skipp and Mike Monahan go over and place a match between the sole and the top of his shoe. John doesn't see them. They light the match and scamper away. Shields' foot gets hot. He sees the cause and grunting something about the others being Freshmen he stomps off to a secluded corner. John is grumpy today. John (Butch) Conaty is over on the other side quibbling with the gullible Red McCabe. Guido Pizzutti and Charlie Kalcounos, the (big game) hunters, are over there playing, all the while casting furtive glances about them. Bill McMullen is striving to finish a novel. He has an exam in it in a few minutes. There's a lot of cigarette smoke in here. They ought to put rubber on the legs of the chairs as they scrape and screech horribly. There goes the bell. Everybody grabs their books, Say, who took my epistemology notes?

AFTERTHOUGHTS

Heater-Peeper Devine wore a red sweater one warm afternoon and when he perspired some of the dye came out of the sweater onto his shoulders. But Heater-Peeper couldn't figure out where it came from and he asked the fellows in the house what it could be. They told him that his skin was becoming discolored. He must have caught that new disease that was quite prevalent. He was all for going to a doctor but they told him to soak his shoulders in water for an hour or so and he'd be all right. And he did it! Danny David must have what it takes, for a big Lincoln with a very pretty driver roared up the drive and Danny nonchalantly stepped out of the building and into it. . . . We like his story in this issue!

Charlie (Tarzan) Gaffney and Mickey were just leaving after an evening's fun at a party when the young lady in

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front of them stumbled and fell down the stairs. Charlie, with ever a dash for the heroic, ran for a piece of ice for the distressed one's head, held her in his arms, and hollered at the others to move back and give her air. Mickey looked on in consternation—forgotten by her four year man! Can it be that Charlie is fickle? . . . E. Rotten Shoes Hughes also goes to parties and you can judge the kind they are from the fact that at eleven oclock one night we saw him coming home from one and in his hand he was carrying the nicest big orange you ever beheld.

GUZMAN HALL NOTES

Big Mike Harvey over at Guzman Hall collected these few notes for us and they give us some idea of the goings-on over at the Hall.

Headed by its new officers, Edward McSweeney, President, John Fraher, Vice President; Sam Durnin, Secretary, and William Garrison, Treasurer, the Philomusian Club has been enjoying another successful year. ■

Under the direction of Joe Hagen an Oratory Club has been formed to promote greater interest in public speaking.

A three-act play under the directorship of "Maestro" Fraher is being produced to be staged late in March.

The Guzman Hall five proved to be the class of the inter-class basketball league this year and they completed their entire schedule of games without suffering a single defeat. Mal Brown acted as coach, trainer, cheerleader and mascot.

Why not let the Friar Pan print some funny incidents that happen to your friends? After all, we don't happen to hear or see everything that goes on. So if you have some interesting item, write it out and put it in an envelope and place it on the mail ledge, sealed and addressed to the Friar Pan. But don't just give fellows' initials. We'll send Hauche up to collect them, and promise to use those that are good.