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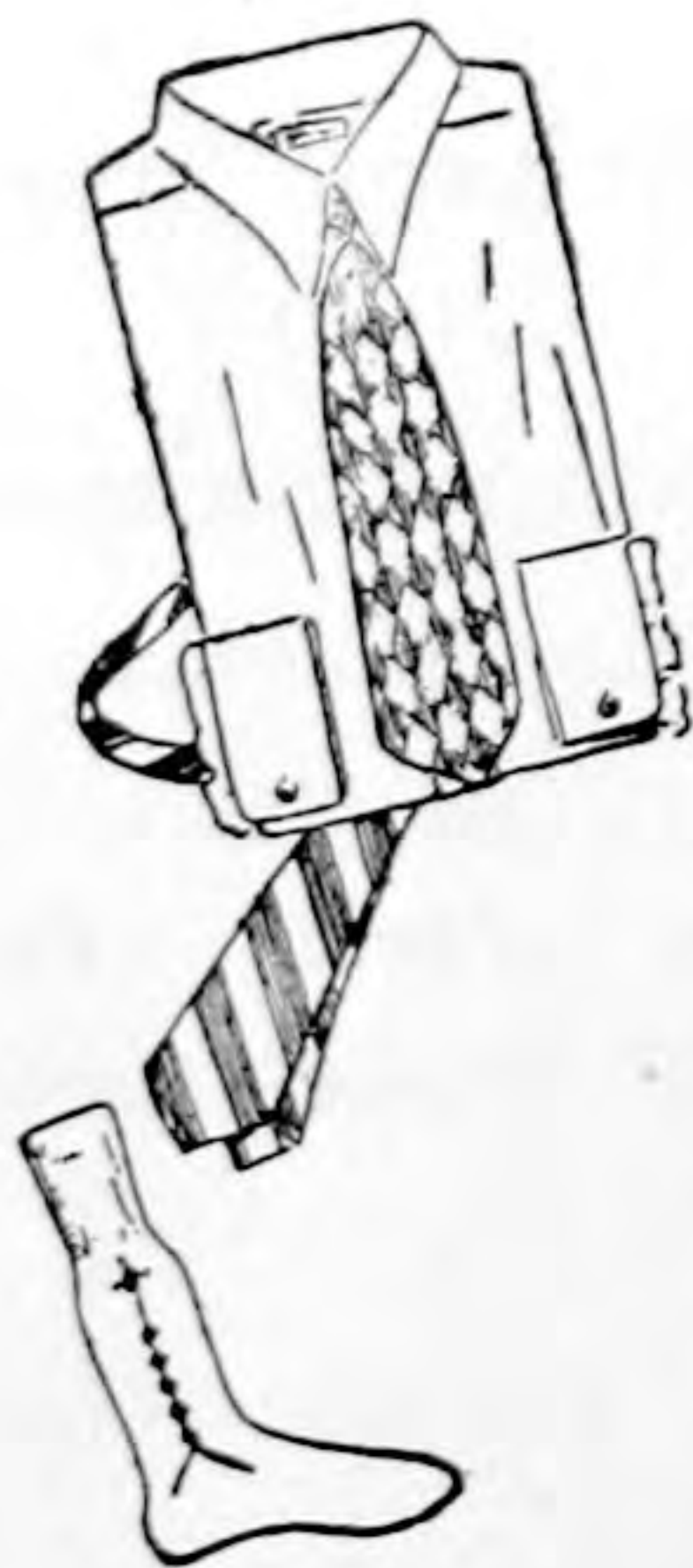
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*T. F. O'Daniel, O.P.*



# Providence College Alembic

Vol. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1927.

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## Wandering Still

“Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.”

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Not home from sea is the sailor,  
Nor the hunter home from the hill,  
For the sea shall hold him captive,  
And the wood shall keep him still,  
As long as graves are opened  
By sea mists in the morn;  
And sepulchers are sundered  
At the sound of the hunting horn.

*John C. Hanley, '29*

## Albertus Magnus, Scientist

**O**N NOVEMBER 16th, we celebrated the feast of one who is numbered, not only among the Blessed of the Church, but also among the greatest intellectual men the world has ever known—Albertus Magnus. He is, indeed, a unique character, being the only devotee of learning on whom the distinctive title "Great" has been irrevocably bestowed by universal consent. Albertus (or Albert) and Aristotle were the two men who came nearest to absorbing all the knowledge of their times; indeed, some say that Albert surpassed Aristotle in this respect.

Albert von Bollstädt was born of noble parents at Louingen, on the banks of the Danube, in Suabia. There exists much disagreement as to the date of his birth; some historians and biographers state it as 1193, but more convincing evidence places it as 1206. Although nothing is known of his childhood or of his preparatory education, we know that, as a youth, he was sent to the University of Padua.

In 1223, Albert joined the Order of St. Dominic. It is not known whether he continued his studies at Padua thereafter; it is probable, however, that he spent some time at the University of Bologna. After the completion of his course, he served as professor of theology at Hildesheim, Freiburg, Ratisbon, Strasburg, and Cologne. In 1245, while teaching at Cologne, he was ordered to go to the University of Paris, famous as a school of theology. Here he received his doctorate and taught for a few years. Returning to Cologne in 1248, Albert was made Regent of the newly reorganized University in that city. This office he occupied until his election as Provincial of his Order in Germany, in 1254. Having been sent to Rome in 1256 as the representative of the best intellectuality of the Order, Albert successfully defended the Mendicant Orders against the virulent attacks of William of St. Armour and others. While in the Eternal City, he was appointed Master of the Sacred Palace and was invited to preach on the Gospel



of St. John and on the Canonical Epistles. In 1257, he resigned as Provincial and resumed his studies and professorial duties at Cologne. Soon afterwards, he played an important part in the reorganization of the Dominican studies.

So confident were the Church authorities of his genius and administrative ability that, in 1260, against his wishes and despite the pleas made in his behalf by Humbert de Romans, Master General of the Dominicans, Albert was forced to give up his studies and to accept the bishopric of Ratisbon. After two years spent in reorganizing and stabilizing the affairs of the diocese, he was allowed to resign and resumed his duties at Cologne. Here he stayed until 1274, when he was summoned by Pope Gregory X to the Council of Lyons, where he took an important part in the discussions as the direct representative of the Holy Father. When the Council disbanded, he returned to Cologne.

Albert seems to have lost some of his intellectual vigor about this time. In 1277, however, his ardent spirit and mental acuteness were renewed sufficiently to enable him to score a brilliant victory over Stephen Tempier and others, who were seeking the condemnation of the writings of Albert's beloved pupil and friend, St. Thomas of Aquin, who had died a few years before. For a year afterwards, Albert continued to be the greatest scholar of his time. Then, in 1278, his mind and memory gave way, and his body, weakened by his multiple austerities and labors, bent under the weight of his years. He died at Cologne on November 15, 1280.

In accordance with one of the principles of the Dominican Order, to give to others the benefits of one's knowledge, Albert wrote many books. His complete works, comprising twenty-one folio volumes, were first edited by Fr. Peter Jammy, O.P., at Lyons, in 1651, and were re-edited at Paris towards the close of the nineteenth century. Besides numerous theses on philosophical and theological subjects, they include treatises on every branch of science which was known during the thirteenth century. Although Albert's chief claim to fame lies in his Christianization of pagan philosophy, his scientific works, despite some errors contained in them, were largely responsible for the bestowal upon him of the appellation, "Magnus." Turner, in his "History of Philosophy," says that Albert contributed far more than Roger Bacon did to the advancement of science, and surely this expression of laudatory appreciation does not seem like an exaggeration when we consider the fact

that Roger Bacon was but one of the distinguished men to whom Albert taught the sciences.

Many of Albert's books deal with what we commonly call the physical sciences. His "Meteorum," "Physicorum," "De Mineralibus," "De Coelo et Mundo," "Liber Cosmographicus de Natura Locorum" and "De Passionibus Aeris" were important additions to the knowledge of astronomy, physics, mineralogy, chemistry, physical geography, meteorology, and geology. Dr. James J. Walsh, in "Catholic Churchmen in Science," characterizes his works on physics and chemistry as "special chapters" in the development of these sciences.

Albert was unrivalled as a lecturer on physics. When he gave commentaries on the physics of Aristotle in Paris, people of all ranks, even princes and bishops, gathered to hear him. Within a short time after his arrival in the city, his audiences grew so large that he was forced to teach in the public square, which is still known as the Place Maubert (Place of Magister Albert). His works on this subject, consisting of eight books, comment on Aristotle's physics, but go far beyond the works of the Greek philosopher in their treatment of the underlying principles of physical nature.

Modern geology owes much to Albert. He was, apparently, the first one to advance the theory that suffocations and explosions in caves, mines and deep wells were due to the emanation, from the rocks or from the soil in such places, of volatile and mephitic substances which, when heated, produced gas and caused explosions. He also explained other natural phenomena. In "De Mineralibus," he tells us that, having been questioned as to the cause of the disproportionment of an image on a marble block, he replied "that this stone has been coagulated by the work of vapor, and that by means of a more powerful heat, the vapor had arisen without order or measure." Although his expressions are somewhat obscure, Albert probably meant to point out that the alteration in texture and mode of stratification of transformed or metamorphic rocks is caused, as the great Humboldt says, "by the action of vapors and sublimations which accompany the issue of certain masses in igneous liquefaction."

Humboldt said that in Albert's "Liber Cosmographicus de Natura Locorum," a species of physical geography, he found considerations of the dependence of temperature concurrently on latitude and elevation, and on the effects of different angles of incidence of the sun's rays.

Sighart best describes Albert's knowledge of geography in the following paragraph:

"He treats as fabulous the commonly received idea, in which Bede has acquiesced, that the region of the earth south of the equator was uninhabitable, and considers that from the equator to the South Pole, the earth was not only habitable, but in all probability actually inhabited, except directly at the poles, where he imagines the cold to be excessive. If there be any animals there, he says, they must have very thick skins to defend them from the rigor of the climate, and they are probably of a white color. . . . He smiles with a scholar's freedom at the simplicity of those who suppose that persons living at the opposite region of the earth must fall off, an opinion that can only rise out of the grossest ignorance, 'for when we speak of the lower hemisphere, this must be understood merely as relative to ourselves.' It is as a geographer that Albert's superiority to the writers of his time chiefly appears. Bearing in mind the astonishing ignorance which then prevailed on this subject, it is truly admirable to find him correctly tracing the chief mountain chains of Europe with the rivers which take their source in each; remarking on portions of coast which have in later times been submerged by the ocean, and islands which have been raised by volcanic action above the level of the sea; noticing the modification of climate caused by mountains, seas, and forests, and the divisions of the human race whose differences he ascribes to the effect upon them of the countries they inhabit. In speaking of the British Isles, he alludes to the commonly-received idea that another distant island, called Tile or Thule, existed far in the Western Ocean, uninhabitable by reason of its frightful climate, but which, he says, has perhaps not yet been visited by man."

Albert's contributions to astronomy and to meteorology have elicited much favorable comment. Humboldt praised very highly "Meteorum," in which Albert goes so far as to describe the mode of rendering sensible the phenomena of an earthquake. Drane, in "Christian Schools and Scholars," writes: "He decides that the Milky Way is nothing but a vast assemblage of stars, but supposes naturally enough that they occupy the orbit which receives the light of the sun. The figures visible on the moon's disc are not, he says, as hitherto has been supposed, reflections of the seas and mountains of the earth, but configurations on her own surface. . . . He has something to say on the refraction of a solar ray, notices certain crystals which have a power of refraction, and re-

marks that none of the ancients and few moderns were acquainted with the properties of mirrors." Albert's "De Passionibus Aeris" was a valuable aid in the advancement of meteorology. His "De Coelo et Mundo" was held in such high esteem that in 1255 it was prescribed for the Faculty of Arts in the universities.

In the letter of Petrus Peregrinus (A. D. 1269) we may read: "Albertus Magnus, the Dominican, in his treatise, 'De Mineralibus,' enumerates different kinds of natural magnets and states some of the properties commonly attributed to them." Besides the above mentioned treatise on magnets and a minute description of the ordinary peculiarities of minerals, "De Mineralibus" contains an abundance of information about the metals (of which Albert describes seven), and also an extended description of nearly one hundred kinds of precious stones.

Chemistry, also, owes much to Albert. He gave good descriptions of the properties of sulphur and of nitric acid, and showed very precise knowledge of certain other acids. Among the many other things credited to him is the first analysis of cinnabar. Archbishop Vaughan, O.S.B., says: "He (Albert) may not have surpassed all the ancients in chemical knowledge, but he far surpassed all in the ingenuity of his experiments and in some of his discoveries. . . . He was the first to perceive the chemical affinities of bodies and to detect various relations of metals to each other, while he greatly increased the practical utility of chemical materials."

Belief in alchemy is sometimes derogatorily imputed to Albert. We know that he experimented on metals with acids and chemicals, but we can find no good authority for stating that he practised the form of alchemy characterized by sorcery and black magic. His contempt for the belief that precious metals could be produced from the baser metals by the use of magic, or of the long-sought philosopher's stone is shown by his own statement, "Art alone cannot produce a substantial form."

We cannot overlook Albert's accomplishments in the biological sciences. He wrote at least nine treatises on subjects of that nature: "De Vegetalibus et Plantis" (in seven books), "De Motibus Animalium," "De Animalibus," "De Sensibus," "De Aetate," "De Vita et Morte," "De Nutrimeto et Nutribili," "De Generatione et Corruptione," and "De Spiritu et Respiratione."

Meyer, in his "History of Botany," says that no botanist before Albert's time, except perhaps Theophrastus, and none after him until

the time of Conrad Gessner and Cesalpino, can be compared to Albert. Dr. Jesser equals Albert to Aristotle and to Humboldt. "De Vegetalibus et Plantis" was another of Albert's books which, in 1255, was prescribed for the Faculty of Arts in the universities.

Albert devoted much time and study to the psychological sciences. His treatises, "De Natura et Origine Animae," "De Somno et Vigilantia," "De Memoria et Imaginatione," "De Intellectu" (in two books), and "De Anima" (in three books), are especially interesting now, in view of the prevailing popularity of psychology. "De Anima" was the third of Albert's books prescribed for the Faculty of Arts in the universities.

In all the other sciences Albert was likewise proficient. His knowledge of medicine must have been extensive, for Pagel, the famous German historian of medicine, praises his medical treatises. Then, too, we must regard Albert as a thirteenth-century Vaucanson, and a forerunner of Descartes, if there is any truth in the oft-repeated tale that he constructed an automaton which could walk and even talk.

It has often been said that if St. Thomas of Aquin did not have Blessed Albert for his teacher, the *Summa Theologia* would not have been so great. Would it be stretching a point, then, to say that if Albert had not taught science to Roger Bacon and to St. Thomas, the latter two would not have made great contributions to science, as they have done? Since Albert and Roger Bacon worked and studied together in the field of inductive science, may we not infer that Albert, like Bacon, anticipated many things in modern science? When St. Thomas brought forth the doctrine, "Nihil omino in nihilum redigetur," "Nothing at all will ever be reduced to nothingness," had he stumbled unawares on his knowledge? If not, whence had it come? Probably in large part from Albert, who instructed him in physics and other branches of science for many years.

But whether or not Albert is entitled to some of the praise and credit given to Roger Bacon and to St. Thomas, he stands out as a man of whom we Catholics may well be proud. Surely, when we consider the extent of Albert's writings (twenty-one volumes of five hundred thousand words each), and the diversity of subjects on which he wrote, we cannot but feel that he was truly worthy of the designation "Magnus," which has become so intimately associated with him, and equally as worthy of the title, "Doctor Universalis," which his contemporaries conferred upon him.

*David F. Anderson, '30*

## Poe's Visits to Providence

**H**AVE you ever visited the Athenaeum at Providence? If you have, you may have noticed the portrait of a woman, perhaps thirty years of age. The first detail to draw your attention is the bright color of the warm blue shawl which falls about her girdled muslin, and the unbecoming streamers of the widow's bonnet. She is a lady of great charm, with intellect beaming from her brow. The portrait is that of Mrs. Sarah Helen Power Whitman, a poetess of Providence, Rhode Island, for whom Edgar Allen Poe had great affection. This was his "Helen of a Thousand Dreams."

When Poe came to Providence in the summer of 1845 to read his poem at the Lyceum, he was generally accepted as a drunkard and a dope fiend. This probably accounted for the absence of Mrs. Whitman. After delivering his poem, Poe returned from the stifling public hall to the closeness of his own small, hired room. It was a warm night and the window of his room was open. The fragrance of the night suddenly and magically carried him away. The midnight striking of the clock startled him. The town, being so peaceful, he thought, would offer him friendliness.

Proceeding with a sense of adventure, he wandered forth under the wide-spreading elms of Benefit Street, scarcely knowing where he went. At the side of one of the houses he perceived a garden, fragrant with the odor of roses. Suddenly he stopped. There he beheld her, clad all in white, bending over the roses upon which the yellow moon fell brilliantly. He continued to gaze until the moon disappeared, and he watched the white figure silently glide away. To him she seemed but a fancy, "Lady Ligeia," the creation of his own brain. Thus was their first meeting.

Mrs. Whitman's identity was accidentally revealed to Poe after his return to New York. Her friend, a Miss Lynch, then at New York, was well known for her eminent literary gatherings. Mrs. Whit-

man had been informed of frequent commendable remarks made of her by Poe, and was prevailed upon by Miss Lynch to address some verses to him for the entertainment of a Valentine party. Among the great mass of correspondence, Poe sensed that the anonymous poem, "Valentine," was from her. Because he could not express his emotion spontaneously, he later sent her the beautiful lines of his lyric, "To Helen."

Upon his return to New York, Poe journeyed to Richmond. In that city he met his old-time sweetheart, Miss Royster, well supplied with money and well disposed toward himself. He was on the point of continuing his youthful romance, and proposing marriage to her, when he received a misdirected letter from Mrs. Whitman, containing two stanzas of "A Night in August." "This," she said, "was sent in playful acknowledgment of his own anonymous poem." Conclusive proof of this incident can be seen from his own letter, referring to his intention of proposing to Miss Royster: "Your lines reached me in Richmond on the very day on which I was about to enter upon a course which would have borne me far away from you."

After having obtained a letter of introduction from Miss Maria McIntosh, Poe again came to Providence in September of that same year. He presented himself to his poetical correspondent. Here he spent three evenings of "heavenly delight" in her companionship, sometimes walking among the roses of her garden, or among the moss green tombstones of the town cemetery, a characteristic choice of place. Here, after only three days of earnest courtship, Poe asked Mrs. Whitman to be his wife. She hesitatingly refused, pleading that she was older than he, and, among other matters, her unhealthy condition must be considered.

She was afraid. She dared not give him his desired answer. The truth was that the venomous insinuations of her pseudo friends were influencing her. The long-time hostility of Rufus Griswold was again active. Forced to acknowledge her answer, more by Poe's persistence than by her own confession, Mrs. Whitman gave, as the reason for refusal, the rumors concerning his character. The wildest stories came to her ears of his "too lawless, reckless, contemptuous genius," "his excess of drink." She sensed that they were somewhat exaggerated—yet, these rumors frightened her. To these accusations, he replied, on October 18, with a protestation that "with the exception of occasional follies and excesses which I bitterly lament, but to which I have been driven by intolerable sorrow, and which are hourly committed by others

without receiving notice, I can call to my mind no act of my life which would bring a blush to my cheek or yours." He then reminded her of the enemies he had made.

Soon after sending this letter, being on his way to Lowell to deliver a new lecture, he stopped at Providence, and, calling upon Mrs. Whitman, he again urged her to marry him, throwing himself at her feet and thrilling her with his eloquence, and the magic of his personality. She gave him a half promise and said that she would write to him at Lowell and inform him of her decision. There he went, awaiting her answer with great joy, for he felt assured that the long desired "yes" was about to be uttered. But his hopes were somewhat blighted upon the receipt of a cold and undecisive letter from Mrs. Whitman.

In Providence, the wicked Griswold's activities were in motion. All the friends and relatives of Helen were armed with poisonous rumors, with which they were incessantly filling her ears.

On Tuesday, November 7, Poe called at the home of Mrs. Whitman; but she refused to see him, because, as she said, he had become intoxicated in Boston. In the afternoon, he again called, and once more sought her to marry him at once, and return to New York with him. She read to him some letters which she received from one of his New York friends. Deeply moved and pained by the interview, Poe left, saying that if they should ever meet again, it would be as strangers. He passed that evening in the bar-room of his hotel, and, after a night of delirious madness, returned the next day. But, because he was mentally suffering and fearing an attack of brain fever, he was removed to the home of his friend, W. J. Peabodie, where he quickly recovered.

Later, when Poe again called, he was so uncontrollable that his stirring appeals rang through the whole house. "Never had I heard anything so awful, awful even to sublimity," writes Mrs. Whitman. Helen's mother was so moved by his suffering that she urged her daughter to consent to marriage. Forced to be content with this, Poe, having faithfully promised to reform, returned to Fordham on November 14. The agreement reached was that if Poe should once again yield to his vice, or if they should even hear of his drinking, there was to be an end to the engagement.

On December 20, Poe again left New York to give his fifth lecture before the Franklin Lyceum of Providence. Upon his arrival, he delivered the lecture, "The Poetic Principle," that same evening to a large audience. He remained there, and still pleaded with Mrs.



Whitman. The marriage license had been taken out and plans for a simple ceremony had been made. And then, on the afternoon before her wedding, Mrs. Whitman received a note from a friend informing her that Poe had again been drinking that morning.

She, therefore, finally decided to break off the engagement. He urged and pleaded in vain; she received his passionate words with sorrowful reticence. Gathering together some papers which Poe had entrusted to her, she placed them in his hands. "Then," in Mrs. Whitman's own words, "I drenched my handkerchief with ether and threw myself on the sofa, hoping to lose myself in utter unconsciousness."

About three weeks later, Poe addressed a last letter to Mrs. Whitman concerning some slanderous reports of his conduct in this affair, but he received no reply.

When, however, Poe died, she became his defender, ever eager to protect him whom she knew so well as a poet and as a man. She defended him from many malicious charges; she warded off the lies and abominable accusations of his old enemy, Griswold.

We have seen but one of the unhappy moments in the life of Edgar Allen Poe, the man who, by his pen, has earned for himself the coveted title of "Father of the Short Story." Go, then, sometime, to the Athenaeum, and gaze upon the portrait of her who won the heart of Poe. Perhaps he was so unfortunate as to be prone to drink. As for her, perhaps she was harsh and quick with him. At any rate, between them they have left us the tragic story of a remarkable man—and a noble woman.

*Charles R. Capace, '30*

## A Layer of Putty

**C**OUNT STANISLAUS GREGORY KOKLINSKY, Slavic, and decidedly handsome, twirled his thick flaxen locks about the curling iron, and while that instrument performed its appointed task, meditated. His bankroll consisted of exactly three dollars and forty five cents, and two Hollywood car checks; indeed, no small fortune for an impoverished nobleman, so it was imperative that he wed a rich heiress as quickly as possible. But heiresses were out of style; movie queens with their thousands per, were all the rage. He had but one alternative—work! And that, of course, was out of the question! Moreover, Count Stanislaus had a famous star nibbling at his bait, and as he deemed himself a clever angler, the all important question on hand was whether or not he should propose to her that day.

It was an ideal day for a proposal (which he hoped would be speedily followed by a most romantic elopement), for the sun was shining radiantly, the birds in the treetops were chirping merrily, and the fortunate actress, who was so soon to acquire our debonair count, must have been in excellent humour since she had recently renewed her contract with a huge increase in salary. (The newspapers alone vouched for this, but, why should he doubt the integrity of reporters?)

Nevertheless, our hero decided to leave the issue in the hands of fate, so, when his marcel was as billowy as it possibly could be, he dived into the recesses of his trouser pocket; and, extracting a precious coin, flipped the gleaming quarter into the air, meanwhile mentally choosing "heads." The coin fell upon the threadbare carpet with a dull thud—"tails!" But, upon further consideration, he overruled the decree of fate and tipped the scales in favor of the proposal. Alas! Necessity is, indeed, a stern taskmaster.

Therefore, arrayed in his best suit—he had only one—the epitome of a well dressed man appeared—Stanislaus, gaily swinging his ancestral cane, strolling down the avenue. At the corner, after a tiresome wait of several minutes, he boarded a street car bound for the Famous Players' Studio.

Let us leave our gay cavalier en route, and precede him to his destination.

Gloria Demarest, the supposed object of the Count's affection, had indeed renewed her contract, and her first role thereunder was that of the seductive Helen of Troy. A golden transformation, dressed into an elaborate Grecian coiffure, and a nose grecified by generous layers of putty, made an almost homely girl startlingly pretty. Miss Demarest's features were far too irregular for any semblance of beauty, but she possessed what many really lovely girls lacked, a screen appearance.

While her explosive director was coaching Paris, Helen sat on a campstool and dreamed of her suitor. She did not love him, she was positive of that; she had not as yet bestowed the slightest consideration upon matrimony, but she felt a dangerous attraction toward him. It was the kind of infatuation that might readily turn to love. But, she was not quite sure of his motives; she had been in the Photoplay business too long to trust anyone implicitly.

"Camera!"

Miss Demarest, the trend of her thoughts thus rudely interrupted, languidly sauntered on to the set; at any rate, she recalled, her precious Pole was due at the Studio at any moment.

Her Pole, unaware that the object of his affections was playing "Helen," stumbled upon the "Troy Company" shooting a love scene between the impulsive Paris and the reluctant Helen. Naturally, it ended in the only obvious way.

However, the undivided attention of Count Koklinsky was ensnared by the loveliness of the leading lady, and, for the time being, Gloria Demarest drifted to the background. Instantly a new idea flashed upon his receptive mind. Why should he bind himself to the almost homely Gloria, for her payroll. How frank he was with himself! Here was a really pretty girl starring, she must be starring, in a pretentious production; surely, she must earn as much as La Demarest. There was no harm in taking a chance, so he would cast his line and, perhaps, he might catch this beautiful fish; if not, well, he had his Gloria to fall back upon.

Perhaps!

To a gentleman reared in the gallant atmosphere of an Old World Royal Court, it was but work of a second to attract the young lady's attention. Indeed, she came forward to him rather spontaneously. Then, the flirtation began.

At first Gloria was too amazed to disclose herself, then, the novelty of the situation struck her sense of humour, and she resolved to continue the deception just for the deviltry of it. It was unusual that her avowed beau should mistake her identity and flirt with her. It was really too funny.

It was not so funny when the flirtation became serious. The man was making love to her, and, to all appearances, he was sincere. So! She had not been mistaken when she deemed him untrustworthy. She was disgusted, and incidentally, her infatuation died a violent death. But she conquered her growing aversion, and intending to teach him a lesson that his pride would not forget very quickly she told him that she would meet him at lunch time.

Her three years of movie experience had made her a consummate actress. During the fleeting lunch hour, the romance progressed with miraculous strides. The beautiful fish was caught, but so was Count Stanislaus; poor Gloria sank out of sight in the quicksands of oblivion. The two sat side by side on the green turf like turtle doves.

What was most surprising to Gloria Demarest was that the poor sap did not recognize her voice, but the conceited idiot was so elated at his triumph that he lost his sense of perception. She was unutterably disgusted, and, unable to conceal her aversion under the mask of infatuation any longer, she rose peremptorily and declared that she was expected at the set.

Then came the denouement.

He asked her when he might see her again.

She icily informed him, "Never!"

Count Stanislaus was thunderstruck. A moment ago, she had been passive to his advances, now, she was the personification of aloofness. It was inconceivable.

A ray of light suddenly burst upon his benightedness and blinded him by its glare. Gloria Demarest revealed herself, and informed him that he need not call to take her to the premiere of "The Gaucho" that evening. She further added that henceforth she was not at home to him.

Thereupon, Gloria Demarest, imitating the proud Lady Mary Carlisle, haughtily swept out of his ken.

It was a crestfallen Count Koklinsky that dropped his car check in its proper receptacle, and faced a bleak and unpromising future as the car bore him jerkingly homeward.

*Paul F. Csanyi, '30*

## Literature, the Invaluable

“On bokes for to rede, I me delyte.”

—*Chaucer*

**E**VERY individual, in the pursuit of his ideal, is led on by some incentive, some force which impels him to persevere in his endeavor to attain perfection. And what is this stimulus? It is the desire to make himself known, to become a leader of men, to carve a niche for himself in the hall of fame. There are many phases of art whereby man may partake of this incentive power, but that which is of paramount importance and that with which we are chiefly concerned at present is the inspiration which man finds in literature.

A man's books are to be numbered among his best friends. Literature makes him see further. It inspires him to greater and nobler heights. There, in the character of the hero, he views an ideal; perhaps he pictures himself in the role of that individual. Literature is the expression of his fellowman's deeper feelings. A drawing of a man's features is not a portrait and it is not art until the painter adds that element which brings out the soul within. Music never reaches the sphere of art unless the composer really feels the emotion which the theme evokes. And so it is with writing. It is this touch of genius that produces literature.

The writing of man becomes literature when he infuses into it the noble passions and convictions of his inner self. And consequently, the history of literature is synonymous with the history of man's passions and inclinations. The songs and dramas and prose writings of a nation reflect that nation's aspirations and ideals. For example, let us look at the English temperament and see what it has produced.

The inhabitants of the British Isles are a quiet, peace-loving people. Theirs is a distinctive sense of humor with a touch of pathos. This is admirably illustrated throughout Dickens's "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," and especially, "The Pickwick Papers." These works

are noted for the depth of character with which the author has imbued his subjects. Then there are the interesting papers of Addison and Steele, giving us an intimate view of country life in the seventeenth century. There is the fulminating patriotism of Burke, and the sublime religious enthusiasm of Newman. For the poetically inclined, there are the lilting lines of the ever-captivating Robert Burns, the uncanny, "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," of Coleridge, the music of Byron, the wild imagination of Shelley. We might go on indefinitely, so vast is the field of literary luminaries. We might pick out an example covering every phase of life and mode of living. England's writers have left nothing unattempted. However, it is not our purpose to exhaust the subject. We will content ourselves with a superficial glance upon passing.

Coming down to the present day, what do we find? For our answer, let us go to a news stand or a bookshop. The first thing that greets our eye is some lurid cover design. They would have it known as art! Let us turn the pages. What do we read? Nothing but the putrid overflow of a carious heart. They write of love and passion in such a way as to bring a blush to the cheek of any normal man. Nor do they stop there. Nothing escapes them. They transcend the natural order and most vehemently attack religion, hurling the most scathing denunciation against any creed which does not allow free rein in all respects. They would stifle the voice of conscience and cry out in sympathy with the old pagan philosophers: Eat, drink, and be merry! For to-morrow we die! Are we to class this debris with the works of the masters? They call it realism. Thackeray was a realist. Yet nowhere in his work do we find anything that is offensive.

Surely, we cannot caption it with the symbolic title of literature, that which is supposed to be the acme of perfection in the literary work of the day; and, of far more importance, that which is considered to be the expression of all that is noble in American ideals.

This is not to say that all of the modern literary endeavours are to be condemned. On the contrary, there are many commendable works in circulation. But there is a dearth of good literature in comparison to the ever-increasing rubbish pile. Of course, it is a well-known fact that themes which in any way cater to the baser emotions immediately find favor with the crowd. Consequently, a certain class of individuals, taking advantage of public gullibility, have seen in it a very lucrative source of income.

And so, we ban from the realm of literature anything which be-

speaks flagrancy, for man cannot be uplifted and inspired by that which is insalubrious to morals. Too many popular novels of the day are laying claim to the title of literature, under the guise of elegant language, although in reality they are but an insidious attempt of an unscrupulous author to swell his purse at the expense of a thrill-crazed public. This is but another example of the wolf in sheep's clothing. On the other hand, true literature represents the very best that the mother-tongue can afford, writings that are of permanent value, that have human interest, that will be of great benefit to the reader, that have beauty of form—in a word—the very cream of the language. And, with this in mind, the works of such masters as Dickens, Thackeray, and Ruskin should shed a scintillating radiance upon us from their exalted station in the vast firmament of English literature.

*James J. Sheridan, '30*

### **On Narragansett Bay**

Low dips the sun and yields his throne to foes,  
    Whilst far below the placid waters glide;  
Three sails, three crews—all wrapped in slumber's clothes,  
    And playful moonbeams in the ripples hide.

*James J. Sheridan, '30*

## A Manner of Speaking

**T**WO men were walking along the dimly lighted street, talking earnestly. Or, rather, one talked, and talked tirelessly, for his heart was in his subject. The other, although he feigned interest, was not successful in his simulation. He had the look of one who listens to a familiar tale, not willingly, but patiently. The talk he pretended to listen to went like this: "What we need in politics, George, is honest men, men who makes promises and keep 'em. Why, if things were run the way people promise to run 'em, there wouldn't be any such word as 'reform.' No sir, no such word as 'reform.' Things would be so perfect that the most of us would be scared to breathe for fear of doing something wrong. But are we scared to breathe, George? I guess we're not. But, I, for one, am sick and tired listening to nothing but promises from fellows who never intend to keep 'em. That's what made me run for Mayor, George. Yes sir, I ran for Mayor so the people would have a man who knew how to make promises all right, but, what's a heap more important, a man who knew how to keep 'em. The fellows in office now made enough promises to keep twice as many men busy for a lifetime, but they never gave 'em a thought after they got in office. No sir, they became too high and mighty to keep promises, too busy lording it over other folks to attend to their jobs. Claiming to be a common, ordinary, honest lot, and friends of the people; then taking on all these high and mighty airs. That's the cause of corrupt politics, George; fellows get too puffed up with pride in their jobs to work at them properly.

"Look at Mayor Whitehead. I'm running against him, and I'll beat him. Folks are sick and tired of his proud airs and his high talk and blamed dignity. Two years ago he didn't have proud airs. No sir, George. He was a friend of the people then. Spoke their language, so he said. Said he'd remain a friend of the people after he was elected. Did he? No sir, George, he didn't. Did he speak their language after



he was elected? Listen. When the committee went to him to ask him to rush the work on the new school-house, what do you think he said? What do you think he said to that committee? His own supporters, mind you. He said, 'I dare say it will be attended to.' Do you get that, George? 'I dare say.' Why didn't he talk like an ordinary man, and say, 'Sure, I'll see to it.' Or, if he had some push to him he'd have said, 'You bet I'll see to it.' But not him. He had to put on airs and say, 'I dare say.' Sounds like a friend of the people, sounds like the same language, doesn't it, George? But there'll be none of that when I'm Mayor. No sir, I'll never—oh, you turning up here, George? Well, I won't keep you. Be at headquarters next Monday night to get the returns. Good night, George."

"Good night, Pete."

It was eleven o'clock on the next Monday night before the men at Pete's headquarters knew that their champion had been elected Mayor. At the announcement there was great rejoicing, triumphant shouting, and frenzied preparations for a celebration. George was there, gleeful and excited, caught by the popular frenzy. He approached the new Mayor.

"Well, Mister Mayor," he said, smiling, while he made a sweeping bow, "don't you think we ought to arrange a celebration, a parade and bonfires, and all that goes with an election?"

The Mayor frowned at the obeisance that was only mockery, drew himself up importantly, a new and false dignity making him swell and grow ludicrously pompous; then he said, "I dare say it will be attended to."

*John C. Hanley, '29*

## My Violin and I

I often hum a slumber song,  
And dream of days gone by,  
When, hand in hand, we strolled along,  
My violin and I.

I was a famous concert star,  
The world was all my own,  
And not a viol, near or far,  
Could match your mellow tone.

My pliant bow swept o'er each string,  
The gentlest music gushed;  
To heaven the hearts of men took wing,  
All—all—in rapture hushed.

But now, we both are growing old:  
My frame is bent with years,  
But you still give forth charms untold  
To dry these foolish tears.

*James J. Sheridan, '30*

## The Conversion of Giovanni Papini



GREAT intellect is not unlike a comet that executes its flaring arc in the sky, attracting by its glaring and sensational beauty the attention of frivolous mankind, only to ultimately vanish after it has performed its allotted arc into the abyss of infinity. Other intellects are like meteors that fall from the heavens with a transient glare and strike the surface of the earth, inflicting therein a great rent; but even then, the fiery beauty that dazzled the spectators has been extinguished and only the unfortunate cavity in the earth is the testimony of its former obscure existence. In our materialistic century there have been many comet intellects, prominent among whom is the heralded Italian soldier-poet, D'Annunzio; and there have been meteor intellects, some of whom have fallen to earth, and others who still hold the fancy of the world, like Aantole France and George Bernard Shaw, but who are destined for the inevitable fall. Yet not all great intellects are transient. There are some that are the antithesis of comets and meteors; they are luminous stars that abide in the firmament to light and to guide the way of the bewildered mariner on the turbulent seas of atheism and materialism. Such are the genii of Hilaire Belloc, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, and the deceased Pope Pius the Tenth. And we have to-day an intellect that has the properties of both the comet and the "Stella Maris"—Giovanni Papini. The comet danced through the sky and dashed itself to earth—for a short period its fate was oblivion—then instantaneously, miraculously ascended from the grave of its extinction into the sky and became a glowing star. The trail of the resurrection of the comet Papini is his "Life of Christ;" the agency of his resurrection, his conversion to Catholicism.

The conversion of a confirmed atheist to Christianity is necessarily a study in psychology, so I believe a short, though detailed account of Papini's early life and environment would not be "labour lost," for it

would enable my reader to grasp the salient points of the acclaimed new apostle's character.

Giovanni Papini is a Tuscan who was born in Florence, the city of Savonarola, and who received the name of John, the patron Saint of the "City of Lilies." To be sure Papini's father attached no such "foolish sentiment" to the common Italian name, Giovanni, in the year 1881; for the elder Papini was a most ardent Galibaldista, and a violent anti-cleric. His mother, on the contrary, was a simple Tuscan woman, reared in the shadow of the Church, who, fearing so much the fervent enthusiast of Mazzini, to whom she had been united in matrimony, yet feeling instinctively the need of baptism for her infant boy, caused her baby to be surreptitiously baptised. In his childhood, he made dubious, hasty visits to church with his mother—and from the very haste and infrequency of these visits, he dismissed "church going" at an early age as a decided bore.

Papini had no classical education. He is a self educated man, who at nine years of age wrote poems, dramas, and tragedies. At sixteen years of age he was strongly attracted to the study of religion and philosophy; but always in a negative sense, that of a skeptic and a pessimist. At this same period he began to study the encyclopaedia and delved into the manuscripts of the destructive philosophers. He sums up the fever for knowledge that ruled his youth thus: "My passion became to know—to know—to know everything that has even been printed or written or known. Nothing short of omniscience became my goal." His boyish encyclopaedism was intense and real—so real, in fact, that he conceived the idea of writing a new encyclopaedia, a new exhaustless magazine of knowledge that would answer all questions and appease all curiosity; but a far more ambitious work than any existing one; indeed, the fullest of the existing ones were to be but as mere outlines to his own completed task. But this extreme fervor met a stumbling block; his work progressed and reached an article on "Achilles," and here it oddly halted, never to be resumed again. The tireless zeal had evidently become weary.

At twenty years of age he began to write in earnest; and in the years that followed he published many books, books that rendered him famous throughout all Italy—in fact, over all Europe—as the most gifted, the most violent, the most merciless of all modern scoffers at faith, religion, the Church, and everything else that is cherished by man for the sake of truth and morality. He became a veritable Barabbas;

his weapon was a vitriolic mockery that was merciless, destructive, un-sparing. He was a radical, an anarchist, a nihilist, by temperament destructive and iconoclastic; and like all radicals, even anarchists, he felt himself a missionary. He says: "The whole inclination of my character has always been, even during the period of unbelief and negation, toward the desire of assisting and illuminating others." It may also be remarked that he had at one time even become a rationalistic commentator on the Bible, even studying Hebrew to perfect his knowledge. But, to him, the Bible was meaningless; a horrible document of rapine, war, adultery, murder, and revenge. In 1907 he founded the "Leonardo," an acidly critical literary and philosophical review. It became popular, for he had a power of expression startling in its very expression and vitriolic force.

He, through the agency of this review, became the leader of the Italian "Image Scoffers," the creator of a profound pessimism, never dreamed of by the pessimistic Buddha in his "Nirvâna," the high priest of despair, whose gospel was the utter futility of life, the hopeless degradation of the human race; he had sunk to such depths of utter dependency and denial and disbelief in God and man that his chief doctrine was suicide. Mankind, in his estimation, was so low, so worthless, so vile, as to be good for nothing except to destroy itself. The only salvation of the world, cried Papini, the only cure for its manifold ills was the suicide of the world. During these years he flitted, as does a bee, from flower to flower, from philosophy to philosophy, searching everywhere for truth; yet his eager interest and the dismal failures that ever attended it steeped him deeper and deeper in the mire of pessimism.

Throughout his story one can view the unsatisfied spirit of a man searching through the dim, uncrowded galleries of human thought, hurling down one idol after another, overturning every pedestal to examine its foundation, impatient with the half lights and multitudinous shadows of the labyrinth. He was a follower of many philosophies, religions (if such they may be called), and thoughts; and they all convinced him of the weakness and the insufficiency of human opinions.

Then out of a clouded sky, the rumble of thunder, the blinding glare of lightning—WAR.

Papini laughed, laughed bitterly, because it confirmed his saddest convictions. He explains, "I laughed with all the joyous bitterness of having one's saddest conviction confirmed—nation after nation, almost

without thought, plunging into blood and fire, offering up holocausts of its men, destroying, killing, burning—that is precisely what I thought and believed of the human race; that it was criminal and imbecile; that it was incapable of good and capable only of evil, that its dominant nature was animalistic, its chief desire to destroy and kill. Yes, I laughed. I was glad to see my deep rooted conviction of years so amply justified.”

Yet it was this same war, this destruction, this conflagration, this murder, that was the turning point in his life; it was this red, glaring war that led Papini out of the underground labyrinth of materialistic sophistries by the gleam of its blood stained swords; its ferocity, its falsehood, its toll of death, swept him into the open air of certitude.

The keen perception of Papini's inquisitive brain had long been trained to rigorous logic and had been accustomed to invariably asking questions. In reaction, after the first brutal shock of war, came sadness, bewilderment, puzzlement, always the torturing query, Why? Why should these terrible things be, hate and torture and maiming and killing and destruction?

Why? Why? Why?

During the first years of the war he was plunged into a chaos of mental speculation. He passed through many phases of thought before he reached a point of light. He studied the history of Man. Had any attempt been made to change the animalistic instincts of man through the 2500 years of human existence that composed so hideous a record of blood and carnage? He could find no trace of any such endeavor in the gospels. The gospels! He considered them and reconsidered them long and carefully, especially the moral system expounded therein. He was forced to admit that this was *the* means of altering the base instincts of man; and terrified, the sophistries, the nihilism of former days rushed to the assistance of his atheism. They overwhelmed him with their manifold explanations and theories.

In 1916 he abandoned the seething city and retired into the solitudes of the country, to live among the simple shepherds and goatherds. Here, in the eternal mountains at Bulciani, he wrestled with God, with Christ, with Truth, vainly struggling to quiet his mind and assuage his torment, with his old sophistries.

At last, he surrendered unconditionally; he was conquered by a Power far greater than any human intellect; his sophistries were utterly routed. He was convinced of the presence of and the immortality of his

soul. He became an evangelical Christian—a Protestant. He calls this his partial conversion.

For a time this satiated his longing for truth, but as he read and re-read the gospels he found that in his Protestantism the gospels were nothing but beautiful words, lofty ideals without Christ. And Christ was singularly absent. He grew dissatisfied. There must be authority behind those words!

In the three years that followed this partial conversion, Papini read extensively; he read Tolstoi and Dostoivetsky, Hello and Bloy, the French apologists, Benson's "Lord of the World," and Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi;" he studied Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson's "Paradoxes of Christianity," Manzoni's "Christian Morals," and Cardinal Newman's "The Development of Dogma." All these books considerably influenced his conversion to Catholicism, for through their aid, in corroboration with the gospels, he passed from the teaching of Christ to Christ Himself, from the law of the Absolute to the Absolute Itself.

He became a Catholic in 1919.

For a man who interviewed him, in 1922, after the publication of his "Storia di Christi," he summed up his beliefs and convictions thus: "A great renaissance of the Catholic Religion is coming over the world. A complete reversal to the obedience to Christ and His Church is the only solution for the present ills of the world and the only security of its future." "The only way to change the history of man from a brutal record of blood and carnage and greed to one of peace and harmony, and love—the only way to change the history of man is to change the spirit of man. . . . We must change the instinct of man, we must relight it with its original fire of God's love which through the ages and ages has become more and more submerged in the flesh." "The greatest, the most solemn, the most forceful truth in our civilization is the Word of Christ; the Word lives in millions of humble men and women, to whom it imparts the knowledge of Good and Evil, the essential knowledge without which life, as in the higher strata of modern European culture, is again reduced to original chaos; it lives in an association of these men and women, the Catholic Church, which has outlasted all kingdoms and empires, all cultures and philosophies; there is one place, therefore, for the seeker of truth, for the fugitive from chaos, and this place is the Roman Catholic Church."

*Paul F. Csanyi, '30*

## RESIDUUM

About a week ago, we noticed that a certain member of the senior class whose name we do not know, but whose initials are Fred Smith, was limping around school with an injured hand. It seems that one day Fred was getting some cigarettes downtown when someone accidentally crushed his hand. He had the manual extremity treated by a doctor and when the time came for his final visit, the doctor removed the bandage and held the hand up for Fred's inspection. Fred surveyed it for a moment and then said:

"Will I be able to play the saxophone, now, Doc?"

"Why, sure," came the saw-bones reply.

That's fine," piped up Fred, "I've always wanted to play some kind of a musical instrument."

Prof. Whosis in his new book entitled "Who Cares?" has characterized the period between birth and a college career by calling it, "from one crib to another."

"Busy?"

"No. You busy?"

"No."

"Then let's go to class."

Jim: "I lost a hundred and seventy pounds since I last saw you."

Joe: "How come?"

Jim: "I lost my girl."

Freshman filling out application blank.

Question: Why did you come to Providence College?

Answer: Because the Jesuits are the best teachers.



Sweeney: "Say Leo, I was dreaming about you last night."

Leo: "What were you dreaming?"

Sweeney: "That you were walking down the street followed by a mule and singing."

Leo: "What was I singing?"

S.: "Me and my Shadow."

Ferraro: "How do you account for your big feet—heredity or environment?"

Hafey: "Environment; you see I was raised in the foot-hills."

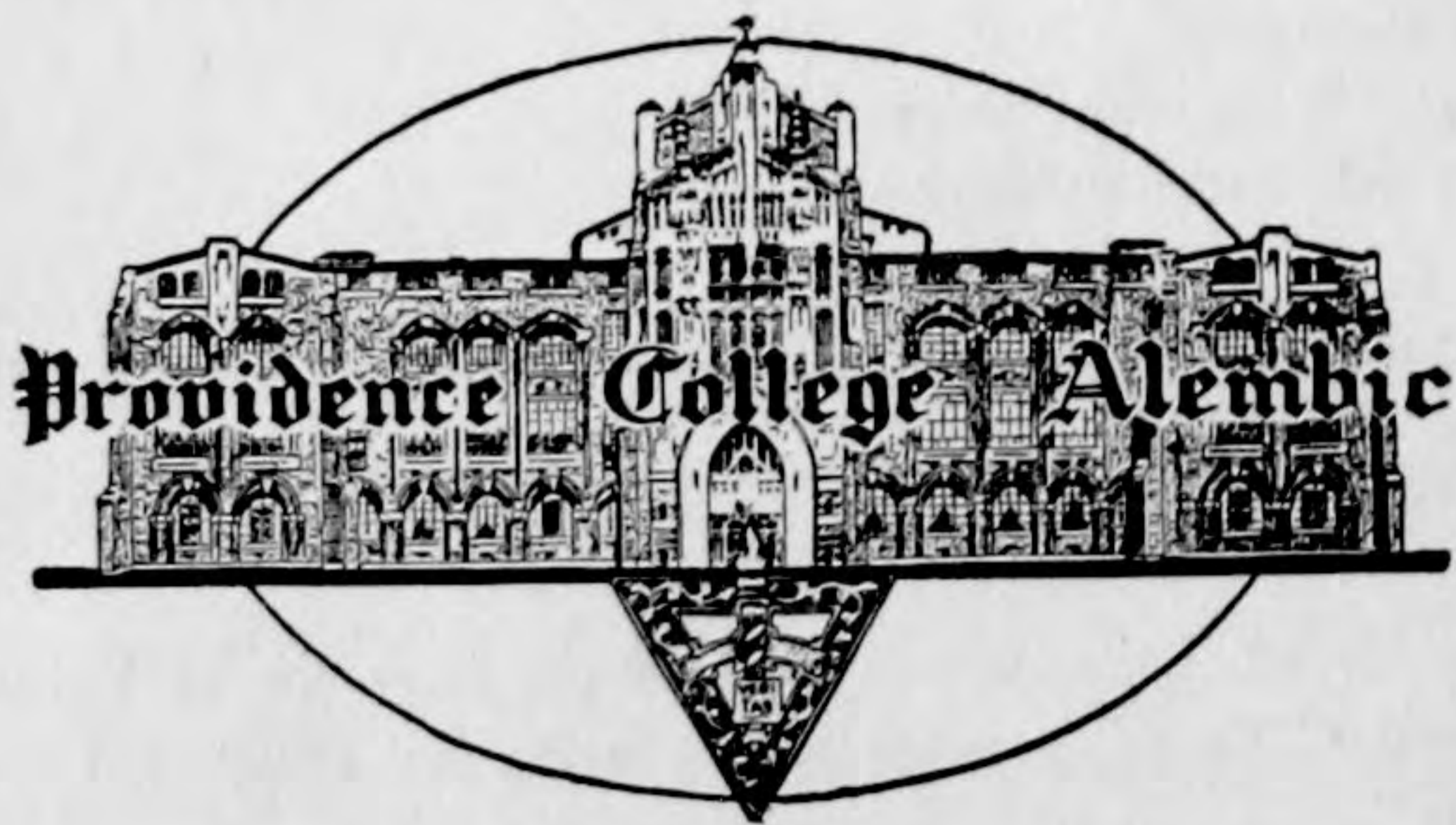
Ed: "Well, what do you think of our fairy city of Bristol?"

Visitor: "To tell you the truth it is the first cemetery I ever saw with lights."

Prof.: "What does H<sub>2</sub>O symbolize?"

Bright Eyed Frosh: "Oatmeal."

*Phillip B. Hearn, '28*



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## DATE GRATIAS

We realize (from personal experience) that the average reader makes the common title, Thanksgiving, synonymous with trite sermonizing.

Suppose, however, that some cynic asks, "give thanks for what?"

To this we give no direct answer, but, instead, proceed to quote three common newspaper headlines:

- (1.) CIVIL WAR IN CHINA
- (2.) MISSISSIPPI FLOOD
- (3.) MAN KILLED

Now, wherein do these give an answer to our supposed interrogation? We reply by stating that from the basis of contrast these indeed squelch the doubter. In the first place, caption number one tells us that as a nation we have much for which to be thankful. Caption number two apprises us of the good fortune of living in this particular section of the country. Lastly, caption number three tersely informs each of us of the gratitude we owe for our very existence. Thus, as a nation, as a portion of the country, and as individuals we owe a supreme debt to the Almighty. What more need be said to the question, "give thanks for what?"

Date gratias! Thanksgiving is here.

## YOUR SPEECH

There are two modes of thought expression—the written and the oral word. The former, when properly executed, is a beautiful thing. It lives not for a day but for centuries. Posterity imbibes it and is the better for it. The author speaks and the world listens. His word is a source of universal inspiration and encouragement. Little wonder, then, that few of us are gifted with this sublime talent. Yet, of the two, the latter is by far the greater. Where the written word causes wonder, the oral thrills; where the written inspires, the oral word moves to action. In the last analysis the spoken word is human, it comes directly from the heart and is chiselled with the lips of emotion. And the most wonderful feature of speech is that it is not confined to a few, but instead is common to every man. By this it is not meant that each of us possesses the potentialities of true oratorical ability. Far from it. Rather, our point is this,—that all of us are provided with sufficient means to attain an elegance of speech and diction which will render ordinary conversation charming and yet efficacious. Of course, in order to acquire this aptitude a certain knowledge of the principles of grammar and construction are necessary. Accordingly, one would not expect the

laborer of the street to indulge in the type of conversation employed by the man endowed with the privileges of a liberal education.

Thus, realizing the value of the spoken word, we should naturally expect the college man to be a keen exponent of its proper usage. Yet, even the most casual observer cannot help but notice the lack of facility in his manner of expression. Rarely does it conform to the canons of correct speech. Instead it usually resembles modern jazz—it is characterized by syncopation, collegiate slang. An ability to take the shortest path possible to thought expression seems to be the ambition of the collegian. It is not our purpose to assign any reason for such a state of affairs. Instead we wonder if the student appreciates the mighty value of correct speech.

Then, remembering the old adage, "The habits of a lifetime are not broken in a day," any reasonable student will make it a point to guard his speech. In conclusion, speech is sacred and, if one gain nothing more from his entire course than a proficiency in the use of the oral word, he may be prepared to meet the world on a firm and lasting foundation.

## CONTEMPORANEOUS YOUTH

Youth is prone to copy. Since the inception of extensive higher education, the college man has exerted a certain influence on contemporary youth. While it would be mere conjecture to attempt to determine the extent of this influence, yet there is scarcely one of us who is not aware, at least, of its existence. Daily, through the mediums of collegiate dress, mannerisms, and speech as adopted by the non-college man, we come in contact with its accidental manifestations. Few of us, however, perceive the more basic imitations often assimilated by our less fortunate brethren. This consists in their emulation of our actions, of our principles of morality, of our very life, if you will, and should be a matter of utmost concern to every college man.

Undoubtedly both parties will instantly scoff at this doctrine. Each, being human and hence proud, will instinctively rebel at such a thought. The collegian considers herself as being wholly distinct from all others; the non-collegian believes himself independent, surely, with regard to this form of imitation. Yet this does not alter the truth of our statements. The fact of the matter is that the transmission and reception of this influence are unconscious acts which neither party senses.

We could go on to prove further our stand either through an argument from experience or by way of strict rationalization; but as this is not the purpose of this article, we have no intention of so doing.

Instead, we wish to impress upon the college man of today the obligation he possesses toward contemporaneous youth. In what, then, does this duty consist? Briefly, in right living on our part. If our actions, if our criteria of morality, if our lives exert an influence on others, then we are duty bound to see that they conform to the true Christian standard. Truth should be our sword and charity our shield in every living action.

In this way, only, can Christian civilization hope to be improved. As men of higher learning, it is but natural that contemporary youth should and does look to us, for the correct pattern of life's mold.

Are we giving it to them?

# EXCHANGE

## HOLY CROSS PURPLE

The usual PURPLE, copious, entertaining, and instructive. The initial number presents a profusion of verse, but there is a dearth of short stories and essays. One or two more of the latter and a little less of verse might give the magazine a better balance. Now, we are not discouraging the writing of verse. We have always maintained that, if students are whole-heartedly in support of their college paper, they will not be content with prose, but will attempt the writing of verse. That there is extreme interest in the college bulletin at Holy Cross is manifest from a review of the PURPLE.

The two stories, "Le Jeune Aristo," and, "The Middle Sin," are of unusual merit. The former, written against a true historical background, presents the heroic attempts of a French youth to avenge the death of his father during the troublesome times of the French Revolution. His sincere but unsuccessful attempt that culminated only in his narrow escape from death at the hands of his own people is vividly portrayed, and we compliment the author on the excellence, both of his diction and description. "The Middle Sin" we think the better of the two. The story opens in Dublin, "on a cold, damp, depressing day of December." That one phrase recalled to our mind the introductory sentence to Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," so descriptive of the morose setting that attends the opening of the theme. The story is a lesson to those given over to the middle sin—Anger. A young Irishman forced to flee his country on the triumph of this sin within him, finds himself in the great city of Boston. A romance begins between him and a pretty Jewess. The second triumph of the sin is seen in the fit of anger into which the girl's uncle throws himself upon learning of the couple's nuptials. Then the tragic scenes commence. The youth is rejected by his loved one, and thrown upon the world—an outcast. But

soon he sees the priceless gem of faith that he has thrown away for the love of a woman. In the blackness of the night he is unconsciously drawn into a church. He prays. The peace of God descends upon him, and he departs a sorry, but a wiser man. The story is true to life. The characters are well portrayed, and the plot is skillfully developed. A pleasing story, well told, and worthy of commendation.

As to the verse, "Spring in the South" and "The Valley of Despair" appealed to us.

We think your Editorial Department should be enlarged. Surely you can afford space for at least three editorials, and with the staff of editors you have you should encounter little difficulty in this regard.

And now we come to the "Moon of Books." Everywhere nowadays we read and hear of book reviews. In newspapers, in magazines, and on the radio the Book Review plays its part. But to our mind there is no more fitting place for such than in a college magazine. Although our ALEMBIC does not boast of such, it is our fondest hope that the near future may behold the inception of such a department. Keep up the good work here, for there is no better way of introducing the reading public to life-long friends than through the medium of the book review.

## CANISIUS MONTHLY

The October number did not measure up to our expectations. The first article we meet is a reprint of Bishop Turner's address to the class of 1927. It is a masterpiece of sound Catholic Philosophy, an inspiring and soul-stirring oration. "By the Gate of Ivory," is a story quite different from that encountered in school papers. The nature of the theme necessitates one's undivided attention, for the thought lies not on the surface. The reader must do some thinking. "The Constitution and Religious Education"—well, we were just about able to wade through it. The essay is entirely too long, comprising fourteen pages of the magazine. Surely, the topic could be treated adequately in half that number. It is characteristic of the author to use long, extremely long sentences. In some instances a single sentence constitutes a paragraph. Now, even a finished writer oftentimes finds the long sentence difficult to handle. In our ramblings through books, one man stands out as the master of the long

sentence, Cardinal Newman. We are not all Newmans, and much is often lost through the excessive use of the long sentence. We were pleased with the review of the volume entitled, "In Towns and Little Towns," and we enjoyed, "Old Tree," very much. The Monthly stands on a par with other magazines we have received thus far in regard to the Editorial Department. Surely there are many topics of vital interest to students and scholastic life that would serve as matter for editorials. A few words of welcome and advice to Freshmen are not sufficient. We would refer our Exchanges to the October number of St. Joseph's Chronicle, to see there the splendid array of editorials, the diversity of topics. The Alumni section is up-to-date—the one complete department of the Monthly.

### ST. JOSEPH'S CHRONICLE

The most complete Prep. School Bulletin we have thus far seen. "The Plotters," a one-act play, is a splendid attempt at the dramatic art. Although the scene depicted in, "Tim's Liberation," is not new, yet it is presented here in a most agreeable manner. In one of the recent movies, this very scene was most vividly enacted. We believe that "The Escape," would be more interesting had the author some regard for the use of tenses. "Gleanings," is novel to us, and no doubt achieves great results in developing the descriptive powers of students. Like the Editorial Department, to which we have referred in another comment, the Alumni and Exchange Departments are complete in every detail.

*John W. Murphy, '28*



# COLLEGE CHRONICLE

## CLASS ELECTIONS

The Senior Class chose as its officials for the last year of college, the following: President, Stephen A. Fanning of Cumberland; Vice-President, Frederic T. McDermott of Phillipsdale; Secretary, James E. McDonald of East Providence; Treasurer, W. Harry Lynch of Newport.

The Junior Class honored as its leaders the following members: President, Frank J. Carr, New Haven, Conn.; Vice President, John D. Coughlin, Revere, Mass.; Secretary, John M. Dormer, East Greenwich, and Treasurer, Gerald A. Dillon, Pelham, N. Y.

From among its number, the Sophomore Class, bestowed the title of "Wise Man" upon the following: President, Charles P. Earley, Providence; Vice-President, Ralph S. Daniels, Pawtucket; Secretary, Frederick G. Dunn, Providence; Treasurer, Charles J. Jaworski, Worcester, Mass.

The lowly but enthusiastic Freshmen, after due meditation (in proportion to their capacity for such endeavor) selected the following as class officials: President, Richard W. O'Connor, Woonsocket; Vice-President, Paul Rocco, Pawtucket; Secretary, Charles P. Sullivan, Newport; Treasurer, Francis J. McHugh, Providence.

## AQUINO SOCIETY

The results of the annual election of officers of the Aquino Literary Society were announced as follows: President, Vincent F. Gabriele, Providence, of the Class of 1929; Vice-President, Joseph DellaPenta, Rochester, N. Y., of the Class of 1930; Secretary, John J. Russo, Deerfield, Mass., of the Class of 1929; Treasurer, Joseph Parrillo, Providence, of the Class of 1931.

### LACORDAIRE DEBATING SOCIETY

The present scholastic year witnessed the inception of a new collegiate society at Providence, in the Lacordaire Debating Society, the aim of which is to promote interest in debating between the Freshman and Sophomore classes. In the furthering of its aim, the society has announced a series of debates upon questions of vital interest to all. The officers of the society were announced as follows: President, Ambrose V. Aylward, Providence, of the class of 1930; Vice-President, Richard O'Kane, Providence, of the class of 1931; Secretary, Francesco Canario, Providence, of the class of 1931; Treasurer, Walter Lough, Providence, of the class of 1930.

### GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club has organized for the year with the following men holding office: President, Eugene T. LaChapelle, Pawtucket, of the class of 1928; Vice-President, Omer L. Moreau, Swanton, Vt., of the class of 1928; Secretary, Edward J. McIsaac, of Providence, of the class of 1928; Treasurer, Leo V. Hafey, Providence, of the class of 1930.

### SENIOR WELCOME

Adhering to established custom, the Senior Class extended the hand of welcome to the Freshies at a social and dance given on October 21st. The Freshman Class manifested a wholesome college spirit in their response to the benevolent Seniors. The attendance set a mark for all such informal affairs in the coming years, and augers well for a successful year in the college social life. Numbered among the guests of the Seniors were college and class officials. Music was furnished by the College Orchestra. Not content with a single manifestation of good-will, the Seniors offered a surprise feature, which for some was not enjoyed to its full extent, judging from after-remarks. At any rate the attendance at the St. John's game, played the ensuing day, was appreciably, very appreciably increased. Leave it to the Seniors!

### COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

With the hope of surpassing its meteor-like rise to fame during the past year, the College Orchestra has again assembled and is holding regular practice. The spirit and enthusiasm of the new candidates, coupled with the loss of but a few of the

last year regulars, have, during the rehearsals to date, evoked much favorable comment from the student body. The organization is under the direction of Reverend J. F. Baezler, O.P., with Frank Capelli, of the class of 1930, acting as leader.

## TIE-UP

With a view to promoting an interest in college activities, a lively news sheet, fostered by the Senior Class, appeared on October 24th. In it are discussed all topics of general interest to the student body, events relative to the scholastic, social, and athletic life of Providence College. A new and distinct sheet appears each day posted in various parts of Harkins Hall, and to date it seems that it has helped to develop the spirit already manifested by the under-classmen. We wish it every degree of success attainable in the achievement of its worthy purpose.

## JUNIOR RECEPTION

The members of the Junior Class were the guests at a reception given by the new class moderator, Reverend A. B. Cote, O.P., on the evening of November 1st. Previous to the reception, the class held a regular business meeting at which were discussed plans for the Providence-Fordham Dance, to be held on the evening of the game, November 11th. The addresses of the evening were delivered by the President, Reverend Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., and by the Dean of Studies, Reverend Daniel M. Galliher, O.P.

## ANNUAL HALLOWE'EN SMOKER

The Class of 1931, at a smoker held in the gymnasium on November 3, followed the traditional custom of Hallowe'ening the Freshies, innovated during the first years at Providence. Despite the weather inclemencies, the Freshmen seemed to realize the magnanimity of their superiors, for there was indeed, an encouraging turnout from the ranks of the infant class. Although the evening did not chance to be Hallowe'en Eve, the Freshmen evidenced the fact that many of their number still believe in spirits, good and evil, for they unanimously decided to foil the foul intents of any stray elves who might be abroad on such a fitful night. They accordingly appeared at the smoker in disguise, namely minus the cap and tie which distinguish their breed.

There were many features on the long entertainment, consisting of speeches, improvised vaudeville skits, and athletic events, both aquatic

and its opposite. Reverend Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., President, was the faculty speaker. Other speeches were made by the Presidents of the four classes: Steven A. Fanning, '28; Francis J. Carr, '29; Thomas J. Earley, '30; and Richard W. O'Connor, '31. Coach Archie Golembeski represented the football squad. Some of the vaudeville events threatened to upset future plans of the B. F. Keith circuit, but no immediate champions in the world of sport were uncovered during the wrestling and boxing exhibitions.

The official inter-class activity, the apple-ducking contest, ended with the host of the evening, the Sophomore class, making a glorious come-back after their ignominious defeat of the preceding day, to win by the close score of 20 to 17.

### INTER-CLASS TUG-OF-WAR

The Sophomore-Freshman Tug-of-War, first of a series of events to determine the championship of the under-classes, was staged on Hendricken Field, Wednesday afternoon, November the 3rd, at 2 P. M. Sad to relate, the Sophs proved no match for their more numerous opponents, and were dragged in the dust by the superhuman efforts of their inferiors, who for some unknown reason took riotous delight in their suddenly-discovered proficiency. The only chagrin experienced by the Freshies was that occasioned by the fact that the Fire Department was not present to render the dead-line even more inviting to the Sophomores! We accordingly extend our congratulations to Father Rogers and our deepest sympathy to Father Perrotta.

*James E. McDonald, '28*

## ALUMNI NOTES

'23—Dr. Charles J. Ashworth, A.B., who received his M.D. from Tufts last June and an honorary A.M. from Providence, June 16, 1927, is at present serving his internship at the Rhode Island Hospital.

'23—Francis J. Burns, A.B., is at present in business in his home town, Norwalk, Conn.

'23—James A. Higgins, Ph.B., of Blackstone, Mass., is practicing law.

'23—Joseph P. O'Gara, A.B., has returned to his theological studies at Rochester Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

'23—The ranks of the benedicts claimed one more among its number in John S. Kelley, B.S.

'24—Robert P. Beagen, Ph.B., recently passed the Rhode Island Bar Examination.

'24—William M. Beck, Ph.B., or just "Bill," he who contributed the winning bingle in that memorable twenty-inning game with Brown, is teaching and coaching at the Holderness School, Plymouth, N. H. Bill was back for the commencement exercises last June together with his pal Bill Connors.

'24—We extend our congratulations to Albert J. Callahan, A.B., who was married recently.

'24—William J. Connor, Ph.B., received his LL.B., from Catholic University last June and an honorary A.M., from Providence, June 16, 1927. Bill served as a life-guard at Narragansett Pier during the past summer.

'24—Francis L. Dwyer, Ph.B., was recently honored with election to the office of Chancellor of the Providence Council, Knights of Columbus.

'24—Howard J. Farrell, A.B., is connected with the Pawtucket Branch of the Standard Oil Company of New York.

'24—Charles A. Gibbons, A.B., is to be married this month to Miss Margaret Hackett.

'24—Justin P. McCarthy, A.B., is at Columbia Law School.

'24—John B. McKenna, Jr., B.S., ex-President of the Alumni Association, has returned to his studies at Harvard Medical School.

'24—Daniel J. O'Neill, A. B., A.M. 1927, is instructor in Latin and Greek at La Salle Academy. Edmund A. Quinn, B.S., is also instructor at the same institution and the two are seen together quite frequently.

'24—Mortimer W. Newton, A.B., is connected with the law firm of Fitzgerald and Higgins, in this city.

'25—Among recent visitors on the campus was Francis L. ("Red") Alford, Ph.B., who stopped over on his way back to continue his law studies at Marquette University. "Red" expressed satisfaction with the early season prowess of the football eleven.

'25—Recently we met John E. Cassidy, Ph.B., formerly associated with the Alembic. John is engaged in business which he claims to be for him exceedingly interesting. Whatever business troubles may be, they do not seem to have taken any toll upon the healthy appearance of "Dick," as he is known to many of us, although no one seems to know where he received the name.

'25—During the past summer, we noticed on several occasions that Robert E. Curran, A.B., has to all appearances lost none of his proficiency in the gentle art of Terpischore.

'25—We are also possessed of information to the effect that Earl F. Ford, B.S., is to be married sometime during the week of November 14th.

'25—James H. Lynch, A.B., has for the present turned his attention from writing musical comedies to the more serious matters of the concrete business. Jim says that his knowledge of Epistemology, especially the relations of the concrete and the abstract, has not gone for nought.

'25—Frank J. McGee, Ph.B., was a recent spectator at one of the Providence home football games.

'25—Robert E. Murphy, B.S., has returned to his engineering studies at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at which institution he will finish at the end of this year.

'25—Vernon C. Norton, Ph.B., is still connected with the Pawtucket Times.

'25—William J. O'Donnell, B.S., is now associated with the Travelers Insurance Company at their Hartford, Conn., office.

'26—Charley Reynolds, A.B., was among the many alumni spectators at the Providence-Norwich University game at Hendriken Field. Charley is now with the Firestone Tire Company at their Providence branch office. Carolus took a fling at his old love, pitching, this summer with no little degree of success.

'26—Francis W. Conlon, Ph.B., has returned to the Law School at Yale University.

'26—Thomas H. Cullen, A.B., the man who put Haverhill on the map, at least in so far as Providence is concerned, is still holding forth in the employ of the Grinnell Company at Rochester, N. Y. His new address, for those interested, is 7 Oxford Street, Rochester.

'26—John M. Duffy, A.B., paid his respects at the College during the summer, before his departure for the Seminary at Baltimore, Md.

'26—John J. Mulhern, Ph.B., and James N. Eastham, B.S., are both at Catholic University this year. This is "Bunny's" second year, while Jack, who is the President of the Alumni Association, is engaged in his first year of graduate work. Both men are holders of Knights of Columbus Scholarships. "Jimmie" is studying Civil Engineering and majoring in Mathematics, while "Jack" is specializing in Psychology.

'26—It would not do, in fact it would be unpardonable, for this number to go to press without mentioning that John E. Farrell, A.B., is still directing the destinies of our athletes as Graduate Manager.

'26—Joseph A. Finegan, A.B., was married on October 29, 1927. Joe is employed by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

'26—William V. Griffin, Ph.B., is another alumnus to join the ranks of the Benedicts. Bill has gone back to Boston University Law School, where he has been re-elected to the Presidency of his Class.

'26—John J. Halloran, Ph.B., is now employed with the New Bedford branch of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

'26—Robert J. Johnson, Ph.B., is associated with Gimbel Brothers, New York City.

'26—Redmond F. Kelly, B.S., is at St. John's, New Brunswick, Canada, in the employ of Sloane and Company of Chicago.

'26—Francis E. Kempf, Ph.B., is with the Wannamaker Store, New York.

'26—John P. ("Pat") Leahy, A.B., is an instructor at the Junior High School in Pittsfield, Mass.

'26—Thomas J. McAleer, Ph.B., is now a sophomore at the Fordham Law School.

'26—John B. McGarry is still the "Salesman Sam" of the Dental Supply houses. He is now connected with the Hartford Dental Supply Company.

'26—James H. McGrath, Ph.B., has returned as a sophomore to Boston University Law School.

'26—Edward J. McQuade, Ph.B., is studying at the School of Law at Yale University.

'26—Thomas J. Maroney, Ph.B., is now the Athletic Director at Masee Prep.

'26—Raymond F. Murphy, A.B., was a visitor at the college before returning to the Seminary at Baltimore.

'26—William F. O'Connor, A.B., is associated with the Pawtucket Times.

'26—William H. ("Skip") O'Connor, Ph.B., former editor-in-chief of the Alembic, is now engaged as an instructor at Burrillville High.

'26—Alan E. O'Donnell, A.B., is pursuing his medical studies at Jefferson Medical School, Philadelphia, Pa.

'26—William C. O'Neill, Ph.B., is a frequent caller at the college. Bill is doing very well at a stock and bond salesman. He was a visitor at the Senior dance last week, which he pronounced a howling success.

'26—We see Henry B. Reall, Ph.B., every now and then. Henry has lost none of his avoirdupois, since his matrimonial experience last June. Henry received a royal welcome from the graduating class of 1927, as he emerged from the college chapel, a married man.

'26—Johnny Farrell tells us that he receives word quite frequently from Edward F. Sullivan, A.B., who is now firmly entrenched at the Dominican House of Studies, Chicago, Ill.



'26—Leo J. Tessier, Ph.B., remembered for his tenor voice, is studying medicine at McGill University, Montreal.

'26—James H. Walsh, Ph.B., has returned to Columbia Law School.

'26—William H. Young, Ph.B., is now Assistant Manager of one of Woolworth Stores, Jackson Heights, Long Island.

'27—John C. Beirne, Ph.B., is still associated with The Pictorial Review, and is, at the present writing, located at Pittsburg, Pa.

'27—Ezio J. Bernasconi, Ph.B., is studying medicine at Boston University.

'27—Anacleto Berrillo, Ph.B., is preparing for his career in medicine at Jefferson Medical School, Philadelphia, Pa.

'27—James T. Boylan, Ph.B., is attending Georgetown Law School.

'27—Joseph Capasso, A.B., drops in rather frequently, when he is home from Boston University Law School, and we also hear that Edward A. Capomacchio, A.B., has entered Yale Law School.

'27—Archie H. Daley, B.S., is studying at Catholic University in company with Jimmie Eastham and Jack Mulhern. Archie is also a Knights of Columbus Scholarship student.

'27—Dr. Frank A. Holland, M.A., a graduate of Harvard Dental School, departed early in the summer for Labrador, where he expected to do clinical work among the natives for at least three months.

'27—Thomas R. McGrath, A.B., was the winner of a Knights of Columbus Scholarship in Boy Guidance at Notre Dame University. Cyril A. Costello, A.B., and Stephen A. Murray, A.B., were also the winners of similar scholarships and are now at Notre Dame University.

'27—Raymond X. Meadowcroft, A.B., is an instructor in the high school at Little Compton, R. I.

'27—Bernard F. Norton, B.S., (or for those who could never distinguish the twins by name, Barney is the "Norton with the glasses"), is an instructor in Mathematics at Cumberland High School, and will also coach basketball and baseball at the same institution during the coming seasons. Brother Daniel, B.S., ("Norton without glasses"), is pursuing a course in engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The boys pay us a visit quite often, and as usual the atmosphere is considerably brightened when they arrive.

'27—We wonder if it is the lot of all former Editors-in-Chief, to wear during the rest of their lives the sad and mournful visage, which they invariably contract during the period in which they occupy the editorial chair. At any rate, we met Gerald J. Prior, A.B., the other day and Jerry still appeared as if he had lost his last friend. He was heard to mutter, "What, no poems?—Late as usual." The Editor of the present Volume still smiles, however.

'27—Chester Sears has "gone and changed" his name again. He is now parading his wares under the title of "Mickey Sears." Chester really has serious intentions, and will, according to his own statement, sooner or later, wind up in Law School, unless the hospital claims him first. Chester performed in the main bout at Boston on the twenty-first of the month; and, although rather decisively routed, managed before calling it an evening, to floor his opponent twice before the fellow decided that Chester was not in a joking mood. We shall hear more of Chester!

'27—Charles A. Towne, A.B., former detective par excellence during his stay at Providence, has forsaken the ways of the stealthy Holmes. Charlie is now studying at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. His brother, Norbert, A.B., is at present studying Law at Columbia.

'27—The triumvirate composed of Thomas H. Bride, Jr., William E. McCabe, Ph.B., and Eugene J. Sullivan, A.B., are representing Providence College at Harvard Law School. Junie spent the summer with the other two at Onset, Mass. On his return he was well pleased with this year's football squad in its pre-season practice sessions. We saw Bill at the Providence-Norwich game, but as yet we have not met Gene.

'27—We were agreeably surprised a few days previous to Columbus Day to receive a hurried call from Joseph B. McKenna, Ph.B. Joe came to us fresh from the New Hampshire hills in an imposing looking Buick stock model. Joe announced to us that he was entering a car in the races, which took place on Columbus Day at Salem, N. H. We have yet to hear of the result of Joe's experience.

NOTE—If this news has been of any interest to you, apprise us of your interest by submitting to us any information you know referring to the Alumni. It is in this way only that the Alumni news may be kept up to date.

*James E. McDonald, '28*



## FOOTBALL

NORWICH VS. PROVIDENCE  
at Hendriken Field, October 8, 1927

For the second successive week, the Black and White finished in a deadlock, when it battled the heavy Norwich University outfit to a 7 to 7 score. The game on the local gridiron found both clubs evenly matched and well-drilled. The Dominicans had a slight edge over their heavy opponents from Vermont, and showed enough class to warrant being rated superior.

Norwich scored the first touchdown of the game in the second period. With the ball in Norwich's possession in mid-field, Waining, visiting half-back threw a short pass over left end which Whalen gathered in on the run, and set sail for the goal. Bleiler, local quarter-back, nearly pulled the Cadet to the ground with a flying tackle, but the Horseman shook himself free and raced forty yards for the score. Beveridge kicked the goal.

It was not until the fourth period that the Dominicans received their first scoring opportunity. The way was paved for this marker when the local forwards hurried a Norwich punt, which went short, going offside on the Norwich thirty-two yard line. On the first play,

Allen tossed a pass to Lewis, who made twelve yards before being brought to earth. On the next play Lewis was stopped on a line buck. This was followed by a fumble and an incomplete pass. Although it was fourth down, Allen calmly hurled an accurate aerial to Bleiler, who raced across the remaining chalk-lines. Allen drop-kicked a pretty goal for the tying point.

To name any individual star of the fray would be a difficult task, as all the forwards stood out prominently during the clash. The wing work of Leo Smith, the stonewall defense of the Zande brothers, the fine work of Captain Connors, and the flashy work of the ball-carriers, Allen, Lewis, Da Gata, and Bleiler, all contributed to the Providence cause.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE (7)	NORWICH (7)			
Dubienny, l. e.....	l. e., Ellis			
Sullivan, l. t.....	l. t., Molter			
Karywo, l. g.....	l. g., Allen			
Capt. Connors, c.....	c., Beveridge			
M. Zande, r. g.....	r. g., Daley			
Nawrocki, r. t.....	r. t., Hourin			
Smith, r. e.....	r. e., Coane			
Bleiler, q. b.....	q. b., Amorosco			
Allen, l. h.....	l. h., Wainig			
Gibbons, r. h.....	r. h., Whalen			
Da Gata, f. b.....	f. b., O'Donnell			
Score by periods.....	1	2	3	4
Providence College.....	0	0	0	7—7
Norwich University.....	0	7	0	0—7

Touchdowns: Providence—Bleiler; Norwich—Whalen.  
Points after touchdown: Providence—Allen (dropkick);  
Norwich—Beveridge (dropkick).

Substitutions: Providence—J. J. Russo for Kareywo, J. Zande for Connors, Fleurent for Bleiler, Waterman for J. Zande, J. ande for J. J. Russo, Lewis for Gibbons, Szydla for Allen, Wheeler for Dubienny, J. Russo for Smith, Fanning for Sullivan, Carrol for M. Zande, Ritter for Carroll, Rzezruki for J. Russo; Norwich—Taylor for Ellis, Burke for Daley.

Referee—George F. White. Umpire—T. B. Dowd.  
Linesman—J. S. Norton. Time of periods—15 minutes.

### PROVIDENCE VS. VERMONT at Burlington, Vt., October 15, 1927

Crippled by the loss of several of its star gridgers, including Smith and Dubienny, regular ends in the Norwich game, the Dominicans suffered defeat at the hands of the strong University of Vermont eleven, 40 to 0. Although the score was one-sided, the game was

hard fought and afforded the large crowd many thrills. It marked the first defeat for the Dominicans, and avenged the 21 to 0 setback the Catamounts received in Providence last year.

Providence received a tough break at the start of the game when a pass from Capt. Connors landed in open territory and was scooped up by Sirois who ran to the twenty-yard line before he was tackled. Two line-bucks by Smith, and a Providence penalty put the ball on the one-yard line, and then Scutakes "scooted" across for the first score. Conway kicked the goal. Soon after the next kick-off Conway dashed twenty-three yards thru tackle for another score. Later in the game Vermont tossed two successful aerals which resulted in touchdowns.

Providence made a desperate effort to score at the end of the first-half when Allen tossed four successful passes to Fleurent which placed the Black and White in scoring position just as the whistle sounded. In this rush the invaders thrilled the stands with their short passes, which resulted in five first downs and promised a score.

Scutakes was the individual star of the fray with twenty-four points, and was closely followed by his team-mate, Conway, while Allen, Fleurent, Da Gata and Nawrocki were the stars for Providence.

The summary:

VERMONT (40)	PROVIDENCE (0)			
Robinson, l. e.....	l. e.,	Wheeler		
Damon, l. t.....	l. t.,	Sullivan		
Levine, l. g.....	l. g.,	Koreywo		
O'Keefe, c.....	c.,	Connors		
Krohper, r. g.....	r. g.,	Carroll		
Winchenbach, r. t.....	r. t.,	Nawrocki		
Sirois, r. e.....	r. e.,	J. Russo		
Conway, q. b.....	q. b.,	Fleurent		
Scutakes, l. h. b.....	l. h. b.,	Allen		
Estabrook, r. h. b.....	r. h. b.,	Szydla		
Smith, f. b.....	f. b.,	De Gata		
Score by periods.....	1	2	3	4
Vermont .....	14	6	6	14—40

Touchdowns: Vermont—Scutakes 4. Conway, Macomber. Points after touchdowns: Vermont—Conway 4.

Substitutions: Vermont—Macomber for Conway, Leary for Sorois, Mace for Scutakes, Woerner for Krohper, Gourson for Smith, Percy for Estabrook, Macomber for Mace; Porvidence—Lewis for Szydla, Zande for Koreywo, Tomassi for Carroll, Gobbins for DaGata, Watterson for Connors, Fanning for Sullivan, Bleiler for Fleurent, Szydla for Gibbons, White for Nawrocki, Brady for Szydla, Borden for Fanning, Zegniki for Wheeler.

Referee—J. N. Young; Umpire—S. R. Goeweey; Field Judge—T. K. Laird; Linesman—R. Peach. Time of periods—15 minutes.

ST. JOHN'S VS. PROVIDENCE  
at Hendricken Field, October 22, 1927

Flashing an offence that was consistent, and presenting a wonderful defense, the Black and White came back to whip our strongest rival, St. John's College, of Brooklyn on Hendricken Field, 12-6.

Spectacular plays abounded throughout the fray. Margolis, sensational quarter-back of the invaders, reeled off the longest run of the day when he raced 83 yards from scrimmage early in the first period, to give the St. John's eleven their only score.

Providence was the first to score and the manner in which they did it left no doubt as to their ability to handle passes. In the first period, Da Gata opened the fray with a pretty kick-off, which Gold ran back to his thirty-yard line. On the next play, a short forward pass formation, Da Gata intercepted a pass and was downed in his tracks. Allen ripped off five yards through right tackle. A short pass over left end from Allen was nailed by Nap Fleurent for a six-yard gain, for a first down on St. John's twenty-yard line. After an unsuccessful line-buck, Allen dropped back and shot a twenty-yard pass to Fleurent, who caught the oval on the run, evaded the secondary, and dashed over the line for the first touchdown. Allen failed to kick the goal.

The fever to score seemed in the air and it was but two minutes later that the Black and White scored again. Da Gata ran the kick-off back to the Providence forty-seven yard line, from where Allen booted to the St. John's fifteen-yard line. Kicking against the wind, Margolis' punt went low and Allen caught it on St. John's twenty-yard mark.

Allen ripped off four yards, Szydla made six and Da Gata made five to bring the oval to St. John's five-yard line. On the following play Szydla was stopped on the one-yard line, but Allen crashed through tackle for the final score of the afternoon. The try for extra point hit the post.

The line that wore the Black and White colors seemed to be the best that has represented the college. Captain Connors, who played with a knee injury, proved to be the big stumbling block in the path of the invaders. The Zande brothers presented a stonewall defense against the Brooklyn line thrusts. Steve Fanning, rugged tackle, proved to be fast and aggressive and crashed through time and again to stop the visitors in their tracks. Ted Lewis, who took Allen's place in the last quarter, collected thirty-five yards by straight line-plunging in six attempts at the Brooklyn forward wall.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE (12)	ST. JOHN'S (6)			
Wheeler, l. e.....	l. e., Mullen			
Fanning, l. t.....	l. t., Helmer			
J. Zande, l. g.....	l. g., Bova			
Capt. Connors, c.....	c., Capt. Gallagher			
M. Zande, r. g.....	r. g., Sichel			
Nawrocki, r. t.....	r. t., Falussy			
Joe Russo, r. e.....	r. e., Blei			
Fleurent, q. b.....	q. b., Margolis			
Allen, l. h.....	l. h., Gold			
Szydla, r. h.....	r. h., Cooper			
Da Gata, f. b.....	f. b., Klein			
Score by periods:.....	1	2	3	4
Providence College.....	12	0	0	0—12
St. John's College.....	6	0	0	0—6

Touchdowns: Providence — Fleurent, Allen; St. John's—Margolis.

Substitutions: Providence—Bleiler for Fleurent, Tomassi for M. Zande, Lewis for Allen, Watterson for Connors; St. John's—Mahon for Falussy, Demoria for Mullen, Weiss for Klein, Ryan for Blei, Murtaugh for Gold, Sprung for Helmer, Lee for Margolis, Schrautz for Demoria.

Referee—W. H. Shupert. Umpire—J. E. Burke. Linesman—W. E. Jamison. Time of periods—12 minutes.

## PROVIDENCE VS. ST. XAVIER at Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 29, 1927

Providence College invaded Cincinnati to play their first inter-sectional football tilt with St. Xavier College, and after giving the Musketeers a hard tussle for three periods, weakened in the final stages of the game to suffer a 27-6 defeat.

It was a fine game to watch, and both teams showed plenty of power and flashy formations, which were enough to satisfy even the most rabid fan. The Dominicans' method of play was an innovation to the locals, and for two periods they were unable to fathom the pass formations which netted the Easterners the first earned touchdown this year against the leading point scorers of the country.

The St. Xavier eleven was the first to score, as a result of a break in their favor. Bleiler allowed a long spiral to roll, expecting it to go over the goal line, but Maloney, Musketeer center, stopped the ball on the Providence one-yard line. Da Gata's kick was short, and after two line plunges, which netted a first down, a pass, Burns to King, produced the tally. Capt. Wenzel missed his try for extra point.

Then the Dominicans tried their aerial attack. Nawrocki stopped the kick-off and ran it to his own thirty-five yard line. On the second play Allen shot a long pass to Wheeler who was downed on the St. Xavier forty-five yard stripe; another pass, Allen to Smith, netted eight yards. Then came the scoring aerial. Allen threw a short pass over the line of scrimmage to Wheeler, who side-stepped the secondary defense, and with perfect interference, raced across the goal line.. Allen missed the try for extra point.

The teams battled on even terms until late in the third period, the Dominicans outplaying the locals on both offence and defense. The terrific heat, which was twenty degrees higher than the Easterners were accustomed to, began to take its toll. In this period Burns scored a touchdown on an off-tackle plunge of fifteen yards.

With an apparent weakening of the Dominican defense, the fourth quarter found Cain tearing through the Providence line for eleven yards and another touchdown. Wenzel kicked the point. The last and most thrilling score came late in the quarter. Allgier, St. Xavier halfback, on a reverse play, cut through the entire Dominican team for an eighty-yard run and touchdown.

The St. Xavier backs showed a powerful attack, Burns and Allgier starring. For the Dominicans, the outstanding players were Smith, Wheeler, Nawrocki, Capt. Connors, Allen, Lewis and Da Gata.

The summary:

ST. XAVIER (27)	PROVIDENCE (6)			
King, l. e.....	l. e., Wheeler			
Capt. Wenzel, l. t.....	l. t., Fanning			
Scheibert, l. g.....	l. g., J. Zande			
Moloney, c.....	c., Capt. Connors			
Bolger, r. g.....	r. g., M. Zande			
Tehan, r. t.....	r. t., Nawrocki			
O'Hara, r. e.....	r. e., Smith			
Cain, q. b.....	q. b., Bleiler			
Burns, l. h. b.....	l. h. b., Allen			
Allgeir, r. h. b.....	r. h. b., Szydla			
Stotsbery, f. b.....	f. b., Da Gata			
Periods .....	1	2	3	4
St. Xavier.....	6	0	8	13—27
Providence College.....	6	0	0	0—6
Touchdowns: St. Xavier—R. King, Burns, Allgeir, Cain; Providence—Wheeler. Points after touchdown: St. Xavier—Wenzel, Safety; Providence—Scheibert.				
Substitutions: St. Xavier—Serman for Scheibert, Hess for Stotsbery, Williams for Cain, McCarthy for Wil-				



liams, Jansen for Tehan, Ray King for Stotsbery; Providence—Lewis for Szydla, Baezler for Fanning, Waterson for Connors, Joe Russo for M. Zande, Fleurent for Gleiler, Tomassi for Carroll, Gobbons for Allen, Sullivan for Nawrocki.

Referee—Dave Reece, Dennison. Umpire—Ray Eichenlaub, Notre Dame. Linesman—Frank Bacon, Wabash. Time of periods—15 minutes.

*Walter Dromgoole, '28*

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