

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOLUME X.

MAY, 1930.

Number 8.





The Alembic

Providence College
Providence, R. I.



MONTH OF MAY, 1930



Something to Think About

The advertisements which appear in the "Alembic" are inserted by business houses that have faith in us. They have found that the best way to make a friend is to be one. Let us show our appreciation of those who believe in us by giving them the patronage that they solicit.

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72 No. Main St. Prov., R. I.

Opposite First Baptist Church

Providence College Alembic

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Senior Class Song

(Tune of Heidelberg)

I

These are the days that will linger long
In our hearts—a golden treasure;
While they are here let us make a song
To match the joy of youth.
Ah! shadows may come and our grief be strong,
But remembrance gives us pleasure,
And swords that are bright and hearts that are right
Shall win in the cause of truth!

Refrain:

Long may our hearts beat brave and true,
Keeping the faith we hold;
High be our goals as the heavens blue,
Pure as the stars of gold;
Courage be ours in youth and age;
Peace, when the snows commence;
Holy the path and blest the page
Taught us by Providence!

II

O Providence, fair Providence,
Our souls are all aflame
With fires that burn, with hopes that yearn
To honor thy high name;
This ardor gold shall heat the cold
That comes with winter's blasts;
This spirit bright illumine the night
As long as life still lasts!

Refrain:

Long may our hearts, etc.

Carroll Hickey, '30

A Tale of the Breton Coast

Edward J. Flanagan, '32

ALREADY a heavy mist was coming up over the angry water which beat the rocky cliffs. Wave after wave rolled shoreward, gathering seaweed and driftwood, and, with a mountainous impulse, hurled itself against the jutting cliffs, each time flinging a sheet of spray fifty feet into the air. 'Twas a lonely shore, this stretch of rocky coast line between Brest and Douarnenez. Few of the fisher folk of Brittany visited this spot to cast their nets. Those who had dared had reported the sight of ghostly figures, and it was rumored that some had seen a phantom vessel, throwing grotesque shadows on the water from the dim but flashing lights she carried. The reputation of this place kept away the simple peasants who made their homes nearby, and, as there was no attraction to lead the residents of Brest and other large cities thither, it was comparatively deserted. The police and officials at one time had considered it as a possible spot where smugglers might receive contraband goods, but the idea has been dismissed as impracticable. The coast line was too rocky and irregular for a ship of any type to land, and it seemed impossible for them to devise any means of transportation by which the goods could be brought to a safe market.

Their suspicions would have been reawakened, however, if they could have watched the movements of a solitary figure who made his appearance on the highest ledge from apparently nowhere. It was almost sunset on an October afternoon. The last rays, penetrating the heavy banks of fog, cast fantastic lights and shadows that added to the weirdness and desolation of the scene. The actions of the man were of the strangest. Severe electrical storms along the coast of Brittany are not unusual in October, and the man's dismay was evident as he watched the approach of one of the worst. Obviously he was awaiting the arrival of a vessel. As the time went on and the storm came closer, he muttered from time to time and examined a small barometer in one of the crevices.

"Another stormy landing," he grumbled. "How can they expect me to see signals through a haze as thick as this is?" As he stared into the gathering gloom, lightning penetrated the murky atmosphere, and a faint rumble of thunder came to his ears above the roar of the surf. "These accursed fall storms!" he murmured. "We never have one but I long for the warmth and cheer of a friendly hearthstone.."

As his reverie continued, the lines on his face grew deeper and his mouth grew stern with regret. "But there's no going back now," he thought. "They have me too much in their power." His mind went back eight years, to the time of his compulsory training in the navy. There flashed through his memory the weary hours of drilling, the routine life that had seemed so tedious to him; then came the recollection, tintured with remorse, of his desertion and his subsequent affiliation with a band of smugglers. He recalled how he had become enslaved to them through fear of exposure to the law. The evil years as an outlaw passed in quick review before his mind.

At that moment he became conscious of the flashing of signals penetrating the mist. Seizing his electric lantern, he flashed their code message of safety. At times the flashes were indistinct because of the lightning playing about the shores. He was forced to repeat the message several times before they replied: "Tender lost. Must wait till morning to land cargo. Ten tons of tobacco."

As this message was flashed over the water, the man on shore was startled by the sounds of footsteps nearby. Alarmed by the thought an officers still searching for him, he drew his revolver and fired two shots in the direction of the noise. A slight moan and the sound of a falling body followed. The next flash of lightning showed a man lying on the ledge, his clothing partly saturated with blood. Forgetting the contraband cargo and the peril of the two men with whom he had been engaged so long in illegal traffic of tobacco, he knelt beside the man he had wounded, perhaps fatally.

A cry of anguish burst from his lips when he discovered the man to be none other than Benoit, his brother Benoit, who had played with him as a child, protected him after his boyish escapades, and shielded him after wrongdoing in his early manhood, and at all times tried to prevent the knowledge of his careless and evil life from coming to his mother.

In the instants following his discovery, he again lived over his

years at home, during which Benoit had been so good and kind a brother and son, while he had been so careless and so cruel. A moment later Benoit opened his eyes, and by the light of the storm recognized the boy who had caused him so much anxiety, and had sent a heart-broken mother to an early grave.

"François," he murmured, "after all these years!" With a moan of pain, he lost consciousness again. François poured a little reviving liquor between the lips of the dying man, and again his eyes fluttered open.

"Mother?" whispered the outcast. "Dead!" uttered Benoit, and continued with gasping breaths, "for years—we searched—for you. —Heard smuggling—going on. You used—to talk—smuggling. Thought I'd look."

The man was growing visibly weaker and the smuggler once more moistened the parched lips with the spirits. Half sobbing for breath the dying man moaned: "Ticket—Australia—pocket." With a moan of pain, his head fell back and he became unconscious.

"Benoit," cried François, in an agony of remorse, "forgive me! I'll go straight, I promise you!" Then realizing his brother could not hear him, he again applied the restorative and was rewarded by a moan from the bleeding form, and then a few gasping words.

"Go straight—Mother's sake—and mine!—Loved you!"

Just then a vivid flash of lightning rent the mist and rain, and almost instantaneously came a terrific crash of thunder. Immediately a burst of flame appeared through the fog, and he knew that the boat and cargo and crew had been destroyed by the storm.

Turning back to his brother, he found him dead. While the lightning curled about the cliffs like fiery lashes, he knelt beside his dead brother in an agony of grim despair, and realized the bitterness of his loss. Worse than the cry of accusation was the knowledge of the love and solicitude of this brother whom he had killed.

All night he crouched there, dry-eyed, but suffering, hardly noting the passage of the hours. When the storm broke and the morning dawned clear and beautiful over the Breton coast, he sadly took his mother's wedding ring from Benoit's finger, a few pictures and papers, and the pass for Australia from his pockets. Then he wrapped him in his own cloak, and, with heavy heart, buried him in one of the deepest recesses in the rocks.

The Idol

Francis C. Skalko, '31

TIME: Later afternoon in the early fall.

PLACE: New York City of to-day.

SCENE: A sitting room in a modern home, furnished with furniture and decorations of a modern design. As the curtain rises, Joan and Meriam are coming into the room conversing.

Joan. How wonderful, Meriam, that Munro should meet with such decided success.

Meriam. Thank you, Joan. You know, Munro really thinks nothing of it.

Joan. One would think him very modest. He wears his laurels lightly.

Meriam.—Those aren't laurels to Munro, although I think sometimes that he looks for them; but they do not satisfy him, it seems. There is always something else that he wants.

Joan (resignedly). Oh, well! I suppose genius transcends all worldly honors for the reason that such things are below genius. (Animatedly) But his picture was the most beautiful in the exhibition. The crowds are loud in their praise of it. Why, I believe I could fall in love with him because of that painting, Meriam.

Meriam (smilingly). Don't try, Joan. He makes capital of love, you know.

Joan. Indeed?

Meriam (laughing). Don't you see what I mean, dear? He uses the theme in his masterpieces.

Joan. But doesn't he love you, his sister?

Meriam. Of course! But there is no one who can claim him all for herself. Why, Joan, he loves all humanity.

Joan. His talents are indeed cast in a strange mold. You mean he helps others, overlooks their shortcomings, advises them?

Meriam. Exactly; and he looks for nothing in return.

Joan. Strange, very strange, indeed.

(Door bell rings.)

Meriam. Someone is calling. To see Munro and congratulate him, I suppose.

Maid (entering from right). A Miss Helene to see Mr. Munro, miss.

Meriam. Didn't she give any last name?

Maid. No, miss. She said Mr. Munro would understand. Shall I show her in?

(Meriam and Joan exchange glances.)

Meriam. Yes, do, please. (To Joan) I wonder what this may mean. But here she is.

Helene (entering). Oh!—I thought—I came to see—.

Meriam. Yes, you came to congratulate Munro on his winning the first prize at the Beaux Arts exhibition?

Helene. Oh! Did he? I didn't know he had. Did he really win?

Meriam (Looks puzzledly at Joan). (To Helene) You know Munro, don't you?

Helene. Yes. I've known him for sometime, but I've never seen him—(Sees Joan for first time.)

Meriam. Oh, I beg your pardon, dear. This is my friend, Joan. She was here when you were announced. (Joan and Helene bow.)

Helene (To Meriam). I came to see Munro—to thank him for what he did for me. Oh, I'm so happy!

Meriam. Munro did something for you? Please sit down and tell us. (All are seated.)

Helene. Thank you! Yes, he's wonderful, great. Two years ago when he was at college, he saw my name in the Correspondents' Club in a magazine and wrote to me. How he changed things for me! He found me myself, made me believe I could do things. He showed me how he did them; how he won victory after victory and came out the hero in every battle. And how glorious it was! And today—today—

Meriam. Yes. His drawing took first prize.

Helene. I knew he could do it. You see, he made me over completely.

Meriam. And all this through letters?

Helene (Trifly nervous). Yes. I told him of my hardships, my poverty, my lack of education. But he taught me many things. Everything is sweet; I'm no longer poor, and I can sspeak French, too.

Meriam. And Munro taught you this?

Joan. Wonderful!

Helene. Why, yes! It was easier to work after his letters came to me. He changed life so. He made it beautiful.

Meriam. I'm very happy to hear you say so. I'm Munro's sister and I love him as you do. Joan and I were talking about him just before you arrived. We both think him, as you do, our idol.

Joan. Indeed, we do. Nothing seems impossible to him. This prize will make him famous.

Helene. I'm so glad. I came to thank him before I sailed for Europe.

Meriam. You're going to Europe?

Helene. Yes. Munroe made it all possible. I won a scholarship in music at the Paris Conservatory. I'm sailing to-night.

Joan. How wonderful!

Meriam. I'm sure Munro would like to see you.

(Bell rings.)

Meriam. That must be he now.

(Munro enters from left.)

Munro. Hello, Meriam; good evening, Joan. (Looks at Helene.)

Meriam. Oh, Munro, this is Helene. She came to see you.

Munro. Helene? Helene of the letters?

Helene. Yes. I came to thank you for all the encouragement you've given me. (Smiles.) I'm a little confused.

Munro. Don't worry. Sit down. So you're here. How long will you stay?

Helene. The ship is leaving to-night for Europe.

Munro. The ship? What ship?

Helene. Oh, how silly I am. I forgot to tell you; I'm so overjoyed at seeing you. I won that Paris prize.

Munro. Why, that's fine! I told you you'd do it. I knew you would. Well, well! (To Joan and Meriam) Look at her. All in two years! (To Helene) Your success was remarkable.

Helene. Mine? But yours is more so. How happy you must feel to-day!

Munro. Of course, I am. I'm very happy to see you.

Helene.—But the prize at Beaux Arts?

Munro. That? Why—I forgot all about it. (All laugh.)

Joan. Modest!

Helene. I knew that you could win anything.

Munro. Thanks! Will you stay for dinner?

Helene. I'd like to, but there are a few more calls I must make before I sail. I've overstayed my time here already.

Meriam. Do stay!

Helene. I really can't. I've been very glad to know you both. (Offers hand to Joan and Meriam.) Good-bye.

Meriam and Joan. Good-bye, dear.

Munro. I'll see you to the door. (Exit Munro with Helene.)

Joan. I wish I were she. Did you see how she almost swallowed Munro?

Meriam. Joan, I'm afraid you're jealous.

Joan. No-o-o. But Munro did something for her. She's happy. (Re-enters Munro.)

Munro. Did you see her? She really believes she has the world at her feet.

Meriam. But so have you, Munro.

Munro. No, Meriam.

Meriam. Why, what do you mean? Surely, you've more cause to be happy than she. Your painting?

Joan. Indeed! Let me congratulate you, Munro.

Munro. Thanks. But it's not necessary. Poor Helene, I'm glad she's gone. She will have sailed before the award is made. The news would discourage her.

Joan. You speak in riddles.

Munro. Do I? But forgive me, Joan. (Walks to and fro.) Late this afternoon the judges made their decision. A late entry received the Beaux Arts Prize. I did not win.

Meriam. Munro!

† Munro. It's true. I was more hopeful of winning than you were that I would win.

Joan. Then you knew this when Helene was here.

Munro. Yes. But I had a rôle to play. To her I was invincible; I could not lose. I was her idol, for whom all things were easy. In my letters I could never tell her of my discouragements and of my failures; and since my path was so rosy, she believed that hers ought to be, too.

Meriam. Then you deceived her.

Munro. No. In those letters I wrote as the person I would like to be, but which I knew I never could be. She needed help; I gave it to her. I only deceived myself. I created a world of illusion, but it served its purpose.

(Enters Maid.)

Maid. Dinner is served.



The Jackson Park Bench Mystery

Bernard P. Schneider, '32

THE RUMBLE and rushing, jerking and screeching of the "L," the night and day scurrying of purpose-bent feet, the spire of the Tower Theatre, the fine-mannered, bright-uniformed ushers of the Tivola, the great White City, Woodlawn alive, and, too, in quiet, majestic serenity the fine lawns and graceful buildings of the University, the steady hum and purr of motors racing over Midway, the beautiful drives in Jackson Park, moonlit nights at the lake-front; and anything else that would quicken the heart of any wandering son of Woodlawn,—all these served but as instruments of torture to the mind of Zeb. Why wasn't he tortured, torn, killed? Anything, anything imaginable would be preferable to this being pigeonholed into a 10-foot cell. Why? Oh! if he had only known, he would rather have been his brother's slave ten times over than go through all this. Why are human beings so accursed with emotions and sentiments and why do they want to wear such things as cuff links?

From day into night, night into day, from week into week, month into month, from year into year and from this life into the next, he must tread the same 10-foot floor, eat the same kind of food, see the same sun rise and go over the top of his window, see the same faces in the same stones in the same wall. There in the darkest corner, the face of his mother, prematurely white and wrinkled, is ever present to his wandering gaze. Every night he must go all over that blood-curdling scene. The sweat ran cold and thick in his hands as each night he muttered his last curse on man. Man! why he was not a man, else he would be hung. Hung, oh, that would be sweet, to this!

If the mad inmate of Joliet could calmly tell you the story, he might begin by saying that Madian and Zeb Flebenwill had been born twins; that fortune had given them a model home-environment, a devoted father, saintly mother, and all that anyone could desire of means and goods. Their father had promised himself that his boys would not be handicapped in life; he would put them through college and see them on their way to prosperity.

True to his promise, Mr. Flebenwill proudly sent his dual offspring to the University. The lads had creditably dispatched the preliminary examinations, though Zeb was not quite as successful as his brother. That was what hurt. No matter what Zeb had ever put his hand to, Madian could always, and usually did, put a better finish to it. On the football squad, in the baseball club, about the classroom and on the campus, he was but an understudy, as it were. This last was but an enlargement and more intensive phase of the school days. Then it was unbearable; but, now inasmuch as the issues were of greater moment, that effort to become his brother's superior was in vain increased to such an extent that he soon loathed the very sight of the other. He would conquer him, he determined. He would even kill him if he had to, but he would no longer be his Boswell.

Once the jealous young law student had determined upon a revolution of the fraternal government; he planned out many intricate and mysterious disappearances for his brother. In the moot court he even waxed so strong in defense of murder cases, that he nearly realized a supremacy over his inwardly hated brother. But Madian in his quiet way, held his own, to the greater distraction of the lesser Flebenwill. The class was almost aware of the genuineness of the contention of the two tall, faired-haired, fiery young sons of law aspirations. Not yet, though, had he found the perfect crime. But by degrees, as he was walking in Jackson Park one night, the answer to his concentrated mental inquisition presented itself. He would proceed to carry out this plan at once.

The next day, the fifth of May, seemed brighter than any spring day. Somehow, even Madian appeared to be more congenial than usual. Yet, he felt that he must not forget his purpose, but while green on the track must see the scheme through to its completion. To him it was no treachery; it was but the solution to a long desired emancipation from the iron hand of the most tyrannical despot. No more perfunctory submissions for him. The worm would turn. No vassal he! So, he would that very day see to it. At school he found Jack, his steady pal, who had many things in common with him. They were both classed about the same, socially, athletically and academically. Jack would, he felt sure, be glad to receive a visit from him. He would feign a great desire to see Detroit, and wait upon this the outcome. All turned out as well as could be expected. Nothing more could be done for a while.

June 10th found Zeb busily and noisily preparing to go to the metropolis of the Wolverine State. Six o'clock of the same day, he was wending his way to the Sixty-Third Street Station, with his father at his side. All day Zeb had been strangely quiet. It seemed to his father that he was exceedingly so at the present instance. He could not be provoked into fluent conversation. He bought a ticket and boarded a local train. His father stayed until the locomotive pulled out. Everything was running exactly in the groove of his plan. Madian had not come: he would walk in the Park as was his custom.

No one on the train knew or paid any attention to a tall, anxious-looking young man, who slipped off the cars at the Hundred and Forty-Second Street Station. No one gave any heed as he hired a cab to take him to the Southmoore Hotel. The cabman never glanced up at him as he paid. In fact, no one seemed to care or notice his movements. He soon stepped over into the Park without meeting any one he knew. The familiar paths and lawns slid from under him. His brother's lone, still figure suddenly fell into his scope of vision as he emerged from some tall hedge bushes. Always of a June evening Madian would enjoy the quiet peace of his retreat.

Somewhat startled at the approach of a stranger, the rigid figure wheeled around to find, to his great relief, that his hide-out was not located. But, even so, the appearance of his brother whom he thought to be enroute for Detroit, did not allow him to be completely at ease. However, the other promptly explained that he had just remembered that Jack was in Florida, and that he had barely time enough to get off the train. This story proved satisfactory to Madian, especially, since he knew that the proposed visit was a surprise to Jack, who, though he expected the young Flebenwill any time in the summer, did not know exactly when he would come.

Some 600 feet before and a bit below them nestled the World's Fair Buildings. One large, round dome rose a little above the others, and, in the darkening hedges and trees in back and on both sides of them, gave the boys a sense of natural security. In such surroundings Madian appeared to be lost in deep meditation. As Zeb looked at his brother, he felt that his own presence was not a reality to the other, whose wrapped face radiated within. Only at these times did it seem that his brother was not the same as his own mirror.

The one stood there entranced, while the other fidgeted about nervously. He looked at his watch. The Twilight Limited would

leave Grand Union Station in but 20 minutes. His fingers clutched and let go the knife he had in his pocket. Again and again he replaced his handkerchief over the handle. A lump rose in his throat that wouldn't go down. His eyes clouded; he staggered a trifle. "Suppose," he thought, "the blow would not strike true?" He must stop this nonsense. He must act—act now!

The deed was done. Without a whimper, Madian sank. Terrified at his crime, the jealous twin with shaky frame debated whether to run or stay. His senses cleared soon. "Why was he staggering? Didn't he do just what was planned?" Thus, somewhat collected, he made sure that no blood had gotten on his clothes. Then with little effort he dragged the corpse to the bench where his victim had been wont to sit. With great care he placed the body, stomach down, with the knif protruding through the bench. This done, he fumbled about for the best means of getting away.

He suddenly recollected that his bag was checked at the Southmoore. With all possible haste, he weaved his way through the Park to Stony Island and Sixty-fifth. There, having gotten his bag, he took a cab to an address on Hundred and Forty-sixth Street. He did not want to alarm the driver who might wonder why he did not go to the near station. In five minutes he was boarding the Limited which was soon speeding fast on the trail of the local ahead.

* * *

For more than a month, Woodlawn police and Chicago detectives worked in vain for a clue. There were no finger prints, nothing in sight that had not belonged to Madian. Finally the search was dropped, at least it seemed so to Zeb. He had completed the perfect crime. Each day he drew his breath more freely. But not long after something peculiar changed it all.

One day Officer O'Toolan sat on that very bench, trying to think out the mystery. For years he had made that beat. Never did he remember having seen anybody in this spot. The more he thought, the more puzzled he became. Very conducive to thinking was the playful maneuvering of his night-stick. He soon dug up a piece of turf. As he proceeded further to meditate, he also mechanically beat that piece of turf to bits. Staring into this, he was attracted by a small, odd piece of something shiny. Closer examination showed that his discovery was a cuff link, engraved. The name was there, Zeb. It could not be

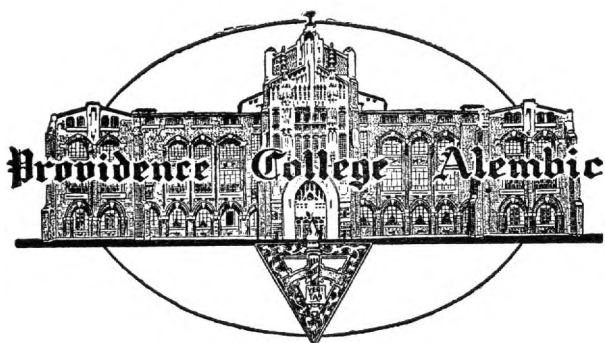
that—. No! His brother might have worn it. Besides, Zeb had been out of town. Still—. They had not questioned Zeb. Surely that could do no harm.

October 9th brought strange happenings for the Flebenwills. Zeb had been taken away, given the third degree and had finally broken down. He was taken off balance, as it were. At any rate he was taken to Joliet.

Farewell

Fair Providence, behold, thy sons
Bid thee adieu!
Accoutred for the fray,
Loyal and true,
Thy chosen ones
Have reached the parting of the way.
Bright visions of glad dreams
Now throng our fancies free,
And all the promised future gleams
With golden lights of mystery.
We know
The glass of time
Holds grains of joy and sands of woe,
But in our prime
We heed thy solemn warnings of the foe.
Thou gavest us the glistening sword of truth,
And in thy armour we are all arrayed:
We greet thee with the gratitude of youth,
Thy knights, to-day, in sacred accolade!

Class Ode, June, 1927.



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Editor-in-Chief

Ralph S. Daniels, '30

Associate Editors

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Daniel McQ. Lilly, '31

Robert L. Smith, '30

Francis C. Skalko, '31

Exchange Editor

Carroll Hickey, '30

Alumni Editor

John P. Gorman, '30

Athletic Editor

John Krieger, '31

Circulation Managers

Valmore G. Savignac, '32

Richard A. O'Kane, '31

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Edward P. Ryan, '32, Mgr.

Paul A. Lloyd, '33, Asst.

Subscription Managers

Francis P. Buckley, '32

Walter E. Burke, '32

Secretarial Editor

John C. McWilliams, '33

Editorial

Ralph S. Daniels, '30

THE SUBSTITUTE

A few years ago, we were fortunate in having in our midst a young man who helped our ball team ascend the heights of fame, and yet who never played in a Providence College ball game. Day after day, he was out practicing with the team on the diamond, helping to round the team into shape in a dozen ways; and then when we had an intercollegiate battle, you might see him quietly walking down to the coacher's box at third base, and there unnoticed and unapplauded, he used a strategy that merited more than passing notice. And yet who ever heard of a cheer for the patient coacher? They make mistakes—we voice our feeling over their blunders,—but we never recall having heard a cheer when they did the clever thing and got a man home by a flash.

We have here to-day (we don't claim that it is a unique situation) men who unselfishly give their time and strength to the development of our teams on the gridiron, the court and the diamond. Their names seldom appear in the papers; the plaudits that they hear are for others; and their only reward is the knowledge that somehow through their help Providence has won or scored a moral victory. They are the Yannigans, the Jay Vees, the Scrubs, but they love the game, they have a super-spirit of loyalty to Alma Mater, and here we wish, without mentioning names, to ask our readers to make a mental list of some of these men loyal and true who have given their best to the College and to whom jealousy or envy is an unknown thing. They deserve our admiration and they are the type who, when they have left our campus, will be found still cheering the boys who have made the team on to victory!

Exchange

Carroll Hickey, '30

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

There are several reasons why an exchange editor reviews one periodical rather than another. Often he is influenced by an impressive magazine whose format seems to clamor for attention. Sometimes he may read an article that strikes his fancy and he continues reading until in a short time he has read the whole issue. Such was our experience with *The Monthly*. An article, "Student Life in Medieval Paris," drew our attention. This essay is not at all ordinary. Though formal, it never for a moment tires the reader. In general, the diction of the Fordham authors is of high calibre and deserves words of commendation. We offer congratulations to the editors of the various departments for their splendid work.

THE ANCHOR

This little magazine, published by our neighbor, the Rhode Island College of Education, is a compact periodical in which no superfluity is to be found. Everything in *The Anchor* is worth reading, and the little pamphlet shows an abundance of good taste and discrimination in its well balanced table of contents. In the winter issue, we discovered a story, "The Quest," by Miss Stanwood, which we consider the gem of the issue. The author proves herself a master of fine prose and an excellent narrator. We consider *The Anchor* a well edited magazine, and wish it the best of success in the future.

THE LAUREL

We are always pleased to read this publication from St. Bonaventure's College. We read the poem of Mr. Abel's, "On Reading Dante," and would like to quote it at length, if for no other reason than to praise one interested in the great Florentine. Yet, candidly,

despite its good points, *The Laurel* does not seem to measure up to as high a standard as we would like. We do not enjoy being critical for we are but amateurs, but we feel that *The Laurel* could be much improved. Perhaps this is just what the editor has been endeavoring to do for some time and the improvement will be noted in the forthcoming numbers.

THE SETONIAN

Though this publication from Seton Hall College, South Orange, New Jersey, does not rank as highly as some of the periodicals we receive, we feel that a word of praise is due the editors for their work in combining the newspaper and the more formal monthly. This is no easy task, but we think that it has been accomplished creditably in *The Setonian*.



Alumni Notes

John P. Gorman, '30

A recent communication from John C. Beirne, '27, advises us that he is now associated with the editorial staff of the Great Neck News, of Great Neck, L.I. John has completed a course in the graduate school of New York University.

The baseball games and the debate of April 18th and 19th were attended by many of the alumni. Among those present were Frank McCabe, '24, City Sergeant, and Mortimer Newton, '24, prominent attorney; Jim Hanaway and Frank Mullen, '29, and Joe Canning, '25.

A late report advises us that James H. McGrath, '26, has expressed his intention of joining the ranks of the benedicts. We also take this opportunity of congratulating him on having recently passed the bar examinations for the State of Rhode Island.

We wish to extend the sympathy of the Alumni Association to the family of Tom Powers, '29, who died during the month of February.

"Clinks" Dalton, '28, has returned to town after an extended vacation in New York State.

Father O'Gara, '23, who is stationed at Rockland, Maine, was a recent visitor at the college.

Ed Higgins, '29, former manager of baseball, dropped in to see the opening game of the season with the Providence Grays at Kingsley Park.

Charley Riley, '29, who is teaching at St. Raphael's in Pawtucket, has been a regular attendant at the baseball games.

Dr. Charles Ashworth, '23, was a recent visitor at the college; Charlie is practising medicine in Providence with an office on Thayer street, near the tunnel entrance.

Dr. Rocco Abbate, '23, is practising medicine with an office at 379 Warwick Avenue in Providence.

William J. Bodie, '25, has opened an office for the practice of medicine in New Heaven. His office is located at 219 Columbus Avenue.

Dr. Raymond Fox, '25, has an office in East Providence, located at 2540 Pawtucket Avenue.

Dr. John A. Gormley, '24, recently opened an office at 191 Academy avenue in Providence.

Frank Corrigan, '26, is finishing a course in medicine at the Rhode Island Hospital, where he has been stationed as an interne for some six or seven months.

Dr. George L. McCarthy, '24, is practising medicine in Lonsdale, R. I.

Dr. William L. Serbst, '27, is located in Bristol, R.I., with an office at 82 Church Street in that town.

Dr. William J. Tierney, '24, is practising dentistry at 1916 Westminster Street in Providence.

Dr. George W. Whitby, '24, is practising dentistry in Southampton, N. Y.

J. Addis O'Reilly, '23, is practising law in Providence, with offices at 920 New Industrial Trust Building.

Robert P. Beagan, '24, is practising law in Providence and is connected with the law firm of J. P. Beagan, at 1212 New Industrial Trust Building.

Calvert E. Casey, '26, is a lawyer with offices at 319 Hospital Trust Building in Providence.

James J. Corrigan, '24, is a lawyer having offices at 1016 Grosvenor Building in Providence.

Charles A. Curran, '26, is also a lawyer in the Grosvenor Building. His office is at 442.

Joseph F. Flynn, '24, is practising law at 18 Exchange Street in Pawtucket.

Francis R. Foley, '25, is also located in Pawtucket as a lawyer. His address is at 44 Broad Street.

Edmund J. Kelly, '23, is practising law at 301 Grosvenor Building.

Amos L. Lachapelle, '23, is practising law at 301 Main Street in Pawtucket.

Justin P. McCarthy, '24, is located at 637 Hospital Trust Building.

Joseph C. O'Reilly, '24, is practising law at 49 Westminster Street.

Thomas B. Sullivan, '23, is a lawyer at 705 Turk's Head Building.

Leo Supple, Dominic Gencarello, and Charles Butler of the Class of 1928 have been attending the College Holy Week Retreat.

We offer our congratulations to the Reverend Brothers who have been appointed to the Dominican staff at Washington. They are all Providence College Men: Urban Nagle, the author of the mystery play, "Barter," Leo Arnoult, Casimir Zvirblis, Eugene Holohan, James Connolly, Basil Davidson, Philip Emmans, Walter Sadlier, and Charles McKenna.

Supplementing last month's notes regarding the clergy, we add the following:

The Reverend Lucien A. Olivier is secretary to the Right Reverend Bishop of Prince Albert and his address is 1415 Fourth Avenue, Prince Albert, Sask.

The Reverend James P. Casey, '24, is at St. Francis', Wakefield, R. I.

The Reverend Emile Jacques, '24, is at St. Joseph's, Woodsville, N. H.

The Reverend Robert Meadows, '24, is at St. Dominic's, Portland, Maine.

The Reverend John J. Kenney, '24, is at the Catholic University.

The Reverend Adelge Salois, '23, is at St. Joseph's Winterhaven, Florida.

The Reverend Thomas F. Monahan, '25, is at St. Brendan's, Riverside, R. I.

Chronicle

Charles C. Quirk, '30

JUNIOR PROMENADE

William McCue, chairman of the Junior Prom Committee, announces that arrangements for an unparalleled affair on the evening of May 15 have been completed.

The Harvardians will furnish the music for the occasion, and the favors, the committee assures us, are both useful and ornamental. The auditorium that night will take on the aspect of a sunken garden filled with springtime blooms and with the supper tables set on the lawn against the garden wall.

To say more would spoil the surprises in store for the occasion, but this is certain—that this year's Prom will be the last word in beauty and splendor.

'VARSITY DEBATERS VICTORIOUS

Our 'Varsity Debating Society finished the season with victories over Upsala, Rutgers, Springfield and Colorado. No team has been able to lower our beauseant this season. Congratulations are in order not only to the members of the society and Father McLaughlin, O.P., but likewise to the students and their friends who supported by their presence the fine efforts of our Websters.

On March 5th, the Friars, represented by Ambrose Aylward, '30; John Egan, '30, and Ralph Daniels, '30, were awarded a 2-1 decision over Upsala at East Orange. We upheld the affirmative of the proposition: *Resolved, that the nations should adopt a plan of complete disarmament, excepting such forces as are needed for police protection.* On the following evening at New Brunswick, they again scored a victory on the same question over Rutgers University.

On March 14th, a unanimous decision was rendered our debaters against Springfield College in the college auditorium before a large audience. Leo Hafey, '30; Siegfried Arnold, '20, and James Mc-

Govern, '20, upheld the affirmative on the topic: *Resolved, that the emergence of woman from the home is a regrettable feature of modern life.*

On April 11th, we had an interesting intersectional debate with Colorado College of Colorado Springs. The subject was: *Resolved, that all nations should adopt the plan of complete disarmament except for such forces as are necessary for police protection.* Ambrose V. Aylward, '30, and Ralph Daniels, '30, defending the affirmative, scored a unanimous decision over Arthur E. Baylis and Nelson C. Brown of Colorado College. It was the best debate of the year and we offer our felicitations to Colorado College on having such worthy representatives.

LACORDAIRE DEBATING SOCIETY

At Worcester, the representatives of our Lacordaire Debating Club went down to defeat before the more experienced members of the Crusader team. The question debated was: *Resolved, that the tendency toward centralization in government is to be deplored.* John Cleary, '32; Joseph Meister, '32, and Walter Burke, '32, upheld the affirmative of the argument, and, though unable to gain the verdict, acquitted themselves admirably. The fine work of these gentlemen indicates a brilliant future for them in later oratorical contests.

LIBRARY NOTES

Through the untiring efforts of the Rev. A. B. Coté, O.P., Ph.D., our little library is fast assuming proportions in keeping with the growth of the College. At present there are some 12,000 volumes on the shelves. These have been catalogued by Father Coté and his assistants, and represent a wealth of material for reference and study. Recently three sets for historical reference have been added together with the very latest volumes on all branches of literature. The College would appreciate any help that will make our library complete in all details.

FRIARS CLUB

We feel that too much praise cannot be given the Friars Club after reading the letters of appreciation received from the colleges who have been our guests during the past few years. We wish to thank those who have written us voicing their sentiments of gratification at the hospitality they received while in Providence. The Friars Club and those who have supported them are responsible for the fair name we now hold in this

connection. From its very beginning, the Friars Club has done splendid work. Its fame has spread throughout the East, and every college whose teams have been our guests has written in terms of praise for the cordiality extended by the Friars. A number of socials are being planned and we feel sure that the students will coöperate whole-heartedly with the Friars in making the name and spirit of Providence synonymous with good-fellowship and hospitality.

The first meeting of Kalmia was held on the evening of
KALMIA Palm Sunday, April 13th. This youngest of Providence societies has the hearty approval of Dr. McCarthy, our President, and has for its purpose the study, appreciation, and imitation of the world's noblest poets, and likewise hopes to create original work that will reflect the lofty ideals inculcated here at Providence. It shall be characterized by a spirit of cordiality not only among its members, but also in its enthusiastic support of every activity Providentian. The following are Kalmia's charter members: Edward Carlson, '32; Carroll Hickey, '30; Joseph Meister, '32; Thomas Tierney, '32; Francis Skalko, '31; Christopher Mitchell, '31, and John L. LaCroix, '32. The following officers were elected: President, Carroll Hickey; Vice President, John LaCroix, and Secretary, Francis Skalko. The members of this society are directly appointed each year by the President of the College in recognition for outstanding poetic ability. May the mountain laurels flourish vigorously in our soil!

The student body extends heartfelt sympathy to
IN Frederick G. Dunn, '30; Albert J. Gaudet, '31;
MEMORIAM Francis Berry, '32; Michael d'Onofrio, '32, and
 John E. Cassidy, '25, in their recent bereavements.

In pace requiescant!

Another step toward a realization of the ideals and
COLLEGE future aims entertained by the Right Reverend
EXPANSION Bishop of Providence, William A. Hickey, D.D.,
 President of the College Corporation, for the development of Providence College has been announced by our President, Dr. McCarthy, O.P. Some 79 lots, contiguous to the College grounds, have been purchased, thus giving adequate room for the expansion of the College.

HOLY WEEK RETREAT Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of Holy week were spent in prayer and meditation by the students in preparation for the coming of Easter. The conferences were given by the Reverend Hyacinth Chandler, O.P., a former professor at Providence. Dr. Chandler is a member of the philosophy department of Albertus Magnus College, and we were fortunate, indeed, to have him as our retreat-master.

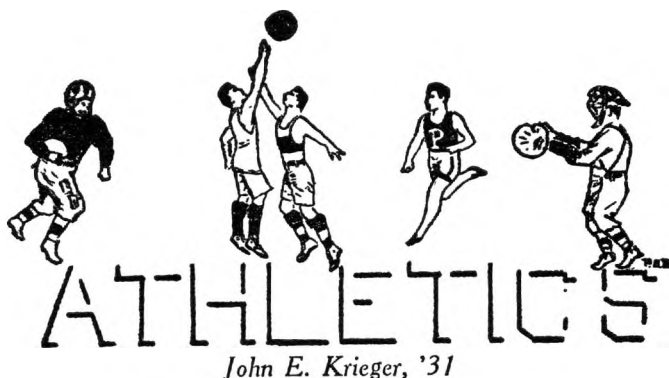
EXTENSION COURSES Several members of the faculty have been giving extension lectures during the past year on Saturday mornings. These courses have met with much success and the large attendance by the Sisters and the laity speaks volumes for the work done. An additional course of lectures on psychology for the nurses at our local institutions has been inaugurated by Father McCarthy, our President, and has met with a wide response. We are unable to list all the activity on the part of the faculty in giving radio talks, sermons and lectures in Rhode Island and adjoining states because we find it hard to obtain the information, but we wish the student body to know from these few words that Providence has a faculty of which we should be more than proud.

GUZMAN NOTES We beg prayers for the soul of Sister Mary Severina, S.S.J., sister of Francis Berry, who passed away a few hours after her brother had arrived home in Minneapolis.

Edward Carlson, '32

The debate on the Naval Disarmament question was postponed until April 5th. On that night the judges decided in favor of the negative, consisting of Messrs. Paul Curran, J. J. Cronin, and J. P. Kane. Three Mid-Westerners composed the losing team—T. M. Cain, A. C. Allen and P. E. Flood.

The Card Tournament was won by Berry's team, captained in his absence by Dob Dennis. Prizes will be awarded at the next Philomusian meeting.



PROVIDENCE VS. PROVIDENCE GRAYS

at Kinsley Park, April 6, 1930

Introducing Mr. Daniel Connors

Providence inaugurated the current baseball season by losing a 5-1 decision to the Providence team of the Eastern League in a charity game for the benefit of St. Joseph's Hospital. Fifteen hundred fans interested themselves sufficiently to attend and pronounce Jack Flynn's team good enough for a place among intercollegiate baseball leaders.

Of especial interest to those who attended was the most worthy exhibition of baseball flinging by Danny Connors, a Freshman pitcher. Connors, despite the fact that it was the first college game of his career, and notwithstanding Eastern League competition, stood the leaguers on their collective heads for seven innings, only to lose out when the support crumpled momentarily in the seventh and eighth innings. Providence was leading, going into the seventh by a score of 1-0, but a brace of hits was instrumental in putting the opposition in the van. In the eighth they added more to the string to run their total of runs to five.

The entire Friar team played exceptional ball. Leo Lobdell put his mates on the road to sparkling play by dragging down a liner in the very first inning with his gloved hand. Gibbons and Chapman, his outfield contemporaries, continued in the same way by playing heads-up baseball. Captain Joe Harraghy, without doubt the sparkplug of the 'Varsity, handled and generaled the team to perfection.

Bobby Dion, Joe Duffy, Harry Main and Frankie Cappalli, regulars of last year, were others who contributed fielding gems to Providence play.

If we may take the exhibition as a criterion for future per-

formances, we look for Friars colors to fly high, wide and handsome in college baseball.

PROVIDENCE GRAYS

	ab	lb	po	a	e
Boyle, r	4	1	1	0	0
Weston, 1	3	0	8	1	0
Peploski, 3	2	1	1	3	0
Walters, 2	2	1	1	2	0
Flaherty, 2	2	0	1	3	0
Jones, m	4	1	0	0	0
Voyles, 1	1	0	0	0	1
Graber, 1	2	0	1	1	0
Messner, s	4	0	4	1	0
Galvin, c	1	0	5	0	0
Pon, c	1	1	4	0	1
Kalbaugh, p	1	0	0	0	0
*Clark	1	0	0	0	0
Schroeder, p	1	0	1	0	0

PROVIDENCE

	ab	lb	po	a	e
Dion, 3	2	0	0	2	0
Gibbons, 1	4	0	2	0	0
Chapman, r	4	1	3	0	0
Duffy, 1	4	0	9	0	0
Lobdell, m	4	1	2	0	1
Harraghy, c	4	1	4	0	0
Main, 2	3	0	2	2	1
Cappalli s	3	1	1	3	1
Connors, p	3	1	1	3	1
†Szydlia	1	0	0	0	0

Totals	29	5	27	11	2
Providence Grays	0	0	0	0	0
Providence	0	0	0	1	0

Runs—Peploski, Walters, Jones, Messner, Galvin, Chapman.
 Runs batted in—Harraghy, Messner, Boyle 2, Voyles. Two-base hits—Harraghy, Jones. Stolen bases—Gibbons, Peploski, Walters. Sacrific hits—Dion, Voyles. Double plays—Graber to Messner; Connors to Duffy. Left on bases—Providence 8; Providence Grays 5. First base on balls—Off Kalbaugh 2; off Connors 3; off Schroeder 5. Hits—Off Kalbaugh 4 in 5 innings; off Schroeder 1 in 4. Passed balls—Pond 2. Winning pitcher—Schroeder. Umpires—Finnell and Devron. Time of game—2h. 3m.

*Batted for Kalbaugh in 5th.

†Batted for Connors in 9th.

PROVIDENCE VS. C. C. N. Y.

at Hendricken Field, April 11, 1930

Friars Curtsy to Collegiate Baseball World

Some very excellent baseball curving on the part of Frankie Moran, coupled with three timely blows by Harry Main were leading lights in the first victory of the year at the expense of C. C. N. Y. The Friars combed the delivery of Tenzer, visiting moundsmen, for eight hits and five runs, while the best the Metropolitan visitors could do was to solve Moran's shoots for but one run.

Moran, a 'Varsity letterman for three years, subjected the visitors to an afternoon of curving and general discomfort. His sweeping curve ball, mixed with a deceiving change of pace, handcuffed C. C. N. Y. throughout the game. Whenever they did threaten Moran would simply add more sweep to his curve and more deception to his change of pace to blot out potential rally flurries.

Providence scored first in the second inning when Duffy singled, moved to second on a sacrifice, and scored when Harry Main cuffed one of Tenzer's pitches for a long double. C. C. N. Y. evened the score in their half of the inning on two singles and an error. Providence came back in their half of the next inning to take the lead when Moran propelled a curve ball far into center field for three bases. He scored on a sacrifice fly by Gibbons. Main's hitting was also in evidence in the seventh and eighth when he drove over two more runs. The other tally was the result of an error by the visitors' first baseman.

Frank Cappalli, Captain Joe Harraghy, Joe Duffy, Harry Main and Dick Chapman did some good fielding for our cause. Szydla, substitute outfielder, filled in at center field in the absence of Lee Lobdell, lengthy artist of clout. Lobdell had been suffering from a cold and rather than risk complications, Coach Flynn elected to keep him from the lineup:

PROVIDENCE						C. C. N. Y.					
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Dion, 3	2	0	1	2	0	Oglio, 2	3	1	5	2	0
Gibbons, 1	3	0	0	0	0	Goldman, 1	4	1	6	0	3
Chapman, r	4	0	2	0	0	Blum, m	4	0	1	0	0
Duffy, 1	4	2	12	1	0	Berger, 1	4	0	1	0	0
Szydla, m	2	0	1	0	1	Kaplowitz, 3	4	2	2	0	1
Harraghy, c	4	1	6	3	0	Tenzer, p	2	1	0	0	0
Main, 2	4	3	3	3	0	Bracher, p	1	0	0	0	0
Cappalli, s	4	1	2	2	0	Schwartz, c	4	1	4	2	0
Moran, p	3	1	0	4	0	Kaufman, s	3	0	3	4	0
						Futterman, r	2	0	0	0	0
						Werk, r	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	8	27	15	1	Totals	32	8	24	8	4
Providence						1	0	0	1	1	x-5
C. C. N. Y.						0	0	0	0	0	0-1

Runs—Duffy, Szydla 2, Main, Moran. Hits—Off Tenzer, 5 in 6 innings; off Bracher, 3 in 2 innings. Stolen base—Szydla. Two-base hits—Main, Harraghy, Goldman, Blum. Three-base hit—Moran. Sacrifice hits—Szydla, Gibbons. Double plays—Kaufman to Oglio to Goldman, Moran to Harraghy to Dion to Duffy to Main. Struck out—By Moran 6, by Tenzer 1, by Bracher 2. Base on balls—Off Moran 2, off Tenzer 3. Wild pitch—Bracher. Passed balls—Harraghy. Time of game—2h. pm. Umpires—Meehan (plate); Foley (bases).

PROVIDENCE VS. NORTHEASTERN

at Hendricken Field, April 12, 1930

Bait for Batting Averages

Scoring almost at will, Providence registered its second victory in as many days by trouncing Northeastern University, 12-2. The game was merely a parade of players, 32 in all taking part in the contest, of whom 19 wore Friar colors.

Eddie Quinton, Joe Madden and Al Hoban were thorns in the Northeastern attack by curving the Huskies into humble submission. Quinton allowed but three hits and no runs in the six innings he worked and sent six batters walking down strikeout alley. Madden and Hoban were likewise effective.

Bobbie Dion captured the hitting palm for the day's endeavors by transplanting one of Schlimper's pitches far into the left field regions for a home run. In addition he also cracked out a single. Captain Joe Harraghy solved Schlimper's delivery for two safe blows, both of them coming at timely periods.

The game throughout was a listless affair. Northeastern was helpless in the face of potent Providence hurling. On the contrary the Friars hit safely 11 times, sent 10 men to base by way of free passes, and so bunched the afternoon's efforts as to produce 12 runs. Jimmy Welch made his first appearance of the season behind the plate and performed creditably. Other rookies who broke into the coveted lime-light were Chick Bleiler, Sellig, Janas, Curran, Bekel, Marsella and Joe O'Connor.

PROVIDENCE						NORTHEASTERN					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	a	e
Dion, 3	4	2	0	1	0	Carter, s	4	3	2	2	1
O'Connor, 3	0	0	0	0	0	Besa, m, p	3	0	5	0	1
Gibbons, 1	3	1	1	0	0	Hassell, 1	2	0	1	0	0
Chapman, r	5	1	0	0	0	McDonald, 1	2	0	1	1	0
Duffy, 1	5	1	8	0	0	Tiffany, 2	4	1	2	1	1
Szydla, m	2	1	2	0	0	Nutter, 1	3	0	8	0	0
Sellig, m	1	1	1	0	0	Presper, 3	4	1	1	3	1
Harraghy, c	4	2	7	1	1	Bixby, r	3	0	2	0	0
Welch, c	1	0	1	0	0	Grosz, c	3	1	1	0	1
Main, 2	4	1	3	5	0	Schlimper, p	2	0	0	1	1
Bleiler, 2	0	0	1	0	0	Cook, m	0	0	1	0	0
Cappalli, s	3	1	2	3	1	xGlennon	1	1	0	0	0
Janas, s	0	0	0	0	0	yAllen	1	0	0	0	0
Quinton, p	3	0	1	1	0						
Madden, p	0	0	0	0	0						
Hoban, p	0	0	0	0	0						
†Bekel	0	0	0	0	0						
†Marsella	1	0	0	0	0						
*Curran	1	0	0	0	0						
Totals	37	11	27	11	2	Totals	32	7	24	8	6
Providence	0	0	3	4	1	0	0	4	x	12	
Northeastern	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—	2

Runs—Dion 2, O'Connor, Gibbons 2, Chapman 2, Duffy, Szydla, Main, Cappalli, Curran, Carter, Cook. Hits—Off Quinton 3 in 6 innings; off Madden 2 in 2; off Hoban 2 in 1; off Schlimper 9 in 6; off Best 2 in 2. Stolen bases—Gibbons, Harraghy, Tiffany. Two-base hits—Carter, Szydla. Three-base hit—Carter. Home run—Dion. Sacrifice hits—Szydla, Harraghy, Duffy, Best. Double plays—Cappalli to

Duffy, Main to Duffy. Struck out—By Quinton 6, by Madden 1, by Schlimper 7, off Best 3. Wild pitch—Best. Passed balls—Harraghy. Hit by pitched ball—By Best (Bekel). First base on errors—Providence 4, Northeastern 2. Left on bases—Providence 15, Northeastern 6. Time of game—2h. 18m. Umpires—Meehan (plate); Foley (bases.)

*Batted for Madden in 8th.

†Batted for Quinton in 6th.

‡Batted for Szydla in 7th.

xBatted for Bixby in 9th.

yBatted for Grosz in 9th.

PRE-SEASON PROPHECIES

Early season predictions are always more or less odious because of those ever-present uncertainties which invariably crop out at some time or other. However, barring uncertainties, we pound out a few lines regarding our chances for a successful year on the diamond. Boasting of practically the same team as last year, and strengthened in the few spots vacated by last year's letter men, we see no reason for an in-and-out season. Coach Flynn has some powerful stickers in Leo Lobdell, giant outfielder; Joe Duffy, Joe Harraghy, Frank Cappalli and Bobbie Dion. He has some excellent fielders in Marty Gibbons, Harry Main and Dick Chapman, a heady backstop in Captain Joe Harraghy, and plenty of power in the hurling corps. Danny Connors, Frank Buckley, Frankie Moran, Eddie Quinton, Artie Quirk and Joe Madden round out a well-balanced staff. At the time of writing Flynn's warriors have nicked C. C. N. Y. and Northeastern University by comfortable scores. The moral, then, of this little message is, "Look for a Bigger and Better Friar Team."

CAPTAIN JOE HARRAGHY AND HIS HABITS

Catching his fourth year in college competition, it seems only proper that Joe Harraghy be announced and heralded in these columns. Harraghy, at present, is rated as one of the finest receivers in New England baseball. He has been the mainstay of the catching department for the past two years and was rewarded for his fine work by receiving the honorary degree of Captain before his Christian name. In addition to his catching qualifications, he is also one of the most consistent batters in the Friar lineup. His happy knack of punching singles into the recesses of right field during periods of considerable moment has won for him the honor of being most reliable in a pinch. It is expected that his work this season will be on par with his splendid performances of past years.

KRIEGER-McCUE ELECTED BASKETBALL CAPTAINS

Ralph S. Daniels, '30

As John E. Krieger, our athletic editor, has studiously avoided mentioning his own name in his columns, the editor of the ALEMBIC has decided to handle this item, lest only half the truth be told. Probably what we should have done was to ask Bill to write about Johnny and Johnny about Bill for each is an adept in praising the efforts of the other. At any rate here's a combination that can't be beaten—literally. What a fitting close to wonderful basketball careers. It has the makings of a thrilling collegiate story after Frank Merriwell's own style. Everyone in Paterson, Providence and a good many other places knows that McCue and Krieger have been close friends, coöperating in athletics and scholastic activities since their high school days, and that to their spirit of unselfish devotion to teamplay has been due in a great measure the success of Providence on the court.

Krieger is probably better known to the public because of his high-scoring qualities, and because in addition to his annual choice as an All-New England forward, he was chosen an All-American forward this year; but if Johnny had anything to say in the choice of an All-American team, there is one name that would appear on it of a certainty—and that name would be Bill McCue's. Those who have witnessed Providence basketball games during the past seasons will be unanimous in their approval of this choice of co-captains.

Another precedent was established when the letterman petitioned the Athletic Council to reappoint Louis A. Imbriano of Revere, Mass., as manager of the team for next year. The request was granted, making the first time a student has served two successive seasons as a 'Varsity sports manager.

The players granted letters by the Athletic Council were: Capt. Stanley A. Szydla of Ware, Mass.; Captains-elect John E. Krieger and William T. McCue, both of Paterson, N. J.; former Captain Laurence P. Wheeler of Newport, R. I.; James E. Welch of Hartford, Conn.; George R. Cody of Woonsocket, R. I.; William C. Gainor of Troy, N. Y.; Francis J. Dromgoole of this city, and Student Manager Louis A. Imbriano of Revere, Mass.

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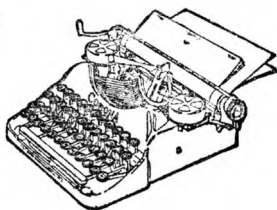
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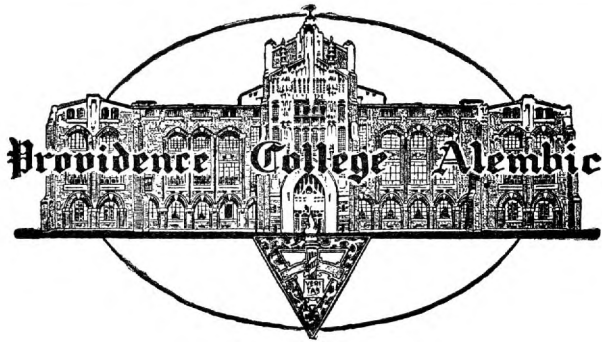
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