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DICK CHAPMAN—HIRE A WALDORF "TUX"—DICK O'KANE
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Carthage

Dark Africa awakens and the dawn
Once more is breaking . . .
Blue sky of Carthage, purple sea that rolls
Up on thy shores, unto thy city gate,
Shine in the mornlight . . .
Ere Livy limned, the redder hand of rust
Had broke the sword of Hannibal, and wines
Had slaked the drought of enemy and friend . . .
The whiplash found an echo in thy woe . . .
Wrapped in a coma of thine own white clay,
Waiting the Hand . . .
Thy heavy heart shall feel the gentle Hand . . .
White Light upon a continent where gloom
Yet lingers and the dusk of ages past . . .
Walking the waves, no thunder in His train,
One comes to bless thee, lift thee up to life,
Smile on thy joy and comfort thee in pain . . .
Rings out the voice of One, who, drawing near,
Asks but for love . . .

John LaCroix, '32
ALEMBIC STAFF
Rear—Daniel M. Lilly, Paul A. Lloyd, Edward P. Ryan.
2nd Row—Charles C. Quirk, Ralph S. Daniels, Robert L. Smith, Francis P. Buckley.
Front—Walter E. Burke, John C. McWilliams, John E. Krieger.
ONE AFTERNOON two young men, Charles and Raymond, were seated next to each other in St. Francis' College Library. They seemed to be in a heated argument over some point. It was not long before the argument led to blows. Charles, the younger looking of the two, struck Raymond—a powerful blow which caused him to bound against the bookcase, which was only a few feet behind them. Because of this bound many of the books fell to the floor, and also some of their contents. Raymond soon lost his balance and he was resting on the floor among the books. One of the loose pages which bore the chapter heading, "How My Hobby Caused Me to be a Murderer," attracted Charles's attention; for he had already picked it up and had begun to read it. By this time Raymond was on his feet, and was about to defend himself, but he hesitated when he saw the surprised look on Charles's face. The chapter which they started to read covered many pages of an interesting story. The story was something like this . . .

Madian was the younger of the two sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Hill. Zeb was the oldest member of the family. The youngest member of the family was a sister, Alice. As it is in some families, the oldest son receives first choice and has many privileges. Zeb had his choice for his den. He also had it understood that there wasn't to be any intrusion from the younger members. Madian did not mind this little blow, for he could easily find some quiet and undisturbed corner in which to do his studying and to work out his drawings. Of course, he was often disturbed by all members of the family. Many times Zeb would come to Madian's room to ask him some foolish questions or to borrow something.

"Listen, Madian, why are you wasting all your time on that crazy hobby?"

"Perhaps some day, Zeb, I will be able to make a good living at it. Then mother and dad can sit back and take things easy. By the
way, Zeb, how are your studies coming along lately? Have you flunked any this semester?"

"Fairly good this term,—I flunked only one."

"You are going to graduate next year, aren't you? Have you decided on any special field? You sure have a jump on me; but, as I said before, my drawings might help me to be somebody some day."

"Don't let a little matter like that worry you, Madian. Dad has plenty, besides he isn't worrying about the future."

Their mother called them to dinner. But before Madian left, he placed all his things in order, while Zeb rushed right for the dining room.

After dinner, Madian returned to his drawings. He had been working on them for about a half hour when his sister came to his room to borrow a pen and some paper for her homework. Besides, she wished Madian to help her with a problem. When Madian had finished with his sister, he took up once more where he left off; but not for long, for Zeb entered with a long face and again in search of something from Madian. This time it was a tie. Madian told him just where he would find it. Zeb looked for a short while, but he could not find the tie.

"Where did you say it was, Madian?"

"I believe it is on the rack, the third one from your right."

"I can't find it."

"Wait! I'll get it for you. Here it is, Zeb! Where are you bound for to-night?"

"A big basketball game! Want to come along? It will be over early."

"Not to-night. I would like to finish this drawing I am working because I expect to send it to The Saturday Evening Host to-morrow."

"By the way, Madian, can you lend me five dollars? Dad refused me twice to-day. I must have some money in case I should meet a few girl friends."

"I have five dollars, Zeb, but I need it for expenses. I will go to Dad and ask him to lend me some money. If he gives it to me, I will let you have the five. Wait there until I come back."

While Madian was on his quest, Zeb sat down at Madian's table. He picked up the pen, and began to scribble and scratch away on the drawings which were in front of him. When Madian entered the room, Zeb rose quickly to meet him. As he did so, he disturbed
the inkwell. It soon fell over and began to pour its contents over all that was on the table. Madian rushed towards the table to set the inkwell into position again. The pallor of his face moved Zeb to cry out. "Don't let that worry you, Madian! You can make a better one in a few days."

"I believe I can try again, but that particular drawing seemed to be my best one."

"Now that your masterpiece is ruined and you decided that you can produce another, how about that five dollars?"

"Here it is, Zeb."

Zeb took the money handed him; but before he left, he went to the table to look at the spoiled drawings. He picked one of them up and showed it to his brother with a smile on his face.

"Look, Madian, I improved on your masterpiece. Don't you think so? You don't, do you?"

"Please don't destroy that one! I can copy from it when I do it over."

Zeb caught the stack of papers and made an attempt to tear them to bits. Madian tried to snatch them from Zeb's hands, but Zeb succeeded in tearing them. This time Madian's patience was overtaxed. Madian struck Zeb with a blow that stunned him. They both began to exchange. Madian struck his brother with another forceful blow, which sent him flying to the floor. This last blow seemed to bring Madian to his senses. It was too late, for his brother's body fell face down on the floor. Zeb struck his temple against the sharp edge of the table.

Madian can be found to-day in a Franciscan Monastery. He still maintains his quiet ways; he still has order about all he does; he is still calm and patient; but instead of spending so much time on his hobby, he can be found in the little chapel, begging God to have mercy on his soul, and to forgive him for that crime which he committed for the sake of a hobby. . .

Charles and Raymond closed the book from which they were reading, placed it and all the others that had fallen on the bookshelves; then took up their own books, and walked out of the library in silence.
MARTIN HASBROUCKE sank down in an armchair of his fashionable club with an air of satisfaction. As he relaxed and drew forth a cigar from a preferred box, the tightness of his lips, which characterized him as a cruel man, softened into an unbecoming smile. The cause of his unprecedented show of feeling was the successful completion of a certain deal, by which he had defrauded a group of Nevada farmers out of some fifty thousand dollars in an irrigation project. Let them come to him with their supplications, moans, and threats; let them even attempt legal action; they could not hold him liable, for Martin Hasbroucke played just within the law.

Zeke Hasbrock had developed his homestead land into one of the finest farms of Gajon Valley, which is situated in Northern Nevada. His secret had been hard work. He was looked up to by all, not only for his ambition, but also for his justice and kindness.

He had happened into the neighborhood by mere chance. Having left his home in a little town of the Middle West, he had wandered westward and had stopped at Gajon Junction because the brakeman no longer desired his presence in a certain box car. At first he was looked upon as a common drifter, but at length he filed his homestead and settled down. This was some 12 years ago.

When the irrigation project was proposed, Zeke became one of its most sturdy backers. By irrigation, their land would treble in value. The plan was to bring the water into the valley from a distant mountain lake. It all sounded so sound and so plausible. The technical data and proof that the scheme would be a success seemed unassailable.

After a month of so-called surveying by the engineers of M. Hasbroucke & Co., news broke out that the scheme could not be carried out and that irrigation was impossible to Gajon Valley.

Resentment raged among the country folk of the Valley and immediately two envoys were sent to the city to demand restitution of the money which had been paid into the Gajon Valley Irrigation Corpora-
tion. They returned a few days later with the tidings that Mr. Hasbroucke had swindled them. They were all shareholders in the corporation which had failed; thus each must bear the loss as a personal one.

At last these people saw the enterprise in its true light; their money was gone, their fields and crops would soon be baked by the hot summer's sun, and their fondest hopes were shattered. In the midst of this turmoil, a change came upon Zeke Hasbrock. His visage had lost every vestige of kindliness or cheer; it had been replaced by a cruel look, which was almost sinister. For long periods at a time, he would gaze down the Valley upon the already "yellowing" crops.

Four weeks later, Zeke Hasbrock boarded a train bound for the city. As he sat in the musty coach, his face still possessed the set expression which had characterized it for the past month. A suspicious bulge under his left arm added to his sinister appearance.

It was the same Zeke Hasbrock, who, two days later, paused before the door of the offices of M. Hasbroucke & Co. His attention was drawn for the first time to the similarity between his own name and this swindler's. After a moment's pause, he proceeded into the outer office, pushed aside a somewhat abashed office boy, and entered the private sanctum of Martin Hasbroucke. Without giving him a chance to speak, Zeke began, "I come from Gajon Valley and I want the money you cheated us out of!"

A light of recognition came into the hard eyes of Zeze, while Martin was sneering, "Get out of here you dirty trash or I'll have you thrown out!"

"I know you," cried out Zeb in a strained voice and a light of recognition breaking across his countenance, "you're my brother, Martin, who broke mother's heart. I have searched for you for many years and at last we meet. I come to pay off a double score."

Whatever he was, it can be said of Martin that he was not a coward. His eyes became two steely points and he jerked forth an ugly gun from a drawer in a split second. Quick as he was, Zeb was quicker, for, although the reports sounded almost as one, Martin slumped in his chair, while Zeb stood untouched.
Valete

Down the avenue of time they go,
Muffled in their cloaks.
Must I tear aside my mask to show
My hoax?

Carroll Hickey, '30

Udestar

Thou, in whose eyes the blood of pansies flows,
Thou, in whose heart the soul of roses glows,
Glass, through whose disc the heavens draw more near,
Spirit, who leadest toward the gleaming,—hear!

God lit thy flame, Star of the Morn, for me;
Dawning came, too. Now, though till death we part,
Light is my soul, certain that then to thee
Swift shall I fly, finding thy waiting heart.

Edward Carlson, '32
Impressions of the Seniors
THE REVEREND DANIEL M. GALLIHER, O.P., MODERATOR

Ralph Daniels, '30

WHAT an interesting essay might be written of the achievements and glory of the Class of 1930! But to do so one should possess the keen insight of a Charles Lamb, for the splendor of the class is unobtrusive and modest, its currents flow deeply and surely, and to evaluate its power and latent forces, one must needs be no superficial observer. External activities there have been in more than good measure, but he who would gauge aright the sources and springs of action must do more than recount the athletic prowess, the forensic skill, the social affability of a class of undergraduates. What we want is much more than that. We want a history of the mind and heart of the Class—an impression of the daily routine in the classroom, a revelation of the life led by these collegians. But who is a sufficient seer, and adequate observer, an intelligent interpreter to recount to us this perfect picture, this moving drama of the Class of 1930? We need the subtle and unerring judgment of an Aquinas to plumb these depths; and we confess our inability to put glamor and romance into a classroom, though we know that tragedy and comedy have rubbed shoulders there. And so we hand down to posterity merely the flotsam and jetsam that any might observe; those of keener sight may read the deeper meanings of the palimpsest.

The Class of 1930 has been blest with efficient and popular leaders throughout its four years of college activity, and takes pleasure in recording the following names as its officers during the past year: President, Thomas J. Dodd; Vice President, Ambrose V. Aylward; Secretary, Charles R. Capace, and Treasurer, Carroll Hickey.

During the past year, the 'Varsity Debating Society, under the guidance of the Reverend Bernard A. McLaughlin, has shone with more than usual brilliancy, and this success is undoubtedly due in no small measure to the following members of the present Senior Class:
Ambrose Aylward, the President of the Debating Society; Thomas Dodd, John J. Egan, Leo Hafey, Siegfried Arnold, and James McGovern.

On the diamond, the gridiron, and the court, the Class of 1930 has done more than its share to further the glory of Alma Mater. Such names as the following are reminiscent of the cheering crowds and flying banners, the hard turf, the shrill whistle, and all the panoply of an autumnal football game, or call to mind the swish of the basketball through the net, or the sunlit greensward on a bright, May day: Russo, Dagata, Ritter, Tomassi, Coleman, Curran, Dunn, Wheeler, Szydla, Boule, Bradley, Cappalli, Duffy, Moran, Norton, Quirk, Rzeznikiewicz, Marrah and others we may have forgotten. To these men we are indebted for splendid achievements often against great odds; and we account it a pleasure to pay them the tribute of sportsmanship.

As you might expect, a Class of the character of the present Seniors has a long list of social triumphs to its credit. But to recount the dances, banquets and social affairs sponsored or shared by the members of our Class would be but to repeat the annals of the chronicler. Rather would we hint at the fraternal undercurrent of cordiality that has flowed so vitally through these years of college life; rather would we indicate the elan, the loyal cooperation that has bound the Class into a unit, that has stamped these individuals into an organic, living whole. To do more than that is not in our power, to do less were the work of a superficial reporter. If you, kind reader, would know the whole story, learn to know and love the Class of 1930.
The Alumni Association of Providence is this year inaugurating an interesting and praiseworthy custom. On Sunday, June 1st, at nine a. m., the first annual Communion Day and breakfast will be held at Harkins Hall. That this will be the beginning of a noteworthy and laudable institution is obvious to all Alumni, and we trust that the attendance will be beyond our expectations. Immediately following, a special business meeting of importance will be held in the College.

Alumni Day this year falls on Tuesday, June 10th, and even larger numbers than in the past will avail themselves of this opportunity of renewing old acquaintances, revisiting familiar haunts, and pledging loyalty anew to Alma Mater. At ten a. m., the Memorial Mass for deceased Alumni will be celebrated in the new auditorium—a fitting remembrance of those who have gone before. In the afternoon, the present 'Varsity will engage the Alumni in a contest on Hendricken Field. If rumors be true, the team of 1930 will meet more than its match in the aggregation that will represent the Alumni. At six p. m., a business meeting of the Alumni will be held, and, following that, at seven p. m., the Alumni Banquet will be held—a happy foregathering of those who have carried to the world of experience and hard knocks the principles inculcated here at Providence.

May we suggest here, on the eve of quitting our labors as Alumni editor, that we feel that the ALEMBIC is a potent link between the present student body and the Alumni, and that the efficacy of this bond has not been realized, as keenly as might be, in the past. We feel sure that if this matter were presented before the graduates of Providence a more cordial spirit of coöperation between the Alumni and the students of today would be the inevitable result.

In closing this last edition of the Alumni Notes, we wish to express a word of thanks to those who have helped us in any way in the editing of these pages. In particular, we thank Mr. Daniel O'Neill for his many helpful suggestions and items of interest. And so, adieu!
Editorial
Ralph Daniels, '30

“ADIEU”

With our days at Providence drawing quickly to a close, we wish to express a parting thought to those with whom we have been so closely associated during the past year. To the members of the ALEMBIC staff, as a whole, we give this formal recognition of their loyal manifestations of good will, and of their productive labors in the literary and financial interests of the ALEMBIC. To the entire student body whose whole-hearted coöperation and invaluable moral support has always been felt, we address our hearty thanks. To our advertisers, friends, and readers, to whom we are greatly indebted for their material aid, and for the lasting memory of a pleasant year together, we extend our gratitude.

All these have done their part in the completion of our year's work, and they have done it each in an admirable manner. What has been accomplished may deserve just merit, and certainly just criticism is to be expected. But whatever may be said, we feel sure that this must be admitted. The standards set for the ALEMBIC at its inception, implied in its name, and strictly adhered to by all of our predecessors, constantly have been borne in mind throughout the editorial year; and whether or not credit has been done to those standards, our every effort has been bent in their direction. The sacrifice of printed quantity for literary quality, and the separation and retention of only the best available material, have been our guiding principles in the publication of the ALEMBIC.

Now that our worries are over, we can say in all truthfulness that our affiliation with the ALEMBIC has been both pleasant and profitable. We only hope that those who follow will be blessed as we have been blessed with the most favorable conditions.
IN MEMORIAM

It is with genuine sorrow that we record the death of Paul Cohen of the Class of 1928 on April 27th, 1930. Mr. Cohen was a promising young attorney of the Rhode Island Bar, having completed his law studies at Boston University after his two years at Providence. It is with deep regret that we note the departure of this loyal friend and alumnus of Providence College, and to his bereaved family and relatives we extend our sincere sympathy in their hour of sorrow.
On the eve of relinquishing our labors as editor of this department, we wish to extend a final word of appreciation and cordiality to those colleges and universities that have kindly exchanged magazines with our ALEMBIC. We have enjoyed and applauded the efforts of many of our contemporaries; to some we have hazarded words of criticism, but have demurred in some instances because of our own consciousness of imperfection; to all, however, we offer sincere praise and hearty approbation for your splendid achievements and successes.

We have a scrapbook of clippings from the exchange columns of our friends, telling us what they enjoy or disapprove. We thank those who have taken the trouble of reviewing our efforts, and must candidly confess that we have been rated beyond our merits. With all due propriety and circumspection, may we not quote the following to show just how far wrong two such excellent publications as St. Benedict's Quarterly of St. Joseph, Minn., and The Chimes of New York can go?

"'Rhode Island's Worst Enemy,' an article which appears in Providence College ALEMBIC, is stamped by its clearness and conciseness of statement. It may well have been written by a person highly skilled in journalism. The author takes a local condition of such tremendous importance that should the suggested adjustment be realized it would cause a very radical change in the lives of all Rhode Islanders; yet, he presents his case in such a reasonable, conservative way that it is highly persuasive.

"We find a very interesting and entertaining narrative in 'The Shell Mystery.' Written in diary form, it gives us an unusual interest in the personal element by which it is characterized. 'Peace I always have sought, and peace I cannot get . . . . I want quiet. I came for quiet and I have nothing but turmoil,' these fragments paint the whole pic-
ture of the situations surrounding the biographer, who is, through unjust suspicion, deeply entangled in the Shell Mystery. ‘Wizardry’ is a delightful, rimed personification. The harmonizing cadence created by the Weird Wizard is shown in the second stanza which reads:

"Like mosaics,
Pieced and pied,
His trochiacs
Coincide.

"The ALEMBIC, though it does not contain a great number of articles, gives us a good variety of literary types. We enjoyed reading the book and we are looking forward to the next issue."

"With evident satisfaction we perceive how the Providence ALEMBIC fulfils the requirements of that so often avoided axiom, multum in parvo. The February issue is composed of three poems, one essay and two short-stories—a pleasing balance. The duet affords a 'true story complex,' and both are located in a rural setting . . . The essay, 'Snow Bloom'—very well done by the way, presents a brief résumé of the snow-flake's tribute from versifers. As if in keeping with the occasion, two of the ALEMBIC's poems are in some way associated with this exemplifier of the word 'white.' . . . A word of commendation for the propriety exhibited by John Krieger in his capably conducted department, 'Athletics.' Carry on, Alembians!"

Lamentable examples these, surely, of how easily these juvenile critics are misled into devious ways! O for the good old days of Jeffrey and Croker! Will no one, not even our best friends, tell us that we "are full of extravagance and irregularity, rash attempts at originality, interminable wanderings, and excessive obscurity?"

And now, forebearing readers, a long farewell! The candlelight of college life burns low.

"It sinks, and I am ready to depart."
The evening of May 15th was the gala night for the Junior Class. Amid surroundings of springtime beauty, they were hosts to all their friends. The rotunda, domed in silver and hung with a rich brocade, made a perfect foyer. The entrance to the ballroom was hung with wisteria and ferns, and over the marble stairs gleamed the motif of welcome to the promenade. The ballroom proper, trellised, strung with oriental lanterns and flooded with varied lights, formed the delightful picture of a sunken garden, profuse with the choicest blooms.

The Harvardians furnished the music for the occasion, playing many selections from "The Student Prince." At midnight, to the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance," the members of the Class of '31, with their fair friends, took the floor in their formal promenade and waltzed to the melody of the Alma Mater Song.

In all respects, the affair was unprecedented for beauty and brilliance. Everyone gave evidence of real enjoyment, and the favors for ladies and gentlemen were true favors. Even the little dance program was unique and attractive. In a word, it was the perfect promenade and the committee deserves unstinted praise for the wonderful success that crowned their weeks of earnest effort.

The patrons and patronesses included: His Honor, the Mayor, and Mrs. James E. Dunne, Dr. J. H. Brothers, Dr. P. I. O' Rourke, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Donnelly, Dr. and Mrs. George F. Johnson, Miss Alice McEntee, Miss Mary G. Kavanah, Mr. George F. O'Shaunessey, Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Hurley, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dooley, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Marchese, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Russell, Mrs. P. S. Daniels, Mrs. Charles Atteridge, and Mrs. James Lynch.

The committee in charge: William McCue (chairman), John Treadup, Warren Fletcher, Vincent Kalishes, Peter Pimentel, Francis
Callahan, Joseph Sharkey, Raymond Jordan, Stafford Carroll, and Harry Main. The Boston Stores kindly loaned settees.

On the morning of May 12th, the Class of CAP AND GOWN 1930 was invested with the traditional Cap and Gown. The entire student body was assembled in the auditorium for the ceremony. At nine o’clock the Senior Class filed into the hall in solemn procession with their robes upon their arms. The Reverend President brought up the rear of the file and, after the Seniors had been seated, mounted the steps of the stage, where a temporary altar had been set up for the occasion. Mass was celebrated, with the President officiating, after which came the investiture with the academic robes by Dr. Daniel M. Galliher, O.P., Dean of Studies.

In his remarks, Dr. McCarthy stressed the importance of adhering to the gentlemanly qualities of which the Cap and Gown are symbolic. He exhorted the Seniors to carry with them into the world those principles which had been inculcated at Providence. At the conclusion the Class once more formed in a procession and with stately gait, in keeping with their newly assumed dignity, marched to the west campus to assist in planting the Class Tree.

Here Mr. Frank Hanley urged his classmates to liken themselves to the tree, whose roots were firmly held in the bosom of Mother Earth and to nurture their intellect with the teachings of their Dominican faculty just as the tree assimilated the moisture from the earth in its process of growth.

In the evening the day’s activities were brought to a culmination by the traditional Cap and Gown Social which was held in the auditorium. Mr. Harold L. O’Reilly delivered an address upon the significance of the Cap and Gown and urged the Seniors to give to the world one hundred per cent. of their ability.

Mr. Walter Lough had charge of arrangements for the evening.

The following committees for the Commencement Week activities have been announced by the Office of the Dean of Studies.

General Committee: A. V. Aylward, F. E. Hanley, C. R. Capace, R. S. Daniels and A. L. Quirk.


Class Day Speakers: Oration: H. G. Caroselli; History: C. R. Capace; Poem: J. C. Hickey; Ode: N. H. Boule; Testament: Siegfried Arnold; Prophecy: J. C. Egan; Social: W. A. Lough.

Parents' Reception Speakers: J. A. McGuirk, and L. A. McKenna.

Commencement Speakers: Ralph S. Daniels, Ambrose V. Ayward, and Arthur L. Quirk.

On the evening of April 28th, the Class of '32 staged their annual banquet at the Alconia Inn.

BANQUET From every angle this affair was a tremendous success. An excellent dinner was served; clever entertainers enhanced the program, and, to quote a member of the faculty, "the conduct was exemplary."

The committee is to be felicitated on its excellent work, and a word of appreciation is due the Rev. Irving Georges, O.P., Class Moderator, who gave unstintingly of his time that this affair might set a precent for future Sophomores.

After a year of labor between school hours and the study periods, and on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings,—labor often interrupted because of the weather or the necessity of attending to other work—
we have the satisfaction of seeing the handball courts completed and ready for use. We owe a great debt of gratitude to Father Smith for his constant supervision, and execution of the nicer parts of the work.

Vivier, Allen, Fenwick, Gaynor and Lanz have been elected as the committee for the Freshman-Sophomore Banquet, which will take place May 22nd. One look at these men suffices to assure us that the affair will be a success.

The effects on the Sophomores of uncountable midnight hours fretted away over their Latin and Greek texts, and of Saturday and Sunday afternoons, bitterly spent in assimilating the aloe of Iliad-length discourses on monism or pantheism, were pointedly shown in two baseball games with the Freshmen, both of which were defeats for the upperclassmen, by scores of 17-13 and 6-3.
PROVIDENCE VS. NORTHEASTERN
at Boston, April 16th, 1930
Taming the Huskies Again

With Danny Connors pitching his first game in collegiate competition, the Friars downed the representatives from Northeastern for the second time this season—this time by a 4-1 score. This young man made a remarkable debut, holding the Huskies to three hits and fanning 11. Until the eighth inning, only one runner got beyond first base, and it was six innings before the batters were able to drive the ball outside the infield. A tendency towards wildness on his part will probably be corrected as the season advances.

The Huskies played a much improved ball game and Nelson pitched well until the unfortunate—for him—sixth inning. Carter played a fine game at short, but was unable to fathom Connors’ curves, despite the fact that he is Northeastern’s best hitter.

Leo Lobdell deserved special mention for his timely single that scored Duffy and Main—enough runs to win the game.

The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROVIDENCE</th>
<th>NORTHEASTERN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ab</td>
<td>1b</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dion, 3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibbons, 1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapman, r</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duffy, 1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harraghy, c</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Szydla, m</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main, 2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janas, s</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bekel, s</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connors, p</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

249
PROVIDENCE VS. Muhlenberg College

at Hendricken Field, April 24th, 1930

A Narrow Margin

Good pitching by Frankie Moran and opportune clubbing by the remaining members of the caste gave Providence a 5-4 win over Muhlenberg in a contest replete with thrilling plays. Despite the fact that cold winds converted Hendricken Field into a miniature Alaska instead of a sunny New England ball park, both teams played smart baseball. Early-inning assaults gave the Friars five runs, and, although the visitors rallied strongly in the closing stages to score three runs, they just fell short of equalizing the count. A home run and triple in the eighth inning upset Moran’s equanimity temporarily and, before it could be restored, Quinton had replaced him.

Joe Duffy virtually saved the game in the eighth inning, when he converted an attempted squeeze play into a double out. Duffy came in quickly on the bunt, caught it just before it reached the dirt, and then touched third before the runner could return. It was a brilliant play on Duffy’s part. Joe Harraghy was likewise brilliant in the ninth inning when he tagged a runner as he attempted to score on another attempt for a squeeze play.

Moran was invincible for eight innings, but weakened slightly in the closing frames. During the first eight innings, the visitors prodded his delivery for only three hits and one run. Quinton silenced the potent attack by virtue of some sparkling support.
ATHLETICS 251

Providence was again weak in batting, collecting only six hits. Joe Duffy made three as his share of the day’s work.

The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROVIDENCE</th>
<th>MUHLENBERG</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ab lb po a e</td>
<td>ab lb po a e</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dton, 3 5 0 0 1</td>
<td>Weber, 2 5 0 3 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibbons, 1 2 1 0 0</td>
<td>Steinh' er, 3 4 0 1 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapman, r 5 1 1 0 0</td>
<td>Kreischer, s 4 2 1 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duffy, 1 4 3 9 0 0</td>
<td>Snyder, r 4 2 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Szydla, m 3 0 2 0 0</td>
<td>Giltner, c 4 3 4 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harraghy, c 2 0 11 2 0</td>
<td>Smith, 1 4 0 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main, 2 3 0 3 0 0</td>
<td>Borrelli, m 4 1 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cappalli, s 3 0 1 2 2</td>
<td>Lauck, 1 3 1 2 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moran, p 4 1 0 4 0</td>
<td>Eschenbach, p 3 0 1 4 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quinton, p 0 0 0 0 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals ... 31 6 27 9 2

Innings ... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

 Providence ... 0 1 0 0 2 2 0 0 x—5

Muhlenberg ... 1 0 0 0 0 0 3 0—4


PROVIDENCE VS. HOLY CROSS
at Worcester, April 26th, 1930

Faith Without Works

Several breaches of pitching etiquette by Danny Connors were material factors in the defeat of the Black and White in the yearly contest at Fitton Field by a score of 9-4. Connors, when he controlled his pitching stock, experienced no trouble in puzzling the Purple, but costly bases on balls invariably resulted in Holy Cross scoring.

Providence stock rose perceptibly in the first inning, when combined hits by Marty Gibbons and Dick Chapman resulted in a score. The Worcester team, however, wiped away the lead by scoring two runs in their half. Thereafter Providence seldom threatened, despite the fact that they scored two more runs.

Sims was the chief Crusader star, pitching good ball and banging out three hits to drive in precious runs. One of Sims’s smashes was a
triple to deepest left field. Shevlin, Holy Cross’s acrobatic first baseman, was the fielding star for the winners.

Dick Chapman with two hits, Bobbie Dion with some sparkling fielding, and Frankie Cappalli with a three-bagger to his credit, were prominent in the Flynn attack.

The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>HOLY CROSS</th>
<th></th>
<th>PROVIDENCE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>ab</td>
<td>lp</td>
<td>po</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fisher, m</td>
<td>3 2 2</td>
<td>0 0</td>
<td>0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dougherty, c</td>
<td>5 1 7</td>
<td>0 0</td>
<td>0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shevlin, 1</td>
<td>5 1 8</td>
<td>0 0</td>
<td>0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ryan, s</td>
<td>3 1 0</td>
<td>3 0</td>
<td>0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawrence, r</td>
<td>2 0 1</td>
<td>1 0 0 0</td>
<td>0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shanahan, 3</td>
<td>2 0 1</td>
<td>2 1</td>
<td>1 0 1 0 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farrell, 1</td>
<td>3 1 5</td>
<td>1 1 1 1</td>
<td>0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O’Connell, 2</td>
<td>2 0 1</td>
<td>1 1 1 1</td>
<td>0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sims, p</td>
<td>4 3 2</td>
<td>2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0</td>
<td>0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals: 30 9 27 9 1 34 6 24 11 2

Innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Holy Cross: 2 2 0 0 1 2 2 0 1 0 0 1

Providence: 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4


* Batted for Connors in eighth.
† Batted for Dion in ninth.

PROVIDENCE VS. LOWELL TEXTILE

at Hendricken Field, April 29th, 1930

Buckley Baffles Weavers

Frigid weather failed to dampen Friar enthusiasm as Jack Flynn’s clouters subdued Lowell Textile, 6-1, in a game featured by Frank Buckley’s steady hurling. Buckley allowed only four hits and deserved a shut out. An error in the first inning spoiled what would otherwise have been a perfect game.

Dick Chapman assumed the leading role as official fence buster of the day, poling out a home run in the first inning. Buckley was like-
ATHLETICS 253

wise potent with the stick, contributing a triple and a single to drive in runs.

Allard, Textile’s twirler, was steady for the most part but inter­mittent Friar run flurries spelled his ruin. He was handicapped in his efforts by poor support on the part of his mates:

The box score of the game:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROVIDENCE</th>
<th>LOWELL TEXTILE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ab lb po a e</td>
<td>ab lb po a e</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dion, 3</td>
<td>Turcotte, 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 2 1 5 2</td>
<td>4 0 2 3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibbons, 1</td>
<td>Kokoska, s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 0 2 0 0</td>
<td>4 1 2 1 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapman, r</td>
<td>Allard, p</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 1 0 0 0</td>
<td>4 2 1 3 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duffy, 1</td>
<td>Savid, m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 1 7 1 0</td>
<td>4 0 2 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Szydla, m</td>
<td>Kendrick, r</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 1 2 0 0</td>
<td>4 0 1 0 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harraghy, c</td>
<td>Quigley, 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 1 8 1 0</td>
<td>1 0 0 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main, 2</td>
<td>Truesdale, 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 1 4 4 0</td>
<td>4 0 12 0 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cappalli, s</td>
<td>Kilmartin, 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 1 2 2 2</td>
<td>2 0 2 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buckley, p</td>
<td>Preston, 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 2 1 0 0</td>
<td>0 0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Beeman, c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3 1 2 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>*Piligian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals ........ 34 10 27 13 3

Run—Dion, Chapman 2, Szydla, Harraghy 2; Kokoska 1.

*Batted for Kilmartin in eighth.

PROVIDENCE VS. COAST GUARDS

at Hendricken Field, May 3rd, 1930

A Premature Fourth of July Celebration

Hendricken Field took the aspect of a Fourth of July celebration as the Friars scored a 21-0 victory over the Coast Guards in a game as weird as it was interesting. Providence exploded a total of 21 hits from the delivery of three Coast Guard hurlers. The bang of Friar bats sounded like exploding pyrotechnics—particularly in the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh innings, when the ‘Varsity tallied 18 runs.

Artie Quirk, Senior pitcher, started his first game of the year and subjected the visitors to a coat of kalsomine while he was on the mound. Quirk allowed but four hits in six innings of effort, and fanned seven men. Joe Madden finished up the game in fine style.

Joe Harraghy, Marty Gibbons, and George Sellig captured long-distance swatting honors by collecting home runs. Harraghy’s blow
came with three men on base. The lopsidedness of the score gave Coach Flynn a chance to use his entire second team and each and all performed well.

The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROVIDENCE</th>
<th>U.S. COAST GUARDS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dion, 3 .....</td>
<td>Belknap, s 4 0 2 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O'Connor, 3</td>
<td>Miller, 3 2 1 2 7 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibbons, 1</td>
<td>Libby, 3 1 0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapman, r</td>
<td>H. Havens, 2 3 0 6 2 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sellig, m</td>
<td>Maytas, 2 1 0 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duffy, 1</td>
<td>Spaniol, m 4 1 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snyder, m</td>
<td>Jeffries, r 4 1 0 0 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lobbell, r</td>
<td>Purcell, 1 3 0 2 0 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harraghy, c</td>
<td>Pakulski, 1 3 2 7 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welch, c</td>
<td>Shepard, 1 0 0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main, 2</td>
<td>Michot, c 3 2 3 1 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notte, 2</td>
<td>T. Havens, c 0 0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cappalli, s</td>
<td>Meska, p 1 0 0 1 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bekel, s</td>
<td>Gillis, p, 2 0 0 0 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quirk, p</td>
<td>Michael, p 0 0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madden, p</td>
<td>2 0 0 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Marsella</td>
<td>1 1 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>48 21 27 15 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>31 7 24 13 8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Providence College.. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 x—21

Runs—Dion 2, O'Connor, Gibbons 4, Chapman, Sellig, Duffy, Szydla, Harraghy 2, Main 3, Cappalli 4, Quirk—21. Hits—Off Meska 7 in 4 innings; off Gillis 13 in 3; off Michael 1 in 1; off Quirk 4 in 6; off Madden 3 in 3. Stolen bases—Duffy, Dion. Two-base hits—O'Connor, Szydla, Cappalli 2, Marsella. Home runs—Gibbons, Sellig, Harraghy. Sacrifice hit—Quirk. Double play—Dion to Main to Duffy; Quirk to Main to Duffy; Havens (unassisted); Madden to Bekel to Duffy. Struck out—By Quirk 7; by Madden 2; by Gillis 1. Base on balls—Off Quirk 1; off Gillis 1; off Michaels 2. Hit by pitched ball—By Meska (Dion). First base on errors—Providence 5; Coast Guards 1. Left on bases—Providence 10; Coast Guards 3. Umpires—Meehan and Foley. Time 2h. 10m.

* Batted for Quirk in sixth.
† Batted for Harraghy in eighth.

PROVIDENCE VS. SETON HALL

at South Orange, New Jersey, May 7th, 1930

Invading New Jersey

Batting hard in the closing stages was the means of slipping in a 10-6 victory at the expense of Seton Hall in the first game of the annual spring excursion South. The potency in the Friar bats was in evi-
dence throughout the game and the return to hitting form was a pleasant experience for Coach Jack Flynn.

Frankie Moran started on the mound with his pitching puzzlers and hurled a creditable brand of ball until he weakened in the closing stages. Danny Connors then took up the burden and held the Setonians at bay.

Joe Harraghy, Bobbie Dion, Harry Main, George Sellig, Joe Duffy, Frankie Cappalli, and Dick Chapman chipped in with good stickwork and general fine play afield. It was the seventh win of the year for the Friars.

The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROVIDENCE</th>
<th>ab lbp a e</th>
<th>SETON HALL</th>
<th>ab lbp a e</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dion, 3</td>
<td>5 1 0 0 0</td>
<td>Zdowicz, m</td>
<td>5 0 5 0 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sellig, 1</td>
<td>5 2 3 0 0</td>
<td>Singleton, 1</td>
<td>5 2 8 0 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapman, r</td>
<td>5 1 2 0 0</td>
<td>Kearney, s</td>
<td>3 2 0 2 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duffy, 1</td>
<td>5 0 9 0 0</td>
<td>Madjeski, c</td>
<td>5 1 6 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Szydla, m</td>
<td>4 1 1 2 0</td>
<td>McAteer, 3</td>
<td>4 3 1 4 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harraghy, c</td>
<td>4 2 9 0 0</td>
<td>Torpy, r</td>
<td>3 1 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main, 2</td>
<td>3 2 1 4 0</td>
<td>Madden, 1</td>
<td>3 0 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cappalli, s</td>
<td>5 1 2 2 0</td>
<td>Komar, 2</td>
<td>3 0 5 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moran, p</td>
<td>2 2 0 2 0</td>
<td>Crown, p</td>
<td>0 0 0 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connors, p</td>
<td>3 1 0 1 0</td>
<td>Outwater, p</td>
<td>4 0 0 2 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals .......... 42 13 27 11 0  
Innings .......... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Providence .......... 0 4 3 2 0 1 0 0 0—10
Seton Hall .......... 3 0 0 2 1 0 0 0 0—6


PROVIDENCE VS. ST. JOHN'S

at Brooklyn, May 9th, 1930

Across the Bridge

Providence tasted its sweetest morsel of victory for the current year in the yearly Brooklyn embroglio with St. John's. Eddie Quinton, aided and ebetted by excellent stickwork on the part of Frankie Cappalli, Joe Duffy, Stan Szydla and Bobbie Dion, proved poisonous to the St. John's batting order, limiting them to six hits and two runs. The
Friars in the interim of the day’s doings combed two hostile hurlers for 12 hits and seven runs.

Dick Chapman put Providence on the road to victory in the first inning, when he singled and was pushed along to second by another safe blow by Duffy. Szydla then drove a long double into left field, sending both runners across the plate. The Friars then scored intermittently throughout the rest of the afternoon.

Eddie Quinton, Freshman hurler, was especially impressive in scoring his second win of the year. The musical twirler was seldom in danger during the course of the afternoon’s activities.

The score of the game:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROVIDENCE</th>
<th>ST. JOHN'S</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dion, 3</td>
<td>Borise, m 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sellig, 1</td>
<td>Stephens, r 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapman, r</td>
<td>Posnak, 1 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duffy, 1</td>
<td>Cooper, 1 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Szydla, m</td>
<td>Fernandez, 1 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harraghy, c</td>
<td>Pace, 2 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Main, 2</td>
<td>Hinchcliffe, s 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cappalli, s</td>
<td>Krist, s 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quinton, p</td>
<td>Di Domenico, 3 4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Totals</th>
<th>37 12 27 14 2</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Innings</td>
<td>2 1 1 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Providence</td>
<td>0 0 0 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. John's</td>
<td>0 0 0 1 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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