

THE ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND

Vol. XII. No. 3.

January, 1932

**THE
ALEMBIC**

ANNOUNCES



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WHO'S WHO IN THE ALEMBIC

The last of the Open Letters—we have declared the lists closed—appears this month, and very fittingly—the furious contest of personalities is given the final touch by a Junior, Walter J. Shunney. Shunney, who contributed two interesting musings last month, felt there were things to be said and advice to be spoken that only a neutral could dare. He has taken a lofty stand but has come down at times to administer sound thumpings to the two belligerents.

Fame is no new thing in the life of a La Farge and when Oliver of that family was awarded the Pulitzer prize for his "Laughing Boy" a while ago, it was merely the descent of the mantle on one of the new generation. George L. Considine, a Senior with a flair for artistic work, has provided an erudite study of John La Farge, painter, glass-worker, and author, and the outstanding art-man of his period.

Paul J. Powers, '32, hailing from North Attleboro, offers a piquant short story for your delectation. Paul is a Philosopher but has left metaphysics entirely out of his story while giving us a curious incident that is told so realistically we think the only departure from truth is in the names of personae.

Finding the good in the other fellow is easy when you have a man like John J. Cleary to examine; and it seems doubly easy for Daniel J. Higgins, '33, who has known Cleary as a fellow-student for some years. Higgins may speak like a hero-worshipper at times, but then so would you if you were writing this P C Personality.

We ought to let you know now, because you've been wondering long enough already, that Thomas F. Tierney, '32, Associate Editor of *The Alembic*, is the author of the majority of the editorials that have appeared. They are thoughtfully and cleverly written because Tierney is a thinker and has the art to clothe his ideas felicitously. He has been of untold assistance to the Editor, who has had his hands full with the detail attendant upon changing the outlay of the magazine and managing the various departments.

The atmosphere of another country and of any other people has been captured by Alfred A. Melaragno, a Senior Philosopher with a penchant for medicine, in his current story. The simplicity of the tale is liable to deceive a reader, for there is more than the incident in this story.

We assembled four essays and labelled the whole *Sophs at Play*, for the authors are all second-year men and their mood is that of the familiar essay, whimsical and pleasant. The pieces here printed were submitted as class work, and the Instructor enjoyed them so much he wanted you to have the pleasure.



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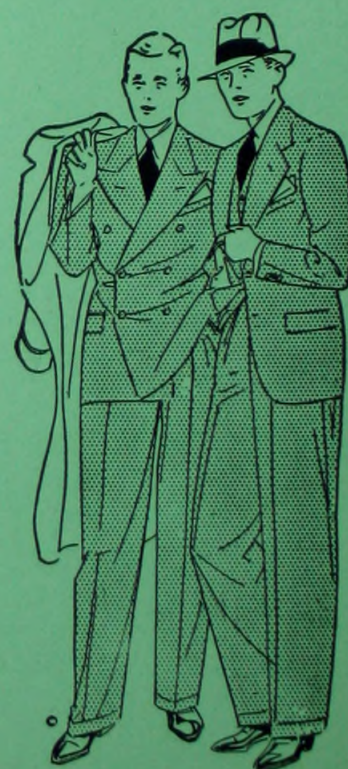
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John La Farge



The Halt of the Wise Men

W. F. O'Daniel, O. P.

Three Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Caspar and Balthasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were
they.

And they travelled by night and they
slept by day.

For their guide was a beautiful, wonder-
ful star.

LONGFELLOW

John La Farge: Artist—Scholar

By
George L. Considine, '32

WHETHER America possesses a distinct school of art is a question which has been asked by critics for some decades. They are not yet unanimous in answering it, but it is generally accepted that America has produced some outstanding artists, and prominent among them is John La Farge, 1835-1910. To rank him is no easy task, for he was equally proficient as an easel painter, mural decorator, worker in stained glass, lecturer, writer, philosopher, a scholar and a gentleman. A dilettant at thirty, he rose to recognition as the most celebrated figure in art in America during the later years of his life, and although he did not receive public acclaim, his position was realized by the élite here and abroad. No individual of either continent living in the same decades, could be likened to him; he was, in a way, a universal genius, something after the stature of the leaders of the Renaissance,—Leonardo for example.

As the son of Jean Frederic de La Farge, he was reared in a sheltered social atmosphere in New York, enjoying a cultural background and a well-directed education. His father's career was highly romantic. He left France as a subaltern in an army which came to San Domingo to put down an insurrection, but failing, the French force was wiped out, La Farge alone being spared that he might teach the insurgent leader to read and write. He escaped, made his way to Philadelphia and in time became a man of wealth, possessing plantations in Louisiana and other lands in upper New York state. He moved to that state from Pennsylvania more than a score of years after coming to Philadelphia, and from the French colony of New York city he chose his bride, Mlle. de St. Victor.

The intellectual and material environment which this couple provided for their children was surely conducive to scholarly achievement. As a boy, John La Farge was versed in three languages,

French, English and German, an English governess and an Alsatian nurse providing the English and German, respectively, while French was generally the conversational medium of his parents. In an extensive library, he browsed among the most famous works of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries, making the acquaintance of Rousseau, De Foe and Voltaire, surely an odd lot with which to engage his youthful mind. He found some volumes handsomely illustrated; for instance, the works of Byron with copper plates by Turner. He himself described his home as "really very elegant," furnished as it was in Empire, embellished by very good paintings of Dutch masters and a number of engravings.

His grandfather, Binsse de St. Victor, a miniaturist of some talent, taught him drawing, and at eight, he was a fair copyist. This was considered merely as a branch of his general education, ranking with arithmetic or grammar. Later he attended Columbia Grammar School, Columbia College, Fordham, and in 1853 was graduated from Mt. St. Mary's. During these years he continued drawing, training carefully his mind and his eye, and he familiarized himself with the classics, as well as the legends and traditions of both the East and West.

To supplement his education at home, he went to Europe in 1856, visiting his relatives whom he found established in the center of a brilliant intellectual circle in Paris. His cousin, Paul de St. Victor, was a prominent young writer and critic and young La Farge made the acquaintance of de Chauvannes and others, gaining much from such contacts.

Fearing that his son's time was being wasted in the social whirl of Paris, his father advised him to study painting, of which he was admittedly "rather fond." With an American friend he went to the studio of Couture. That artist hesitated about allowing the "foreigner" to stay at the studio,

since La Farge was not taking art as a serious study, but being prevailed upon to let him stay, he realized in a very few days that the young man possessed an individual style. Lest he be influenced by fellow pupils, Couture advised him to go to the Louvre, there to make drawings, painting being postponed till a later date. La Farge took the counsel and studied the great masters, confining himself to no individual or particular school, and he acquired the basic faculty of looking at art. From Paris he went to Denmark and Belgium, studying Rembrandt, Rubens, Leonardo, and Correggio among others, and was especially fascinated by the etchings of Rembrandt.

His father's ill health demanded that he return home and he travelled through England, stopping at the Manchester Exhibition, one of the first extensive showings of paintings of many nations. Here he viewed the products of Titian, Velasquez and the Eighteenth century Englishmen, being charmed by Reynolds and Gainsborough, as well as by Turner of the later century. But that which perhaps impressed him most was the work of the pre-Raphaelites.

Under the mistaken notion that his vocation was in law, he began legal studies upon his return to New York, but fortunately he tempered this decision by fitting out a room where he might draw and paint for his own pleasure. In time he developed a desire to do better things in oil and realized the need of supervised training. At first he thought of returning to Paris, but chose to follow William Morris Hunt to Newport. He had now definitely recognized his calling. At Newport, he did studies of flowers and landscapes, the latter being crowned by "Paradise Valley," which illustrated his absolute authority in landscape. Of this Van Dyck said: "A more perfect piece of work, a more beautiful picture of landscape, had not then, and has not since, been produced in American art. Of its kind,

it is unequalled." In flower work, he found an opportunity to overcome various technical difficulties, and this period was productive of his best easel pieces, exhibiting the boldest stroke and the richest coloring. Other activities in the future were to leave but little time for this phase of art.

He was abroad again in 1873, increasing his acquaintance with the art of the ages. His interest in glass and murals waxed stronger and culminated in the decoration of H. H. Richardson's Trinity Church, Boston, three years later. This was the first mural work of quality in America, and raised this art to a standing which has been a mark for succeeding generations. What enhances the achievement is that La Farge was given but four months to make cartoons and complete the decorations.

It was here he came to realize the need of a better stained glass. In a search for good material he found little, and recalled that even in England the windows fulfilling the splendid drawings of the pre-Raphaelites were poor things. Intrigued, he began the private manufacture of glass. Obtaining a Luxembourg workman he directed the process and, after trials, his results were the talk of the art world, particularly his invention of an opaline glass. Experimentation continued until he succeeded in doing as much with delicate tones as with those of depth. One of his most important glass creations, the Battle Window in Memorial Hall, Harvard, is composed of all sorts of glass and semi-precious translucent stones. In these excellent productions, he used a variation of cloisonne in which he employed pieces of glass so small that a number of them could be placed on the nail of the little finger. They were put together as a mosaic, finely threaded lead replacing cement. The result was a painting in glass, and Cortisoz thus sums up his ability: "In glass nothing could balk him and the larger the opportunity, the more royally he ruled it."

His creations in glass reached their perfection in the Peacock Window, now owned by the Wor-

cester Museum. Again we turn to Cortisoz, who declares it "the most perfectly representative" production, portraying a peacock of "glorious plumage—the colors of the back and of the tail feathers seeming to flow as in an iridescent waterfall down toward the watery green background at the bottom. . . a vision of sensuous loveliness realized in a medium notoriously obstinate." When he showed the Watson Window, destined for Trinity Church, Buffalo, at the French Exhibition in 1889, he was lauded almost fulsomely by the international jury. They termed him "the great innovator," declaring he had created an art in all its details, an accomplishment that would insure him the respect of thousands of followers; and he was officially decorated with the insignia of the Legion of Honor.

Broadmindedly, he remained open to praise, although he often realized much of it was unintelligent. The encomiums of the Kaiser, von Bode, Rodin and Rossetti pleased him. He knew what recognition was his due, once startling the Architectural League by suggesting that their medal was late in coming. This was not prompted by egotism but straightforwardness.

Of his mural work, perhaps the most widely known specimen is the "Ascension" in the church of that name, New York city, a combination of pictorial composition, wall-painting and religious decoration. While engaged in painting this he made a trip to Samoa and

Japan, and the landscape reflects the influence of these lands. This landscape from the East, which is not Eastern, and the figures and grouping from Italy, which are not Italian, illustrate his genius in adaptation and he resembles here the workers of the Renaissance. It is a positive triumph and stands at the head of his best murals, those at the Paulist Church, New York, at the State Capitol, St. Paul, Minnesota, and the work in St. Thomas', New York, in which he joined Augustus St. Gaudens, and which after its destruction by fire was referred to as "America's noblest Gothic ruin." At the time of his passing, mural commissions were still being received.

Surrounded by a corps of assistants, ranging from fine artisans to accomplished artists, he conducted his studio as did painters in Italy's golden age. He planned great artistic productions, but he also gave the minor arts careful consideration, for nothing which disclosed an opportunity whereby beautiful form and color might find play, escaped him. Ivory, rare woods, mosaics and memorials yielded their secrets to him. Add to this prodigious work his literary contributions, and some estimate of the catholicity of his genius is possible. In the last named field we find "The Gospel in Art," "Minor Arts," "One Hundred Masterpieces," "The Higher Life in Art," and a noteworthy collection of lectures delivered at the Metropolitan, "Considerations on Painting," which were hailed as the most important utterances on art ever delivered in America.

Much travelling enlarged his outlook, and specifically two trips to the Orient inspired much of his work. He was early to realize the beauty of the art work of Japan, importing prints as far back as 1863, when few others considered them. Works from his first visit to that land were exhibited at the Salon de Champs de Mars, Paris, in 1895. In Samoa he discovered a fascinating civilization, and his great regret was that he had not known it when he was younger.

He was above all a gentleman,

(Continued on Page 16)



The Matinee—and After

By
Paul J. Powers, '32

PROMPTLY at 2:15 there appeared again at the box-office of the New Amsterdam Theater on Forty-second street, New York City, a slim girl clad in gray. She had the unmistakable appearance of one addicted to first nights and hotel grill-rooms.

To repeat: her dress was gray, discreet and impeccable in its style and fit. From her turban hung a heavily meshed veil which, however, only partially concealed a face of calm, unconscious beauty. She had come there on the previous Wednesday for the matinee, and on the Wednesday before that and there was one who knew it.

The young man who knew it hovered near, his left shoulder engaged in the enormous task of supporting the exterior wall of the theater; he was, to all appearances a disciple of that great god, Luck. He now observed her perhaps more closely than ever before and while he regarded her with a curious mixture of both interest and admiration, she received her ticket and passed inside.

The young man now quickly approached the box-office, and with the air of one who must go without luncheon the remainder of the week, extracted from an inner pocket the required amount and hastened within, although not without first honoring the grinning features of Eddie Cantor, which adorned the lobby walls, with a hurried glance.

The orchestra was filled nearly to capacity with the exception of the rear loges and it was in one of these that he detected the slim girl in gray. He recognized her instantly, as she had not as yet lifted her veil and was seated alone. Walking slowly past her, he had turned and was retracing his steps when the program the young lady was reading slipped from her fingers and bounded from the loge railing a full yard away.

The vassal of Luck sprang upon it with instant avidity and returned it to her with all the gallantry and chivalry he could master, at the same time risking an

inconsequent remark about the large audience, stood poised awaiting his fate.

The girl regarded him coolly, deliberately at first, noting his ordinary but neat dress and a face distinguished by nothing particular in the way of expression, and then said in a full, rich contralto:

"Thank you. You may share this loge if you wish. Really, I wouldn't mind, all the seats in the orchestra appeared to be occupied by now."

The young man slid upon the chair by her side with complaisance, at the same time murmuring a prayer of thanksgiving to the god, who to all appearances had more than rewarded his piety.

"Do you know," he commenced, speaking the same formula with which park chairmen and the like open their conversation, "that you're about the most stunning girl I've seen in a long time? I had my eye on you at last Wednesday's matinee and even the week before. Didn't know some one had fallen for those pretty lamps of yours, did you, sugar?"

"Whoever you are," replied the girl in a frigid tone, "kindly remember that I am a lady. I will excuse the remark you have just made since no doubt the mistake was a natural one—in your circle. I merely asked you to sit down for there is yet fifteen minutes before

the curtain rises, but if that invitation must constitute me your sugar, consider it withdrawn."

"I earnestly beg your pardon," pleaded the young man, his expression of satisfaction rapidly changing to one of penitence and humility. "It's all my fault, you know, I—er—"

"Abandon the subject, if you please. We may chat for a few moments; in fact, I much prefer to. Now, tell me, all these people in front of us, pushing and crowding down the aisles, are they happy? What is their main reason for coming here? Are they nothing more than worshippers of a matinee idol?"

The young man had promptly abandoned his air of coquetry. His cue was now a waiting part, and he could not guess what role he would be expected to play.

"It is interesting to watch them," he said, assuming her mood. "It really is the great drama of life. But, as you no doubt know, Eddie Cantor is the greatest stage comedian in the world and consequently, the highest paid."

"Yes, yes, I know, but it hardly seems true that people will spend an entire afternoon listening and applauding such nonsensical antics. Can you surmise why I spoke to you, Mr.—?"

"Binkley," supplied the young man, looking eager and hopeful.

"No," said the girl, holding up a slender finger and smiling slightly, "you would recognize it immediately, and it is impossible to keep one's name out of print these days. Or even one's portrait. This hat and veil of my maid furnish me with an almost perfect incog. You should have seen my chauffeur gaze at me when he thought I did not see him. I spoke to you, Mr. Link—"

"Binkley," corrected the young man modestly.

"—Mr. Binkley, because I wanted to talk for a change with a natural man,—one unspoiled by the despicable gloss of wealth. Oh,

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NO STARS TO-NIGHT

*The sky is black and blank—
The city cringes in the dark;
Upon her limbs the shackles clank:
Yet freedom's spark
Burns slowly into flame and plays
About the cruel metal ties,
And to the city's great amaze
That fetters fall away. Fear dies
Within her troubled heart—she
stands*

*To greet the rising sun, and cries:
"God bless you!" No one under-
stands*

*What dread in every city lies
When no stars fill the skies.*

HERBERT MURRAY, '35

PC Personalities

John J. "Jack" Cleary

By
Daniel J. Higgins, '33

A man with a serious purpose and the mental equipment necessary for the realization of that purpose—such is the popular Senior, John J. Cleary. We speak for the students in recommending him as the type of man we are glad to know and proud to have called a friend, and when we consider the scholastic record he has made in these halls, we believe we speak the mind of the faculty, too.

East Greenwich is his home town, and La Salle the institution at which he prepared for his successful collegiate career, and from which he graduated in 1926. While there he was an active member of the debating team and the recipient of the highest honors that school could bestow. After being graduated from La Salle he stopped scholastic work for two years to look things over, and when he had surveyed the scene and made up his mind, he entered Providence College in the fall of 1928.

Jack's forte is debating. For four years he has been actively identified with the debating societies here at Providence. Intramural debates played no small part in the consistent development of his inherent argumentative ability. As a Sophomore he represented the Lacordaire Society in a debate against Holy Cross. The decision was lost but this was not Jack's fault nor was it the fault of his colleagues, and since lampooning is not within the province of this scribe, I refer the readers to any impartial observer of that intellectual encounter for further details.

In his Junior year John came into his own. He became a member of the Varsity debating team. The schedule was perhaps the most arduous ever faced by any debating team from this college. The work of preparation was exceedingly difficult but Jack is one of those who thrive on hard work and he applied his unusual energies to the task of preparation. (Probably there was no man in this state more thoroughly steeped in the knowledge of the chain store, un-

employment insurance or the jury system, than he.) His opponents were many and formidable but this earnest young man took his task seriously and maintained his high standard of intellectual workmanship throughout that trying season. He participated in no less than five Varsity debates against the best debaters of Rutgers, Manhattan, Upsala and Seth Low College of Columbia. Probably the men of these schools are better fitted to sing his praises than I, because they felt the full force of his inexorable logic and his convincing



delivery in the defeats they suffered at the hands of Jack and his colleagues.

To see him upon the campus, serious and quiet, we little imagine that he is the heavy artillery of the debating team. With a sonorous, manly voice that reverberates throughout the auditorium, he adds emphasis to the points of his team-mates and drives home additional arguments.

Generally, he is the last speaker and from this strategic position he lays down a barrage of arguments that has proved devastating in many cases. He does not de-

pend upon occasional brilliance, witticisms or any form of "grandstanding" to accomplish his purposes. Rather he depends upon his natural and straight-forward manner of speech, and it has so far been more than enough.

As a student he is consistent, persevering and determined. At La Salle he was an honor student and, history repeating itself, we find him far up on the Dean's list at this institution. This distinction is unusual when we consider the fact that a great part of his time is devoted to committee service and to the activities of the debating society. Attentive, and with a business-like attitude in his studies, he leaves little room for criticism in that regard. And in spite of his scholarly distinction there is not the slightest trace of pedantry in his manner.

That he is popular is an indisputable fact. As a debater he has held the offices of President and Vice-President of the debating society; as a student he now holds the office of Vice-President of the Senior class. He is a natural leader of student activities and the latest evidence of this fact is that inspiring speech which he gave at the football rally before the successful R. I. State game.

His activities are not entirely confined to debating and scholastic endeavors. Jack has a social side and is a patron of the proms and the social affairs about town. And though not a participant, he is an interested attendant at the dramatic functions of the college. In addition to these he is an enthusiastic spectator at many of the athletic contests of his college.

Jack's scholastic career will not end at Providence College. Upon his graduation from this institution he intends to enter the Harvard School of Business Administration and if he does, there is no doubt in our minds where the honors will go. His natural business ability coupled with his extraordinary aptitude for study,

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Play Not the 'Pastorale'

By

Alfred A. Melaragno, '32

I WAS walking one day with my friend, Paul Serrati, along one of the most characteristic streets of Naples; we were talking of music and Paul was telling me his impressions of "Sigfrido," the opera which had been represented at the San Carlo theatre two days before. Abruptly he stopped, his eye attracted by some old objects displayed in the window of a second-hand store.

"Look," he said, "there is also an old violin."

Now, you should know that my friend Paul was a violinist and was enjoying a solid reputation in the artistic world. I had heard him in a concert, and I had applauded sincerely his undebatable skill in drawing from his violin a delightful and suggestive music.

"Let us look it over," he said, and I followed him into the store.

Paul took the instrument in his hands, turning it over first on one side then on the other, examining each part minutely; he tapped the back with his nimble fingers, pulled the strings and then swinging around to face the owner of the shop, who all this time had been examining the new customer from head to foot, as if it were the first time that such an elegant fellow had entered into his store, he asked:

"What is the price?"

"I have an idea that you are an expert in violins," the other answered. "You can have it for one hundred Lire. It is a bargain; it is a very old violin."

"If you really think that I am an expert in violins," Paul answered, "you ought to accept my offer—sixty Lire."

"No, I can't; I swear I paid more for it."

"Then, put it back in the window."

Paul left the store, and I followed him. The man followed us and touching my friend's arm,

"Listen," he said, with that accent which is characteristic of the Neapolitans, "I don't want you to leave dissatisfied. Let us divide

the difference: eighty Lire and the violin is yours."

Paul went back into the store, paid for the violin and, after enveloping it in an old newspaper which the man supplied, he put it under his arm and we both left.

My friend was very happy.

"I have made a bargain, my friend," he began. "This is a violin of the Seventeenth century; it is worth at least five-hundred Lire. You are going to hear it the first time you come to my house."

We separated after I had promised that I would call the next Thursday.

I kept my promise and Paul received me very cordially.

"I will not make you suffer more than half an hour by listening to my music," he laughed.

"It is always a pleasure for me to listen to music," I answered, "especially when it is played well."

His teacher, Mazzone, was at the piano ready to accompany him, and Paul began to reproduce on the old violin some of the songs of Mendelssohn.

"Have you noticed the difference," he asked, "between this old violin and the one I have been playing till now? There is an imperceptible, insignificant difference, especially in the high notes. It seems as if in this violin there were something which quenches the too acute vibrations, as a gauze cover attenuates the strong light of the sun on a summer day. It gives the music a more human expression, don't you think?"

I agreed, not because I had noticed the difference which he was explaining to me, but because, seeing Paul happy, I was afraid to break in with an observation which would have cooled his enthusiasm.

"Let us turn back two centuries," he said. "I am going to play for you the 'Pastorale' of Scarlatti. I used to play it on my old violin and now we are going to see how it comes on this one. It ought to come better since the instrument is almost contemporaneous with the music."

The teacher on the piano

touched the first notes; Paul, standing, was ready to begin to play. As he began, a string broke, and a fraction of a second later, two more gave way.

"Why!" Paul exclaimed, in dismayed surprise. "That is the strangest thing! Well, I have not the ability of Paganini to play on one string; I must substitute for the broken ones."

After changing the strings, he began to play again, but at the first touch even the string which had resisted the first time broke.

The accident seemed extraordinary.

"It is written that you shall not hear the 'Pastorale' of Scarlatti!" Paul exclaimed. "Perhaps the violin, from a sense of respect for your patience as listener, doesn't want to abuse it any longer. Or, perhaps, it is jealous of the music of its contemporary and deems me unworthy to play it."

Paul was becoming superstitious and, truly, that uncommon incident gave one something to think about.

The next day I met him; he had a desolate air.

"You know," he confessed, "I tried again to play the 'Pastorale' and, at the first notes, two more strings have broken."

"What do you think of this uncommon incident?" I asked.

"Well, that violin must obey some necromantic powers, or it must have some defect which I fail to discover. I am going to have it examined."

I, also, was eager to know the cause for that accident which would repeat itself at the same piece and which seemed to me a strange coincidence; so a few nights later I called at Paul's again.

"Well?" I enquired.

"Everything has been explained," he answered. "The back of the violin has been removed and in the inside of the instrument this paper was found. It was exactly this piece of paper which used to

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Sophs at Play

By
Three of Them

"I'm Returning to Nature"

I am just about finished. This age of mechanical contraption has totally puzzled me. New inventions are to my mind contrivances of the devil and bait for supplying doctors with patients. I am finished. It's me for the simple life. In other words, I'm returning to Nature.

Not that I didn't make an effort to keep up with the times. I have wrestled with patent soap-containers in washrooms; I have caught my fingers in collapsible card-tables, I have lost my rubbers in revolving doors; I have been spanked by folding seats in automobiles, and I have spent two hours opening a sardine can with a patent key, a nail file, my brother's knife and my front teeth. I have worn off the front surface of my thumb on an automatic cigarette lighter.

I have been jostled, nipped, pinched, clinked at and buzzed at by magnificent devices that I could not comprehend. I have spent hours at a time pushing and pulling, twisting, moving up and down, shaking and swearing at mechanical contrivances that refused stubbornly to open or shut. And now I am giving all this up to go back to Nature and enjoy the simple life. The most complicated mechanism I will have on my farm will be a needle.

Yes, I'm going to live on a farm. This is the most simple life that I can find. It's a nice simple farm. There are a couple of cows that are milked every day without the aid of any mechanical contraption except a three-legged stool. There are some chickens, old-fashioned chickens, the kind that hatch their own eggs. There is also an old-fashioned farmhouse which you enter by means of an ordinary old-fashioned door. You get to the second floor by means of an old-fashioned device called stairs.

When you wish to go anywhere you use a very ancient process called walking. This consists in alternately placing each foot on the

ground, and by means of self-force you are in motion. You eat with your knife, wear suspenders and sleep in a woolen nightshirt and if anybody as much as tries to introduce even a safety pin, he will be killed as a suspicious person.

The trouble is that I don't understand this mechanical age. If I try to hammer a nail, it is usually the nail of my thumb. I can't even figure out the principle behind a pair of scissors.

It is for this reason that I wish to return to Nature. That is why I'm going to live on a farm and lead a simple life. Of course, I'll have to repair the old building just a little. I'll have to put in an electric refrigerator; and an oil burner—I couldn't do without that, and a washing machine, casement windows, and folding doors on my garage. A shower bath would be handy, for after all a man must be comfortable....

Timothy J. Sullivan, '34.

To a Derby Hat

What on earth can be more prosaic, more commonplace, more matter of fact, than a derby hat? Every derby hat has the same superficial characteristics. They are all hard, all black (except the browns and the pearl grays) and yet—no two men look alike in a derby hat.

It makes an old man look young and a young man look old. The jauntier the angle in an older man, the younger he appears; the wider the brim and the higher the crown

in a younger man, the older he seems.

There is an air of insouciance and devil-may-care about a derby hat that attracts the younger man in spite of its aging tendency. There is no sportier figure I can conceive than a young man in a black derby hat and a black and white lattice check raglan topcoat. He exudes an air of breezy smartness.

The tilt of a derby is an excellent key to the feelings of the wearer. A happy man wears his derby cocked over his right eye, challenging the whole world; a dour, gloomy man has his hat well over his ears and on a line with his eyes. It's a wonder to me that someone has not seen the tremendous possibilities of the derby as an alcoholometer, for as a man becomes more and more inebriated, his hat tilts over and over, until, the point of complete saturation reached, he has great difficulty in keeping it on at all.

And another thing. A derby at a rakish slope lends a lightness and a vivacity to even the most sombre outfit; while conversely, a loud black and white check can be subdued in some part by the judicious use of a conservative black hat. After all, what more can anyone expect—a dignified informality, a liberal conservatism and a vivacious sobriety—what more could we hope for in any hat?

Hash

When you consider the universal appeal it has excited and the gusto with which all nations down it, it is surprising that there is not a more extensive and varied literature on the subject of Hash. About the only mention made of it nowadays is on the menus of the clubby little coffee-shoppes, and in the obituary columns of our dailies, where it is labelled a cause of death.

Hash, from its very nature, has a world appeal. The man who likes potatoes will find them in Hash, the man who dotes on onions will

(Continued on Page 22)



EDITORIAL

ALEMBIC STAFF

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IN DIEBUS PROBATIONIS

It has been customary with *The Alembic* for many years to commemorate the semi-annual days of trial with an editorial effusion—hence the present ramble.

As a young teacher, President Lowell of Harvard once told his students that the art of passing examinations was a very useful thing to acquire. This remark was received with amused skepticism. But as he pointed out, college examinations, whether they be of the semester or monthly variety, are but the first and perhaps the most formal to which we must submit. In later life we are scarcely ever free from examinations, and while they may present themselves in a guise which bears no formal similarity to those of our

school days, they are nevertheless examinations, and sometimes very crucial examinations. From this point of view college examinations take on a new significance. They become the training ground for those tests which all must inevitably face; they become a sort of preliminary exercise in stock-taking which means so much in later life.

EDUCATIONAL COMPARISONS

Whether the American youth is exhibiting proper co-operation with the educational efforts being made in his behalf in a degree that compares to any favorable extent with that achieved by the British educational system is a subject of perennial debate. The issue has been broached anew by a distinguished American novelist recently returned from Europe. She has apparently observed with not a little amazement the extraordinary conversational powers of the English university student and even of those without the advantages of higher education. The average student has a remarkably wide acquaintance with current world events, domestic politics, and practical economics, not to speak of intra-university affairs. His conversation is marked by evidences of wide reading in subjects of national and international importance and ability to formulate and maintain conclusions. On the other hand, the American student is characterized as a "wise-cracker" the extent of whose participation in intelligent conversation is confined to monosyllabic exclamations of the genre "Oh yeah" and "Sez you!" On and off the campus his interests are limited mainly to

football and social activities. The equanimity with which he regards things beyond the pale of strictly campus affairs is a source of pity and contempt.

Now the question arises: Is the average British student of university age and training the intellectual superior of his American cousin?

It is obvious that no one expects a college student of twenty to discuss current affairs of importance with the authority of a diplomat of sixty. Nor do we wish to hold up as a pattern an individual full of "views" on every conceivable subject. We think that it will be admitted that the student who early in life displays an interest in events beyond the narrow sphere of his own immediate occupations is already approaching a state of intellectual maturity and independence into which his mute, inglorious brother is as yet uninitiated. Now it is precisely this that is a major distinguishing feature in any comparison of the products of European and American education. How often do we read of the students of foreign universities taking an active part in the political, social, and aesthetic affairs of the community. In these activities there is ample evidence of intellectual interest, aside from any consideration of the wisdom of such activities. With regard to American students, one never hears of such things, save an odd riot or strike over an unpopular professor.

It is safe to say then, discounting any consideration of differences in national characteristics, that in a certain degree the censure of the American student—a censure upheld also by the Abbé Dimnet with reservations—is justified and founded upon fact. It is a serious indictment. Remedies without end might be suggested, but we are convinced that no appreciable results will be attained until there is a very definite change in the mental attitude of the American college youth.

Open Letter Number Three

MY dear friends:
As a student of this college I am not conscious of resting on some Olympian height and hurling literary thunderbolts on the heads of lesser mortals. Inasmuch as the parties against whom this tirade is directed are separated from me by the real or fancied distinction created by our class system, let it be my mission to assuage the wounds, stave the searing crossfire, and establish a tradition to guide all future contributors to our magazine that such a flagrant departure from the true fraternal spirit of Providence College may never more be witnessed. It would seem that a Junior might be the fulcrum for this delicate balance since the Sophomores have a natural antipathy for Freshman spirit, and the other two classes feel obliged to bear the standards of their stalwarts.

What with our elevators and our elephants, and our filial feeling recoiling before our paternal passion, we are indeed in a sorry state. There is a bite to a winter wind but it is as the balmiest breeze compared to the bite of satiric youth! Why must youth be cruel? A lack of tempering in the fire of experience, a desire to wound beyond repair, and a passion to expel all hope of reprisal by a telling thrust are the heartless weapons of our young and rampant age.

It is difficult to believe that our berated Senior had any insidious intention when he wrote his letter. I would rather believe that he wished to impart the knowledge he had gained by experience throughout his collegiate career. However, too many times individuals are carried away by the swell of sonorous sentences; always more interested in the play on the words than in the meaning of the phrase. Those who use pedantic platitudes and savage subtleties indiscriminately would avoid misunderstanding if they presented glossaries with personal interpretations, in simple language, after their work. (1) As who should say,

"I am Sir Oracle, (2) and when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"

Henry Ward Beecher might well have had our Freshman in mind when he said, "suffering is a part of the divine idea." We can sympathize with our friend in the green cravat. Freshmen long have been the objects of the supercilious hauteur of upperclassmen, and it is understandable that one should reciprocate abuse with

DONA NOBIS PACEM!

Weary of tales of mother-hated wars,
The long, long Book of Human Hate I close;
Yet ere my sleepy eyes find soft repose,
I calm my soul beneath the silent stars.

How soothing to the tired heart is night!
My spirit now is filled with hope-born peace,
Foretasting bliss and ghastly wars' surcease—
When every wrong the Prince of Peace shall right.

Alas! I thought, shall human kind ne'er learn
The folly of self-slaughter—
never see
The world hath had its meed of misery,
And in the sky the calm of God discern?

My cup was full: I cried aloud:
"O Lord,
Take from our hands the crimson-dripping sword!"
JOHN McDONOUGH, '34

spirit and an irony deliberate and devastating. Childhood knows enchantment but early experience breaks the illusions and cynics spring from the shadows caused by this transition in life. While in this period young men are often wont to be harsh and just a little bitter, and as they look from the heights, as they think, into the

valley where the younger, smiling faced, confident youth is traversing the lowlands with the intention of scaling those heights, they are inclined to be overbearing, and brutally satiric. An attempt to reconcile brings both to the realization that in manhood there is understanding.

It seems to be the particular prerogative of youth to hark to the call which has come down the canyon of time:

"Dear heart, could you and I conspire
To change this sorry scheme of things entire,

Would we not shatter it to bits, and then

Remold it, nearer to the hearts desire."

A trying stage that period, when youth looks around and muses "is the candle worth the taper?" Is education worth the work required to attain it? Well, critics say that our educational scheme is hopelessly inadequate and they prove their contention by pointing out that the intellectual standard of the people of this country is that of a twelve year old child. Our younger friend seems to believe this doctrine, and he further indicates that the upperclassmen have hardly attained even that low plane. It is no end of regret to us that we do not conform to his idea of a college man, but we are reconciled somewhat by the knowledge that the incoming class shall raise that standard for the everlasting benefit of the individual, the college and the nation. Truly, the educational millenium is in the offing!

It is not my purpose to admonish the clever but presumptuous Freshman or (perish the thought) instruct the grave and erudite Senior, but rather to suggest that they have deafened their ears to the gospel of Pope, to savor fully the Pierian spring; that until the tolerance that goes with age mantles their thoughts, they are so much sound and fury and a best left unsaid.

The three good muses have ended, and so, Good Night.

Devotedly yours,

Walter J. Shunney, '33.

CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34

As one monk said to another when it was time for the annual break in silence, "As I was saying last year..." The great majority of Frosh rules have been discontinued...but we still see every freshman attending the varsity games...wearing green ties and walking up the drive...

Danny Connors to strut his stuff on dance floor...little hurler guesses correct score of R. I. State game...wins flashy tux...Dan will have it all to himself, too...Corbett is too small and Blanche too large...

Tie-Up adds two...Judd Flanagan and Jim McGowan join staff of daily war cry...just a step now to the goal...ketch on?...

Joe Sharkey to be heard from again...popular quarterback and singer appears at Wilbur's the 29th...Fall River Club engages Billy Murphy's orchestra for dance...

Sophs win "Battle of Century"...Coach Brown's gridders poor swimmers...lose out two to nothing...someone inquired as to the batteries for the game...talk of return contest amounts to nothing.

Al Blanche and Tom Doherty rewarded for charity...draw lucky numbers in Musical Club drive...Felix Gallogly breaks into song...*"Lonely Dreaming of You Only"* sung by Old Colony Melodist over WJAR...

Warriors of gridiron, court and diamond to be honored...January 12th is the night...Harkins Hall is the place...the P. C. students are the guests...Art Shevlin, chairman of the committee...gala time promised.

Aquinians active, as ever...new members treated to a debate...Cavaliers slipping along, too...Prospective members are learnedly scanned and measured by the

charter joiners...

The Soph superspecial college spirit rises...Gains through the introduction of the long awaited **Snapper**...George Tebbets takes charge, named Editor-in-Chief...Marks first attempt of single class to edit daily sheet...

The Alembic ring assumes shape, form and dimensions...Platform finished two days before classes closed...Probably (just a wee chance) it will be ready for the housewarming when classes resume...Who challenges who?...Good chance for these Seniors to settle their arguments over philosophy...

Eddie Hanson returns to the wars...makes seasonal debut at the second Mixer...Enthusiastically received as Kate Smith...Reminds me...Didja hear about the actor who met Kate in New York and chirped "Hello folks"?...Irv Rossi again puts Eddie Cantor to shame...Slug's trio, a complete surprise...the feature of the evening...O'Malley and Maguire show great harmony...and then the Debate...the pinnacle of the entertainment...Led by Russ Brown, Frosh prove they should exist...Do you realize, Sophs, that they now have five points, too...The handball contest started their count...better watch your honor.

Fordham-P. C. debate breaks the ice for the Debating Union...and we receive divided honors...Congratulations are in order for Walt Burke, Jack Cleary and Meister...Say, what are these reparations, anyway?...

And...we hate to mention it...but the big frolic (for the professors) comes next month...Marks will mean as much here as they do in Germany...Well, here's to the boys who make the hurdle...and to those that don't...we shall meet, but we shall miss them...

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THE ALUMNI CORNER

By Matthew F. O'Neill, '34

GROUNDWORK

Those who are interested in devising ways and means of strengthening and bringing into greater activity the Alumni forces of Providence have noted with growing pleasure the formation of sectional clubs by students of the college who dwell in outlying cities. Already there are assembled a half dozen clubs, composed mainly of undergraduates who live in cities other than Providence and who have been moved to band together with a view to carrying on collegiate social activities. The Fall River Club, The New Bedford Club, The New Haven Club, etc., are thriving and growing organizations which already are providing an outlet for some of the undergraduates' energy and give promise of more extensive and intensive efforts as their numbers increase.

There is in these clubs the nucleus of a vigorously loyal Alumni if the proper steps are taken to expand what is now an undergraduate movement into something broader. What may be done is indicated by the reports that come from the group of P. C. Alumni in New York, who for some time past have been holding regular meetings at the K. of C. Hotel in Manhattan, under a staff of officers, annually chosen from these former students now residing in New York. What that group has had the initiative to do, can be done in other sectors; and the results may be as happy and as agreeable as they are in the case cited. Men who have been fellow-students for four years, whatever their later work, find themselves looking forward to reunions where they can laugh again over "the days that are no more." There are other benefits which are obvious to any who consider the matter.

In the near future, steps will be taken by the present officers of these student organizations to get in touch with the local grads and ascertain their mind on this subject. It is hoped that something worth while may come of it. Those graduates who have already been sensible of the lack of organization in regard to Alumni outside of Providence will be eager enough to make something more than a suggestion of all this. Those who have not given the matter consideration are asked to get behind the movement and give their needed support to what promises to be an advantageous linking of our former students in a closer affiliation than they have been enjoying.

THE ALUMNI GAME

Almost in the same breath, and believing that the two points are allied, we call to the attention of the Alumni the basketball game which Graduate Manager John E. Farrell has listed for February 20 this coming year. It is the first time that such an event has been arranged and it promises to be something as entertaining as it is unusual. As far as we know P. C. is the first major institution in this section to make such an arrangement, and from the athletic point of view it is going to be an interesting evening. The basketball teams turned out here have been making records, and the present squad is already on its way to a successful year. What it can do with a team composed of the best men we have turned out in the past five or six years, composed, probably, of such stars as Szydla, Allen, Wheeler, McCue and Krieger, is a question that we'll see decided in February.

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PROVIDENCE ATHLETICS



The elaborate and extensive schedule announced for the basketball squads early this month was necessitated by the great number of candidates who reported

this year. Finding himself almost overwhelmed with hoopsters of experience and marked ability Coach McClellan determined to give all an opportunity to improve by actual play against regular opponents, and Graduate Manager Farrell drew up a schedule of forty-one games.

The great majority of these contests are, naturally, for the Varsity squad but the Junior Varsity and Freshman fives will be busy throughout the season too, for the former will meet seven teams and the latter ten. It is an arrangement that will provide seasoned warriors for the future Varsity teams, and the high standard of basketballing that Providence has already established will need plenty of candidates to be maintained.

To the spectators, the heavy schedule means added entertainment and we venture the statement that in no hall will better play be seen, and so much of it, than that provided by two of our teams in the Harkins Hall court. Moreover, the highest class teams of the east, St. John's and City College of New York, will be seen in action here in Providence this year. It was Lowell Textile which gave the Providence outfit the hardest competition it met in town last year, and when we say that St. John's

and City College are superior to the quintet from Lowell, it means that some fast playing is to be witnessed by the crowds who attend our court games this year.

The following are the complete schedules for the three teams representing the college this year:

'VARSITY SCHEDULE

DARTMOUTH
At Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, Dec. 9
NAVAL TRAINING STATION
At PROVIDENCE Saturday, Dec. 12
YALE
At New Haven, Conn., Tuesday, Dec. 15
SETON HALL
At Newark, N. J. Friday, Dec. 18
ST. JOHN'S
At Brooklyn, N. Y. Saturday, Dec. 19
COAST GUARD ACADEMY
At New London, Conn., Saturday, Jan. 9
HOLY CROSS INDEPENDENTS
At Worcester, Mass., Saturday, Jan. 16
HARVARD
At Cambridge, Mass., Wednesday, Jan. 20
SPRINGFIELD
At PROVIDENCE Saturday, Jan. 23
ST. JOHN'S
At PROVIDENCE Saturday, Jan. 30
COLUMBUS CLUB
At Brooklyn, N. Y. Thursday, Feb. 4
PRATT INSTITUTE
At Brooklyn, N. Y. Friday, Feb. 5
MANHATTAN
At New York City Saturday, Feb. 6
LOWELL TEXTILE
At PROVIDENCE Tuesday, Feb. 9
BOSTON UNIVERSITY
At Boston, Mass. Wednesday, Feb. 10
NEW HAMPSHIRE
At Durham, N. H. Saturday, Feb. 13
CITY COLLEGE OF NEW YORK
At PROVIDENCE Thursday, Feb. 18
ALUMNI
At PROVIDENCE Saturday, Feb. 20
WORCESTER POLYTECHNIC INST.
At Worcester, Mass. Monday, Feb. 22
SETON HALL
At PROVIDENCE Thursday, Feb. 25
HOLY CROSS INDEPENDENTS
At PROVIDENCE Saturday, Feb. 27
MASSACHUSETTS STATE
At Amherst, Mass. Tuesday, March 1
LOWELL TEXTILE
At Lowell, Mass. Friday, March 4
BROWN
At PROVIDENCE Saturday, March 12

JUNIOR 'VARSITY SCHEDULE

BRIDGEWATER NORMAL
At PROVIDENCE Saturday, Dec. 12

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PROVIDENCE BOYS' CLUB

At PROVIDENCE Saturday, Jan. 23

BECKER COLLEGE

At PROVIDENCE Tuesday, Feb. 9

NEW BEDFORD TEXTILE

At PROVIDENCE Thursday, Feb. 25

BECKER COLLEGE

At Worcester, Mass., Saturday, March 5

NAVAL HOSPITAL

At PROVIDENCE, Wednesday, March 9

FRESHMAN SCHEDULE**DURFEE TEXTILE**

At Fall River, Mass. Tuesday, Jan. 12

ST. JOHN'S PREP

At PROVIDENCE Saturday, Jan. 30

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

At Worcester, Mass. Saturday, Feb. 6

BOSTON UNIVERSITY FRESHMEN

At Boston, Mass. Wednesday, Feb. 10

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

At PROVIDENCE Thursday, Feb. 18

DE LA SALLE ACADEMY

At Newport, R. I. Friday, Feb. 19

BRYANT-STRATTON COLLEGE

At PROVIDENCE Saturday, Feb. 27

ST. JOHN'S PREP

At Danvers, Mass., Wednesday, March 2

DEAN ACADEMY

At PROVIDENCE, Wednesday, March 9

BROWN FRESHMAN

At BROWN GYM Saturday, March 12

The following accounts of the first five games played this year indicate that the advance notices of our basketball strength were not exaggerated. With the team playing more smoothly as the season progresses we can expect to see a record similar to that of the past seasons hung up again. After the St. John's game, no contest is scheduled until January 9.

Dartmouth 41, Providence 28

Providence was defeated by

Dartmouth 41-28 in the first game of the season. Dartmouth, represented by one of the strongest quintets to play for that institution in many years, and conquerors of the strong University Club, whose players are graduate stars of leading universities throughout the country, was fought on even terms for the first half, at which time Providence lead 14-13.

In the second half, Dartmouth, led by its sophomore ace, J. Edwards, formerly of Worcester Academy, and, aided by the playing of McColl and Mackey, led in the scoring, and, although Providence put up a spirited final drive, the Indians lead was too great.

(Continued on Page 23)

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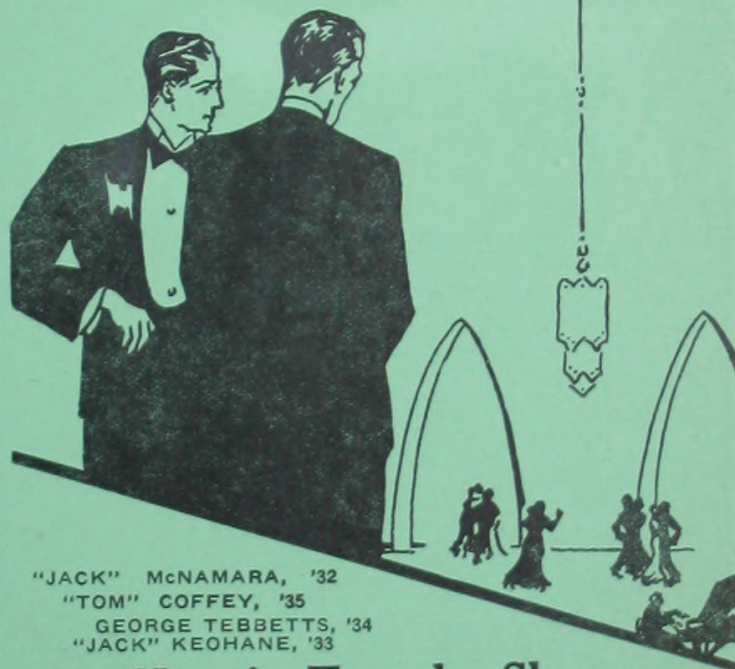
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IN

**"AROUND THE WORLD
IN 80 MINUTES"****John La Farge**

(Continued)

refined, dignified and charming, and his conversational powers were exceptional. He surpassed his contemporaries completely as a scholar. A careful weigher of words, he was slow to condemn or censure and he found amusement in the rash criticism of others. When an accomplished young artist said that Fra Angelico did not know how to paint, La Farge commented: "I wondered how my young companion would have gone to work to get just the blue of that robe, just the white of that wall, and to draw just that line against the background."

With all his activity of mind and body it is hard to believe that the artist suffered ill health intermittently during the last half of his life. He considered the affliction a special incentive to struggle, comparing himself in this respect to Lord Byron, Delacroix and Whistler. It required great courage for a man in his delicate state to carry on mural work, and his success against these odds is explained by his limitless zeal and his great energy, which carried him through sixteen hour days. During periods of convalescence from illness, he passed his time drawing and planning. It was in these periods that he made a series of three hundred illustrations for Browning's poetry and an even larger number for the Gospels; but, unfortunately, few ever found their way into print.

A thorough study of his work may be made for they are easily accessible. In New York, all phases of his work are found, and here in Providence we have in the collection of the School of Design a typical Eastern work, "The Great Pali," two studies of angels and an early flower piece. Boston, and its suburbs, has windows, murals and easel pieces; and then there is the notable Peacock Window in Worcester.

At the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is "The Halt of the Wise Men," printed in this issue, a charming decorative piece of rich imagination.

La Farge is sometimes referred to as our greatest religious artist, and undoubtedly the sincerity port-

*Joseph M. Tally**Joseph V. Tally, P. C. 1926*

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rayed in this work received its motivation from an inner feeling. To this understanding of religion and love of the Creator we may attribute his intense admiration of nature. During his last illness at Newport—an illness which ended in his death at St. Joseph's Hospital, Providence—he wrote to a friend: "I feel in every part of each second that Nature is almost too beautiful—all of it, every millionth part of it, light and color and shapes... Each little or big blade of grass in front of me, and there are millions, has its shape and its composition. Its colors are exquisite... As I lift my eyes from the wonderful green (never painted yet by man) I see a pale blue sky with pale, cumulous clouds, white, with violet shadows, and on the other side the blue is deep, and, in an hour, shall be deeper yet."

Placing American art on a comparable basis with that of Europe was no little matter. For this we owe a debt to John La Farge. His eclectic spirit, keen criticism and fine exposition was needed to achieve this. We are also grateful to the man who succeeded in producing the Peacock Window, "Paradise Valley," "The Ascension," and "Considerations on Painting." To do more we are not able.

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The Matinee and After

(Continued)

you cannot imagine how it palls sometimes when one has nothing but the same routine to look forward to—dinners, balls, operas, and the like. To say nothing of the artificial men who constantly surround me with their annoying attentions and lack of initiative."

"I was always under the impression," ventured the young man hesitantly, "that money must be a pretty good thing."

"Oh, of course a comfortable income is to be desired, but when it becomes unlimited—" she concluded the statement with a gesture of despair. "It is for that reason that I came here today, Mr. Binkley—"

"Binkley," breathed the young man.

"—Mr. Binkley, to be near the great, throbbing heart of humanity. I was born where its heartbeats are never felt. Mainly for this reason, I like to come and sit here to watch this multitude and

observe its reactions to the clowning of this Cantor person. Their emotions sometimes appear so strange and unusual. But perhaps, sir, if this comedian is truly the celebrity that you have previously claimed, no doubt he will be presented to me in the near future at some supper dance, since I am already acquainted with many of the Broadway stars. But the monotony of it all is maddening, though no doubt it is very difficult for you to realize this, why, sometimes the very tinkle of ice in my champagne glass nearly drives me insane."

Here the young man looked ingenuously interested.

"I have always liked to read and hear of the ways of the wealthy," he said. "I suppose I am a bit of a snob, but I like to get my information correct. I was always under the opinion that champagne was cooled in the bottle and not by putting ice in the glass."

"You should know," the girl smiled, with an indulgent laugh,

"that just now it is the fad to put ice in the glass. The idea was inaugurated by a visiting Prince dining at the Waldorf-Astoria. But it will soon give way to some new fad. Why only a few nights ago at a dinner dance given on Park Avenue, a white glove was placed beside each plate to be put on while eating celery. Just another whim of our non-useful class."

"It is easy to see that these special diversions of the inner circle do not always become familiar to the common people," contributed Mr. Binkley.

"Sometimes," she continued, with a slight nod of acknowledgment to his statement, "I think I could be happily married to a man of no great wealth, providing he was not a drone. But just at present I am pursued by a Duke of an Italian Principality, although I have heard he has had a former wife who was nearly driven mad by his intemperance. Do you wonder why I breathe these confidences to you, Mr.—er—Binkley?"

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she inquired, finally with success.

"Rest assured," the young man hastened to say, "that any confidence you place in me is greatly appreciated."

By now the show had progressed somewhat, and at this time the girl partially raised her veil and applied a small pair of opera glasses to her soft eyes, but appeared to concern herself more with the audience than with the stage. Just as the young man was about to lean slightly forward to glimpse more closely her uncovered face, she let the veil drop and turned slightly in her seat, regarding the young man with a cool, impersonal glance that thoroughly befitted their difference in stations.

"And what occupation are you engaged in, Mr. Binkley?"

"I work," he replied, "in George White's Theatre across the street."

"Oh, not as an usher I hope. Labor is noble, but all forms of personal attendance, such as waiters, valets, you know—"

"No," he said, "I am in charge of the stage scenery. Did you mean it when you said you could love some one of lowly station? Some one who is honest and a hard worker?"

"Yes, I certainly did," was her reply, "but I said 'might.' For you remember there is the Duke, who makes up in persistence what he lacks in character. Yet," she sighed, "no doubt the bands of wealth and social prestige will prove stronger than my own inclinations."

She now consulted a delicate watch on her wrist: "My, it is nearly six o'clock. I fear I must be leaving. There is a dinner to-night and afterward the opera. I will say good-night, sir."

"But may I not accompany you," begged the young man, "at least to the curb where I will summon a cab for you?" (Wildly hoping that in some manner he would be able to finance such a plan.)

"No, thank you. Perhaps you noticed a limousine standing almost opposite the theater entrance. One with a white body?"

"And a red running gear?" he asked, knitting his brows reflectively.

"Yes, I always come in that although the whim may not seize me again. Joseph waits for me there, thinking me to be shopping in the Times Square district. Can you conceive of my bondage when I have to deceive even my chauffeur?"

"But may I not accompany you to your car?"

"No, and if you have the slightest desire for my wishes, please remain here until after I have left the theater. As you probably know initials are usually monogrammed on a car and, well—I do not suspect you. Again, good night, Mr. Binkley."

She arose from her chair, tall and stately, and gracefully left the theater. As soon as she had disappeared through the main door, the young man treacherously grabbed his hat and hastened in pursuit.

He saw her almost immediately upon regaining the street, waiting for a lull in the streaming traffic on Forty-second Street, that she might cross to where the limousine

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stood, its shining body gleaming under the blazing white electric lights:

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He remained partially concealed behind the spacious box-office until she finally crossed, saw her approach the waiting machine, glance at it, pass in front of it, and proceed down Forty-second Street towards Times Square.

Remaining on the opposite side of the street and sheltering himself by convenient taxi-cabs, the young man followed her, saw her reach the corner of Forty-second and Broadway and turn right, away from the Times building.

She proceeded less than a block and entered a Childs' restaurant which by now was brightly illumined. From the opposite curb he could easily see within, because of the darkness outside and the spacious windows.

She proceeded directly to a remote corner and reappeared almost immediately divested of turban and veil, and mounted to her place at the cashier's desk, relieving a

girl who glanced pointedly at the clock as she got down.

The young man thrust his hands into his pockets and retraced his steps slowly, meditatively, until he reached once more those blazing lights: "GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS." Here he paused for a moment, irresolute, hesitant. Then he stepped into the waiting limousine, reclined upon the cushions, and spoke two words to the chauffeur:

"Club, Alfred."

P C Personalities

(Continued)

should carry him far in his post-graduate work.

When we review his achievements, forensic and scholastic, we can readily perceive that he is no ordinary collegian. He has won for himself a place of honor among the students of this college, and with his unquenchable will to win, he is representative of the pioneer spirit of young Americans. His right to recognition is not through his ability to carry a football through a broken field, accompanied by the plaudits of a frenzied multitude, or to make a home-run on the diamond or to shoot a basket from a difficult angle. It is a fact that these achievements have a place in college life. But it is equally thrilling to see this brilliant scholar in action upon the forensic platform. This requires an agile mind, a ready wit, a cool head and, above all, gentlemanly conduct towards one's opponents and John Cleary possesses every one of these attributes in abundance.

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Play Not The "Pastorale"

(Continued)

give that quenching tone to the notes."

The piece of paper had become yellowed with time. I unfolded it with care; it was a letter dated May 13, 1723, just two centuries before. It read:

"My dear Ettore:

"This is the last letter I write you; I put it inside your violin to

make sure that none but you will be able to find and read it. I am certain that you will find it and will help you remember your unhappy Luisa.

"My father is more inflexible than ever and wants me to become the wife of the Prince of Altamura, but I will never consent to that. He has threatened to put me in the convent of Santa Chiara. Since I am not free to become the wife of the man I love, I prefer to become a nun.

"I wish you a happy life. Success smiles before your black eyes which become so luminous when your hand draws from your instrument such fine melodies. You will become as famous as your father and as your teacher, the great Scarlatti. I will always remember the day on which you came for the first time with him to my house. He introduced you to my father and to me; our eyes met and our souls understood. And when, with such a delicate touch, you played the 'Pastorale' of your teacher, it seemed that just for me, for me alone, you were playing, to tell me in the divine language of your art, that you loved me.

"You tell me that your father wants you to go on a concert tour in foreign countries. Go and be happy. I ask you a favor: play anything you want, but please play no more, for anyone, that 'Pastorale' of Scarlatti. It belongs to me; it has been the sublime word of our sweet and unhappy love. Good-bye for ever.

"Your fond

"Luisa."

I refolded the letter and handed it back to my friend.

"What do you think of all this?" asked my friend after a long silence.

"I think that things obey, sometimes, mysterious wishes," I answered. "I can't explain otherwise the breaking of the strings of your violin when you started to play the 'Pastorale.'"

"Who was this Ettore, this Luisa, and how did their idyll end?"

"We could try some research work."

"Will you do that?"

"I will try."

I consulted the chronicles of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries, a dictionary of the famous artists, and the registers of the convent of Santa Chiara. I found the following information:

A nun, Luisa, princess of Verzino, born in the year 1704, died in the convent of Santa Chiara in 1729, six years after the date of the letter. She was a lover of art and painted a portrait of Saint Francis, which today is admired in that monumental church of Santa Chiara.

Her lover was Ettore Durante, musician, born in 1703; he was the best student of the great Alexander Scarlatti, author of the "Pastorale." The names and dates agreed. I was not able to ascertain whether or not Ettore had read that letter and, consequently, respected the wish of the poor Luisa. Perhaps he never read it, but it seems that he continued to love her for he died a bachelor in Paris, in 1750.

You can understand, perhaps, the emotions with which I learned

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these facts. And Paul...he replaced the letter in the violin, and hanging that instrument on the wall of his studio, left it there, forever unplayed, the tiny sarcophagus of an unhappy love.

Sophs at Play

(Continued)

discover them there; vegetables are in it for the man who makes them his delight, and even the burly brute who demands meat, and plenty of it, will not search Hash unrewarded. The blending of one substance with another is so smooth and so inviting that a dislike of any single ingredient is overwhelmed by the air of mystery and chance which surrounds a portion of it.

I really believe, however, that Hash has been much abused because of the flights of fancy of some cocks; but there is no justice in condemning it in toto, sempiternae and ipso facto simply because some pea-brained chef broke the unwritten law governing its contents.

It is a product of the far famed American efficiency and economy and it deserves a place of honor in a typical American menu. In theory, at least, it is good and wholesome; there is no inflexible rule that it must be unappetizing and sometimes revolting.

When I sit down to a dish of the Hash that Mother makes, well—just hand me a shovel. I don't even come up for air.

Joseph D. McGuinness, '34.

About Signatures

Of all the fads of modern business, the most pernicious, I believe, is the current executive practice of signing one's name as if one were trying to trace radio waves. No one seems exempt from the growing custom: chairmen of the boards of huge corporations, lawyers with scarcely a clerk, millionaires, brokers, manufacturers and merchants, doctors with a single office attaché, realtors as well as Senators—all do it without a qualm. Anyone who has the where-

withal to engage a stenographer is ipso facto allowed to clothe his signature in a veil or web of mystery. It's a great game, with few rules. Variety is stressed, and the one unpardonable sin is that the scratching be readable.

Time was when a certain pride was taken in affixing one's name to a document. When a man wished to pledge himself and his truth through the medium of his pen, he dressed his name as neatly as possible. He had a wholesome regard for his cognomen and its appearance, as he had for the attire in which he pranced to Sunday worship. But the modern captain of industry has little respect for the beauty of his name, just as he has small regard for the Sunday services. What does it matter if his signed name is an indecipherable mass? Let those who are curious of his identity read the typewritten version below his scrawl.

If we had another Declaration of Independence today, how different the aftermath would be! Our officials and business patrioteers could sign it and quietly continue their affairs. No hair-breadth escapes of fugitive signees would be recorded; no need of a Paul Revere to warn the daring liberty-lovers of pursuers. No one would know whose scrawls were upon the precious paper, and if the English were baffled, so would be the Americans. Then they risked their lives and freedom; now nothing would be endangered but the eyes of him who vainly sought to bring order out of a chaos of lines.

Although writing, they tell us, is an index to personality and character, I trust there is no hidden significance in the snake-like manoeuvres that our brokers trace at the end of a letter, for a regiment of Freuds could not unravel the complicated individualism enmeshed in those tangled veins of ink. Nor do I place any credence in the plea that this atrocity is a time-saving feature. Nay, even close fisted Ben Franklin would hardly keep his patience with such frugality. Laziness would probably explain the phenomenon with greater accuracy if less courtesy. Lolling in a plush-padded swivel

chair, one must be praeternaturally strong-willed to overcome the temptation to let the pen glide languidly over the paper in gentle lines of meaninglessness. And while the nerves of the dear, suffering public grow more and more strained, the shade of Horace Greeley nods and smiles in ghostly satisfaction.

Edward J. McDonald, '34.

Athletics

(Continued)

The playing of Captain Gainor, Koslowski, and Brachen, veterans of last year's championship team, and the performance of Shapiro, a newcomer, was of high order.

Providence 62, Naval Training Station 22

In a game which was featured by a display of power in abundance by the Black and White ball tossers, Providence overwhelmed the Naval Training Station five, 62 to 22. The game, the first win for the Friars, was played on the Harkins Hall court, and the large crowd which attended the season's opening game here was thrilled time and again by the accurate and lightning passes of the McClellan coached quintet and the smoothness with which they functioned as a team.

When the game was assured for the Friars, several of the substitutes who were longing for a little action were sent in, and they acquitted themselves well. In piling up the big score, Koslowski lead the Friar men, and for the losers Walden played a hard and heady game.

Providence J. V. 26, Bridgewater Normal 24

In the preliminary contest the Junior Varsity Friars were given a busy evening by the Bridgewater Normal boys but the local players managed to keep ahead and finished in the lead, 26-24. Davis, Tebbetts, Corbett, Derivan, and Barbarito represented the Black and White, and the team they defeated was worthy of their skill. Northeastern regulars recently had a hard time beating Bridgewater.

Providence 32, Yale 26

Their strength still a matter of question after the first two games, the Providence basketballers journeyed down to Yale and came away with the second win in four starts against the boys in blue, this time by a score of 32 to 26. The tiring in the final periods which the Friars had shown in the Dartmouth game was absent in New Haven and throughout the entire contest they were fast and deadly in their passing and shooting. Capt. "Chick" Gainor took away the honors of the contest and proved himself a capable leader of his fellow players, but Koslowski and Brachen, Friar veterans, were not outdone in their own departments. Shapiro, new forward, turned in a fine night's play and is fulfilling the promises which those who watched him in practice have been making for him. Less flashy than his fellows, but always in the game and playing bang-up basketball, was little "Jimmy" Welsh, a

John F. Hogan

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CAPT. GAINOR

veteran hoopster who looks better than ever this year.

Providence 28, Seton Hall 24

At Newark, N. J., the Friars managed to pile up a commanding lead in their fourth game and they needed it all when the Seton Hallers began to put up points in the second period. The final score, 28 to 24, indicates how near the Jersey quintet came to victory in this hard fought and well played contest. Dick Brachen, of whom great things have been expected, came through with flying colors in this contest, corraling 13 of the team's points. Drumgoole, who was sent into the game by the coach unexpectedly, showed himself a seasoned and fast campaigner and will undoubtedly be a fixture in the Friars' major games this season.

St. John's 33, Providence 25

The three games which the Friars won was almost stretched to four in Brooklyn, Dec. 19th, but the Redmen of St. John's, putting on a final burst of speed, edged out a win over the Providence team, 33 to 25. It was an exceptionally hard and fast game, rough in spots,

but a game between two clubs who will find few their superiors in the East this year. St. John's led at the half but when the Friar team returned to the fray they threatened to cut into the lead with Gainor and Koslowski doing some fine floor work. The Redmen, with Neary, big center, and Lazar, forward, playing a charging game, turned the Rhode Islanders back and pushed in enough baskets to keep the tally in the Brooklynites favor.

Our Alert Reporter says that:

The Freshman team, with Mad-den, Powers, Stanisniewski, Feit



WELCH

and Leahy as the mainstays, has shown up well in practice and will be skilled hoopsters before they are much older. But the yearling quintet of last year made a record that they will find it hard to surpass or even equal.

Roberge, Hyte, Perrin and Grubert, newcomers to the Varsity squad, will see plenty of action during the campaign if their fine play and spirit in practice can be maintained in real competition.

Leahy, six-foot-six center of the Frosh, towers over every other

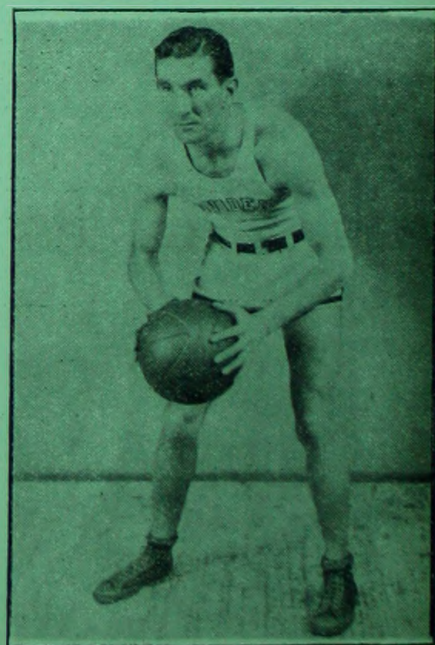
man on the three squads. He is having a spirited fight with Paul Healey for the center berth. Just a case of a good big man against a good little man, and our encouragement is for... well, we can't say publicly.

Material for the team has been reported the most promising ever to report for this sport in our history. That means a great deal, especially when you remember that Wheeler, Syzdla, Allen, Kreiger and McCue, once reported for the first time, too.

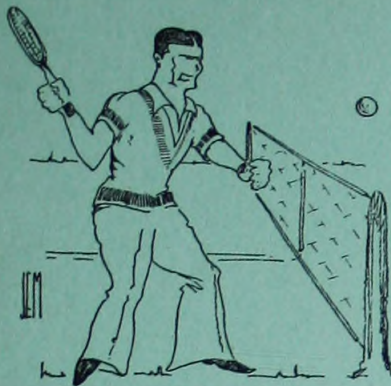
Shapiro's accuracy with "spot shots" reminds one of "Jawn" Kreiger, and "Jawn" had a reputation for getting them in. Kreiger, by the way, is coaching the La Salle team and is having good fortune.

The play of Koslowski and Brachen, Soph pals, is a cause of joy to Coach McClellan's heart and the Coach may be seen watching them almost like a fond daddy.

Did you know that as a baseballer McClellan was once up among the big timers? Yes, indeed, it was only an unfortunate injury to his arm that kept him from the big leagues, as our own Jack Flynn will testify. Baseball's loss was basketball's gain, and we can quote the old proverb very fittingly: "It's an ill wind..."



BRACHEN

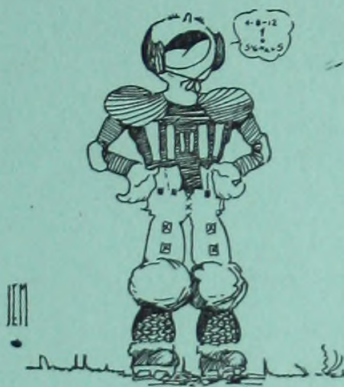


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