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Vol. XIII No. 5

February, 1933

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CALENDAR for FEBRUARY

- Feb. 1. Semi-annual exams, 8:30 and 10:30.
- Feb. 2. Semi-annual exams end. First semester over.
- Feb. 8. Lectures resume for Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors, 9 A. M.
- Feb. 9. Lectures resume for Seniors, 9 A. M.
Meeting of the CAVALIERS, Room 22, 8 P. M.
- Feb. 14. Alumni Ball. Harkins Hall Auditorium, 9 P. M.
- Feb. 16. Junior Class Meeting. Important business. Watch for later bulletins.
- Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday.

SEA-CHILL

When Mrs. John Masefield and her husband, the author of "I Must Go Down to the Seas Again," arrived here on a liner, she said to a reporter, "It was too uppy-downy, and Mr. Masefield was ill."—News item.

*I must go down to the seas again, where
the billows romp and reel,
So all I ask is a large ship that rides on
an even keel,
And a mild breeze and a broad deck
with a slight list to leeward,
And a clean chair in a snug nook and a
nice, hind steward.*

*I must go down to the seas again, the
sport of wind and tide,
As the gray wave and the green wave
play leapfrog over the side.
And all I want is a glassy calm with a
bone-dry scupper,
A good book and a warm rug and a
light, plain supper.*

*I must go down to the seas again, though
there I'm a total loss,
And can't say which is worst, the pitch,
the plunge, the roll, the toss.
But all I ask is a safe retreat in a bar
well tended,
And a soft berth and a smooth course till
the long trip's ended.*

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN,
IN THE "NEW YORKER"

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WHO'S WHO HEREIN

For some time we have been trying to inveigle William F. Kaylor, a Senior from Fall River, to contribute something to these columns. His answer is the fine character study, *Longing*, which is found within this issue. The only criticism of it that we can think of is that it comes too late, for Kaylor's remaining months are too few and too busy to enable us to secure more of this type of work from him. And after reading it we can not be satisfied with one such story. Perhaps before June . . . ?

The *Checkerboard*, as you may have observed, has gone off on a new tack, and the remarks regarding the departure which reached our ears make it seem evident that the readers of this department are enjoying the innovation. Any grad who attempts to tell our Walter Winchell what he is missing deserves the answer he records this month. If there is anything going on that Haylon does not observe, or does not hear of through his efficient though voluntary aides, it is probably not worth worrying about. But someday we are going to publish an exposure of Haylon himself, and we are inviting you to send in your paragraph if you want to get revenge for what he has written of you.

We arranged for one of the articles on Lord Byron which appear herein and were delightfully surprised when two came in, one of them having been prepared entirely unknown to us. John LaCroix sums up the pros and cons of Byron's character very fealty, and though it was never so intended, his study adds strength to the very point which Joseph Brennan, '35, a Chicagoan, is trying to make in *Byron Enroute to Rome?* We might add that there is no particular reason for Byron articles at this time but his position in literature makes him a fit subject for a scholar's pen at any time.

This time, the Editor, Walter J. Shunney, waxes a bit facetious and fools his readers as well as his newspaper character. The names he uses seem to indicate some figures in the public eye and then again they seem to point to nobody. The politically well-informed will try in vain to associate the story with anyone who is now before the American public, although the Gann-Roosevelt feud is undoubtedly the basis of the tale. We can only add that we never know exactly what Mr. Shunney will place in his own editorial basket at any time and this story was as much a surprise to us as it will be to you.

In the *Essays* we have gone beyond the usual limits of the Sophomore class and included one by a Junior, Paul F. Connolly. You may remember that Mr. Connolly didn't have to wait until he was a Junior to break into the *Essay* department.

Joseph M. Tally

Joseph V. Tally, P. C. 1926

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Calendar for February.....	2	When News Isn't News—A Story.....	12
Who's Who Herein.....	3	By Walter J. Shunney, '33.....	
Longing—A Story.....	5	Alumni Notes.....	13
By William F. Kaylor, '33.....		By Edward C. Lyons, '33.....	
Byron En Route to Rome?.....	6	Checkerboard.....	14
By Joseph T. Brennan, '35.....		By William D. Haylon, '34.....	
The Paradox of Byron.....	7	Athletics.....	16
By John L. LaCroix, '33.....		By Francis J. Skenyon, '33.....	
Still More Melange.....	8	By George R. Tebbetts, '34.....	
By The Essayists.....			
Editorials.....	10		
Merely Players.....	11		
By Daniel J. Higgins, '33.....			
Verse——			
Sea Chill.....	2		
From "The New Yorker".....			
Song of a Transient.....	5		
February.....	7		
Calvin Coolidge.....	9		
By Herbert J. Murray, Jr., '35.....			

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MEN'S STORE

Longing

TWISTING a door handle of the machine in a vain attempt to open the door, I suddenly recalled that one of the party had mentioned locking them. Characteristically I heard, promptly forgot and now remembered when it did me the least good. Gazing disgustedly at the distance from the car to the dance hall, I decided to wait until my companions came out.

I had left before the dance was over with the express intention of getting some fresh air. It had been close in the hall, uncomfortably so, and now in the pleasant cool of a fine mist I felt much refreshed. Then while I attempted to light a cigarette a voice startled me, inquiring:

"Doors locked?"

"Oh yes... yes they are," I said, trying to discover the inquirer.

"You see," I began, not unwilling to enter into conversation, "I forgot to get the keys before I came out and so..."

"I'm waiting for some one too, and when I saw you light the cigarette after trying those doors, I thought I'd speak to you. I'm waiting for some one in there too"... indicating the hall with a nod of his head.

While he was talking I approached and recognized him as a former employee of the hall, whom I knew merely as Joe. He was a peculiar individual, somewhat "mental" I thought when I first saw him, an impression which was later confirmed.

In general appearance Joe resembled a "scarecrow". He was of medium height, his slight build further emphasized by the baggy clothes he wore. A large head, precariously balanced on a thin, scraggly neck, jerked with each step, but his features were indescribably pathetic. A dirty, bluish black beard enlightened an already pallid complexion and sad eyes stared fitfully at each present object till diverted by something else. Indeed one might say in all justice that his appearance was lugubri-

ous, but that he inspired a burst of pity.

Abruptly he began to speak... "I'm Joe. Used to work in there but not now. Not since three weeks ago. Quit."

The words came swiftly, in sharp succession, each seeming to burst explosively from his lips and create an indefinable impression. The best way in which I can express what I felt might be summed up in these words... A feeling akin to a strange unrest. This seemed to be a different man. Not the Joe that I had known before, or that any one else knew, I thought. Somehow he had lost the lifelessness that had characterized him and now he appeared quick or nervous, as though some restless spirit goaded him.

"Oh that's too bad. Too tough, eh?" I ventured, sympathizing yet trying to discover, if I could, what had caused the change.

He failed to heed my question and turned his brooding eyes on the small, squat dance hall. He gazed at it for some time, then shrugged as though he were ridding himself of a burden. He turned his attention to me again.

"Many in there," he asked?

"Oh there's a fair crowd. I wasn't keen about that band though."

SONG OF A TRANSIENT

*Give me a road beneath my feet,
A bit of sky above my head,
And with the sprightliness of wind
I'll visit spots of which I've read;
Over the mountains, down the valleys
To the storied ends of a thousand trails.*

*Give me the sun against my back,
The far horizon in my eyes,
And I'll be off across the world
To find where new adventure lies;
Over the seas and over land
Wherever Fortune gives command.*

*Give me the country or the town,
London and Berlin, Paris, Rome,
The south of France or an English
down—
I'll always wish I were going home.*

HERBERT MURRAY, JR., '35

By

William F. Kaylor, '33

"Huh, I know. They're not the smart outfit they used to be," he offered with quickening interest. "They haven't the original boys that made up the band four or five years ago. I know... I was working there at that time."

Hoping to start him on a train of thought that might lead me to what I sought, I politely asked, "They're not the smart outfit they used to be?"

"No," came the answer, "nowhere near it. They have some terrible players... bunch of 'corney' artists. Listen. Can you get the 'Magee' choruses on that number."

Though my knowledge of musical terms and music was limited, I could follow him. Sure enough a "hot solo" produced some decidedly sad music.

"Ragged time, too," he supplemented, "though they have a pretty good rhythm section. The smartest man in the band is the piano player. He does all the arranging for the band and he gets off some sweet stuff. Ever hear his arrangement on 'China Boy'?" Without waiting for an answer he continued, "That arrangement is the smartest I've ever heard and I've heard plenty of bands... good, bad and lousy." He listed some nationally famous orchestras and I became more and more amazed.

This wasn't the same Joe, but of wisecracks' gags, who took cutting remarks with the same dull, apathetic patience. While I was thus thinking I became aware that he had stopped talking.

"You seem to know quite a bit about bands and music," I suggested.

Accepting the invitation thus tendered, he expanded visibly... "Umh... got a 'feeling' for music I guess. I'd talk with some of the men in the bands and with their dope and private listening and so I picked up quite a bit. Why I remember when this same band was such a drawing card that the hall would be jammed. Couldn't even park your car within five blocks of the place and they'd charge a

(Continued on Page 18)

Byron En Route to Rome?

By

Joseph T. Brennan, '35

THAT mildest of bigots—Sir Walter Scott—divined the ultimate conversion of the "Pilgrim of Eternity" to the Church of Rome. He knew this unique personality that has cast a spell over the youth of most civilized nations, and could foresee no religious peace for such a one amidst the icy sternness of Calvinism or the pseudo-radicalism of the Methodists. Such a brilliant imagination would be offered a delightful rein in the realms of Catholic doctrine and its enthralling traditions. The intense emotion and deep passion of this man could find their expression and fullest flower beneath the pale of Rome alone. His was a soul that sought only the richest and rarest of fruits, and, having grasped them, enjoyed them to the utmost. This Church which breathes the deepest love and intensest devotion in her every act and rite, exhumes an insensivity that might well have been a salient factor in his final submission.

In the newly scanned heights as Baron of Newstead Abbey, he recoiled in disgust from the stark fatalism of Calvin, although he loved the Bible—the words of which he had received at his nurse's knee. He later refers to this rancor as a sort of disease that grew upon him as a result of having been "cudgelled to church for the first ten years of my life."

In his youth we view a scene quite as common in his day as in ours. Such ponderous questions as the immortality of the soul and revealed religion were glossed over with a few patent, adverse arguments. Many a mental gymnastic was indulged in between our peer and his friend, the Reverend Francis Hodgson—who seems to have devoted much of his time in tireless effort to win Byron to Christianity. His perseverance doubtless bore fruit in the softening of his Lordship's tenets.

This mellowing of ideas first appears in a letter dated June 18, 1813 and addressed to William Gifford. Byron seems rather injured

that his questioning of the doctrine of immortality has led to the belief that he is an Atheist. He submits a very humble and sincere defense of his stand and desires to be considered a Theist. The year following he quite bluntly states: "I am no Atheist."

The progress thence onward is that of a skeptic, who treads slowly, ever cautious, ever questioning all that may meet his path. In a way it would seem that he wished to avoid contact with Religion and all its controversies—sectarian squabbles were quite revolting to him.

This avoidance strikes us as rather natural for one in his position—the adored idol of most of the pulchritude of the Continent and England as well. Yet he could not wrest himself from the ever present reality of Religion. Whenever he fell ill he was beset with thoughts concerning God and His eternal projects. This caused much pain to Shelley who deemed it a weakness in so great a mind to be subject to "the delusions of Christianity." Try though he might, he could not ignore the ever constant gnawing at his heart that called for spiritual sustenance.

The beautiful liturgy that surrounds Mariology seems to have cast its spell on Byron, as it had on Wordsworth. Few Protestant poets have offered such an exquisite tribute to the Heavenly Queen as that found in the Third Canto of "Don Juan." Here something of the loveliness of Mary's

own "Magnificat" is proffered at her shrine.

That the spirit of Catholicism grew stronger with the passage of time is evidenced in Byron's enrollment of his daughter, Allegra, in a Catholic convent at Romagna, for he believed that "people can never have enough of religion, if they are to have any." One can see from the pronounced interest he had shown in the education of his daughter, Augusta Ada, that he was not one to pass over this phase of his child's life in an off-hand manner. He felt the duty that falls upon a parent in the education of his child and did his utmost to discharge this office in the manner he deemed most feasible.

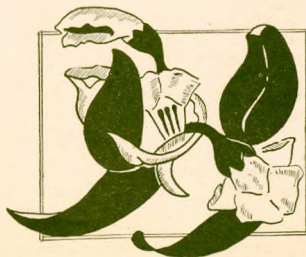
A certain satiety seems to have crept into his "amours" and more of the Platonic aspect is to be seen in his later relations with the Countess Guiccioli. He grows weary of the sensual and aspires more to the spiritual. It was with something of relief that he consigned himself to the cause of Greece, there to purify himself on the altars of freedom:

"My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap."

This wanderer in foreign parts hails the Catholic Church as "by far the most elegant worship . . . What with pictures, states, altars, shrines, relics and the real presence, confession, absolution—there is something sensible to grasp at. Besides, it leaves no possibility of doubt: for those who swallow their Deity, really and truly, in transubstantiation, can hardly be anything else than easy of digestion." The note of flippancy at the end is not intended as such. It was not only this tangibility that appealed to Byron, but, perhaps in a greater degree, the sublimity of doctrine; for he says: "I incline very much to the Catholic doctrines."

His death is that of one, wearied with being pursued, who resigns himself into the loving arms of his Pursuer. Fletcher, his valet, has been endeavoring to take some final instructions, but can under-

(Continued on Page 11)



The Paradox of Byron

*"When Heav'n would strive to do the best it can,
And put an Angel's spirit into a man,
The utmost power in that great work
doth spend
When to the world a Poet it doth intend."*

SOVEREIGN art, wherever its rare form is given to the world, breathes a spiritual beauty which no chance offering of Delphi can bestow nor meagre murmur of mere words, splash of color, nor mingle of tones convey. It speaks from tongues gilded with poesy and breathes a freshness which is the "fragrance of all human knowledge," it is inspired and inspirational touching our hearts, our souls, our spirits, and he who has not known this balm has missed real living and his fervid brow must remain unanointed. Among those who have woven to tapestries of golden song the threads of melody, there stand few greater than George Gordon Byron.

He is the strangest of strange paradoxes; he is cold, cynical and satirical, scorning all principles, flaunting established cants and at once warm with love and sentiment, and singing with the fervor of a zealot; sublime and sordid; lamenting o'er tear stained page one moment, over the passing of one beloved, and sparkling with risque with the next, physically beautiful yet physically deformed, mentally rich unto genius, mentally poor unto baseness. Hailed by one critic as "untainted with any of the baser vices; and his virtues, his good qualities were all of the higher order," while another brands him "the lowest, the coarsest, the most familiar, and the most sensual of the low."

His physiognomy is extolled "so beautiful a countenance I scarcely ever saw...his eyes the open portals of the sun..."; and in turn "of Lord Byron, I can only tell you that his appearance is nothing that you would remark." Montgomery cites him "as the noblest of them all" and Saintsbury classifies him "a poet distinctly of the second class". And so we find

multiple perplexities in estimating the man who whatever his vices, however fierce his hates or intense his loves, his wild rollicking affairs, his sincere, magnificent and impelling poetry, which touches all the cords of deep emotion and leaves them conscious of the breath of genius, was truly great and is imperishable as long as literature endures.

All of the critics and critiques, lectures, essays and biographies that have been produced about this wayward soul, have helped as little to estimate the man; true they aid us in appreciating his individual poems, in gleaming the details of his life, and determining the forces, natural and acquired, which prompted his acts and his missions, but the typification of him as a character in our lives, is for us to determine.

We find Byron in his poetry; nowhere else. He was a poet of passion as he was a man of passion, and each changing mood finds expression, each vibrant emotion is rendered as only genius can render it, and each sweet spirituality is voiced in hymnal verse. He was selfish as pampered people ordinarily are; he was sincere as are inevitably the self-centered, but he was never so engrossed in himself that he could find no room for others; his loves were many, his

FEBRUARY

*February's beauty lies
Aloft where night meets day;
And if you would judge her skies
You must know all the shades of gray.*

*Gray is February's pall,
And if you'd find her worth,
You must forget the hues of Fall,
The green which whispers Spring's rebirth.*

*You must contrast the shades
Which stiff, black trees paint on the snow,
And, as the Winter sunlight fades,
Watch where the silver shadows go.*

HERBERT MURRAY, JR., '35

By

John L. LaCroix, '33

enthusiasm keen and into each act he put his heart and soul.

In Greece, although a peer, his republican zeal approached fanaticism, and among the credulous he was a skeptic and a believer among skeptics ever and always seeking whatever sun might shine on him the brightest.

He was an exemplification of the age in which he lived, tossing aside at will all established creeds and customs, letting the heart and soul and pen soar heavenward against the magic casement of the stars; finding in nature a beauty and understanding such as only the "barren wilderness", the broken shore, the wild expanse of sea can give. The chain and shackles of a cramped society could never bind this adventurous spirit whose personality is felt even to this day. The Romantic Period as measured time determines is over, but as long as such a life as his is preserved, man can still feel as Byron sang:

*"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."*

His strength and devotion to a cause is amply demonstrated in:

*"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phoebeus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set."*

But I like to think of Byron singing not of lost causes and forgotten people, not all-embracing loves and wanderings on foreign shores but rather as a poet who could

(Continued on Page 19)

Still More Melange

By
The Essayists

ON BEING LATE

I must admit I never in my life met anyone more profoundly interested in being on time than myself. Such a paradox as this is not easy to explain. I attribute this abnormal interest to nothing more than a morbid curiosity. That no one is more ardently interested in goodness than the devil is an accepted paradox. In like manner, there is nothing in keeping time, that can compare with the losing of it. If it is true, for example, that I am tardy, it is equally true, that I am late only as one who has been a student of lateness. This happens to be true. Lend ear to my scholarly deductions.

You and I, in fact all of us, sad to say, have been grossly deceived in regard to that term "time." Fundamentally, time existed only as an accepted transition from newness to decay. Fundamentally, I say, but shades of Copernicus! how the base timepiece has multiplied that honest fundamental into a decimated exaggeration! Am I understood, or do I wax mathematic?

The timepiece of today I finally traced to the water clock of prehistoric times, after much laborious research. The individual who invented this disgusting instrument was either a paragon of promptness, or a man disgraced by his tardiness, who contrived this ingenious machine as an everlasting revenge.

Personally, I favor the latter theory. Can't you picture him? Unwittingly, the timid old fellow, fearing an uxorial trouncing, set up the first timepiece that defeated his own purpose by reminding everyone more exactly of his habit.

For the purpose of clarity, I have divided the varied types of tardiness into three general classifications.

Like most national issues, this one has its domestic phase, as it also springs from the all important family hearth. I have found from past experience, that no hour of the day is more intently devoted to study, as the long or short peri-

od (depending upon the disciplinary strength) elapsing between the first meal-time call unto the final late commencement of said meal. A corresponding failure occurs in every family as regards the apparent state of inactivity. What bugle call ever rose and fell and rose again more valiantly and with less avail, than that morning serenade, that parental commanding for a farewell to the arms of Morpheus? More digestive havoc is wrought by oversleeping than this world dreams of. Indigestion begins at the breakfast table. It is the morning wage of our share of sloth.

But socially, it is fashionable to be late. To say for example, that the late Mayor Walker, the cup holder for social tardiness, was invariably not on time is superfluous. Rather let us merely refer to him as the late Mayor of New York.

That people who are socially fashionable make a religion of belated arrivals is an established fact. Just how this adds to social prestige is somewhat of a mystery. Evidently such individuals have been deluded into thinking that the rest of the crowd was waiting for them the first time such a lateness occurred, and since then, they have

never been able to resist an attentive entrance.

In the Social Digest of 1920, section D, I discovered that in those far off post-war days, it was socially correct to be not more than an hour late, whereas Goudy's Ladies' Book for 1870 had recommended guest arrivals anywhere during the quarter hour preceding the appointed time. The rate has increased alarmingly within the last decade.

A week ago, a New York paper carried a theatrical protest against the society first nighters, who refuse to arrive before any second act is half over; then they tramp in, parade down the aisles usually during the climax, usually making more vocal ado about it all than the actors themselves do about the slightest climax.

At one of the most fashionable New Year's parties in Philadelphia recently, the social despots predicted to attend, arrived in time to bid good evening to their hostess, thanking her for her hospitality, for which they had come, only in time to thank her!

In the realm of business, to be late is a theft. This is undoubtedly true. But think of the hundreds of business czars, hardened aspirin slaves, who start more than one of their working days a month by verbally dissecting their tardy employees. This vice must be maintained. Unquestionably, two thirds of working America is yoked in temporal bondage to the alarm clock!

The gentleman of the road, our All American Tramp, is the only business man who has discerned the folly of promptitude. There still exists, however, a pardonable doubt that a lack of recognition has prevented this carefree type from qualifying as a full fledged business man. Perhaps, this is unjust.

Yes, without a doubt, we are breaking away from that prize bit of folly—time keeping. By the law of averages, I have foreseen the inevitable as regards all social and economic tardiness.



The business man's dilemma is apparent. In regard to the society mania for being not on time—putting it mildly—I can only prophesy. By the law of averages, if there is not drastic change, fifty years will make "being on time" a national issue. By that date, people will have ceased to regard time as defined by Mr. Bulova. Invitations will be dated a day ahead of time, and if anyone comes at the appointed evening, immediately they will be regarded as bourgeois. The following evening, the guests will begin to arrive and a day or two after the affair is supposed to be over, in reality it will be in full swing! It is my belief that this disregard for time, will gradually undermine the present order of things. Until then, I can but preach—by example.

This arbitrary virtue, which I share in part with all, has been termed a habit. Recently I became so obsessed with it all that I tried being prompt—thus far I have not succeeded.

Once I came on time for my first class at school. The classroom was empty. Gradually it filled. The hour drew near. Violently a bell shrieked its challenge. I waited outside in the corridor, rooted to the spot. Fascinated by my time-piece, I watched the minute hand slide downward. With a start I rushed to the door, opened it, and came in late as usual.

A fortune teller discovered in a pack of cards or the bottom of an unwashed tea cup or somewhere, that I would die of a shock. Can it be that somewhere, some day, somehow, I shall be on time? I wonder!

By Gordon F. Harrison, '35

TECHNOCRACY

(Or a Thousand Leagues Under the Gold Standard)

The caretaker of a great New York cemetery witnessed an eerie sight one night not long ago. Amazed, fear-struck, he stood in paralytic rigidity as the mounds of earth covering four graves, which had hitherto lain in a neat row, tossed and heaved.

The explanation of this strange

phenomenon was very simple. It was just that Harry Houdini, Phineas T. Barnum, Tex Rickard and Flo Zeigfeld had turned over in their graves, for there had appeared upon earth a man who without doubt is the greatest showman the world has ever seen.

Barnum took some animals and freaks, cloaked them with a blanket of publicity and produced "the greatest show on earth." Rickard covered a broken-down fighter with a mantle of human interest and drew a million-dollar gate. Houdini dressed some old tricks with a theatrical presentation and was hailed the world's master mystifier. Employing an opposite method to obtain similar results, Zeigfeld undressed several beautiful girls and became the outstanding show producer.

But whereas these four gentlemen had something to start with, Howard Scott started with nothing and produced Technocracy.

To be truthful, however, Mr. Scott did not start with absolutely nothing. I believe that he began with a piece of mince pie. Mince Pie has a very interesting history. It is said that the Neanderthal man worshipped mince pie as the great God Dream-Maker. Certain it is that for generations mince pie has covered a multitude of nightmares. Some historians go so far as to say that Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" was not inspired by opium at all, but by a large slab of hot mince pie. And there, dear reader, is the ultimate and last word in dream-makers—hot mince pie. Mince pie alone is bad enough but when you qualify it and say "hot mince pie"

you shake the very foundations of civilization.

But fearless Howard Scott, the dreamland crusader, devoured a large slice heated to the Lord knows what degree, and then fell into a much troubled slumber. His world became the habitat of such people as the Wizard of Oz and the Witch of Endor. Out of this, scorning the aid of strings, threads, wires or electrical contrivances, he evolved Technocracy!

Technocracy, the engineer's Utopia, where the certificate of electrical energy is substituted for the dollar. Where bankers, business men and politicians are wiped out and the engineers have full control. Can you imagine such a world? Can you see a rabbi eating the forbidden dish during the Ku Klux convention in Rome? And yet Mr. Scott has ballyhooed this deformed brain-child to the attention of every thinking man in America.

What would the thinking men of the past have said? Let me make a few probable quotations:

Henry Clay: "I'd rather be right than be Howard Scott."

A. Lincoln: "...whether this nation or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure the prattling of the press agents."

Lord Jeffrey: "This will never do."

The late Calvin Coolidge: "There might be something to it; then again there might not."

Napoleon: "An army travels upon its stomach. If Technocracy comes in, my army will be traveling upside down."

By Paul F. Connolly, '34

ON FINDING OUT (Being an Imitation of Thackeray's "On Being Found Out")

At the close of Coolidge's administration (let us say), when I was a boy at a preparatory school, I remember borrowing an Algebra book from each member of my class, pretending to study from it, then returning it with profuse thanks. My classmates were rather amazed at the sudden manifestation of interest in square roots

(Continued on Page 19)

CALVIN COOLIDGE

*He rests beneath the rugged soil
Where God decreed he should be born;
Yet still his memory shows us how
The cloak of manhood should be worn.*

*His time on earth was not in vain;
His role was played the best he knew.
And ever will his life remain
A paragon for men who do.*

HERBERT MURRAY, JR., '35



EDITORIAL

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THE LOST ART

Debating has been called the lost art, but it is evident that our debaters have captured some of that supposedly forgotten artistry. Their success indicates that when the proper system is used, when the arguments are continuous and logical, and when debaters have the ability to drive home pertinent points, forensic disputations are both interesting and instructive. It is true that the modern school of oratory is opposed to the harangues and histrionics of the palmy days of the past. To say, however, that we cannot express modern notions in comprehensive diction is maintaining too much reverence for the past. The cryptic, pointed debates of the present are a sensible expression of the trend of things.

We hope the old type of oratory has gone forever. A modern audience would not countenance the silver-tongued menaces of bygone days, who bewildered unfortunate listeners with bursts of bombast and arm waving that sporting referees now attempt to emulate. These leather-lunged spell-binders have gone the way of Shakespearean actors. There are few speakers or tragedians who will dare face the derision and guffaws of an up-to-date audience who demand restraint of action and realism of theme.

Contrary to the notion of the technocrats, inventions have abetted mankind. Many a politician commits political suicide when he permits a news-reel to get a flash of a very noticeable wart on a very large nose which the feminine part of the reviewers will not miss. Today the radio brings all speeches of any significance to an interested and critical people. However, unless the voice is well modulated, a speech develops into a radio thunderstorm. In this rapidly moving world there is no place for what Will Durant calls, "a heaver of words and a heaver of wind."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

*Frost flows on the window glass,
Hopping chickadees that pass,
Bare old elms that bend and sway,
Pussywillows soft and gray;*

*Silver clouds across the sky,
Lacy snowflakes flitting by,
Icicles like fringe in line—
That is Outdoor's valentine.*

The dormant world is hushed in anticipation. The cloistered life of winter-time will soon throw off the shackles of seasonal repression to

spring anew into the joys and exuberances of growing ecstasy. The bite of frost still clings as if to taunt the warming winds, and snowflakes fall to dampen venturesome spirits. The weary old world loses some of its worries as it realizes that soon the birds will be singing, and the trees whispering the symphony of Spring.

In these days of technocracy, budgets and five year plans, it is refreshing to note that the glamorous traditions established by the observance of St. Valentine's Day are preserved. Those efficiency demons who seek to reduce life to a system of numbers are best repulsed through the preservation of such romantic whimsies.

A season of remembrance in the lighter vein, and exchange of sentiment tinged with humor, not to speak of the tragic earnestness of young love. If we can but capture the spirit of raillery with which this day has always been colored, in these days rife with recrimination and complaint, this old world will be the better for it.

OUR FUTURE LEADERS

February is called the month that breeds genius. It is claimed, with obvious justification, that more outstanding personalities began their existence during this month than at any other time of the year. Americans respond, without the least hesitation, to the toast to February with its statesmen of tender memory, Washington and Lincoln. Millions have come and gone adding their tokens to the total of world progress, but we remember only those who have beaten the way for others to follow. Through our respect and reverence for them, we pay tribute to all unsung heroes of time.

It is with considerable interest that we contemplate the possibilities that might result if statesmen of the past were at the helm of our nation during the swell of our economic crisis. All but truthful historians forget the complexities of our past national life, and we, too often, are wont to enhance the ability and acumen of our men of memory. What would they do if

(Continued on Page 20)

MERELY PLAYERS

*"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players"*

By Daniel J. Higgins, '33.



Depression, which has pervaded every form of activity in the country, certainly made itself evident in our local theatre during January. George M. Cohan brought his latest play "Pigeons and People" to his

native city for its tryout prior to the New York engagement. But due to the holiday activities we were unable to see this play and consequently we will not review it. However during this lean month we were fortunate in seeing one worthwhile movie which can be appropriately reviewed in this issue of the Alembic.

When Ernest Hemingway wrote "A Farewell To Arms" his story was accorded a somewhat dubious reception. Many did not like this work and at that time people had had their fill of war stories. About three years ago the novel was dramatized and produced in New York with Elissa Landi, now of cinema fame, playing the leading feminine role. It failed completely and was closed within a few days.

Paramount then acquired the film rights and made the film version which has surpassed both the novel and the legitimate production. This is a rather extraordinary state of affairs because the cinema as a general rule does more harm than good to any story. And considering the fact that this is a war story the success of the picture is phenomenal, because the war theme has been very much overdone in Hollywood and the cinema public has lost interest in it.

In all the war pictures that preceded it, stark realism, cruelty and harshness were overemphasized.

Everything that tended to detract from the brutality and coarseness of war was sacrificed for the sake of realism. But in this production the scene was laid on the picturesque Italian front in the beautiful Italian Alps. There were but few battle scenes tinged with bloodshed and butchery, and the beauty of the scene and action allayed all of the war horrors so prevalent in all former war pictures.

The story concerns a young American in the Italian ambulance service who falls in love with an English nurse. He is wounded in action and sent back to the base hospital where she is stationed. While there they are married by the chaplain of his regiment, secretly, and against the rules of the British Nursing Corps. He recovers and is sent back to the front but she is obliged to flee to a tiny town in Switzerland close to the border from which she writes to him. His constant companion in the service is a French surgeon who is in command of his corps and who censors her letters to him, ignorant of their marriage, in an attempt to help him to forget her. But he deserts and goes to seek her. He finds that she has left the base hospital but for what destination he does not know. The surgeon finds him and learning of the marriage tells him of the town from which her letters came and enables him to go to her. But it was too late. She died during childbirth within a few hours of the time he arrived and at the moment the Armistice was reached.

An unusual feat connected with this picture was that the producers completed two different endings for the picture. One kept faith with the novel and in it the heroine died, while in the other she recovered. The former was the one shown in Providence and to my mind seemed the more fitting. The other would have made just an-

other ordinary American movie in which the hero and heroine married and lived happily ever after. This fairy tale ending would certainly have ruined this picture.

The big surprise of the picture lay in the superb acting of Gary Cooper. He has played in many pictures and in none of them did he appear as more than an ordinary actor; likeable, but not extraordinary. But here he was cast with Helen Hayes, an actress without a peer on stage or screen, and Adolphe Menjou, a seasoned veteran whose acting on the talking screen has been excellent; yet to my mind Cooper's performance exceeded theirs. In that quiet manner peculiar to him, he enhanced the beauty of the story.

Miss Hayes, as usual, gives a capable performance in the role of the English nurse. Her wistful and appealing performance heightened the tragic tone of the picture to the point where tragedy became almost unbearable for the audience. Mr. Menjou, the former boulevardier of the screen, whose versatility in his recent picture is little short of amazing, played the part of the French surgeon very sympathetically and contributed his share in the production of a picture that is a credit to Hollywood and one of the best pictures of 1932.

Byron En Route to Rome?

(Continued from Page 6)

stand scarcely any of them.

"My Lord," replied Fletcher, "I have not understood a word your Lordship has been saying."

"Not understand me?" exclaimed Byron, "what a pity!—then it is too late; all is over."

"I hope not," answered Fletcher; "but the Lord's will be done!"

"Yes, not mine," murmured Lord Byron.

When News Isn't News

By

Walter J. Shunney, '33

"BUT I don't think he will see you. It's been a trying day and..."

"Oh, I dare say it has but he can be quiet with me. Please tell him that Willard Littman of the New York World would like to see him." The ingratiating manner and authoritative tone of the *saue* and satorially perfect intruder prevailed and the kindly old secretary withdrew. Littman had little opportunity to study his spacious surroundings, for several seconds after his exit, the secretary returned, his face wreathed with a benign and acquiescent smile.

"Mr. Darrow will see you."

With easy grace Littman bowed acknowledgement of the service, and walked into the dimly-lighted study of the world famous, Dwight Darrow.

Littman, the scion of a family whose forebears actually did first view the New England shore from the deck of the Mayflower without the manipulation of a genealogist, was impressed by the tastefully comfortable room. The texture of furnishings, the collection of books and the conglomeration of appropriate antiques and curios were all suggestive of an ingenious and cultured possessor. The room of a gentleman and a scholar.

It was a personality behind that battered old desk. Those furrowed brows gave testimony to the rigors of much living and great burdens; that face expressed power and brilliance, becoming with age just a little hawk-like; that body enscathed in a great chair had suffered the toils and known the triumphs of an eventful life. Usually composed in the presence of all types of celebrities, Littman was unaccountably nervous. Perhaps it was that quizzical expression or the knowing manner which the personage could not quite subdue. However, confidence returned. After all the man was human. Doubt gave way to elation for he had the privilege of interviewing the unapproachable Dwight Darrow.

The words of the personage re-

stored the confidence of the correspondent. "Won't you be seated Mr. Littman? I'm sure that chair, although a bit old, is very comfortable, and those cigars are guaranteed against explosion."

"Mr. Darrow, the World has heard unofficially that the President is about to send your name to the Senate for confirmation as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court." With a reawakened eye and pleasant smile Littman added, "It is only fitting that a former President receive the great honor. Everyone cognizant of the fact feels sure that confirmation will be rapid and unanimous."

With whimsical grimace and suggestive movement Mr. Darrow murmured, "Light?"

"Perhaps you read the World?" asked Littman who was somewhat abashed.

"All men in the public eye find it an excellent policy to read the more powerful and influential daily journals. When I was President I often wondered what your attitude might be in regard to many questions of importance. It should be interesting but many times troublesome to have to express your opinion every day in the week upon some difficulty of great significance."

"I assure you it is, and that is why I would consider it a favor if we might discuss things of a lighter nature on this occasion. I find many indications that the 1945 reading public are interested in the human side of their outstanding figures."

"Human interest, and for you, something new," mused the older man.

"Rather a large order," suggested Littman.

"Well, yes and no. I was just reading a few things that I wrote when I was in college. Illusions are wonderful things...but why philosophize when a story is the thing?" Littman felt that the older man had noticed his vexation as he started his comment.

"I never could reconcile social

and political inconsistencies," continued the potential Chief Justice. "Before I became President I had watched with some indignation and more amusement the dilemma in Washington social and diplomatic circles. The idiotic quibbling of those with social aspirations caused more trouble than the League of Nations" with a smile.

"When I became President I decided to solve the problem which was the curse of Washington life. What an ass a man can make of himself with the best of intentions," with a dry chuckle. "When I announced my policy two of my secretaries were taken with high blood pressure, and I always felt guilty about another who shortly after died from apoplexy." Littman, really entertained by the dry humor of the man, laughed expectantly.

"I told them to fire all the ceremonial aides, and insisted that there was to be no planned seating order at any official dinners. I informed them that I was inaugurating a democratic social scheme similar to that employed by Thomas Jefferson, and that I intended to be different from my immediate predecessor. Their comments and glances assured me that I was being different.

"I don't think I shall ever forget that first dinner! The setting was, as you know, beautiful, the food was delicious, but I never did attend such a dismal function." Littman heard something that approached a gurgle and saw a smile that brought the rugged facial contour into relief. "Do you know I often wonder why the British Ambassador didn't insist upon England declaring war on this country? The World War started over less.

"I wanted to make myself solid with the good old American people so I invited quite indiscriminately. One night, a young lady of—to be charitable—doubtful character was seated next to the English ambassador. The next day I received a visit from that worthy, and what

(Continued on Page 20)

ALUMNI CORNER

By Edward C. Lyons, '33

Thomas Murphy, '30, an honor student at Boston College Law School, has just been elected President of the Senior Class of that institution.

William Flynn, '28, received his degree from Harvard Dental School last June, and has just opened his office in New Haven.

Frank Marrah, '30, has just been elected vice-president of the Graduates Club at the Rhode Island College of Education.

Dr. Frank Maloney, '28, of New Haven, was graduated from Jefferson Medical School and is now serving his internship in Philadelphia.

Jack Notte, Dick O'Kane, George Borski, Len Sweeney, Dan Lowney and Charles Samborski, all of the class of '31, are enrolled at B. U. Law School.

Philip Bulger, '29, and Jack Gorman, '30, are employed by the Southern New England Telephone Company in New Haven.

Frank Carr, '29, winner of the Notre Dame Boyology Scholarship, is now serving in the capacity of Vocational Guide at New Haven High School.

Frank Callahan, '31, is now working for the Shell Oil Co. here in Providence.

Ed. Moran, '31, and Bill Keenan, '31, are students of Business Administration at Columbia University.

Jim Flaherty, '28, is now teaching in Cumberland High School, as is Bernard Norton, '27.

William Lyons, '31, is studying at Columbia University, majoring in Math.

John Iannotti, '32, and Joseph Minella, '31, are students of medicine at the University of Naples, Italy.

Frank O'Shea, '32, is employed by the Unemployment Relief Commission here in Providence.

Jim "Sweetheart" O'Donnell, '31, is a Graduate Student at R. I. C. E.

Tom Nestor, '32, is enrolled as a Med Student at the University of Maryland, while Martin Tracy, '32, is following a similar course at Jefferson Medical School.

Among the P. C. Grads on the fac-

ulty of La Salle are Hugh Maguire, '31; Joseph Lyons, '31; Charles Bleiler, '32, and John Krieger, '31.

Daniel Lilly, '31, has joined the staff of the Biology Dept. this year in the capacity of a Lab Assistant.

Paul Roddy, '31, was graduated from R. I. C. E. last June, and is now teaching here in Providence.

Edward Derivan, '32, is now teaching English at St. Joseph's High School in Pittsfield.

Jack "Flash" Brady, '32, former football star, and Graham N. Norton, '31, are students at Notre Dame, being recipients of the K. of C. Scholarship.

The following members of the class of '32 are studying law at B. U.: John Gallogly, Edward Hamill, Gerald Keefe, Edward Kleiner, and Fulda Geoffrey.

At Boston College Law School we find the following Grads: Joseph Breen, '29; Wilford McKenna, '31; James Coyle, '31; Thomas Curtin, '32; Charles Shea, '32; Arthur Shevlin, '32, and Frank Skalko, '31.

Steve Fanning, '28, has just passed the bar exams in Washington, D. C.

Ambrose Bowen, Edwin Lowe and Edmund O'Neill, all ex-members of the class of '30, are students at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

In the graduating class at B. U. Law School we find the following members of the class of 1930: Seigfred Arnold, William Brady, Hugo Caroselli, John Eagan, James Loughran, Frank Martin, and James McGuirk.

Paul Cashman, ex '27, is now practicing law in New Haven.

Louis Imbriano, '31, is a member of the faculty of St. Raphael's Academy, Pawtucket. Lou is also serving in the capacity of basketball coach.

John Cleary, '32, and Joseph Meister, '32, are students of Business Administration at Harvard.

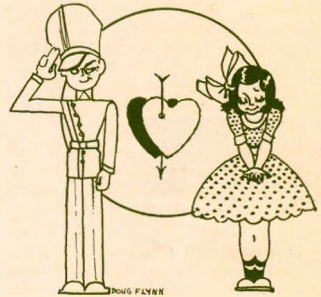
Charles Jorn, '32, "football luminary," and Walter "Sandy" Burke, '32, class president, are students at Guzman Hall.

Charles McCarthy, '27, is teaching a

new course in law here this year. Mr. McCarthy is a graduate of Yale Law School, "cum laude," and has been practicing law in New York for the past two years.

Steve Nawrocki, '29, football coach at Durfee High, Fall River, Mass., is boasting of his championship team which won eight straight games this season. Congratulations, Steve. . . .

George Cody, '32, former basketball star, is studying at the Georgetown Medical School.



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CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34

Alembic Office,
Providence College,
Providence, R. I.

Dear Critical Grad:

In reply to your letter of last month, we have little to say. Through the efforts of those around this school who were here when you were a student, we have checked up on you a little. Your personal record shows that you above all of the grads should be the last one to do



any criticizing. Despite all this we were nevertheless, pleased that you should take time out to drop us that note. It was evident from the start that you were unable to cope with the task that you set before yourself for there were so many important things that you missed during your stay at the school that your effort was almost entirely wasted.

Just as an example, you mentioned the fact that you stopped in on Reilly and Koslowski and all you saw them doing was lying in the dark listening to that True Story Hour on the radio. Well, Mr. Alumnus, if that is all you saw those two cut-ups doing it is a cinch that you didn't look very closely into their affairs. You didn't even mention the fact that the great Kos had Miss Panic's picture on his dresser and that he even broke loose and ordered some stationary for her with the initials E. J. K. to C. M. A. P. written on it. She sure will think that is

cute. Eddie does the darlinest things for Chess. Of course you weren't here when Rile went to New York but you should, at least, have heard him talking about Chris whom he spent eleven bucks on in the big town. It looks to us as if somebody took the Rile for a little ride. She sure threw him for a loss and if father hears about all the dough he spent, maybe, he will throw him for a loss too. That is if father doesn't know that love is a funny thing.

Then, Francis Sullivan, the Pawtucket gigolo, came in for no comment in your missive. When a fellow gets an invitation from someone's parent to bring his daughter someplace, that too, is worth mentioning. But Sully just can't help it, it is just his way. Maybe if she saw him around the school in the afternoon with that butcher's uniform that he wears she wouldn't think he was so hot.

Of course the BIGGEST incident that occurred in the past year or so was that happening that occurred to Johnny Murphy. We are too nice to mention it to anyone but you could have said something about it to us, for you know we would never tell anything like that that we know. Poor John, he had the time of his life that night.

It seems to us that when two classmates appear to be very friendly but in reality are cutting each other's throats over a fair damsel then some little thing should be said about it. It is nothing out of the ordinary when two fellows fall for the same dame, but to think that Frank Delaney and Pete Wheeler, who are about as different as night and day, rush for the same house on the same night that is strange. And her name is Valorie, or something like that. We wouldn't tell the last

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name. In your letter you left that out among other things.

At the time this is written, the Alumni Ball is something that is to take place in the future. We have, however, heard about plans that are being made for the party. It is rumored that young Tebbetts and John Murphy, the irrepressible John, are to don the high toppers for the affair. Why didn't you say something about that? No one is complaining about the gentleman who is accompanying them for he is much older and experienced.

Joe Lee also pulled a hot one that you should have heard about. Can you imagine anyone doing such a childish thing as trying to teach a parrot how to "slip the bird?"

Mr. Grad, as a rule we never feel sorry for anyone especially when it comes to taking a razzing, but for once our heartfelt sympathy was extended to one poor soul who very gallantly and loyally brought his girl friend to the basketball game in Harkins Hall. There was not the least doubt in anyone's mind that this gentleman was accompanied by the nicest girl in the hall, attractive and a very pleasing personality. The fellow happened to be sort of a bashful lad and was rather nervous as he entered the hall. Knowing the fellow personally we know that he "can take it" but when the faculty began to ride him, we ask you, "What could he do?" He certainly couldn't make any repartee for the odds were all against him. We trust that this will not prevent this fellow from doing the same thing again, however, and if he does we trust that Mr. Dillon and his cohorts will remain silent.

That was a hot one that Johnny Sloan pulled in biology class that you probably never heard about. The subject happened to be as to whether or not man came from animal. The conclusion seemed to be that he did not, but John had ideas of his own. "There is a friend of mine that looks just like an ape," says John, "and I'll bring him in here to prove it to you."

"If you do you'll have to take him down off the lights," replied the Reverend Father.

Dick Brachen, you should have met him if you really did come to Providence, turned out to be the boldest individual that we have yet encountered. How anybody who is continually in the limelight such as he is had the nerve to get his hair cut off in such a fashion, we can't understand. Boys do funny things nowadays though.

You did say in your letter that you went out with Joie Wright to a dance but didn't you think it was worth while to mention whose company Joe was in. When a fellow goes out with a champion swimmer everyone should know it and when he tries to teach her the "four hundred" it should be in headlines. We don't know what you think about it, but we are of the impression that Joe is gradually going to the dogs. There is an excuse, however, for Joie for anyone who was forced to room with "Happy" Morrison would be sure to be driven insane sooner or later. We couldn't bear it.

"Bingo" Doyle, another person that you should have visited, is very expressive when somebody gives him something. Somebody gave him something before class one day and you could hear him all over the school. It is all right to be thankful for what is given you but there is no need to say it in such loud terms.

We can understand why you didn't see much of Jimmy Bostick while you were here or if you did see him you didn't think that he would be the cause for much excitement. He is sort of like Johnny Glennon for they are both posses-

sors of innocent looking faces. Jimmy had his day not long ago when he was taken to New York. Little Georgine was at the game and the regular got in. She sure must have been proud of him and where did they go after the game. That was all right but why Jim brought Oc Perrin with him is more than we can understand. Maybe it was because he knew that Oc would pay the bill.

Eddie Archey, the little fellow, deserves credit too for coming through with an hundred percent in a Logic exam. To our knowledge it is the first time that anybody from Pittsfield ever got a mark like that. We have heard though that Johnny Reid is apt to score about the same in Dr. O'Neil's Latin course. If he does it will be rather embarrassing for the other boys from the Berkshires.

From this letter, Mr. Alumnus, we hope that you have been shown that your visit to Providence, although it was no doubt of some good, was really of little avail. Maybe, when you get a little more experienced in the line you will be of more help but nevertheless we appreciate your efforts and hope that you will try again. Until you do, however, we will go back to our old style realizing that we have succeeded in doing as we started out to do, making facts that should be known, known.

Sincerely,

The Checkerboarders.

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"Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina furcis ibant."—Horace

ROVIDENCE ATHLETICS

George R. Tebbetts, '34

Francis J. Skenyon, '33



Now that the basketball season is half over it is timely to comment upon the popularity of this indoor game which has come to the fore during the past few years. We make this observation concerning chiefly

the eastern part of the country. For many years Eastern colleges have been endeavoring to build up this very interesting and entertaining sport, and it seems that at last they are about to realize this objective.

Not very long ago eastern colleges were hesitant to arrange extensive basketball schedules. The financial return from a luke-warm public did not encourage such intercollegiate relations. Being a very fast and intricate game it was necessary to have high priced coaches and elaborate athletic equipment to condition the athletes for basketball activities. In the gala days of large returns at the football turnstiles, colleges carried on basketball relations merely as a matter of form. Since then, however, conditions have changed. The economic upheaval caused a considerable decrease in the attendance at football and baseball contests and also created a sizeable deficit in the financial condition of many colleges. The result is that basketball must now stand on its own merits. This seems to be the reason why the public is being educated to appreciate the excellence of the indoor game.

It is difficult to account for the lack of interest in the eastern part of the country. In the mid-west and far west interest runs high, and gymnasiums are packed to overflow at

every contest. Some sporting authorities claim that the game as played in the west is of a much higher caliber; others insist that Westerners take more kindly to the game. Whatever the solution may be, it is evident that some new principles or policies must be engendered into eastern basketball to assure its continuance as a major sport.

Professional basketball at one time was particularly popular in this section of the country. Promoters of professional activities never hesitated to sponsor the indoor game. It had all the aspects of the modern wrestling bout. Exorbitant salaries to players, coaches and managers were of no consideration. The public poured thousands of dollars into the pockets of professionalism, and those who promoted these activities viewed the future with optimism. However sooner or later the conditions had to change. It was evident that professional athletes were playing not for the interest and benefit which they obtained from the game, but were merely putting on a "show." However even a gullible public soon tires of being duped and bullied. Professionalism



has too many derogatory qualities to maintain steady support.

The downfall of professionalism sets the stage for the renaissance of basketball in the east. There is less of the mercenary instinct in college men, and the public has at last come to a realization that the participants are sincere in their efforts to overcome their adversary. They participate in basketball not for a financial return, but for a desire and interest to perpetuate the continuance of the sport. We find concrete evidence of this in the athletic programs announced by the various colleges throughout the east. While they maintain varsity schedules, the interest manifest in intra-mural basketball activities has been most encouraging. Athletic directors are concentrating their activities on the indoor game in a hope that by a development of the sport within the colleges, by inter-class activities, will result in more perfect teams to represent the schools in Varsity competition.

We look for the continued development of basketball in the east in the hope that it will perpetuate athletic relations between various colleges. The game in itself is perhaps one of the most interesting and exciting of all sporting activities. There is perhaps no other game which tends more for physical perfection than basketball. The eastern intercollegiate league during the past few years has done much in the way of promoting the interest in the game. The natural rivalry which has been manifest in the various other branches of athletics has been continued on the court through the activities of the league. This, coupled with the interest which has been revived among the smaller colleges, who maintain independent athletic schedules, gives every indication that basketball has at last reached the stage where its continuance can be assured as a major sport on all college athletic programs.

The Christmas recess meant much to the wearers of the Black and White, for since returning they have successively defeated the Coast Guard Academy, Middlebury,

and Manhattan, making their record that of four victories and three defeats. Dartmouth, Yale and St. John's having previously sent the Friars down to defeat, while the Columbus Club of Brooklyn was our pre-vacation victory.

Starting slowly, but rapidly gaining strength and confidence, the veteran Dominican representatives have shown that they are to be a much feared aggregation in future tilts.

Coast Guard Academy proved to be an easy victory after having led the General's boys in the first few minutes of play. Bill Kutniewski clearly established his right to a varsity position when he starred with his consistent play in the back court.

The Middlebury game played for a greater part by substitutes because of the illness of Koslowski, Shapiro, and Reilly brought many capable players into the limelight. Notable among these were Roberge, our school's outstanding athletic representative; Bostick, former Hoboken, N. J., star, and Perrin, varsity first-baseman on our championship baseball team.

Roberge, playing at center, held the spotlight continually by his brilliant team-play and offensive sallies. Perrin and Bostick, closely followed by Feit and Stanisiewski, members of last year's Freshman quintet are very capable reserves for the giants of the varsity.

Starting a quintet of Koslowski, Shapiro, Captain Brachen, Kutniewski and Reilly, averaging over six feet in height, the Friars found the Manhattan basket frequently enough to emerge victors, 30-27, in an exciting game in New York. The game was closely contested throughout, with Bracken and Shapiro dividing scoring honors with 10 points each.

Victory was not assured until Reilly dribbled the length of the floor, after taking the ball off his own back-board, in the last few minutes to score, making Manhattan's final splurge a futile gesture.

Shapiro, who in the past had found it necessary to change from scorer to passer reverted to his

old form playing brilliantly, both offensively and defensively. Bud Hassett, Manhattan ace, with 12 points was the high scorer.

The Freshman quintet while not living up to the records of first year teams in the past has clearly demonstrated that the players possess the spirit and ability to become future Varsity threats.

Inexperienced and small, depending mostly on defensive play and passing, they have succumbed

to the Holy Cross Freshmen, Bryant-Stratton College and St. John's Preparatory quintets.

Jack Ziment, captain and star, has been a shining light in the games to date. Coach Al McClellan rates him as the finest prospect ever to report for any of his teams.

Omer Landry and Artie Gilroy, St. Raphael alumni, shape up very well, and Bill Lawlor, center, has improved so rapidly under the General's tutelage that he is considered a Varsity threat next season.

The Athletic Spotlight Turns

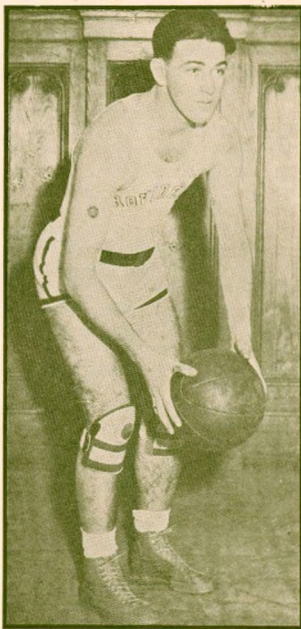
St. John's College of Brooklyn, conquerors of Nat Holman's City College championship team, will display their wares here on the evening of February 18.

Toady Wheeler, captain of our Eastern Champions in '28 recently scored 44 points in a Providence league game—his brother, Pete, is now a member of our Varsity squad.

Mark McComiskey of Lawrence, former Providence student has signed a contract with the Boston Red Sox, and it is rumored that Mike Welch of last year's championship team is considering an offer from the Cincinnati Reds. Mike topped the Cape Cod League in hitting last summer and has our best wishes in his new venture.

We are exceedingly pleased that the Purple have ironed out their difficulty with Coach McEwan, and so the spotlight turns to their unnamed mentor for the coming season.

Al Blanche's eyes are staring dreamily ahead to remind us that baseball is just around the corner.



Reilly

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Bill Gilbane, Brown star, is still due for some long trips if his proficiency with the shot-put is a criterion.

U. S. Military Academy athletes, beset by grippe and influenza, closed up shop for a short period, necessitating the cancellation of our court game with their quintet.

Johnny Krieger's La Salle five is leading R. I. leagues as this goes to writing. Johnny has some very fine athletes under his wing, among whom we find Jaworsky, LeFebre, Oklovitz, all whom are outstanding in three sports.

Charles Bleiler, La Salle J. V. mentor, is enjoying a very successful season.

Lou Imbriano's St. Raphael team is still beating the best of competition.

The spotlight now turns to another month with hopes that the present National Athletic Financial Difficulties will be successfully hurdled.

Longing

(Continued from Page 5)

'slug' to hear them. Now look at them... playing for a fifty cent admission price and a thirty cent crowd. Do you know that we've had some of the best bands in the country playing in that hall. We," he paused uncertainly after the word, "actually started some big-time boys on their way up. We gave them their first break, a location job... for one summer and then at the end of the summer they were the largest drawing card around here. That gave them

a start and now where are they? Why, it would hurt their 'rep' to play in this place even though you gave them top price."

His eyes were aglow with excitement... his countenance shining with suppressed joy. He fingered the lapels of my coat in his radiance.

"I remember," he was saying, "the first booking Don's band got when they hit this part of the country. It was right here"... he gestured sweepingly as if to include not only the building and its surroundings but the very deepness of the night itself.

"When was that?" I asked. "Eight years ago the third month, I was here"...

Then as if these were the magic words to break some sweet enchantment he reverted to his former self, from the vivid, radiantly alive Joe, into the drabness of his former self.

"Eight years ago," he repeated dully, and winced as though some invisible hand had dealt him a sickening blow.

"My brother is in there," he offered apologetically as if to excuse his demeanor.

"Say you haven't smoked at all, have you?"

It was true. So interested had I become in him that I had completely forgotten my cigarette. I puffed on it and watched the smoke go curling upward and lose itself in the night.

He turned from me and gazed once more at the hall, pulling his ragged topcoat about him.

"They ought to be coming out

soon," he complained.

"Well, why don't you go in?" I suggested.

As if the words had flicked some raw wound, his words came tumbling out, spilling over one another in eager haste.

"Me go in there? Not in your lifetime. Listen," he began feverishly, and instinctively I knew this was the story I wanted to hear.

"Listen, I've been here twice since I quit. Once to return some keys and now tonight. I don't want to go in there. I hate it, see... I hate it. For those years that I worked in there all the time it was, 'Hey Joe, do this... Hey Joe, do that... Hey Joe... c'mere, I want you.' If I slipped up on anything the boss would raise hell. All day and night... the whole week he'd be yelling at me. It did things to me see?... Listen... I've slept in here so I wouldn't lose time coming up here from where I live. Some days I'd work the whole day through getting ready for the dance at night, sweeping, waxing, putting everything in place.

"I even put on funny clothes just to give the crowd a laugh... I'd do some crazy dances, I'd do anything..."

He sobbed, great racking sobs that shook his entire frame. "Then the boss says... 'Joe, we gotta cut down. Twenty per cent off everybody, and I ain't making anything.' So I told him... I said... 'All right... I quit.' Well, he just laughs and says... 'Joe, your heart's in the place... You'll be back in a month.'"

"He laughed as he said it"... Joe repeated, writhing under the memory of the sting.

He swung towards the building. Forgetful, of me, his surroundings, of everything, obeying only the overwhelming surge of emotion that welled in his heart he lifted his arms. They dropped again, as though the rush and ebb had left him without strength.

Then I knew. That told me all. It was more than a mere gesture. It was a passionate yearning for a life he loved with an intensity only he could. The close air, swirling couples, blatant music, were all a part of him. It held him close

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while he struggled impotently to free himself of its tinsel glamour. He was suffering an agony of longing.

The spell was broken by the hardly audible words...

"I'll be back here in a month." He snorted, bravely contemptuous.

I flicked a pebble against the hub cap of a wheel... watched it rise swiftly, hit with a dull, leaden sound, and then drop among its fellows.

Awkwardly I offered, "He didn't mean that, Joe."

He knew I lied even as I did, but he repeated the words softly, lingering over each one, trying to extract the fullest amount of scant solace they offered.

"Sure, he didn't know what he was saying."

The cigarette burned my fingertips. I dropped and crushed it beneath my heel. The music had stopped. Overhead the breaking clouds showed glimpses of heaven's blue... twinkling stars appeared and disappeared. Emerging couples told me the dance was over and the story ended.

The Paradox of Byron

(Continued from Page 7)
worship and feel the spiritual intensity he rendered in:

*"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so
off*

*Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant
tower,*

*Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy
air.*

*And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd
with prayer."*

Still More Melange

(Continued from Page 9)
and equations, and by reason of their tender age they could not understand its motive, and so, a bit bewildered, allowed my indulgence in what they thought a transient whim.

Someone had stolen my Algebra book that day, and having devised the ingenious method of finding

out the thief by examining all the books in the class, I succeeded in recovering it. My satisfaction at identifying the culprit was, I must admit, hollow. Triumph yielded to embarrassment; anger gave way to compassion.

I wonder where that poor fellow is—a male Magdalene he must be by this time; and an upstanding young man, I hope, to whom an old school-fellow presents his highest regards—parenthetically reminding what a nightmare that subject was: rules, graphs, formulae, and marks awful! Where are you, I say, you of the misguided cleverness? I hope you have reformed, and taken to buying your books now. Ah, what a lucky thing it is for you and me, my friend, that we don't often find people out; that most of us are mercifully blinded to trickery and avoid humiliating situations!

Just consider what life would be, if we found out everyone who deceived us, for example. What misanthropy, what cynicism! Mr. Flourtongue, did you lie to me about your scholastic ability? Are

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you a big bluff? And saying so, do you believe it or disbelieve it? If you are a B. B., don't I deserve sympathy for having been so disillusioned? I say again, what a blessed thing it is we do not find everyone out!

Just picture to yourself everyone who is being fooled finding out. Fancy the skepticism with which we would view our friends, the suspicion that would be bred in our erstwhile trusting minds. Fancy finding the local scout-master to be an absent-minded, haphazard individual, who is never prepared! Suppose we were to learn that a local apostle of truth was a veritable Ananias in his private life! Down go the illusions! Down—down—down to the level of O. O. McIntyre's renowned Peruvian oil stocks, leaving us clinging to only a shred of our former faith, and even then subject to "saucy doubts and fears." I am glad we do not find everything out, I reiterate, and protest against having our ideals shattered.

There is no pleasure in this social existence quite comparable to the company of friends. Let them put on their acts, their sham comedies and mock tragedies—"All the world's a stage." What if they are deceiving me? Would I value them in their natural state, undisguised? I fear not. So let them carry on, and may I be granted the favor of never finding them out. To me, no classical quotation quite contains the cynicism I would eschew as: "I fear the Greeks, even though they bear gifts." I want to believe all that is told me; I want to trust all who are near me. I don't want to find out!

By J. F. McGowan, '35

Editorials

enmeshed in our present dilemma? Napoleon claimed that he made circumstances. Today, even a Napoleon could not hope to control our economic and political scheme. The path of modern problems leads along the way to intrigue which will inevitably ensnare even a wary leader. Directors of world affairs need more training and experience than at any previous time.

It is the duty of the colleges of America to prepare the leaders of our changing nation. Such an individual most possess a many-sided personality and mind. The future statesman and personality must have a comprehensive education which will include the insight of a litterateur with the tact of a diplomat. It is not enough to be a student of particular subjects. Great leaders many times have not been remarkable students. However, they have always had the ability to draw general conclusions and to tend toward an understanding of the purpose and philosophy behind facts. The heroes of the future will undoubtedly deserve more lasting fame and are likely to get less consideration than any leaders of the past.

When News Isn't News

(Continued from Page 12)

he said you can't print, so there is no need of going into that. Things were pretty bad, I'll tell you. My wife threatened to divorce me. Say, wouldn't that have been a story!" reflectively. "She was gracious enough to tell me what she thought of me in private, but if anything, that made it worse. But you're married, so I guess you know."

Willard Littman had forgotten everything but the personality in front of him. The possibilities of the story had a hold of him. He was so engrossed that he had to re-light his very excellent cigar.

"A Congressman once called me pig-headed. In private, of course," continued Darrow. "In this case I was pig-headed. I thought I had something that should work out.

"About a week after my first

dinner I received an invitation from the Secretary of State to attend a dinner. He told me since that he had no knowledge that I was to dine at his place until the night of the affair. His wife was behind the whole scheme—I admire women with courage, but can they cause trouble?" somewhat grimly. "According to precedent I should not have attended that dinner but I wanted to carry out my idea of democratic social affairs.

"What an evening! It seems that Mrs. Sawyer had fallen right into the trend of things and had adopted my social policy. She had a seating plan of her own. I thought my dinner was a wash-out but it was a mere trickle compared to that deluge. It was unique. The hostess had placed me three quarters of the way down the table, between a young radical who revered the memory of Lenin, and a very talkative young lady who wanted to know if 'I couldn't get her father an ambassador's job.' She assured me that, although he had not been in this country very long, he had enough money to support me for re-election.

"Mrs. Sawyer must have imported those two, and they earned their money. That dinner was a success from one standpoint. It cured me!"

Willard Littman was tense, "Will you permit me to print that story?"

"Do you think you can get it by your editor?" inquired Darrow. "I'm going to do my damnedest. . . I beg your pardon."

Darrow, a famed student of human nature saw that Littman, a dyed-in-the-wool news reporter was anxious to get to his story, and by subtle suggestion brought the interview to a conclusion. Littman walked to the door. He reached for the door knob, then he turned, "Say, there is something strange about this. Why didn't this story get to the press before?"

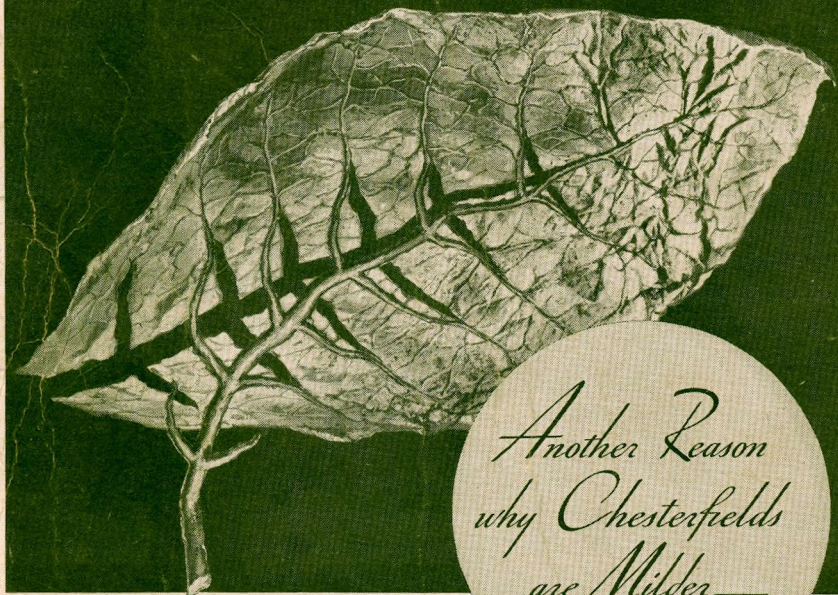
Dwight Darrow, turning to stay the sibilant shrill of his private wire phone, said with a curious smile, "Are you, an old newspaper man, asking me a question like that?"

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