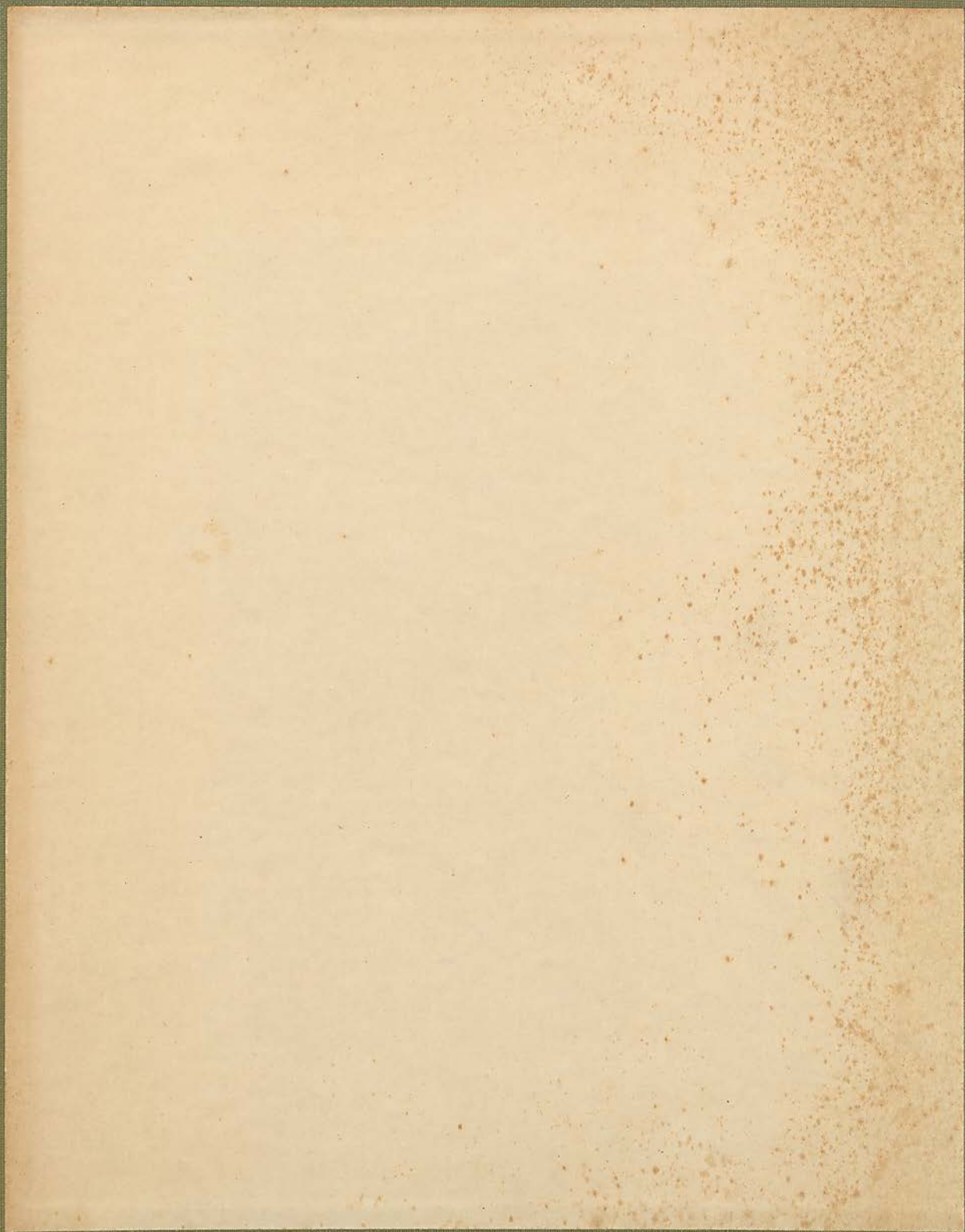


SCRAP BOOK







Pioneers at Providence College

By

Edward S. Doherty, Jr.

An Illustrated Series of Feature
Articles on the Men who gave
the Start to Athletics
at Providence College

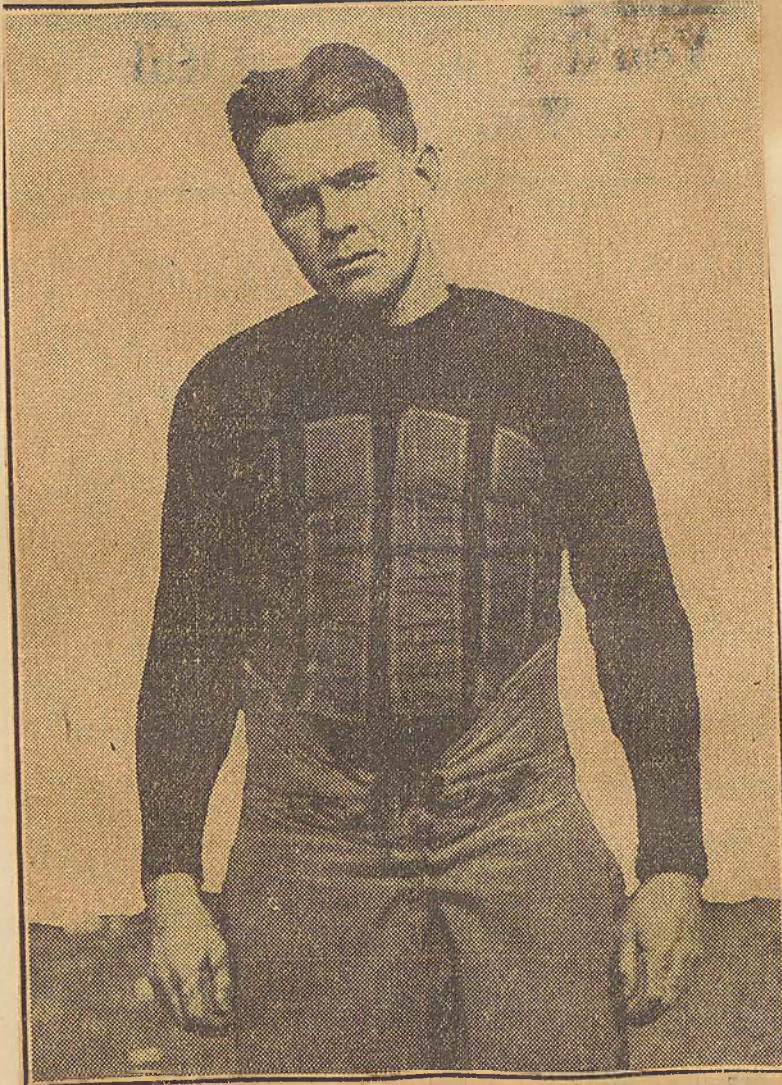
*Written by a man who had much to do with
putting the college on the sports map!*

This series will be published daily in the Bulletin, beginning Monday, and will deal with such outstanding figures as Joe McGee, greatest all-round athlete produced by the college, and now leading candidate for the position of head coach of the football team . . . Charlie Reynolds, hero of a never-to-be-forgotten 20-inning game . . . Jack McCaffrey, the one-man pitching staff . . . John Halloran, Providence College's great catcher . . . Bob Beagan, father of football at the Dominican institution . . . and others.

Starting **MONDAY** in the
EVENING BULLETIN



*"We Learned Plenty About
Tackling in the B. C. Game—"*



That's what Joe McGee seems to be saying as he posed for this picture when he was the outstanding star at Providence College. This is how Joe looked when he was Captain of the 1921-22 Friar Elevens.

Pioneers at Providence College



by
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Joe McGee's Athletic Record One of Greatest at Providence College.—Now Outstanding Candidate for Varsity Football Coach.—Grid Captain Twice.

A pair of Crimson-jerseyed arms, plucking a flying football out of the air, might be thanked for making this story possible. Why? Well, if Charley Buell, great Harvard quarterback of a decade ago, hadn't grabbed the forward pass Si Simendinger of Holy Cross intended for his teammate and end, Joe McGee, it probably would have meant a Purple victory and Joe McGee would have gone on to be a Holy Cross hero instead of one of the greatest all-around athletes ever to sport Providence College silks.

It was the annual battle between the Purple and the Crimson at the Harvard Stadium in 1920. Harvard was leading 3-0 and the long, dark shadows were falling on the big horseshoe gridiron. The Holy Cross machine suddenly started rolling. Hop Rlopel and Simendinger began to gain through yawning holes and every man jack of the Crusaders took a new lease on life. Across midfield to Harvard's 40, then the 30, then 20 and then 11-yard line the Crusaders galloped. Here the Crimson stiffened slightly but the Crusaders changed their tactics. Signals were snapped, the ball went back to Simendinger and Joe McGee, sub-end, galloped alone across the Crimson line—a chance of a lifetime. Then came the pass, bullet-light, straight for McGee but Buell, making a desperate jump, hauled down the ball and streaked away from his goal line. On the next play, a soaring punt backed the Crusaders far down the field, their last threat repulsed. And Freshman McGee was still a sub-end for the rest of the season.

The next fall had rolled around and Providence College was starting its third year. Among the new students was a transfer from Holy Cross who had passed examinations for the Sophomore class. Bob Beagan and Franny Dwyer, also second-year men, and known as the "Fathers of Football at Providence College," had just received permission from college authorities to organize a football team, and this young transfer from Holy Cross was one of the first candidates to report. This did Joe McGee begin an athletic career that still stands as one of the greatest in Providence College history. And what a record:

Football Captain Two Years

Captain of that first Providence College eleven; re-elected captain in 1922 for his second year; a hard-running half-back and a deadly-tackling end (he played both positions); first baseman, second baseman and third baseman at various times during his three years on the ball team; end coach for the Dominicans, under Archie Golembeski for two years. Freshman coach last year, with only one defeat on his record, and now the outstanding candidate for head coach to succeed Golembeski.

But what about the years before Holy Cross. A native of Woonsocket, Joe matriculated at Woonsocket high school and even then was a star of the first magnitude. Three years as regular quarterback, captain and all-interscholastic choice as signal-caller in his Senior year; three years on the ball team, in which he played every infield position, including catching, and three years on the basketball quintet. Then followed one year at Seton Hall Prep, where he starred in baseball and basketball. What, no football? No, they didn't allow football there in those days.

Continued at Harvard

Completion of his studies at Providence College found Joe pursuing a course at the Harvard Business School. Joe had intended giving up actual competition at this time, but the lure of the gridiron was too great and the next two years saw him wearing the regalia of the Providence Steam Roller. He also took a fling at coaching semi-pro griders and his Nickerson Tigers lost only one game in three years.

Joe likes particularly to recall a couple of games in which he gained great satisfaction as a member of the Dominicans. One was the 1924 battle against Boston College when, with only 18 men, the Friars held the Eagles to a 25-0 score—the lowest score any Providence College team has held the Eagles to in their years of competition. The other was the battle with St. John's of Brooklyn in 1923 in which the Friars succeeded in holding to a tie a hitherto unbeaten and untied eleven.

"If we didn't learn anything else in that Boston College game, we learned to tackle," Joe mused. "Yes, sir, there was plenty of tackling—for us. Every time I looked across the Eagles line either Joe McKenny or Chuck Darling was coming at us like a hurricane. We sure had to do plenty of grabbing that day."

Outweighed About a Ton

"Well, what about the Dominican offense that day. Couldn't the backs get started?"

"Oh, sure, they could get started, all right," he chuckled. "But the B. C. line only outweighed ours about a ton to a man. And, don't forget, it poured buckets all afternoon and lightweights aren't so hot as mudders."

Records of the first football season at Providence College, in newspaper files, picture McGee as the bright star of the team. In the Boston College game, the report pays tribute to Joe's fine "offensive and defensive work" while the story of the game with the Holy Cross Seconds tells of Joe's forward to Whitey Kelleher for the Black and White's only score; his sensational runs of 25 and 30 yards, one of his punts that traveled more than 55 yards in flight and a tackle from behind that prevented another Purple score.

Against the School of Design the following week, Dick Cassidy took the spotlight away from him by scoring four touchdowns but Joe registered two himself and threw passes that accounted for a couple of others. It was in that game with Design that Bob Beagan, who never had professed to know much about the art of drop-kicking, clicked off five perfect kicks for points after touchdowns.

Despite his many years in football, Joe has only one unpleasant reminder of the gridiron warfare—a livid scar under his left eye. That's a souvenir of the game with Catholic University at Hendricken Field in 1923 and was presented to Joe by Dummy Lynch, in those days quite a fullback for the Washington school.

"I had to play end that day because the C. U. team, with a number of Southerners in the lineup, protested against the use of Joe Tarby, flashy Negro wingman. Lynch was having quite a time getting started and I had the pleasure of nailing him behind the line several times. With Lynch playing defensive fullback, backing up the line, I managed to get in a few times and set him down before he could nail the ball carrier. It finally burned him up plenty and he presented me with his right shoe, cleats and all—with his foot in it—under the eye. For the rest of the afternoon, he was given a real taste of the high life by Jack Triggs, the only time I ever saw Triggs get steamed up."

Joe wants us to believe that his baseball was just so-so but he does admit he got quite a kick out of the hit he got off Elmer Duggan of Brown in the second game of the 1924 series.

"It was the only safety off Elmer," Joe recalls, "and spoiled a no-hit, no-run game for the Bruin southpaw."

Joe, while not coaching, is now "directing traffic" in his garage on Dorrance street. That, and playing golf.

"But," he said regretfully, "that's one game I'll never get any letters in!"

(Tomorrow, Jack McCafrey, who was really a one-man pitching staff at Providence and La Salle.)

"McCaffrey Now Pitching—"



In fact Jack McCaffrey was pitching for Providence College in nearly all the big games in the early days. And he was a winner, too.

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How many local fans can—or want to remember—those first two or three years when the Dominicans were struggling for recognition on the diamond? When nearly everyone who had a suit made the 'Varsity? And when the pitching squad was composed of one curve ball pitcher, one fast ball hurler and one great control tosser—named Jack McCaffrey. Those were tough days in the box, my hearties.

The name of Jack McCaffrey to pioneers of Providence College will always be a standout in sports records. Entering the Dominican institution from La Salle Academy in the fall of 1919, Jack was first string, second string and most of the time, relief pitcher, in 1920, 1921, 1922 and 1923. Not that it was anything new for him—he got plenty of training in that line at La Salle. How? Well, here's how:

Pitched 17 of 18 Games

As a Senior in La Salle, Jack was a youthful sensation. He had everything and he got plenty of opportunity to show it. Of 18 games the school played that spring, Jack pitched 17, winning 15 of them.

"I might have won two more if I hadn't drawn Rube Melarkey of Hope as my opponent," Jack relates. "I opened the season against him by losing 1-0 and then wound up against him by losing by the same score. I didn't mind the first defeat so much but the second one meant the loss of the State championship. But, I consoled myself with the fact that there weren't many beating the Rube in those days."

While the day-in and day-out pitching is all right to talk about, it kept Jack out of action for a year and meant the loss of his "high hard" one for all time. Of course, he used it occasionally as a threat to the batters who were figuring when to step into his hooks but his greatest efficiency was with his "roundhouse." Believe it or not, it seemed to start breaking at third base and wind up in North Providence. And more than one hitter grinned foolishly as he churned the breezes going after it.

The Dominicans played their first baseball in the spring of 1920 when an "informal team" was organized. Leo Dunphy, now in the postal service in New York, was captain of this aggregation and games were played with prep

schools and yearling teams of other colleges.

Needed Only a Suit

That was the year that "anyone who had a suit made the varsity." The school had not taken on the expense of signing a coach and there were around 50 students from which to pick a team. In addition to McCaffrey and Dunphy, other members of this team included Joe Kerns, Cal Casey, Dom Langelo and Dr. Joe Dolan.

Jack was captain in 1921 and 1922 and was the star hurler on Frankie Holland's 1923 club. After graduating in June of 1923, he reported to Rochester of the International League. At that time, the Hustlers, under the management of the late George Stallings, were in the thick of the pennant fight and Jack, because of his lack of league experience, was shipped to London, Ontario, in the Michigan-Ontario League.

Teammate of Gehringer

"That was a great league in those days," Jack asserts. "Baseball was just getting into the big business class and the minors were turning out some great stars. Charlie Gehringer of Detroit was a teammate of mine at London and was a dandy! Wild Bill Hallahan, now of the Cardinals, was also in the loop and was just starting to attract attention.

"Well, when I arrived in London, I naturally wanted to make good because it would mean being recalled by Rochester. But after losing my first three starts, all by the score of 2-1, it looked as though I wasn't going to get very far. Then my luck changed and the boys started to get some runs for me. I won seven of my next eight starts and Rochester recalled me. I pitched a few games towards the end of the season and was a pretty happy fellow when Stallings sent me my contract for 1924.

"It was in the South that spring that I got one of my biggest thrills out of baseball. We were slated to play the Yanks in a series of exhibition games and Stallings gave me the chance to pitch one of them. I had seen Babe Ruth play in Providence when I was a kid and I sure wanted to pitch against him. Well, I got the opportunity alright—and nearly lost a leg in the bargain. Mr. Ruth shot one back at me so fast that I still feel the breeze around my shins."

Back in the North again, Stallings, with a great corps of veteran pitchers, optioned Jack to Scranton but he preferred to be back in the M & O loop and Stallings allowed him to go to Saginaw. He hurled there in 1924 and 1925 with an average of more than .500 for both seasons and suddenly his arm, tiring of the one-man strain at La Salle and Providence, went blooie. Stallings sent him to all the leading bonesetters in the country but it was of no use and Jack hung up his shoes for good.

Two of his college games stand out very vividly in Jack's memory—the Yale and Dartmouth games of 1923. In the game with the Elis, Jack was a relief pitcher but he hurled nine innings. Jack Triggs, the Burly Brocktonian, had started and had walked the first six men to face him, forcing three runs across the plate before a hit or an out had been made. Coach Joey Connolly rushed McCaffrey into the box with the bases loaded and nobody out and Jack retired the side without another run. And while he gave only five hits in the next seven innings, the handicap was too great and Yale won, 5-4. We might also mention the fact, too, that he pitched that game with the first two fingers of his right hand bandaged.

The Dartmouth game, played on Commencement Day, marked the final appearance of McCaffrey in a Providence College uniform. The Indians came to Providence two days after lambasting four Harvard pitchers for 17 hits and with the distinction of having beaten Holy Cross earlier in the season. When Foster Edwards, later with Providence Grays, the Boston Braves and the New York Yankees went to the mound for the invaders, it looked like a bad day for the Dominicans. But McCaffrey pitched six-hit ball and striking out 12 batsmen, stopped them cold, 4-1, and would have had a shutout if it hadn't been for ragged playing behind him.

Then there was the game with Harvard in Cambridge the same year when in McCaffrey's words:

"The Crimson had more men in baseball uniforms than we had in the whole school."

Good Left-Handed Hitter.

Nor was Jack only a pitcher. Although a right-handed tosser, he batted from the south side of the plate. He banged out many a base knock but one in particular is a stand out. It was in the game with Northeastern at Boston in 1922 and the teams went into the ninth with the Bostonians leading 4-3. Two men got on base, and Jack, batting in the cleanup position, came up. It took only one pitch to decide the battle, Jack whaling the first ball far into deep right centre for a triple that drove in two runs and gave the Friars the edge.

Jack might have been a member of the legal corps today if he had disregarded the advice of the Yale Law School registrar. After completing his first season at Rochester, he went to New Haven and registered. Mentioning that he was a professional ballplayer, the school official offered the suggestion that it would be better, for the time being, to choose law or baseball. Jack decided to stick to baseball.

Since his retirement from the game Jack has been engaged in the real estate business. Neuritis has worked havoc on him during the past couple of years and he has been confined a greater part of the time to his home at 20 Foster street. Recently he had all his teeth removed and it has worked wonders.

"I feel almost well enough to start warming up again," he said the other day, "but I guess the boys can get plenty of base hits without my help."

(Who was the man responsible for the first football team at Providence College? Tomorrow's article will tell about him.)

*"What Say, Father,
Can We Have Football?"*



That's How Bob Beagan, above, harassed Fr. Casey, president of Providence College, in 1921, until the priest finally gave his consent. Beagan was an "iron man" on the first eleven to represent the college.

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Bob Beagan's Refusal to Take "No" for an Answer Paved Way for Football at Providence College.—Bob an "Iron Man" Until Victim of Disabilities

"All right, Beagan, all right; go ahead, and start a football team. Do anything, only let me get my mind on my tennis!"

Those words, passed on to Robert P. Beagan, member of the Freshman class, by Father Casey, then president of Providence College, literally put Providence College into football competition. Beagan wasted no time exercising the authority given him. With Franny Dwyer, a classmate at Hope where both had been members of the 1919 schoolboy championship eleven, he hustled across the city to Lancaster street and asked Fred Huggins to coach Friar football. Huggins thought well of the idea, went to see Father Casey and took the job.

But why the abrupt pronouncement by Father Casey? Well, Beagan, Dwyer and a couple of other athletes talked, ate and thought football morning, noon and night. There had been no football team at the college in their Freshman year—the fall of 1920—but the boys were determined they were going to have a team the next year and Beagan was designated to work on Father Casey. To say that he harrassed the college president, would be putting it mildly. He haunted him.

In the corridors, on the college grounds and even on the street, Bob brought up football some way or other. The winter and spring passed and June arrived. Father Casey liked the game of tennis for the exercise and played often with Father Howley, athletic director. On one afternoon when the priests had started their match, Beagan perched himself on a stonewall alongside the court and kept up a running fire of football talk.

"How about football in the fall, Father. . . I think we have enough men to form a team next fall, Father. . . Don't you think football should start and grow along with baseball (the Friars had a baseball team that year). . . How about—"

"Yes, all right, go ahead," said Father Casey. And Beagan let him play tennis.

Report for Football

The following September rolled around and the squad reported—the whole 21 of them. Coach Huggins took one look and asked where the others were. There weren't any others. It was a motley looking crew; one candidate reported in a baseball uniform, even to his spiked shoes; another came garbed in his street clothes. Some had never played football before but they all had plenty of fight and that was what Huggins wanted.

Here were the members of that first squad: Whitey Kelleher, Sam Crawford, Frank McGee, and D'Angelo, ends; Franny Dwyer, Gene Hagan and John McKenna, tackles; Arthur Famiglietti, Bob Beagan, Jim Higgins, Vin Ryan and Paul Redmond, guards; Art Tierney, centre; Charlie Egan and Ray Quinn, quarterbacks; Joe McGee, Mickey Graham, George Egan, George DeLuca, Dick Cassidy and Lonnie Graham, backs. Redmond, Tierney and Mickey Graham now are priests in the Dominican Order, the first-named being a professor at Providence College.

What about a practice field? Someone suggested an open lot just above the present site of La Salle Academy on Smith street. There were rocks and mounds all over the place but it was better than hiking all the way to Davis Park and the boys decided on it. And lived to regret their selection after daily falls on the hard ground. Even Huggins and the manager had to get into the scrimmage to make two full teams.

One week's practice and the team took on its first opposition, East Greenwich Academy. Huggins hadn't had much time to instruct the newcomers in fundamentals but the boys were willing and determined. And how! Right on the first kickoff, one of the guards—he later became a capable griddy—he later became a capable griddy, so we'll leave his name out—sprinted down the field and tackled the man who had kicked off. Yet the Friars won and the manager was instructed get "someone for next week."

"We've Got Boston College"

Nothing turned up until the following Wednesday when the manager, quite enthusiastic, dashed into the college gym and informed the boys:

"We're all set for Saturday. We're going to play Boston College."

There was a chorus of "What d'ya mean 'we'?" Then Joe McGee sat down at the piano and played the funeral dirge. And the squad sang it with plenty of feeling.

But up to Boston they did go and—well, let Bob tell it:

"Out on the field we dashed, our team and a half, for some snappy signal practice. All of a sudden, someone looked up and said: 'Brother, here comes the whole U. S. Army and part of the Navy.' And it certainly looked like just that. There were 77 men in uniform—seven full teams—and if we didn't have the palsey, we shook hard enough to have it. Probably if we hadn't seen them come on the field, we would have done much better but we all had a bit of stage fright and they scored three touchdowns in the first period. But after that, we got a grip on ourselves and we held them scoreless until the final two minutes of play when they put over their final score.

"Don't think they weren't trying, either. They were playing their first intersectional game the following week and Major Cavanaugh had told them that they would be picked for the long trip on their showing against us."

Bob Quite an "Iron Man"

Beagan played every minute of every game that year and was continuing his "Iron man" record the following season until the Lowell game. Disabled permanently, as far as football was concerned, he gave up the game, playing only once afterwards, in an amateur contest.

And just a word about Fran Dwyer, Beagan's co-partner in the formation of the football team. Dwyer, never weighing over 145 pounds in the pink of condition, was regarded as the outstanding schoolboy tackle in the State during his Senior year at Hope and was accorded all-State honors.

In that 1921 game at Boston College, Fran played like a demon. After the battle had ended, Tony Comerford, all-American lineman of the Eagles against whom Dwyer had played all afternoon, went into the Dominican dressing room and shook hands with Dwyer, saying:

"Too bad you don't weigh about 30 pounds more, Dwyer. You played a great game."

Bob admitted, however, that he once tried his hand at officiating. Rogers and La Salle were scheduled to play at Newport on Columbus Day, 1920, and Beagan, having no classes at college, decided to journey down to the game. Through some mixup, the officials failed to show up and someone who knew Bob asked him to umpire—gratuitously. He agreed and his troubles began. The partisan Newport fans resented not only Bob's decisions but those of the other officials as well. And they didn't linger around Freebody Park long after the game was over.

A 180-Pound Pigmy

Chosen as all-star end in football in his Senior year at Hope, Bob grew into a guard at college. "But I was a pigmy compared to the Boston College and Holy Cross giants," he says. "Why, at 180, I was outweighed 60 pounds by Fat Elbry of the Eagles."

Also in high school, he ranked as one of the leading defencemen in hockey. He never went very big for baseball but his brother, Ed, who was all-star left fielder for Hope before Bob's time, took care of that sport for the family. Yet, baseball brings back a funny occurrence to Bob. He was playing in a practice game at Hope Field one afternoon and was wearing Ed's suit. As he "dashed" down the first base line, Ace Hart, playing the bag, remarked:

"Well, I never saw that suit come down here so slow before."

Bob, now a practicing attorney, is a member of the legal department of the Home Loan Bank. But he's never too busy to talk football—he loves it!

(Tomorrow: The greatest catcher in Providence College history—Johnny Haloran.)

*"I Think I Could Go Nine
Innings—If I Could See 'Em—"*



Johnny Halloran, above, greatest of Providence College catchers, as he looked in playing days. And he's only three pounds heavier now than when he captained the Friars in 1925.

Pioneers at Providence College



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Johnny Halloran, Greatest of Dominican Catchers, Was Star at Age of 13.—Took Jack Flynn's Advice and Stayed Out of Pro Ranks.—Now Telephone Official.

It's nine years ago this spring that Johnny Halloran captained the Providence college baseball team, but don't think that nine years have taken great toll. As John F. Halloran, business office manager of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company in this city, the once-great receiver of the Dominicans proudly asserts:

"I'm only three pounds heavier than I was in my best catching days, and I still think I could step behind the plate and go nine innings—if I could see 'em!"

There was a catcher for college youngsters to pattern themselves after. Four years as regular receiver and he missed only four games. Why the four? Well, he can't recall the circumstances concerning his absence on three of those occasions, but the reason for missing the fourth will linger long in his memory. But, wait, let Johnny tell it himself:

"We were getting ready to close the 1926 season, my Senior year, and for about two weeks I had been looking forward to the Yale game, the final contest on the schedule and my final one as a college catcher. Before tackling the sons of old Eli, we had to meet the alumni in a warm-up game. And what a sad day that was for me.

"Most of these alumni day games are nothing more than chances for the old grads to get a lot of stiff muscles and charley horses. But in those days at Providence College, there were only three previous graduating classes and those alumni could still play ball—and how. There wasn't one of them more than two or three years older than the regulars.

There Was No Clowning

"Were they out there to clown? They were not; they wanted to win and so did we. It meant playing hard and earnest baseball. I managed to get on first base and was sneaking a lead when the Alumni pitcher snapped over a throw. I took a slide into the bag, my spike caught and I felt something go. It was my ankle—and I didn't play in the Yale game."

"Didn't you ever think of casting your lot with the pros," Johnny was asked. "I did until Jack Flynn advised me to stay out of it," he replied. "And I haven't regretted it, either. I recall the time that I had a chance to hook on with the Providence Grays in 1927. George White called me on a Friday and asked me to report on the 'following Saturday.' I thought he meant the following week and I didn't report until that time. When I got to Kinsley Park, I found he had signed someone else and was I glad. Because all the way from New Bedford I was practicing how to tell him I didn't want the job."

Johnny is a native of New Bedford and still has to harpoon his first whale. It was during his days at Holy Family School in the Whaling City that he broke in as a catcher—108 pounds with his pads on. The regular catcher broke a finger and Johnny was pressed into service. There was a new regular catcher from then on and Johnny's predecessor had plenty of time to nurse his broken digit. And he was 13 years old then!

Only 14 and a Star

When he was 14 years old, he was picked as the outstanding amateur receiver in southern New England and was named to catch for the Fall River-New Bedford team against Camp Devens. That was in 1917 and there were plenty of great ball players at Devens that year. In addition, he was the regular receiver for the New Bedford Independents, successors to the league team which had represented New Bedford in the New England loop.

In 1918 and 1919 he was regular catcher for Dave Morey's Falmouth team in the Cape Cod League. One of his teammates was Pie Traynor, third baseman and captain of the Pittsburgh Pirates and one of the great outstanding hot-corner guardians of the present baseball era. And Pie for years led the cheering for Johnny as a future pro prospect.

After leaving Holy Family School, Johnny went into the business of dollar-chasing for a couple of years but found they were more elusive than foul tips. Up to Cushing Academy he went, continuing his great record in baseball and proving to be some shakes as a halfback in football and as captain of basketball.

Wins Catching Berth Pronto

Arriving at Providence College, he found the Dominicans still without a basketball team so he decided to stay off the gridiron and keep himself in shape for baseball. His decision was vindicated the next spring when he made the first-string berth as a Freshman. And he held it through the entire four years, being captain in 1925, his Junior year.

What was one of the big events in Johnny's catching career, you might ask. You might expect Johnny to say it was the 20-inning game he caught against Brown in 1924 when Charley Reynolds beat Elmer Duggan in that memorable 1-0 marathon battle. I asked Johnny and I expected such an answer. We're both wrong.

"The biggest kick I ever got out of a game was the day we played Holy Cross in 1923. It was our initial start against Holy Cross in competition and you know what the Cross did in college baseball in those days. They were 'big leaguers' compared to the rest of the college baseball teams and we were just starting out.

"Owgie Carroll was named to throw them for the Crusaders and Joey Con-

nolly sent Jack McCaffrey to the box for us. And what a kick I got out of finding that they weren't much better than we. They took a 1-0 lead on McCaffrey but Frankie Holland, getting the only hit off Carroll, drove Buddy Feld across with the tying run in the seventh. In the eighth they scored two more runs off McCaffrey, who was tightening up trying too hard to prevent them from going ahead. Connolly took Jack out after the eighth and the Cross slammed over six runs off Leon Smith after two were out in the ninth."

Johnny failed, in his modest way, to mention the fact that he smacked three long clouts far into deep centre field that Simendinger took over his shoulder for putouts. And that if anyone less speedy than the galloping Simendinger had been out there, John would have had a sweet batting average that day. But a glimpse at the records told the story Johnny held out on us.

Another big event in that 1923 season was the victory over Dartmouth, with Jack McCaffrey beating Foster Edwards, then a sensation in collegiate circles and winner of more than 20 games with the championship Grays in 1926.

In addition to being a fine physical type, Johnny had the brains that made him a smart receiver. It is said of him that he could tell, in warming up a pitcher, whether the man was right to work that day or whether he didn't have his usual stuff. The same thing applied in a game, too, Johnny saved many a game by signalling the coach to send a pitcher to the bullpen to warm up before anyone on the bench had the slight-

est idea that the starting hurler was beginning to miss the target.

Of Halloran, Jack Flynn, able coach of the Dominicans, says:

"He's the greatest catcher who ever worked under me. He knew where to make a lot of those pitchers put that onion and when they followed his directions, winning was just a breeze for them."

"Married, John?" we asked him. "Yes, sir," he came back. "And I've a son, too. But he's not going to be a catcher."

("Junie" Bride scored only two touchdowns in his school and college career, but they were needed. Read about them tomorrow.)

*Only Two Scores in Football
But if They Ever Gave Assists-*



Tom "Junle" Bride, above, tallied only twice, both on 60-yard runs, but his passes put the other boys over the goal line.

Pioneers at Providence College

by

Edward S. Doherty, Jr.

Two 60-Yard Runs Gave "Junie" Bride His Only Touchdowns in Football But if They Ever Gave Assists, He'd Be Some Scorer.—Now Dominican Backfield Coach

One touchdown in high school; one touchdown in college competition. That was the scoring record of Tom "Junie" Bride in his days of football competition. Yet each is unique in the record of this great Cranston high and Providence College athlete as both were scored in the same way and meant a great deal in the result of the respective game.

The high school score and the college tally both were from intercepted passes and both made after 60-yard runs. The former came in the 1923 championship game between Cranston and Hope, giving the Green Thunderbolt a lead that Hope barely overcame during the closing stages of the contest. The latter, in the 1926 game with the Coast Guard, gave Providence College the first victory it ever scored over the service men.

But, if they gave assists in football as they do in baseball, "Junie" Bride would have been one of the leading scorers during his days on the gridiron. A corking passer, a hard blocker and a stonewall on defence, he was regarded by his teammates as more valuable than many of the men who were going over that last white line. "For," they point out, "if Junie hadn't cleared the path, there wouldn't have been any scores."

Compiled Great Record

Here's his record and it's a dandy to shoot at: Football—four years at Cranston high, his Freshman year at end and the other three at quarterback; picked as All-State quarterback in both his Junior and Senior years; four years at Providence College, from 1923 to 1926, inclusive. Baseball—two years at Cranston high, captain in his Senior year, and choice of Joe McGlone, then sports editor of the old Tribune, as the outstanding schoolboy shortstop in the State. Hockey—one year at Cranston and one year at Providence College, playing forward on both teams.

"Didn't you play baseball at Providence College?" we asked him.

"Yeah," he replied. "Last year in the alumni game. I wasn't good enough for Varsity competition. In that alumni game, I played centre field and made six putouts. 'Pretty good,' I thought to myself, 'these kids aren't so tough, after all.' Then up came Leo Marlion and I changed my mind. He pasted a screecher on a dead line to the centre field fence and, although I went all the way to the barrier, I nearly lost a hand trying to grab it. It tore my glove off and I still get a stinging sensation every time I think of it. What a slugger!"

That tribute to Marlion also brought up the opportunity for "Junie" to pay tribute to an opponent on the football

field—Chuck Darling of Boston College. Bride regards Darling as one of the greatest backs he ever watched in action or, for that matter, ever played against.

Meets Mr. Darling

"I got my college football baptism of fire against the Eagles and that's where I learned about Darling. It was in 1923 and I was a Freshman. I didn't get a chance to break in until the B. C. game and then I went in as a substitute for Pelocuin, who had suffered a knee injury. On the first play, Darling took the ball, banged through the line and, with those powerful legs working like pistons, headed directly for me. I dove, and for a few minutes saw the most beautiful stars in the firmament, but I held on and got him. I knew what to expect in college football after that."

Tom also likes to recall the games with Colgate, the Dominicans being regular opponents of the New Yorkers in those days. Naturally, the Friars never beat Andy Kerr's Warriors, but Tom played a part in the scoring of two touchdowns against them, even though only one was allowed. In his first game with Colgate, the Kerrmen scored a touchdown without wasting any time. The Friars chose to receive the next kickoff and six consecutive forward passes put the ball over the line. The jubilation in the Black and White camp was short-lived, however, as the referee ruled that "Spud" Murphy, who had caught the toss from Bride over the line, had stepped outside. And despite the fact that "Spud" protested that he would have to have seven-league boots to have been in the spot the official pointed out, the decision stood.

Friars Break the Spell

The next year, however, the Friars finally broke the spell, and this time "Spud" took one of Tom's passes directly under the goal posts and there was no dispute. Prior to this touchdown, Colgate had not allowed a score on its own field in five years.

Tom says he doesn't take his athletic ability from the wind. His father, one of Providence's real, royal rooters, was quite an athlete in his day, playing football and baseball at North Attleboro and being quite a second baseman in the old Manufacturers' League. He captained the North Attleboro high football team in his Senior year and then took a short fling at coaching.

In addition to being an outstanding star at Providence College, Tom also was a brilliant scholar, receiving "magna cum laude" at his graduation. He was manager of basketball for a time but resigned the post to devote more time to hockey

and was president of his senior class at Providence. He now is president of the Providence College Alumni Association.

Member of Fittons

After graduation, he entered Harvard Law School, graduating from there with high honors. It was his intention, when he went to Harvard, to forget all about sports, but the lure of the gridiron was too great and in his freshman year played with the Fittons of Boston. Teammates on that eleven were Rusty Yarnell, formerly of Vermont, and Howie Burns, one-time great athlete at Harvard.

Now a practicing attorney and assistant director of the Federal Re-employment Bureau, Tom still finds time for football. For the past three years he has been backfield coach for the Dominicans, developing such stars as Jackie Brady and Anthony Barbarito, two of the best broken-field runners to wear the Black and White in recent years.

What does he do for recreation now? Well, just go to any of the games of the Providence Hockey Club and look around until you find the most rabid fan in the auditorium. You said it—it's Tom Bride.

(Tomorrow: The hero of the 26-inning game against Brown, the sorrel-topped kid who lost nine pounds in a baseball game—Charley Reynolds).

*"I Never Thought That
Ball Would Ever Come Down—"*



So Says Charley Reynolds, Hero of 20-Inning Victory Over Brown in 1924, About Jud Cutler's Pop Fly to Ray Doyle for the Final Putout. It D'd Though, and Ray Squeezed it.

Pioneers at Providence College

by

Edward S. Doherty, Jr.

Charley Reynolds, Hero of 20-Inning Victory Over Brown in 1924, Thought Ray Doyle Would Never Make Final Putout.—Lost Nine Pounds in Marathon Game

"How to lose nine pounds in five hours" should be the title of this yarn, but inasmuch as the successful reducer does not recommend the method, ye portly persons would do better to stick to diets.

Who was the successful weight loser? None other than Charley Reynolds, Providence College pitching hero, on the occasion of the memorable 20-inning game against Brown University at Andrews Field, June 7, 1924. And if there was one fellow who could ill-afford to lose nine pounds that day it was the same Mr. Reynolds.

"You know, I never could qualify for the fat men's race, but on that day particularly I was even less fitted for one. When the game started, I weighed 124 pounds, and when 8 o'clock came that night I tipped the beam at 115. I spent seven hours in Joe Heaton's baths before I could muster strength enough to go home."

There probably are few who know that Charley, one of the greatest pitching stars in Providence College history, couldn't make the Black and White team in 1923, and would have quit the squad had it not been for the advice of Frankie Holland, the captain that year. Reynolds, failing to make any impression on Coach Joey Connolly, was on the verge of giving up in disgust, but Holland and Jimmy Halloran persuaded him to "stick around." He did, and Jack Flynn, who took over the reins of the Dominicans in 1924, was mighty glad they had had some influence with the sorrel-top.

Native of Mount Pleasant

Reynolds, a native of the Mount Pleasant district, pitched in his Senior year at La Salle before arriving at Providence College. Even there, he fooled the doubting Thomases who thought, because of his split-the-wind build, he wouldn't last the first inning. But Jack Flynn had no doubts—he thought the red-headed Reynolds could pitch, and Flynn made no mistake about it. In addition to his marathon victory over Elmer Dugan in 1924, Charley beat Hal Neubauer of the Bears in 1925, and Bill Quill in 18 innings in 1926.

Does he ever sit down and look back at that 1924 Brown game. You bet he does. And the outstanding recollection in his mind is the picture of Ray Doyle, Dominican second baseman, catching Jud Cutler's pop fly for the final put-out.

"I thought it would never come down," Charley says.

Even that putout stands out more vividly than the Dominicans' winning run, but that also deserves retelling. Ray Doyle was first up in the 20th inning for the Dominicans. Outside of the 12th inning when Shorty Trumbower, Bruin centerfielder, robbed Ray of what looked like a home run by a desperate jumping clutch of a mighty wallop, the Providence College second baseman had done nothing against Duggan.

But in this fatal 20th—fatal to the Bruins—Doyle topped a slow roller to Tut Ruckstull. The latter, coming in fast, overran the ball and juggled it long enough to allow Doyle to beat his throw to first. Rab Creegan dumped a pretty sacrifice that sent Doyle to second. At this point, Duggan contributed to his own downfall by inserting a wild pitch on which Ray sprinted to third.

Beck There In Pinch

It was a tense setting for Duggan with Bill Beck up at the plate. Only one out and a man on third. A long fly, a deep infield drive or a single would bring him in. The Bruins decided to play in close

to cut off Doyle at the plate and it was good strategy because of the fact that Beck had been able to do nothing with Duggan's southpaw shoots. This time it was different, however, for Beck dumped a Texas Leaguers just over second base and Doyle galloped home standing up.

Charley admits that Shorty Trumbower gave him the most trouble that day with three hits, one a triple. One of the singles came in the 18th inning and gave Charley his biggest scare of the contest. With Shorty on first, Charlie Dixon dumped down a neat sacrifice bunt and Shorty galloped to second. Cutler filed weakly to Beck in right field for the second out and Trumbower easily beat the return peg to third.

Charley's troubles were far from over, however, as Harry Hoffman, big first baseman and left-handed hitter, was up there waiting to drive Shorty home. Hoffman, although getting only one safe hit in his many times at bat that day was a dangerous thumper and Reynolds knew it. But Charley, tiring fast, couldn't keep the ball out of Harry's alley and the powerful Bruin stepped into the second pitch and away it went far into right field just inside the foul line. Trumbower just ambled to the plate, believing, as everyone else did that it was a sure base hit. Charley looked at it that way himself.

Started for Dugout

"I just took one look, stuck my glove in my pocket and started to walk for the bench," says Charley. "It looked to me as though that ball game was all over. Billy Beck was playing in deep right field quite a distance from the foul line and I never thought for a moment that he would get anywhere near the ball. But he started on a gallop, took a headlong dive and grabbed it with his gloved hand while skidding along the ground. What a close one!"

After compiling a great college record, Charley got a tryout with the Pittsburgh Pirates, then under the management of Bill McKechnie, present pilot of the Boston Braves.

"Well, I had four cups of coffee with the Buccos," said Charley, "and was on my way. McKechnie wanted to carry me along unsigned but the Braves made me an offer so I grabbed it. The Braves immediately assigned my contract to Providence for the 1926 season and I was back home again."

Breaking in with the Grays, Charley won his first three starts, beating Albany 3-2; Springfield, 8-7; and Hartford, 5-0, giving the latter team only three hits. Four days later, he gave Waterbury two hits and lost 1-0 but the following week he handcuffed Pittsfield, 4-2. Then came the beginning of the end of his pro baseball career. With New Haven and Providence battling for the league leadership, Manager Rube Marquard decided to start Charley against the Profs. It was a torrid summer's day in July and every move started gallons of perspiration flowing from every pore.

Cold Water Hits Arm

Coming into the bench at the end of the fifth inning, Charley crawled into the coolest part of the dugout to wait for his teammates to bat. He was trailing 2 to 1 at the time. Hardly had he seated himself when the club trainer, feeling sorry for him, doused him with a spongel of cold water. Oh, boy, what relief. But the water ran onto his pitching arm and when he went back to the box the wing had started to stiffen up. It became agony and Charley waved to Rube to get him out of there. The manager left him in to take it and New Haven larruped out eight more runs to win the game, 10-2.

A trip to Dr. Knight, the noted bone specialist brought a little relief and two weeks later Charley finished a lost game against Waterbury, allowing one run in six innings. That gave both him and Rube hope and four days later he started against the same club.

He threw the ball everywhere except in the vicinity of the plate and out he went before the first inning was over. He was cut loose but Manager Patsy Donovan took him south for the spring training trip in 1927. Pitching only one inning after the start of the 1927 campaign, he was farmed out to Haverhill of the New England League for experience. "And got it," he added—"in the neck!"

Returned by Haverhill, he stayed with the Grays until July 1 and was made a free agent. That ended his pro career although he did some semi-pro hurling for some time afterwards.

What! A Southpaw?

Charley, now assistant manager of Firestone Service Stations, is married and has five children, among whom are a couple of potential pitchers. "But can you beat it?" he asks. "Young Charley is a southpaw."

There will be bright spots to talk about when the youngsters get old enough to listen to their dad's career—the Brown battles, the great game he hurled against the Firestone Tire team of Akron at Kinsley Park in 1924, when 10,000 jammed Kinsley Park, and his brilliant season with the Sacred Hearts of Woonsocket in the summer of 1924.

"But"—here his eyes lighted up—"none of those feats will be billed as the biggest thrill."

Quite surprised, we wanted to know. And here it is:

"That three-bagger I hit against the Grays in an exhibition game between the college and the champions in 1926. The Grays had been riding me about the toothpick bat I was using when all of a sudden I caught hold of a fast ball. Dave Harris fell down trying to field it and I could have made a home run but the third base coach held me up. Oh boy, though, a triple. Some hitter!"

And the writer went on his way trying to figure out if there ever was a ball player who didn't love those base knocks.

(Monday: A soccer player who didn't boot them at third base—Frankie Holland.)

Pioneers at Providence College



by
Edward S. Doherty, Jr.

**Frankie Holland, 1923 Baseball Captain at P. C., Once
Star Soccer Player But He Didn't "Boot" Many on
Diamond.—Was Grenfell Expedition Dentist**

He may have been a soccer player but he didn't boot many that came down that third base line.

There probably aren't many who know that Frankie Holland, captain of the 1923 Providence College baseball team—the first to use Hendricken Field—was quite proficient in soccer in his high school days at Brockton, but he was—and a topping good centre halfback, too. In fact, he played on the team that won the Massachusetts State schoolboy championship in 1916.

Frankie—now Dr. Francis A. Holland, D. M. D.—has done considerable besides play baseball and soccer since he first saw the light of day in Brockton, too.

Lets start at Brockton high school, where he captained the already above mentioned soccer team and did a bit of short-stopping on the diamond. Then we move to the old English high school in this city where he continued the short-stopping—but not the soccer—and was chosen all-interscholastic short-fielder in 1918. He also was English's regular football end for two years and cover-point on the hockey team for one. That was in the days when they had seven-man hockey teams.

Graduating from English, he enlisted in the U. S. Army for the balance of the war, entering Providence College in the fall of 1921. He played third base on the 1922 and 1923 Black and White teams, being captain in his second year, and then left for the Harvard Dental School.

Brilliant Student

One of the first to enter a Harvard professional school from Providence College, then in its infancy, Holland won much recognition for the Dominican pre-med course when the Crimson authorities said this:

"If there are any more students like Holland at Providence, send them up."

He graduated from Harvard Dental in 1927 with high honors and in recognition Providence College that same year conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Nor did the well run dry there for Harvard authorities, taking cognizance of his high scholastic standing, awarded him the privilege of accompanying the Grenfell Expedition to Labrador for six months after the completion of his studies.

The Labrador trip was a great experience, Frankie says, but it ruined his baseball. "You couldn't play third base with a lot of icebergs floating by."

*He Picked Out a Runner
Once—A Ten-Second Man*



At right, Frankie Holland as he looked in his playing days. The photo above shows Dr. Francis A. Holland. Who now grabs teeth instead of grounders.

As an amateur ballplayer, Frankie had few superiors. It doesn't fall to the lot of many athletes to play with two championship teams in one season but Frankie had that distinction when he wore the uniform of the Powhatans of the Independent Amateur League and Roy Rock's J. & P. Coats team in 1921. He broke into amateur competition in

Providence in 1916 with the Assumptions of the Independent Amateur League and the Old Metal Screw Products aggregation. At different times he was with Glenlyon and the U. S. Finishing teams of the Pawtucket Manufacturers' League; the Steam Rollers, then one of the fastest semi-pro outfits in the State; the Sacred Hearts of the Massachusetts Central League; the South Boston All-Stars. Reading of the Boston Twilight League and Millinocket of the Maine State League.

"And, wait a minute, before we forget," he piped up, "I played one year in the City Amateur Roller Polo League, too. I was a first rush." He slyly buttoned his overcoat after this admission when I sneaked a quick glance at his waistline but he hurried to inform me that that's another achievement—since the roller polo days.

Frankie was a very serious ballplayer—he played to win and he wanted no horseplay. But his seriousness in the 1923 Providence College-Boston College game has given him many a laugh in the subsequent years. Here's what happened:

Frankie Picked a Runner

The outfield of the Eagles that year consisted of Chuck Darling, Tony Comerford and Frank Wilson, the latter a member of the Boston Braves and the New York Giants after his graduation from college. All were 10 second men—and Frankie didn't know it. Harry Mallowney was pitching for the Eagles but had an injured leg and Olaf Hendricksen, then coach, asked Frank early in the game if he could use a runner if the pitcher happened to get on base. Frank agreed and it happened that Mallowney did get on his first time at bat.

"Pick out a runner," Hendricksen invited Frank.

Over to the B. C. bench went the Providence College leader, looked the athletes up and down and then said: "Put that big guy (pointing to a 200-pounder sitting in the corner of the dugout) he looks slow-footed."

The big fellow lumbered over to first base and relieved Mallowney. On the first ball pitched, he stole second. On the second pitch, he stole third and on the third pitch, he galloped for home. And had it not been for the fact that Johnny Halloran, the Providence College catcher, blocked him off the plate until he put the ball on him, he would have pilfered that station, too. Who was the big fellow? Oh, only Tony Comerford. Frankie still swears that Tony was a first cousin to a deer.

Howdo, Mr. Hornsby!

As a member of the Steam Rollers, Frankie got many chances to play

against major league teams. With Sunday baseball prohibited in Boston until recent years, the major leaguers a decade ago were glad to pick up a few extra shickels in Providence and the Steam Rollers were regular opponents for the big timers. On one occasion the St. Louis Cardinals, with Rogers Hornsby as featured attraction, invaded Kinsley Park for one of these Sabbath contests. At that time, the aggressive Mr. Hornsby was the National League's champion batter and took great delight in knocking third basemen off their pins.

Frankie knew this and he had plenty of misgivings when Mr. Hornsby came to bat for the first time. Rogers didn't get a hold of the ball, however, and Frankie easily tossed him out. The same thing happened the second time Mr. Hornsby took his cut and, lo and behold, the third time, also. When the "Rajah" stepped to the plate for the fourth time that afternoon, however, he squinted down toward Frankie with sort of a "get ready, there" look and whack—

"I didn't even see it until Joe Morrissey was picking it up in left field," says Frankie. "And every time I see a fellow limping now, I wonder if he was a third baseman who got in the way of one of Hornsby's shots."

Dr. Holland, who lives at 311 Cranston street, was elected a trustee representing Providence on the Board of the State Dental Society in 1926 and was re-elected every year until 1934 when he was made treasurer. He is a member of the American Dental Association and is on the staffs of the Rhode Island Hospital, St. Joseph's Hospital and the Samuels Dental Clinic for Children. In addition, he is a past president of the Providence College alumni association and is a member of the Board of Governors.

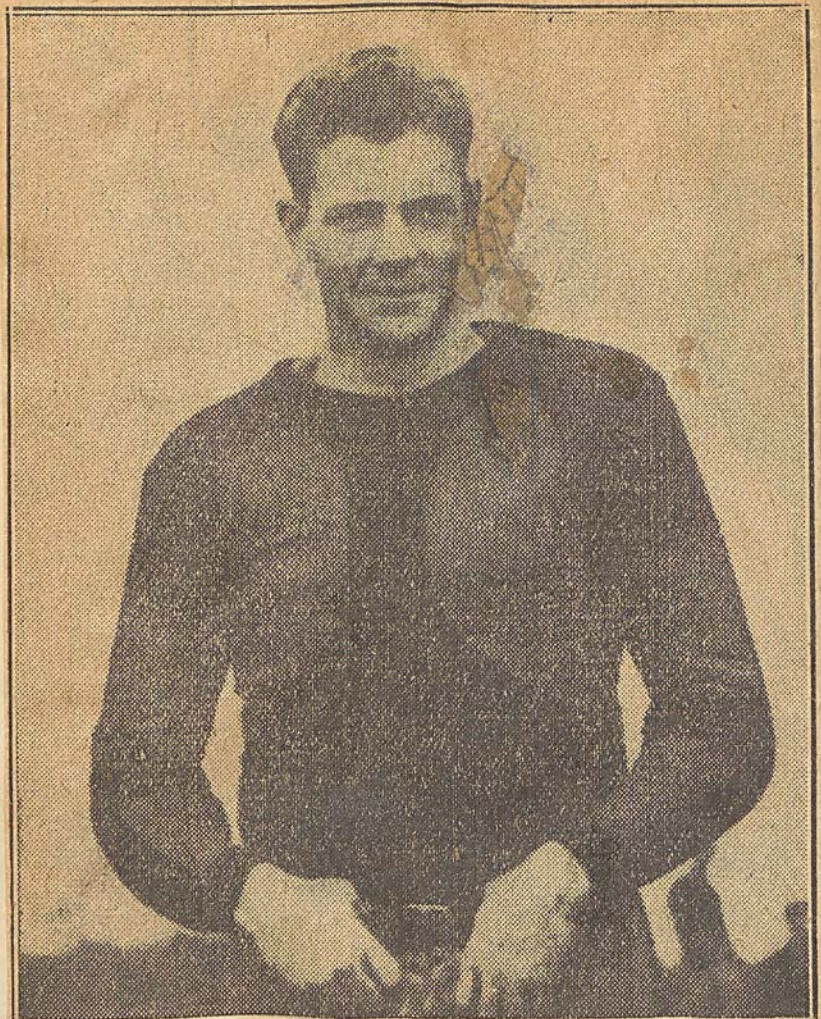
Despite all these connections, he still has time for his first love—baseball. He was coach of the 1932 Auburn Post team which, because of a balk ruling, lost the chance to represent this State in the junior world series of that year. Last year he was State Athletic Director of the American Legion.

"Could you still stop them down third base way?" we asked him, sneaking another glance at that prominent waistline.

"Aw, cut it out," he shot back. "Anyway, it's easier to pull teeth than it is to knock down bad hops. This doesn't hurt—ME—half as much!"

(He was the "burly Brocktonian" in his days at Providence College. But he was a brilliant athlete, this Jack Triggs, whose record is recalled tomorrow.)

*They Teamed Up for Victories
When Victories Were Scarce*



Above, Jack Triggs, the "burly Brocktonian," great fullback and baseball pitcher, whose "firsts" in Dominican sports are cherished memories. Below is Buddy Feld, captain of the 1924 baseball team, and the heavy hitter of Friar history.

Pioneers at Providence College



by

Edward S. Doherty, Jr.

Jack Triggs, "Burly Brocktonian," Once Played Game With Broken Collarbone.—Buddy Feid Put End to Pitching Hopes of George Owen of Harvard

They dubbed Jack Triggs "burly Brocktonian" when he was doing his stuff for Providence College on the grid-iron and the baseball diamond from 1922 to 1926, but after taking one look at the former Dominican star the other day, we arrived at the conclusion that one would need a bigger city than Brockton now to go with the word "burly."

Jack was always around or a little above the 200 mark when he was blazing his name across the Dominican sports horizon, but if he doesn't tip the beam at better than 250 now, I'll never qualify as a weight-guesser on the old money back proposition at a country fair.

Triggs came to the Dominican institution from Little Rock Preparatory School, Little Rock, Arkansas, where he carried off honors as the outstanding football, basketball and baseball player of his time. He can't recall just now what sent him to a school so many miles away from his native Brockton but he thinks he wanted to see the country and he saw "the country." At least, that's the way Arkansas looked to him.

He started his athletic career at Brockton high school where he was a star in the three major sports. Making his bow as a freshman, he made the regular teams in his first, second and third years and then left for Arkansas without staying for his senior year.

Made Football Team Easily

Arriving at Providence College in the fall of 1922, he was the answer to Fred Huggins's prayer. He could kick, plunge and pass and when he hurled his bulk against a ball-carrier, the advance ended right there. There being no basketball club there in those days, he waited around until spring and became Jack McCaffrey's side partner on the pitching mound.

He likes to look back on that 1923 baseball season even though the victories didn't roll in very fast.

"You wrote in the article about Jack McCaffrey the other day that I started the Yale game that year and walked six men in a row before they took me out. Well, I did that, all right. But, it's a funny thing. I seemed to have everything and I kept telling myself that I was all right but every time I got ready to let the ball go, I seemed to be pitching uphill. And the ball wouldn't reach the top.

"But I'd rather talk about the 1921 Brown game even though I did lose, 4-0. I was chosen by Joey Connolly to work that contest against the Bruins, to me a great honor as it was the first game ever played between the Dominicans and the Bears, and I think I was pretty lucky to get away with only a 4-0 slapping.

Score - First Touchdown

"Another 'first' I look back on was during the 1922 football campaign. Hendricken Field had just been opened and the Submarine Base was picked as the dedication day opposition. We got under way and I had the pleasure of scoring the first touchdown ever made by the Dominicans on their new field." Incidentally, the Sub Base won 42-13.

Jack also recalls an abbreviated no-hit, no-run game he pitched while a member of the 1925 Providence College team. The game was called at the end of the fifth inning because of rain. The M. I. T. Beavers, managed by Art Mereweather, formerly second baseman at Brown and now a great Army aviation pilot, came to Providence in 1925, and for the five innings the game lasted they couldn't get a weak foul off Triggs.

"I may be talking through my hat," he says, "but I always believed that if old Jupe Pluvius hadn't stepped in, I'd have been in the Hall of Fame. But a game's a game, whether it's 4½ innings or nine." Another game he recalls was the one against Boston College in 1923, when he held the Eagles to six hits, yet lost, 3-0. "You can't win if your team doesn't get any runs," he asserted.

Probably the greatest exhibition of courage ever given on a college gridiron was shown by Triggs during the 1923 season. In a particularly hard game, the Brockton youth broke his collarbone. Catholic University was coming to Hendricken Field the following week and he was sorely needed.

Arm Strapped to Side

When game time rolled around, not only Triggs, but about five other backs on the squad were on the hospital list. The big fellow had to be used, and in he went with his left shoulder in a cast and his left arm strapped to his side. He couldn't tackle, so he Indianized the opposing ball carriers, spilling them long enough to allow his teammates to grab them. On the offence, he took the ball with one arm and didn't make a fumble.

After leaving college, Triggs played with the Steam Roller, Pere Marquette and the New York Giants. Last year, with other Brockton men, he formed a semi-pro football team which included such former college stars as Ken Goff of R. I. State, Paddy Creedon of Boston College and Bobby Brown of Springfield.

For a year he also was teacher and coach in basketball, football and baseball at the Randolph School at Randolph, Mass.

Buddy Feld Hits Homer

Triggs declares that Buddy Feld, captain of the 1924 team, probably was responsible for the decision of George Owen of Harvard to go into professional

hockey rather than to try his luck as a big league pitcher. Owen was first baseman and captain of the 1923 Harvard team, an aggregation which was decidedly short of pitching strength. When Providence went to Cambridge to meet the Crimson, Owen decided to give his pitchers a rest and do the flinging himself.

George went alone all right for four innings but in the fifth Frankie Holland walked, Earl Ford singled and both men advanced on a wild pitch. Johnny Haloran lashed a hard grounder at the second baseman, being thrown out himself but sending Holland over the plate. Feld then came up, picked out a fast ball and whaled it far over the centerfielder's head for a home run, scoring Ford ahead of him. That finished Owen. Bemis, who was being saved for the Yale series, went in to retire the side.

As Owen came into the bench, Buddy was just coming around third base.

"I guess I didn't nail that one," Buddy kidded George.

"Yes," replied Owen. "And I decided to quit when you could get a base hit. I figured right then that I was no pitcher."

Buddy Star at East Providence

While we're on the subject there's plenty we could tell about the East Providence star of a decade or more ago. Buddy broke into the sports pages at East Providence where he was a member of the football and baseball teams for three years, playing shortstop in the spring and quarterback in the fall. Captain of both sports in his Senior year, he was chosen as the Bulletin's all-inter-scholastic shortstop and Joe McGlone, then on the old Tribune, named him as the outstanding schoolboy quarterback.

On his arrival at Providence College, Buddy worked out at first base in spring practice and Joey Connolly decided to keep him on the initial sack. In fact, he played first base throughout his entire career with the exception of one game. That was against Holy Cross in 1924 when Jack Flynn, up against it for a shortfielder because of an injury to Rab Creegan, decided to switch Buddy over to the left side of the diamond and stick John Sullivan on first base.

It proved to be a field day for the Purple hitters as Buddy made no less than five errors and the outfielders were doing most of the Providence College short-stopping. On the way home, Buddy got in the machine alongside Flynn. Jack was silent and Buddy tried to start conversation. It was useless. Finally, Buddy said:

"What's the matter, Jack? What are you doing the heavy thinking about?"

"Well," Flynn replied, "I was just trying to think of the name of the guy who told me you were a shortstop."

Led Heavy Hitters

Buddy was one of the heaviest hitters ever to swing a bat at Providence College, leading the 1924 team until the first Brown game with an average of .378.

"Elmer Duggan took a slice out of that mark though," Buddy asserts. "In the 20-inning game, I didn't get a weak foul and the following week, with Duggan pitching again, I was so bad I was afraid to swing at them. I remember the eighth inning of that second 1924 game with Brown, particularly. There were two men on and a hit would just about win that old ball game. As I started to walk out of the dugout, Flynn patted me on the shoulder and said: 'You're just the guy for this spot; hit one for me.' I stepped to the plate, took three swings and missed them all. And Flynn didn't pat me on the back when I sat down, either."

Buddy says Flynn had no patience with anyone who couldn't find his way around New York and he did plenty of yelling when any of the ball players, lost in the big city, called up and asked directions from the point they were to the hotel.

Impersonates "Rab"

Rab Creegan had incurred Flynn's displeasure that afternoon by booting one or two or more and Flynn was far from being on speaking terms with him. Buddy, knowing the coach's aversion to telephone calls from lost athletes, decided to impersonate Rab and get a rise out of Jack.

Calling Flynn's hotel room and getting Jack on the wire, he piped up:

"Hey, Jack, this is Rab. I am out in the Bronx. What will I do about getting back?"

"Go into the subway, take a submarine and don't come up," Jack yelled and hung up the phone.

Buddy, now one of Chief Crosby's finest in the East Providence police department, has discarded the glove and the cleats but he's whaling away at a golf ball now. A member of the Massachusetts Golf Club, where he is listed as a nine-handicap man, Buddy has qualified twice in the State amateur tournament. Last year, he had a funny experience. Finishing his medal rounds at the Country Club with 176, he decided he was too far down the list to qualify. He started for home but after getting almost to the city, thought better of the situation and started back to the Country Club. Arriving there, he found he had tied for 32nd place and they were looking for him to take part in the playoff. And he clinched the last place.

"But, it was just too bad," he mused. "I met Dan Gammons the next morning and this time I was on my way home for good."

(Ray Doyle was a catcher until he went to Providence College. Why he became a second baseman will be told tomorrow.)

**"I Always Was a Catcher
Until I Saw John Halloran—"**



So says Ray Doyle, star second baseman at Providence College for four years and Captain of the 1927 Friars. Ray's greatest feat was batting in all four runs for the Dominicans in their 4-3 victory over Yale in 1927.

Pioneers at Providence College

by

Edward S. Doherty, Jr.

Ray Doyle's Catching Days Ended When He Saw Halloran Behind the Plate.—Batted in All Runs in Friars' Victory Over Yale Team in 1927

"I was always a catcher until I entered Providence College, but when I got there I found a fellow named Johnny Halloran doing the backstopping—so I became a second baseman."

That's Ray Doyle's story, and he'll stick to it. Ray had been a catcher at Hope, a good one, too, but he had to watch Johnny in action only once to convince himself that it would be better to try his hand at some other position on the diamond than to gather splinters looking at Mr. Halloran behind the plate. "Nobody was pushing Johnny out of that job," says Ray, "and no one knew it better than I did."

Well, probably no one knew it any better, but Joey Connolly, then coach of the Friars, knew it as well as Ray did. The Hope high athlete had come up with a great hitting reputation and Joey, anxious to get that batting power in the lineup, put Ray on second, and there he remained.

This batting power was not a myth, either. In 1923, his Senior year at Hope, Ray compiled an average of .600, a mark, it is believed, which has never been equalled. He was captain of the team that season, batted in the cleanup position in every game and was the outstanding performer in a campaign that saw the Blue and White capture the interscholastic pennant without once tasting defeat.

Over the Right Field Wall

Was he a long hitter? Well, while Ray wouldn't say much on that score, we learned from one of his teammates on the 1923 Hope team that three times during that season he whaled home runs over the faraway right field fence at Hope Field. And that trick was never performed three times in one season by any individual before or since Mr. Doyle's time.

It didn't take Coach Connolly long to find out that Ray could hit, and for the next four years he occupied the cleanup position on the Dominican teams. His greatest day at bat for Providence College was in the Yale game at New Haven in 1927, when, as captain, he drove in all four runs for his team to give the Dominicans a 4-3 victory over the Elis.

"Hal Bradley started for us," Doyle relates, "and Yale opened with its ace, Sawyer. Early in the game, we got two men on and I managed to bang out a single that scored both of them. The EIs came back to tie the score in the next inning, and then went one run ahead. Trailing, 3-2, we went into the seventh inning and again with two men on I managed to cock another, this time a double. Both runners came in and it gave us the ball game."

Scores in 20-Inning Game

Another game that remains firmly imprinted on Doyle's memory was the 20-inning battle against Brown in 1924. Ray scored the only run of the marathon battle and also grabbed the pop fly that proved to be the final out. He's still got that pellet tucked away as a souvenir and let anyone try to get it—just try!

Ray also played in the second Friar-Bruin marathon game in 1926 when Reynolds beat Bill Quill. "I can remember those games better than any others," he says. "Thirty-six innings are plenty to remember."

While Ray never broke into the football lineup at Providence College, he was quite a quarterback at Hope, piloting the Blue and White for two years. He also was the mainstay of the hockey team for a couple of campaigns at cover-point and wing.

After his graduation from college, Ray cast his lot with the pros and had fair success for a couple of seasons. In 1927, he was with Salem in the New England League and showed enough promise to advance to the Williamsport team of the NYP League in 1928. George Burns, once with the Giants, was manager of the club and teammates of Doyle were Buck Jordan, now of the Braves, and Frankie Grube, catcher of the Chicago White Sox.

Owners Ask Too Much

Going great guns with Williamsport, Ray attracted the attention of a scout from the Montreal club of the International League. Ye olde ivory hunter offered Ray's owners \$1000 for his contract. "Nay, nay," they chirped, "we want two grand or nothing." And nothing it was as the Royals weren't rolling in gate receipts at the time. It was a tough break but not half as tough as one that followed. Ray, playing great ball, ran into a flock of boils and was forced to set on the bench. It meant getting someone else to take his place.

When he had recovered, there was no room for him and Burns shipped him to Hagerstown in the Blue Ridge League in 1929. There he played with Joe Vosmik and Frankie Pytlak, now of the Cleveland Indians, and Roger Cramer, now an outfielder with the Athletics. Doyle roomed with Pytlak and leads the cheering section for the featherweight Cleveland catcher every time the Indians play in Boston.

"I never thought Pytlak would make the big show," Ray confesses. "I thought he'd need an anchor to hold him down when those big league gunners started firing at him."

Ray also played with the Sacred Hearts of Woonsocket, Centredale of the Pawtucket Manufacturers' League, Milford and Rockdale of the Blackstone Valley League and with Old Orchard, Millinocket and Waterville in the Maine League. Frankie Holland was third baseman on the Millinocket team on which Ray played.

Ray Steals Three Bases

Doyle gets plenty of laughs out of the national pastime but two of them were provided while he was in college—one of them on himself. Never a Ty Cobb nor a Pepper Martin on the bases, Ray doesn't boast a very extensive record for stolen bases.

"But," he says, "we were playing Colby one day at Hendriken field and I decided to give the visiting catcher a picture of 'Old Slow-Footed' on a speed test. Well, to make a long story short, I pilfered three bases, that afternoon and did the boys give me the birdie when the Colby backstop complimented on my feat. Be sure and spell that f-e-a-t, won't you."

The other funny incident at the college was provided by Tom "Red Hot" Graham and also concerned a stolen base.

"Tom was about as fast as I was," he relates, "and stole about as many bases. One day, Jack Flynn gave him the sign to steal second and away he went. About 15 feet from the bag, he hit the dirt and lo, and behold, he buried right in. And he had to get up and run the remaining 10 feet to reach the bag."

To Sign New "Contract"

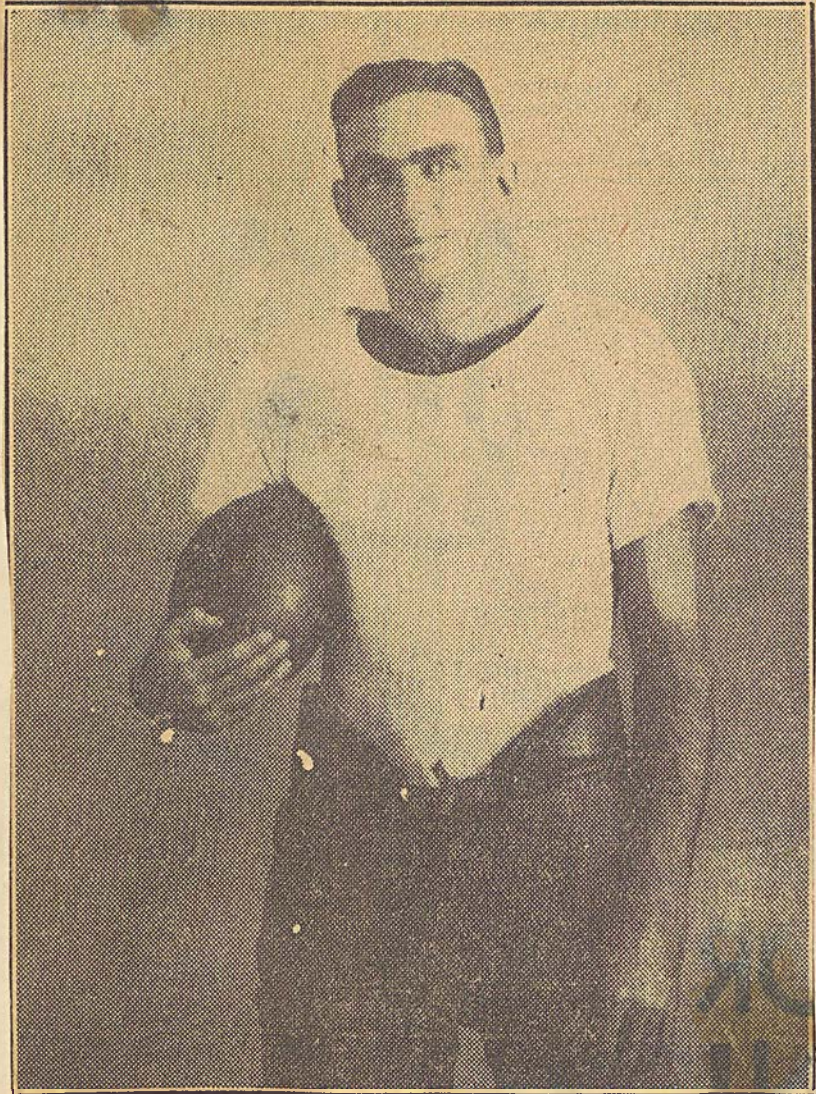
Ray is now getting ready to sign a new contract this year but it won't be in baseball. He shyly admitted that he's going to join the ranks of the Benedicts on April 9 and it looks like a life-long proposition.

"Who'll be the manager of the new team," we asked him.

"Well, I've never been a manager yet," he answered, "so you don't think I've got much chance in the Matrimonial League, do you?"

(Twelve letters in high school, eight in college. That's the record of Leo Smith which will be described tomorrow.)



*He's Not Frank Merriwell
But He Earned 20 Letters*



Leo Smith of Westerly, star southpaw and end at Providence College from 1924 to 1928, who was Mr. 'Varsity himself in athletic competition.

Pioneers at Providence College

by
Edward S. Doherty, Jr.



A 20-Letter Man—Count 'Em—In High School and College is the Achievement of Leo Smith of Westerly. Captained Friars of Championship Baseball Fame

Twelve letters in high school; eight letters in college. That's the record of Leo Smith, one of the outstanding two-sports athletes at Providence College and pitcher and captain of the Dominican baseball team which won the 1928 Eastern Intercollegiate championship.

Smith, now athletic director at Westerly high school, has a record that reads like one that Frank Merriwell might compile. Baseball, football, track and basketball at Westerly high; baseball and football for four years at Providence College. After the completion of his collegiate career, he played baseball in the Eastern and New England Professional Leagues and professional football with the Providence Steam Rollers, the Hartford Giants and the Thomaston Ponies. Wotta man!

But to get back to Westerly high, when Leo was starting out to compile this great list of athletic achievements. Only 13 years old, he reported for football in his Freshman year, and made the team as a tackle. And for four years, no one could get him out of that berth, either. In his last two years of football at Westerly high, he was picked as all-scholastic tackle, quite an honor, in view of the fact that Providence high schools were turning out a fair brand of athletes in those days and had more of a field to select from.

When the first baseball season rolled around for him at Westerly, Freshman Smith went out for the team, trying for either the pitching job or first base. He made both and divided his time between the two for his entire high school career.

Captain of the baseball team in his Senior year at Westerly, Leo became one of the State's leading strikeout kings. Tall and rangy with a high hard one that zipped past the batter with terrific speed, Smith chalked up 168 strikeouts in one season.

"I won 14 and lost one that year," he told me the other day while he was in Providence in pursuit of still higher learning. "Probably the best game I pitched was against Commercial high school in a post-season tilt for some kind of a championship or other. I admit now that I was a bit awed at the thought of pitching against a Providence high school but I managed to get over my pre-game stage fright and beat them, 14 to 1."

it was in that same year, too, that Leo hung up what many believe is a school-boy pitching mark for South County when he fanned 20 men in a regular nine-inning game against Stonington high.

On the Westerly track team, he brought home many points for his work in the field events. With strong, springy legs, Leo easily qualified as the school's leading jumper and for four years, he did his stuff in the high jump and broad jump. Nor did he let any other athlete take the glory away from him in this branch of sports, either.

"Did you figure in any of the big meets?" we asked him.

He doesn't like to go around telling about Leo Smith very much but when we showed him the summary of the 1924 Interscholastics at Kingston which read as follows: "Broad Jump (Class B)—won by Smith, Westerly; high jump (Class B)—won by Smith, Westerly," he admitted he was the same Mr. Smith of Westerly.

Basketball didn't become a regular sport at Westerly until Leo's last year or we venture to say that he would have won about 16 letters in high school instead of "only 12." As it was, he played centre for only one year and then received his letter and diploma.

Arriving at Providence College in the fall of 1923, Leo went out for tackle but it took Freddy Huggins only a few days to discover that the Westerly athlete was the answer to a coach's prayer for an end. Standing 6 feet, 1 inch in his stocking feet and weighing 190 pounds, Leo was the ideal type to get down under punts, receive passes or to get into the opposing backfield before the interference could get him out of circulation.

Regular End for Four Years

And four years, he made life miserable for opposing teams. When Huggins relinquished the football reins in favor of Archie Golembeski, there might have been some changes but not at Mr. Smith's end of the line.

In his first couple of years at the college, Smith found it rather difficult to break in as the first string pitcher. There was Charley Reynolds to contend with and also Jack Triggs. But both of these hurlers went on their way after the 1928 season and Leo stepped out as Jack Flynn's No. 1 southpaw. His fine work in 1927 won him the captaincy of the 1928 team and it was this aggregation that galloped on to the Eastern Inter-collegiate championship.

Despite the fact that he was captain of the 1928 aggregation, Smith found it difficult to break in as first string hurler. He did his share but he had to divide up the work with such aces as Eddie Wiheapple, Tommy McElroy and Frankie Moran. One of Leo's most pleasant afternoons as a member of the Dominican pitching staff came in June, 1928, just before he completed his school career. The visiting team that day was Connecticut Aggies and Leo, knowing many of the boys on the Nutmeg outfit because of his residence in Westerly, asked to take his fling against them. Flynn granted his request and Leo let down the visitors by a score of 12-1.

Team Full of Stars

There were plenty of stars on that 1928 team besides Smith, Wiheapple, McElroy and Moran. These included Heck Allen, Art Gibbons, Nap Fleurent, Chief Hebert, Joe Duffy, Joe Harraghy, Chuck Murphy, Main, Cappali and others.

With college days over, Leo stepped into the pro ranks, playing with the Steam Roller football team that fall and going south with Heinie Groh's Hartford Senators of the Eastern Baseball League the following spring. Groh sent the

youngster to Brockton of the New England League for more seasoning in 1929 and Leo had a fair success with the Class B club.

In 1932, Leo joined up with Fay Vincent, former Yale star, in coaching the Thomaston Ponies. Leo also did his stuff at end and the team went places against the other independent teams of Connecticut. In 1932 he was at end for the Connecticut Yankees.

Westerly Athletic Director

For two years he was director of athletics at Stonington High School, later taking a similar post at Westerly high. He now holds that position. But it seems as though Leo will never finish attending school. In the summer of 1931 he attended Yale University for educational credit and in 1932 attended Arnold College of Physical Education in New Haven, specializing in coaching courses. And he told me the other day he is still studying.

He still gets quite a laugh out of one game the Providence College football team played in 1925.

"We were meeting Syracuse University on that particular afternoon and the Orange cheer leaders had quite a novel stunt of firing a cannon every time their team scored a touchdown that season. They were dog tired that day alright. Every time I think of it now, I believe they were firing all afternoon. The score—48 to 0. Just one bang after another!

(Members of the Dominican Order were among the real pioneers at Providence College. These athletes, now in the priesthood, will be featured tomorrow along with "Chuck" Murphy, one of the first basketball luminaries.)

Pioneers at Providence College

by

Edward S. Doherty, Jr.

Present Members of Dominican Order Among Early Grid and Baseball Stars at P. C.—“Chuck” Murphy One of First to Shine in Basketball

A powerful looking young man wearing the white robes of the Dominican Fathers came into the office of the Graduate Manager of Athletics last week as I looked through records of Providence College pioneers. Broad-shouldered, with strong hands, sleek black hair and square jaw, he carried the stamp of an athlete. I hadn't seen him since 1923 yet a picture of 12 years ago flashed through my mind. It was a picture of this first Boston College game of which you have read much through this series. And there I saw again Paul Redmond, right guard, both eyes blacked, his right leg badly wrenched and a thin trace of blood trickling from his lips, fighting on courage alone against the savage rushes of those powerful Eagle ball carriers.

I thought to myself as I shook hands with this same Redmond, "Who, more than these young men now in the priesthood, are entitled to be listed as pioneers of Providence College?" Look back to those first few years and see if you can remember the names of some of those now in the habit of the Dominicans: Paul Redmond, Matty Carolan, Vin Dore, Mickey Graham, Art Tierney, John McDermott and Eddie "Chief" Simpson. Dore was a dandy catcher; Carolan, McDermott and Simpson, clever outfielders; Tierney, centre on the first football team; Graham, halfback and outfielder, and Redmond, guard.

Today Rev. Matthew Carolan, O. P., Rev. Vincent Dore, O. P., and Rev. Paul Redmond, O. P., are on the Providence College faculty; Rev. Harry Graham, O. P., and Rev. John McDermott, O. P., are teaching at Fenwick High School, Chicago; Rev. Arthur Tierney, O. P., is in New York, and Rev. Edward Simpson, O. P., is stationed in the Dominican church in Denver, Col. They were the real pioneers, these young men. They knew how to take it; they had to in those days.

"Well do I recall," said Father Redmond, "the handicaps we worked under in those 1921 football practice sessions when we were getting ready for Boston College and the Holy Cross seconds. You mentioned the rocky terrain of our field on Smith street. That was nothing compared to the hard floor in Fred Huggins's office on Weybosset street. When practice was over, Huggins would take the Varsity down to his office for signal drill. Sometimes enthusiasm would get the better of us and before we knew it, we were tackling each other or learning fundamentals of defence and there was no soft turf on the floor either. You couldn't be a soflie on that team."

Fr. Redmond shakes his head when he recalls the Boston College game. "To us the Eagles were heroes," he mused, "and you know how youngsters like to stand alongside a hero, just to touch his arm or hold his sweater. Well, we found that afternoon, it was a mighty hard job to touch any of these heroes, let alone grab them by the legs."

Fr. Redmond's greatest thrill in football came in the game with the School of Design in the fall of 1921 when the Dominicans piled up an 89-0 victory. Being a linesman, Paul never had had the chance to score a touchdown but in this game with the Designers, Capt. Joe McGee ordered his star guard into the fullback position and Paul went over for a score.

"Mickey" Graham Brilliant

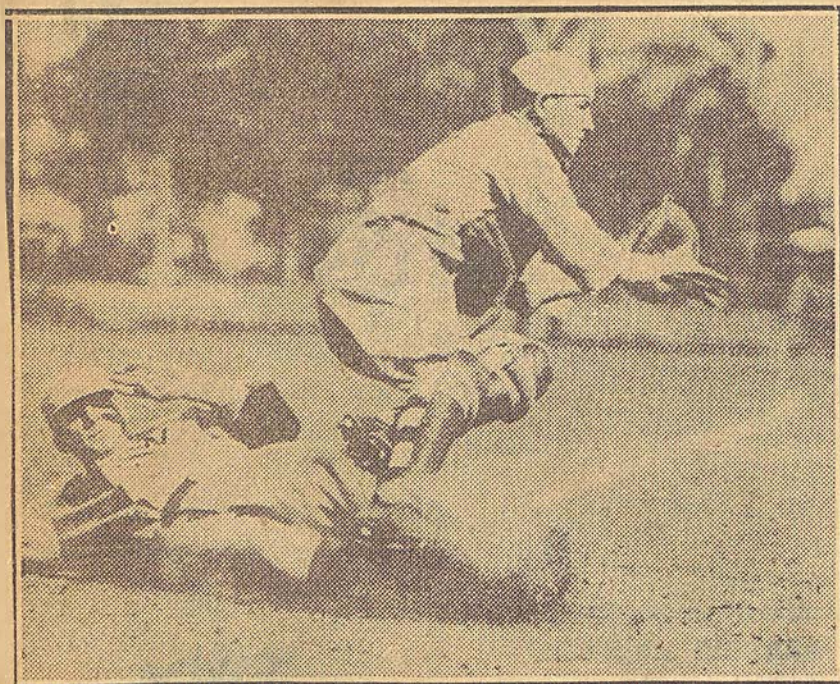
"Mickey" Graham, who is in Providence to officiate at the wedding of his brother, Jack, next week, probably was the outstanding athlete among the early students for the priesthood. With Joe McGee, he did the majority of the ball-carrying on the 1921 team. Well do I recall the game with the Holy Cross seconds at Hope Field when Mickey, his ankle severely wrenched in the early part of the game, limped through three periods, telling Coach Huggins "it's only a bruise." And despite his injury, he was one of the outstanding backs on the field that day.

"Mickey" dropped into the office a few days ago and we had a real old-fashioned, fanning bee, talking about those early football and baseball teams.

"One of my greatest thrills in football came in the 1921 Boston College game," he said. "The ball was wet and Art Tierney, playing centre, was having a tough day with his passes. In the second period, on a fourth down, Joe McGee sent me back to kick. Art shot the ball back high over my head and I had to jump to grab it. As I landed on my feet I saw the B. C. ends closing in. There was only one thing to do—throw the ball between them, bring up my foot and try to get it off. The trick worked and I banged out my best punt of the day, the ball travelling about 50 yards."

The first play of the game with the Holy Cross Seconds that same year also was recalled by "Mickey." The Dominicans won the toss and decided to receive. Hop Ricpel's boot went to "Mickey," the interference formed and the big halfback galloped behind them straight across the field. McGee, playing the other halfback, remained in his tracks. As "Mickey" passed Joe, he slipped the ball to him and continued right along with the Purple pursuers in full chase. Joe, left alone, streaked down the field for 55 yards before Broussard caught him from behind. Had Broussard been a slower man, Joe would have run the opening kickoff for a touchdown.

*“Chuck” Does an Ascension
with Help of Red Randall*



Pitchers usually go “up in the air” but in this case the former Friar catcher is being given a “ride” in 1927 Brown game. Randall was safe on the play.

"Mickey" was the central figure in

one of the funniest plays in Providence College history. In a ball game with Rhode Island State at Kinsley Park in 1922, "Mickey" opened the ninth with a triple to deep centre. On the way around the bags he lost the cleat from his left shoe and then the fun began. The next man up slashed a hard hopper to deep short and the State shortstop, figuring Mickey would hold third, made the play at first base. Instead, "Mickey" started for home, slipped in a muddy patch and went down three times before he could get his footing with the cleated shoe. When he did, he again set sail for home

and slid safely under the throw from first.

"Chuck" Murphy Hoop Star

We don't want to forget one of the college's first basketball stars, Chuck Murphy. Basketball really didn't get going at Providence College until the winter of 1927-28 and "Chuck" was chosen captain of this team. Few who saw it will forget the game between the Dominicans and Brown, when Murphy was a senior. No matter how Chuck tossed the ball that night, he registered. Short tosses, long toms and backhanders all nestled in the basket for a total of 17 points.

"I think I could have kicked it in that night," he says.

Chuck, also catcher on the 1928 championship baseball team, was born in Schenectady but it was in and around Albany that he first won his spurs as an athlete. As a youngster in Albany, he haunted Chadwick Park, then the home of the Albany team of the Eastern League. As batboy and waterboy, he took every opportunity to grab the big catcher's mitt and warm up the pitchers. The ballplayers liked his spunk and the catchers showed him the tricks of receiving.

Nor were their instructions wasted. As Chuck got older he entered Cathedral high school in Albany. He went out for the baseball team and for four years, there was only one catcher and his name was Murphy. In his junior and senior years he was All-Capital District schoolboy catcher. In addition, he was captain in his senior year.

It was at Cathedral that he also started his basketball career and again he walked off with the lion's share of honors. Captain in his last year, he was selected as all New York State forward, quite an honor for a youngster who was vying with prep school athletes who were older and more experienced.

What was "Chuck's" biggest kick out of baseball? It was playing under Jack Flynn, veteran Dominican coach. "Chuck" regards Jack as the smartest baseball man he ever knew and cites two plays as basis for this opinion. One came in the Commencement Day game with Boston College here in 1928. It was a particularly tough game, the score was tied in the eighth inning and there was one out. Men were on first and second when Chuck came to bat. Flynn, noting Joe McKenny playing back at third base, signed Chuck to bunt. The big catcher dropped a perfect bunt, McKenny didn't know whether to come in and field the bunt or stay on the bag and let the pitcher get it. He stayed on the bag, the bunt went for a hit and the bases were loaded. The play rattled the pitcher so much that he lost his stuff when Red McLaughlin came to bat as a pinch-hitter. Red bashed a single to win the ball game.

The other smart Flynn play also featured a bunt. It was in the Brown game of 1928. Chuck was on first, there was another runner on third and Cap Cappalli, one of the best "money" players in college baseball, at bat. Flynn called for the bunt and Cap dropped it down the third base line. Win Schuster dashed in, overran the ball and the man on third scored. Chuck, away from first as the ball left the pitcher's hand, went all the way to third and also scored as Schuster, finally recovering the ball, made an overthrow. And, he chuckles, Cappalli made two bases on the tap.

Not All Fun for "Chuck"

But it was not all fun for Murphy in the games at Brown, particularly in 1927 when Red Randall made life miserable for the Dominican catcher. The accompanying photograph will bear Chuck out in this for it will be seen that Red is taking Chuck out beautifully at the plate. And it was the second time that afternoon that Mr. Randall had slid under Murphy with a run.

Chuck also got great enjoyment out of Flynn's ready wit. He tells us this story:

The 1927 team was playing a game in New York, and the Dominicans were quartered at an uptown hotel. One o'clock came and Flynn ordered the boys to get ready for the trip to the park. When the roll was called, Capt. Raymond Doyle was among the missing. Minutes passed and Doyle failed to show. Flynn was in a lather and was just preparing to call up the missing persons bureau when in came Doyle all out of breath. Before Doyle could open his mouth to offer any explanation, Flynn opened fire:

"Well, wherinell have you been? Out ringing doorbells?" And Doyle for once couldn't think of an answer.

(Much of the credit for the rise of Providence College in the sports world has been due to the efforts of John E. Farrell, graduate manager. The concluding article tomorrow will be on the pioneer director of athletics.)



*"Here's 50 Cents—Go Buy
Yourself a Big Dinner—"*



That's what Johnny Farrell is accused of telling the Friar football players in the days when times were tough. The athletes dubbed him "John Economy."

Pioneers at Providence College

by
Edward S. Doherty, Jr.

Healing of Friar-Ram Breach Greatest Thrill for Johnny Farrell, Dominican Graduate Manager.—Expansion of Sports Program Due to His Efforts.

A group of high school students, most of them athletes who had just competed in an interscholastic track meet, sat on the outskirts of the State College baseball diamond on a warm May afternoon in 1922 and watched the Kingstonsians defeat Providence College in a 10-inning game. While probably not one of the group knew that that game was to end relations between the two schools for over a decade, one of them was to play an important part 12 years later in healing the unfortunate breach.

The youngster of 1922 was the graduate manager of athletics at Providence in 1934—John E. Farrell. Johnny on that day was a member of the Classical high school track and that morning had made a valiant bid for points for his school in the half-mile run. What, you didn't know Johnny was a runner? Well, I did. But I thought he did his running only when a newspaperman hove in sight.

But, seriously, John was a track man and in his Senior year at Classical won a letter for his fine showing in indoor competition and in distance runs outdoors. Where did he get the running habit? Well, although a native of Providence, John spent his boyhood in New Hampshire and going up and down those White Mountains put plenty of steel in his underpinning.

When John entered Providence College in the fall of 1922 with such other illustrious Freshmen as Charlie Reynolds and Johnny Halloran, football and baseball were the only two sports fostered by the Dominicans. Johnny was still a track man, though, and as a Freshman he talked up his favorite sport so much that finally class track teams were organized and there was some red hot competition.

Kept Eye On Sports Situation

John kept his eye on the trend of all Friar sports, however, went out for manager of baseball in his second year and won the job as a Senior. In addition, he formed a basketball team in his last year and this informal quintet did quite well against pretty fast teams.

After his graduation, Johnny immediately qualified as one of the college's pioneers—he became the first officially-appointed graduate manager of athletics. And there his headaches and

heartaches began. When he took on tough teams as opponents, the athletes opened fire; when he booked soft opposition, the alumni gave him the birdie. The financial situation was nothing short of awful and Johnny had to scrimp and save so much that the boys dubbed him: "John Economy Farrell."

Some of them look back on those days and assert: "Why, he used to give us 50 cents after a hard game, and say, 'Go buy yourself a dinner.'"

But through it all, Johnny kept plugging for more and better sports. And did he travel! Of the 525 Varsity games the Friars have played since he took office, Johnny has witnessed 456 of them. He figures that if he put together all the miles he has traveled in the past eight years, it would approximate 50,000 miles.

"Must have been pretty tough going at first," I suggested.

Never a Hitch

"It was," he replied, "but either through good luck or good management I have never had a hitch in arrangements. I'll admit I've had some close ones though. There was one time, particularly, when it looked pretty bad for me. We had a basketball game scheduled with Dartmouth at Hanover the year they had the bad floods up in New Hampshire and Vermont. When we boarded the train at the North Station after being assured by the ticket seller that the train would go through to Hanover, I learned from the conductor that we wouldn't. Somewhat angry, I informed the conductor that I had been assured we would go through but all he said was: 'Boy, that ticket seller sits in a cage; I ride on this train. We won't get through.' And he was right. The result was that when we got somewhere up in New Hampshire, I had to hire a town school bus to complete the rest of the trip and we got into Hanover only about an hour before the game was scheduled to start."

Another time the football team was on its way to Vermont to play Middlebury. When the train reached White River Junction, Johnny discovered that the equipment trunks had been lost at some transfer point. Johnny went right after the railroad officials and saved the day.

One of the funniest "losses" en route was that of a player, though. On the way to Cincinnati to play St. Xavier, the train stopped in Philadelphia and one of the players hopped off in short sleeves to mail a letter to his girl friend. Unable to find a box near the tracks, he dashed out into the station and sent the missive on its way. When he got back to the gates, they were closed, the train was pulling out and the attendant wouldn't let him through. And Johnny had to spend a hectic afternoon, wiring money and what not to his lost charge to get him to Washington before the squad headed westward.

From two Varsity sports, football and baseball, Johnny has aided in promoting the present athletic program which now boasts teams in five Varsity sports and four Freshman activities. With Rev. F. Jordan Baeszler, O. P., until recently faculty director of athletics, he organized the basketball, tennis and golf teams. He founded the Friars' Club, the honorary student organization which takes all visiting teams under its wing, and the Territorial Clubs, out-of-State

units for the promotion of college interests.

Writing experience acquired during his college days, when he was circulation manager of the Alembic, student magazine, led him into the newspaper fields for a short while. He was correspondent for the Bulletin and the old Tribune at different times, publicity man for various sport enterprises and boasts the distinction of covering the first professional hockey game ever played at the Auditorium. In fact, when the Newark team of the Can-Am League played its "home" games here one season, Johnny was home game reporter for the Jerseyites.

Unique in Collegiate Circles

The newspaper experience makes Johnny unique in collegiate circles today. He's a gift from Heaven for newspaper copy-readers as very little of his publicity has to be rewritten. The only thing he doesn't like is to have some "buttinsky" reporter steal a story he has up his sleeve.

Besides his athletic work, Farrell is an instructor in English at Providence College. He prepared for his teaching vocation with graduate studies at Harvard and at Boston University.

Johnny is well-known and liked by athletic directors throughout the East and is quite a prominent figure in the New England College Conference. For the past three years, he has been chairman of the soccer committee of that organization. Dr. Fred W. Marvel of Brown is one of his idols and he attributes much of his progress with the Friars to the advice and counsel he has received from "Doc" in their years of association.

Gets First Big Thrill

His biggest thrill didn't come until a few weeks ago, though. And he got that when Rhode Island and Providence buried the hatchet and signed for a renewal of their athletic competition. Peace between the two schools has been his aim since he took over the job of graduate manager and there was no happier fellow in this neck of the woods when difficulties were patched up.

Nor has he forgotten his old love—track. When Joe McGee, the new head coach of football signed up Phil Couhig, former Boston College star, as line coach for next fall, Johnny immediately started figuring. Couhig was a big point getter for the Eagles in track and the minute John found that out, the bug started buzzing again for a track team. And we've only one thing to say:

"Watch out for your line coach, Joe, or Johnny will have your guards and tackles putting the shot!"

The End

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