1938

Purple and White: 1938 - 1939

Assumption College

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In bidding welcome to the students of Assumption College, I should like to advise them to study closely the school motto—"Teach me Goodness, Discipline and Knowledge." The student should first learn Goodness; for without virtue the greatest of talents cannot make him a worthy student or a worthy citizen later on. He should also be taught Discipline; because our vaunted freedom must ever fall where it is not tempered with respect for authority. Finally, it is evident that unless true Christian Knowledge is there to show the right road, the mind easily may be misguided by the false prophets of today.

If the touch of religion is felt in all our activities, that is as it should be. The problems of our age, as of every age, have spiritual roots. Their only remedy lies in the application of spiritual remedies.

REV. T. A. MacDONALD, C.S.B.,
President Assumption College.

A WORD OF ADVICE FROM
FATHER MacDONALD

Officers Want Interest and Action on Part of Student Body

Lay Plans For New Dramatic Society

"Journey's End" and "Everyman" for Early Production

Mr. Laughlin Campbell has announced plans for fresh ventures into the field of drama during the coming year. The program which has been prepared is as yet purely tentative, but Mr. Campbell hopes to put it into action in the very near future.

Present plans include, first of all, a production of "Journey's End," the famous war play. If this meets with success, it is thought that a performance of "Everyman," the medieval work which every college man has encountered at one time or another, will be next. This will be followed in the spring by an as yet unnamed light comedy.

(Continued on Page 8)
THE STAFF of the Purple and White joins in greeting the new students who wore their pots with such dignity during Freshman week. The class of '44 displays not only an impressive quantity, but also an encouraging amount of quality. Almost to a man, they bore the indignities and impositions of the first few weeks with unbounded heads and courageous smiles. If the same amount of fortitude and cheerfulness is shown in all school activities, Assumption may well expect great things in the future.

Welcome back, also, to all the veterans of former years. To the Seniors, who are rapidly becoming accustomed to their new roles of college leaders. To the Juniors, who now serve their apprenticeship in preparation for next year. To the Sophomores, who now should live up only to that part of their class title which denotes wisdom. This is apparently to be the year of the Assumption Renaissance, and all classes should be most anxious to take part.

That last sentence should be the keynote for this year's activities. Now that the dire and dreadful deeds of Freshman Week are ended, let us all join in furthering school activities. A reviving of school spirit is sweeping Assumption. Let's all join in and make this the greatest year in our school's history.

THANKS

THE editor-in-chief wishes to express his gratitude to the other members of the new staff for their co-operation in turning out this first issue. The fellows were all rather pressed for time, and for a while it seemed that the paper would never take form. However, all the fellows pitched in and we managed to complete the job. Thanks, also, to Father Murphy for his invaluable advice and assistance. The faculty advisor has about 100 other tasks and responsibilities to perform besides this one, and his ability to accomplish them all exceeds comprehension.

CO-OPERATION PLEASE

IN THE NEAR future, notices will doubtless be found posted about the school informing one and all of the opening meeting of the Literary Society. If Assumption students respond with the acclivity and enthusiasm of the past few years, we may anticipate an attendance of from twenty to thirty mildly interested individuals scattered about one of the study halls.

If the program promises to be particularly entertaining, we may even find from forty to sixty young intellectuals on hand. Seriously speaking, though, we believe that support of this society could be much improved. As a matter of fact, we can scarcely conceive of it becoming much worse. A stage of affairs has been reached where election as president of the organization has become the equivalent of a life sentence to Devil's Island. When Don Carson received the glad tidings of his elevation to that office last May, his joy and eagerness resembed that of a man who has a tryst with the guillotine.

Frankly, we can see no reason for this appalling lack of co-operation. We have always found the Literary meetings most entertaining and educational. Not only that, but they give students, both day scholars and boarders, an opportunity to fraternize which is difficult during the crowded daylight hours. We particularly want to impress this message upon the Freshmen before they come to the conclusion that only a very dull organization could attract such meager support. The Literary Society can become a really important extra-curricular activity. Its only need is your whole-hearted support.

OUR ANNUAL BOW

MR. H. WHORLOW BULL

THE PURPLE AND WHITE, on behalf of the entire faculty and student body, wishes to express sincere sympathy to Stuart Bull on the untimely death of his father, Mr. H. Whorlow Bull. The elder Mr. Bull has long been known as the protagonist of musical appreciation among Windsor citizens, especially among school children. He was for about fifteen years director of the Border Scottish Choir, which is without doubt Windsor's finest musical organization.

The excellent work which Mr. Bull has accomplished can never be forgotten while the love of good music continues to thrive in the hearts of Windsor's men and women.

ON POTS ON FRESHMEN

THE OTHER day we noticed a sad thing happening. A freshman, to all outward appearances normal and intelligent, was very vehemently propounding the startlingly new thesis to a group of upperclassmen that "pots" are not logical. A typical freshman in every way, as you may gather. He was the serious type of fellow who probably graduated from high school with flying colors and arrived at Assumption with the pride and joy of his momma and poppa. A very typical freshman.

As a matter of fact, we can look for the highest, and he will be told again, "You are only beginning." It shows him that when his day of graduation has come and he goes out into the world, he will be led to the lowest rung, although his academic record has led him to expect the highest, and he will be told again, "You are only beginning." It holds before him the master of his fate; I am the captain of my soul." Oh, poor hightech freshman! Pots not logical! Why boy; why youth; why stripping,—pots are the most logical thing on earth. What? They don't even fit? They weren't meant to. They make you look silly? That's why they're so logical. You need to be made to look silly; to be humiliated; to have your pride punctured.

What? They don't even fit? They weren't meant to. They make you look silly? That's why they're so logical. You need to be made to look silly; to be humiliated; to have your pride punctured. You need to know that in the whole wide world there is much that is illogical, year, that nearly everything is cock-eyed, and that one of the least illogical of all things is the pot. It maketh a man to know his place. It exalteth him not. It brings him down to the cold, bare earth where the first rung of the ladder of education is, and it says to him, "you are only beginning." It shows him that when his day of graduation has come and he goes out into the world, he will be led to the lowest rung, although his academic record has led him to expect the highest, and he will be told again, "You are only beginning." It holds before him the master of his fate; I am the captain of my soul." Oh, poor hightech freshman! Pots not logical! Why boy; why youth; why stripping,—pots are the most logical thing on earth.

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OUR FUTURE PLANS

WE WISH to take this opportunity to announce that we plan new features for our next issue. First of all, we hope to conduct a Personal Opinion column. So if one of our staff approaches you and asks some apparently irrelevant question, please do not sneer and turn away, but give us your ideas on whatever subject is under discussion.

Another new column on our program is a column on music. We feel that there are enough lovers of music, swing, sweet, or classical, among the students to make this an interesting part of the paper.

These plans are dependent, in the last resort, upon the interest and co-operation of the students. Please give us your support.

Senator Wheeler says that President Roosevelt is all through. We wonder what fellows like Bert are going to do without F. D. R.'s famous coat-tails.

Jordan: "What's the matter with Sally Dunn? She's so thin and emaciated!"

Greenaw: "Poor fellow! He's reduced to living on his wits!"

Happiness is from within. Some say happiness in change without success. They are right in seeking change, only the change should be in them themselves.

School days are preparation, not only for temporal life, but for Eternal Life; hence, the religious are bound to find too much religion here.
CHATTERWRACK

It seems good to be back in circulation once more—studying(3). Rising with the crack of the bell one morning—Watching our huskies perform on the gridiron — The nip and tuck battle between the Sophomores and the Frosh — The re-birth of school spirit under Father Dougherty’s watchful guidance. It sure does seem like old times again.

Herr Maier, our S.C. Pres., wasted no time in getting the College men organized. The “box-social” claims that he discovered her; Hastings’ circulation is in the one and only now. Is he really thinking of settling down? We hope Red Benson doesn’t get his signals mixed up on the gridiron as he does his telephone numbers. Past dances have had rows during and after them, but the current one created a row beforehand. It all goes back to the box-social. “Things” claims that he discovered her; Hastings’ dancing hypnotized her. John Daily is on schedule for visiting rooms on the Philosophers’ Flat. Who was the first to welcome Santy and Yahn back? By the way, Santy missed con-versations.

By the way, who “fixed” the box-social? See Jack Keenan — reward. La Donna Malloy believes in one pair of pants or two.

LA DONNIS MALLOY

“I’m not going to the editor to discuss my experiences in the box-social; I discovered her; Hastings’ dancing hypnotized her.”

LA DONNIS MALLOY

Prof. “Where’s your brother today?”
B. H.: “He’s ill in bed, sir.”

Prof. “Why, what’s the matter?”
B. H.: “We tried to see who could lean farthest out the window, and he won.”

Notes on Freshman Week

According to the meteorologists and most sane people in the land, this is the season of autumn when the leaves begin to fall, and the gay nymphs of summer scurry for shelter as the last warm zephyrs gently wane. However, seasons mean apparently nothing to the freshmen and sophomores, who, in “friendly” rivalry, held a splash party in the Detroit River a few nights ago. The second year men did not exactly relish the idea of going swimming, but, being a sociable lot, they persevered. The interested freshmen “without coercion.” In spite of this extreme sociability, two of the disciples of Neptune emerged with severe cases of Buccepid severus conunitis (sore jaw, in (Continued on Page 5)

FAIR EXCHANGE

ONE MAN CAN DO IT

The more power a man obtains, the greater is his desire for added powers and the easier it is for him to use his present strength to attain his desired end. When peaceful and diplomatic negotiations fail him, the baser side of the designing man comes to the foreground and the result is—war. How insignificant the word is in itself, but how full of meaning it has been to countless thousands of people during the last few decades, and how can the world has just come to tossing itself headlong into what would probably have been the most devastating of all wars, which have ended in annihilation. To what end is our supposedly civilized human race destined when even those present day leaders who participated in the last Great War will so much as consider the possibility of another to determine the “manner” in which certain proceedings must take place? Since the beginning of human history we have had war in one form or another. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Nelson, Wolfe and countless others, are names we associate with conquest and war. But never before has the concept of war had the horrible meaning it holds today. Not even in 1918 had we obtained the dejection which exists today. Never have the very minds of men been so strictly marshalled as from present day use of the radio and press. Never have the nations of the world been so inter-dependent as today. Never before was the declaration of war so universally awaited with horror and despair.

But war has been averted. A strange quiet has covered the earth. The radio and press have returned to their ordinary routines. Interrupted business is again assuming normal proportions. Pond mothers are silently rejoicing for the well-being of their sons—and well might we join them in lifting grateful hearts to the Divine Guardian on the Day of Thanksgiving which is soon to come.

The Catholic Press can and does print facts that are de-feated from the kept Press.

V. Burke.

THE NAZI PRIMER

An intellectual curiosity is the Nazi Primer, the official handbook for the schooling of the Hitler youth. This organization has swallowed up nearly all German youth organizations and includes seven out of nine million German youths of eligible age. Through this instrument the virus of racism is inoculated into the veins of young Germans.

The Primer divides the German people into seven distinct races: the Nordic race, the Eastern race, the Baltic race. Each race is described in detail. Each race is compared with every other, and the reader is to determine the “man-ner” in which certain proceedings must take place.

By the way, Santy missed conversations. “Muggsy” Malone is as tough as ever. “Tucker” claims that he discovered her; Hastings’ circulation is in the one and only now. Is he really thinking of settling down? We hope Red Benson doesn’t get his signals mixed up on the gridiron as he does his telephone numbers. Past dances have had rows during and after them, but the current one created a row beforehand. It all goes back to the box-social. “Things” claims that he discovered her; Hastings’ dancing hypnotized her. John Daily is on schedule for visiting rooms on the Philosophers’ Flat. Who was the first to welcome Santy and Yahn back? By the way, Santy missed conversations.

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Bill Hickey: “He’s ill in bed, sir.”

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Curtain Rises On Gala Season of Band Music

New Organization Gets Away to Flying Start; Lots of New Talent

Amidst a glare of glory together with the turbulent blare of trumpets, the Assumption Band vigorously inaugurated this new season on Friday, October 7th, at the senior high school game with Kennedy Collegiate. The band made its debut auspiciously enough and already these disciples of Orpheus are seeking new laurels to crown their gallant heads, for on October 21 they will vie for honours with the far-famed Catholic Central Band of Detroit. The great event will take place at Kennedy Collegiate where Assumption intends to wage another of its gridiron battles looking in vain for new instruments, white sweaters trimmed in the traditional purple, colourful new caps and capes will garner the band members in regal splendour. Complete uniforms will be had on November 12.

Another note that tends to prove the fact that our band is “going places” is the furnishing of a large and airy practice room in the old wing of the college building. Numerous chairs and music stands have been installed and new cupboards to house the various instruments have been erected. It was through the efforts of Father Harrison that this room has been made possible.

We have been indeed fortunate in obtaining talent for inclusion on the musical roster are such luminaries as Paul Barrett (trumpet) from Jamestown, N.Y. High School band, and Damien Vian ( sousaphone), Montreal Notre Dame College band. Other members, too, have had experience as many have played in high school and college groups throughout Ontario and Michigan, while some are veteran Assumption “horn tooters.”

What with this talent and extensive facilities as well as the acquisition of Professor Sabia, director de-luxe, there is no reason why Assumption should not achieve the ultimate in success. However this transitory good luck is not enough.

(Continued on Page 6)

QUILL DROPS

Hello folks! Here we are all set to give you the low down of the highlights of our band life. If all this does not make sense to you think of us kindly.

We’re off. Just 65 more days to Christmas, 11 more days to the next holiday. 12 more days to the opening of this year’s Annual Retreat which will begin this year at 8 P.M. on the evening of November 2nd.

A few gentlemen amongst the upper classmen are real “Poor Men.” Messers. Hanna and Jerry Livingstone winning the various World Series spoils in the short but swift series which took place recently.

For the benefit of the new comers to college, may we inform you that there is such a society at Assumption as the Blessed Virgin Sodality, that the Sodality meets for Benediction every Wednesday morning at 10:30 in the College chapel. Every Catholic student should be a member of this Sodality.

A tribute to the new Librarian, who in the absence of Mr. J. Laughlin, is doing fine work. Mr. J. Hartford, a former Alumnus of Assumption, is now the Librarian. Here’s to your future, Jerry, and may you have the cooperation of all students in making your job all the more pleasant.

While we are passing out the “Bouquets” may the Freshmen dof their pots to the hard working coach of the College football team, Mr. Joe Carroll. If it is possible to bring home a winner we hope it will be on Joe’s bandwagon.

Mr. “Ade” Hanna is a big “Aid” to the new college football coach besides, also looking after the news writer for the Windsor Daily Star.

“Pep Rallies” are the vogue at Assumption this year. The athletic department plans to hold them every week. Here is a suggestion that should be followed by all students, both Boarder and Day Scholars: “If you don’t play for any team, the least you can do is to support the team whole-heartedly. The “Band” situation at Assumption this year has come a long way. Under the direction of Professor Sabia the school now has a band that they can be proud of, and as each day rolls around there is a marked improvement in its performance.

The new Students’ Council is attempting to do its best for the sake of the students. If you have any pet peeves, grouches, etc., kindly make them known to the Council and don’t go saying that you can’t have any way in solving them. Mr. Maier, the president of the Council, and his executives are open for suggestions.

FRESHMEN NOTES — Some people who come to college are of the independent type. We like to see this, but all things have their proper place. Nevertheless, the Freshmen Class this year, besides being one of the biggest in the history of the College, are a great bunch judging from the spirit they showed during Freshmen Week. The Freshmen Dance sponsored by the Friars’ Club was one good method of mixing and acquainting the students. If there are no more dances this year you can directly attribute it to the way this dance was patronized by the students.

AS WE SEE IT—The new method of having a club-room executive under the leadership of Mr. F. Chauvin has proved a success up to the present time. Please give the steward all your co-operation.

Mr. Ralph Blackmore is looking forward to next week-end judging from after effects of that holiday... Muggsy Malone has some good friends, especially as we could see at the St. Mary’s gaudy Affair. Jack Kennan is a good representative of the Boarder Freshmen Class. He’s a real sport.

Freshman Dance A Big Success

Friars’ Club Sponsor for Enjoyable Event

Assumption’s first Freshman dance, held last Friday night, was an evident success. A majority of the first year class, as well as a vast throng of upperclassmen, was in attendance. The feature of the evening was a rendition of the school song, “Purple and White,” by the Freshmen en masse. Despite the fact that several newcomers had had but little time to learn the song’s words, the boys carried out their part well. The music was supplied by the orchestra of Larry Benette, one of last year’s graduates. Several other Assumptionites are included in the band’s membership. At various points in the evening Mr. Larry introduced these “old boys” to the “new boys” in whose honor the dance was given.

The Friars’ Club is to be congratulated for the excellent manner in which the band was arranged in so short a space of time.

Side-lights of the dance... Ralph Blackmore vainly trying to keep “Bobby” L’Heureux away from the “mike”... Benny Laker displaying some nice shape steps with Helen Bezaire... Vin. Janisse and “Smo” Pollard stepping out among their former classmates... “Muggsy” Malone snatching freshman “pots” right and left... Don Carson dashing hither and thither in search of heaven-knows-what.

No one has a right to despise the rich until like our blessed Lord he has proved he is free from the passion of wealth.—P. J. Sheen.
BRASS TACKS

Return Your Vision—It Is Priceless

FRED STRUCKETT

OPTOMETRIST OPTICIAN
320 Ouellette Avenue
Phone Office 3-6763

The appearance of the local scene of two dissenting Freshmen offers an interesting study in contrasts. In Exhibit A we have the Conscientious Objector type. Conformity to the rules of Freshman Week, the obedience to the demands of the Upper Classmen characterize this type. But the obedience stops at a certain point, apparently, and while we admit some justification for the refusal of this freshman to obey certain commands, yet we can only view as foolhardy his attempt to offer physical resistance.

In Exhibit B we have not only a horse of another color, but also an unguale of a distinct and ill-famed species. This Freshman is a nonconformist. Not only does he refuse to wear the traditional Pot, but he also defends his position at great length and with impregnable logic, in the best Freshman tradition. To date Exhibit B has avoided the necessity of defending his views with anything more than a quick mind and a ready tongue.

It is interesting to note that to date might has been subdued, whereas right (or reason) has triumphed. Only tentative steps have been taken to overwhelm the inevitable, the rational powers will succumb to the irascible appetite. The Upper Classmen, wearying of mental jiujitsu (to date ineffectual), will eventually employ Force. And Force has always been known to carry the field against logic. Yet the victory of physical prowess, the war won by numbers, is always a Pyrrhic victory. Subjugating any minority, however small, by means of brute strength alone, means that the conquerors have only weakened themselves while they have actually strengthened the opposition by forcing them to look more closely into their cause, to crystallize, and to magnify their convictions. And even in cases where the minority is completely annihilated, the victory is empty. For Truth is immutable. In concentrating its offense on Truth, Force lays itself open to indirect attack. For Truth seeps into the ranks of the aggressors, and when the last vestige of its former habitat has been shat tered by shell hole, lo, the Truth will flower again in a new climate.

Of course, both Freshmen have some grounds on which to stand; but so have the Upperclassmen. It would be interest-
Muggsy could learn how to hit thumb—nail description of the club room. Likewise a thrilling handball tournament came in small packages, as they were conducted by the boarders in all. Perform so notably well on Sam Sasso, Ed. Hoover and Muggsy Malone give proof of the "bigger boys" are examples of athletes in the pink models for the rest of the gridleaguer. Chippy Chaplin and fielded a 1,000 for the Norwalk, curves, he would be a seven winners the opening day hitting the ball well in the club. Jerry Livingston was pitched one game for the same received more publicity before three times. Chuck Sweeney struck out Mentor Connelly and on one occasion. Hastings holds a victory over the Kodak captain, has joined the Bassili—nings of the grid squad is one of an Order. is not eligible for sports there. Last year's court captain is writing also has been made Director of sports, the outstanding feature was the defeat of the Minums by Assumption College. Although only eighteen years of age, Joe won a regular berth with Michael's Senior O.R.F.U. entry. Not only that, but he also won acclaim for his sensational play and was selected on the All-Eastern team in his first year. He also was a regular on the Senior basketball club in his freshman year. Joe continued his brilliant play for two more years at St. Michael's, winning wide renown for himself and his school. Joe rounded out his football days with the University of Toronto and the Toronto Argos, Canadian champs last year. Wherever Canadian football is discussed, the name of Joe Connelly will stand mighty high, for his feats will go down in the annals of the sport. He also played senior basketball with the U. of Toronto.

Joe Connelly is a native of Rochester, N.Y., where he attended Aquinas Institute. Here "Joe," besides being an able student, was a three letter man and starred in football, basketball and baseball. After four eventful years at Aquinas he entered St. Michael's College in Toronto.

The Varsity made several strong bids for scores throughout the game, but costly penalties and fumbles were the undoing just as it seemed that they were about to score. Howie Flynn, Sam Sasso, Alec Newman, and Muggsy Malone played good ball for the Purple and White eleven.

High Gridders Are Game

Seniors and Juniors Have Their Ups and Downs

Both High School football teams have shown great courage in the face of injuries and strong opposition. The Seniors, who are to an auspicious start, defeating Kennedy 4-2 on the Assumption campus. However, their next start, against the strong Vocational eleven ended in defeat and the loss of Archie McPherson, who showed great promise during the first game. Buffeted thus by fortune, the team suffered defeat once more last Friday at the hands of the Patterson gridders, 6-4. The score indicated the stubborn play of the Assumption boys.

The Juniors have had a somewhat more successful season than the older team. They opened the season by holding a supposedly superior Patterson team to a 1-1 tie. Then, on Oct. 12, they defeated Vocational to the tune of 2-1. Keenan's fine kicking and running featured both contests.

Lament of the Bourgeois Father

I sent my son to college. When times were rather slack; After spending many dollars, I got a "quarter-back." F. M.

Assumption Drops

M.-O. Opener, 6-0

Blocked Kick Leads to a St. Mary's Victory

In the opening game of the M-O conference, our Purple and White eleven bowed in defeat to a veteran St. Mary's outfit. It was a heartbreaker for the Connelly-coached club to drop, as they outplayed their rivals for three-quarters of the game.

A blocked kick of Alec Newman's led to our downfall. St. Mary's recovered on the Assumption 37. Two off-tackle smashes put the ball on the 27. Then on a double reverse which completely fooled our boys, Captain Al Sienkiewicz raced around end un molested for the touchdown.

The Varsity made several strong bids for scores throughout the game, but costly penalties and fumbles were the undoing just as it seemed that they were about to score. Howie Flynn, Sam Sasso, Alec Newman, and Muggsy Malone played good ball for the Purple and White eleven.

Aid's Bagatelles

Orchids to those students who made the trip to Orchard Lake. With that spirit sports at Assumption look definitely on the upswing this year. Ask any of these loyal rooters and they will quickly tell you that they witnessed a great game and a fighting Purple and White eleven.

Memories—Garn Griffin, last year's court captain, is writing sports for the Detroit News, also has been made Director of Publicity for the M-O Conference. Don Morand, last year's Varsity guard, has enrolled in the law school at Toronto, but is not eligible for sports there. Max Murphy, last year's grid captain, has joined the Bassilinations.

Did You Know—Tom Hastings of the grid squad is one of the best softball hurlers in the Rochester, N.Y. district. He holds the Rochester-Kodak team, former world champions. Coach Joe Connelly also played a lot of indoor this summer and on one occasion Hastings struck out Mentor Connelly three times. Chuck Sweeney received more publicity before the mowed down the N.Y. Senior O.R.F.U. entry. Not only that, but he also won acclaim for his sensational play and was selected on the All-Eastern team in his first year. He also was a regular on the Senior basketball club in his freshman year. Joe continued his brilliant play for two more years at St. Michael's, winning wide renown for himself and his school. Joe rounded out his football days with the University of Toronto and the Toronto Argos, Canadian champs last year. Wherever Canadian football is discussed, the name of Joe Connelly will stand mighty high, for his feats will go down in the annals of the sport. He also played senior basketball with the U. of Toronto.

Last year Joe Connelly transferred to Assumption College and closed a brilliant career as a member of the Purple and White court squad. Thus Assumption can boast of the fact that Joe is numbered among those graduates. So we salute Joe Connelly, an Assumption Rebel and always the guarantor of her destinies on gridiron and court.

All-Stars Drub Minums

In Intramural Play

In intramural high school sports, the outstanding feature was the defeat of the Minums by Father Malton's All-Stars. The victory was featured by the fine play of Ray Peasear, who scored the first touchdown. Other scores were made by Keenan for the Minums and Pat Hucker for the All-Stars.

Assumption Defeats Adrian by 6 to 0

First Win in Eighteen Years

Over Michigan Team

The Assumption varsity football eleven looked impressive in their opening game of the year when they defeated the strong Adrian aggregation 6-0. It was the first Assumption victory over an Adrian grid machine in eighteen years. In defeating Adrian the varsity struck fast. When the fracas was but two minutes old Van Wagnoer recovered an Adrian fumble on the enemy's 30-yard line. George Yahn and Muggsy Malone advanced the ball to the 19. Three running plays were halted before the hard-working Alec Newman faded back and tossed a 20 yard pass into the hands of Wagnoer who galloped ten yards for a touchdown.

Numerous times throughout the remainder of the contest our boys were in Adrian territory, but over-anxiousness led to costly fumbles which prevented a real scoring drive.

The feature of the game was the defensive play of the Assumption line. They held the Adrian backs to two first downs, and opened up holes which enabled the Varsity backfield to move the yardsticks forward twelve times.

Quill Drops

(Continued from Page 4) and can take a ribbing in good style... Now that the crisis in Europe is definitely over, we can settle down to work and not think of the time we would have had if we had to abandon our books to fight against Hitler... Some students, I think, would rather face Hitler than the term exams... The big claim of freshmen of this year only goes to prove the old saying, "You can't tell how fresh a man is until he's a Freshman."

The Prize Smile of the Month—Some poor Freshmen, shining John Daly's shoes during Freshman Week, Initiation... And so until the next time, Adios Amigos... Frank Murphy.

When you feel like knocking, knock the knockers. Keep a constructive viewpoint.
Contest Interest
At Fever Heat
Among Hi-ers

Forms in Pitched Battle to See who Can Sell
Most Tickets

It has become a standing joke these days concerning the "stupendous," "colossal," and "nothing like it before" contests that float over the ether waves and magazine covers from one end of the year to the other. All one need do is to clip off a couple of box-tops, or include a few candy, soap, ice cream or tooth paste wrappers together with figures varying from 50 to 100 words on the subject "Why I Like Smells oM soap" or "What Sweetie-Pie candy means to me." Often times such contests of "skill" become obsessions and many persons show items on the grounds that cutting up boxes and penning lines of tommyrot is a pastime for the insane. However, to arrive at the point, those who are promoters of the contest should have in mind the possibilities of selling a book, because you can.

A myriad of prizes is being offered and it will behoove everyone to keep the "old merry-go-round" going. The greatest feature of the contest is that everyone has an equal opportunity to win something. Remember "Music is your best entertainment," sell those tickets and put the Assumption band on top this year! If you have not procured your book as yet, by all means get one now! If you offered and it will behoove everyone to keep the "old merry-go-round" rolling. The Whole Holiday, while a turkey is spinning merrily about. This system has won the greatest feature of the contest among those who sell a complete book you receive one free ticket as a chance on the first grand prize. Ten dollars in cash to the boy who sells the most tickets by November 8.

High School Reporters
Asked to Co-operate

There will be an important meeting of the entire High School staff at 3:30 P.M., Monday, 24th. Every class representative should be present if possible. We should like to have representatives from Commercial, I C, ID, and IIIB. We regret sincerely that pressure of time prevented us from having news reports from those classes in the present issue.

to everyone who tries to sell at least half a book. The following are the awards:

For each complete book you receive a choice of one of the following:
(A) A beautiful racquet, 19 inches in length.
(B) An Assumption College Belt Buckle.
(C) A sick-call case complete.

Plus—two free chances on the Notre Dame-Minnesota game. For less than a complete book you receive one free ticket as a chance on the trip to Notre Dame—Minnesota on November 8th. Fifteen dollars in cash to the boy selling the winning ticket on the first grand prize.

Special Prizes

A whole holiday to the class selling the greatest average number of tickets by December 14, 1938.

A turkey dinner to the six boarders and six day students disposing of the greatest number of tickets by November 8th, 1938.

Two dollars in cash to the boy who sells the most tickets over Canada Thanksgiving.

Fifteen dollars in cash to the boy selling the winning ticket by December 14th.

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Date of drawings—Nov. 9th and Dec. 14th.

V YEAR—In English we are studying a famous murder story, written by a prominent English writer. We hear that Les. Nantais and Ed. Clifford generally spend their noon hours over at Sandwich High interviewing certain students. Gene Duchesne has started to play with electric trains. Tom. Decourcey and Jack McLister have been solving intricate problems in stuff on the blackboard during morning recesses.

IV YEAR—Most of us High School Graduates attended and greatly enjoyed the opening of the "Christian Culture Series" by Msgr. Fulton Sheen at the Palace Theatre.

III A—Norm. Sempel tells us that he is going to be a great chef some day. Judging from some of his recent experiments in class we are very much inclined to doubt his word. IIIA boasts of having the cream of the scholars. Look at last year's honour roll and look at IIIA—Ballock, Buch, Brogan, Heufelder, Johnston, Jolie, Papineau, and Heffernan.

Say, isn't that Jack Ferguson going to stop talking about hockey. Never mind Ferguson, your reporter sympathizes with you. Assumption may have a hockey team some day IIIA, of which boy? No, several members of Fr. Harrison's bands, threatens to break out in a jam session some day. Let's have it boys; there's lots of jitterbugs here.

II A—This class boasts of having practically all the players on the Senior football team for at least one class or more.

Crutches, Crutches, Crutches— Archie MacPherson and Milton Flynn, football casualties, and John Sheanan, who is given to falling down the stairs, each with a pair of crutches.

IIB—It is possible that Mr. Hebert will temper his vivacity with a modicum of reserve.

Mr. Mulvihill finally succeeded in catching Tulio Alissi in a question about the slow growth of the colony in New France in 1663. Incidentally, Mr. Poitier doesn't know the answer to his slow growth. Room IIB resembles a model T more and more every day—a crank in front and a bunch of nuts in the back. Somebody had better tie a mooring line to the Pigeon before he flies away. Sharkey hangs up his gloves and begins his studies...

IIC—John Trotter was relating how a fire bug started a fire. He innocently acknowledged that he never saw or heard of a firebug... Mayor Milton Reaume and Reeve G. Reaume seem quite stuck up now because they run the family compact in La Salle.... Believe it or not, Mr. Macfadden has a rooster which lays eggs.

I ID—Did anyone bother to inquire where Lewie Crowley disappeared to during the latter part of the morning a few days ago, only to reappear in the afternoon—just missing Mr. Mulvihill's period? Sounds funny. Mr. Reaume has just started his physiography class, and has lost his spare. Too bad. I suppose they will have to do a little work at home now.

IA—Mr. Mulvihill sure keeps little Pat Dwyer on edge for 45 minutes during the day. He has Pat catch a right and left. The way he says "Pat" has Pat's hair standing on end and grabbing for a brush. But in spite of this Mr. Mulvihill is tops in Pat's estimation, and ours too.

IB—Milton Thint, second victim of an injured ankle, broke his in the game with Tech. While chasins a Tech man in the last quarter he turned upon his ankle. It will be two months before he will recover to be able to play football any more this year.

8th GRADE—Would you believe it that Ben Laranger of the 8th Grade got the two dollars for selling the most tickets over the weekend? What are you going to do with the 2 dollars, Ben? P.S.—The 8th Grade is in the lead for the holiday so far.

7th GRADE—Tom Maus broke two of his fingers on his right hand this week playing football on the "All Star" team. He is escaping a lot of written homework, but is still not getting out of studying... Flash Algert McCarthy is going to try to improve his work, he stated after a brief interview this morning. The boys have been teasing him quite a bit lately, and since he flares up quite easily, his tormentor often comes out the worse after the battle.

O'NEILL & BONDY
126 Ouellette Ave.
BASKET BALL
SHOES
Now Ready for Action
"Discount" still going strong
BOB (Sparksy) BONDY, Mgr.

HI-LIGHTS

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Good Shows To Appear at Cass

Theatre-goers Sure to Like Some of These

Theatre-enthusiasts among the student body will be interested in the excellent program arranged for the coming season by the Cass Theater in Detroit. Not only have the plays been given highly-favorable criticism everywhere, but the players are some of the best in the legitimate theatre.

Thus far, Cass audiences have been regaled with two well-known plays, Clifford Odets' "Golden Boy," with Luther Adler and Frances Farmer, and Hart and Kaufman's Pulitzer Prize-winning "You Can't Take It With You." The final performance of the latter play is to be given tomorrow night. Any who saw the picture will doubtless be interested in comparing the stage version with the Hollywood production.

Following the Hart and Kaufman comedy, the comedy hit, "The Women," which ran for three successful seasons on Broadway, will be featured. On October 31st, the program lists an adaption of "Herod and Mariamne," starring the renowned Katherine Cornell.

Other performances during the next few weeks include "Shadow and Substance," with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, "Amphitryon 38," with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and "Blossom Time," the famous war story.

Students interested in the new dramatic society may well find attendance at some of these plays an interesting way of studying histrionics.

Catholic Worker Group Seeks Your Assistance

All students with an interest in charitable organization should drop in on the House of Our Lady of the Wayside at 209 Crawford Ave. This house is conducted by the Windsor Catholic Worker Group, and has been a place of refuge for the destitute.

Charities are always in need of assistance. If there is anything which any of you can give, it will be appreciated, not only by the group, but also by God Himself. Who has identified Himself with the needy.

Remember that by feeding a hungry body you may also be saving a hungry soul.

A PRAYER IN DARKNESS
By G. K. Chesterton

This much, O heaven—
if I should brood or rave
Pity me not; but let the world be fed,
Yea, in my madness if I strike me dead,
Heed you the grass that grows upon my grave.

If I dare snarl between this sun and sod,
Whimper and clamber, give me grace to own,
In sun and rain and fruit in season shown,
The shining silence of the scorn of God.

Thank God the stars are set beyond my power,
If I must travel in a night of wrath;
Thank God my tears will never vex a moth,
Nor any curse of mine cut down a flower.

Men say the sun was darkened: yet I had
Though it beat brightly, even on — Calvary:
And He that hung upon the Torturing Tree
Heard all the crickets singing, and was glad.

(Continued from Page 4)

In order to preserve the band's future welfare and well being the students must support it. Any measure of success a college activity may attain is due primarily to the support which it receives from the student body at large. Therefore let us all help these industrious students.

A cordial invitation is extended to all university students to join. Watch the P. & W. and the bulletin boards for announcements. The band and blow our teams to victory!

R. F. ARRELL

You Will Never Be Sorry

For putting the best meaning on the acts of others.

For being honest in business dealings.

For promptness in keeping promises.

For giving an unfortunate person a lift.

For being honest in business dealings.

For putting the best meaning on the acts of others.

(Continued from Page 1)

Provided that the first effort meets with student co-operation, Mr. Campbell intends to initiate a permanent dramatic society. This organization will train its members, not only in the arts of histrionics, but also in such prerequisites of theatrical production as scenery arrangement, lighting, stage management, etc.

Needless to say, these plans can never be carried out without student support. In most matters Assumption shows signs of escaping from the dol drums of indifference. It is to be hoped that what should be an important cultural activity of college life will not be neglected in the general revival. All who wish to see the reconstruction of the Dramatic Society should give their names to Mr. Campbell.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD STUDENTS TO BUY AN UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

Underwood Elliott Fisher Limited
154 PITT ST. WEST
3-5682
P.S. SHAW, Manager
**Dramatic Society Begins Production of Journey's End**

_The fellowship of man is a fundamental fact and through it alone comes the growth of personality._ —Earl Adam.

**SONNET: TO JACQUES MARITAIN**

To one who in a world alive with doubt
Did wildly grasp for one sure thing to hold,
For one small ember to ward off the cold,
For but one chance to stem the seeming rout;
To one who scorned to use a simple out,
To bend his will, and do as he was told,
To seek the things of sense, the things of gold,
And thus by forfeit to escape the rout—
Thou came, O Maritain, in darkest night,
And lo! the shadows all did fade away,
And I was strong, and warm, and free from fright,
No more to fear the outcome of the fray,
No more to seek the Way, the Truth, the Light,
But evermore by Thomas' side to stay.

—John J. Riordan.

**Friars Sponsor Football Dance**

_Lakewood to Witness Annual Frolic on Dec. 2_

The second annual football dance, sponsored by the Friar's Club, will be held at the Lakewood Golf and Country Club on Dec. 2. Music is to be provided by Al Edwards and his orchestra and dancing will continue from 9:00 to some unknown hour. The dance will be semi-formal, and the admission is $2.00 per couple.

The patrons for this event will be: Mr. and Mrs. Elder Auker, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rogell, Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Morand, Dr. and Mrs. E. Beugler, Sir Harry and Mrs. Gignac, Mr. and Mrs. J. Daly, and Mayor Richard Reading of Detroit.

The Friar's Club is already making every effort to render this dance a success. They will attempt to provide rides for non-mobile boarders, and it is hoped that all students will support this event. Those who attended last year's successful football dance will assure any newcomers that any who attend this year will not be disappointed.

**Notes on the Lecture League**

_During the past month, the Assumption Lecture League continued on its markedly successful course. The public lectures of Mr. Maurice Leahy, and Rev. Owen Francis Dudley were well received, and Mr. Leahy's address to the students of Assumption and Holy Names' College was truly enlightening. Striking evidence of Father Dudley's fame as an author was given by the audience which filled the gymnasium for his lecture.

We regret that pressure of time prevents our bringing any account of the lectures of M. Jacques Maritain. However, we hope to print in our next issue an interview with this great Catholic philosopher._

**Crusading Priest In Campaign On Behalf of Poor**

_Assumption Graduate Takes Up Cudgels with Vigor and Effectiveness_

_By Richard Deverall_

(This article is condensed from the September issue of "The Christian Front." Its interest to Assumption students and alumni lies in the fact that Rt. Rev. Joseph Smith, the "Crusading Monsignor" of Cleveland, is a graduate of Assumption College and a former president of its Alumni Association.)

The rectory of St. John's Cathedral, Cleveland, is located in the heart of the business district of the Lake City. A huge, rambling structure of red brick, people seem to stream endlessly in and out of the rectory.

Monsignor Joseph Smith came into the visitors' parlour and greeted us warmly. A great, stately priest of many years service, the Monsignor sat opposite us and allowed us to begin. The round, jovial face indicated a priest of great depth.

_The Monsignor Explains His Position_

_The interviewer first inquired as to what reason Monsignor Smith could give for the latent attitude of mild anti-clericalism prevalent among workmen in such steel centres as Youngstown, Massillon, and so forth. The monsignor attributed this to the fact that so many priests spoke against the CIO, having been led to regard it as Communist._

"Personally," he said, "I regard the CIO as a God-send to our poor people. ... I know John Brophy and Phil Murray. They, and many of the other CIO labor leaders, have a brand of Catholicism which is refreshing in these days of Sunday religion."

_The monsignor went on to_
A STUDENTS' PARLIAMENT

On another page of this issue will be found the opinions of four Assumption students on the question of transforming the Literary Society into a Students' Parliament. The consensus seems to be that this would be an excellent idea, bringing out the students' debating powers, and at the same time arousing interest in an unjustly neglected activity.

Two of our answers, however, indicated that this scheme should be restricted to only a certain number of meetings, the remainder to be left to purely literary activities. These students point out that even so lively a type of meeting as a parliament may become monotonous with constant repetition.

Besides this, there would seem to be some difficulty in fitting guest speakers into such a scheme of things. We may take it, however, that many students would regard such a program as a method of injecting new life into the Literary Society.

In this survey, however, only four students were consulted; and, being editors of a school paper, we fully appreciate the difficulty of satisfying all tastes. We feel that the executive of the society would appreciate a more certain indication of student opinion. What do you think of this plan? Would you give it your personal support? Remember that the Literary Society is the responsibility of every Assumption student. You can help its president in directing its policy merely by signifying your idea of what that policy should be.

NO MORE FRESHMEN

We have, in our Freshman column this month, an excellent statement of the views of Freshmen on the question of "pots." With this statement, we believe that the long contention will cease, since, with the passing of the "pots," the whole issue has become a dead one.

In the first place, the villains of the piece from any point of view have disappeared from the scene. The recalcitrant Freshmen have received their retribution, whether it was just or unjust depending on one's position in the conflict. Everyone, including the defendants, enjoyed the clash of wits and legal terminology which took place in the hall of justice. The upper-classmen have ceased to be tyrants, and have become instead, friendly leaders and aids.

Since such is the case, it is high time to forget the ancer attached to the appellation of "Freshmen" and "upper-classman." There are really no more Freshmen; they are members of the Assumption class of '42. As we remarked in our previous issue, we know that the new men will prove themselves loyal Assumption students. We feel sure that the revival of Assumption spirit which is being initiated this year will be carried forward by them during the next few years. Their contribution to our school will be no small one.

On the other hand, it is to be hoped that no permanent animosity or distrust toward upper-classmen has been created in the minds of any of the newcomers. The various extra-curricular organizations of Assumption are making grand efforts toward focussing the attention of Windsorites upon the College. They need the support of every student in this task. Let us not let any minor bitterness stifle our enthusiasm in the common cause.

THE VIRTUOUS PRESS

One of the most amusing features of the recent "Martian invasion" conducted by Mr. Orson Wells was the attitude of virtuous indignation adopted by such newspapers as the Detroit Free Press. "You will notice," these paragons of public enlightenment say in effect "that when the poor, bewildered radio audience sought for truth and light, it came to us." Thus they utter, in the same breath, a tribute to the veracity of the Fourth Estate, and a sharp rebuke to that bad, little child, the radio industry, for its betrayal of a trusting public.

Now, if we were sufficiently malicious of mind, I would relate in full detail the notorious moon-hoax, perpetrated deliberately, not accidentally, upon its credulous readers by the New York Sun, with the sole intention of increasing the paper's circulation.

However, since I am dealing with the more recent event, I will content myself with one question: "Why was the public so receptive to the alarming news that men from Mars were invading Mayor Hogue's possessions?" It is my belief that this acceptance of an incredible report was a direct result of a delusion built up in the mass mind, a misconception that there is a probability of the existence of life on Mars. The pillars of veracity which are now proclaiming their righteousness to the world—three cents per copy have prepared the field well for Mr. Wells' triumph in the field of prank-playing.

For years they have been cramming their Sunday feature sections with pseudo-scientific descriptions of life on the Red Planet. Are they willing now to take their share in the blame for the public's ignorance?

We hope the individual who "snitched" that pennant from the day-scholars' club-room has not placed it above his bed. It would hardly bring him any pleasant dreams.

THE NEW BARBARISM

It is impossible to speak of recent events in Nazi Germany with any semblance of objective calmness. The present proceedings are too fantastically horrible to be dignified even with the epithet of "atrocity." It is difficult to believe any longer that the Christian culture of Germany is being overwhelmed in a flood of pagan intolerance. One can scarcely have patience with some few American and Canadian columnists who seek to excuse the barbarities of Nazidom on the public pretext that acts of similar ferocity are the perpetrations of American lynch-mobs. It is hard to see any comparison between the fierce actions of an unthinking mob, with the deliberately planned and executed persecution of one race by another.

Nor can this writer find it in his heart to believe that these acts are those of the German government, and not the German people. It is a painful fact, but the philosophy of force and power, combined with intense hatred of the Jewish race, has been incubated in the German mind by such efficient propagandists as Paul Goebbels and Julius Streicher. It is a threat to Christian idealism throughout the world, but especially in the land where its adherents are the leaders of the government. Every successful blow at Judaism is an equally successful triumph of paganism over the Christian belief in the brotherhood of man.

A LOCAL NEED

The pep meeting on Friday last served to confirm the opinion held by this writer as well as others on the campus, that Assumption is in dire need of the services of a publicity man. Perhaps, because of the stigma attached to the name “publicity man,” we should use some other term, such as Director of Student Activities or Public Relations Counsel. But call him what we will, the fact remains that Assumption is losing much by the absence of such a personage from the local scene.

At the risk of being platitudinous, we would point out that Assumption College is the custodian of a vast store of wealth,—wealth that it is only too willing to give away in exchange for a surprisingly small amount of energy and cash. Yet who knows of this bountiful institution? Unfortunately, only a few of the thousands, or should we say millions (ignoring international boundaries), of the people residing within a radius of ten miles of our school are actually aware of its existence.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

Perhaps, if the words of the poet are true, Assumption should continue to pursue its present course of reticence and abnegation, but fortunately the poet’s paradox falls flat. It is not folly to desire knowledge. A man may live a happy life, totally ignorant of his back yard, but this does not forewear the possibility that he could live a much happier, useful, and more complete life if he knew of the gold mine. Without stretching the analogy, we can envision Assumption College as an intellectual gold mine. Does it not follow, therefore, that those who are aware of the rich deposits have a moral obligation to diffuse this information, so that the whole may profit? Viewed in this light Publicity Directors actually serve society much in the same manner as metallurgists.

THE PUBLIC EYE

The public eye is not a trained organ. It flits from truth to error, from war news to comic sections, from liquor advertisements to church notices. The public mind is burdened with myriad impressions, half-thought thoughts, random opinions and idle conjectures. Being untrained, it has an even greater difficulty than the trained mind in distinguishing between truth and falsehood, between right and wrong, between what is,—and what seems to be,—“The Good, the True, and The Beautiful.” That is why even such a manifestly “good” thing as higher education must be put before the public eye— and kept there. This has been done. American democracies are decidedly “education conscious,”—but even in education there is the true and the false! What are colleges possessed of Truth doing to propagate that heritage,—to show that it actually is the Truth? What is Assumption College doing in this line? In the past it has been content to take what came its way. Is that enough? Does not the God-given right, protected and guaranteed by democracies, to teach the Truth imply a duty not only to teach, but to teach to the widest possible number, so that thereby the concepts of God and Democracy may be preserved?

MODERN METHODS NEEDED

In order to attain this end Assumption College must employ methods in harmony with the times. Word-of-mouth advertising, while still effective and invaluable, is slow and uncertain, particularly so when more effective methods are being used by other agencies to attract, and distract, the public. Although we may pride ourselves on possessing the “philosophy perennials,” and glibly claim that the Truth is eternally young, yet we must not bind ourselves to the fact that the vehicle for its transmission may have broken down, or may have become antiquated. Colleges can no longer live in a world apart, declining change, self-sufficient and self-satisfied. Today they must be an integral part of society, vitally connected with change—progress or regressive. To carry on their work, colleges today cannot exist as in the past. Government aid and cooperation is needed in order to carry out some projects. Subsidies are the order of the day. Endowments, without strings attached, are necessary if impoverished, but worthy students are to be of maximum benefit to society. Industry must help carry the load if it wishes to substitute technical training for apprenticeship. Above all, colleges no longer can afford to be self-satisfied. Complacency may sometimes be the first sign of decay. The maternal elements of our educational system may be atrophied, but it is not our intention to discuss this matter at this time. We only wish to point out that modern society colleges must create a post hitherto unnecessary, a post to be filled by a combination Public Relations Counsel—Student Activities Director.

DUAL RESPONSIBILITY

A college owes a duty not only to society, but to the students within its walls as well. Thus it is not enough to bring to the attention of the public those activities of the college which concern it; it is not enough to correlate the college and the community. The various units within the college must also be brought into harmony, carefully planned program of social activity must be put into effect. Intramural sports must be arranged. Such a program requires much serious thought, a good deal of hard work. It cannot be left to haphazard organization. Its success cannot be left to chance. Such a program must be directed by someone vitally concerned with it—and it alone,—not for a month, or a year, but year after year.

SCHOOL SPIRIT NOT ENOUGH

This generation seems peculiarly cynical and skeptical. The old emotional appeal falls on deafened ears. The spirit of an earlier era “to do or die for dear old Siwash” is dead. It is no longer sufficient to tell a student what he ought to do. He now demands a reason why he should do it. Today when a student goes to a football game, he does not do so for charitable motives, but to see a good contest. He can no longer be coerced. Force and compulsion are futile; “school spirit” cannot be imposed from without. Perhaps this is as it should be; perhaps it isn’t. The fact remains that such a condition exists, particularly in our own college, and that the obvious remedy is the creation of a post similar to that which we have outlined. It must be the duty of someone to tell the outside world what we are doing, and to convince the students themselves that we are doing is worthwhile—that is worth doing for itself.

PROPAGANDA—NOT BALLYHOO

Ballyhoo belongs to Hollywood. Propaganda belongs to any cause, good or bad. It is a subtle agent in the formation of new culture patterns, and a tool that we need not disdain to use. We have seen good propaganda used for evil purposes. Our purpose, however, is good, but that does not mean that our propaganda will necessarily be likewise. Only intelligent use. We have seen good propaganda used for evil purposes.

The future of Youth in the Country depends on Democracy, not Communism.

Re-Elect WIGLE

The Opponent of Communism and sponsor of the Youth Program of Civic Athletics.
Seems as though some of the boys on the Pup Flat are "Crabin" plenty these days. Their extreme pessimism is "catching" on some of the other flats too. Hal Perfect and Harry Bridge take honors for receiving prettiest stationery. Hal's letters are written on green, Curry's coming pink. Cronin's keen memory nearly precipitated a break in friendship with his fellow townsman, Monahan. It seems that Ed. could not refrain from leaving "By gones" be merely "By gones. Monty Nigro, blushing youth from Calgary, seems to have struck a new note at the Freshman Dance. Invitations have been pouring in at a great rate. Is Hastings frightened about the new "War Scare" on the Pup flat? Just ask him—4 showers in one day. Neider, on a recent Saturday evening, wore quite a combination of clothes—everyone's but his. A little tip to the teams in the "Art's League": Beware of "Dark Horse" Hanna. Ade is going to defeat the Varsity for the "Art's League." With his wealth of experience, he'll bear watching, especially when it comes time to picking an "All Star" team. Why are certain members of Malloy's table going around half starved? Mike is a leading exponent of dietetics—his favorite saying, "Show me if you are a gentleman—on a diet." For him, food does not make any difference because it's questionable whether he exists or not. Our nomination to the hall of fame, "Duggan 'raisin' Kane. Best nickname of the week, Herman "the old gray" Maier. Tom Marinis kind of struck a stone wall in his effort to convince a certain person that Philosophy is higher than Botany. Headlines, Muggsy Malone prepares for Lakewood Dance. Join his dancing Academy. The Frenchmen have turned into wandering wanderers. 1, 2, 3 and you are out. John Dale has taken up "philanthropie"; he keeps a lot of the boys in cigarettes.—Anon.

GOOD ADVICE

A good idea's to save your money

At least, so I've been told.
For money saved buys lolly-pops
To suck on when you're old.
—Xavarian Weekly, Antigonish, Wis.

The Crusade Begins

The Monsignor described the next beginning of his fight. One day he met a clique leaders outside a Republic Steel plant. These men expressed a desire for some support from their priests and other Catholic friends. The monsignor volunteered, at least in theory, to speak at their mass meeting on the following night.

"Next day," the monsignor related, "hours before the meeting, Catholic industrialists besieged me. They wanted to know what a priest, honored as a Vicar General of the Cleveland diocese, and a Monsignor, had to do with a lawless band of strikers, who, as all intelligent men knew, were radical Communists. I got up and told these insinuating industrialists that I would speak to the strikers because they had given them my word. I told them that Jesus Christ had had no fancy titles. He was the friend of the oppressed, the downtrodden, and the weary. I told them that when John the Baptist sent messengers to discover whether or not no Christ were the Messiah, Jesus told them, as one of the great proofs, that 'the poor have the gospel preached to them.' As a priest, my place was with my people: the poor and the hungry. If I did not help the poor when they needed me, I betrayed my high office.

He said the situation bears an analogy to that of Revolutionary France when the clergy allowed themselves to be guided by the LoyALISTs, and came to despise the poor Republicans. He was quite firm when he said, "The anti-Union Industrialist today appeals to the clergy to protect the honor and dignity of the priesthood against the 'radicalism' and 'communism' of the working man. The Lord has warned us against the temptation and tyranny of wealth, and it would be well for us to read and re-read His sacred words lest we become traitors to His law."

The Monsignor recalled how he had tried industrials, attended the mass-meeting, and let everyone know that he was battling for the poor and oppressed. In reply to warnings of police that there would be a riot, he said he had ordered the strikers to open a soup kitchen for the crowd that if any riot started, the strikers would not be the instigators. Finding the strikers could not obtain relief, the monsignor himself set up kitchen and fed them. His criterion was not whether a man was Catholic of Communist but whether or not he was starving. This is the manner in which this Assumption graduate fought to overcome the growing feeling of anti-clericalism among the steel workers.

Questioned concerning the attitude of Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City toward the CIO, Monsignor Smith said he believed that Hague was misled by his advisors. His opinion was that "the kindest thing we can say about Frank Hague is that he was and is the victim of misinformation council." The monsignor held that those of the Catholic clergy and laity who attack the CIO are really sincere in their belief, but that lying propaganda permitted them to reach only the false conclusions which they have drawn. His message at this was apparent: "Anti-clericalism is too easy to stir up, too difficult to kill, to have its birth depend on information spread by partisans and the defenders of an unjust status quo."

The monsignor's final words were an appeal for concerted action on the part of all priests: "The Church is for labor. The priest of today must do all he can to reach the workingman. And he must use not only words to reach the workers, but action also. If it is necessary to march on the picket line or speak at strike meetings in order to reach the workers, then the priest belongs there."

GREENWAYS
CLOTHES
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FEATURING CLOTHING FOR YOUNG MEN.
OPINIONS

During the last month the Purple and White decided to start a Personal Opinion Column in order to determine the reaction of the average student to certain proposals and events. For our first question we asked four college men, one from each year, to state very frankly what they thought of the proposal that the Literary Society of Assumption College be turned into a students' parliament? They were also asked their reasons for their decision and any further comment they might have to make. The following were the replies given:

R. Marettette. (Freshman) "It would be an excellent idea, for in a Students' Parliament we could have all that we lack in the Literary Society, and still more. It would afford the minds of the audience as to how Parliament is conducted. It would be an excellent idea, for in a Students' Parliament we could have all that we lack in the Literary Society, and still more. It would afford the minds of the audience as to how Parliament is conducted."

J. Eannor. (Senior) "My opinion is that it would be a good idea to turn a few of the meetings of the Literary Society into Students' Parliament; but to do so with all the meetings would become monotonous. I believe such a move would revive interest in the St. Basil's Literary Society."

H. Bridge. (Sophomore) "It would be a splendid idea, because it would afford the students an opportunity of showing more interest as a greater number of them could take part in such meetings. It would be more interest than was shown in the past. We could run the Literary Society and the Parliament alternately, that is devote every other meeting to the Students' Parliament."

W. Burke. (Junior) "I can see no purpose in such a transformation. We might lose some of the old spirit and good fellowship by restricting the followers to parliamentary rules, and at the same time not create any greater interest. We can have debates and discussions in a freer manner in the present Literary Society, so why change?"

These answers indicate that an enlarged survey next month will be made, so hope to start this week in making such a survey and an even larger ballot poll permanent parts of your school paper. So watch for our announcement which will appear on the bulletin boards in the library and club-rooms.

QUILL DROPS

It has been said that this weather ought to be good enough for "Posies." May we go on record as saying that this is true. If one could have been able to see any member of the Graduation Class of 39 down at Arona Studios last Wednesday, one would have been able to witness the production of many "Poses."... Don't let anyone tell you otherwise, but a "Boxer" is the most ethical person in the world today. He's the only chap who is always looking out for the "rights of others."... "Hard Luck" McKinley is his name, folks. "Believe it or not," but while this gent was playing in the big game, recently he was hit in the eye by a ball, fell in a puddle of mud at the edge of the sidewalk a couple of times, scraped his hands, and still went on with the match that he was playing. Here's to you Mac... After the smoke had cleared away from the hectic court activities of the Literacy Society, Tom Hunt, J. Tighe, BeGole and Henderson, were found guilty of the various charges brought against them. Then for the next few weeks these sorrowful looking gentlemen were seen moping about the campus fulfilling their respective sentences... Prosecutor Ralph Blackmore, with four convictions out of four cases since the trial in the Students' Court has been in popular demand by the Essex County Bar Association to prosecute several difficult cases, but Mr. Blackmore has refused... "I have no use for but my school."

These are the inspiring words coming from a man of Mr. Blackmore's calibre... Tom Eannor, the unfortunate counsel of the defendant had some very hard luck. It seems that there were too many "Objections Overruled," ringing in his ears and poor Tom thus could not do the best work from the bench. The Star Witness of the whole trial was the very much crippled Mr. Albin Chapman, whose testimony proved to be the highlight of the whole session. As you must know by this time there are several good Cartoonists in the school. Sufficient to mention but two are Mr. Richard Farrell and Mr. R. Blackmore. The Friars Club is sponsoring their annual "Football Dance" at Lakewood on December 2. Don't be afraid to sell tickets, talk it up and get others interested in the dance. Don't be selfish but let others know, bring your friends, relatives and benefactors so that all might be able to strut-on-down and see the Show. Among the "Jitter Bugs" whom we beheld at the Freshmen Dance were none other than that little package of dynamite "Muggsy" Malone and Swing King Benny Lakeler, they say, has been lacking at Assumption. But this year we beg to differ with those who hold this position. We have a great Band, a very capable football team. And there's also been made for the revival of the Assumption Year Book and not to mention numerous ways in which spirit was formerly lacking... "The Band," the "Frots," the Gents, which the dramatic society of Assumption will present to the students and public this semester. The cast has been working hard under the direction of Ralph Blackmore... While the Rev. Father Garvey, Pat O'Connell and Paul Moore are going in for their best work... From all the various accusations and charges, it is hoped that the whole student body will co-operate in any matters pertaining to the play... Your correspondent has been very pleased with the efficiency of the Clubroom stewards in keeping the recreation room a fit place. Cooperation with the stewards can help keep these rooms clean and tidy... The members interested in being enrolled in the Blessed Virgin Sodality are asked to keep their eyes open for further notices and attend the weekly services in the Chapel at 10.30 every Wednesday morning... For your information, the Retreat Master was Father D. Wholihan from Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. These were three days of special graces and it is hoped that all students took the utmost advantage of them... To Fathers Garvey, Pickett and Bellisle, who have been ill during the past weeks, we extend our fervent wish for complete and permanent recovery... And so we leave you, until next time, with the words that one bean used to another bean: "I'll bet you're stringing me."—Frank Murphy.

JUST FROSH

Would it be too bold if we were so presumptuous as to refute the attacks made on us in the last issue? Perhaps we should consider ourselves "told off." Perhaps we should turn the other cheek. Perhaps we should bow in humble submission to those who be philosophers who waxed eloquent on the inept subject of pots, adding to their brows that look of wisdom that comes only after becoming a sophomore. It was a shame that an otherwise good paper was defaced with such an abundance of nonsense, or perhaps we should say literary refuse. The reasons set forth for pot wearing were groundless, stupid and pitiful. What is the subject was worn to the core when every second column carried a dissertation on the matter. Very poor taste was displayed on the part of the self-styled intelligentsia. But in our charity we will refrain from saying too much. Great scott, we are not a group of radical iconoclasts as the readers were led to believe. Far from it, we destroy any traditions that are part of Assumption. In every group there is bound to be a certain minority who invariably deride the tradition, but certainly an entire class cannot be condemned for the obstinacy of just a few individuals. However the storm has subsided and we have emerged somewhat wiser, for we have learned that to argue about insignificant things is to make a fool of one's self and that life is far too vast and interesting and is more than just a lot of pots.

Thumbtaill Newsreal

Henderson, the "dip," returned after an extended sojourn in a Detroit hospital. When he left he had diptheria, that is the nurse said that he had it. As the week passed (Continued on Page 7)

For

"Milk Like Cream"

THE

Purity Dairy
AID'S BAGATELLES

Bouquet Dept. Plenty of them to the members of the Senior and Junior High School rugby squads. Both twelves showed plenty of class as they managed to make the playoffs in their respective leagues. Also to Pat Flood and Jim McKinley, recent winners of the day school handball tournament. They swept through a clever group of handballers to win the fall championship. Likewise to Diz Dugan and Bud Engels who were the winners of the Boarders’ Bridge tournament.

Did You Know—Don Auten and Don “Red” Benson of the class of '42 are two of the best soccer players ever to be developed in the Roch., N.Y. high schools! Both made the All City team four years in succession. Howard Flynna played 180 minutes in the first three Varsity grid games. A real iron men; Dave Burke had several 70’s during the past golf season; Cecile of the freshmen class is rated one of the best shortstops in Ontario.

In a recent play-off game for the city championship Cecile pounded out two home runs; Ted Keenan of the Jr. High squad is this columnist’s candidate for Frank Merriwell honors. Young Keenan was the shortstop in the fourth quarter, Reaume’s punt was blocked by a swarm of Bluffton players and rolled over the goal line where it was pounced on by Tetlow for the first Bluffton score.

Following the kickoff, Leo Reaume’s punt was blocked by a swarm of Bluffton players and rolled over the goal line where it was pounced on by Tetlow for the first Bluffton score. Tetlow added the extra point. Their second touchdown occurred when Bill Moyer, flashy; visitors’ quarterback, caught Reaume’s 50 yard punt and raced 70 yards for a touchdown. The Beavers from Ohio scored their final touchdown when a Purple back fumbled the kickoff which was recovered by Bluffton on our 15. Two plays later Tetlow cut through tackle for six points. He also added the extra point.

For the remaining three quarters the Varsity dominated the play but the damage had been done. In the second quarter Assumption scored its touchdown of the afternoon when Ed Westfall faked back and threw a 15 yard pass to Lewis Onorato who fought his way across the goal line.

Statistics reveal how clearly the Varsity outplayed their Ohio rivals as they rolled up 14 first downs to their four.

Three of the Assumption gridders donned the familiar Purple and White colors for the last time. E. Cronin, Muggsy Malone and Chuck Sweeney will receive their sheep skins in June. In their swan song performance they all turned in brilliant performances.

Albion Powerhouse Routes Assumption

Heavier Eleven Runs Roughshod Over Varsity 25-0

A strong Albion college football team ran roughshod over a game but outweighed and outmanned Varsity eleven as it scored four touchdowns and an extra point to win 25-0.

Albion wasted little time in getting under way. Following the kickoff, Ed. Lindow, Albion halfback, raced around the end on a 60 yard run to put the ball on the Assumption 20. Two plays later he cracked off tackle for the first score of the game. Albion scored its second touchdown on a pass from Lindow to Beban just before the quarter ended.

In the second quarter the Purplets battled their heavier opponents to a standstill. Taking to the air with Ed. Westfall doing the tossing they twice threatened the Albion goal line but each time intercepted passes put a damper on their touchdown bids.

The second half was a case of lambs being led to the slaughter as the tired and battled Varsity fought bravely but in vain to stem the Albion tide.

Albion tailed twice more in the third period when Luxenberg threw a 10 yard pass to McElhaney in the end zone. The final score was made when Luxenberg kicked an 80 yard march by slicing off tackle from the 15 yard line. Ferguson added the extra point.

Despite Albion’s lop sided victory the Assumption gridders deserve a good deal of credit. Outweighed 15 pounds to a man the Purples displayed a world of courage as they never gave up and were still trying when the final gun sounded.

Basketball league are greatly worked over the fact that Tom Marinis might not put a team in the league. Without Marinis’ Madmen to supply the color the league will be a big disappointment to many of its followers. That sure has been nicknamed the Black Scourge for his great performance in the Lawrence Tech fracas. If you fellows wish to see the real sportsmen you should back the Friars’ Football Frats.

It’s really a worthy cause, boys, and deserves plenty of support from the entire student body.

Bluffton Outlucks Assumption Eleven

Varsity Outplays Foes, But Ends Season With Defeat

The Varsity closed the football season going to defeat at the hands of Bluffton College 20-7. In a contest which saw the Purples outplay their Ohio opponents in every department of the game the Varsity lost the fracas in the first five minutes when Bluffton capitalized on a fumble, block kick and a 70 yard field goal.

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Assumption bowed to a heavier Tech outfit Saturday, Nov. 5, at Ives Field in Detroit 28-8. Lawrence pushed over three touchdowns in the first half, there was the result of a pass, Laurix to Ulter. Laurix accounted for the second tally on an off-tackle smash. Jelsch crashed over tackle from the two-yard line to end the scoring in the first half. Assumption made its only serious bid at the start of the third quarter when a pass, Westfall to Wagoner, was good for 50 yards. A few plays later Reaume went over from the two-yard stripe. Jelsch was smeared behind the goal line by a host of Purple tacklers for a safety, and this counted the Assumption offensive for the day.

Laurix continued his great offensive work by scoring a fourth touchdown and then kicking the extra point. Later half the fourth quarter was the result of a pass, Laurix to Wagoner, was good for 50 yards. A few plays later Reaume went over from the two-yard stripe. Jelsch was smeared behind the goal line by a host of Purple tacklers for a safety, and this counted the Assumption offensive for the day.

Lawrence Tech ‘11’ Overpowers Varsity

Detroit Outfit Passes and Smashes to 28-8 Win

The high school sub-minums closed a successful season with a 13-0 victory over St. Catherine’s of Detroit. This win gave them a season’s record of seven successful encounters as against only one defeat. The personnel of the team includes such stalwarts as Janisse, Charbonneau, Hucker, Lammott, Lippold, Heufelder, Maus, Moons, Fram, Mous-sion, McHale and Kratovila. These fellows, as well as the other members of the squad are to be congratulated on their great success.
Success of Band Lies in Your Aid

Catholic Central Proves Value of Co-operation

Assumption band made its first appearance to the general public in the first of two "Merry-Go-Round" shows on Wednesday evening, November 9th... The stalwarts of music have added many new selections to their repertoire and after tedious practice, won new laurels. However, the performance... Especially well played was the school song, Purple and White... The Ferris game incident which brought the Catholic Central band to the stage to vie for honours with ours apparently has provoked the members to plod more diligently at sharps and flats. Each night finds the congregation enveloped in sheet music and with attentive eye they observe with care the exacting position that it holds today. Catholic Central's marching and field formations were expectedly handled, not to mention the high quality of the music. An interesting note is that this band is but three years old. Its first performance was a sad affair. However, it was only through long hours of practice and support of the student body that it has attained the position that it holds today. Its last engagement was on the "Big One"—Briggs Stadium. If such success can be had by a high school band, certainly Assumption can do as well. At any rate the process of building a band is no easy task. Equipment is a second factor. Firstly we must have co-operation from everyone. We must all boost the band in any way that we possibly can. Band members must be faithful. They must not complain that the band is worthless. These are the type who make it worthless. Naturally everything that was ever worthwhile was taught by honest toil. Every member should and must give his "all" to the organization.

Sacrifices will have to be made. But if everyone has to offer some sacrifice occasionally. We are confident that the band will see fine fruition by June if these points are kept in mind. Instructions in marching and field formation are to be given in the very near future and complete uniforms are already in the offing.

V-year.

Tom Decourcy finds Algoma's problems more difficult. He can come to school now, Peck; the examinations are over. Les Nantais, the chemistry flash, is thinking of introducing a new theory—work, more marks. Says McLister, "Is reveiller the same as lever?" Says Fr. Kaul, "Awakening and arising are two entirely different actions." Edwin Clifford's social activities have been interfering with his Trig. marks.

II-year.

Leo Thibodeau told Father Malton that the Olympics of Apollo, 700 B.C., was a place where the results of the forthcoming football games could be foretold. I wonder if Jerry Blake brings his bow and arrows over occasionally?

II-A.

For once Fr. Harrison could not yell at John Davis and Chuck Gallagher for fighting in class because of a bad case of homesickness. We wonder why Mr. Follis always enters Algebra class with a wide grin on his face and then casts a suspicious look at Milton Flynn for his homework.

II-D.

II-D wishes to inform everybody that the reporter from this class, Bud Finch, is sick. Not that it is his fault, but if this column appears sub-par, don't blame the pinch-hitter. The thermometer seems to have had a joke craze Nov. 10, for everybody was blowing jokes to each teacher. Bud Reynolds broke down in the middle of one crack, the joke being, "Have you heard of the great race?" "No—What race?" "The Human Race?"—Ha! Ha!—or don't you think it's funny either? Well this is your P. and W., signing off, who found out that Bud Finch got over heated while playing rugby. Mr. Follis should take better care of his boys.

II-B.

Hebert is making headlines these days, says Father Young. Perron, who is a Frenchman, has joined the Essex Scottish regiment. Poole, who has been away for some time, just came back the other day. Hebert seems to be having trouble with a few of the teachers—mostly Father Donlon and Father Young.

Commercial.

Bob Byrnes says: "That some girls use dumb-bells to get color in their cheeks, but some girls use color in their cheeks to get dumb bells.

Other News

What happened to Herb Denny during the Albion-Assumption fracas? School spirit won't go that far. Herb, Mr. O'Riley has quite a load on his shoulders as the swimming instructor for beginners. There is one boy about 17 years old. The others do not like the coldness of the water, but Mr. Riley struggles on. It seems that Joe Sengla, George Torquet and Gordon Reynolds are teaming up to make a little swing band. They could see the piano, George gives out on the clarinet, while Gordon is a first class hide-beater. They used to play at the show on Friday nights, but since then they have been unfortunately unemployed.

"The Catholic Divided Front is more a product of individualistic Americanism than of Catholicism. Let us be more Catholic at all individualism."

—The Christian Front.

ON GETTING UP

It is nice to get up in the morning, that is, under some conditions. But when it comes to rolling out at 6.15 every morning at the sound of a bell which at that early hour seems to ring for an eternal length of time, this is not at all pleasant, especially when the mornings are cold and dark. Often one oversleeps or despises the bell only to have the blankets ruthlessly jerked off by a heartless master. This is a very unpleasant experience. Then one almost freezes while descending what seems to be endless flights of stairs. But as you go through this experience every day you may as well get used to it and do it willingly and cheerfully. —Mark Dalton.

Dignity is one thing that can't be preserved in alcohol. —The St. Bona Venture.

V-HI-LIGHTS

Commercial.

Bob Byrnes says: "That some girls use dumb-bells to get color in their cheeks, but some girls use color in their cheeks to get dumb bells.

Essays from High School Students

Find Good Reading Useful, Early Rising Irksome

GOOD READING

Good reading is one of the most important things a man has to do if he wants to talk and to write well. Before a person can write well he has to learn how and this can be done by reading. Some of the finest writing by great authors such as Dickens and Shakespeare. If a person doesn't read good books he will not know the correct words to use in his speech and writing. Persons who read comics and books which are not written well will never learn to speak and write properly. The use of slang and the misuse of words are signs that the person has not read good books. "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit."—T. Alissi.

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First Rate Stage Plays Continue at Cass

Since it is to be expected that college men should evince a continually growing interest in the arts as they become more accustomed to their delights, it was thought a few remarks on what is being done professionally in the drama within the reach of Assumption students would not be out of place on this page. Inasmuch as Detroit is considered a "tank-town" as far as the fine arts are concerned, there is little legitimate theatre, the Cass, operating in that fair city so we will confine our comments to what goes on there.

Already this season five shows have been presented at the Cass: namely, "Golden Boy," "The Women," "Herod and Mariamne," and a musical, "Pins and Needles," in that order. We would like greatly to indulge in our impressions of these plays, but space forbids so we herewith recommend that you look up the past issues of "Theatre Arts Monthly" for a criticism of them. We can't go by, however, without taking our hats off to Odets' "Golden Boy," and we predict the Detroit critics are going to get an awful kick in the same place they booted Catherine Cornell and Fritz Kortner when they said "Herod and Mariamne" would not click because of its heaviness.

Last came Ethel Barrymore to the Cass in Mayo de la Roche's "Whiteoaks" and official Windsor, represented by Mayor Wigle, was there in a flag-bedecked box, because, as you know, the play, the author, and several members of the cast are Canadians. Following "Whiteoaks" come the Lunts in "Amphitryon 38" with the rush for seats already under way. Incidentally, the Lunts' version of Chekov's "The Sea Gull" follows the next week. New York critics said it was the best performance of this play in their memory.

THE ROSARY

There is one harp that any hand can play
And from its strings what harmonies arise.
There is one song that any mouth can say
A song that lingers when all singing dies.
When on the boughs our Mother's children pray
Immortal music charms the grateful skies.
—Joyce Kilmer.

Mystical Poetry Dazzles Juniors

Blake Brings Many Wrinkles To Third Year Brows

English 30 literary conundrums are perplexing the nonplus gallant 3d year lads. Stimulated research into the dusty murky files of 18th century classical poetry unearthed an eccentric, quasi-poetic gentleman—a certain Mr. Blake, whose ideological concepts fascinated with their utter lack of rationality or purpose.

After a generous expenditure of scholastic effort in a vain attempt to unravel Mr. Blake's irrationality, the 3d year men fell back unstrung and exhausted, for their endeavors had yielded them naught.

It must be understood that Mr. Blake is not a finished and polished gentleman of distinctive literary tastes, but rather a stubborn, egotistic, bombastical dream artist who preys upon the incredulity of the people with erratic, abortive poetry, clothed in symbolical and beautiful verbiage. Blake's pseudo-intellectualism and religious apostasies are the insane products of a diseased intellect. Being satisfied with a mere half of a twisted idea, he seeks to conjure up fanciful arrays of inconsistent ideologies. This literary charlatan administered diabolical treatments of mysticism in an attempt to remedy evils which did not exist. He poured into the sick literary world a fantastic concoction of poetic pills which although they have been mouthing, have never been digested. So this, my friends, may also account for the tuckered-out, feline expression on the erudite features of our 3d year men during the past decade or so.

"The wage-earner is not to receive as alms that which is his due in justice."—Pope Pius XI.

Photography In All Its Branches

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Taking Inventory

WITH Christmas vacation at our doorstep, it would be well if each of us took inventory of his actions as a member of the student body during the past term. We might call this an "examination of conscience" on the part we took in school affairs. For instance, each student might ask himself the following questions:

Did you attend both school dances? Did you hear all or any of the Christian Culture Lectures? Did you support and encourage the football team, whether in victory or defeat? Did you take an interest in the activities of the Student's Council, and were you present at all the pep rallies? Did you behave as a gentleman in your club-room? What concern had you for the success of the Dramatic Society, the School Band, or any other such organizations? Were you constructive in your criticism of things of which you disapproved, or were you only a "chronic kicker?"

Finally, and most important, how well have you prepared yourself for the swiftly—approaching examinations? For the other such organizations? Were you constructive in your criticism of things of which you disapproved, or were you only a "chronic kicker?"

Things That Have Been

ANY resume of Assumption activities during the past month must necessarily be a record of no little achievement. Not only were our extra-curricular affairs numerous but they were eminently successful. The Lecture Leagu presented five excellent lectures: Emmet Lavery's discourse on the theatre, Kuhnelt-Leddihn's description of life in Soviet Russia, and Jacques Maritain's three discussions on philosophy, science, and current events. By the way, the inside story of the secret meetings held after these lectures, in Father Lee's room, is finally disclosed on another page of this issue.

The Friars' Club put on a dance that can be described as successful in more ways than one. We have yet to hear any criticism of this dance, and we feel sure that the only disappointed ones were those who stayed away. The music supplied by Al. Edwards was the best we have heard at local dances in quite some time. No individual member of the Friars' Club can be singled out for praise, but all deserve sincere congratulations.

During the week following the dance, excitement was supplied by the Windsor civic elections. This, of course, is not purely Assumption news, but the result of the ballotting had a profound effect on some of our students. It is rumoured that Ralph Blackmore now shies away at first glimpse of a wheelchair.

In the field of sports, Assumption's basketballers got under way: more complete details of their career will be found on our sports pages.

In the entertainment department, the Dramatic Society delayed production of "Journey's End" until after the mid-year examinations; but the Band came through by presenting the Assumption Merry-Go-Round on last Wednesday evening. A description of this successful event will be found on one of our inside pages. Our congratulations go out to Father Harrison, and to his noble helpers; and we extend thanks, in the name of the student body, to those outside entertainers who assisted in the affair.

As far as extra-curricular affairs go, Assumption now enters a period of quietude almost as complete as the retreat. For the next two weeks, the corridors will be shrouded in the near-silence of vacation. Then the pressure of the mid-year exams will cause a suspension of all activity except the desperate burrowing into text-books.

However, the Christian Culture Series will resume its activities on January 19, with a discussion of current books by Rev. James A. Magner. Then Father Flanagan, famed founder of Boy's Town, will bring us a description of his youthful community on Feb. 12. The final lecture before our next issue will be Rev. Mooney's lecture on the subject, "Youth Is on the March." The young men of Assumption can bear out this claim by showing their interest in these lectures.

We have little information concerning Assumption activities in other fields, but we understand that the long-awaited performance of "Journey's End" will be staged by our local thespians some time in February. Also, we are informed that the Literary Society will show sufficient activity to make up for its lethargy during the past.

As for sports, the basketball team has twelve games scheduled during January and early February, including one with Western, and another with University of Detroit. So, after we escape from the dampening atmosphere of the exams, we may expect January to be an extremely busy month.

L'Affaire Blake

DURING his junior year, the ordinary Assumption student encounters a rather wild-eyed poet going under the very place—sounding cognomen of Blake. In nine cases out of ten, a student, bewildered by the intricacies of Blake's verse, comes to the conclusion that the man must have been a raving maniac. Later research into the poet's religious background may alter this view; but for the first few weeks at least, one has the vague notion that he is studying the works of a psychopathic patient. So, when an article which put into vivid language this first impression of Blake was presented for publication in our latest issue, the editor-in-chief innocently enough printed it, little suspecting that it would run into the flames of controversy. Now, however, some ardent literature student who calls himself Pro Veritate enters the lists in defense of Blake.

For the article we make no apologies, nor do we defend its author. It is merely the expression of opinion of one student, bewildered, perhaps, by the first fiery onslaught of mystic verse. However, in all justice to those innocent victims, our literary editors, it may be said that they never saw the article in question, at least, not until it appeared in our columns. Rather, the blame, if any, must rest upon the shoulders of the editor-in-chief.

As a matter of fact, we had quite enough discussion on Mr. Blake last year. As nearly as we can remember, the 1938 English 30 class decided that Blake was eccentric, but sane. Nevertheless, it is not hard to appreciate Mr. Baillargeon's feelings, and it is true that some noted critics argue against the poet's sanity. So, if Mr. Baillargeon wishes to assemble his authorities and state his case more fully, he is welcome to the use of our columns. But please leave us and the literary editors out of it. We have other trials and tribulations.
THE CHRISTMAS

The other night, at the movies, sliced in between pictures of the war in China and scenes of a group of convicts on their way to Devil's Island, a group of men were shown cutting and preparing evergreens for Christmas.

The oddness of this struck home with force. On one hand we had a glimpse of people expecting bombs to drop from the skies at any moment, on the other a group of unfortunate souls condemned to a modern hell on earth; and between the two, men cutting the trees with which our homes are decorated at Christmas. Surely a contrast to make even the most unobservant and callous see that our world is full of strange ironies.

As our own country is terrorized by no foreign invasion, torn by no bloody and useless civil war, we are perhaps too prone to pride ourselves on our own government, our own habits, and our own way of life. On every side we are preparing for the greatest of holidays—Christmas. Stores are full of searching shoppers, of gifts, and of fat turkeys. The mails are heavier day by day with the load of Christmas mail. Presents are bought and wrapped and we prepare ourselves in countless ways for the holiday.

But is this all for which Christmas stands? Is it merely a time that we buy presents and decorate trees and perhaps, giving smug thanks in some cases, like the Pharisee in the temple, that we are not like others? No! Let it rather be for us, as for all sincere Christians, a period of remembrance and hearty thanksgiving. Let us rather turn again to God the Father, at a time that we buy presents and decorate trees and perhaps, the way to treat a sweetheart? This be our Christmas.
THE flames of racial prejudice and religious intolerance burn ever brightly. According to Walter Lippmann, and other intelligent observers, public opinion today is more bitter and intolerant than it has been for years. One's mind can turn back rather easily to the presidential election of 1928, and to Alfred E. Smith. And the Ku Klux Klan. Going back two decades one can see cooperation and hope. But the fires have been stoked by the give and take of the political arena. Farther back, we find the pages of history afire with the vituperation of hate and intolerance. And the Ku Klux Klan. Smith. And the Ku Klux Klan. The Ku Klux Klan.

As discussed by Webster, "toleration" used in this connection, means the "allowance of that which is not wholly approved," and apparently religious toleration was just that in the beginning.

Then, however, "religious toleration" connotes the idea of freedom of conscience and freedom of worship, both of which ideals are highly approvable and non-thinking people. Yet words have such a tenacity that they hang on long after the meaning has changed. If a dictionary is used with any regularity, many similar-sounding words will be discovered. If a dictionary is too bulky, Stuart Chase will serve as a fairly reliable cicerone, and his book, "The Tyranny of Words" is a convenient Baedeker for a tour among the antiquities and curiosities of the English language "as she is spoken."* * *

THE PELLUCID PILLAR

When Detroit sits down to its morning cup of coffee, it is infrequently imbued at the same time of mental stimulus in the form of The Detroit Free Press. This paper might have been described as "boring," but it might also be called a lot of other things—and it frequently is. The fact remains that it wields a wide influence. The column of this paper vends its sneer in a column captioned "Good Morning!" This column is devoted alternately to the bestowal of praise on such things as motor magnates, and bagpipe music, and the condemnation of such things as stamp collecting, gold, Father Coughlin, and the Roosevelt Administration. Occasionally, the oracle steps off the plank and into the sea of philosophy or economics, a procedure that is likely to totally unnerv,e anyone who harbors some thoughts for the oracle's safety, or merely some thoughts.

In a recent column, this purveyor of pabulum to pedants, made the following statement: "Father Coughlin is doing the Roman Catholic Church a disservice by his rows with the Jews," which is a fairly innocent statement, simple and to the point. Yet even to this untutored mind, whose indifference to Fr. Coughlin is only surpassed by that which he breathes toward The Free Press, the erroneous thinking implied in the statement is evident.

In the first place, Fr. Coughlin speaks as an individual. While he may quote the Pope, he does not speak as his representative. His remarks may carry the permission of Rome, but not necessarily its approval. Certainly his choice of words, and style of oratory offend against the second great Commandment, as well as against propriety, but the faults of the individual cannot in justice be laid against the Church's door.

Secondly, Fr. Coughlin's remarks certainly do constitute a "row." They may not be always in the best taste, the facts may be garbled or actually untrue, but no one who has listened to the broadcasts with an open, if slightly antagonistic mind, there appeared to be nothing in his speech to do other than generate a "row." His remarks should be taken for what they are—one man's opinion.

Finally, the remarks were not directed against "the Jews" as a whole, but against a certain section of Jews—against a class, in fact, which is not limited to Jews in membership, but includes gentiles of both Catholic and Protestant persuasion.

This fact must be borne in mind: Fr. Coughlin has an equal right with The Pellucid Pillar and all other articulate Americans to express his opinions. The fact that he is a priest does not limit that right, but common sense does, "The right of free speech," said Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "does not imply the right to shout "Fire!" in a crowded theatre."* * *

THE ALMA MYSTERY

A news dispatch from Alma, Michigan, reveals the unexpected return of prosperity to Alma. A telephone collector opened a pay telephone coin box in a girls' dormitory and found 99 pennies, 47 slugs, and four nickels! The question arises, how did the four nickels ever get in there?

* * *

WHY PURPLE AND WHITE?

Among life's minor mysteries lies this unsolved problem: Why is the college paper called "The Purple & White"? I know these are the school colors. Every school has its colors—apparently to distinguish its athletic teams. But what other school ever conceived of the grotesque idea of naming a school paper after the school colors? And what bloodless aesthete carried the idea to the ultimate absurdity and had the paper printed in the school colors?

* * *

AMERICANS IN PARIS

"Sleepy Jim" Crowley and his troops of pigskin terrors invaded Paris a few days ago, harvested 25,000 Frenchmen, with their interpretation of the game of football as played in a downpour of rain. According to the New York Times correspondent French critics were impressed that the sport was a combination of rugby, soccer and basketball added to wrestling and bull-fighting.

What—no water polo?

* * *

AMATEURISM VS. COMMERCIALISM

The hue and cry is being raised again. Hutchins of Chicago and Dodies of Princeton are both lined up against commercialism in football. Presumably Dodies points to the attempt at secrecy as conclusive proof that there is something dishonest about subsidizing athletes. It is unfortunate that some subsidies have to be made under the table, but there is nothing unfortunate about subsidies. The fellow who can get one! And why not? Is there anything wrong in a subsidy considered in itself? If there is, then a drastic revision is necessary in the whole educational setup. What are scholarships but subsidies? True, there is a world of difference between a scholar and an athlete. Their talents lie in different fields. The intellectual is the higher but is not the athletic also of importance? Why rule out the athlete simply because he labors on the gridiron? If we're going to be strictly logical, we must then eliminate from all part time jobs those who labor for their tuition.

No, there is nothing wrong in the subsidy. The wrong arises with the unfortunate characteristics of Americans to carry good things to excess. Even this, however, is a lesser evil than the intellectual puritanism of a Dodies.

* * *

REQUIRED READING

Most college students are usually concerned with the possibility of getting a job, during school or after graduation. To these we heartily recommend the talk by W. J. Cameron on "Self Starters." A copy may be had gratis by writing to the Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

—John R. Riordan.

Lux Mundi

Lady, we thought this splendor was a star. Through the lonesome desert nights above our tent, its blaze outshone by far the whole white glory of the moon. And so we traced it even to that last place, but now, behold, an Infant with a radiant face!—Joachim du Bellay, O. Carm.—from The Victorian.

Society today still remains in a strained and therefore unstable and uncertain state, being founded on classes with contradictory interests and hence opposed to each other, and consequently prone to enmity and strife.—Pope Pius XI.

Christmas and New Year Greetings!

DOWLER'S

The Store for Dad and His Lad

on Ouellette at Sandwich.
Here's wishing all the readers of this column (if any) a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; and while we're on the subject of Christmas, your correspondent begs leave to tell you one of the stories contained in "His Christmas Story Book" which he sneakted out of his Ma's closet; but don't tell the kids there's no Santa Claus, otherwise several fathers and mothers will be on this columnist's neck. Here she is, boys, a real thriller entitled, "No More Rabbit Stew," or "Saved by a Hair."

How often do I get bored, when, after spending a restless night, I must come down each morning to cook my daily ration of bacon and eggs. How monotonous it gets cooking the same old grub each day.

One morning I decided to have some fresh meat instead of my usual order of bacon and eggs. I put on a pair of boots, two sizes too large, and after loading my gun, which was a double-barreled cannon, I managed to sling it over my shoulder, and although it dulled my shoulder blades, I trudged happily along into the forest. After much beating about the bush, I sat down to rest beside a small deep stream. While sitting there smoking a Camel, for I was badly in need of a "lift" I was doomed to break my fast, instead of cooking a breakfast.

A crash in the bushes ahead drew my attention, and there I perceived a deer coming ahead. It was a poor sport. This experienced hunter was not followed Mr. Drew's advice,

Thus, after all my hard work to procure fresh meat for breakfast, I was doomed to failure, and must content myself with devouring the homely fare of bacon and eggs.

That is the story, lads. But now I hope you won't go home and start hunting for your Christmas story books, but rather, I would say, "be good patient little boys until Dec. 25, when ole Saint Nick will visit all your homes. I, and also the classeshave continued. Not all the Americans were a bit mal contented, as the story goes, that an army would escort the culprits from a Canadian reservation in early times and crossed the border into the United States. The Americans notified the Canadian authorities of the matter and informed them, as the story goes, that an army would escort the culprits back to the border. When the army reached the designated place it was met by a Canadian army. "Who's your army?" said the American general. "Oh, the other fellow is over there cooking breakfast," replied the mountie. "And that just goes to show you that two Canadians can do what it takes a whole army of Yanks to do," rejoiced an apparent Canadian as he clapped his hands in triumphal glee.

The undertone remarks made in rebuttal by the American general was a bit malapropos, but they were very well put, if you know what I mean, and if you do you're pretty good.
FLAKES fell on Barcelona.

Large, white, fluffy flakes that sifted down gently through the quiet night and landed where they landed. They covered in a spoilless mantle the heaps of debris, the piles of wreckage; they filled in gaping holes. Falling, they cast a screen about the stark outlines of ragged segments of walls that enclosed nothing. Barcelona, the war-torn, the fevered, was hidden; a strange quiet, and a strange cleanness surrounded her decimated members. She was now a world apart, — a world cut off from the rest of creation, — conscious only of her own destiny, and of the falling snow gently and soothingly on her fevered brow and burning wounds.

Tommy Shannon, on special duty, marched slowly up and down a deserted street in what had once been Barcelona's fashionable shopping center. The white, blank faces of boarded stores looked down on him. The area had been evacuated, and all traffic diverted.

Tommy marched alone with his thoughts, — and with the snow.

Christmas in New York — just a year ago, too. Same kind of a night, but, gee, what a difference! . . . Crowds and lights and an electric tingle in the air . . . The white and blue and green lighted trees and wreaths shining in the windows of apartment houses — high, high into the sky . . . And the last minute shopping with Sheila, figuring one's way through the stores . . . The long subway ride out to Bronkers, swaying in the crowded train . . . The long walk through the snow to Sheila's . . . And helping her father and mother with the tree . . . Meeting Sheila's shining eyes every time you looked down from the ladder.

Midnight Mass, and the old familiar hymns . . . The warm glowing feeling in the throat, the mist before the eyes . . . Sweetness and Light, Sorrow and Pain, Laughter and Tears — Christmas! . . . Breakfast at Sheila's; then home — to a drab room in the "Y". Then and the New Year . . . Inventories . . . And unexplainable shortage in your department which the auditing department blamed on you. No job . . . Hunting, seeking . . . Day after day, pounding the streets . . . Freezing in body and soul . . . Not even a chance . . . Seeing Sheila less and less; finally not at all.

Walking, walking, walking — trying to get away from thoughts!

Finally — a chance to escape! Signing up for service in Spain . . . Better than relief . . . Or was it? . . . The blood, the misery, the havoc of the past months . . . A living nightmare, so terrible it paralyzed the mind . . . Short circuited the nerves . . . Made one go around like an automatonic unconscious of the stark tragedy enacted before your eyes . . . The nights, the long, long nights . . . Lying in a nithy bunk, trying to sleep . . . Haunted by the vision of Sheila; Sheila of the laughing eyes; Sheila of the snows . . . Sheila, Sheila.

Waking . . . to see the sickly light of another day shining on the floor . . . Groaning, cursing, fiercely, the forces that cause war and unemployment . . . Then realizing that you're thinking, suddenly snapping out of it to go through another day of waiting . . . waiting . . . for what? . . . Death?

* * *

Suddenly Tommy stopped short in his tracks. The sound of bells came floating down the hills. Where could it be coming from? Certainly all the churches were closed at this time of night. Then he remembered. It was Christmas eve! And then he laughed, — a high, broken laugh that left him shaking, not from mirth but from shattered nerves. "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

The thought sent him into an argument. He found himself staring down in the face of a Red Cross nurse. Was his imagination playing tricks? It must be. Gradually, out of the snow, the face took shape, slowly he noted each detail, but it was not until he saw the eyes that he was certain.

"Sheila!" The word died in a whisper.

"Oh, Tommy, is it you? O, thank God you're alive! The others had scarcely been uttered when Tommy found himself faced with the problem of shouldering his rifle with one hand, and comforting a weeping girl with the other.

"Tommy, why did you leave?"

"I couldn't stand it any more, Sheila. I had to get away. This was the only way out.

"But why didn't you write? Only that one card when you left. Not a word since."

"I told you then to forget me. I meant it."

"I tried to, Tommy, but I couldn't. I know how you felt. You thought the world was all against you; that Tommy Shannon was a failure. But aren't, Tommy, you aren't? I had to come and tell you that — before it was too late."

"What are you talking about?"

"The shop, Tommy, the shop! Remember Mr. Smith, the foreman?"

"Yes."

"Well, they found he had been stealing raw materials, and making false reports so they were charged to you."

"Oh, no, Tommy, it's true. I've got the newspaper clippings in my grip."

"Tommy gave a hollow laugh. "And you came all the way down here alone just to tell me that?"

"I'd been trying to get away for weeks, but I couldn't get leave. It took me a long time to locate you. All my letters came back marked 'UNKNOWN'. That's why I joined a volunteer unit and came over myself."

The sound of chimes rang out once more over the still night air.

"Oh, Tommy, hear the bells! There's going to be a mass in the old ruined cathedral. Won't you go with me?"

"I don't know..." Tommy's eyes were hard; his voice non-committal.

"Oh, Tommy, please, don't look like that. I know how you feel. You think there's no reason for rejoicing in all this misery and want. You think Christmas is crowds and bright lights, department stores and Tom and Jerry's. But it's not, Tommy, it's not. Christmas is here." She placed her hand over his heart.

Tommy remained unmoved. "I'm afraid I can't, Sheila."

"Tommy, don't refuse. Can't you remember this night last year?"

"Don't, Sheila, please!"

"Has it been that hard, Tommy? But it's all over now. We'll go to church tonight, and pretend we're home in Bronkers."

"Alright, Sheila, I guess I owe you that much after you've done what you have for me."

"Fine. I'll run along now and buy something for breakfast. We'll make our own over at the canteen. I'll meet you in front of the church at midnight."

The figure, half—running, disappeared into the distance. Why didn't he feel happy, he wondered. He could see, in his imagination, the smile on her lips. What was it that left his heart cold? The misery he'd seen? The futility of life? The unreasonableness of man? If only he could find the riddle of existence, some explanation of the sorrow and the pain.

* * *

The rugged nondescript congregation stood or knelt in the spacious cathedral. Part of the walls and the roof were gone. The snow fell on the congregation, on the priests, and on the altar. A swarthy choir sang VENITE ADOREMUS with a good deal of Latin fervor. Tommy and Sheila knelt in the rear pew. Tommy's mind wandered from the Mass to the questions which tormented him. He gazed vacantly into a corner. A manger had been built there; he could see the Christ Child smiling. Smiling. Certainly He knew, even then,

(Continued on Page Nine)
The Round-Up

AID’S BAGATELLES

Hey! they’re off! in what appears to be the hottest pennant chase in the history of the Arts Basketball league. This year five teams have signified their intentions of coping with that much sought after trophy. The following clubs are out to dethrone last year’s champs, the Puppets, from Pup Flat. Fr. Frank Mallon, who last year guided the Pup Flat to a pennant, will direct the Freshmen Flat in their bid for glory. Last season’s Pup Flat captain, Jerry Livingston, has taken over the reins on the Philosophers and has promised to give Fr. Garvey a winner. Tom Marinis’ Madmen have been replaced by the Sweeney Swishers, who have assumed the roll of a dark horse. Ed. (All Conference) Westfall will manage the Day Scholars, who, after a year’s absence, are back in the chase for fame and fortune.

Although on paper the clubs look fairly even, the House of Monahan and Sweeney released the following odds, Pup Flat to repeat 3:1; Freshmen Flat 100:1; Sweeney Swishers 100:1; Philosophers 5:1; Day Scholars 6:1.

Last year’s champs looked far from impressive as they defeated Sweeney’s aggregation in a close fought battle. The general opinion of the spectators was that they lost their guiding star when Capt. Livingston accepted Fr. Garvey’s bid to join his floundering Philosophers. But this writer still thinks that Hussey, Burke, Cronin, Blitzi & Co. will be the club to beat when the final whistle is sounded. Coach Mike Malloy of the Puppets blamed his club’s poor showing on the fact that Ed. (Night Owl) Cronin, his ace offensive threat, has been slow in rounding into shape.

Mike Mallon’s Freshmen served notice to the rest of the teams that they will be plenty tough as the season progresses when they dropped a one point defeat to Fr. Garvey’s Philosophers.

Although they lost to the Phil. and the Pup Flat, the Sweeney Swishers went down fighting. With every worth while Character in the college on his payroll, Sweeney may be expected to supply the necessary color to the league. Dominating his list of CHARACTERS are Tom (The Critic) Monahan, who last year talked the Puppets into the championship, Tom (Red-light) Dunne of St. Mike’s hockey fame, who is turning out to be the greatest body checker in league history; last but not least Chuck (Time Out Sweeney).

As yet the Day Scholars have not seen action but the boys in the know claim that Westfall will have an aggregation of rough and tough that will equal anything in the league. Under his wing will be five or six of the Varsity footballers and you can bet that a lot of bumps and bruises will be passed around when they swing into action.

So it looks like a great year, fellows. May the best team win. As was the case last year, gold basketballs will again go to each member of the championship club.

Did you know that the biggest disappointment to the league officials was when Tom Marinis withdrew his Madmen from the league. Flash! Just before this issue went to press, Art league officials heard rumors that some Day Scholar teams were about to enter the league.

This columnist wishes one and all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Lawrence Tech Defeats Varsity On Court

Assumption Drops Opener Despite Second-Half Rally

Lawrence Tech Blue Devils, co-holders of the M. O. Collegiate Basketball conference title, opened defense of their crown against the Varsity here on December 7th. The Tech squad outclassed the Purples completely in the first half, and Coach Joe Connelly’s boys appeared a little bewildered and lacked confidence. However, with the veterans Aid Hanna and Mike Malloy leading the way, the Varsity quintet picked up in the second half—outscored the Blue Devils 28-26. Art Thors of Lawrence was the outstanding player on the floor and led his team in scoring with six field goals and one foul shot, a total of 12 points.

Aid Hanna paced the Purples with four field goals and played a steady game at guard, while Hal Perfect and Mike Malloy were also outstanding for the home forces.

THE ROUND-UP

with Chuck Sweeney

After a review of the score sheets of the Lawrence Tech and Adrian games we find that Tommy Hastings, our lanky centre, has the highest field goal average. His average is .530, having sunk five out of nine shots in the two games. And here, veteran guard, with eight baskets out of sixteen attempted hoops, is second with a .500 average. Don Benson leads the average in the foul shot division with a thousand, making one for one in the Adrian game. George Yahn is second with three out of four and a .750 average.

In the scoring department, Mickey Mallon and George Yahn shared the high score with seventeen points. Peculiarly they both have dropped seven field goals and three fouls apiece. Aid Hanna and Don Auten are also tied for the second spot with sixteen points. The other high men are Hastings; eleven; Perfect, seven; and Benson, five.

Shifting to the hockey situation we find players, pads, sticks, uniforms and even ice but three vital necessities are lacking — money, games, and strange as it may seem, a coach. It seems to us a regrettable condition when we recall how the Basilian Fathers have always been noted for the health of their manhood and of their ranks. We could name without hesitation several priests within the house who could have taken over the reins for the Purple Pucksters and helped them along in practise. However, it is somewhat useless having a coach when there are no games and the hockey team has had some tough breaks by having several scheduled games cancelled.

Hot Stove Siftings—Gerry Livingstone tells us he has not signed any contract as yet for next season and may even drop professional baseball to go into business. — A letter from Pat Quinlan reveals that he is still cashing in on his baseball ability around the Niagara Peninsula. — Bruce Caldwell, who was a legendary figure around Yale, some eleven years ago, admitted — some fine open-field running — to a class. — Albie Booth, another Yale star, is now sales manager for an Ice Cream Corporation in Connecticut. — Until we meet again, the best of season’s wishes to all.

Three Seniors Make All-City

Ruedisale, Delaney and Zorn Secure Coveted Honor

Three members of this year’s senior high school football team have brought another great honour to Assumption, by gaining positions on the All-City twelve. Herb Ruedisale, left little to be desired as an outside; his deadly tackling and pass catching made him outstanding. Herb Delaney, as All-City quarterback, gained more glory, perhaps than the veteran end, within their ranks. And in spite of that handicap, he called plays like a veteran and came through with some share the honors, each. Bill Zorn, on the half line, was selected, no doubt, because of his outstanding punting and passing abilities. Many a game was decided by Bill’s educated toe, and the first game of the season against Kennedy was practically won by Zorn himself. He kicked four singles and those four points constituted the total winning score. The courage and fighting spirit of all three players will long be remembered in Assumption sporting annals.

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Give Fine Showing Despite Final Loss to Voces.

The 1938 football season is over but the memory of many a hectic struggle on the local campus still lingers on. In spite of more than their share of injuries, Father Armstrong's Seniors gave the opposition plenty of work and came through with a record of three wins, two losses, and one tie, during the regular schedule. This left them tied with Kennedy for second place and necessitated a semi-final playoff with Vocational. Our seniors lost a heart-breaker to the big red team 10-5. On a water-soaked gridiron, the purple and white boys went down fighting and were within striking distance of the goal-posts as the final whistle blew. On a team that was composed of many stars, it is difficult to name the outstanding players, but there are four boys who perhaps deserve a little more merit than the rest. Bill Zorn's punting was something to marvel at. Herb Delaney, playing his first Canadian football, was an excellent field marshal at the quarterback position; the deadly tackling of Herb Ruedisale was perhaps the best in the league, and the great defensive work of husky Tom Arthur piled up a total of twenty-two injuries, Father Armstrong's boys will entertain by an intersting: "Small Fry," happened to be a pair of defenders, while the work of Tom and Allan Arthur along with Ted Killingsworth leaves little to be desired. Dates for games against Catholic Central and St. Thomas still lingers on. In the coming season, Father Armstrong's boys will be hard to stop in the Senior W.O.S.S.A. basketball race this season. Frank Wansborough, a six foot three inch guard, is the only veteran on the team, but there is a host of rangy boys to fill in the gaps. Sally Dunn, formerly of Patterson, is the biggest giant, with Norm Phipps and Lyle Gray, formerly with Sandwich, not far behind. Four members of last year's juniors, Ruedisale, Macpherson, Pleasance and C. Gallagher, have shown great promise in the two exhibition games, in which the seniors came through with flying colours. In addition to the regular W.O.S.S.A. schedule Father Armstrong's boys will play a number of games against American high schools, including St. Thomas of Ann Arbor

HOCKEY

This year, for the first time, a Senior high school hockey team will be the purple and white in the Senior W.O.S.S.A. hockey league. Father H. Malloin's puck-chasers, after going through three practices, are rounding up into a team that should carry the traditional Assumption spirit and fight into the W.O.S.S.A. league. This year's team is well known as to the real strength of the team, but one forward line of Foran, Lawrey and Nicol has shown considerable speed. E. White and Howard look like a pair of defencemen, while the work of Tom and Allan Arthur along with Ted Killingsworth leaves little to be desired. Dates for games against Catholic Central and St. Thomas should be drawn up by the W.O.S.S.A. schedule has been announced.

SPRING PRACTICE

Father Armstrong has announced that Assumption will adopt a plan already prominent among many high schools throughout the country; that is, a spring practice session. This training, which will commence as soon as the first signs of spring appear will be of special benefit to our students from across the border. For those who undertake to play Canadian football for the first time, it is not as easy as it may seem for participants. Now, during the spring training session, all the fundamentals and finer points of the game will be taught to each player. So Father Armstrong and his new training school, and may it bring greater success to the high school gridders.

SUB-MINIM FOOTBALL

Mr. Besigneul's Junior Sub-Minim all stars looked like real champions, as they finished this year's football campaign with a record of five wins against two losses. Perhaps their outstanding game was the one against the Minims, by which the youngsters piled up a total of twenty-two points against Benson School, at the same time holding their opponents to two singles. Some of these boys show great potential of becoming future Assumption gridiron heroes, especially such stars as Smith, a shifty running half; Danies, hard-working fullback, and Renard, hard hitting tackle. So it's hats off to the Junior Sub-Minims.

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THE JUNIOR CAGERS

The junior cagers has been working hard for the past two weeks under the watchful eyes of Mr. Follis, the coach. Jerry Livingston is also lending a helping hand. This year's juniors will probably take the team that is more than usual, but that will not darken their hopes of having a very successful season. In players like Darles, Flynn, Mayotte, J. Gallagher, McKeen and Keenan, the junior should have a line-up that will go a long way towards bringing greater glory to Assumption in the coming season.

SENIO R CAGERS

Father Armstrong's senior cagers look like a team that will be hard to stop in the Senior W.O.S.S.A. basketball race this season. Frank Wansborough, a six foot three inch guard, is the only veteran on the team, but there is a host of rangy boys to fill in the gaps. Sully Dunn, formerly of Patterson, is the biggest giant, with Norm Phipps and Lyle Gray, formerly with Sandwich, not far behind. Four members of last year's juniors, Ruedisale, Macpherson, Pleasance and C. Gallagher, have shown great promise in the two exhibition games, in which the seniors came through with flying colours. In addition to the regular W.O.S.S.A. schedule Father Armstrong's boys will play a number of games against American high schools, including St. Thomas of Ann Arbor and St. Matthews of Flint.

HIGH SCHOOL

H. Delaney and T. Arthur Co-Captains for 1939

The annual football bust, held in the Norton-Palmer Hotel, was featured by the announcement of the 1939 co-captains, Herb Delaney, quarterback, and Tom Arthur, midfield. Both of these boys are of such an honour as evidenced by their splendid work of this year. Fifteen members of the Senior squad were presented with letters.

The Junior High School team received numerals, and in addition, awards were also presented to the outstanding players of the Minims, Senior Sub-Minims and Junior Sub-Minims. We were also happy to learn that the delightful music of Jack Cecret's orchestra was enjoyed by all, and especially Father Thompson, whose favorite tune, "Small Fry," happened to be among the numerous requests. Judge Gillis, former U of D tackle, showed great promise as an up-and-coming young master of the gridiron. We were also happy to learn that the presence of George Christensen, giant tackle of the Detroit Lions, who spoke briefly, following the banquet, all were well entertained by a most interesting show at the Palace Theatre. But let's not talk about the next morning at 6:15.
Minims Play Well
Despite Bad Luck

Play Two Ties After Losing Tough Opening Contest

The Minims wound up their 1938 football season with hopes of better luck next year. Getting off to a rather shaky start, Mr. Mackinnon’s boys lost a hard fought battle to St. Roses 13-0, but on the following week-end the same two teams fought to a scoreless tie. In a game with only two points apiece the Minims played to another scoreless tie; but the scores of these games did not indicate just how hard each player was in there fighting until the final whistle. With a little more optimism from Lady Luck these boys could have scored a tie; but the scores of hard fought battle to St. Roses whistle blew. With a little care of more than their share of serves special mention, and T. "Hamel, turn on the lights." “No, wait, it might wake these fellows up.” It’s all very mysterious.

Charitable Work Seeks Assistance

Catholic Worker Organization Asks Student Support

In the interests of Christian charity, every Catholic student should support so deserving an organization as the Catholic Worker Group. This band of social workers provides meals for destitute men of all creeds, and the expense of such an activity is necessarily heavy.

Fine Showing by Senior All-Stars

Father Hugh Mallon’s senior sub-minims all-stars has by far the best of the many football squads wearing the purple and white. Finishing the season with seven wins against one lone defeat, they certainly lived up to their name. In two games against St. Catherines of Detroit, the youngsters piled up a total of thirty-three points, at the same time holding their opponents scoreless. The only mark on a nearly perfect score card was an 18-13 defeat by Sacred Heart of Hudson, Mich., which by the way was a high school team. Bob Moons was perhaps the outstanding defensive lineman, with Mitchell and Clarke starring as a pair of deadly tacklers. The fast, shifty running of Charbonneau featured the backfield play, while the offense was so impressive that he joined the ranks of the junior high school team towards the end of the season.

8th GRADE

Start praying, fellows, if you want ice for skating this year. So far, Old Man Weather has been betraying us. The weather gets cold and then, just as the ice is about to freeze, it becomes warm again. Christmas time being so near, our class wishes everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

7th GRADE

Mr. Myres, who teaches our class, has started a Literary Club and La Blane can only numbers from 1 to 10. Maurice always has limberger cheese in his lunch. Joe Benette is known by many names.

O’NEIL & BONDY
126 Ouellette Ave.

Professional and amateur skating outfits now in stock—Special prices to clubs.

Ask for your "discount." BOB (Sparky) BONDY, Mgr.
Merry-Go-Round Gives Gay Ride

Outside Entertainers Augment Our Assumption Talent

The lights were dimmed, the stage became flamboyant with colour and the long-anticipated “Assumption Merry-Go-Round” spun gaily around. The show was presented to an extremely enthusiastic audience on Wednesday evening, December 14. Mr. Val Clare of radio station CKLW proved himself a very able master of ceremonies. His jovial spirit seemed to cast a spell over the entire performance as well as the audience. Miss Bobbie L’Heureux, “the girl with the lovely voice,” gained many plaudits with songs that have made her a favorite with radio fans. Mr. Bill Burke, with his nimble fingers improvised upon the Hammond electric organ in the incomparable Burke style. So extensive was this veritable galaxy of stars, that it is difficult to concentrate praise on any special one. Of course the guest of honour was our own Frank McIntyre, “Captain Henry” of the Showboat program. Mr. McIntyre, you know, is an alumnus of Assumption. Modest John Hackett, coach of the recently glorified Catholic Central football team, spoke for a few minutes and the Assumption College Band again demonstrated their ability to fill the air with “toe-tapping” rhythm.

The most interesting feature of the Merry-Go-Round was its informality. It was new, novel and unlike most programs whose purpose is to dispose of prizes. A community song and the grand prize drawing brought the show to a triumphant close. Congratulations are in order to all those who helped make the Merry-Go-Round the success that it was, and to Father Harrison who has waited many months in preparation for the event. The new prosenium and drapes were a most pleasant and surprising feature of the presentation. — R. Farrell

Reunion in Barcelona

(Continued from Page Five)

what awaited Him. How could He smile? Was it love, love for mankind, that made Him smile, made him welcome the cross?

He looked down at Sheila, her head bowed in prayer. Suddenly she saw the mystery unveiled. He felt a spiritual kinship with Christ, whose infinite love called to humanity just as his own called to Sheila, Sheila of the laughing eyes. In his breast he felt his heart begin to quicken; a tightness seized his throat; a mist obscured his eyes. The frozen heart melted, and quietly ran down his face, mingling its stream with that of the melting snow flakes. It was to love, that was the answer; to suffer, to love, and die; to love, to fight, and finally, to die, but, always, to love. That was the only answer, the only thing that gave meaning to life, and it had found Tommy at last, — with all the magnificent, formidably tall, and fearless that was the answer, the only thing that gave meaning to life, and it had found Tommy at last, — with all the magnificent, formidably tall, and fearless

NOTE FROM THE BUSY BEE LUNCH

Season’s Greetings from the

BUSY BEE LUNCH

3230 Sandwich St. W.

December, 1938

PURPLE AND WHITE

OPINIONS

The last issue of the Purple and White inaugurated a “Opinions” column in which were to be included views and opinions of Assumption students, regarding various problems that arise in the school. However, in this issue we have reserved this column for ourselves. That is we wish to discuss something, giving you our point of view. Too long now has the work of the Club Committee been overlooked and, in due appreciation to them, we shall discuss the clubroom and those who inhabit it.

It is useless for us to mention and discuss the advantages of our comfortable little room, but we must admit that it is wanting in some respects. Firstly, certain things, such as a radio, have been denied us, but why? The answer is simply this; if we cannot learn to care for and keep one little Assumption pennant which sells for about a half-dollar, how in the world can we be trusted with such a delicate little contraption as a radio? Another thing; if the latest statistics are dependable, approximately four gentlemen have been fined for slight misdemeanor; but this is altogether unnecessary. Perhaps the rules were not clear enough — and perhaps it wouldn’t be a bad idea to have them broadcast over an amplifying system through the school. It may surprise some to know that we have in the club-room a few “cliques” — everyone knows or should know what that means. A group of Upper Classmen have deemed themselves too good for the rest of us; we would advise them not to forget that soon they will have to go out in the world and perhaps receive the same treatment they are now bestowing on their inferiors. And now about the new students; get active, fellows — play handball, take part in the Art’s League, support the various sports and entertainments and then you can get acquainted.

So let us all get together and make the club-room a real club-room. We are all fellow students; let us act as such.

Correspondence

Editor, Purple and White:

Sirs:

I was very much surprised and shocked, on perusing the last number of your excellent paper, to find that the literary editors had such poor taste as to allow the publication of the article on Blake. While it is desirable that all who feel the urge should express themselves in your columns, there are limits to what is decent. Assumption’s reputation as a college where students are supposed to learn how to think, is not likely to be enhanced, in those schools with which you exchange periodicals, when such piffle can be produced by a third-year man.

It would not be difficult to examine that effusion line by line, and point out the utter absurdity of each phrase and statement, but it would, I am afraid, take up too much space. Suffice it to say that the writer of the article “intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity” has not the slightest notion of what he is talking about, and is so short-sighted as not to know that such ridiculous assertions only reveal an alarming incompetence as a critic or judge of literature. One is reminded of the 19th century reviewer, Croker, the caustic critic of “Endymion,” who was famous for his celery, for his stupid attack on Keats’ poetry.

Let us hope, Mr. Editor, that such adolescent outbursts may have no further place in your paper. If we are ignorant, we should try to learn, not advertise our ignorance.

PRO VERITATE.

P.S. — If the said third-year man would like to know specifically and in detail what is wrong with his article, I shall be happy to enlighten him at the next Literary Society meeting.

R. FARRELL
Praises Meat As Food of Writers

Great Men of Literature Seen As Anti-Vegetarian

It is generally admitted that Mr. George Bernard Shaw is a very clever man and that as a master of the witty and trenchant pen he has few equals. But it is also admitted that he has many failings. He is very vain, he is excessively self-conscious, he is destructive, he is uncharitable. But there is one feature about Mr. Shaw which I am convinced is the source of all his draw-backs: he is in vegetarianism. Just how much his cleverness depends on the amount of potatoes and cabbage he consumes, or just how his wit is affected by the hogs he puts away, I do not know, but I am absolutely sure that if he would only break his fast with a succulent roast of pork, or sink his teeth into a two-inch steak, his entire view of the world would change. He would become the jolly Mr. Shaw, the hearty Mr. Shaw, the kindly Mr. Shaw, and consequently would be welcomed to the bosom of humanity.

I have no patience with vegetarians. They are enemies of society. If they would only keep their miserable ideas to themselves, it would not be so bad; but they are always preaching their horrible doctrine of "no meat!"—calling other people wild beasts and primitive animals because they eat meat. Did you ever see a happy vegetarian? A really hearty, jolly, contented, amiable vegetarian? I never did. They're either cranky, or morose, or sullen, or acidic. There are some poor unfortunate souls that are condemned by their doctors to go without meat and to spend their wretched lives watching others smack the delicious sausages and cutlets. They are to be pitied and ought to be prayed for. But these others—these with the jaundiced eye and the sallow cheek—who sneer at others after eating meat and condemn themselves for their unholy virtues—these ought to be starved into submission and then fed on raw meat for a month. By that time they would be meat addicts and we should hear no more of them.

Next to bread I think meat deserves the place of honour among our foods. Some folk stand up for potatoes, but what are potatoes? A modern fad copied from the barbaric Indians, like tobacco. Potatoes are really only a background for the main subject of meat. There is no relying on potatoes to keep them Irish down in 1846 when she put her trust in them. No, 'tis meat that's master. Who can extol the bean, the carrot, the spinach, the parsnip, when he thinks of a fat roast of prime beef swimming in its own juice, or pink slices of freshly fried bacon, jolly round sausages winking and glistening in the platter? The great men of literature were meat eaters. Whose mouths did not water when they read Lamb's superb tribute to roast pig? Who has not thrilled at the story of the Cratchit Christmas dinner when Mrs. Cratchit plunged the knife into the fat breast of the goose and the stuffing gushed hissing forth? We even praise meat in our songs. Who has not heard that lusty tune, "The Roast Beef of Old England?" Nobody ever wrote a "Hallelujah to the Cauliflower!"

No, we must have our meat. Sunday with vegetarians and the diet cranks. They are creatures of evil and must be shunned. Also to be avoided are those who mince their words, or put it in hash, or hide it in some unholy sauce. Let us use our good honest roasts and steaks; let them be well-cooked; and let there be lots of gravy. Let us eat meat—and be happy.

—Lacus Ignotus.

Chavin: "How can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?"

Doctor: "By check, postal order or cash."

Lecturers Find Place of Refuge

Food for Mind and Body Found in Fr. Lee's Haven

Except for those few unfortunate quartered close enough to have their slumbers disturbed by the questions disputa-

ing arises therefrom, there are not many students who are aware that there is anything about Mr. Lee's room which marks it as different from all other rooms here, but because we think this bit of colour has been hidden long enough we are going to set down a few facts about it now.

Many of the fellows, particularly in the classrooms, may have enjoyed the privilege of pursuing the course of knowledge in Mr. Lee's room amid aromatic cigar smoke and congeniality instead of the formal atmos-

phere of the classroom. But we have reason to believe that the room, especially the room at night as an example. Piloted skillfully through Assumption's creaky corridors, the lecturer finds himself, in due course, in the loud hall, indeed upon the throne of the inner circle, to be welcomed to the bosom of humanity. His position is never threatened by any opposition. He is the butt of the room, which arises when we refer to Spain with Fr. Lee's room, and it is that in the numerous small colleges similar to Assumption there must have been many such rooms where similar Christian gentlemen enjoyed life and the living of it and pointed out the Way to those who followed. And now Spain has lost so many of these rooms. Let us hope that we keep ours.—J. H.

IN HUMBLE ADORATION

It is hard to write about Christmas. One can express so many thoughts with all the sincerity in the world, yet feel that one's words will sound trite and dull to modern ears. We read of the great con-

trive to roast pig? Who has not thrilled at the story of the Cratchit Christmas dinner when Mrs. Cratchit plunged the knife into the fat breast of the goose and the stuffing gushed hissing forth? We even praise meat in our songs. Who has not heard that lusty tune, "The Roast Beef of Old Eng-

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I read of the great conception of Men Like Gods and I wonder when men will be like men.—G. K. Chesterton.

Season's Greetings from Pond's Drug Store

December, 1938

Purple and White

10
The Time Has Come

There is a verse in "Alice in Wonderland" which begins, "The time has come," the Walrus said, "to speak of many things." The Purple and White feels that it is high time a few words were said about many things which concern the students of Assumption. If this issue is critical in many places, it is because the need for criticism is great. Never before has the collapse of Assumption's extra-curricular institutions been so disturbing. All too many projects which were put forward with enthusiasm have become either dead or decrepit. The Literary Society has not yet had a meeting; the Dramatic Society will apparently close its program with one play; the Year Book is threatened with failure unless there is more interest taken in it; the Debating Society was never given a fair chance to succeed.

In the past it has been customary to ascribe this atrophy of our organizations to a lack of interest among the students. And there is no doubt that the enthusiasm which was displayed at the beginning of this school year has been supplanted by a spirit of pessimism, indifference, and often disgust. But, in our opinion, this spirit is the effect rather than the cause of most of our troubles. So many excellent proposals are never acted upon until the time for successful achievement is past, that the students have become convinced that to take part would be to support a "loser." Nothing is done in the beginning, and the opinion spreads that nothing can ever be done at all.

The Debating Society

Take, for example, the sad case of the Debating Society. As early as last April, this paper suggested that such a club be formed this year. Yet it was not until an invitation was received to join the Inter-Collegiate Debating Union that anyone had the courage to attempt to recruit a debating team, and then it was left to the school librarian to accomplish the ask. We have only praise for the work of Jerry Hartford and Father Young, whose efforts were largely responsible for Assumption's good showing against McMaster; but is it always necessary for the school librarian or some other member of the staff to take the initiative in these matters? The turnout which greeted the first request for volunteers was large enough to support the belief that, had action been taken soon enough, Assumption might have an efficient debating society by this time. As it was, most fellows came to feel that the attempt was doomed to failure, and that it was not worth the effort.

We feel, therefore, that this type of procrastination lies at the bottom of Assumption's problems. For the feeling of pessimism which it engenders in the minds of the students serves to vitiate even those activities which have been undertaken at the proper time and directed with wisdom and efficiency. The Year Book, the Dramatic Society, and even this paper—all are threatened with destruction because of the shrug-shoulders attitude which most Assumptionites have come to adopt toward them.

As to the Future

But is it too late now to reform? We do not think so, provided the same enthusiasm with which the school year was begun can be re-awakened in our students. The Year Book would be assured of success by some increased propaganda work among the students; the Literary Society, we feel sure, could be revived easily; perhaps, even, a full-fledged debating club could be formed. In all this, of course, we should keep in mind the well-being of Assumption in future years. For, it is now that we must lay the foundations for a more complete revival next year. If the Year Book, Debating Society and Dramatic Society are successful this year, we may be assured that they will become stronger in time to come. All that is needed is that all the students, directed by the Students' Council, see to it that these organizations are placed on a firm basis during the coming term. If, on the other hand, the present attitude of both Council and students continues, our best plans will come to naught, and we will have failed in our opportunity. The time for action is at hand. Tomorrow will be too late.

The Immediate Task

In the revival of activities this year, first attention should be paid to two things—the Year Book and the Literary Society. The former requires, as we have already pointed out, an intensive propaganda campaign among the students. And the latter cannot be revived unless we can determine the probability of student support. Both of these ends can be accomplished, it seems to us, by calling immediately a general meeting of all students. By well-publicized assembly, the advantages of the Year Book could be explained, the progress already made outlined, the danger of its failure pointed out, and a definite plan of action proposed. And we recall that similar convocations were utilized last year for the announcement of Literary meetings.

We suggest, therefore, that the Students' Council awake from its quiescent state and call such an assembly. Perhaps this will necessitate calling a meeting of the Council itself, but that is also something which is sorely needed. It is time that our class representatives took drastic action in regard to the defeatist attitude which prevails at this school. There are to be no more school dances, and the Senior representative has been ably handling the details of the Art's Banquet. There is, therefore, no excuse for the Council's not leading the college out of the wilderness. If nothing is done, the last estate of Assumption will be undoubted worse than the first. What is the Friars' Club the only Assumption society? Isn't it at all possible that some of our students might be interested in some other things besides dances? Perhaps, even though they are college students, a few may be attracted to literary discussions, debates, and dramatics. Our only criticism of the present Council is that they neglected to see to it that these activities were organized and publicized.

As to the Friars' Club

The Friars' Club is a matter of importance to us, not because of its failure pointed out, and a definite plan of action proposed. And we recall that similar convocations were utilized last year for the announcement of Literary meetings.

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A DOUBLE LOSS

THE death of Father Bellisle during the Christmas vacation took from us a teacher whose value will be appreciated more and more as time goes by. Father Bellisle not only taught philosophy, he seemed to breathe and live it. While we had little contact with him in the classroom, we found that he held in the hearts of Catholics everywhere, of his calm but deep contempt for the follies and iniquities with which the world is ridden; and of his equally deep conviction that over all of those follies and iniquities, Christ’s words would prevail.

But there are two aspects of the late pontiff’s career which should keep his memory alive in the heart of every student. One of these was his great regard for the furtherance of Christian education. In an age when the schools of many countries are being used as propaganda machines for the most immoral and godless doctrines, this courageous leader spoke out with vigour on the rights of the church in the field of education. His most bitter struggle with the forces of paganism and atheism were fought over this question. Grieved at heart to see the souls of young people exposed to the vomit of the modern demigods the doctrine that it is the state’s duty, above all, to see that the moral and religious education of young people be given us.

The other aspect of the Pope’s career which appeals most to us is his whole-hearted appeal for social justice. In an age of social conflict, when one party is attempting overtly to destroy the Church, and the other hoping to ruin it by converting it into a bulwark for privilege and economic tyranny, the Papal encyclicals have done much to make it clear that the Church can never fight for a single class, but only for the establishment of justice.

These are the achievements of Pope Pius which we believe will live longest in our minds. Others may be impressed by other characteristics of his long and glorious reign. But whatever the reason, we all know that a wise and noble pastor has passed from us. Let us pray to God that another as brave, as kindly, and as virtuous be given us.

The work of revolution ceases when the last enemy is exterminated; the work of empire comes to an end when the last foe is vanquished; but the work of the Church is done when the last soul is saved, and the message of God’s love is heard by all men.

POPE PIUS XI

IT would be impossible to write a short editorial on the manifold activities of Pope Pius XI. It would be comparatively simple to write volumes on any one of his interests. Others have written of his written of his courage and equanimity in the face of most attacks on the Church’s authority; of the place he held in the hearts of Catholics everywhere; of his wisdom in conducting the Church in the field of education. His most bitter struggle with the forces of paganism and atheism were fought over this question. Grieved at heart to see the souls of young people exposed to the vomit out with vigour on the rights of the Church in the field of education. His most bitter struggle with the forces of paganism and atheism were fought over this question. Grieved at heart to see the souls of young people exposed to the vomit — of the modern demigods the doctrine that it is the state’s duty, above all, to see that the moral and religious education of young people be given us.

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The Benedictine order lost another fine priest in the tragic death of Father Cornelius Sheehan. A renowned athlete, Father Sheehan’s connection with Assumption was more as a student than as a priest. But, although his stay here as a priest

SPAIN’S FUTURE

A S we go to press, it becomes increasingly apparent that the war in Spain is all but over. The leftists hold only one-fourth of the country, and the demoralization of their armies has never been so great. So the main topic of interest today is what will be the future of Spain. We believe that Catholics, having been supporters of the Nationalist forces, should now take as much interest in the post-war rule of Spain as they did in the conduct of the war itself.

For it is now that the problem of reconstruction comes. We do not mean the mere rebuilding of material things, but the rebuilding of the moral fibre of a nation torn by internal strife. Men who have been slaying one another for years will have to work together in the reviving of their fatherland. We sincerely hope that the spirit of animosity will die in the new Spain, and that all Spaniards will find themselves united in preserving its integrity.

The despite in which men of culture hold politics is the foremost danger to the existence of democracy. For democracy should be the rule of the best; and, if the best shun the political field, then surely the worst will prevail.

THE LAST FRONTIER

"Oh, bury me out on the lone Prairie. Where the coyotes howl, and the wind blows free." 

WE knew that some day the last frontier would be crossed, and that the old west would be no more. And now that day of woe has arrived. For we read in a recent issue of the local newspaper that the coyotes have come down from the mountains and begun to compete with city dogs for the contents of Tulsa garbage pails. It is the same old story. The rich food and social life of the city lures the country lad from his mountain home, and converts him into a parasite living from the refuse of his betters. It is sad. No longer will the lonely cowboy hear the mournful wailing of his range companion. But then, perhaps there will soon be no more cowboys.

We are confronted today with the contradiction of democracy in the political sphere and tyranny in the economic sphere. The alternatives before us are the establishment of autocracy in politics, on the one hand, and the extension of democratic principle to the economic sphere on the other.

INTERROGATIONS

1.
What is the date of the night?
Where is the time of the hour?
When is the what that the clock hasn’t got?
Why is the light where the sky is so bright?
Who is the muscle of power?

2.
Ardent the moans of lar
Fitful the bruist of bow—
But whence is the flow
Of the lonesome har.
Whence the digestive unhammered high woe
Of Oscar McWhartleton Ghar?

Envoi
Prince, let me say while yet my head’s unbopped
You’re well advised to fly to desert places.
Before you’ve slumped and slithered, slipped and flopped—
You cannot trust the muck on women’s faces.

—Erasmus Doyle.

Pope Pius XI was to the Commentator one of the most interesting men of his day; perhaps because in a psychiatric era, when rulers and whole nations went off their heads under various pressures, he remained so completely balanced.
What Is Wrong With Assumption?

This question has been asked so many full sessions, and answered so ineffectively, that the matter has finally devolved upon "Brass Tacks" for settlement.

In the first place we must disbar the boarders of this pet notion, that the principle thing wrong with Assumption is the presence of the day-students. In the second place we must remove from our minds the day-hops: a working suspicion that the big fish upon Assumption's process is none other than the boarders. As we move from both groups it becomes necessary to remove the false idea that the presence of a high school element is the principal cause of a perceptible lag, cultural and otherwise, in undergraduate life at Assumption College. Where then, does the trouble lie? It seems to lie in one of the two essentials that go to make up the spiritual entity that is called "college," to wit, the faculty and the student body. The physical elements, buildings, fields, and equipment, are not necessarily necessary for the dissemination of knowledge which is the principle business of a college. But faculty and students, the teacher and the pupil, are absolutely necessary for the educational process to be carried out.

Is It Student Body?

In discussing the student body, we shall treat it as a whole. Any imagined difference between Boarders and Day Students is incapable of being analyzed. That the day-students are cloaked with an air of indifference, a sort of nonchalant casualness that de-

The number at Assumption so disappointed is amazingly small. The bulk of the student body seems rather to suffer from the great English-American fear—the fear of being made to look the fool. For such students it is apparent—simply an arbitrary in a strange environment. They feign indifference to cover up their inability to adjust themselves to that environment. Others, forced by duties parents to attend school, are frankly contemptuous of the educational system. Some, deciding upon a degree, assume an attitude of passive resistance toward all attempts to draw them into the social and cultural life that is an integral part of college education.

These various groups, though a minority, set the standard. Aiming only at the minimum requirements, they cannot be drawn into the curricular work; they shun the various activities that could do them the most good. There is also a miserable subservience on the part of the majority to the fashion thus set by a small group. This fashion dictates that all shall indulge in mediocrity. Any attempt to develop natural talents to their full scope is looked upon as being in the worst possible taste. The philosophy of "just getting by" is rampant at Assumption. Not such an attitude is unnatural, for youth is never inclined to take undue pleasure except when engaged in unpleasant tasks.

The result of this unnatural position is that the individual personality is gradually submerged in the mass torpor. The eager Freshman is ground down to size, and turned out a rather average graduate with the ability to pay, tuition and board. Tuition and board, and room, is also lower and can be drawn into extra-curricular work; they shun the minimum requirements, they cannot be drawn into extra-curricular work.

Is it not because education at Assumption is priced less reasonably than at most colleges? Is this commodity not priced too cheap? After all, our college is not tax supported. It has very few, if any, patrons, and no donors of endowments. Its revenues are held back from the student, rather than outside investments. The school is entitled to a just price for its services, perhaps more than a just price, for if taxes are levied according to the ability to pay, it may be more justified than if they are levied according to the vice versa.

Birrell, "Universities must, however, at all times prove disappointing to the young and ingenious soul, who goes up to them young and eager for literature, seeing in every don a devotee to intellectual beauty, and hoping that lectures will, by some occult process—the genius loci—initiate him into the mysteries of taste and the study of culture, and then the improving conversation, the flashing wit, the friction of mind with mind,—these found.""}

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QUILL DROPS

Well, lads, we're back on the job again after a nice long vacation (or was it a vacation?) and have loads of news for all. As this is 1939 and one should not let it pass without making a few resolutions which one can break, I have resolved to quit writing Christmas stories since my last venture was sharply criticized by that great essayist and noted author, Mr. John J. Riordan.

Mr. Don Carson has been getting quite a bit of publicity lately from the Purple and White. It seems that little Donald has been leaving "litter" under the tables in the Library. We suggest that Donald use padlocked pockets to avoid further notoriety.

No issue of the Purple and White would be complete without a word from that eminent authority on women, Ralph Blackmore. Now that the Friars' Dance is over, we can safely give out some very interesting information heard recently among a group of enthusiastic students. The following was uttered: "Say, Ralph, what are your ideas concerning women?" Mr. Blackmore, clearing his throat, explained, "Women? Oh! I guess they're alright. But, said he, "a woman is always a woman but give me a cigar, for a cigar's a real smoke."

"To know him was to love him." These words truly sum up the students' sentiment on the passing of Reverend H. S. Bellisle, who died recently. To those who were fortunate enough to be in any of his classes, he will ever be remembered as a kind priest, teacher and friend.

Here's one for the science students, the latest explanation of Professor Einstein's theory of relativity has been simplified by this illustration: "When you sit by a nice girl for an hour, you think it is only a minute; but when you sit on a hot stove for a minute, you think it is an hour."

"Truth" they say is stronger than Fiction. To prove this here are some gleanings from the past examination which 1 take pleasure in passing on to you. Quote: "Cardinal Richelieu was very shrewd and statesmanlike — sometimes to the point of neglecting his religious scruples."

"Hal lows" — refers to all the saints who are in the kingdom of Christ. A saint is distinguished by a round circle in his head, known as a "Hallow."

In scansion, a two foot rhyming scheme is called "Di- anomer." Dante Rossetti wrote a poem about his sister entitled "Sister Helen."

"Throughout the kingdom there were innumerable kinds of people of different classes and races. Hugh Capet could not do much about this and so he didn't. He and the three kings who followed him did little except cool their heels. They did one thing, however, and that was have sons. Every Capetian for a long time was look keep up this custom and it was the only thing that saved the land."

In regards a king: "First, to end the war, he upheld the rights of the Calvinist church of which he was a member and secondly he extended the territory of Sweden by the conquest of the land of the north of Sweden which is now Scandinavia, at that time the Balkan peninsula."

Quotations such as these only go to show that slips are a mark of humanity and make us all realize that we too are liable to error. It is much like the merchant who was ever making bad economic errors who stated in his will: "I want six of my creditors for pall-bearers—they have carried me so long they may as well finish it."

As spring will soon be here, and as that is the time when a young man's fancies turn to love, take this opportunity to quote Mr. Phil. Grimmer's test to know whether one is in love or not. "The first symptom," says Phil, "is a tendency to confide in the absent one, and it is high time to take notice when a man discovers himself talking to a woman who isn't there."

"Lady, if you will give us a nickel for a chocolate bar," said Joe Stephani, "my little brother'll imitate a hen."

"What'll he do?" asked the lady, "cackle like a hen?"

"Naw," replied Joe in disgust, "he wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that. He'll eat a wim."

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given every Wed-

JUST FROSH

Aftermath:

It was a difficult task indeed to outwit the University of Western Ontario with their recently adopted "show'em no mercy policy." However, most of us have emerged auspiciously enough while others "took a quick powder" with a flunked flunk here and a flunked flunk there. (Nuff said.) However, on January 28 the truce was signed and we are now back on normal schedule in the school of hard knocks for now it is knock-knock, get up, knock-knock, lights out, alternating during the course of the day with a lesty "Quiet!!" or "Stay in your own room and study!" etc., etc. We are too young to stay up late at night and too old to stay in bed in the morning. Hail metamorphosis!

Among the Iconoclasts:

The less said about the recent collection for Father Bellisle's memorial Mass the better. The contributions were in no way compulsory by the one who with no funds can certainly be excused. It was the attitude taken by the majority in this matter that was most disgusting. But perhaps we should not be surprised, for the very atmosphere of the place reeks of indifference. Charity? Ah, there is no such thing!

Father Bellisle:

Volumes could be written on the loss felt by students of Assumption College as far as Father Bellisle is concerned. Those of us who came this year knew him for a short time, but we felt as if we had known him all our lives. As spiritual director of Assumption College, he was conducting a marvellous work, but as the phrase goes—"Ars est longa, vita est brevis," and Father Bellisle was taken from us. Father Bellisle, great teacher, pious priest and model Basilian Father is not wholly gone for his unselfish spirit of self sacrifice will ever linger about this institution.

Year Book:

The Assumption Annual is now in full form and the entire staff is doing its utmost to make the book a masterpiece of scholarship and art. A striking fabricoid cover trimmed in silver will enclose the news and picture packed pages which have been increased to the

(Continued on Page 6)

niday morning at 10:25 in the college chapel for all Socialists. Surely you can give up 15 minutes of your spare time each week for such a devotion."

The cast of "Journey's End" have been working hard of late under the direction of Mr. Campbell and deserve your cooperation in the matter of selling tickets and talking up the play at home.

All students in high school and college are asked to get behind the efforts of the Year Book Staff and help by their subscriptions to put the book over this year.

The club room stewards are having a "fine" time these days. Any misbehavior in the club room is subject to a fine. Good work, fellows, I understand that the club room at Western has been closed due to the destruction of room furnishings. With stews like we have here, Assumption is quite impossible. Congratulations, stewards!

Well, gentlemen, there is such a society in college as the "Mission Society," as Father Pickett so rightly brought home this fact at a recent meeting of all the students in university. "Now," that we know of its existence, it is high time to do something about it before the end of the school year.

Alas my stock of news, which seemed so abundant at the start has dwindled and so I will no further burden my readers (?) with nothing but idle chatter and will cheerfully end this column by leaving my new address of 1234 Acawek-sheka Point, Hawaii, for those who might have any "libel suits and news mentioned in this column."

For "Milk Like Cream"

THE PURITY DAILY
Preparations For Drama Completed

Dramatic Society Presents a Tale of War-Time Life

At last Assumption College students and the world at large are to have the long-awaited opportunity of seeing their own Dramatic Society's version of "Journey's End." Many, no doubt, have become impatient with the delay, the production was first scheduled for December—but the director and cast hope to compensate for this by a better-than-average performance.

For those who have never heard of the play, "Journey's End" is a short resume of its history. It might be interesting to the story concerns a group of English officers who are awaiting a German attack in a dug-out in the trenches before St. Quentin, France. The date is March, 1918. Students of history will recall that that month marked the beginning of the last great German offensive which continued for five months, and which brought the German army within 40 miles of Paris. It is a gripping and tragic tale of human relations under the strain of the abnormal conditions of war. The cast is composed entirely of men, a feature which marks it off from the average play; the "boy meets girl" motif is noticeably (and happily) absent. The play has had a remarkable history. Written in 1928 by a former front-line officer from his recollections of front-line life in the war, it received a cold reception from English producers, who could not be induced to accept a play in which there were no female characters and no love scenes. However, the Stage Society of London elected to try its luck with the new play and it was first presented in London in December, 1928. It was an immediate success, and was performed to packed houses week after week. New companies rapidly took it up, and within two years it was being played all over the world. It burst upon the public as an immediate success, and has been filmed and has been presented on the radio, most recently by William Powell and Burgess Meredith in the leading roles, and has been filmed and has been presented on the radio, most recently by William Powell and Burgess Meredith in the leading roles. It has been given in theatres from West Point to Tokyo and has had such notable success as Noel Coward playing the leading roles.

Mr. Laughlin Campbell has been working hard with his cast and expects the play to be in first-class shape for February 20th and 21st. Difficult technical problems were overcome with the aid of the stage crew; scenery has been painted and new lighting equipment purchased. Tickets have already been distributed and advance ticket sales are encouraging. The admission price is not high—20¢ for students. All Assumption men are urged not to miss this outstanding play—the Dramatic Society's first and last effort of the season.

Master of Drama Arises Among Us

Mysterious Author Writes of Life in Club Room

Editor's Note:

With some misgivings but no apologies, The Purple and White publishes for the first time a study in school life by a local dramatic artist. The power and intensity of this work will be appreciated by all who read it. The present, the author, being of a modest disposition, prefers to be known merely as "O. R. B." However, in the interests of mental development and good sportsmanship, this paper will present a genuine Afghan hand-painted tombstone pump to the first person who guesses the true identity of this author.

There will be ten second prizes, consisting of tickets to last year's Assumption football game.

A DRAMA OF THE CLUB ROOM

by O. R. B.

To the liltle strains of "My Wild Irish Rose" (published by Laker, Laker and Laker, Inc.) the second term opened with a bang. Or was that the Math. 12 door closing at

8:05? Anyhow, at 8:06, eleven more joined our happy throng in the club room, by now thick with smoke (due to cigarettes), talk (due to Chauvin), and good art (due to Riedor and Grimmer). The talk swayed to and fro. Occasionally a furtive figure would slip from the crowd into a corner, light a cigarette, and stroll nonchalantly, unnoticed by all save the five or forty observant youths. Then there arose a haunting cry of "got a spare cigarette, chum?"

At this point there is a blurb, a slam of the door, and one less is now in the club room.

Suddenly Al (War Admiral) Dubensky is heard above the babel of voices: "Now when I was in New York," but is drowned by cries of "Boo... Fake" and similar terms. "According to St. Thomas" cries a plaintive voice, immediately silenced by (F. X.) F. who shrieks, "Never heard of him!"

Another period of uninterrupted roaring goes on until Greenan holds the floor. "So I snatched with these six hold-up men, and there we were fighting in the alley." But the sudden entrance of Carson, Blackmore and the Hickey stops his thrilling fiction narrative. Bill Hickey, wearing a delightful ensemble of pyjamas and sweater and odd socks, inspires a group recitation of Hopkin's poem beginning "Glory be to God for dappled things, half of the reciters. And will Blackmore be surprised. There are two shots; Grimmer falls dead; and Blackmore, still clutching his smoking revolver, is rushed off to Sandwhich goul, tried and hanged, laughing hysterically and shouting "O death—where is thy sting?"

In the ensuing lull, Carson tells a pun and narrowly escapes destruction. Then, sud-

(Continued on Page 8)
A Great Question is Now Answered
Mr. Grimmer Puts Mr. Louis Below Former Greats

A few weeks ago, Louie belted John Henry Lewis out of the heavyweight picture in less than a round without receiving a blow. So astonishing and so decisive his victory that the sages of our press almost immediately dubbed him the greatest fighter of modern times if not all time. Now I never saw any of the old fighters in the ring nor even such recent moderns as Dempsey, and Sharkey in their prime. However, I believe there is enough evidence right in the records and in various accounts of modern fights to indicate Louis' status definitely to that of current champion only. As it appears to me, the greatest difference between Louis and the champions of the past lies in the nature of the knockouts. In his last fight, Lewis had everything under control, and he could never have landed solid punches against Louis. Jeffries' record is all the more remarkable when it is recalled that he really took little interest in his profession, that he never possessed the "killer instinct." Some experts have argued that Louis is too clever a boxer for a slugger like Jeffries and that in an actual fight the latter could never have landed solid punches; this can be refuted by one example. In his first fight with Corbett, Jeffries received a painful boxing lesson even though he finally dropped the champion in their second fight, Jeffries boxed on for another half dozen rounds with Corbett and had everything under control until the final curtain. Now, about eight or nine years ago, the just-retired Tunney boxed a few rounds with Corbett for an exhibition movie, but the sixty-year-old Corbett made the man of steel look so bad that the latter's friends begged him to concede. But Jeffries had noticed that Corbett frequently made one particular mistake, and, a few rounds later he blasted Corbett's comeback dreams with a left to the body, practically the only effective blow he landed during the entire fight. Taking into consideration the day, including Louis, apparently couldn't come in behind him and couldn't stop him with one blow.

It is difficult to say who really was the greatest heavyweight of all time, but in the light of his actual achievements, Jeffries was at least greater than Louis. Jeffries fought himself out of the game at a time when more first-rate fighters were on the scene than at any time before or since. Any one of the men he defeated, such as Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Ruhein, or Choyinsky, could have given Louis the fight of his life, for they were several weight classes heavier than Jeffries. Jeffries' record is all the more remarkable when it is recalled that he really took little interest in his profession, that he never possessed the "killer instinct." Some experts have argued that Louis is too clever a boxer for a slugger like Jeffries and that in an actual fight the latter could never have landed solid punches; this can be refuted by one example. In his first fight with Corbett, Jeffries received a painful boxing lesson even though he finally dropped the champion in their second fight, Jeffries boxed on for another half dozen rounds with Corbett and had everything under control until the final curtain. Now, about eight years ago, the just-retired Tunney boxed a few rounds with Corbett for an exhibition movie, but the sixty-year-old Corbett made the man of steel look so bad that the picture was never released. This may give us some idea of what Jeffries was capable of.
By Ray Harwood

Senior Cagers

With the 1939 season at the midway mark, Father Armstrong's hoopmen are doing mighty well for themselves. Having won three and lost two games in the local high school league, Sully Dunn Sets Pace.

Glancing over the records of the various teams to date we find the High School's own Willie Lomas leading the rest of the sharpshooters by a comfortable margin. Of course we are referring to Sully Dunn, who is coasting along with a 13-point lead over his nearest rival, Frank Waymouth. Dunn's basket has kept right on to Sully's heels with his 36 points and he is the talk of the town with 13 points.

Hockey

This month it's hats-off to Father H. Mallon's puckchasers. With the season a little more than half over, we find the team in third place, having won two and lost three. This is an excellent record, and when you consider that these boys are playing together for the first time in the local high school league, it is a matter of concern for the sidelines.

In spite of this fine showing, the team has had little or no support from the sidelines. What is it? You loyal sons of Assumption! If Father Armstrong and Mr. Murphy got a bad break, so did you. It is a shame that you have no interest in the game. It is one of the best in the city.

Junior Cagers

The junior hoopmen have rather discouraging thus far, but have hopes of cracking the second team during the second half. Lack of height as compared to the other teams, seems to be the main difficulty.

However, with a little more luck around the basket, Mr. Follis' junior cagers should have a much better second half.

Sub-Minim Basketball

Senior: With the 1939 season well underway, the senior sub-minim cagers are staging a real battle for league honors. At present we find Mr. McLean's Dominos leading the race, with the Maple Leafs, coached by Mr. Meyers, running a close second. Mr. Mahler's Loyola squad and Mr. O'Reilly's McGill hoopmen follow in third and fourth order.

The Dominos look like the team to beat, with Moons, high-scoring forward, leading their team to their first place position. However, the season is not over yet, and the Maple Leafs gave ample proof that they would be in the running, as they forced the Dominos all the way in a 13-12 thriller. Chase is probably the main reason for the Maple Leafs' fine showing thus far.

Mitchell of Loyola and G. Smith of McGill are two other players who show great promise becoming future Assumption basketball heroes.

Junior Sub-Minims

In the junior division of the sub-minim cagers, we find an even closer race for first place, as Mr. Schneider's Red Wings and Mr. Miller's St. Mike's tied for first place. In their first encounter, St. Mike's scored a real upset by emerging with a 16-14 victory. The shooting of Carnegie and the timely passing of Maratsky had a lot to do with St. Mike's taking that game. For the Red Wings, Ardile and Stone have kept their team right up there in the thick of the struggle for first place.

Mr. Cherry's Notre Dame cagers and Holy Cross, coached by Mr. Roffael, round up the junior league. These two teams, though not as well balanced as the two leading teams, possess plenty of fight and will certainly make it hot for the first place.

V Year.

This year's three pugilistic geniuses—Peck, Duchesne and Clifford—retreat to the silent recesses of the library to fight (verbally and otherwise) after classes. Vincent Thompson's Trig. is original to say the least. Peck says De Re is a sissy; De Re says Peck is a sissy; this makes it a dead heat.

Once upon a time when Maratsky and McLister were quarrelling strenuously between periods, Fr. Coll walked into the room unnoticed, and remarked, quite sarcastically, “Don’t look now, boys, but Father is in.” Fr. Murphy got a bad break this year, he has the nine o'clock class. The members of this class never realize that has been said until well on in the day. Baron Von De Courtney is the school's greatest exponent of "There’s a hole in the bottom of the sea." All of which is very illuminating.

III A

We wonder how Dough Boyer is making out with his collections for the year book. Chip in, fellows, it's a good cause and you will have something to show for it.

Say, what's happened to that fine Alma Mater song of Frank McIntyre's?

Some III A students are complaining that they had to pay fare and yet pushed the railroad buses in the recent snowstorm.

Fr. Coll is keeping us posted on the St. Mike's hockey scores. Ray Denomme, our no-games goalie, is a confirmed "fitterbug."

Seem recently—Piche, Janis, La Fontaine and Jolie walking in Indian file through the one path in the campus. Must be the Indian in them. Ferguson stepping out last Friday. Better watch that boy! Hefferman writing a letter. Wonder who it is.

Hebburn, better stop now; here comes Fr. Harrison looking for homework.

II B

Hebert still thinks he knows more French than the teacher. Who knows? Maybe he does.

I wonder if Ulysses Leafe's sister, who is a teacher, has anything to do with his getting his homework done every night. From a guy who borrows it daily.

Professor Elder is still trying to ascertain how the memorandum of History goes.

I A

We all agree that Clark Gable has nothing on Jim Maher for the size of ears. Maybe if a wind comes along, he might even take off.

We see Melton Flynt sporting a new sweater for his Junior Football Numerals.

Ho hum, never a dull moment with Chuck Gallagher since he saw "Jesse James."

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YEAR BOOK

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Mice and Men

Most fellows go to college to become educated, but when they graduate they are far from that blissful state for the simple reason that what they have really done is spent four more years in High School. What we mean is that they have not learned to think and do for themselves. So many of them are so pitifully ignorant that they never realize that there is something more to college education than what is on the curriculum. It's a tragic thing for the good name of an educational institution that it has to put its stamp of approval on the man into his cranium just enough facts out of his textbooks to pass the school's examinations, when all the time the school knows that the aforementioned individual has not even the most superficiality of a well-bred mule, the imagination of a sheep, or the ingenuity of an ostrich. What a sad state of affairs that is!

When are some of these miscomposers going to wake up and see that being with fellows who talk nonsense, who can contribute a little intelligent conversation once in a while, reading worthwhile books, keeping up on current events, participating in the debating, public speaking, dramatic and literary societies, contributing to the school periodicals and idea occasionally, etc., are really the things that count? How about you? Are you getting a B.A. this year? Next year? Well, how many years have you spent in High School? And how many more do you intend to spend?

By the way, now that we're on your ear, let's get specific. How many of you have been to an Assumption College Lecture League lecture this year? Oh, you have. Well, we mean more than that. Now, how thought so. Well, listen. Father Flanagan recently gave a very interesting speech on the A. C. L. L. program. He is a grand priest and a swell fellow and he was doubtless pleased to hear that you fellows made many inquiries about tickets for his lecture. That's very encouraging and the way it should be. But look! With all due respect and good wishes to Father Flanagan, we want to ask you right now why you should be interested in lectures in comparison to you. You saw the movie, "Boystown," didn't you? It was a grand show. So you learned about Fr. Flanagan, and when you could actually meet him you were quick to seize the opportunity. That's splendid. But could actually meet him you don't ever read books?

As far as we can see, we will have nothing to do but play hooky, study, and watch basketball games for the next month. Perhaps a few of us will attend the Lecture League presentations, but they are only two numbers. Otherwise, extra-curricular activities are dead as the proverbial doornail.

In order to prevent this catatonia, we suggest that the Literary Society be resurrected, and a few lively meetings held. How about it? Don't miss little gitterin' at which we can discuss the five-cent law, or something, ought to attract a few customers. All weapons to be left at the door.

The Lecture League program, of which we spoke above, will present F. J. Sheed of England in a speech entitled, "Education on Trial." This should be especially interesting to Third Year Men of the Ontology studies. This tidbit comes up on Feb. 26. We trust that anyone who heard Mr. Sheed's discourse on Marxism will be there with bells and rattles on. On March 19, Sister M. Madeleia will discuss "Frontiers of Poetry." All our literature students should be interested in this, especially those in English 45, who quoted Sister Madeleia extensively in their essays on "Perl" last term.

As we have said, the future looks dull. As for us, we're going out and try to trap a new sports' editor.

Master of Drama

(Continued from Page 5)

The Christian Culture Series

continued its successful course during the past month, presenting Fr. J. A. Magner's talk on significant books of the year. Mon, Jan 15, Fr. E. J. Flanagan's description of the Country Boy, Town on Feb. 12, and Fr. Vincent Mooney's lecture, entitled "Youth on the March," on Feb. 19. All these lectures were well received, especially Fr. Flanagan's, which was presented at the Palace Theatre.

Last month was the month of great snow. At first there were dog teams parked in the club room, and it is rumoured that several games of handball were played on snow shoes. Later, these causes gave way to hip boots when the thigh began to feel the cold. As we go to press, Windsor resembles Louisville with a great deal of snuff in every pocket.

How many more do you intend to spend?

By the way, now that we're on your ear, let's get specific. How many of you have been to an Assumption College Lecture League lecture this year? Oh, you have. Well, we mean more than that. Now, how thought so. Well, listen. Father Flanagan recently gave a very interesting speech on the A. C. L. L. program. He is a grand priest and a swell fellow and he was doubtless pleased to hear that you fellows made many inquiries about tickets for his lecture. That's very encouraging and the way it should be. But look! With all due respect and good wishes to Father Flanagan, we want to ask you right now why you should be interested in lectures in comparison to you. You saw the movie, "Boystown," didn't you? It was a grand show. So you learned about Fr. Flanagan, and when you could actually meet him you were quick to seize the opportunity. That's splendid. But could actually meet him you don't ever read books?

As far as we can see, we will have nothing to do but play hooky, study, and watch basketball games for the next month. Perhaps a few of us will attend the Lecture League presentations, but they are only two numbers. Otherwise, extra-curricular activities are dead as the proverbial doornail.

In order to prevent this catatonia, we suggest that the Literary Society be resurrected, and a few lively meetings held. How about it? Don't miss little gitterin' at which we can discuss the five-cent law, or something, ought to attract a few customers. All weapons to be left at the door.

The Lecture League program, of which we spoke above, will present F. J. Sheed of England in a speech entitled, "Education on Trial." This should be especially interesting to Third Year Men of the Ontology studies. This tidbit comes up on Feb. 26. We trust that anyone who heard Mr. Sheed's discourse on Marxism will be there with bells and rattles on. On March 19, Sister M. Madeleia will discuss "Frontiers of Poetry." All our literature students should be interested in this, especially those in English 45, who quoted Sister Madeleia extensively in their essays on "Perl" last term.

As we have said, the future looks dull. As for us, we're going out and try to trap a new sports' editor.

Master of Drama

(Continued from Page 5)

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 Literacy Society Revival, Lecture League's Activities May Help

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