1947

Purple and White: 1947 - 1948

Assumption College
IN THE SHADOW OF THE BRIDGE— By R. E. M.

Understand that Canada is carrying this austerity program of theirs too far. Last your reporter heard of the situation Ontarian, it was an embargo on all American radio programs. Just think fellows, now we won't be able to hear the Lone Ranger anymore. 

Saw Don Bondy, of the W. J. Bondy & Sons Shoe Store (paid advertisement) driving a new Chev in place of his Buick. God, but these peasants must have a tough time every morning trying to decide on which car to drive to classes.

Just returned from a Student Assembly at which there could not have been more than 60 representatives from the Student body. It must really be encouraging for our President (Norr Harrison is the name, I think) that these boys who will not break up their card games long enough to attend those meeting wish to know), to work hard preparing material for those classes. As a result, all the classes for the old year are promised to be the new year to make all of his classes—and on time, too.

While we're on the subject of Student attendance at STUDENT FUNCTIONS, there couldn't have been more than fifty of us at the basketball game against Delano. Now consider that you heard, we won 51-49 in overtime. Both our President, Rev. Fr. O'Lone and our student director, Rev. Fr. Higgins have tried to instill some school spirit in the near vicinity of Windsor. Their generosity to the "fume" is unquestionable. The courts are trying a new Chev in place of his Buick. God, but these peasants must have a tough time every morning trying to decide on which car to drive to classes.

Twas quite a Christmas party that was held in the "Lounge" on the night of December 12th, and I know I speak the truth when I say that the evening was enjoyed by all. Santa's little helper played his parts very well and they generosity to the "fume" is unquestionable.

Heard a few of the boys took a trip to attend a Christmas Formal at a certain girls' college—St. Mary's of the Springs by name—in Iar of Ohio. Understand a swell time was had by each and every one of them, but it seems like a great distance to go in order to get out of the games. Some of our own living room. Would probably not bother going even if the games were played in your own living room.

While on the subject, REM extends bouquets of Orchids to Joe Gribben. Joe Viviano, Jack Wick, and some of the other boys who appreciate the efforts of the team enough to hitch-hike to the games that are played in the near vicinity of Windsor.

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'Yes, the thing that makes this story so wondrous and tender is that it is de-epp-ly rooted in fact, and if anyone should doubt that, let him take a little pre-Christmas junket to the site of the happening. I am about to relate, and five will get him ten that he experiences about the same thing.

But let us not dilly-dally; I know that all of you are waiting breathlessly for the Old Story-Teller to begin his tale.

Monday, the 15th of December, I was sitting Yogi-wise on my prayer rug, contemplating my navel, when suddenly I was struck by the disquieting thought that I had failed to secure a Christmas gift for my dear old Uncle Ben Z. Drine, who is, at present, reaping a fortune in Africa, selling lipsticks to the Ubangies.

Well, as I had long dreamed of falling heir to Ben's cola fortune, I donned my overcoat, and, dignifiedly I was struck by the dis—

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(A True Christmas Story)

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