

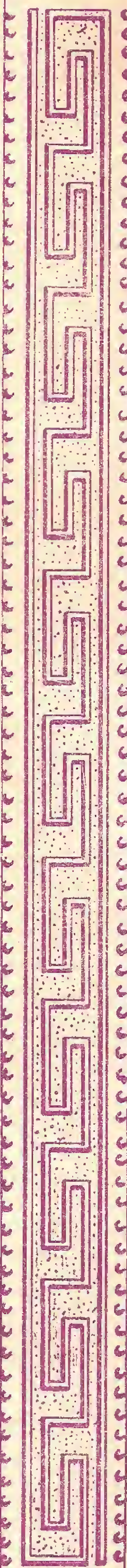
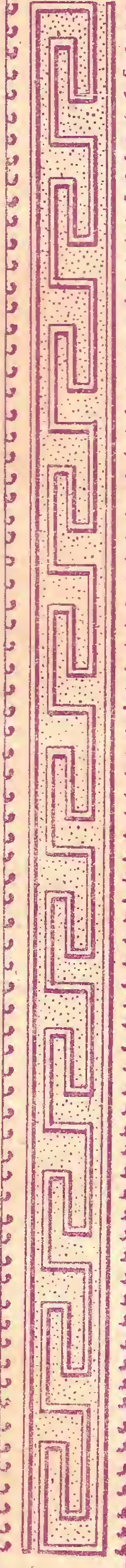
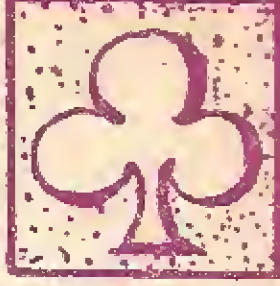
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CATHOLIC CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

TROY, NEW YORK

Vol. 16

April 7, 1941

No. 10



RABBONI

AMELIA GRAZIOLA '42

Looking down the path of ages,
I behold a slender form
A sad, forlorn, forsaken creature,
Walking slowly in the morn.

Slowly, surely she is nearing,
The dear place where Jesus lies.
Now she gasps and drops her flowers,
"He is gone!" she loudly cries.

Rushing to the tomb's bare entrance,
She but gazes at the place
Where they laid her Jesus' body,
And the tears stream down her face.

Nearing Mary's trembling body,
Is a Figure radiant, white.
She looks up with tears still flowing,
Mingled with her fear and fright.

"He is gone!" she slowly whispers.
"O Gardner, what shall I do?"
And he whispered sweetly, clearly,
"Mary." — By that voice she knew.

He is risen! He is risen!
Oh what wonders God hath wrought!
Kneeling at the feet of Jesus,
"Rabboni!" His blessing sought.

HOWLING WINDS

CARMELA M. MELE '41

When the wind is howling loudly,
In swirls of open space,
It makes me keep on wishing for
The warmth of a fireplace.

Oh! just warmth and comfort,
No more do I desire;
Just to hear the roaring, crackling
Of a flaming open fire.

But alas! I must keep walking
Many places yet to go;
So howling winds keep blowing,
As I trudge in the deep, wet snow.

FROM ONE WORLD TO ANOTHER

ROSE WINKLEMAN '41

Beside a cross, so tall, the picture hung.
Beneath these, a candle burnt;
Its vigil nearly done.
A spotless soul was offered up to God
By a weary child.

A dim smile upon his lips,
A radiant glow upon his face,
What could it mean?
The pictures—St. Joseph, Mary, the figure on
the Cross
All become realities
To a weary child.

"CHRIST IS RISEN!"

EILEEN KINCAID '41

"Christ is risen!" From the cross
Where for three whole hours He hung,
He has lifted up His blessed arms,
He has made us all as one.

"Christ is Risen!" And the wounds,
The cruel thorns were not in vain,
For by His death, He saved the world,
By His death our souls did gain.

A BLESSED THOUGHT

WILLIAM HAMBROOK '41

Amid the evening's mellow glow
My thoughts go back to long ago —

How gently now they lift Him down;
Then remove the bloodstained crown,
And lay His Blessed Body still
Within a tomb, upon a hill.

My thoughts are clearer now; I see
Him walking from this tomb triumphantly.
For us He did all this, and more,
He opened Heaven's very door.

But now my thoughts return to earth
As the glow dies from the hearth.

TO AN EASTER LILY

ADELINE GRAZIOLI '41

Graceful, slender, laughing lily,
Swaying in the breeze
Soon it will be Easter,
And you have hearts to please.

Ope' your pure white petals,
Turn them to the sun,
Give to us your fragrance,
Oh, sweet, and lovely one.

But more precious is the task
Which soon you will perform,
When joyful bells are ringing,
Proclaiming Easter morn.

For you will then be chosen,
To adorn our altar fair,
Graceful, slender, laughing lily
Our risen Lord is there!

NIGHT

MADALENE MARCELL '41

The sky has lost its golden hue,
The air is deathly still,
The shadows fall upon the sill
Now softly cries the whip-poor-will
'Tis Night.

GOOD TIDINGS

HELEN LUBINSKY '41

"You seek Jesus", the young man said,
"Jesus of Nazareth, Who was dead,
But good tidings do I bear
For Jesus is risen! He is not here!

"Go now into Galilee,
Tell the disciples what you see;
Tell them what you have heard:
That Jesus is risen! He has returned!"

THIS TEAR-STAINED WORLD
KEEPS EASTER DAY

ANTHONY PASSARETTI '41

This tear-stained world keeps Easter Day,
And far off larks are singing,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing.

In other lands the earth is hushed
Save for the big guns' booming.
And into fields gaunt soldiers rushed;
And there are no flowers blooming.

To the Lord of all who lives anew
We lift our arms in prayer,
That He may comfort all the others, who
The toils of war must bear.

EASTER MENTAL PRAYER — A LETTER

ROSE M. SLAVIN '41

Morning of April 1941

Dear Jesus:

Now that You have risen, I beg You to come to me this morning. Make my heart Your dwelling place, a shelter from the cold and indifference of the world. Give me light to know You, Jesus, and a strong desire to study You in every detail of Your beautiful life.

Help me to imitate Your patience with all that is about me — the sick, the fault-finding, the vulgar, the exacting and the rude. Give me Your gentleness in the events of life — in disappointments, thoughtlessness of others and insincerity of those I've trusted. Help me to be faithful to do what is right, no matter what the cost may be. Teach me to put myself aside to think of the happiness of others, to hide my own heartaches so that I alone may suffer from them. Make me strong, too, Jesus, that I may be a comfort to those about me, that I may bring help to those in need, sympathy to the suffering, happiness to those in sorrow, peace to the troubled and strength to the weak.

Honest, Jesus, I'm really happy to think You accepted my heart as a resting place. How good of You to come to me who think so seldom of You, who pass so little time with You, whose friendship would make my life so beautiful. Now that You are with me I ask You that You give light to my soul that I may seek the path on which You want me to travel to Eternity. Touch my eyes that I may see the good there is for me to do, the weaknesses that should be strengthened and the empty places that should be filled with kindness and thoughtfulness for others. Bless my lips that I may

keep them sealed when burning with impatience or ill-will. Give me the grace, Jesus, to make my life something worth while, to distinguish true from false, Your beautiful standards from the deceitful maxims of the world. Give me the grace, too, to recognize Your touch when You knock at my heart's door, that I may always open it wide and welcome You, a lonely Pilgrim Who goes up and down the road of life begging for admittance. Grant that I may never keep You waiting, dear Jesus, no matter how loud may be the laughter, song or music of the world. Let me hear Your gentle knock and open up to You.

However filled my garden may be with flowers of wealth and pleasure, let there be no weed's choking the entrance to my heart's door but with my hand ever on the latch watching for Your coming, let me greet You with reverence and keep You as my Guest, my Friend and my King. My Guest — whom it will be my happiness to serve by doing all that kindness and sympathy may prompt; my Friend — sharing all that You may give me and bearing my cross as You bore Yours . . . lastly my King by Your reigning over my heart so that all that I do or say may bear the stamp of Your strong and beautiful influence, that when the Great Day comes, when I stand face to face with You, Jesus, may I see Your smile of approval and receive the assurance that my life has been a success and that I shall be with You for all eternity,

As ever, Jesus,

Your servant,

ROSE

FACTS ABOUT EASTER

PEGGY EVERS '41

DID YOU KNOW? —

That in the past, Easter was associated with at least two other religious celebrations held at the same season, namely, the Jewish Passover and the pagan Anglo-Saxon celebration of the goddess of light or spring, Eastr, from whose name the English word, Easter, is derived.

* * *

That the churches of the second and third centuries disputed long the exact day on which the event should be commemorated: those of Jewish descent holding that the Passover should determine the date and the Gentiles insisting that the day of the crucifixion was the important factor.

* * *

That the Council of Nicaea, in 325 A. D., settled the dispute by adopting the rule now

acknowledged, that Easter should be the first Sunday, after the full moon which happens upon or next after, March 21, and that when the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Day shall be the Sunday after. This sometimes brings Easter Day as early as March 22, and as late as April 25.

* * *

That the dates of all movable church feasts are determined by the date of Easter since it is the central and one of the most important feasts of the year.

* * *

That efforts have been made in recent years, through the English Parliament and the various European governments now working through the League of Nations, to secure a fixed Easter, the choice being the second Sunday of April but without any present agreement.

THE PROBLEMS OF YOUTH

JULIA STORELLI '42

A log was just put in the fireplace and a group of merry people sat before it, welcoming the warmth it gave forth. Mary had just finished washing the dishes and her brother helped her wipe them when a loud and heavy knock was heard on the doorstep. Mary and Jim both ran to open the door for they could tell by all the noise who it was. Jim's friends always dropped in, "for a bit of chatter", as they called it.

As we look in we note a discussion is in the air. Yes, they are discussing what people all over the world are most worried about, what most mothers fear will happen to their husband, son or young brother. "Jim, what if our numbers were ever called and we were drafted?" said Jackie.

"Oh, don't be silly Jackie, Jim's only nineteen and you're going on eighteen how could either of you be drafted?" said Mary.

"Well, it won't be long before our twenty-first birthday will be rolling along and we'll be singing 'We're in the Army now', besides I read something in the paper about drafting boys from eighteen up," said Jackie.

"Don't believe what you read in the papers Jackie. The only thing that is reliable now-a-days is the funny sheets," added Jerry.

"Now that this subject has popped up I guess it's a good time as any to tell you that I'm going away," said Jim.

"Going away," said Mary, "What do you mean? Is that what Dad and you were talking about when I came in this afternoon?"

"Yes, Mary, it's all set, I didn't want to get Mom or you excited so I had a long talk with Dad and he gave his consent. I'm going to join the Navy. It's all set. I passed all the tests and I'm to go to a Naval Training Station next week. I wanted to tell Mom first, but Dad insisted he'd take care of it."

"Gee, that's great, Jim" said Jerry, "but why didn't you let me in on your plans so I could join up with you instead of signing up with the Marines?"

"I knew you'd be thinking along those lines, that's why I never told you of my plans. You had a good education and are qualified for the Marines and they'll make a man out of you," said Jim.

"What is the matter with you, Jackie, you look as if you lost your last friend?" said Mary.

"You're right, Mary, my two pals going away, one joining the Navy, the other the Marines. I can't join anything. I have to finish my year in high school. I can't even be drafted because I'm too young."

"Don't take it so hard, Jackie, look at what I'm losing, or maybe glad to get rid of my big brother. Cheer up, maybe we can join the Foreign Legion or something."

MARY'S DREAM

DOROTHY BOULERIS '44

Lent was coming, but what did she care. All those things they were preaching about giving up the movies, dances and the like didn't apply to her. Some other Lenten season would come so she had plenty of time. All these thoughts came to Mary's mind as she lay in bed. After a few minutes she fell asleep and dreamed an unusual dream. She saw a young girl walking down the street. The girl turned to cross the street not noticing a car coming directly toward her. And then she fell, a group of people clammered about her. Then she saw the girl's face. It was — hers. Suddenly Mary awoke. It was only a dream, of course, but did it signify something? Mary realized how foolish she had been in her reasoning about the things of God. When Easter came Mary had scored a perfect record for attending Mass daily and numerous other sacrifices. A month later in the town's newspaper appeared an obituary notice. It was — Mary.

LOST AND FOUND

ANNE VERONICA MURRAY '43

Sitting in the living room, waiting the news, good or bad, we were all given an opportunity to take inventory of the past few hours and how we were affected by them. We acknowledged the fact that she was gone; we admitted that we had been neglectful of our little charge but we could not understand why Aunt Jane should carry on so. When we had exhausted every means of finding her, we set about to calm Aunt Jane's shattered nerves. How could we ever have lost her? We had lost the only thing Aunt Jane lived for. When we turned our backs to her for just a minute we gave those kidnappers the chance they had been waiting for! With a great deal of patience we endured our dear Aunt's wails and moans.

Suddenly, we saw the door to the living room open, we saw a man in a blue uniform enter and after a few minutes we realized it was a policeman. At last! Before our very eyes, we saw a policeman and snuggled tightly against his big, silver-buttoned chest we saw her — Suzy, Aunt Jane's cocker-spaniel!!

ON FEVER FEVER

ROSEMARY EVERS '42

With the beginning of spring each year, there also begins an epidemic that attacks everyone except those few who are strong enough to resist it. Few doctors or scientists can find a cure for this great disease that mainly afflicts school pupils. It comes in that season of the year called Spring. It attacks quietly and swiftly so that those whom it attacks as its victims are entirely unaware of what is happening to them. It puts them in a stupor and only a sharp awakening brings them out of it. By now I think you recognize the symptoms and know what I mean, for every normal student has been at one time or another a victim of spring fever.

This disease isn't like any others, for it gives pleasure rather than discomfort to the afflicted ones. To sink into that blissful reverie that accompanies it and to gaze at nothing is very pleasant, but it also has an unpleasant side because we are jostled out of this state by a sharp reprimand from the teacher and a warning concerning the next time. Well, the next time inevitably comes and we are once again jostled and asked questions concerning matters about which we know nothing.

Can we help it? No. It is like anything else in epidemic form. It is extremely hard to resist and very few people can resist it. So therefore we should not be blamed and our superiors, I hope with this spring, will have a bit of patience with us who find it very difficult to resist this pleasurable epidemic.

OUR CLASS RING

HELEN O'CONNELL '41

After almost four years of anxious waiting our class rings, so symbolic of Catholic Central High School have arrived. Proud are we, the Class of '41, to possess this ring that is all that a Catholic High class ring should be.

The Chalice with a raised host, showing our Catholic faith is surrounded on the shank by the crown of thorns, the symbol of Christ's love for us, and by a leaf of laurel, victory in honor.

On the other side of the shank are a cluster of grapes — the wine of courage, two shafts of wheat — the sacrifice, the Blessed Eucharist, and a six-pointed star — the ancient Catholic symbol of constancy. The seal contains a Celtic cross — the cross of old Ireland which has withstood persecution for hundreds of years.

Because this, our class ring, is so symbolic of the ideals for which Catholic Hi stands —

C—Constancy—six-pointed star.

C—Courage — wine from grapes.

H—Honor — Laurel leaf.

S—Sacrifice — shafts of wheat.

Celtic Cross — Cross of strength of faith. we of the Senior class are proud and grateful that this is our class ring.

CATHOLIC HIGH'S EASTER STYLES ON PARADE

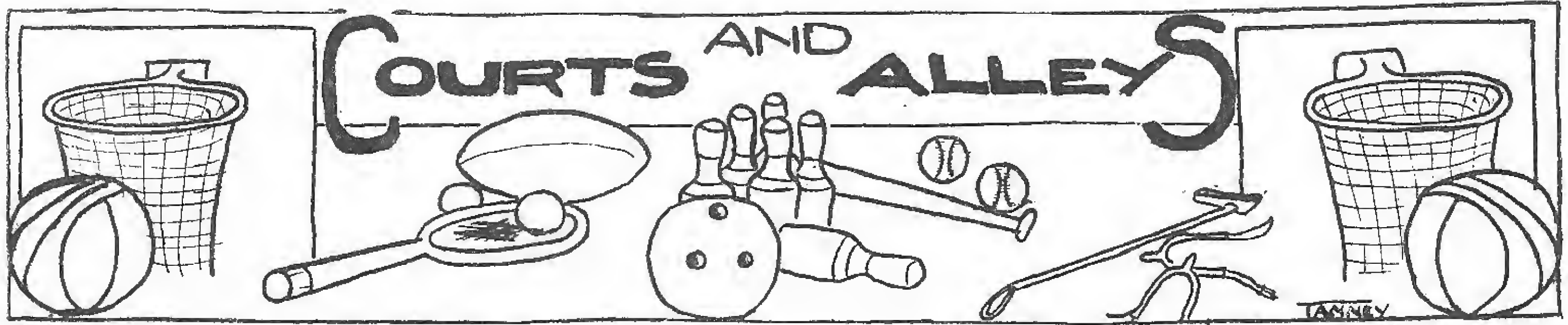
LOUISE PROVOST '41

Eyes right everyone! Here comes Catholic High's Easter parade and in it many familiar faces.

In the lead of course are Dan McGrath with Beverly Quinn on his right. Her darling blue suit which is offset by her twinkling eyes prettily makes a keen contrast with Dan's debonair navy pin-stripe suit. Tripping along behind, four abreast, are Juliana Marciel with a Nile-green swagger suit setting off Josephine MacAlonie's hunter green jumper coat, both are wearing flower bonnets set primly on their jaunty red curls. Toni Gendron and Loraine L'Hereaux complete the foursome dressed in tailored navy fitted coats of military style, most becoming with Loraine's blond hair. Although still a little plump, Toni hopes to have one of the slimmest figures in next year's Easter parade. In step not far behind are Ed Doyle with some fantastic creation housing all the colors in the universe — Hugh Reynolds with a cool, business-like gray, Walt Mulcahy in a tan-suit with a smart pleated back and Bill Drislane in a crisp brown tweed.

Down the line of familiar faces we notice Jeanette Penissi and Betty Dinan both in ash gray fitted coats with brisk prints beneath. Treading along with them are Alice Wager in a smart navy blue tailored suit and Ann Coffey in a tan swagger. Both smile helplessly at Jeanette's everlasting quips. Not far behind are Eileen Purcell in a demure pink box coat with contrasting derby and Rosemary Degnan in a strictly masculine ensemble. Bringing up the rear are the Leahy twins, Ann and Chris, in military capes and suits with smiles flashing under pert caps; to their right are Mary Stevens and Marg Sietz in smart fashionable tweeds. Directly behind and seemingly ending the parade are Ted Bania in a handsome blue-green suit, Donald Flynn in brown, Jack Marciel, who incidentally is sporting a straw hat, and Paul Jensen who is wearing a tan gabardine suit.

Well I guess that about finishes our colorful Easter parade; for further details consult your local newspaper.



JAYVEES

With all the praise being given to the Varsity for their grand season it is only fair that some praise should also be given to the junior varsity, who recently completed their season with a record of eight wins and eight losses.

The team captained by "Red" McLaughlin and composed of such fellows as Joe Dowd, Dan Quinn, Bob McCarthy, John Kelly, Phil Barrett, Ned Conway, Vince Bondi, James Crandall, Bill Wells and Campbell, certainly did a fine job. After getting off to a wobbly start, the boys came back in great fashion to close the season with a .500 mark.

John Kelly and Phil Barrett, two freshmen showed great promise this year on the junior varsity. Kelly's twenty-one point performance against Vincentian was a high point in jayvee's season. Barrett also showed up well in many of the games.

On the strength of some of their performances this year, a few of the boys will no doubt be in a varsity uniform next year.

* * *



The baseball season is here again. This year's team ought to do a little better than last year's. Moundsmen back this year are Dick McIntyre, Joe Grovenger and last year's prize rookie "Young" Jim Snow, who says that his arm is in fine shape this year. McKeon, the boy with the fast-slow ball will be back, too. Bill Liney ought to be behind the plate — with Kenna, Pasinello, Hoffmeister and a good first-baseman we will have a good infield. Don Flynn and "Brother John" Drislane in the outfield we ought to get off to a good start. If we do as well as in basketball we will be satisfied.

SPORTS QUIZ

Martin Hartigan '42

1. What baseball team is the world champions?
2. Who was the "Big Bambino"?
3. What college football team is known as the "Green Wave"?
4. To what coaching position has Frank Leahy recently been appointed?
5. What big league pitcher lost his leg as a result of a hunting accident a few years ago?
6. Who was the "Galloping Ghost" of football?
7. What college basketball team is known as the "Blackbirds"?
8. What team won the 1940 Rose Bowl classic?
9. What player had to give up baseball because of paralysis?
10. Who is the "Herkimer Hurricane"?
11. What fighter held three world championships at once?
12. Whom did Joe Louis defeat to become heavyweight champion?
13. What American League team has been nicknamed "The Crybabies"?
14. What C. C. H. S. basketball player has recently been named "a flash"?
15. What is the University of Nebraska's nickname while playing football?
16. What is the highest number of home runs hit by Jimmie Foxx in one season?
17. What pitcher opened the 1940 season by pitching a no-hit game against the White Sox?
18. What was the name of the former Notre Dame coach?
19. With what major league team does Lou Boudreau play?
20. What position other than field did "Babe" Ruth play?

—(See page 19 for answers)

OUR 1940 - 41 CHAMPIONS

Catholic Hi has completed one of its most spectacular seasons since the year when we won 27 and lost 2 games. In Catholic League competition that year we were undefeated. This year we lost one non-league game but we won all league games. We won the League trophy in 13 straight and while doing this we gave the highest score of the season to the records, 77-24 to St. Joseph's of Albany, at our own gym. Actually we had our only defeat on our own court while we won all our road games.

Now at the end of this most successful season we close the books with a short sketch of each of the varsity men, their manager, scorer, and timer.

Joe Pasinello: Joe was captain during the season and was one of the most popular men on the squad. He played in every game except the final for which he was on the sick list. Joe was one of the high-scorers of the Catholic League. He was probably the classiest offensive-defensive man in the area.

Bill Ryan: Bill is another one of the famous Ryans and well may they be famous, for this year Bill captured the high-scoring honors of the League as did his brother "Dirk" last year. Bill is one of the best-known members of the student body. His greatest feat this year was to defeat single-handed (as far as scoring went) St. Joseph's. In that high-scoring spree in the first-half of the season, Bill amassed 26 points to St. Joseph's 24.



Dick McIntyre: "Mac" was that boy who got the jump that started off the Catholic High scoring in the early part of each game. "Big Dick" is one of the two first-string football men who made varsity basketball. Dick was probably the most consistent scorer on the team bagging from six to ten points in every game with a minimum of personals charged against him. At Hudson we met a fellow from Ravenna who came to see the Ryans perform and above all to see "Mac" tap a few shots in. He would have seen more at other games but he wasn't disappointed at that one.

Bill Liney: Bill saw service in all games and scored in all but one. This was Bill's first year as a varsity man as he played with the jayvees last year as their captain. From jayvees to first-string varsity in one year — that's pretty good! Bill certainly has what it takes to be a great player and he is one.

Jack Drislane: The man who tells the boys what to do and who is the most dignified man on the team is "Brother John" of the Drislane's. John started his scoring in the first Amsterdam game when he amassed a grand total of two points. He really got hot, however, in the first St. Joseph's game when he scored 13 points and 6 out of the first 8. John, really the musician of the team, is first vice-president of the Society for the Preservation of Irish Music. "McNamara's Band" is the theme song.

Jim Ryan: Jim is the other Ryan on theh varsity, Jim is among other things the only sub who has started a game and he has started in two games: once for his brothers and the second time for Joe Pasinella. Jim is the sheik of the team and is probably the coolest man on the bench because of his experience of former years on teams of lower classification.

George Kelly: George is the most serious member of the team and one of the best on the floor. When George is on the floor you get the idea of a machine functioning perfectly under full pressure. George seems to have perfect coordination without showing off; he gives a sense of security with his manner of playing.

Bob Trombly: Bob is the boy who spends his spare time trying to break world records for airplane speeding by just plain trotting. Will anybody ever forget that Amsterdam game when Bob made that famous run around his own left-end up the court to score a basket unobserved by the Amsterdam boys and by some of the spectators? Bob ought to be pretty hot with a little experience next year.

Walt Mulcahy: "Moe" is another one of the Beman Park boys who made good. His favorite diversion on the basketball court is to try a few impossible shots. All season "Moe" informs us he played 23 minutes and 15 seconds. At first it was feared he would be unable to play because of his coaching position but he managed to get a substitute and his team won its first game. His best friend, perhaps, is the man he subs for — "Brother John".

Bill Murray: Bill is the literary director of the team being the only sports-writer on it. Bill has about 24 minutes of playing time to his credit. Bill appears to lack experience but makes up for it with fight and gives promise of being an ace-player next year. He has a larger following than any other sub.

Don Faziola: Don is probably the first Junior to manage a varsity Catholic High team. He, however, proved himself to be very capable in the discharge of his duties and his services were appreciated by all those on the team. Don was the one you saw at the LaSalle game jumping around with the movie camera. He would do anything to improve "his boy's" abilities.

Charlie Beidel: Charlie was the scorer last season and a good one at that. He received honorable mention in the poll for all-city football last fall. His ability to make friends is unbelievable. He has friends in every city in the league: ask him about them some time and he will tell you all about them.

Tommy Kenna: Tommy, the timer, the fellow who always seemed to be sitting on fire from his jumping about during games that were anything near close. Tommy was all-city in the poll last fall.



REMARQUES

EVELYN MAHONEY '41

Le vingt et un mars un lecteur renom, me le professeur Andre Morize, etait presente sous la direction de l' Universite de Harvard. Il a parle des conditions presentes en France. Tout le monde a joui de son discours.

Aux reunions des classes de francais plusieurs etudiants ont dit les fortunes de leurs amis. Les fortunes etaint tres amusantes. Par exemple:

Marion Sheridan bientot verra l'homme des ses reves. La fortune le decrirre comme blond et tres grand. Quelle bonne fortune!

Frances Baniak a reçu l'avertissement eviter un bel homme parce qu'il serait dangereux.

Marilyn Powers a choisi l'as et le neuf de coeurs que ont dit: Vous serez heureuse en amour. Si vous n'etes pas mariee vous le serez bientot. Il y a du bonheur pour vous et ceux que vous aimez dans l'avenir.

Ernest Boudoin et Jean Volks tous les deux ont choisi le cinq de coeurs qui a dit: L'avenir sera tres heureuse pour vous. Vous aurez plusieurs enfants et vous n'aurez guere de maladies. Ayez confiance en vous-meme et au bout de quelque temps vous obtiendrez ce que vous desirez.

Marie Warren a choisi le trois et le valet de piques. Elle a dit: Mefiez-vous d'un ami qui pourrait etre mechant et qui ne dit pas la verite. Ne badinez jamais avec les affections d'un homme brun. Faites attention qu'on ne bavarde pas sur votre compte:

Jeanne Quinn a choisi le trois de coeurs; qui a dit: Vous aurez un grand amour et vous serez tres heureuse a cause d'une confiance et d'un fidelite reciproques. Il faut faire expres de recontrer la personne a laquelle vous pensez et de la faire venir chez vous.

QUI SUIS-JE

Je suis une membre de la classe de francais dans la deuxieme periode. Peut etre avez-vous entendu de mon travail dans Braille, ou je suis tres active. A cause de mon interet dans le cercle francais on m'a choisie servir sur le comite pour une partie il y a quelque temps. J'aime beaucoup emprimer. Tres souvent on me voit avec Jeanne Kavanaugh et Anne McNamee.

Les responses aux descriptions de l'edition derniere sont:

1. Margaret Kunz.
2. General Foch.

Die Deutschen Krise

ANNE WEBER '41

DER FRUEHLING

Fast jedermann mag den Fruehling. Obgleich das Wetter in Troy noch kalt ist, wird der Fruehling bald hier sein. Vielleicht ist das erste wichtige Zeichen des Fruehlings, das gruene Gras und die schoenen Blumen, die die Luft mit ihrem Wohlgeruch fuellen. Kleine Knaben spielen auf den Strassen und kleine Maedchen springen mit einem Seil. Die Voegel kommen aus dem Sueden zurueck und singen lieblich in den Bauemen. Der Himmel ist blau mit gelegentlichen kleinen weissen Wolken. Die Sonne scheint hell jeden Tag. Bald werden die Miezchenweiden und die Safranblumen erscheinen. Jedermann freut sich sehr, wenn der Fruehling kommt. Er ist besonders schoen auf dem Land.

DIE DEUTSCHEN SCHULEN

Die deutschen Schulen, die die Kinder von sechs bis zwanzig Jahren besuchen, sind verschieden als in Amerika.

Zuerst sind die Volksschulen, die jedes Kind von sechs bis vierzehn besuchen muss. In den kleineren Landschulen sind alle Kinder in einem Schulzimmer und unter einem Lehrer; in den grossen Stadtschulen sind sie gewoehnlich in acht Klassen verteilt.

Naechst kommen die Mittelschulen, worin die Schueler nur ein Jahr studieren. Wenn er so will, kann ein Knabe zu den Lehrerbildungsanstalten gehen. Dann musste der Knabe nur ein Jahr in der Armee dienen.

In alle diesen hoeheren Schulen gibt es nur ein Paar Pruefungen. Das wuerde schoen in Amerika sein.

SCHUTZENLIED Friedrich Schiller

Mit dem Pfeil, dem Bogen,
Durch Gebirg und Tal
Kommt der Schuetz gezogen
Frueh am Morgenstrahl.

Wie in Reich der Luefte
Koenig ist der Weich —
Durch Gebirg und Kluefte
Herrscht der Schuetze frei.

Ihm gehoert das Weite;
Was sein Pfeil erreicht,
Das ist seine Beate,
Was da kreucht und fleugt.

SPRICHWOERTER

Hunger ist der beste Koch.
Jeder kehre vor seiner Tuer.
Es is noch kein Meister vom Himmel gefallen.

Lobe den Tag nicht vor dem Abend!
Man muss das Eisen schmieden, so lange es heiss ist.

RAMBLINGS



We wish to express our gratitude to the College of Saint Rose for sharing the tres popular Reverend Richard Rooney S. J. with us during his recent visit to Albany.

Father Rooney's cheerful presence brought back memories of his last visit to Catholic Hi at

which time he conducted the annual retreat.

Father gave an interesting preview of the coming Summer School of Catholic Action, which is to be held in New York and Boston during the month of August.

For a short time, we were transported from within the portals of dear old Catholic High to one of Father Rooney's classes on **Personality**. The elements of how to be popular were clearly discussed and it was determined that **unselfishness** is the prime requisite for popularity. Will Catholic Hi have a large representation at the S. S. C. A. this year?

* * *

"Get ready to swing your partner". The

Social Action Committee is sponsoring an old-fashioned round and square dance known as **Farmer's Nite-Frolic** on April 25, in the school gym. A professional caller has been engaged for the evening. The Committee is doing everything possible to make this event a successful and enjoyable occasion. Why not plan to attend? Tickets are available from committee members. Admission twenty-five cents.

* * *

Questionnaires have been sent to all the homerooms by the Social Action Committee. The object of these questionnaires was to determine the name of the sodalists who have participated in the activities of this committee in order to make up an honor roll of active sodalists. A report will be sent to the Queen's Work on what has been done in Catholic High in regard to social action. Was your name among those honored?

* * *

Remember that Holy Thursday is the Feast of the Institution of the Holy Eucharist, one of the greatest feasts in the Church. "Every Sodalist at Mass and Communion on this great day" is our motto.

* * *

Don't become too engrossed in worldly things so that you forget the real meaning of Easter. Do your last minute shopping of Holy Week graces; they are guaranteed to multiply your gladness on Easter.

THE FASHION MART

HELEN BENSON '41



"Put on your Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it; you'll be the grandest lady in the Easter Parade."

* * *

The Easter Parade, that bevy of new coats, hats, gloves, purses, dresses, and knic-knaes is almost here.

* * *

About Your Easter Bonnet

Tiny colored hats are very popular this year. A small bunch of flowers over each ear, both sewed on a band of bright silk, is now called a hat. . . . A small navy pompadour hat with white flowers and a more shallow crown that sits directly back on the head. . . . Turbans, (the larger the better) in striped, dotted, plaid material. . . . Bonnets are still here but the "off-the-face" hat is newer. . . . Veils are flowing from everything. . . . Dutch caps in navy, red, black, green or biege picque are shown every place. Some have flowers, others have veils, and still other are untrimmed.

Reefers are back but their lines are straighter and the shoulders are sloped. . . Suits are sport-minded, bright, useful. . . Mammoth jeweled birds or flowers add an appeal to any lapel. . . A small knitting bag with smaller needles sticking out looks real domestic on your school coat. . . This year, three accessories, either gloves, hat, bag, or shoes match your outfit — while the fourth is a definite contrast. . . . Skirts are more pleated, less full. . . . Dresses are bright purple, lavender, orchid, and fuschia. . . . Dresses are dressy. . . . Sweaters and skirts are sporty. . . . Socks are appealing with your initials. . . . Hi-socks (you know, the ones boys dislike) are embroidered from knee to ankle. . . . Lipsticks are brighter. . . . Powder shades lighter. . . . Bags match hats or coats, and they are "swelegant" in alligator, pigskin, calf, patent, or wool. . . The strap bag is left for the mailman while handle-less bags to tuck under your arm are too, too. . . . Gloves are colored, kidskin, cotton, doeskin, short. . . . Some colors are California Sun, Florida Pink, Clear Sky Blue. . . . A tiny eagle embroidered just above the knee makes your spring stockings. . . Don't forget white lingerie on your navy dress. . . . Be **SPRING** from your head to your toes!

EASTER GONE BY

JULIANA MARCIL '41

Easter had always been the big event for us when we were children for during that holiday we were packed off for Granny's at Middlebrook to spend the few days from school. There were three of us then — Stevie was only four and Ellen seven. I was twelve and always assumed responsibility for them.

Aunt Jane meant well, poor soul, but she seemed to think that our parentless brood should be ruled with an iron hand. She was father's eldest sister, but so different from what father had been. After mother's death — when Stevie was only a month old — we did just as we pleased — sort of a compensation for us, I guess, because we missed mother so! Then came that terrible night, and father went with mother. Then Aunt Jane took us under her wing.

Two-year-old Stevie cried quite a bit, and for my ten years, I knew he wasn't just temperamental, but Auntie said he was, and that crying was good for children. Ellen cried, too, but that was only during the night; she stuffed the coarse quilt in her mouth so Aunt Jane couldn't hear.

Easter, though was so very different, for Granny's house meant such a relief away from straight rugs, and vegetables and table manners — and quiet. At Middlebrook things were oldish and we used them so. Stevie played, "all dirty", with grandfather's pipes, and Ellen and I made doll's clothes and ginger-bread men.

Holy Saturday was a thrill in itself for then we colored eggs with the vegetable dye grandfather had mixed for us. We transformed white eggs into vivid yellows, frosting pinks, and nutty brown ones with red speckles. We colored dozens of them in the morning, and at noon we went to Saint Mary's to get Easter-water.

Sunday morning finally came, and with it, the scramble for the hidden eggs. Grandfather said the "bunny" hid the eggs, but I guess he did, really. Just before Mass, Granny surprised Ellen and me with new bonnets and Stevie

with a new suit. At least, I always pretended to be surprised, but after a few years of it, I knew it was a retreat. Then Grandfather would say that he guessed he could give us a present too so he always presented each of us with chocolate bunnies.

The end of vacation came all too soon. We always took the three o'clock train back to Elmwood. We always had so much fun going home and "loads" to say — that is, until we neared our home station. A few more minutes ride meant the meeting of Aunt Jane, and the beginning of another year of strict rulings. But Easter finally came again, bringing with it another Middlebrook visit.

That was so long ago, though, and now Steve and Sharron are celebrating their first anniversary. Ellen's little boy, Michael, will be four on the third of November, and little Gail is just five months old.

Sometimes I feel that I should have married him before he went away, but at that time Stevie was still so young that he needed someone to look after him — 'teen age boys do, I guess.

I feel dreadfully alone tonight, and my Easter lilies from Steve look lonely, too, for they seem to thrive on gaiety — just as we did — so long, long ago.

EASTER PARADE

EUGENIA BENEDICT '41

Easter style! O dear! O dear!
 It seems to be a test
 As boys and girls go up the street
 Decked out in their very best.
 The girls in red,
 The boys in blue,
 A few in snowy white,
 All together they complete a patriotic sight.
 They all compete for honors high;
 The judges are their friends;
 So on they march with heads held high
 Gallant to the end.

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BRIEF CASES — UMBRELLAS — BILLFOLDS — HANDBAGS

ZIPPER BAGS FOR BOOKS AND GYM OUTFITS

"A Good Place to Buy Luggage"



R. EILEEN SHANLEY '42

Easter greetings to the freshmen occupants of Room 508, who, we fear, still regard the Easter rabbit with great respect because of the beautiful baskets he is reported to bring. Never let it be said that this column disillusioned you, so just keep on dreaming of monstrous chocolate bunnies. In a more serious vein, freshmen, we are glad you all realize your good fortune in having the favorite religion teacher of the senior class, Father Janis, for your homeroom teacher.

Jane Graddon '44 of Room 508 is keeping her classmates in a perpetual state of excitement by her continued impatience. Impatience for what? For warm weather, of course. A heat wave that would make swimming possible is all that Jane wants. It certainly is a big request for such a little girl.

"What keeps Ann Heller '44 and Betty Gilmartin '44 so busy?" is a question often heard when freshmen start talking. From the confidential information given to us, we would answer, the Pamphlet Library and the Catholic Information Society, but perhaps Ann and Betty could give a different reply.

Nancy Hartnett '44, an energetic, but shy young miss, has finally gathered up her courage to the extent where she has joined the Bowling Team. According to all reports, Nancy makes up in skill for what she lacks in the way of experience.

The contribution of Room 508 to the freshman basketball team was an excellent manager,

in the person of Joe Halloran '44. Maybe it was Joe's personality and "drive", combined with the able guidance of Father Flynn and the cooperative spirit of the players, that has made this such a successful season for the freshman team. Because of these evidences of superior ability, we predict that Joe will someday hold the same position which a well-known gentleman of the junior class holds today, manager of the varsity.

Blanche Groon '44 can hardly wait for the sodality dances to begin once more every Friday night. Along with this terpsichorean ability, Blanche exhibits a surprising indifference to climbing five flights of stairs each morning. In fact, she found that the stairs aren't half as troublesome as some of her upper classmen friends reported.

Vincent Heenan '44 has been wildly enthusiastic about the beginning of spring since it heralds the opening of the baseball season, also. As Father Flynn is Vincent's favorite teacher, he wishes that Father would undertake to sponsor a freshman baseball team just as he guided the basketball team through a successful season. A worthy suggestion like that deserves action, Vincent, which we certainly hope it will get.

Now, for a set of twins, Leo and Lois Hogan '44, well-known in freshmen circles. An energetic participant in the different activities conducted during "gym" classes is Lois. She especially enjoys the singing and dancing every Friday as all the freshmen should and do. This is due in no small measure to their busy teacher, Miss Miller, who keeps her young pupils so interested that they eagerly anticipate the days on which they go to "gym". Perhaps the coming operetta will have some singers from the freshman class in it. Leo is the candidate of Room 508 for the Nobel Prize in science for the year 1960, because of his high marks in that subject. Besides these scientific interests, Leo also indulges in a little swimming, at the right time of the year, of course. It is interesting to note that Leo is the twin brother of the aforementioned Lois and that both have been preceded here by several brothers and sisters.

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THE WONDROUS STORY

The sun shone bright and beautiful, sending forth a golden radiance as never before on this morning of all mornings. The dawn was just streaking rosy fingers up into the sky as Mary Magdalen slowly walked along the winding road to the tomb where the Crucified Christ was buried. How very strange her thoughts must have been as she listened to the crunching of the stones and dirt under her feet and perhaps the gentle twittering of a baby bird nearby.

Arrived at the tomb, Mary, with aching heart stepped forward into the secluded alcove sheltering the tomb; great was her surprise when she saw the huge boulder which had been guarding the entrance to the tomb, rolled back and there, to her amazement she saw two of

the most divinely beautiful persons she had ever seen. As soon as they spoke, she knew they were not men but angels sent from above. Never had she heard such musical, vibrant voices. Inquiring of them where the body of Jesus had been taken, she was told that He had risen from the dead, as He had said. Doubtful, Mary turned and started back on the road to Jerusalem to tell Peter and John what had happened. Hearing someone coming behind her, Mary turned, thinking it was the gardener. Sternly she inquired of Him where He had taken the body of Jesus.

One word, "Mary", was all she needed to recall the words of her Divine Master: "I am the Resurrection and the Life" and falling, down, she adored Him.

LAETARE, LAETARE

"This is the day which the Lord has made: let us rejoice and be glad in it."

As Easter comes this year there is strife among the nations of the world, and the peace of which our Saviour, Jesus Christ, spoke after His Resurrection is indeed lacking. Yet in these days when armies seek to gain victories through death and destruction, we can well consider the greatest victory of all times — the victory of Christ over death — His Resurrection.

From the apparent defeat of Good Friday, Jesus Christ arose gloriously from the dead to prove that the deeds of men are not eternal but that they too pass away in the light of eternity. The victory of Christ is immortal. From it the final proof of His divinity was established. From it the Catholic Church was founded. From it Christ, Love itself, conquered hate!

The very ones who thought that they had finally defeated Christ and His words have passed away but Christ and His words live on. Easter is a great lesson for us all. By the act of Christ's Resurrection the gates of Heaven were opened to everlasting life to us.

Let us then "be risen with Christ". Let us conquer hate by first carrying our crosses in the Good Friday of life, and gain eternal Easter in Heaven.

“MUSIC HATH POWER”

ROSE BEIDL '42

Undoubtedly at some time or other you have wondered what kind of music was heard in the early middle ages. On March twelfth, many music lovers in the Capital District heard the music that was sung in the Church thru out the ages. The Catholic Forum presented, at Troy Music Hall, the Choir of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music of the College of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville, New York.

The simplicity and beauty of the Gregorian Chant is difficult to be equalled. It has passed the vigorous test of time and with the help of God will not be lost to mankind. These young women rendered the beautiful examples of Gregorian Chant magnificently.

The program was divided into four units, each being as enjoyable and pleasing as the preceding one. Among the selections rendered by the group, several were outstanding. Among these pieces was **A Legend** by Piotr Tchaikovsky sung in four voices. This melody impressed the appreciative audience the most. The words are as follows:

Christ, when a child, a garden made,
And many roses flourish'd there.
He water'd them three times a day
To make a garland for His hair.
And when in time the roses bloom'd.
He call'd the children in to share.
They tore the flowers from every stem,
And left the garden stript and bare.

“How wilt Thou weave Thyself a crown,
Now that the roses all are dead?”

“Ye have forgotten that the thorns
Are left for me,” the Christ-child said.
They plaited then a crown of thorns
And laid it rudely on His head;
And from his brow all pierc'd and torn
Sprang drops of blood like roses red.

There was a spontaneous and joyous response to this delightful musical gem. The simple little story had reached the heart of the audience.

Another selection well-liked was **Gloria Laus — Mode I**. This hymn which is sung during part of the Palm Sunday ceremonies was

composed by Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, when he was a prisoner at Angers. The Church has immortalized it throughout the world and the lines:

“Gloria, laus et honor tibi sit

Rex Christe Redemptor.”

is a familiar prayer on the Sunday on which we recall the triumphant journey of Christ through Jerusalem.

The World Itself Keeps Easter Day, sung in four voices, from Piae Cantiones especially pleased the group. This spirited composition, written in a joyful mood united with a flowing rhythm, imparts to the listener the triumphs and glories of Christ, to which nature contributes with flowers and song.

* * *

In an interview for **The Torch** at the conclusion of the concert, Miss Mary Saunders, the conductor, stated that she was not the directress but merely a graduate member of the Choir and Pius X School. She said that the choir members practiced an hour a day, but if a concert is scheduled, they practice several hours a day for several days before the concert. The Choir is quite well-known for it sings in various churches in New York City and the surrounding area. It was learned that some of the girls have been singing Gregorian Chant since they were in the fourth grade of grammar school. When asked of her opinion of the Troy Music Hall, Miss Saunders said she thought it was fine to sing in. They did not notice any echoing or muffled notes. Miss Catherine Carroll accompanied the group at the organ.

Among the vast audience were several well-known choirs of Troy. The audience showed their appreciation for the evening's performance — an appreciative silence and rapt attention throughout the program. Certainly the evening's repertoire showed the beauty and dignity the Gregorian Chant has. The evening was a memorable one.

FLAMBEAU

S. OLEY CUTLER '41

Easter! Easter — an old French name for spring and well is it named. Over there in the vacant lot the boys are warming up for another great season of baseball, here we can see little boys playing marbles, and we can hear the grind of skates over the slate walks, we can see the buds coming out on all the trees, and the sun pouring its golden rays down the narrow, dark streets. Yes — it is spring!

What is spring but a resurrection from what seems to be the real death. Bare trees come forth with fresh green leaves; dried-up looking weeds burst forth with brilliant flowers; drowsy streams once more skip down mossy creek beds. Spring is here!

This year when we consider Spring and Easter, we see a world torn apart by war. Instead of beauty, ugliness; instead of love, hate; instead of resurrection, death. When we see such a world today we, too, often lose hope. Let us look backward, then, through the ages of greed, hate and death to a city in Palestine — Jerusalem.

This is a great day for Jerusalem. Mingling crowds talk and joke as they await the feature of the day. Slowly the sombre procession comes, moving like a current through a crowd. The masses recede slightly to the rippling waves of soldiers. It is so impressive. The soldiers glisten in their armor. They look so secure. No power on earth would seem strong enough to conquer. No power . . . First one, then two prisoners shuffle along, but they are not what the crowd stares at. It is He, — who carries the huge cross. The crowd goes mad with glee. "King of the Jews! Ha!" The figure turns, He looks with pity on the jeering crowd. A sword is brandished, and the procession moves on.

It is a little more than three hours later. All is quiet throughout the city, now veiled in darkness. Suddenly lightning sears the sky, and as it does we can see three crosses planted in the nearby hill. We come closer. Through the silence, the horror-stricken centurion cries out, "Indeed this was the Son of God."

Our thoughts return to this era, and as they do our hearts yearn for the peace that the world can not give—the peace of security in the dark night, and the friendship of a golden dawn breaking into a day of peace. We have nothing left but hope. Hope, we have, for a future that will hold no cruel dictators, no greed, no hate. The light of God, the word of Christ will never be shut out of the earth. It will pierce the thickest walls, and will melt the coldest heart. Swiftly to another dawn, millions of yearning hearts will turn. A new hope, a new love, a new faith in God will fill those hearts to overflowing — for after every night there is a day. After ever Good Friday — there is an Easter.

"CHRIST IS RISEN!"

MARIAN G. SHERIDAN '41

Ring gladly bells this Easter morn,
Another Easter day is born!
Let love's white wing
The tidings bring,
O flowers be sweet!
O birds be fleet!
O breezes, soft the glad news speed,
For Christ is risen, is risen indeed.

Oh, for a choir of voices,
Tuned to angelic notes.
For man with man rejoices
And far the message floats
"Christ is risen!"

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TORCH TALK

IN MEMORIAM

The uncle of Father Halpin.
 The grandmother of Sister Mary Berchman,
 The aunt of Sister Mary Cornelia.
 Michael F. Ryan '33.
 The father of Rosemary '38, Gertrude '42 and
 Sally Gallagher '44.
 The grandfather of Lena '41 and Aurora
 Ricci '42.
 The grandmother of Margaret Monahan '41.
 The aunt of Frank Bussey '43.

Compassionate Lord Jesus,
 grant them rest and peace.

The faculty and student body were delighted to welcome back to school Father Mulqueen who, for several weeks had been confined to his home because of sickness.

In our prayers we want to remember Sister Rose Catherine, our Librarian. Sister is home because of illness.

It is our fondest hope that God will soon send Sister back to us.

* * *

Welcome to Sister Vincent Gregory, of the Sisters of St. Joseph! Sister is now in charge of the library. We are glad to have you, Sister.

* * *

On Sunday, March 16, at the Convent of Mercy, Albany, four members of the class of '40 received the holy habit of the Sisters of Mercy. They are: Mary O'Brien — Sister M. Celine; Betty Keane — Sister Mary Reparata; Mary Luby — Sister Mary Edwina; and Anne Smith — Sister Mary Germaine.

On March 19, at St. Joseph's Seminary, Florence O'Neil received the holy habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Henceforth Florence will be known as Sister Alice Josephine. On the feast of St. Joseph Sister Vivian Agnes '38 and Sister Eloise '38 pronounced their Triennial vows of poverty, charity and obedience.

On March 22, at Emmitsburgh, Maryland, Catherine Halton '39, now Sister Pierre, and Mary Agnes Piche '38, called in Religion Sister Josephine, received the holy habit of the Sis-

ters of Charity. Sister Josephine is now stationed at St. Joseph's Industrial School, Buffalo, New York.

* * *

Congratulations to all who took part in our recent radio program. It was great!

* * *

A special bouquet for our basketball team that enjoyed a most successful season: only one loss out of sixteen games. Our team captured the league pennant. Congratulations, boys!

* * *

On Sunday, March 22, over Station WTRY, George Lettko '41 and S. Oley Cutler '41 represented our school in a debate against LaSalle. The topic: "Resolved that the nations of the Western Hemisphere should be united under one government." Our boys, at the request of LaSalle, discussed the affirmative side of the question. We were glad to note that the boys lived up to the Catholic High standard of fair play in all matters. Miss Kelly coached the boys. Thank you, boys, for your splendid work.

* * *

S. Oley Cutler '41 represented Catholic High on April 4, in the American Legion Contest. His topic was: "Lincoln and the Constitution."

* * *

Answers to Last Issue's Tintypes

Freshman Girl — Virginia Cooley.
 Sophomore Boy: Ned Conway.
 Junior Girl — Josephine McAlonie
 Senior Boy — Jim Byrne.

* * *

Under the direction of Miss Kelly, the eliminations for the Evangelist Speaking Contest, will be held during April. Those participating in it are: Margaret Egan, **A Gold Star Mother**; Jane Landrigan, **Scratch, the Newsboy**; Rose Slavin, **Fear God and Take Your Own Part**; Toni Gendron, **Home Coming**; George Lettko, **Easter**; Peg Evers, **Mother Machree**; Helen Wilson, **That We Might Be Saved**; Leo Gillespie, **The Unity of Mankind**; Eileen Shanley, **Late Summer**; Lois Sullivan, **Penny**; and Eileen Rourke, **For Strance**.

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THE C. S. M. C.

MARY GROSE '41

We have all heard quite a bit of talk concerning the C. S. M. C. But do we know exactly what this organization is, and what work it is doing? I doubt very much if we understand the value of the C. S. M. C.

C. S. M. C. means Catholic Students Mission Crusade. This organization, begun in 1918, has developed a growing missionary spirit in Catholic educational institutions all over the land, and it has inspired many young people to follow Christ by becoming priests or members of religious orders.

At the end of their school days many students have formed bands for Apostolic work under the name of Veteran Units of the Mission Crusade. These young people who see the social as well as religious aspect of this work not only help themselves spiritually, but "have fun" while doing it.

Pledges of the Mission Crusade include personal gifts to the Missions. Veteran Crusades have entered into the field of street preaching. It's many activities, as can readily be seen, are accompanied by a certain amount of social pleasure.

This association proves that it is possible to "have fun" and enjoy one's self socially and at the same time help others who need our aid.

THE MISSION'S LOST HORIZON

ERNEST BEAUDOIN '41

John Hilton's Hollywood production of *Lost Horizon* tells us the story of a man who was kidnapped by priests of Buddhism from Tibet and set up as their chieftain in a wonderful remote place where it was always summer and where everybody was very nice and very kind in a pagan sort of way.

Tautama Buddha, the founder of Buddhism was a philosopher after a fashion. His notion of heaven was Nirvana where one reaches the complete loss of desire for everything and, in fact, loses consciousness forever. A few years ago a famous Buddhist priest named Che Fei, who had been chosen to head a revivalist movement in Peiping, gave up his task in despair and joined the Catholic Church. Of his former associates he said: "They have been beaten in the battle of life, they are but pessimists after all."

In the world today there are about 180,000,000 followers of Buddha, living principally in Ceylon, Burma, Tibet, Indo-China, China and Japan. As far as the Buddhist are concerned they are without religious outlook and hope. Their earthly life seems to begin and end in a fog.

By request of Pope Pius XII, Christians throughout the world will pray during April "for the conversion of the Buddhists". In following the request of the Holy Father we shall be praying in truth for the people of "lost horizons".

STOP! READ! LEARN!**COME AGAIN**

On March 21, we of Catholic Central High School were honored by the presence of Rev. Richard Rooney, S. J., and Rev. Francis Woods, formerly of the Catholic High but now of the College of St. Rose faculty. Everyone will agree that our assembly was most interesting and enjoyable. We hope that both priests will come back again in the very near future for we certainly enjoy having them visit us.

* * *

DID YOU KNOW THAT —

This is the fifteenth year of the Torch.

Joe Daubney likes petitions.

Ruth Powers likes the last scene in her last play best.

George Kelly '42 thinks he is a successor to "The Great Profile".

Mary Pasinella is setting a new fashion in hosiery.

* * *

THE BOWLING CLUB

The members of the Girls' Bowling Club held a meeting recently and elected Helen Moulton '44, Iona Vetoich '43, Betty Milinareck '42 and Marion Dagle '41 to draw up a constitution for the Club. At this meeting they also decided to hold a dance immediately after the Easter vacation. The Club plans to compete with other teams in the near future.

* * *

THE DOLL CLUB

The ten girls who are members of the Doll Club certainly deserve much praise. Every Thursday night after school, they meet with their moderator, Sister Mary Thomas, and paint and dress dolls that have been brought in by fellow-students. They plan to make the Toy Drive a year-round activity. Keep up the good work, girls, and we are sure you will receive your reward when you see the faces of those children who will be made happy by your labors.

* * *

DO YOU AGREE?

According to Yehudi:

A freshman knows not and knows not that he knows not.

A sophomore knows not and knows that he knows not.

A junior knows and knows not that he knows.

A senior knows and knows that he knows.

* * *

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The best day: Today.

The best town: Where you succeed.

The best work: What you like.

The best play: Work.

The greatest mistake: Giving up.

The greatest need: Common sense.

The greatest troublemaker: One who talks too much.

The greatest puzzle: Life.

The greatest mystery: Death.

The greatest thought: God.

—From Everyday Reading

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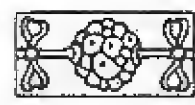
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GOOD FRIDAY IN RETROSPECT

GEORGE S. LETTKO '41



The din of rumbling guns and bursting bombs which confront the world this year as we near the observance of Good Friday, forms an awful comparison with the cruel, all-important events dramatized in reality on that memorable day in the vicinity of Jerusalem almost two thousand years ago.

The sun arose that morning unmindful of the event which would cause penetrating rays to become invisible in sight of the calamitous deed which men would commit, but not without His Will — The Crucifixion. Nature had rebelled then, when its Author was suffering the most excruciating tortures. How could the sun shine indifferently on its dying Lord! Yet, how cruel and wicked are the men and nations who remain indifferent and adamant to the heart-piercing pleas which proceed from the dry, parched lips of the God they have crucified. He extends his stigmatized Hands Which are fatigued and weary, Hands That are swiftly becoming lifeless because pinioned to a tree by our hideous sins, kind Hands Which all the damned must wickedly hurl aside in defiance in order to complete their deliberate journey to the raging inferno. These same Hands catch the repentant sinner and graciously restore him to a new and glorious Easter so that in His Divine Presence he may spend an eternal Heaven in praising the Beatific Vision.

It is horrible to contemplate the intensity of the anguish endured by Jesus, Who, when shouldering all the despicable, hateful and regretful wrongs of the world in the past, present and future, saw and felt the crushing burden of the sins of man and especially of those who had or would disregard His warm friendship and Presence in sanctifying grace, and plunge headlong into Everlasting fires because they desired not the true consolation of a merciful Saviour, because they deliberately refused to acknowledge Him in this particular office as Saviour of Human Souls.

Alas! when the supreme height of man's Redemption culminated in the Death of our beloved Lord, the next few moments witnessed happenings which were unnatural and terrifying thus attesting to the Divinity of Him Whom the world had refused to accept. He now reopened the Gates of Heaven after having expiated the world's iniquities at an unfathomable Price — His Immolated Body and His Precious Blood.

Forty hours after the Resurrection Jesus Christ, the Risen King, ascended into His Celestial Realm to reign eternally where He, in unity with God the Father and The Holy Ghost shall ordain and decree, reward and punish those who have rejected, or will reject Him and His Church during this brief sojourn on earth.

Let all nations take heed. Let the world bow to the Crucified Saviour and take from the Crucifixion the lessons which it symbolized so that we may all rise to a Glorious Easter where God and not man rules and guides the universe in Peace with Justice.

GRATITUDE

Marjorie Minko '43

"You can't guess who got the red hat in the Peerless?" said Joan.

"That's easy," Alice answered. "It was Ann. Won't she look like a dream on Easter? I wish I'd been born with a gold spoon in my mouth."

"Silly place to keep spoons," echoed her brother Ed. "What's a hat from the Peerless compared with what you have?"

"What I have?" questioned Alice. "Why, my hat is from the bargain basements!"

"Oh, I wasn't talking about hats," began Ed when Joan interrupted.

"Ed's right, Alice. I was thinking it all over at Confession today. Ann doesn't really know what Easter is. It isn't her fault, of course, but to her it's only a day to wear new clothes. We have the happiness of going to Mass on Easter and of receiving our Lord in Holy Communion. We can tell Him all the joys and sorrows of our life, that we have been thinking about Him all during His Passion and death, that we are glad His sufferings are over and that He is risen from the grave."

"Oh," murmured Alice, "it's true and to think that for a minute I thought I needed a hat from the Peerless to make me happy on Easter. How could I!"

"Ahem," said Ed, "Well, we all need to be reminded of things now and then. Here comes Dad from work and that reminds me that it's time to eat."

HIS LAST MINUTES

June Farr '43

Terrified, he sat in the chair. Slowly and sadly his friends filed by him, and after a long time, he was all alone in the sinister room. All alone, save for his mother and father, and a grim old man who stood waiting . . . waiting . . . His mother looked at the chair; then she looked at the grim man and sobbed.

"There, mother, be calm!" The father led her to one side of the drab room; then he turned and nodded sadly to the grim man. The latter shook himself a little as if to shake off the unpleasantness of his task.

"Oh, don't!" It was the compassionate cry of a mother, pleading vainly for her son — her baby.

The grim man reached for the electric switch. Electricity pulsated through the copper wires: the boy in the chair quivered — and then the grim old man began to cut away little Junior's bangs.

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1, Cincinnati Reds; 2, "Babe" Ruth; 3, Tulane University; 4, Head coach at Notre Dame University; 5, Monte Stratton; 6, 'Red' Grange; 7, Long Island University; 8, Southern California; 9, Lou Gehrig; 10, Lou Ambers; 11, Henry Armstrong; 12, Jim Braddock; 13, Cleveland Indians; 14, Bob Trombley; 15, Cornhuskers; 16, 58; 17, Bob Feller; 18, Elmer Layden; 19, Cleveland Indians; 20, Pitcher.

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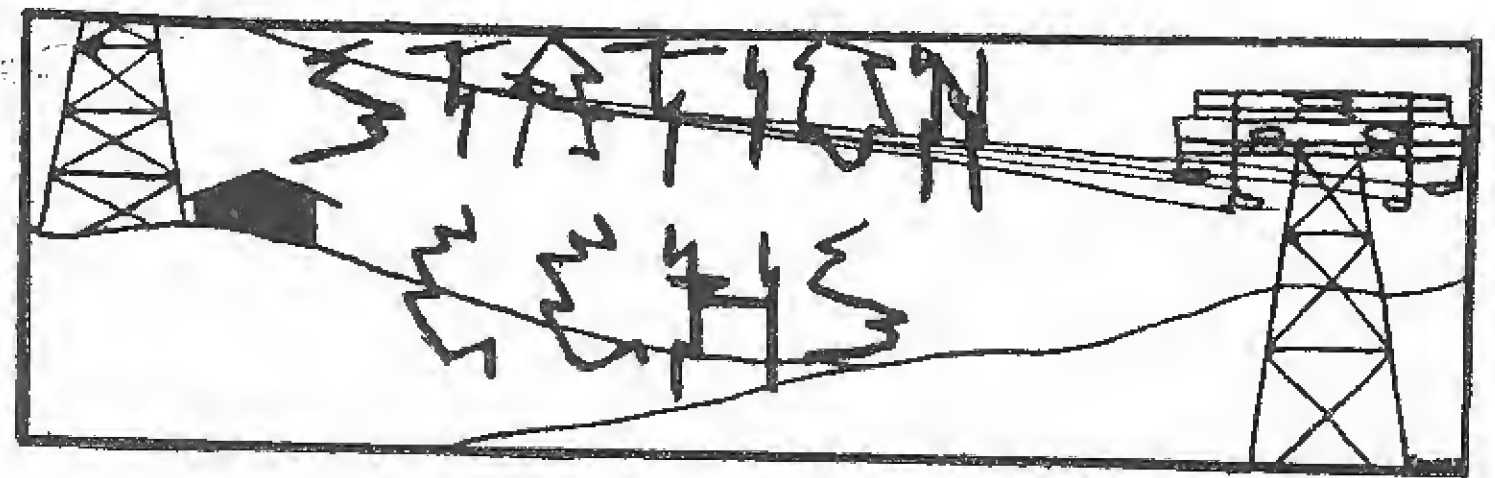
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* * *

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Senior: Why not give me 100% and enjoy
yourself." —St. Joseph's Collegiate Institute
— Student Prints.

* * *

"Have you heard about the freshmen who
sent his trousers to the Associated Press" —
Cohoes High School — School Daze.

* * *

According to The Sentry from C. B. A. this
is a Senior's idea of a Senior:

A Senior stood on a railroad track
A train was coming fast;
The train got off the railroad track
To let the Senior pass.

A PARTIAL LIST OF TROY BUSINESS COLLEGE GRADUATES

who have recently entered the Federal or State Civil Service as office employees:

EVELYN LARGE	Washington, D. C.	MARION PURSTELL	Washington, D. C.
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RUTH KLORMAN	Washington, D. C.	LOUISE STEININGER	Washington, D. C.
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RUTH BATEMAN	Washington, D. C.	AMELIA MURPHY	Washington, D. C.
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