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THE TORUET

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No. 8

What Will My Reading of Catholic Literature Mean to Me in Later Life?

REV. HERBERT O'H. WALKER, S. J.

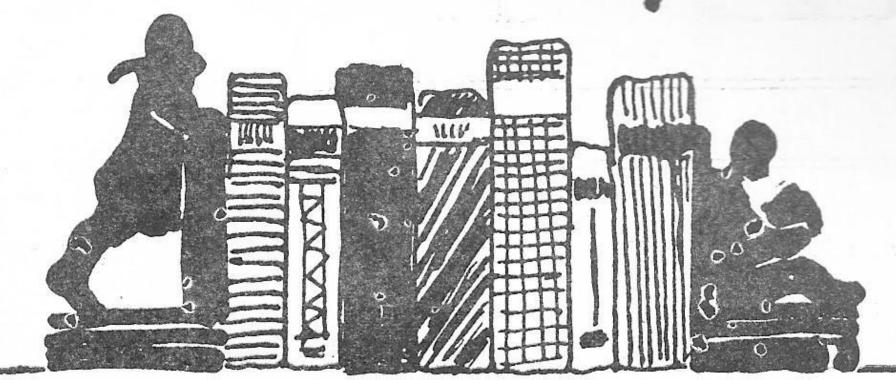
One of the greatest tributes that has ever been paid to literature is the censorship which the state and the Church have found necessary to levy upon it. It is said that the nobility of France laughed at the first edition of Rousseau's "Social Contract," but the second edition was bound in the hides of those who had laughed at the first. The Church will for good reasons give scholars a dispensation to read books that are on the index, but that dispensation is like a military permission to visit the firing zone. It saves one from court martial, but it is no guarantee against flying bullets. We all know that Ernest Renan read himself out of the Church and that Newman read himself into it.

Books are like medicines in a drug store: Some are helpful; some are harmful; some perhaps are merely harmless. If we read harmful literature, the whole country will come to grief; if we read helpful literature, the nation will prosper. If we read merely harmless literature, we too often waste time. A non-Catholic who desires to enter the Church will begin by reading her literature. If we want to remain in the faith, we shall be wise to strengthen ourselves by studying our Church's writings. If all the world would read our literature, our Christian culture, which builded the great Western world, would return.

Every culture is at best an attitude of mind. That attitude which prevails will mark the people—mark them as Catholic or pagan or communistic. And at present thousands of writers are trying to win the world to their way of thinking. Each author is more than a literary man, a debater, a lawyer, he is a governor.

What will my reading of Catholic literature mean to me in later life? It will have fashioned an attitude of mind that we can call Catholic-mindedness. It will result in my being an educated person, trained to think and to judge the affairs of men in a Christlike manner. It will make my living most worth-while, for it will have helped me to that ideal which the heavenly Father had in mind for me when He created me. My secure position in society will be envied by all those who are befuddled and wearied with th job of living. With the aid of God's grace my life will be an influence upon others, and I, cooperating with the efforts of my coreligionists, shall help these others into the Church. I shall help make the world one and happy again, as it was before the blight of the Reformation.

The Library



We know that you are already aware of the fact that our library has been expanded by the acquisition of a collection of new books among which are several of the "Best-sellers" of 1938-1939. That news couldn't help but travel. All good news does! But do you know how justly these books deserve the high rank that the American reading public has given them? If you were to glance through the Book Review section of our leading newspapers, you would find the titles of our newly acquired books at or near the top of "what America is reading." But you and I know that the worth of a book cannot be ascertained merely by its popularity. Fortunately, however, many of the new books have the two-fold inducement of being best-sellers and at the same time appealing to the finest and noblest that is within us. And it is just these books that have been added to our library. Do you pride yourself on your literary taste? You will have good reason to, if you can count among your newly-made friends, these delightful new books that we are so happy to be able to put at your disposal. Did you ever hear that "a faithful friend is a strong defense?" You read that somewhere in Ecclesiasticus. Of course, you did! And you have also heard that "a good book is a faithful friend." Hence, it follows that "a good book is a strong defense." We have the good books. They are here for you. We want to give you the opportunity of profiting by the experiences of great souls who have learned that success and happiness can be bought only with a great price.

And now perhaps you would like to know how we happened to have this good fortune of being able, so admirably, to amplify the books in our library. Well, we are delighted to mention the fact that you, the boys and girls, who did your part in the Evangelist Subscription Drive, are in no small measure responsible. And then, Father Mulqueen substantially supplemented the sum, and here we are with a splendid literary collection that any school

could, with reason, envy. We do not crave your verbal thanks. We know that you will express your gratitude by consulting the shelves that house these precious books, and, spying titles that have been staring at you from store windows and newspaper headings and that you have heard discussed in literary circles, you will take the book (if you are lucky enough to get there first) and exclaim in jubilation, "This is just the book I've been waiting for! Out of the way everybody, I'm off to Paradise."

Three Rousing Cheers—By Elizabeth Jordan. Three rousing cheers for Elizabeth Jordan! Can it be possible that a young Catholic College graduate from Milwaukee, could, in a single life-time achieve so many great things and make friends with so many celebrated people? In her autobiography, Miss Jordan gives the reader intimate glimpses of people prominent in the literary, musical, motion picture and business world. We see, passing in review, her meeting with Sinclair Lewis, Mabel Normand, Anne and Charles Lindberg, President Harrison's daughter and scores of others. In reading this story, sparkling with love of life, fidelity to duty, and above all adherence to her Catholic training, we cannot fail to imbibe something of the unusual spirit that breathed within her.

The World I Saw by Theodore Maynard. Last year many of us read with appreciation, the autobiography of the lovable Catholic convert, Gilbert K. Chesterton. And now in 1939 we are afforded the pleasure of reading the autobiography of another great Catholic convert, Theodore Maynard. In The World I Saw, Mr. Maynard gives us intimate glimpses of his life in India. He tells us in his inimitable way of his interior sufferings at the realization that he was "not" one of the "saved", of his decision to become a Dominican monk; of the sacrifices he made to make a success of his literary career. He introduces us to many famous contem—

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The Library

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porary literary men and women whom he encountered in England and America. Among the number are Alice Meynell, William Butler Yeats (who just died as this issue goes to the press), Gilbert K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Father Martindale, Monsignor Sheen, Michael Williams and many others. The book is not in the least disappointing, and it is impossible to put it down once one has begun to read it.

The Horse and Buggy Doctor—By Arthur Hertzler.

You do not have to be a prospective M. D. or R. N.; you do not even have to be remotely interested in medicine or surgery or pathology, to find the keenest enjoyment in the reading of the scholarly, instructive and intensely thrilling story of Dr. Arthur Hertzler's forty years experience as a country doctor. If you want to familiarize yourself with the schoolboy pranks of four decades ago, with the quaint (they seem to us) methods of college professors, with the hilariously funny and pathetically sad incidents in the life of a young medical student, and with the accumulated wisdom and sympathetic understanding of mind and body, of a devoted doctor, then busy yourself in the Horse and Buggy Doctor. The book radiates the salty, inimitable personality of its eminent author.

Other titles included in the collection are:

BIOGRAPHY (Author and title)

Arraras—Franco
Burton—Sorrow Built a Bridge
Croft—Twenty-One Saints
Curie—Madame Curie
Feeney—An American Woman
Hughes—Pope Pius the Eleventh
James—Courageous Heart
Jorgensen—St. Catherine of Siene
Moses—Our Greatest Chief Justice
Nicolay—Andrew Jackson
O'Brien—Life of Christ
Repplier—Eight Decades
Sargent—Thomas More

FICTION

Barth—Flesh is Not Life Carroll—Many Shall Come Campbell—Scarlet Riders
Douglas—Disputed Passage
Field—All This, and Heaven Too
Gibbs—Blood Relations
Heyliger—River Man
Hilton—Lost Horizon
Hurley—The Old Parish
Rawlings—The Yearling
Tait-Selwin—Wings of Lead
Young—The Secret of the Bookshop

"R" BOOKS

Authors Today and Yesterday
Franciscan Almanac
Reader's Digest of Books
Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature
The Book of Saints
The New Etiquette
Who's Who in America
World Almanac and Book of Facts for 1939

MISCELLANEOUS

Barrett—Mint by Night
Belloc—The Great Heresies
Chesterton—The Coloured Lands
Dawson—Progress and Religion
Hall—Skyways
Horst—Model Sail and Power Boats
Keeler—Catholic Literary France
Leeming—The Costume Book
Lindberg—Listen! The Wind
Lunn—The Science of World Revolution
McCarthy—Safeguarding Mental Health
McGill—Into a Man's World

From Union Square to Rome—by Dorothy Day. Donated to the school library at Christmas 1938 by the Holy Family Discussion Group.

My life has been long, hard at times, happy at others. I was born in Chicago and since then have traveled throughout most of the United States. At high school graduation I was awarded a scholarship to the University of Illinois but after two hard years there I left and went to work writing. I have been associated with radicals and liberals of many classifications and would be yet, I suppose, if I had not found my real joy, the Catholic Church.

We thank the group for presenting this interesting volume to the library.

Family Honor Roll

ANTHONY, DONALD ANTHONY, ELEANOR

BANIAK, CAROLINE BANIAK, FRANCES

BARNA, MIRIAM BARNA, ALMA

BRENNAN, JAMES BRENNAN, EDWARD BRENNAN, MARY

CONNELL, THOMAS CONNELL, DOROTHY

CUTLER, LOUISE CUTLER, S. OLEY

EVERS, MARGARET EVERS, ROSE MARY

HART, DOROTHY HART, MARGARET

KAVANAGH, CONSTANCE KAVANAGH, JOAN

KUNZ, GEORGE KUNZ, MARY

LAMB, EILEEN LAMB, JOHN

LAZZARO, MARY LAZZARO, FRANK

LYDON, ANNE LYDON, NORA

MAHONEY, EVELYN MAHONEY, DANIEL

MURRAY, MARY ELIZABETH MURRAY, WILLIAM

NADEAU, LORETTA NADEAU, ELIZABETH

O'CONNOR, LEO O'CONNOR, MARY

O'DONNELL, JAMES O'DONNELL, FRANCIS

REID, JOHN REID, ROBERT

RICCI, AURORA RICCI, LENA

RYAN, JAYNE RYAN, ROBERT

SHANLEY, EILEEN SHANLEY, KATHRYN

Clear Thinking

JEANNE LE MAY, '40

Down through the ages, clear thinking has been man's weapon against fallacy. We are told that as a man thinks, so he is. Almost everyone possesses the ability to think clearly whether it be latent or carefully developed.

A culture that knows on what it is based and what it holds true, progresses with amazing success due to coordinating theory and practice. Thus we realize that a great deal of our present chaos is due to the fact that cultures are struggling to get along without clear thinking.

Judaism, a most ancient culture, enriched to a degree that makes it second to Catholicism, is divided into three distinct groups. These Orthodox, Reformed and Pagan groups are in utter disagreement, seeming not to realize that their only reason for racial purity is the hope of a Messiah yet to come.

Protestantism, too, is divided into three groups. The first of these, the Fundamentalists, argue from a bible, accepted from their enemies, a bible which they do not attempt to prove.

The Modernists, who in the main divorce belief from conduct, worship a God whom they are not sure exists, and obey commandments which God may not have given them.

The last group, the Formalists, accept externals only in so far as they are socially valuable.

Communists are already divided into several schools, from Stalinites to all "shades" of Socialism, who hail Karl Marx as their founder. They agree only in that there is no God; man is but an animal, unimportant unless he possesses beauty, brains or brawn; and economics determine human actions.

Finally we come to Naziism which strives to revive pre-Christian philosophy by bolstering it with a "science" that claims that might makes right, and revives non-existant Gods.

Against all this we have Catholic thinking, a beautiful kind of natural and divine knowledge, and possessive of remarkable unity and logic. Catholic thinking personifies clear thinking because modern thinking reinforces it.

Our Holy Mother, the church, by her careful analysis of life's duties represents theory. By their real Catholic lives, Catholics exemplify practice.

An intelligent Catholic who knows his debt to Jewish thinking, to Greek philosophy, to Christ as a Divine Teacher, to the church as His representative, to modern science and its light on unknown facts, and to history as a great teacher, finds that none of these contradict. Catholic thinking synonymous with clear thinking, must be preserved!

Honor Roll—Second Quarter

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As I See It

DANIEL FOLEY, '39

THE SHADOW AT THE CINEMA

Sooner or later, nephew Paul, better known as the "Shadow" in this column, was bound to go to the movies. So a short while ago Paul, with his father, went to his first "moom pitcher".

Everyone in our family wondered how Paul would react when he saw the huge characters on the screen. Would he scream and hide behind the seat? Would he jump up and down in glee? He did neither. He simply stood during the whole performance, drinking in everything. For two hours and a half the "Shadow" silently watched his first movie, marking the first time in his four years that "nefoo" Paul has been quiet for any length of time over ten minutes, barring his sleeping hours.

Since "G-man" and prison pictures have been the current trend in Hollywood, Paul's first picture was a "cops-and-robber" film, entitled, "Up the River". (This type of picture is excellent for a youngster, since numerous ways of earning a livelihood in life are depicted clearly and vividly.) However, Paul soon forgot everything about his first cinematic venture other than that he had seen "Up de Ribber" with "pop" at "Protters".

Having found that Paul enjoyed the movies, his mother was soon taking him to many of them, not only for his entertainment, but also because his absence was a relief for those at home.

Walt Disney's brain children have been a source of amusement to Paul. One he particularly enjoyed was the character which he calls, "Ferdinand the Bill". He has long remembered "the magnificent bull" gamboling about "the pastures of old Barcelona," smelling the flowers. (Sometimes I wish the "Shadow" could join Ferdinand in Barcelona.)

One of the major tragedies in Paul's young life has been that he never saw "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". For many months after the last "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho" echoes had passed away, Paul would ask his mother, "When are we going to see Snow White?"

However, Paul has an illustrated book of "Snow White" and he knows every character. (There have been many derogatory remarks cast about Paul's having a resemblance toward certain of Snow White's gang, particularly Dopey. All in good clean, fun, though, you understand.)

The unexpected happened after Paul returned from seeing the short feature, "Little Orphan Annie". For several days he "mooned" around the house, taking little interest in his toys and books. Then his mother realized that he had "fallen" for "Little Orphan Annie". You can well imagine her dismay when she thought, "My four year old son in love with an actress."

Paul soon recovered, however, when his father took him aside and told him, "the facts of life." He has forgotten "Little Orphan Annie," but he won't look at another woman.

"MOVIES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT"

If you take the first letter of each word in the above statement, used as a movie slogan last year, you find that the letters spell, "maybe," which measures exactly the true worth of the slogan and what it stands for.

Movies are not your best entertainment. Why? Because almost without exception they portray a false world. They show a glamor and a glitter that is not found in real life. They picture shopgirls becoming rich, stupid productions of crime stories, and the never-ending "boy-meets-girl, boy-loses-girl, boy-gets-girl." The settings are false, the characters, events, and plots are false. It is a sad commentary on American life when the ambition of so many young people is to "go Hollywood," "the false face of the country."

Even the acting takes on an untrue strain. With all the arts of makeup and lighting, that one thing, acting, which must be the heart of any performance, becomes dishonest. It is no wonder that so many actors and actresses go back to the legitimate theater to get "the feel of the stage". The stories, too, are colored so that "stupendous, magnificent, gigantic" may fit them so that they may be used to inveigle the public into the theaters. Too, supposedly authentic historical pictures are mutilated horribly. An ancestor of Jesse James said, after seeing that film, that the only similarity between the real Jesse and the celluloid character was that there was a man named Jesse James and he rode a horse.

The characterizations are not done too well, either. In fact they are terrible. It is hard to imagine Tyrone Power, who looks like a stag-liner at a coming-out party, as the hard-boiled O'Leary, political boss of Chicago; as de Lesseps, builder of the Suez canal; and as Count Axel de Ferson, Marie Antoinette's lover, in quick succession. It's a bit like casting Shirley Temple as Humphrey Bogart's gun-moll in a gangster 'pitcher'.

Another reason why movies are not your best entertainment is that they are passive. You go to a movie, sit for two or three hours, and promptly forget it. Have you anything for your time? Is this amusement as beautiful as a game of tennis or baseball, or as beneficial to your mind as reading a good book? Definitely not.

I don't mean to say that every picture which comes out of Hollywood is not worth seeing. But, as I see it, you can number the really good movies on the fingers of one hand. Perhaps that is why the Movie Quiz Contest was held last year to help the box-offices. Maybe the American public is getting wise to itself.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE CLASS OF 1938

State Scholarships

ELIZABETH M. SHEEHAN
THEODORE PHOENIX
RUTH HARBRECHT
MARY ESTHER EGLESTON
ELLEN A. BARRETT
FRANK CHRISTENSEN

Honor Scholarship to the College of St. Rose, Albany
ELIZABETH M. SHEEHAN

Cronin Scholarship to R. P. I. \$1600.00 THEODORE PHOENIX

Scholarship to Good Counsel College, White Plains \$1200.00 MARY C. OWENS

Scholarship to College of New Rochelle \$1200.00 MARY BANIA

College Entrance Diplomas with Honor

MARY BANIA ELLEN A. BARRETT MARY BRIERTON MARY E. BURKE MARY BUSSEY MARY COOLEY FRANK CHRISTENSEN MARY ESTHER EGLESTON FREDERICK FERRIS RUTH HARBRECHT MARY MACKEY MARY OWENS THEODORE PHOENIX HELEN A. PURCELL JAMES QUINAN ELIZABETH M. SHEEHAN

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE CLASS OF 1938

College Entrance Diplomas with Credit

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JAMES H. CONNELL

ELIZABETH DALY

FLORENCE DOOLEY

MARION DUFFY

GRACE FLYNN

JOHN HAMBROOK

MARIE HASSELROTH

BERNICE HEALEY

ROBERT KENNEDY

MARIE MAIER

IRENE MAHONEY

RITA MALONEY

OLIVE NOLAN

ELEANOR O'CONNOR

PAUL PANISZCZYN

CATHERINE SCHERMERHORN

College Entrance Diplomas

KATHLEEN MARGARET BARRETT THOMAS JOHN BIRMINGHAM CATHERINE EMILIE BOLAND IRENE MARY BROSKI MARIE CATHERINE CONDEE JOHN JOSEPH CUMMINGS MAE ANN DILLON MARY EDNA DONOVAN

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MICHAEL EDWARD GILCHRIST CHRISTINA MARGUERITE GRESCHIAK CATHERINE GANGLEY MARY TOOLE

WILLIAM HENRY DONOVAN

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IRVING WILLIAM JONES MARY DOLORES KILDUFF

ANDREW FRANCIS LAMB

ANN MARIE LETTKO

PAUL JOHN LOATMAN

WILLIAM JAMES MANNING

WILLIAM FRANCIS MESSIER

EDMUND JEROME MULCAHY

EILEEN CATHERINE MURPHY

WALTER JAMES O'BRIEN

EDWIN CHARLES RADO

AGNES FRANCES SHERIDAN

WINIFRED ANN SHUPE

RUTH JULIA SODEN

HELENE MARIE TYLL

HELEN AGATHA WALKER

WILLIAM JOHN WALSH

ALICE IRENE WILSON

STEPHEN WILLIAM YUSCHAK

Tragic Adventure of An Ice Skater

MARY WALSH, '39

Well, this adventure all started when I received a new skating outfit consisting of a white jacket, white skates and one of those new little velvet skating skirts. Of course, like every other girl I was dying to get up on the rink and ruin it so when the girls called up and asked me to go skating that night, of course, I accepted.

Well, we arrived at the rink and put on our skates and went around the rink a few times together. The other girls went into the club house so I decided to do a figure eight, not that I could do one you understand but I thought there was nothing like trying a thing once. Well, after I had picked myself up and found out the ice was really hard I was ready to admit Sonja Henie really earns her money. I had noticed a fellow skating around who was rather clever on skates and I had also noticed he was tall, blond and good looking! I guess he took pity on me because he skated over and picked me up and asked if I'd care to skate with him.

Well, we skated around and I found out that he was originally from Sweden and that accounted for his good skating. I told him that my uncle came from Norway and when I was smaller he used to try and teach me tricks on ice. Well, dear reader, whether you know it or not, that was the beginning of my downfall. You know when a man gets an idea in his head, whether it is right or wrong, he is bound to carry it out. This idea happened to be wrong but that made no difference. He decided he would show me how to do a figure eight.

Now I can skate as well as anyone but after all my name doesn't happen to be Sonja. After a while I thought some one was going to come up to me and ask me who hired me to clean the rink off at night.

Well by the time the rink was ready to close I felt more like a pretzel than a human being. Carl, that was his name, was kind enough to take my skates off and see that I got home safely. That night while getting ready for bed I decided that I would never go skating again.

The moral of this story, girls, is, "never fall for a figure skater no matter how good looking". When, however, I received a phone call asking if I'd care to go on a skating party with Carl and his friends, just like a woman, I accepted.

P. S. I had a marvelous time and I still can't do a figure eight but I'm improving.

The Knight

CATHERINE McCAFFREY, '41

Before me lay the stately castle,

With its towers and gate and keep,

Shining in the golden sunset,

All appeared to be asleep.

Suddenly the drawbridge falls,

There appears an armored knight

Sitting on a prancing horse,

Riding 'cross with all his might.

Nearer, nearer he approaches,

I can hear the thundering hoofs,

To my ears they sound like raindrops

Beating on my attic roof.

How I wish I could be like him,

His life so full of pleasure teems,

Then suddenly he disappeared

For I awakened from my dream.

Counsel to a Junior EILEEN SHANLEY, '42

Jeering Juniors, take heed to the fragments of wisdom about to fall from a lowly first year classman. The purpose of these morsels is to remove the large bumps I have noticed on many of your craniums. It may be that I am too late and your report cards have already done the job.

The first bit of advice I am offering you is don't be too sure that you will be one of those "serious seniors" next year. You can probably get 100% in the movie quiz contest so don't be disappointed if you fail to obtain a measly 65% in chemistry.

Number two is remember that college is drawing near for those of you who are going so stop pretending that you are just preparing for high school and are still in the joys (no homework) of eighth grade.

Number three is if you are not too far gone on those movie books in your lap, take a peek at those big ones on the table that look so forbidding. (Don't look so surprised and stop shuddering at the idea.)

Don't feel too bad—I, too, will be a Sleepy Soph, a Jeering Junior and I hope a Serious Senior.

Gertie

JOAN FALLON, '39

Her silken hair lay wet against the already sodden pillow. Her eyes seemed so much larger, and because of a feverish glint they seemed to burn like burning coals. Drops of perspiration rolled down her face as short choking gasps of breath escaped from her swollen throat. She was failing fast.

Leaning over her was old feeble Elsie who had all she could do to control her emotions.

"She's dying! My darling angel's dying!" she cried aloud, filling the room with her utterance of anguish.

"Oh darling, darling don't leave poor old Elsie all alone in the world!" she pleaded passionately.

The doctor at this moment came and tried to comfort the old woman but to no avail.

"Be very careful," he said, "that she is not allowed to make any muscular exention. Any such effort, when one is so feeble, may stop the heart in a moment," he warned.

It seemed to be mainly the question now, whether this trembling flame of life would be blown out by some light breath of air, or whether it could be so nursed by watchful hands that it would have a chance to kindle to its natural brightness. After two hours of watching, the doctor said that the crisis had passed. There was at once a quiet breathing in the room in place of the quick short gasps heard a few minutes before.

The doctor after making certain everything turned out for the better, assured the old woman that her dog, Gertie, would quickly recover.

The Freshman Corner KATHRYN M. SHANLEY, '40

A hearty greeting is extended to those Freshmen who started their high school career in January.

The girls in Room 500 were especially overjoyed by what the new term brought. Heretofore the boys had been outnumbered. The girl's joy was unbounded when on coming back to school they found three brand new boys in the front seats. The causes of so much joy were Thomas Bossidy, '42; Martin Hartigan, '42; and Floyd Bacon, '42.

Your columnist was astounded by a most unusual sight the other A. M. The usual procedure was changed in that three faculty members were seen carrying Ann Brierton's books and lunch instead of vice versa. Can you shed some light on this phenomena, Ann?

If you happen to see Donald Fazioli, '42 limping don't hesitate to ask for particulars on this subject. It seems Donald received a pedometer for Christmas. Now he has forsaken riding for walking in order to find out how many miles he walks daily. Consequently his feet are the recipients of quite a few blisters and bunions which account for the limping.

Recently Louis Schneider of '42 astounded the scientific world by his knowledge. When queried how neon are made blue he promptly shot back, "By adding a little dye of course."

Which boy of the Class of '42 is called "Chubby Baby" and why? Everytime someone asks William Donnally of '42 he blushes. Perhaps he knows more than he's telling.

Anthony of '42 and the rest of Room 502 for bagging first prize with their Literature Scrap Book. Hours of hard work and concentration were spent on that book to get it into such perfect shape.

One of the wonders of the seventh period English class is how Francis Rice's cold goes on and off at will.

In the midst of addressing your Valentines don't forget your reporter.

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C. Y. O. Highlights

BENJ. J. SINGLETON T. AGNES FRANK

During the holy season of Lent it is the firm desire of the Sodality of Our Lady to be able to sponsor at least one Holy Hour or Eucharistic devotion in the school as well as sending a representative delegation from Catholic High to a Diocesan service.

While thinking of Lent and all the things we might stop doing let's—just for a change—include a few positive things with all those negative won'ts. For instance while giving up luxuries is a fine practice for self-mortification, why not put in a few constructive items such as attending Benediction each Sunday or receiving Communion an extra time during the week. You'll find that such a positive program will be much more beneficial than a negative one although both are to be desired.

Looking back to two days ago, Monday, we find that we had a C. Y. O. Dance in Albany at the Patrician Club with Sammy Bruno and his orchestra furnishing the musical accompaniment. The dance was successful not only because of the number attending, but also because that number was limited to the capacity of the club and thus it became more exclusive. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

The Mission Committee brought in quite a bit of money for the home missions two weeks ago with

its fudge sale. At this writing the exact number of sales turned in is not available but they were believed to be numerous. We wish to thank the girls—yes, and boys too—who brought in the taste tempting delicacies to be consumed upon the payment of a slight sum.

Now let's take a look at some of the recent Catholic doings in the relm of the quill and scroll. On another page you will find a description of some of the recent books that have been added to the school library. One of these new books is Dorothy Day's From Union Square to Rome wherein she describes much of her life up to the time she was converted. Another Catholic autobiography was issued towards the end of last year under the title of The World I Saw by Theodore Maynard. Like Miss Day's book the first few chapters dealing with his early life in India are rather uninteresting but after that it turns into a marvelous piece of literature. Both of these would make good reading for any February evening. A new publication devoted to anti-communistic activity is also on the market. It's called Telling Faces and is unusually informative on the subject. So far three issues have been put out and the subscription price being only \$.50 makes it a real value for the money.

Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be.

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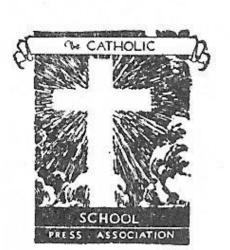
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EDUCATION FOR LEADERSHIP

There can be little doubt in the mind of the thinking individual that whatever else the world may feel the need of today, it sorely lacks leadership—leadership the kind of which tempers discipline with tolerance, the individual good with the common good, the laws of the state with the laws of the church: whose leaders are imbred with the courage of their convictions, ennobled in their ideals, inspired with their trust. And there is likewise little doubt that if such leaders were to spring up and take control, the chaos towards which we are inevitably and blindly hurling ourselves, would be avoided.

But leadership, to be of any value, requires an extensive and objective training. From whence is that all important factor to come? The answer lies in education—an education designed for broadening and strengthening the natural powers of the individual, for widening his perspective, for thoroughly grounding in him the elementals of democracy,—in a word, an education designed for leadership.

To one who has given the matter any of considerable or unbiased thought, the most influential and predominantly figured factor in the life of the individual today is his education; for today, more so than in any other epoch of history, has the ability to see things—not as they appear on the surface, but to their core, the ability to maintain mental poise and equilibrium on the shifting sands of present day intrigues, been held at a premium. It is only through the education and training of the intellect that one can prevent himself from being swayed by mass emotionalism, from accepting slogans and catch phrases as his philosphy of life, from allowing his thinking to be done by someone else.

Thus education bespeaks potency not only for the aspirant leader, but for those who will be led, or more accurately, those who will follow. While the former must guide his fellows along the path they wish to be guided, the latter must choose that path—wisely and well.

True it is that education is power and the wielding of that power by the leader eloquently gives testimony of the kind of education to which he has been subjected. An intellect that can envision nothing but power even at the sacrifice of individual rights, that can grasp the significance of nothing but authority, wealth and influence, has been warped in the process of its development. In search of an education for leadership, the would-be leader has selected a destructive teacher, and in consequence his sense of values has given place to consuming desires. The true educator for leadership, and indeed, the only one worthy of note, is the Catholic Church, whose system of Catholic Education has produced some of the greatest leaders and deep-thinkers of the present generation.

THE NEW LIGHT

The monasteries of old were called lights shining in the darkness of medievalism. The monks in their protected cells recorded, not only monastic records, but also the great learning of the ages. Let it be known that if it were not for these associations of holy men this twentieth century would not be so enlightened in the very important matter of historical truth, truth gleaned from the fields of far away times. Ambitions clouded the horizon of truth, but always there was that one ray of light which penetrated the clouded horizon, the monastery.

Now, in our own day, the horizon of truth is again being darkened by ambition; this new cloud is called propaganda. Immediately the question arises: is there a ray of light to counteract the dictatorial despoiling of true events in modern history? Yes, though it stands alone, the Catholic press has taken firm command of the situation. The press has taken the place of medieval monastic cells and is the one ray of light in today's horizon of almost total darkness.

Not only do the totalitarian states force their one-sided view of news into every issue, but the so-called democracies do the same.

But there in the fight for truth is the voice of the church in a new era of religious work, the press. Today, it is not the monastic cell that holds sway over the recording of history, it is the Catholic press.

The greatest section of the church press is that of America's most fruitful field. Under the leader-ship of our bishops, the Catholic people have established and nourished a strong press.

Events of our day focus complete attention on diplomatic activity. Church and state have kept the fight, the eternal fight of "that which is Caesar's and that which is God's." So there is a necessity for a press to combat the insinuations of the secular press.

During the month of February of every year, the church inaugurates an intensive and extensive drive for public support of her press. Such support is vital: the church knows this.

Our present Holy Father has taken the leadership in building a foundation for truth. The pontiff has said, "You may build churches and schools, but all are nothing without a press." Too true!

The light of truth can only be strengthened by the support of every faithful Catholic. All should read and lend financial support to their press.

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OUR "A" EFFORT HONOR ROLL

The pupils whose names appear on the "A" Effort Honor Roll are those who have shown unusual effort in every subject. Such consistent and sustained effort is worthy of particular note.

FRENCH CLUB

On February 10, Le Cercle Français held a pre-Valentine social in the Cafeteria. An entertainment was presented in the auditorium, prior to the social. The main feature of the entertainment was the puppet show which was presented by Lorraine Meyer. French songs were rendered by all who were present.

BOWLING LEAGUE

Once again bowling, the principal indoor winter sport, has added Catholic High students to its list of followers. Not only have the boys formed several teams but the girls also have taken up the sport. Any girls who are interested in bowling and wish to join the league report to Anne Broderick, Room 200.

CHI-RHO CLUB

A reorganization of the Chi-Rho Club has been necessary because of changes in schedule. Members of the club are now meeting during S. S. A. on Tuesdays. Anyone who may wish to join the club and aid in the work it is doing may report to Father Tessier.

Through the courtesy of the Chevrolet Company, the Freshmen and Sophomores on February 1 enjoyed a very instructive and entertaining motion picture in the Auditorium. It is the hope of the students that Mickey Mouse will return to Catholic High.

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About Ourselves

We regret to hear that Sister Mary de Sales is a patient in St. Peter's Hospital, Albany. They're waiting for you in 510. Hurry home, Sister.

To Mary Malek of our student body and to Joseph of our Alumni the student body and faculty extend sincere sympathy. We were sorry to learn of the death of your father.

We were sorry to learn of the death of your grandfather, Charles Casey. You know we prayed for him.

Catholic Central High School, Troy, N. Y. (A. P.): Miss Margaret Wilson has returned to classes after a month's illness. She is right back in the swing of things. Ed. Note: Glad to see you back, Margaret.

Since the report card situation is still fresh in our minds, this column would like to honor the various honor-rollers. First, a bouquet not only to those who made the regular honor roll, but also to their parents who, we know, were the guiding force behind the application needed to gain those heights. (We sincerely hope, honor-roll students, that the guiding force was not too forceful.)

Then, congratulations to the members of the family honor roll and their parents. One honor roll pupil in a family is a subject for eyebrow-raising but a "double" means either an extraordinarily intelligent family or splendid cooperation on tests, homework, etc. But all joking aside, we sincerely wish to express our felicitations on this unusual honor.

Finally, another wreath of roses to those who made the effort honor roll, an honor group for those who had an "A" for effort in every subject. "Stay in the game," you effort honor-rollers. Patience and "plugging" is always rewarded, and we don't mean that as a sanctimonious gesture. Keep "hitting that ball."

The members of the Torch Board are sincerely sorry to see Julia Nugent retire because of ill health. It is our last desire to Winchell-ize the personals, with anyone's private affairs but we wanted no one to think that Julia had been "dropped". Not at all. She did a fine job, obtained her "honorable discharge," and we're sorry to see her go.

At the same time the Board wishes to thank Helen Ryan, who has graciously consented to take Julia's place as Literary Editor. The best of luck, Helen.

Since congratulations seem to be the order for this column, here are more in regard to the recent fudge sale held for the home missions by the Mission Committee. Congratulations to Sister Mary Gonzaga, Sister Mary Fredericka, Sister Mary Eleanor, and Sister Anna Regina, the Mission moderators, for the excellent organization and superintending of the sale. Congrats also to the winners of the boxes of sweets in the chance-taking. Thanks should also be extended to those who responded so splendidly to the call for volunteer fudge making. It was a fine thing, too, to see the blind faith and innocence with which the student body bought and ate the fudge. The fudge was delicious and, no matter what "cracks" they make about it, the students enjoyed it.

Finally a true vote of thanks to the splendid cooperation extended by every homeroom faculty member. Without each teacher to supervise, the sale would certainly not have been a success.

Last, but by no means least, we'd like to make a short announcement of the coming of the comedy "You're Telling Me," presented by the Theatre Guild, directed by Miss Kelly. The time is Thursday, February 16. There isn't much more to be said. You know it will be worth seeing. Just be there.

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The Inquiring Reporter

What Is Your Most Difficult Period? Why?

Dorothy Pryor, '39—Geometry—Too much to remember.

Rita Duscharme, '42—English I—I don't like book reports.

Robert Rice, '39—French III—"Je ne le comprends pas."

Janet Caruso, '40—Chemistry—I can't remember equations.

Marie Hope, '39—History C—I forget everything.

Thomas Mahoney, '39—Lunch—I get indigestion.

Agnes Meighan, '39—History C—There's so much to it.

Philip Casey, '39—Business Arithmetic—It's so easy, it's hard. (Philip has taken it eight times.)

Erin Davine, '39-Latin-I'm not a Roman.

Francis Hoar, '39—Latin III—Because it's hard. Sylvester Agers, '39—History C—There's so

much to know.

Jane Cotch, '41—French I—I can't grasp it.

Grace Harrigan, '39—English IV—I don't like to read.

Lillian Smith, '40—Business Arithmetic—Gosh!

it's hard.

Joseph Conroy, '39—German II—Too many

exceptions in grammar.

Kathryn Farrell, '42—Algebra—It's like short-hand.

Benjamin Singleton, '39—French III—"I often wonder."

Joseph Smith, '41—Last—After that I go to work.

Bill Drislane, '41-Latin II-What isn't???

James Keays, '39—Physics—There's no pretending.

Harry Hostig, '39—History C—I dislike recitations.

Matt Messiett, '40—Business Arithmetic—Too many figures.

Ruth Britton, P. G.—Typewriting—My fingers get locked.

James Brennan, '39-Latin IV-Virgil and I disagree.

John Reid, P. G.—English IV—I like brevity in speech.

Joseph Rupsis, '40—English III—They laughed and laughed when Joseph spoke.

Ann Broderick, '39—Algebra—Because I need it. Paul J. Bondi, '39—Geometry—For reasons unknown.

Adeline Grazioli, '41—Geometry—I can't seem to get it.

Eileen Conlen, '39—General Biology—Insects are pests.

Frances Keefe, '39—Trigonometry—It's on the fifth floor.

John Markham, '39—History C—It doesn't like me.

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Through the Looking Glass

Since we saw you last, the quintet representing C. C. H. S. has really gone to town. In their last four starts the team hasn't dropped a decision. Of the four contests, three were Catholic League games. The non-league game was a victory over Watervliet.

Our first win was over St. Joseph's, the next over Cathedral, and a mighty close game at that. The final score 36—35. While close at the finish, the game was Catholic High's throughout. Our Eight Street quintet took the lead in the first stanza and held a comfortable advantage until the end of the third quarter. Then Cathedral dropped six successive goals from out of the ether to hold a three point margin of safety, 26—23. In the last quarter Jack Flint who is getting to be quite a center, tied the score at 35 with a foul shot. Ed Ryan's foul shot in the last few seconds won the game. It seems as if Ed always wins the games with a foul shot.

After Cathedral went down to stubborn defeat C. B. A. stepped bravely up. If you remember C. B. A. hadn't won a game from us in thirteen years until this season. Possibly with a "revenge is sweet" idea in their minds, the team bowled over the southern team in the final round.

C. B. A. took the first round by a four point lead but Catholic High tied the score at 9 all at half time. Jack Flint again won the game with his eight points in the last period after all looked hopeless. With a 25—25 deadlock, Jim Berkery sank a foul and a field goal to win a 28—25 decision. Jack Flint showed his ability by garnering fifteen points.

The team has shown plenty of improvement since their bad start. But the best games are still to come. If you want to see some action don't forget that the Troy High and La Salle games are not so far in the future.

The newly formed Alumni quintet is something worth seeing. Guided by Jimmy Moran the Alumni has won three out of four games, the latest, as this was written, a win over the Mohawk Mills to the tune of 42—33.

A new idea recently introduced is a record of the scorers of the Troy schools. It is not partial to any schools, public or parochial, but a race for scoring honors among Troy players.

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Sports Spotlight

S. OLEY CUTLER, '41

Greetings, Sports Fans! Intra-Class sports were launched during the early part of last month with the first of a series of afternoon tournaments. The Frosh met the Sophs and the Seniors battled the Juniors. In the latter game the Seniors led the Juniors throughout. Markham led the Senior quintet with eight points; Collogione the Juniors. The game ended in a 21—11 victory for the Seniors. In the second game the Frosh attack failed to click against the stronger Sophomore team. Amoyt, Griffith, Chura and Ryan were Frosh leaders while George Kelley paced the Sophomores. Deadlocked continuously, the fourth quarter ended in a 19—19 tie. In an overtime period, a long shot by Mulcahy clinched the game for the Sophs.

In the second Intra-Class tournament series the Freshmen clashed with the Juniors; the Sophomores meeting the Seniors. Chura led the Frosh but Peter Krill's ten points outweighted the Freshmen barrage. The contest climaxed with a 14—10 win for the Juniors. Plenty of action was had in the second game when the Seniors met their second year opponents. Jim and George Kelley, Mulcahy, and Gyboski defended the Soph's scoring reputation, but the overwhelming Senior attack demolished their hopes. Tom Mahoney not only led the Senior warriors but completely dazzled the spectators by topping the individual scoring for this series with a fourteen point total. The final score was 24—9 for the Seniors.

In two recent preliminaries, the Frosh met St. Luke's of Schenectady and the Y. M. C. A. Juniors. In the former game the Friday-the-thirteenth jinx followed our team. They were subdued by a 21—18 score. Chura led our team, Keefe leading the victors. In the latter game the Green boys were defeated again. Murphy, Harris and Gorman hung up a 34—17 victory for the "Y" team.

In the third Intra-Class Sports Tournament, the Seniors faced the Frosh; the Sophomores meeting the Juniors. The Frosh used two teams in playing; the first consisted of Amoyt, O'Brien, Hartnett, Murray, and Griffith; the second—Ryan, Chura, Wright, Moran and O'Keefe. Murray led the first team in scoring, Chura led the second. Mahoney and Conway were the Senior spark plugs. The hard-fighting Frosh possessed a strong defense and their offensive attacks were in a great degree successful, however, in the last quarter the Senior attack rose to its zenith and with a number of sweeping plays overpowered the top floor lads by a 27—23 score. "The Minute Man", Jack O'Brien played a skillful game and now occupies a Frosh berth. The second game between the Sophomores and the Juniors ended in a very close score. It was nip and tuck all the way until the final whistle. Krill contributed ten points to the Junior score and Ed Mc-Grath and Mulcahy were high for the Sophomores. The game ended by a score of 21—18 in the Juniors favor.

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. Don't complain!

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Troy, N. Y.

Your Foreign Correspondents

F. M. K.—H. J. M.

Dear Reader;

Your foreign correspondents have some literary treats for you this time. From Our Lady of Mercy High School, Rochester, New York, comes Mercedes which will be in our library. It is all that a school paper should be. It gives fascinating stories, lovely poetry, and opinions of and accounts on current-day events. Do meet Mercedes!

Siena College, Loudonville Road has sent a copy of Siena News. It is a credit to its originators. You'll like it!

Hoya, from Georgetown U., Niagara Index, Holy Cross News and the St. Bonaventure Laurel represent our collegiate and University section. From Lynchburg, Virginia comes Holy Cross News, from Boys Town, Boys Town Times, from Bishop McDonnell Memorial High School, the Laurel, from Most Holy Rosary High School, the Rosarian, and from the West Philadelphia Catholic High School for boys—Welcome!

Are you still reading? Well, we are still writing! School Daze, Cohoes High School, Cohoes—You have really "got something there" as the saying goes. Your paper is very interesting. Your cartoons are very well drawn.

Panorama, Binghamton High School, Binghamton, N. Y., gives us this bit of humor:

"What model is your car?"

"It isn't a model, it's a horrible example.

The Carroll News, John Carroll University, Cleveland, Ohio—Your arrangement and pictures help to make your paper most attractive.

Poetry is always an interesting reading matter. The Charion, Mount Saint Joseph, Rutland, Vermont, has many original poems.

I picked this up somewhere among my many exchanges:

"A lady's polish begins where her nail polish ends."

Keep smiling!

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This Can't Be Love

PAUL J. DORAN

Both beautiful and dumb Must my true love be, Beautiful so I'll love her And dumb so she'll love me.

This superbly sweet sentimental selection is reprinted by popular request and lovingly dedicated to the man who ought to know, Robert E. Ryan, Editor, Lover, and Faker.

Incidentally, there are no less than twenty people with the identical last name—"Ryan", who belong to this venerable institution, and almost half of them are freshmen. If you shouted, "Hey Ryan, here's that dime I owed you!", at one of our basketball games, you'ld get among other things, two James Patrick's, a Jack, Tom, Buddy, Leroy, Jayne, and Sally—and those are only the freshmen! Of course the hero of the above rancid romance would undoubtedly be the first one to respond.

The following is a sample of one of the letters, (the volumes of which would fill the congressional library) which were sent to the gentleman from Oklahoma who just dropped in and made this formerly quiet, peaceful, and sleepy school seem like bank nite with Tyrone Power as first, second and third prizes. He stepped into the room; the girls

stopped talking, their hearts stopped beating, and they choked a little gasp and dove after their lipstick and war paint in less time than it takes to tell it. The fight was on! Well anyway—it took Dot Dumbleton and Louise Cutler to serenade him with this tender tid-bit. Quote!

"Dearest You:

You have us all wondering

- (1) Who you are
- (2) Where you're from
- (3) Where you get the good looks

Please don't disappoint us. Your answer will be very appreciated.

Sincerely; lovingly Us''—End Quote.

What will his answer be? Listen in at this same time next week and learn some furthur startling developments, or in other words, who poisoned the Editor?

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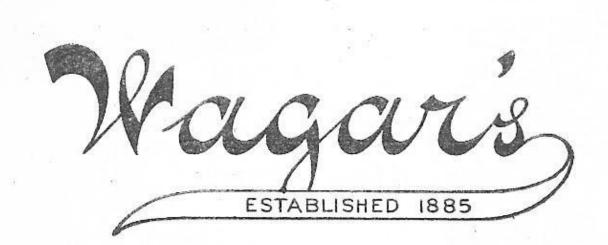
Lost: One cousin, initials J. J. E. Last seen in the vicinity of room 506, wearing a hat and a snowball. Wanted by F. M. T. K. of room 206. Approach with caution; he may be dangerous.

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(We are happy to relinquish our space this issue in order that Fred Ferris may bring you the following message concerning the Alumni publication.)

The Torch Post

FRED FERRIS, '38

In June, 1924, Miss Catherine Kennedy '24, Class Historian of the first Catholic High School graduating class, said of the Alumni ". . . it is rightfully ours, to plant the seed which will fructify and grow into a sturdy and loyal organization bearing the name of the Alumni of the Catholic Central High School. But to be worthy of any such honor, it is for us to cherish and live up to the ideals and standards embodied in our very school life." Miss Kennedy concludes, "After we have left Catholic Central High School each will go on and make an individual history for one's self. Time will record what each will do. But even in later life, if we peer into Father Time's book, I cannot believe that there will ever be such a happy time recorded, as that which we have had within the four walls of the Catholic High School on the Hill. Classes will come and go, but we hope to be remembered."

And remembered you are, Class of '24! for your class picture is the only one in the principal's office. And this is but an outward indication of the loyalty and devotion which has remained active for over

Within four years, the present student body will be in the Alumni ranks and they will appreciate the benefits and advantages of "the school on the Hill".

For our school, an Alumni is necessary. We wish to keep our friendships and develop new ones; we are interested in the lives of our class mates, in the activities of the student body, in the faculty and all that pertains to our Alma Mater.

An Alumni Association should satisfy these de-

sires, and as the years pass by, its duties and needs become more urgent.

We of the Class of '38 had been graduated but several months, when we realized that our attachment to the School, Faculty, and one another was too strong and loyal to be forgotten. How could we forget our first weeks, the games, the classes, teachers, the activities and organizations; in brief, could we disassociate ourselves from four happy years in which we developed from boys and girls to young men and women?

We did not want to: and we feel sure that you never will want to. The mere recollection of the cafeteria, the library, the gym or the homerooms, to say nothing of the office, the Sodality Room or the book store are full of pleasant memories, which we want to live forever. So we have planned a reunion party and in June, we want to repeat, as a class, the delightful picnic which we had in our Senior year at Catholic High.

We hope that the monthly publication of the TORCH POST will fulfill our needs and desires. It should be a force which will unite the faculty, student body, the Alumni and friends of Catholic High more strongly and develop a more active interest in it.

The subscription is only sixty cents a year. As soon as we have a sufficient number of subscriptions, we will publish the first issue. We invite your subscriptions and suggestions. The TORCH POST will soon be your paper. Help us to develop it, to make it the medium it can be for the whole "family" of Our Catholic Central High School.

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