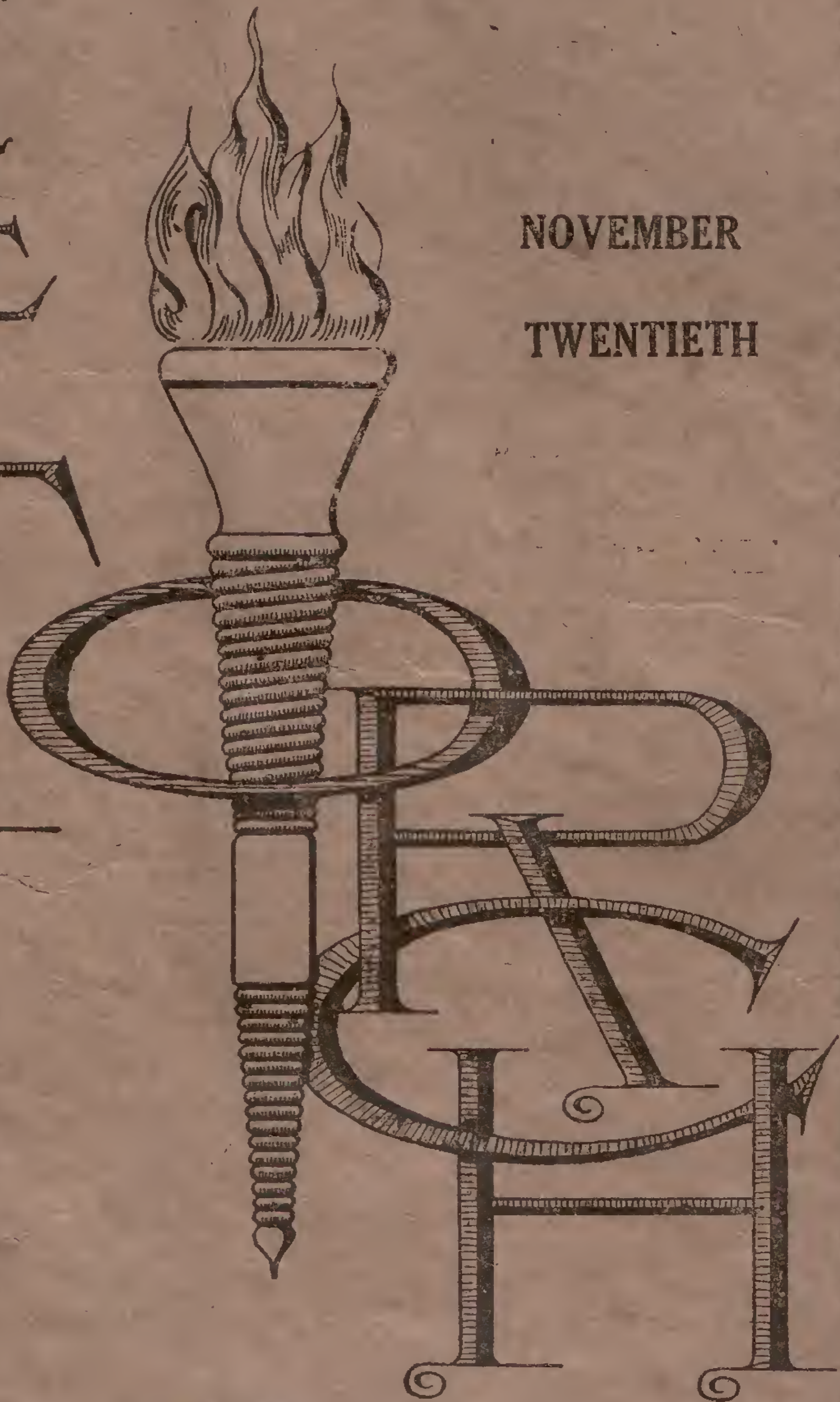


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THE TORCH

Vol. 16

November 20, 1940

No. 3



A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Thoughtfully, reverently, with the colors of America bright before our eyes and the destiny of America deep in our hearts, let us give thanks.

Three hundred nineteen years ago a stalwart little band of Pilgrims knelt around a roughly hewn table and offered thanks to God for His great gift of a new world free from persecution and religious differences.

Today we kneel around a table, not crude as that of the Pilgrims but our hearts too are filled with gratitude for we have much more for which to be thankful. This year Thanksgiving should have a deeper significance than ever. As we gather around our tables we shall be thinking of our heritage of freedom, three centuries in the making, a heritage which we must pass on at whatever sacrifice. Some may say that we have no right to our feast this year while half the world goes hungry but they have missed the real meaning of Thanksgiving. It is not only a day of thanks this year,

but it should also be a day of heartfelt sympathy, toward our fellowmen, a day which should endow us with a deeper realization of how fortunate we are.

Let us make November 21, a "prayer day", a day of three feasts, for this memorable day is not only Thanksgiving, but also the Feast of the Presentation and of Our Lady of Victory. Let us make our banquet complete by receiving the Body and Blood of Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. When the Host is offered up on the "banquet table" of the Lord, let us unite our prayers with those of the priest that our nation shall maintain peace and security and the countries of Europe shall soon have release from their misery.

"We give Thee thanks for all Thy benefits, O Almighty God, for all that we have, and all that we hope to retain, — a peaceful nation, a generous and forgiving God."

MABEL CARLSON '41

THE PERFECT CRIME

MADELEINE PARKER '43

As Daniel fell back into the shadows of the cold November night, two stealthy figures rounded the side of a huge silo. The taller of the two, close to six feet five, walked with the stoop characteristic of a very tall man. Even in the dark, one could see the outline of a thick beard and blue overalls. The clump of heavy boots spoke for itself. The man's companion, somewhat shorter but dressed in the same fashion, appeared to be clean shaven. As they walked rapidly toward a clearing in the trees a short distance from Daniel, he could hear them whispering in low tones.

"Not much ye will. I got somethin' to say about this thing. We'd better stick to our first plan. I kain't stan' that feller much longer."

"Shure, shure, I know," said the other, "but remember what the boss said. Everything's got to go like clock-work. No slip-ups or we'll be in trouble and plenty of it."

"All right just as ye say, but let me warn ye, I ain't waitin' any longer than midnight," returned the first.

Then an idea seemed to strike his companion. "All right, this is what we'll do."

The two plotters passed by him and through the clearing into the woods.

Dan, following as closely behind as he dared, saw that they had already lighted an oil lamp and were seating themselves at a tumble-down table. As he peered anxiously into the window, Dan was an unknown witness to the following:

"See here Dick, ye be ready at half past eleven. Ye go by way of the north pasture to the silo. Meet me there at midnight sharp. I'll go back the way we come. Then we go through the north gate to the old mill. He takes that trail every night about twelve."

"All right," grumbled Dick, "but let's go to bed now. I'm all tuckered out." So saying, he retired to another room, which seemed from all accounts to be a bed-room. Jim, for that was the other fellow's name, immediately followed, calling after him.

"I'll set the alarm for eleven. Be sure to get up when it rings."

Dan, creeping away with a most perplexed air about him, grunted to himself. As he strode

unerringly toward his own dwelling, he was carrying on a conversation with himself that consisted of a series of grunts and guttural noises. A plan was already whirling in his busy mind.

Rrrrr, clang, rrr, was the sound that awoke Jim from a deep slumber. Pouring forth a volley of violent exclamations, he reached for the clock. He pressed the lever, silencing the unwelcome noise, then opened the door and called Dick.

A few minutes later both men went their separate ways — Dick through the north pasture; Jim directly to the silo.

In the meantime, Dan worked his plan to perfection. He gathered his friends and placed them in their respective positions.

When Jim and Dick met at the silo, their victim was seen going over his customary path. Stealthily the two followed, weapons held tightly in brawny hands. Both would have been astonished had they seen the wierd procession of forces trailing behind them about to capture these monsters, who planned such a vile deed.

At the given moment, just as they came up behind their victim. Jim and Dick got the surprise of their lives. Both stood stock still as a most unearthly screech pierced their ear drums. The screams continued, each worse than the preceeding one. Jim's hair stood on end and Dick's massive form shriveled to a mere shadow of its former self.

Simultaneously they took to their heels, and were very glad when the cabin door closed behind them. Boss or no boss they weren't going to try to kill that darn turkey again.

"Turkey" you ask? "Why of course." "You see their victim was the boss' turkey that had become very cocky of late, and the boss had decided to have him for Thanksgiving dinner. Daniel? Oh, didn't you know? He was a very clever donkey that had called together a band of his barn yard friends to do a little haunting."

Needless to say, Mr. Turkey escaped and the boss never did enjoy a much desired turkey dinner. Mr. Turkey rejoined his loyal barn-yard friends, once more to reign as king of the roost.

HAVE IT MY WAY

RUTH SHEEHAN '43

Little Janey walked down the street slowly. She was thoroughly disgusted. Why did daddy have to be so obstinate? Why was mommy so disagreeable? Would they ever agree?

Her reverie was interrupted when she felt a tug at her long golden hair. "There is that tease Porky Walters again," she thought. "Why can't he let me alone since I have such a big problem?"

"What's a matter wit' you?" Porky gurgled as he felt Janey's cold glance.

"Oh go away, will you? I'm trying to solve a problem," pleaded Janey.

"Oh, that arit'metic got you again, huh? I'll help you."

Janey looked at him scornfully, "Don't you know it's almost Thanksgiving?" she inquired. "And don't you know that our family still can't make up its mind which one to celebrate? And don't you know that if they don't make up their minds we won't have any Thanksgiving at all?" she stopped out of breath.

Porky stared wide-eyed. "Gosh! that's bad, ain't it? he exclaimed. "But I just thought of somethin', maybe I can help you."

"Well," began Porky, "my Uncle Dan, you know my gambling uncle, he always says, 'Doubles or nothing'."

"Well?" asked the puzzled Janey.

"Don't you see?" asked Porky impatiently. "If your folks don't settle it between 'em you won't have any Thanksgiving. But if they celebrate both Thanksgivings everybody'll be happy? See?"

"Gee, Porky you're wonderful", said Janey. Porky beamed with pride as Janey hurried home to reveal Porky's great plan.

WINGS

MARY CLARK '41

Dearest Blessed Mother:

Once again Thanksgiving Day has come upon us. This year we will celebrate it on November 21. Since it is a day on which every one gives thanks to God for the blessings He has bestowed upon them during the year, I wish to let you know what I am thankful for.

I am thankful for having been born and brought up in America. As you know America, today, is one of the few countries in the world that is not engaged in war. To me this means almost everything.

The Mass, the greatest of all acts of worship, is offered to God every day of the week and since I have been baptized a Catholic, I have the privilege of attending it every day. This fact alone makes me thankful and grateful for being alive.

Good health, an asset every one wishes to have has been through the kindness of God, bestowed upon me. By having it I am able to perform my daily tasks without losing time. I wonder how many of us have ever stopped to think about the good health bestowed upon us. If we have we are very thankful.

The year which I have just completed has been a year full of happiness and pathos. Yet in the end everything has turned out all right.

I wish to give thanks for the Catholic education I am receiving in a good Catholic school; for the sisters and the priests who have given even their lives to teach the boys and girls how to become defenders of their faith and how to face the problems of life with a cheery outlook.

If while you are reading this letter, dearest Mother, you notice that I have omitted anything for which I should be thankful for remember even though I didn't remember it I am thankful for it.

Thank you, dearest Mother, for granting me the opportunity of writing this letter to you. I enjoyed the writing very much.

Your loving daughter,

MARY

THANK GOD FOR GOD

ANTHONY PAUL '41

It was a cold bleak day as I walked through the park with my pipe in one hand and my dog's leash in the other. The sun was just about to slip below the horizon and it seemed to be greeting a farewell as it shot streaks of orange-glow through the sky. My dog was romping in the leaves trying very hard to get me to play with him, but now, above all time, I couldn't; I was thinking!

It was November twenty-first in the year of nineteen hundred and forty. I could remember it well even through the mist of forty years. I was seventeen then and so young. What would I not give to-day to have that youth now, in the world as I know it to-day. Yes, at that time there were strife and worry, war and

hate, unemployment and misery. Still, in all those handicaps, we the youth of that day had cause for thanks. We had faith in the world to come! We "knew" that all these would end some day!

We found that, above all other things, we believed in God and had the right to worship Him as we pleased. Our country had survived the perils of war, a great cause for Thanksgiving.

I had my family close to my side; I had many friends who are not with me to-day; I had my youth, my ambition, my ideas which I thought would conquer the entire world. — At least, I have tried.

IMMORTALITY AND PURGATORY

GEORGE KELLY '42

If the doctrine of Heaven is inordinately sublime then the doctrine of Hell must seem intrinsically terrifying. The theological conception of Heaven consists in the belief that there is a place where the just are permitted continually to enjoy the Beatific Vision and partake in the spiritual joys of Heaven as a reward for pursuing their lives in accordance with the Laws prescribed by Christ. Heaven is not a philosophic conclusion; its existence is real and tangible. When the soul enters into Heaven, it must be perfectly pure and free from all punishment of sin if it is to enjoy the felicitousness of Heaven. The conception of Heaven cannot be fully appreciated since man never attained continual happiness. At considerably frequent intervals we may have been permitted to experience the inexpressible comfort of friendship or the ecstatic thrill of security actuated by the fervor of religion; but have these emotions ever been consistent?

The domain of his Satanic majesty appropriates quite a different category of thought. If we admit of the existence of a place of eternal reward and bliss we cannot deny the existence of the extreme opposite, a place of infinite punishment and damnation. To many of us Hell is an unfathomable void where all-consuming fire rages and intense heat sears and scorches the souls of men. Agony and inexpressible pain are descriptive of this dimension; yet is the pain the same as bodily pain? Cardinal Newman states: "Still so far as we are distinctly told that future life will be spent in a sense that does not apply to our present life." Emotions

are the sufferings or joys of the soul; the greatest emotion is loneliness. To long to hear the strains of beautiful music once heard and realize that is impossible; to catch a fleeting glimpse of beauty and have the vision snatched away brings deep-rooted pain — pain of soul. It seems to me that the pain of the torments of Hell will be the loss of the presence of God and the "all-consuming fire" will be rage at this loss.

In every situation there is an intermediary point. Purgatory is the intermediary point in our case. When death frees the soul, God judges it. If the soul has no grave transgressions to account for but only slight intrusions on goodness it hardly seems just to condemn that soul to eternal fire. Therefore we have need of a state where man may satisfy the punishment due to venial sin. This state is Purgatory. "While the doctrine of Purgatory is not clearly and unequivocally deducible from Scripture passages" we may assume that the sufferings there are comparable to those of Hell but also there is ever the hope of release toward which to look.

The souls are greatly in need of aid to expiate their debt. We are conscientiously bound to offer any spiritual aid possible. Almsgiving, self-mortification and prayer are the most efficacious means to this end. The best way to inaugurate Catholic action for the Catholic Suffering is to lend to it all the spiritual aid possible.

THANK GOD FOR C. C. H. S.

CARMEN MUSCATELL '42

In the past years class after class has graduated, gone out of C. C. H. S., but each and every graduate has at some time or other paused to think, "Thank God that there was a C. C. H. S. for me; a C. C. H. S. where I received the help of Priests and Sisters; a C. C. H. S. where I received superior education; a C. C. H. S. to which I was proud to belong."

These thoughts reveal the true appreciation of every student of C. C. H. S. We, the present students, consider it an honor to belong to Catholic Central High School, for we have an opportunity to uphold the principles and traditions for which our school has been famous. As others have gone out of C. C. H. S. so will we, all trained on right principles. All following the laws of the Catholic church; all showing forth the education we have been given.

In extra-curricular activities, Catholic Central High School offers us a course in social action. The main activity is the Sodality of Our Blessed Mother, which provides work on the part of the students in which all must cooperate. Sports have an important part in our school to-day. The different teams, when on the field or in the gym, are fighting to uphold the traditions of C. C. H. S. both in sports and sportsmanship.

In general, after carefully reviewing the studies and activities of C. C. H. S., we find that we must thank God that there ever was such a fine school, a fine faculty, and a fine student body as that of Catholic Central High School.

NOT FOR ME

FRANCES BANIAK '41

A cynical ha, ha, has escaped from the lips of the young chap as he slouched dejectedly across the lightly-fallen snow which lay as a spotless blanket across the avenue. Jealously he observed the crowd of bustling young men, women, and children who were hurrying in all directions that they might reach home as quickly as possible to participate in the festivities and do justice to the gobbler proudly awaiting them and trimmed with all the niceties which go with it. Our cynical friend, however, was not in the slightest hurry for no such feast awaited him. Why, nobody even cared!

"So this is Thanksgiving Day", mumbled he to himself, "that day supposedly set aside from all others upon which all join in and give special thanks to their Maker. Thanksgiving? . . . for me? Don't make me laugh. What have I to be thankful for?" he asked half aloud, his voice growing more and more remorseful. "Oh! Perhaps I should be grateful for that dirty, old, part-time job in the garage, or that hole I have to sleep in, or maybe even for the rags on my back? I suppose that I should be thankful for the way I had to slave after school while the other fellows were out enjoying themselves, the fact that I could be earning a good salary and be getting married if circumstances had not prevented my earning my way through college? Thanksgiving? Huh." As he continued to observe the dark side of his life never once giving a single thought for that other bright side.

"Ungrateful Scrooge, we say wishing that the Ghost of the Present would come down and lead him across the ocean to the war-torn countries of Europe. There he would see terror, desolation, hunger, cold, and sickness. His life would be as Heaven compared to that. The Ghost of the Present would then conduct him through every country and even possibly stop at individual homes. We could then feel quite sure that the Ghost of the Future would then have a somewhat different story to relate to us.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

ANNE LYDON '41

It was a very cold November day as Joe stood on the corner of Fulton and Ninth Streets selling his papers. To the passers-by he was a familiar sight with his shock of red hair and multitude of large freckles sprinkled across his nose. Joe was about ten years old. On these cold November days he had to keep one hand in his pocket while he held the papers in his other gloveless hand.

Joe had a sufficient number of "steadies" to make his business profitable, but today it took a great deal of effort for Joe to smile as he made change for his customers.

Tomorrow was Thanksgiving Day and there was no turkey, mashed potatoes, cranberries, ice cream to look forward to. His Thanksgiving was to be a little meal Mom could get together. But he wasn't complaining, he knew it wasn't easy for Mom. Still, you couldn't blame him for wishing.

On his way home after his last paper had been sold, he went in church to make his daily visit. While kneeling in the last seat he began to count his blessings.

"Why, how selfish I have been", he thought, "I have Mom, a good Catholic home, a right to worship in the church I please, a good business. I don't have to run to bomb shelters at the blow of a whistle."

A prayer of thanksgiving, a smile for Christ and he was on his way again.

As Joe walked in the door he greeted his mother with a broad smile and a "Hello, Mom."

"What a fine boy I have raised," thought Mary Riley as she warmly returned her son's smile and greeting. She, too, found something to be thankful for — a son who knew the real meaning of Thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING REVERIE

SHIRLEY VAN HEUSEN '43

The wood cracked and sputtered in the great fireplace; the white bear rug that was spread in front of it was as warm as toast, and the girl lying on it was made more beautiful by the soft shadows about her.

As you look more closely at her you can see that she had been crying, and even now in her sleep every once in a while a convulsive sob shook her tiny frame.

In her dreams her mother was again sitting in the big blue chair, and she was leaning against her, feeling the soft hand stroke her head. But then all went black, and again the picture cleared only to show the coffin as it struck the bottom of the grave. Blackness, then

it cleared again. This time she saw a beautiful woman clothed completely in white. From head to foot she seemed to glow. All about her was a golden radiance.

"Ann, Ann, wake up. It is Thanksgiving Day," came a voice from the door.

Jumping out of bed she ran to her mother, and putting her arms about her she said, "Last night I was arguing with Jack about what I had to be thankful for. He told me I had a home, you and him, but I just laughed. During the night I had the most horrible nightmare. Now I realize the value of what he said. Indeed it was Thanksgiving Day.

THANKS FOR WHAT

CATHERINE McCaffrey '41

"Well, Jimmy," said Mr. Martin, "tomorrow's Thanksgiving Day, the day on which we, along with the hundred thirty million other people in America are to give thanks to God for the blessings we have received during the past year."

"Gosh, Dad," replied Jimmy, "maybe the rest of America have something to be thankful for but I don't see how this family has been blessed during the past year. We've had so much hard luck. First, you lost your job at the plant, then mother got sick and had to have that operation which cost so much that the bank took over our house and finally, I had to go and break my arm. I wouldn't exactly call these blessings. Oh and another thing, even our Thanksgiving dinner this year won't be anywhere near as elaborate as it used to be. Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining but I'd like to know just what we've got to be thankful for."

"Well, son," answered Mr. Martin, "first before answering your question I'd like to say that I'm rather disappointed in you. I thought that by this time you realized the great blessings that are yours but I see that you apparently do not. Why, son, the mere fact that you have a place you can call home, think of the millions of war refugees in the world today who are without homes, that you have money enough to buy some sort of substantial meal, and a father and mother to care for you, aren't these reasons enough for you to be thankful. Then, on top of all these, one of the greatest blessings

you have is the fact that you are an American living in a free democratic country where you can say what you want, worship as you please, without the terrible fear of a concentration camp forever hanging over your head. Then, too, America is a land of equal opportunity. You may have a right to complain now, Jimmy, but it won't always be this way.

In a few years from now you'll be out in the world making your own way. If you're industrious and ambitious you can climb to the top just as so many other Americans have done in the past. I'll admit that things don't seem so bright just now but we must be patient. Things are bound to break for us and then we'll be back where we were a few years ago. No one should ever despair while living in such a great country as America where opportunity is forever knocking on the door. I hope I've made you realize a few of the things for which you should be thankful and I also hope that throughout your life you will always remember them."

"You certainly have, Dad. What a dope I've been, taking all these wonderful things for granted, never stopping to think what a blessing each one is in itself. However, I assure you that in the future I will never forget to take these things into consideration. It may seem strange to you, Dad, but I have a feeling that tomorrow is going to be the best Thanksgiving ever."

"It's not so strange, Jimmy," replied Mr. Martin, "now that you know and understand the real meaning behind Thanksgiving."

NOVEMBER SPORTS

WILLIAM DRISLANE '41

November is a very important month in the world of sports. Football and soccer season are just about over and basketball and ice hockey are ready to take their place.

During the month of November we engage in many sports, the most important is football. During the fall season of the year everyone is excited over this great game. Football is now played with eleven-man teams and six-man teams. Most of the smaller colleges and schools take part in six-man football. This game is more exciting when played with six men. There are long runs and completed passes. The game is harder on the players than regular football because the field is much larger and end player demands speed. Regular football is the more popular of the two because of the fact that not much six-man football is played.

Soccer also shares the fall program with football. This sport is played in Latin American countries and in Europe. The game demands speed, endurance and a spirit to win. Most of the players are fast on their feet and good thinkers. These are two important points of a good player. The Spanish people have been the masters of this sport since its beginning.

In the later part of November coaches all over the country make calls for basketball candidates. Basketball is the most important sport of them all and also makes more money than any other. People like this game because it is played indoors and usually at night. These games are very thrilling and often are not won until the final minute of play or in over-time period. Professional basketball games are very rough and often many fights occur. Basketball players must be able to take it both mentally and physically. They must have good eyesight and be able to handle a ball well. Many a ball game has been lost by bad passes and poor ball handling.

Near the end of November or beginning of December ice hockey begins. This is the most dangerous game of them all. Games are usually played indoors so as to have continuous ice throughout the season. Men who play this game must be very good skaters and must be able to stop on a dime. Most of the players come from Canada where they play hockey "before they are able to walk." The American public loves hockey because of its thrills and spills and most of all because of the numerous fights.

MY FAILING

ANTHONY CAPUANO '41

I have a marvelous knack for losing or misplacing things. As a matter of fact, I can lose or misplace practically anything. I understand that this fault is characteristic of all boys, but I'm afraid that manhood won't change me in this respect. Since my father is also guilty of this fault, I've probably inherited it.

To illustrate what I mean, let me give you some examples. First, I want to make a distinction between losing and misplacing. I consider something lost when no searching will find it. I misplace something when I know I have it in my possession but don't know just where. Last month when I wanted to refer to an article I had read in a popular magazine I went to the bookstand to get the copy and found it missing. I inquired of my father and brothers who knew nothing about it. When my mother didn't know where it was, that settled it. It was lost. When my mother doesn't know where a thing is, it's hopelessly lost.

There are many examples I could give for misplacing things because I am guilty of this many times a day. Last week my aunt gave me the keys to her house to go to make a phone call. I made the call and returned, but once I

entered the house, my mind was a complete blank as to where I left the keys. After looking in every conceivable place, I finally found them on the dining room buffet where I had unconsciously put them.

Now, you may wonder whether I'm trying to correct this fault. Frankly, I haven't tried as I've practically accepted it as hereditary, but my mother has taken the matter into her own capable hands. There was a time when I would have to go over with my mother a list of things I would need for the day, and she would go about finding them for me. The funny part of it was that nine out of ten times she would find them where they were supposed to be — in the drawer, the shoe bag or closet. Now, she won't get anything for me until I, myself, have looked. The procedure will eventually cure me. After I have looked, or rather skimmed over the top of the drawer and peeked into the closet, she will agree to find it for me if I'll accept a proposition. Her exact words are always: "If I find it, may I hit you with it?"

I've learned through experience not to accept this proposition because my mother usually wins, and it isn't funny getting hit with shoes or books.

"GRATEFUL FOR HIS BENEFITS"

VERONICA HUNTER '41

President Washington expressed perfectly the spirit of the day in his Thanksgiving Proclamation of 1789 —

"Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly to implore His protection, aid and favors, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is the Beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, and that will be; that we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind care and protection of the people of this Country, and for all the great and various favors which He has been pleased to confer upon us?"

As we approach Thanksgiving Day, 1940, we become increasingly mindful of the many things for which we can and should be thankful this year. As we look about us and see the modern world in which we live we must realize that compared with the New England Colonist or even those Americans of a few decades ago, we are practically living in an earthly paradise.

Let us, among other things, be thankful that those earlier generations had the courage to colonize this continent and through their pioneering and enterprise lay the foundation of opportunity. Let us be worthy of the heritage which is ours; let us give thanks for what we have and pray that we may have the courage and strength not only to preserve this great democracy but to make America an even better place in which to live for generations to come.

NOVEMBER

JOAN KAVANAGH '41

Of the twelve months in the year I know of none more filled with events than November, my favorite month. I really do love all the feasts and holidays celebrated during November. The entire month is devoted by Holy Church to the suffering souls and that is in itself enough to make this month loved by all charitable Christians.

To start off the list of feasts we shall naturally start with the Feast of All Saints which occurs on the first day. No doubt, each of us has his or her particular saint to whom he prays, but I can think of nothing more fitting than the setting aside of this one day on which Mother Church honors all her saints great or small.

Following the celebration for the Saints in glory our minds turn to the Saints in suffering — the poor souls in purgatory. On November 2 we pour out our charity and prayers for the release of those in that place of pain.

Next we have Armistice Day. I hardly need go into detail about the significance of this day. We have only to look at Europe today and see the dreadful conditions existing there, to be eternally grateful for peace in our country. Should we not pray that we will be spared the ravages of war?

Thanksgiving! A holiday, a turkey dinner, but above all a day set aside for the giving of thanks for all our gifts — our faith, our life, our home, our education, our peace, our government, our security, our **America**.

RAMBLINGS



Is division of the Sodality necessary for a work that is supposed to make God known everywhere? Have some shown themselves so unwilling to cooperate with our leaders that a division is required? I'm afraid some have. It seems unbelievable, but it is

true. Fellow Sodalist, turn a new leaf and prove to our leaders that if given another chance you will be **Active** members. Start now. Don't delay.

* * *

On Friday, November 8, a Mass for Peace was offered in the school auditorium under the auspices of the Eucharistic Committee. Prayer is the best means we have at arriving at world peace. The Pope urges our efforts towards "the ultimate triumph of the kingdom of God on earth". Let us cooperate with him and help to realize this end by arming ourselves with prayer, our greatest weapon.

* * *

Why Leaflets. That is the title of the leaflets which are placed in the various business places of the city, explaining some point of Catholic doctrine which often causes perplexity among people. They make interesting and enjoyable reading.

Toy Drive. It is not too early to begin to plan for the toy drive. Unlike other years, the drive this year will be held under the leadership of all the committees combined. During past years, the drive has always met with great success, but this year let's top all previous success by bringing in and helping to repair all the toys we possibly can. The toys you have at home mean nothing to you, but think what they will mean to some poor child at Christmas time. Bring in a toy and make some child's Christmas a joy.

* * *

Messenger of Sacred Heart. The fact that Catholic High has some boys and girls who enjoy good, clean, wholesome, Catholic reading was shown by the sale of over six hundred copies of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Such a variety of material is found in this periodical that all are bound to find something of interest. It is a worthwhile investment and is within everyone's means.

* * *

Thanksgiving Basket. Did you bring in your contribution for the Thanksgiving Basket? The Social Action Committee wishes to thank all those who have done so much either in offering contribution of food or of transportation. Such good work will not go unrewarded, for God blesses all those who help His poor.

FASHION MART

HELEN BENSON '41

Our boys will probably take the girls skating over the Thanksgiving holidays, and according to the authorities the only way to continue having skating dates is to wear a smart outfit. For the colder lassies there are many ski-suits particularly attractive in gabardine; while the warm-blooded girls can blossom forth in many varied skirts of either velveteen, wool, or paplum. The short skirt is wonderful for figure skating but "Mademoiselle" suggests the slightly longer one for the average skater. (They are warmer to and from the rink.) Bright knee socks and colored stockings compliment your skirt while protecting you from the wind. One stunning model wears a scarlet velveteen skirt with a bright green quilted jacket, trimmed with white angora. To complete her outfit, she has white angora mitts, cap, and socks. — Quelle belle fille!

* * *

Although this is not strictly fashions, if you want to be in the "swing", I'd suggest that all you "jute-box" devotees hear that new release, "Scrub Me, Momma, With the Boogie Beat." Some other good records are Bob Crosby's "Down Argentine Way" and "Five O'Clock Whistle" by Fitzgerald's Orchestra.

To add color to those national broadcasts of important games, have some recordings of college songs. An especially good record is the "Notre Dame Victory March" with "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech" backing it. They are sung by Dick Powell and the glee club.

* * *

According to **Scholastic**, — Boys

1. Hate knee socks.
2. Hate angora sweaters.
3. Like lever label gadgets.
4. Like bows or flowers in a girl's hair.
5. Hate purple lipstick.
6. Hate thick soled shoes.
7. Like reversibles and saddles.
8. Like quiet jewelry—not noisy bracelets.

* * *

I doubt if it is fashionable to read books—but it is definitely necessary. One particularly enjoyable book is **The Morning Rising**, the story of Elizabeth Seton's girlhood. Everyone will find just what she wants in this book, for it is quite varied. It is a novel, but it contains some facts which give us a true view on the life of this charming person. Elizabeth Bayley — later Mrs. Seton — enjoyed a very rare childhood, and most of it developed in her those qualities which were displayed during her career.

* * *

Patriotism — nice, isn't it!

That used to be the opinion of every one but recently fashioners have made this their most important theme. Bracelets, lipsticks, vanities, lapel-gadgets, and even skirts are found in the very famed "red, white, and blue." While keeping us "America-minded", these gadgets are also cute.

* * *

Happy Thanksgiving! Don't eat too much!



The final game with LaSalle was played at Notre Dame Field. The Purple and White made a valiant stand against a team which outweighed them but that could not in four quarters get the best of their spirit. The Kaydets were sure that their first team would see little service in that game but they were due for a very unpleasant surprise. In our opinion that first team got a better workout in those four quarters than they did in all the rest of their games together with the possible exception of the Nott Terrace game. So much



for the opposition. One of the outstanding feats of that game was the way our line ruined plays that worked perfectly against such teams as C. B. A. and Troy High. We can readily sympathize with Mr. Welch and his boys for when Charley Beidl, Dick Coughlin, "Doc" Jensen, Bill D'Allaird, "Red" McLoughlin or Phil Barrett hit you, you know it. We can speak from experience. Another surprise package handed the enemy was the great passing attack unloosed by Tommy Kenna and "Big Dick". These passes went to the ends in seemingly unending succession. Ed Radigan and "Brother John" Drislane pulled in some beauties but Ted Bania, without a doubt, dominated the field. Ted



scored our lone touchdown with one of these passes and came nearly scoring another. Danny Moore who did his best running of the season was in top form. Even "Big Dick" 's boots were better than par and Tommy Kenna hit his season peak. We would, however, like to give plenty of special credit to "Ike" Ring who called signals with a spirit that was infectious and who returned kicks on an average of twenty yards.



The season's final results are one win, two losses, and two ties, quite an improvement over last year. The fair rooters seem to approve!



EILEEN SHANLEY '42

Up to the fifth floor we went again this week, this time to 506, a room well-known to all art students. Each pupil is interested in and enthusiastic about the school, the homeroom, the sodality and all the projects sponsored by the sodality. This was clearly shown by their first meeting which was extraordinarily good. In fact, all the freshman homerooms had meetings which were surprisingly well-planned and well-conducted. If you keep on this way, freshmen, by the time you are seniors we won't have any adjectives which are good enough to describe you.

Betty Edmans '44, was the person who should take a bow for the splendid meeting in 506 that we were just discussing. Betty is the chairman of the literature committee and has shown an amazing aptitude for her work from the very beginning. Since the homeroom has cooperated with her in all her projects, Betty expects to exhibit a shining record at the end of the year. Much luck to you, Betty, for we expect you to be among the leaders of the class of '44.

In this room another officer who is setting a rapid pace is Joseph Esposito '44. Joseph is the mission chairman and claims that he has never encountered work that absorbs his interest so much as mission work does. A completely successful paper drive has been com-

pleted and a medicine drive is now on that promises to be just as satisfactory. The attendance from 506 at the mission meetings in Albany has been large and Joseph thinks it will grow rapidly. Just as soon as the reports of the enjoyable time had there reach the ears of the other freshmen, more buses will have to be ordered.

Richard Degnan '44 and Jane Clinton '44, are the Eucharistic and Social Action chairmen. Richard sold all his Sacred Heart Messengers and is said to have the largest number of subscriptions in the school. This is a fine tribute to your salesmanship, Dick. Such fine work as his and Jane's deserves at least a few orchids, if not from Walter Winchell, then from **The Torch**.

The artistic atmosphere in 506 must have inspired John Coleman '44, when he drew his magnificent picture of the thorn-covered head of Christ. You haven't seen it yet? Let nothing detain you! It's on exhibition in 510 where it has been marvelled at by all who have seen it. If you haven't been up on the fifth floor recently, you must make it a point to go immediately. Jack's plans for the future include a pencil drawing of Sister Mary Clement, his civics teacher. Ask Sister about it.

The freshman team is said to be ready and eager to start their first game. An enviable record has been left by last year's team, but we are confident they can surpass it. Another record which a member of the class of '44 is trying to equal is the one left by Ed, Bill and Jim Ryan to their brother, Tom. Tom comes from 400 and is considered the "white hope" of the freshman class. This fine team deserves your support, freshmen. Six-thirty isn't too early to come to see them play. Your support may be the making or breaking of your team.

THE TORCH BOOK OF THE MONTH

Hitler's Germany — The Nazi Background to War by Karl Loewenstein. (The MacMillan Company \$1.75). The creation of the Third Reich by Adolph Hitler, the ten of the government and the Nazi regime in action presents a most timely treatment of Germany yet written. Today's headlines were written in the thoughts of these leaders in the past years. A valuable book for the discriminate reader.

THE TRUNK SHOP

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BRIEF CASES — UMBRELLAS — BILLFOLDS — HANDBAGS

ZIPPER BAGS FOR BOOKS AND GYM OUTFITS

"A Good Place to Buy Luggage"

LISTENING IN

The faculty and student body of the school extend sincere sympathy to Frank Hoffmeister '44, whose brother Joseph died recently.

Compassionate Lord Jesus,
grant him rest and peace.

To Mary Kehn, Juliana Marcil and Dorothy Matthews the Torch Board extends sincere appreciation for typing Torch copy. Thank you, girls.

Hats off to the Sodality officers of the school for their splendid little paper, "News Sense"! They are doing such a grand job that we all look forward to its appearance every week. By the way, boys and girls, let's not forget to pay for "New Sense" when we receive it; the price is just one prayer.

We wish to thank Father Mulqueen and Father Hinds for making possible the Peace Mass of November 8.

The Riding Club ably represented C. C. H. S. in the recent horseshow held by the schools of the vicinity, taking honors in the Advanced Seat and Hands division, the Intermediate Seat and Hands division, the Costume Ride. Congratulations, girls!

The Class of '42 has a very talented artist in the person of William Davin. William painted that poster of Christ on the Cross which can be seen on the third floor bulletin board, south.

We wish to express our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Walsh and the members of the orchestra. They played at a C. Y. O. rally in St. Mary's Hall not so long ago and played so well that they were complimented by Bishop Gibbons. We think that's really doing well.

The members of the football team deserve a word of praise for their grand season. We saw you play LaSalle, boys, and you were splendid.

We wish to express our gratitude to all who brought in old clothes for the Old Clothes Drive and to those who helped make our Thanksgiving Drive successful.

Lucy Mele '42 captured three one hundreds in the three Shorthand I tests given first quarter. We think anyone who can do that deserves a little praise from us.

The Senior Class can boast of a rising young author in its midst — none other than Hugh Reynolds. Your football story went over big, Hugh.

A Torch box will be placed in the library. Any school news which you would like published, or any suggestions about **The Torch** itself may be placed in it. Remember **The Torch** is your paper, the voice of the student body, and your suggestions will be appreciated.

* * *

Did You Know:

That the Latin III students have actually bought a Latin newspaper?

That James Leathem is wanted by Hollywood as a bodyguard to Shirley Temple?

That Charles Marchese had liquid air poured on him at the recent demonstration and says that there is nothing to it?

That Rose Japour thinks St. Valentine's day is a holy day of obligation?

* * *

T i n t y p e s :

FRESHMAN GIRL: A short, blond miss who closely resembles her Senior sister. She was a recent participant in the horseshow.

SOPHOMORE BOY: A tall, well-built member of the football squad who resides in 405.

JUNIOR GIRL: A short, blond asset of the Junior Class. She has taken the part of an angel in past plays.

SENIOR BOY: The Jitterbug of the Senior Class! He is short with brown hair — and he wears glasses.

* * *

Answers to Last Issue's Tintypes:

Freshman Boy: Joseph Landrigan

Sophomore Girl: Isabelle Crispo

Junior Boy: Jack O'Brien

Senior Girl: Eulalia Hart

Answers to This Issue's Tintypes:

Senior Boy: Ed Doyle.
Junior Girl: Alma Barua.
Sophomore Boy: Billy D'Alaird.
Freshman Girl: Jane Powers.

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TROY, NEW YORK

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AN AMERICAN CREDO.

Now that election is over and the tension has relaxed, we settle down once again to our regular routine.

Some are cynical and disappointed over the defeat of their candidate but those whose party was victorious are jubilant. Now that the conflict is over, there are no "Democrats", there are no "Republicans"; we are all **Americans**.

It is the concern of Americans to cooperate with their president and lawmakers, to be generous, patient and above all to fight for the preservation of the rights and ideals of free men.

One man alone is not capable of carrying on the affairs of a nation. By our good-will, we, as citizens, must make his task lighter. We, as Americans, must realize that the carrying of the affairs of a troubled world on one man's shoulders is no light burden. We must not forget always to have an open-mind and an unbiased feeling toward our leaders. Since not

one of us is infallible, since we are all "erring" humans, we should be humble and sincere enough to overlook the shortcomings of others and help rather than condemn them. Let our officials feel confident that they have the support of a solid American democracy behind them, that they will not be thwarted in what they propose for the peace and happiness of America. It is at this critical time that our trust is most vitally important. Let us have a sane, normal outlook and extend our heartiest congratulations for the splendid achievements of the past.

We have much for which to be thankful, but little to regret for America has kept a level-head. The selfishness of a few men has not influenced the existence of our democracy.

During this time of thanksgiving let us raise our hearts in a prayer of gratitude to that All-Knowing "Chief Executive" who has given us so much for which to be thankful, to the Prince of Peace, who guides American footsteps along the pathway of its lofty aims.

THANKS FOR AMERICA!

All through the years, from the founding of our beloved country, until today, we have set aside one day as a day on which to thank God for all His gifts. Every year, there have been many things for which to be thankful. This year, however, with its strife and war-torn lands in Europe, brings us to the Feet of Christ to thank Him for America.

It takes a world crisis, with the ancient civilizations of the Old World tumbling down in ruins, to make us understand what we failed to comprehend during the peaceful years that our own United States, "the land of hope and freedom" is, indeed, a blessing from God. On Thanksgiving Day, 1940, we realize just how glad we are to be able to say "We are Americans."

During these days, much is written about national defense in order to protect the country from invasion. Much is spoken about the cruel, heartless dictators of Europe and the unscrupulous means they are using to subjugate the peoples of the Old World to satisfy their greed for power.

We are not ridiculing these facts for national defense is a measure that not only ought to be carried through but a measure which must be carried through if we are to protect our country from any foreign influences that tend to undermine it. Too much stress, however, is laid on these gloomy thoughts of invasion and war. We are not at war; America is still free. Our stars and stripes still wave o'er our land. These are the thoughts that should fill our minds at this time.

We cannot be gloomy when we consider all these privileges. We cannot be worried or downcast, but with joyful hearts will we thank God if we keep this picture in mind: America does not stand alone in this crisis — Above her waving fields of grass, her roaring rivers and peaceful lakes, high above her green valleys and crested mountains, beyond the blue sky dotted with fleecy clouds, stands Mary — The Immaculate Conception — Patroness and Protectress of America.

LITERARY RAMBLINGS

MARY FELLOWS '41



One who cultivates a taste for good reading is truly a wealthy man. At Catholic High there are plenty of opportunities to enrich oneself in the fine arts of reading. A person who honestly enjoys a good book has something no one can ever take from him, something stored up inside him always waiting for the right time to come to the fore and cheer him up. Many new books have recently been added to our library to say nothing of our old friends in new covers which will adorn the library shelves. In all these new books, the plots are all presented in one interesting literary style. From mysteries to mathematics, the library has them all.

* * *

Speaking of mysteries, have you perused the pages of *Murder in a Nunnery* by Eric Shephard? You have never seen a mystery "thriller" until you have made the acquaintance of Shephard's newest mystery. For the musically minded among us, there is the *Stories of a Hundred Operas* by Mendelssohn. When reading *His Dear Persuasion* by Katharine Burton one is filled with a heavenly desire to experience, perhaps, *His Dear Persuasion* amidst the realities of modern life. It is definitely a problem to consider what answer we shall give Him.

* * *

For our leisure moments (?) in the library, if we do not feel quite up to a book, our stock of interesting magazines is exceptionally well selected. For those who want to keep up with everyday events we have *America*, the *Catholic Digest* and *Newsweek*, to mention but a few. One magazine which we enjoy very much and one which we know will interest our young ladies is the *Catholic Girl*, which contains all the things a modern, up-to-date girl should know.

* * *

November 10th to 16th was known as Book Week. In observance of Book Week posters made by the pupils were exhibited. Because Catholic Hi recently became a member of the

Pro Parvulis Book Club, which sends out, every two months, five new books which are considered the most interesting and the most durably and beautifully made, the phrase "Good Books, Good Friends," assumes major importance in our daily school life.

* * *

For our ambitious business students, *A Secretary's Handbook* by Williard Leighton should prove extremely helpful to them in perfecting their skill in business matters and in learning how to conduct themselves when they are out in the world earning their daily bread.

* * *

Some of the very new books which will grace the shelves of Catholic High's library are:

Bess of Cobb's Hill by Enid Dinnis.

When the Sorghum Was High by Rev. John Considine.

So Falls the Elm Tree by Rev. John Bonn.

Heroes of the Air by Fraser.

Literary Lapses by Leacock.

Out of the Fog by John C. Lincoln.

His Dear Persuasion by Katharine Burton.

Living With the Church by Otto Haering, O. S. B.

Butler's Lives of the Saints (Complete set).

Business As a Career by Rogers

Hunger Fighters by Paul de Kruf.

Panorama by Eaton.

The Girl Who Was Marge by Edith Tallant.

Life of Dicken's by Leacock.

Second Spring by Emmett Lavery

Have you read "Twin Nuns Exemplify", a topic in *The St. Bonaventure*? The story is a biographical sketch of twin sisters who were in love with God and both entered the Order of St. Francis at Alleghany. They also have a sister in the Convent of Mercy at Watertown, N. Y. God certainly blesses some families abundantly, doesn't He?

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Tiens, tiens, vous voulez une explication des ses harmonieux qui sortaient de la grande salle mercredi le treize novembre. Il me fait grand plaisir de vous donner un coup d'oeil de notre programme musical francais et si vous avez envie d'obtenir plus de renseignements demandez-les a ces eleves de la premiere annee qui ont eu le malheur d'etre les victimes de l'initiation.

Le Programme

1. Nous Voulons Dieu .. Chanson par tous les eleves
2. Discours par le president .. Joan Kavanagh
3. Petit Monsieur Echo
Loretta Nadeau, Elizabeth Nadeau, Marilyn Powers, Helen Benson, Anne Leahy, Christine Leahy, Eugenia Benedict, Alene Smith, Mary Fellows, Evelyn Smith.
4. Savez-vous Planter Les Choux
Dan McGrath, Franis Baniak, Mary Bond, Beverly Quinn, Catherine McCaffrey, Barbara Rate.
5. Au Claire de la Lune Belle Rosine Claire Voit
6. Bonjour Belle Rosine La Chanson Margaret Evers, Frances Liberty, Helen O'Connell, Jane Cotch, Joan Luddy.
7. Initiation des eleves de la premier annee
Joan Kavanagh, Catherine McCaffrey.
8. Marlborough
Les garcons de la troisieme annee
9. Jeanne d' ArcSolo — Ruth Powers
Mary Flynn, Rosemary Sheehy, Betty Bradley, Rita Ducharme, Ellen Keary.

10. Alouette Tous les eleves

11. Une question posee a Monsieur l'Abbee Tessier
La response.

12. Que Dieu Benisse l'Amerique.

Avez-vous remarque que la derniere chanson de notre programme est une chanson populaire Americaine Grace a deux de nos membres Jeanne Quinn et Helene Ramroth et l'aide de Reverend C. Henri Tessier nous en avons une traduction francaise. Peut etre voulez-vous essayer de la chanter vous-meme:

Dieu Benisse L'Amerique

Dieu benisse l'Amerique, terre adoree,
Soit protegee, bien gardee,
Au grand soir par le flambeau celeste,
De la montagne, a la prairie,
Jusqu' au vaste ocean;
Dieu benisse l'Amerique, mon coeur d'amour.
De la montagne, a la prairie,
Jusqu' au vaste ocean;
Dieu benisse l'Amerique. mon coeur d'amour.

Etes-vous curieux de savoir la question que nous avons posee a l'Abbee Tessier? Ecoutez bien et nous vous raconterons un secret. L'Abbee Tessier a voulu bien devenir le president honoraire de notre Cercle Francais. Il est toujours francais et nous sommes tres fiers de l'avoir comme notre chef.

Nous nous demandons ou Elizabeth Holahan a reçu l'impression que Vercingetorix etait une jolie jeune fille, peut-etre a cause de notre club d'equitation. Faites attention, Elizabeth, tous ceux qui montent a cheval ne sont pas feminins.

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SENIOR RINGS

At this time each year it is the custom of the Senior Class to select their class ring. This is an affair of momentous importance to Seniors, and this year the Class of '41 will have three separate rings from which to choose: one with a dull antique finish, one with a shiny, glossy gold or one with a stone. As a result of this arrangement everyone will receive a ring which he himself likes and will be proud to own. All three of these rings are exceptionally beautiful and it will be a difficult matter to choose.

* * *

SCIENCE AT PLAY

The more scientifically inclined students of Catholic High witnessed a brilliant spectacle of modern science on October 31 in our auditorium. The demonstration of liquid air was conducted by Mr. Sloan. The properties of this marvelous discovery are truly wonderful and amazing. Can you imagine a crunchy banana changed into a substance hard enough to be used as a hammer? Such entertaining and educational features are welcomed by the students of Catholic High.

* * *

MEDIEVAL JOURNAL

The Minervean Club published the first issue of their paper during the week of November 10. The purpose of this paper is to collect research material on oriental countries, particularly Egypt.

The following members were chosen to edit this paper:

Staff Editor — Bernard Burke
 Assistant Editor — Alice Brennan
 Society Editor — Mary Mahoney
 The assistants are as follows: May Cahill,

Joan Farrell, Jane Butler, Leona Quigley, Grace Byrne, Anne McGowan, and Barbara Hawley.

* * *

CECILIAN CLUB

Helen Kitrick '41, president of the Cecilian Club has announced that there will be a meeting of all the members to plan for a Thanksgiving party to be held also to honor Saint Cecilia, their patron whose feast day occurs this month. The officers of our musical group will take charge of the arrangements. At the party, ideas for the coming year will be discussed and plans made for entertainments and meetings during the year.

* * *

THE CHEMICAL ANALYSTS

Twenty-five Chemistry students obtained an average of 85% for the first quarter and as their reward they received an invitation to join the Chemistry Club. The names of these students are as follows: Thomas Casey, Joan O'Brien, Helen O'Connell, Catherine Panis, Barbara Rate, Vivian Sickles, Paul Tessier, Richard Tobler, William Schneider, Ella Rasmussen, Robert Reid, Aurora Ricci, Gloria Sorrault, Eileen Shanley, Jean Lowe, Leo O'Conner, George Kelly, Jane Lamkins, Marjorie McDonald, Charles Marchese, Carolyn Baniak, Elizabeth Bromley, Eleanor Chamberlain, Margaret Hart, and Madalean Haitha.

At the meeting on November 13, the election of officers took place, the members selected their club pin and made plans for the initiation party to be held at Thanksgiving.

The Chemical Analysts outlined their program for the year. The individual's project work will be exhibited at the end of the year. We offer our congratulations to these members and express the hope that there will be new members at the close of the second quarter.

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**

World for
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A PRAYER FOR MISSIONERS

O Divine Wayfarer,
Whose first shelter was a stable,
Whose first journey was a flight
* * * * * for life,
And Who traveling oft hadst not
* * * * * where to lay Thy head;
Be to those who carry Thy message
* * * a sure Guide and unfailing rest.
Clothe them in the garment of * * * *
charity which is strange to no man,
And teach them the language * * * *
sympathy which is understood by all,
That, whilst strangers in every land,
they may yet be welcomed as * * * *
citizens of the soul of man and as
brothers of the human heart, * * * *
for Thy Kingdom's sake. * * * Amen.

YOUTH APOSTOLATE

Mary E. Romp '43

When Christ instituted the Holy Eucharist at the Last Supper, St. John, the Virgin Apostle, was the representative of ALL Catholic Youth. In John, Christ had a faithful servant who refused to desert Him, even at His death when a shadow of darkness passed over the earth. Don't you think Christ needs supporters now, when paganism casts another shadow over all parts of the earth? A real member of the Catholic Church must possess not only the ability to defend the Holy Doctrine against opposing foes, but also in the willingness to labor for the triumph of the most important ideal . . . Catholic Civilization. It is for you, the Catholic Youth of today, by your missionary endeavors, to spread the Apostolate of Christ to all parts of the world.

ORIENTAL ODDITIES

Rose Slavin '41

Travelers in China are humorously amazed to see Chinese boys toggged out with earrings, bracelets, and necklaces. Our own "regular fellas" would make mockery of such "dood-ads." But the Chinese boy does not wear trinkets to enhance his good looks. He wears them — shush! — as a disguise to fool the evil spirits.

Spirits that steal souls of children are often thought to be wraiths of girls who have died unmarried. They are not considered human, since they cannot be reborn in the world beyond! Hence, they wander here below seeking to steal boys' souls, which will enable them to be reborn as male children with another chance to regain their human rights. Their power lasts for only a hundred days after a boy's birth. In order to avoid the attacks of these spirits, old shoes are burned beside the baby's crib every

(Continued on Page Seventeen)

SEVENTEEN

BETTY KAY WALSH '41

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Get your tickets early to see the splendid reproduction of *Seventeen* presented by an able cast of Catholic High students under the direction of Miss Mary Miller. Booth Tarkington's famous play will be presented in our auditorium, Friday, November 29, at 8:15 P. M. Before the play music will be played by the C. C. H. S. orchestra under the direction of Professor Edwin Walsh.

Ruth Powers leads as Lola Pratt and William Crandall as Willie Baxter. The rest of the characters will be impersonated as follows: Joe Bullit, Paul Flanagan; Jane, Jean Daley; Mrs. Baxter, Joan O'Brien; Mr. Baxter, Leo Gillespie; May Parcher, Marilyn Powers; Genesis, Martin Connell; Johnnie Watson, Edward Doyle; George Cooper, William Hambrook; Willie Banks, Joseph Kennedy; Ethel Boke, Eleanor Chamberlain; Mary Brooks, Marguerite Keating; and Mr. Parcher, Arthur Beaudoin.

The able assistants back-stage include: Prompter, Mary McClintock; properties, Mary Kunz; stage manager, Joseph Smith and company.

Let's all cooperate to make Booth Tarkington's play *Seventeen*, the first production of the 1940-41 season at Catholic Hi, a magnificent success.

UNDER PALADIN SHIELD

(Continued from Page Sixteen)

day for a hundred days following birth: a spirit smoke screen! A fish net may also be used as a protective curtain. Hog's blood is used to strengthen the net cords when they are woven, since evil spirits are frightened by blood. As the meshes of the net give the illusion of many eyes, the spirits are discouraged from wickedness by the presence of so many alert guardians!

The peach tree is a symbol of immortality. Peach pits strung on cord or wire are used as amulets to be attached to the ankles of a child. By virtue of the peach stone, longevity is conferred on the wearer. A cradle of peach wood is therefore most precious and efficacious. Lacking this, pine wood is quite acceptable. This tree is evergreen — a symbol of longevity.

To a race so fond of children and so anxious to protect them from harm, the Gospel story of Christ's love for little children is very consoling. He blessed them; He cautioned against scandalizing them. To strengthen it more, He Himself, when He had died to make all men His children, returned to His Mother's arms like a little child.

PALADIN CLUB

At the first meeting of the Junior Paladin Club in Room 304, the election of officers was held. Dan Mahoney was elected leader and Rose Beidl, secretary. The outline of study is to be on the Eastern Church Rites. Keenan Flanigan, William Davine, June Lamkins, Lillian Krynic-ky, Carol Coffey, Madelean Haitko Alma Walsh and Evelyn Walsh will participate.

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IN FORTY YEARS

GEORGE S. LETTKO '41

The fatal year 1980 had commenced only to find the cruel world in a most nefarious condition — many nations were waging total war in destruction against each other, pillaging resulted from conquest in despicable forms.

The last remnant of democracy, however, was still firmly rooted in the only truly peaceful nation in the World — the United States of America — whose integrity and prestige had been jealously challenged when the Seventh Reich of Germany, now aggregating all of what formerly had been the nations of Europe, decided for its annihilation.

Dating back nearly four decades, History relates that there lived a mighty conqueror who was called Adolf Hitler, leader of the Third Regime of Germany. In those gruesome times he ambitiously strove to force entire Europe within his ruthlessly usurped jurisdiction; and History to this day witnesses the verity of the prophecies of St. Odile who, during the seventh century, predicted that in the sixth month of the second year of the war, this unscrupulous victor, advancing from the banks of the Danube would have attained the zenith of his success. This explains how it was possible for Hitler to affix numerous territories to his magnificent realm which crumbled with his downfall, only to be restored thereafter by successors in his dynasty who by further annexations enlarged their rule. The Seventh Regime, now embarking on a field of world conquest selected the United States to be its first victim.

Unintelligible circumstances, however gradually culminated in an extreme crisis. The recent international convention of communistic bolsheviks — who already dominated the former empires of Japan and China — deliberating that the time was ripe for universal revolution consented to promulgate this program of terror because of its supposed effectiveness at a time when people were hardly enduring the scourges, and famines wrought by the disorderly condition of the very earth itself. The "sickle and hammer" began to pound! At 800 miles an hour "winged monsters" tore madly through the cloud-strewn skies casting down death and devastation on the defenseless and delinquent populaces. Nation rose against nation and the great Regime was dispersed by internal dissension and civil conflict. As the days wore on the defects of the world became multiple. Suddenly! one night the moon faded and dimmed and finally disappeared. Frightened thoroughly were all the peoples who beheld these terrifying catastrophies. The sun consumed itself to a cold ash while stars fell from the heavens and day was no more for complete blackness hovered over our chaotic world. Blood was spilled, fountains discolored and the earth fertilized. The beginning of the End was at hand. Slowly the population was decreased and little was left of the depopulated earth to witness the final oblivion which preceded the Transition. Volcanoes erupted and fiery masses of crimson meteors flashed across the night of the world. Of a sudden! a piercing, impenetrable light was seen! — It was here . . . the End. . . . Now Eternity. . . .

C'EST FINI — A FANTASY

S. OLEY CUTLER '41

The breeze stealt over the hill and played merry chase with the early morning sunbeams. Along the slopes little rivulets skipped to a gurgling tune like little children on vacation. Here and there patches of grass would sway this way and that to the rhythm of the music of the brook. The huge trees creaking in the heavier winds would act as bassoons and percussions in this unusual symphony. The rabbits and squirrels and the other woodland folk would play hide and seek among the trees.

Bon was awakened by this atmosphere of work and play about him. Stretching, the youth surveyed everything about him. Yes, nature was kind as well as beautiful today. Swiftly, Bon leaving his small home and walking merrily to the fields to plow, was so happy that he felt indeed joyful and privileged to live. As he walked, there loomed before him in the road a huge figure who stood motionless to await Bon's approach. It was — Hai, who ruled the vast lands of the world.

"I am God," the ruthless leader cried, "bend down and adore me." Bon tightened his lip and held his ground. Hai raised his flaming sword and bellowed, "I am the hearts of men who hate their brothers. I know of no national boundaries for all men possess me. Since I was allowed by men to roam free, I have destroyed them all. You alone stand before me as a symbol of the faith and goodness of earth. I can not conquer your soul of beauty and love but I can destroy you as I have all others."

Bon outstretched his arms and cried out, in a ringing voice, "All right! Kill me! As long as I live, the torch of liberty will remain lighted. Dying is so easy; it is living in your slavery that is difficult. I die for truth — for it will ever live on. You well know that truth can not be destroyed for what is truth, but God, Himself. I die for something greater than living — freedom. What use is their living when one can not worship as one desires, speak as he likes, and live in peace. I was never more happy than now, for now I attain real freedom and real truth such as was never known before." Hai brought his sword down and with a thud struck Bon down.

The clouds cluttered together as if in terror at this cruel act. The sun crept slowly out of sight in the West. Atop a lofty peak overlooking the earth, Hai sat to view a world in ruins at his feet. All about him was blood and skeleton. Hai sat upon his throne and pondered on the day of his triumph back in the 1940's. The years that saw nation fall upon nation to murder and destroy. About them all was silent, for no living being now lived. Darkness fell and with it the would-be god roared with laughter at his triumph over mortal men. Suddenly through the darkness a flaming ball of fire seared the heavens and swept down upon the mountain top and once again all was still.

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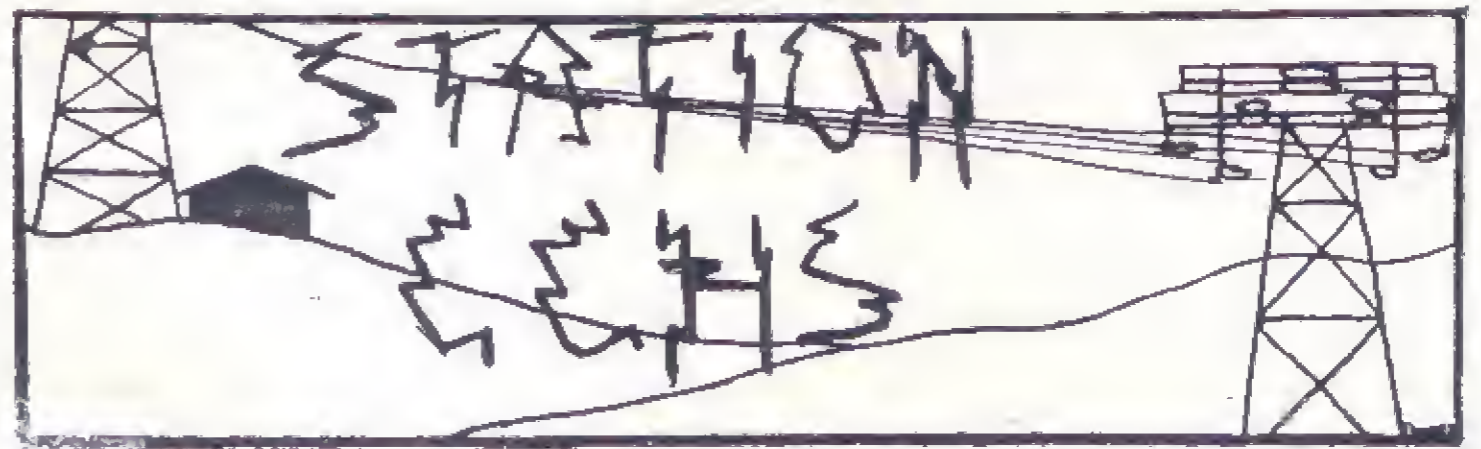
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* * * *

The Clarion has a very good article on the different fields of life, giving all the studies and information needed for the field we wish to choose. I'm sure we of Catholic Hi would be interested in this column.

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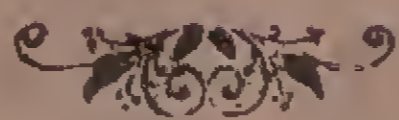
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